

The MILL WHISTLE

Issued Every Two Weeks By and For the Employees of
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
 MANUFACTURING DIVISION

SPRAY, NORTH CAROLINA

J. U. NEWMAN JR., Editor

YOU HAVE NEVER been convicted of a crime. You have never, perhaps, been tried in court. But just the same you are on trial right now, every hour and every minute of the day and night. You are being tried in the Superior Court of YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE.

And if your conscience is such that you will not abide by the verdict that it renders you are still on trial. This time you are being tried in the Supreme Court of PUBLIC OPINION.

You're no criminal. You're just an every day person like Tom, Dick and Harry. You have your home, family and friends. You have your job, your hobbies, and your faults. If you recognize and admit these faults you're doing a lot to acquit yourself in the court of YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE. If you don't admit it, but see the faults in others, you're convicting yourself in the court of Public Opinion.

Let's start with your job, for what you do at home is more or less your own business and only your own conscience can acquit or convict you there.

Sunday was quite a day. So on Monday morning you wake up sort of tired out—or think you are. So you step up before the Judge in the court of YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE. You say: "Good morning, Judge. I feel rotten this morning. I just don't feel like going to work." The Judge replies: "But your wife is going to work today, all day. Your children are going to school. Surely you don't think you should absent yourself from work because you feel tired and sleepy. A dash of cold water on your face and a little exercise will fix that." "Well, if the wife is working and the kids in school what difference does it make if I hang around the house?"

But the Judge doesn't answer. He doesn't have to. You've already convicted yourself. You've made it plain that you feel little or no responsibility towards your family or your fellow-workers. You think only of yourself; of the way you feel. Your conscience has denied a fair trial so now your case goes to the court of PUBLIC OPINION.

The Judge in this court isn't mild and self-effacing as is the Judge in the court of YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE. He's hard-boiled, somewhat cynical, for this Judge is ALL OF US. He's everyone whom you know, friends and foes alike. Often his verdict is tempered with little mercy.

He asks: "Why didn't you go to work? You're not sick."

"But I don't feel so good. In my present state I might have an accident."

"In your present state you ought to have an accident—an intentional one! Don't you realize that your job, however unimportant to you, is vitally important to many other people? Don't you realize that the dollars you are NOT earning today belong to the butcher, the baker, the doctor? Because you don't feel so good this morning means that these men must wait another week for their money. It means that a machine will stand idle today. It means that this idle machine will cause another machine to slow up, and this slowed up machine affects still other machines. That means that perhaps some more people will have to be sent home to rest.

"YOU are responsible for that—and don't for a moment think that these people who work with you don't know it. When you walk downtown this afternoon to chat with the boys, people will see you. They'll pass their verdict on you then and there. Soon others will know and in the court of PUBLIC OPINION you have been tried, found guilty, and convicted."

You can't appeal from this verdict. The only way is to work it out. Fill your obligation to family, friends, fellow workers and employers. Forget that your first duty is to yourself. Then, and only then, will the court of PUBLIC OPINION render a verdict in your favor.

BLASTS

From the Draper Office
 Carrie Hill and Evelyn Lewis

Lucille Turner Cherry went visiting her little ole' husband in Wilmington this week and she "ain't" got back. What happened Lou? Did you miss the bus?

Some girls date sailors on Monday nights and stay out Tuesdays. But Lucy said a terrific cold was her reason. Sooo, we believed her.

Gladys B. Smith has finally purchased her land. Says all she needs now is some nice carpenters to lend a "needy" hand and build her a house.

We're glad to see "Ginny" Giles Huffman back after an attack of influenza.

They say milk is wonderful to wash your lily white face in—makes it smooth and nice. But, why do some people put cream from milk on just their nose?

Say, boys and girls, have you had your chest X-rayed?

We have been missing Hazel Squires during this week and last. As you all know Hazel's husband, Dan, has arrived home with that "piece of paper in his hand" and so Hazel is taking a few days off to be with him. Hurry back, Hazel, for we all miss you.

Seems there is a bit of secrecy around the Blanket Card Room Office. We have heard rumors of things happening around those parts, but we don't know anything definite. Guess by the time this issue is printed, we all will know the outcome of Vera Belle Francis's venture.

Hazel Powell reports that she is enjoying her work at the Laboratory at Spray and we are all so happy for her. We surely did have a good time over at Vera Belle Francis' house last Thursday night at club meeting. Hazel Powell certainly entertained us all during the evening. After all, we hadn't seen Hazel all the month long and some of you girls know how that is. Poor Robert when he does get home!

Dear Answerer to all Questions:

I am a girl. I have two boy friends—(Lucky ain't I?) Both are home. What am I to do?

TROUBLED

Thought for the Day:

"Give to the world the best you have,
 And the best will come back to you."

—Harry Landon Williams.

There's just one reason why safety clothing was invented—needless accidents, injuries and burns made it necessary. Remember this the next time you start a job that requires protection—and wear your safety clothing.