IF you have an idea about some — or the yard ought to be run, improvements that should be made, or if you just want to let off steam, write in and tell about it. On this page the Bo’s’n’s Whistle will run selections from as many letters as possible that seem of general interest. Naturally, due to space limitations, only portions of letters may often be run. No anonymous letters will be used, so include name, year, occupation, location, and telephone number.

WANTS EXTRA “VICTORY SHIP”

Sir: If there is such an acute shortage of welders and welder trainers, I suggest you consider a “victory ship” of four or five hours whereby men could work an additional shift on top of their own. I’m sure you would receive many volunteers from the yard itself, as well as persons not now employed in an essential war industry in town. I would be the first to volunteer to such an arrangement that is now in operation at many leading aircraft plants throughout the nation. — Joseph C. Doyle, machinist, Vancouver.

NO TIME FOR PERSONAL AFFAIRS

Sir: I was formerly a school teacher and had considerably more time, such as Saturdays, Sundays and evenings to take care of my personal affairs. If I didn’t get that check cashed or my shoes repaired on one day, there was always a tomorrow coming to rescue me. Now it is a different story. Only a very week or two ago I ran a list that finished of errands, and in our crowded city how true it is that some of the single jobs take a week or two. The long anticipated “day off” becomes a disappointment, so it becomes a temptation with even the most conscientious workers to take an occasional extra day off.

Briefly, could we somewhere in or just outside the yards have an essential store to provide such services as check cashing, money orders, shoe repair, postal station, drugs, grocery and household supplies, barber and beauty shop? — Frances M. Young, welder’s helper.

DEBTS, NOTICE THE P.S.

Dear Buddies: I’m in the outfit now where I am depending on you. I recently saw a tanker convoy and imagine my surprise to see a Kraut ship come out of the Swan yard. It was a great feeling that I had when I pointed it out to my company and told them I had been lucky to catch the biggest tanker in the convoy. Yes, you keep building them and in a few months I’ll prove to you how really important they are. Give my best to all my friends in the marine pipe shop and on the outfitting dock. I’ll answer any letter. — Pvt. John J. Cowart, Corps of Engineers, Unit Training Center, Camp Claiborne, La. P.S.: Some of you owe me a dough, and as I clear $7 a month, I could use them.

OREGON LIBERTIES FAST

Sir: . . . We have managed over — and knots and have passed every other ship that our old tugs are running up the bay with a two-mile late start. We passed the W. R. Allison, built at Wilmington, Calif., in a race and they hoisted a white flag. . . . All the machinery performed very well going up the coast. — Walter Sheppard, Chief Engineer, SS “Arthur Riggs.”

CLAIMS PEACE BETTER THAN WAR

Sir: . . . Let us be honest with ourselves: many of us half believe that the aftermath of this war will bring us the depression and hardships experienced after World War I. Are there not people yet, who at the bottom of their deeper thoughts, believe that they are better off in war than in peace?

. . . Fellow workers and friends, our job is to build ships and let us get together and do all we can and we’ll surprise ourselves with our own achievement. Henry Kaiser, least of anyone, is worried about what his loyal workers shall find to do when peace comes. I really believe that he and his associates are waiting and planning and scheduling for a bigger, and more lucrative deal when the ineptitude of his vast organization can and will put us all to work on making the world a better place in which we and our children can live in peace and comfort, which is our birthright. — James Chilis, Swan Island Hull Supervisor.

“Here, you talk to the foreman. Explain why I didn’t show up for work today.”

“\text{NE of the biggest needs of ships,}

yards, or any other war plant, is skilled and supervisory workers. They are not easy to find. Most of them have to be trained. Here are the five basic qualifications of a good leadman, foreman or supervisor:

1. Knowledge of Work
2. Knowledge of Responsibilities
3. Skill in instructing
4. Skill in planning
5. Skill in leading

This month the Vancouver yard inaugurated its own Training Within Industry program which will lay special emphasis on the last three types of qualifications. The program is under the direction of Mr. Lodell, vocational training supervisor, and will be given to 3,330 supervisory workers over a two month’s period.

At present there are six qualified training supervisors. They are Jim Othun, in charge of supervisory training; Ted Roher, pipe department; Ebert Wattenburg, sheet metal; Murius Brockway, electrical department; and Joe Collins, plate shop.

Groups are meeting at present in the Yard Training building, but arrangements are being made to conduct the classes in rooms more convenient to the working areas. Day shift groups meet at 9:30 a.m. and 1:00 p.m.; Swing at 6 and 9:30 p.m.; and Graveday at 1:30 and 4:30 p.m.

“I believe the T. W. I. program which we have just started here will aid materially in smoothing out many of our construction problems,” says M. Miller, assistant general manager, Beam. “A foreman superviser can benefit himself, not only in his present job, but in post-war work by knowing and practicing the principles of good supervision.”

On August 2, eight groups, comprising 92 day leadees, gathered in the yard training building to receive initial instruction in Job Instructor Training, which will train supervisory workers “how to get a man or woman to do a job correctly, quickly, and conscientiously the first time.” This was the first of the courses. Each course consists of five two-hour sessions held at the same hour on consecutive days. They are given on company time. Managers are enthusiastic about the new program.

“Kaiser Company can supply opportunities for shipbuilders,” says John Haltett, general superintendent, “but it is up to the individual to make the best of these opportunities. The T. W. I. instruction now being given in the yard is one of the best ways I know for ambitious men to train themselves for positions of greater responsibility. If we are to weather the storm after the war, it will be through the efforts of men so trained.”

T O D A Y’ S  A M P L E


AUGUST 19, 1943
THE new Victory type ship designed by the Maritime Commission as an improvement of the Liberty ship, is shown here in an artist’s preview sketch. It will be a faster vessel with finer hull lines and equipped with turbine-gear propulsion machinery of more than twice the horsepower of the reciprocating steam engine used in the Liberty.

Contracts for construction of 411 Victory ships have already been let and mass production is expected to be under way by this fall. Deliveries are expected by the spring or summer of 1944.

Greatest advantage of the Victory ship over the Liberty will be increased speed. The Liberty has a speed of a little more than 11 knots while the Victory is designed for 15 knots or more for faster convoys. It will not be an over-all welded ship but will still use rivets in certain parts of the main structure.

The SS “William Nime” was launched July 27 with Mrs. Mel Gordon as sponsor. Her husband acknowledged the honor and delivered a brief address.

On July 29 Mrs. Philip Drinker, wife of Dr. Drinker, maritime commission chief legal consultant, sponsored the SS “Anton M. Wolter.”

The SS “Clinton Kelly” was launched on July 31 by Mrs. Scott Ramsey. The Rev. Charles T. Hard gave a short biography of the late Clinton Kelly.

Miss Martha Shull, electrician’s helper, sponsored the SS “Edward D. Robb” on August 1. She was selected by the Fourth Fighter Command of this region.

Here Are Specifications for Oregon’s Post-War Cargo Vessel

VICTORY vs. LIBERTY Ship Specifications

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<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Victory</th>
<th>Liberty</th>
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<tr>
<td>Length</td>
<td>455 ft</td>
<td>441 ft 6 inches</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beam</td>
<td>55 ft</td>
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<td>Deadweight tonnage</td>
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<td>Cargo tonnage</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engine horsepower</td>
<td>6,000 or more</td>
<td>2,500</td>
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<tr>
<td>Propulsion power</td>
<td>Steam turbine</td>
<td>Steam reciprocating</td>
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<td>Decks</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speed</td>
<td>15 knots plus</td>
<td>11 knots</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On August 3 Mrs. Ben Morrow, wife of the Portland city engineer, sponsored the SS “Samuel Lancaster.” Mr. Morrow spoke briefly.

The SS “John Jacob Astor” slid down the ways on August 5 with Miss Ethel M. Blair as sponsor. L. C. Stoll, deputy regional director of the Manpower Commission, spoke.

Miss Lynn Barbara Bleisch, winner in a Retail Merchants Association bond drawing, sponsored the SS “Charles M. Russell” on August 7. Her father, a Swan Island employee, gave her a $100 war bond.

The SS “Joseph Simon” slid down the ways August 8 sponsored by Mrs. Raymond L. Hausmann, wife of the acting shipwright superintendent.

To prove that nothing was overlooked, the photographer took a shot of the operating room where surprises may be performed in the midst of battle.

The carrier has its own bakery fully equipped to turn out a wide variety of buns, biscuits and pastries for the crew and flyers.

From this broad deck war planes will take off to deal death and destruction on Axis submarines.

The captain’s dining room was lavishly set for the festal fun. Here the steward steps in for a final check-up before dinner time.

Swan Island launched another tanker, the SS “Plattsburg,” on Aug. 5. Mrs. Charles H. McEachron was sponsor. Her husband is marine superintendent.

The Plattsburg was named after a village in New York which was the scene of an American victory during the war with Great Britain.

While her husband gits his teeth, Mrs. McEachron blinks her eyes and sends the “Plattsburg” on its way.

Of great importance is this fully-equipped hospital. Carries war ships that look for trouble and must be prepared for it.

This is the laundry room, but in real life you’d never see a scene like this, as even the laundry on board a carrier is strictly a man’s domain.

3-YARD SCOREBOARD

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O.S.C.</th>
<th>KEELS LAID</th>
<th>LAUNCHED</th>
<th>DELIVERED</th>
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<td>K. C. I.</td>
<td>KEELS LAID</td>
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</table>
SHIPYARD WIFE

SHIPYARDS aren't all deck-houses swinging in mid-air, sweaty grimy faces, welders' hoods and burners' torches. Behind the rough exteriors are people, attractive people, even glamorous people.

This week the Bo's'n's Whistle shows the steel plates aside for a glimpse into the life of a worker who finds shipbuilding no obstacle at all to glamour and romance.

Meet Mrs. Lois Nelson, a crane operator in the noisy Assembly building. Her job is to convey shaped steel from the Plate shop to the assembly bays for prefabrication. It's a lot of responsibility and a bit of carelessness could cause disaster, yet life for her is very bright.

Lois, at 19, is a "war bride." Born in Portland, she met her husband, Charles ("Chuck") Nelson, five years ago at a Grant High School dance where Chuck's band was playing. A steady romance developed. Lois spent one year at the University of Oregon where she studied home economics. Chuck was also a student there when they decided to get married last March. Three months later Chuck became Private Charles Nelson, and was sent to Camp Roberts, California.

Like many another army bride, Lois took her place in the production line. She went to work at Oregon Ship as a crane operator's helper and within a few weeks was handling a crane like a veteran.

When we asked Lois what she was going to do after the war was over, a dreamy look came into her eyes. "I'm quitting crane operating," she said, "Chuck and I will buy a house and we'll settle down and raise a family."
WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THEY QUIT BUILDING SHIPS?

A GLITTERING postwar world of airplanes for everybody, streamlined houses, and abundant prosperity might seem a real enough possibility to some people, but not to the average shipyard worker. Hardened by booms and depressions, most workers look for little more out of peace-time years than they had before. They view with a tolerant sympathy the rosy visions of dreamers and planners. Even the inspiring plans of national leaders are taken with a grain of salt.

"Henry Kaiser's got a lot of great ideas, and we're depending on him," said one worker smiling, "but we'll just have to wait and see."

To find out what shipbuilders are thinking about the post-war world, the Bo'Yn's Whistle made a survey of all three yards and all three shifts. Reporters talked with workers on the job and got an idea of the future ambitions, dreams and plans. Here are a few of the questions and answers:

1. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO AFTER THE WAR?

At this question most workers grinned and said, "It's hard to tell," then after a little prodding, most of them admitted they probably would go back to doing whatever they were doing before the war started. Housewives planned to go back to the kitchen, farmers back to the farm, construction men back to some kind of construction. Almost everyone, however, is thinking along lines of some kind of material security. One after another, they said, "I'm looking around for a little something, somewhere where I can raise a few chickens, grow a few vegetables and keep a cow or two just in case." Some plan to study for a peace-time activity. Most optimistic are the automobile dealers and salesmen who are already staking out claims for dealerships and agencies the minute new cars begin to roll off the lines.

Many workers expect this area to be a manufacturing center and expect to find a place in it. During the change-over they plan to live off their unemployment compensation money and savings. Workers are looking to Kaiser to provide an industry of "some kind" in this area. "Maybe not ships, maybe not airplanes, maybe not automobiles, but something, and then the good workers will be kept."

No one expects the yards to continue on anywhere near the present scale after the war, though each yard is fairly well convinced that there will be some kind of activity for them, if not for the other.

2. ARE YOU GOING TO RETURN TO YOUR HOME STATE AFTER THE WAR?

The question was for out-of-staters, that is, those who did not live in either Oregon or Washington before the war. They amount to approximately 30 per cent of all workers interviewed.

Expect to go back 44% Expect to remain here 56%

There is a wide variance of opinion on the subject. A Chicagoan exclaimed, "After seeing this country, I don't see why anybody would want to go back east again."

Many of the newcomers have actually bought homes or small farms. Others are already "home-sick." A lot depends on whether Portland or the home state has the best job prospects.

3. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR WAR BONDS?

Though they haven't thought too much about it, 62% of the workers have heard of war savings bonds as well as the way their war bonds are going to be used. These rates as follows:

- Farm or small acreage 18%
- Home 17%
- Education (for self or children) 10%
- Invest in a business 9%
- Travel 5%
- Retirement 5%
- Undecided 38%

This listing should be a great inspiration to real estate and land salesmen. Strongly enough, no one mentioned buying a postwar automobile or some other gadget of the future. Those who were undecided commented in various ways.

AUGUST 19, 1943

THE BOS'N'S WHISTLE

"I'm just going to let mine run out the full 10 years," was a common answer.

"I think I'll just wait and see what happens," said others, "It'll be a good back-up and a fellow can never tell when a bit of ready cash might come in handy."

There's some suspicion that bonds may be needed after the war to pay regular going expenses.

4. DO YOU EXPECT TO VOTE FOR ROOSEVELT IN 1944?

This question was thrown in just to see what the reaction would be and here it is:

Yes 75%
No 25%

Note: Gallup polls for the nation as a whole give Roosevelt 51%, of the vote against Dewey and 28% of the vote against Willkie.

So far as the shipyards are concerned, Roosevelt can have a fourth term hands down if the war is still on in 1944. Even ardent opponents tend to believe they are arguing a lost cause. The bit of reasoning most often expressed was simply, "I don't think we ought to change horses in mid-stream." If the war is over this year, it may be a far different story.
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Who would have thought that the sweet infant christened by his mother as Algernon would be known to the world as "Butch"? It doesn’t seem to make much difference what papa and mamma decide, time, fate and circumstances will inevitably find a way to fix their own names on almost everyone.

Nicknames originate in mysterious ways. It seems right all to call the stout boy "Fatty," but why do they call that slow-moving fellow "Booed?" In the rough and tumble informality of the shipyards, nicknames are more common than real ones. Here are a few that were noticed by our reporters, there are thousands more:

**PACKY**

Arthur Selby, a leadman rider at general stores warehouse at Vancouver, earned his nickname "Packy" because he's always carrying material from one section to another.

**BOOMER**

Oscar Rinchart, Vancouver assistant plant protection engineer, held classes in bomb control and protection. Now they call him "Boomer" because of the way he describes a bomb explosion.

**STUBBY BIGGBOTTOM**

When asked what the biggest thing in his shipyard was, he pointed to himself, with his popular shipyard cartoon character, Joe Turk was dozed. Turk is a shipyard leadman on Assembly Bay No. 5 at Vancouver and looks just enough like "Stubby" to inherit the name.

**MAN**

Mary Allen Nicklash at Swan Island is a girl who seems destined to go through life as a "Mary." She is a friend of Mary's whose hobby was making words out of initials in names discovered early in Mary's life that her three initials spelled "Mama." It has stuck and Mary is one girl who has never been heard to say, "I wish I were a man."

**BUNNY**

Her name is Thelma, but everyone calls her "Bunny." When asked what her name means, she replies that name is Merry. Figure it out for yourself. Bunny, who used to operate a restaurant, is a welder at Swan Island and "wouldn't trade places with anyone.

**POOP DECK PAPPY**

Dale Strahl is a supervisor in the Assembly building at Oregon in charge of building the 450 dock and ship sections for the node building. He was called "Pappy" while a foreman and received the prefix, "Poop deck" because he was so funny about the construction of the poop deck.

**DAISY MAE**

L. A. Cartwright, assistant welding superintendent on the welding dock at Oregon, showed a generous amount of patience with women welders at a time when they were still an experimental group. In appreciation, one of the women called him a "Daisy." Another added "Mae," and the name "Daisy Mae" has stuck.

**SHOTGUN**

It's a clinch that with a last name like Winchester, a nickname is inevitable. Everyone calls him "Shotgun," and even his foreman did not know his given name. "Shotgun" is a rigger leadman at Swan Island.

**GREEN HORNET**

Ray Hausmann, shipwright superintendent at Oregon, is known along the ways as the "Green Hornet," because he usually wears a green hat, jacket and pants, bays from place to place and throws stinging remarks to loafer. When he forgot to lock up his tie one night someone painted his work a green hornet on it. His assistant, Howard Boga, is called "Little Green Hornet."

**EDISON**

This is the easy one. He’s always inventing something. Alvin VanDusen is a shipper in the Galley Assembly building at Vancouver. He was named "Edison" because he’s always thinking up some gadget to make his work easier.

**PEANUTS**

The girls in her fourth grade class had a difficult time remembering Perina Scifo- crore's first name, so they gave her an easier one to remember. Since that time she has been "Peanuts." She works as a laborer on the Swan Island ways.

**LIL' ABNER**

They call Bob Jones "Lil' Abner" because his wife, Anita, looks like "Daisy Mae." Jones, who is a Swan Island crane operator, bears considerable resemblance to the popular comic strip character, according to his superintendent, Chuck Morrison.

**CENTER LINE**

Daniel Fulp is leadman tank tester on Way No. 4 at Vancouver. He was dubbed "Center Line" because of his own interest in the perfection of center line tanks.

**QUEEN OF THE DOUBLEBOTTOMS**

Allie Kohren is a welder on the Oregon ways in a crew with eight girls. Recently a move was made to split this gang up, but Allie and her pals protested that the move would wreck the crew’s efficiency. Their protests were sustained and the crew held intact. In a recent lunch time party Allie's little one was elected "Queen of the Doublebottoms."

FROM MOUTHulis... such as this refresher being taken by Latinne McFady, Oregon Ship operative...

To TANKERS FULL, such as the bag, sag and tank tests this tanker is going through, shipyards are big users of water.

...that caused your stomach-ache; it's probably the pie you ate.

DURING July employees at Oregon Ship began complaining about a change in the taste of drinking water.

“It gives me a stomach ache,” some workers cried. “I’m going to quit drinking it. It’s unfit for human consumption.”

Actually the innocent water wasn’t to blame at all. Many usual summer stomach complaints were blamed on the water that should have been more properly assigned to improper use of salt tablets, poor refrigeration of food in warm weather, and poorly balanced diet.

The water was easily blamed, however, because of the taste. The taste comes from chlorine introduced to insure absolute purity.

The fact is that shipyards are enormous consumers of water. Water consumption figures in the three Kaiser yards, amounting to 380,000,000 gallons a month, look something like war debt figures. When consumption at Oregon reached 3,000 gallons a minute, water was being drained away from the Terminal Flour Mills south of the yard. This also presented a fire hazard.

There was only one answer. More sources of water had to be tapped for the yard. This meant drilling wells. At the present time city water, which comes through a 12-inch main, is being augmented with water from one well located 150 feet from the entrance of the yard. This call for four more wells which will entirely supply the needs, totaling about 65,000,000 gallons a month. The well is 107 feet deep and taps a water flow which comes from the east running toward the river.

Water from the well tested practically perfect in bacteriological tests. Periodical tests are made continuously throughout the yard. The greatest difference of the well water from “Bull Run” city water is in the hardness and bicarbonate content. City water tests 30 parts per million hardness as against 118.9 for the well. Bicarbonate shows 194 parts, which is more than appears in city water.

At Swan Island enormous amounts of water are used in testing alone. The bag, sag and tank tests of each tanker take approximately 17,500,000 gallons of water per ship. This is taken from the river. In addition, 60 million gallons a month are provided for general use through domestic supply lines.

Vancouver gets all its water from the City of Vancouver system. Source of about 25 per cent of this is from original springs springing Vancouver, located at Eugene, about four miles from the city. The other 75 per cent comes from pumps located in the city limits. The water is exceptionally hard but has a high bacteria purity rating.

There are two separate line installations in the yard. The Wet Line uses Vancouver water for industrial cooling, drinking, sanitation, tank testing, cooling roofs and compressors, sprinkling and cleaning streets. It is the line that is connected up to the fire systems of the various hulls while they are at the outfitting dock. The Dry Line is the fire line. At present it is connected with two pumps each capable of delivering 1,500 gallons a minute.

**CHEMICAL ANALYSIS FROM THE OREGON SHIP WELL**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Component</th>
<th>Parts per Million</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td>Total solids</td>
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<tr>
<td>Loss on Ignition</td>
<td>299</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alkalinity</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carbonate</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sulphate</td>
<td>5.3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Chloride | 3

Free Carbon Dioxide | 3
NEED MORE SHOES?

Some employees, due to the type of work they perform, find their shoe ration is not sufficient to keep them in work shoes. GPA has announced that additional work shoes will be granted if really needed. Here are some points to keep in mind:

1. The proper stamp (No. 18) from ration book No. 1 must be used first before a special application is made. This includes the stamps of all members of the family living in the same household.
2. If a person does not have ration book No. 1, he should go to his ration board and get it.
3. The worker is entitled to all the shoes he needs and if no stamps are available, he may make application providing he does not have two pairs of washable or repairable shoes of the kind he is applying for.
4. If the stamp is used to buy work shoes and it becomes necessary to buy dress shoes, the worker may make application at his ration board, not at plant offices.
5. As the case of "utility shoes," a person may secure a special shoe purchase certificate before all the stamps in his family's books have been used.

SWEAR HANS BAND

Off-shift men living in the Swan Island housing project gathered in front of their recreation building Saturday, July 31, to hear the U.S. Cavalry band housed in Salem play for a war bond program. Vic Raymer, formerly with the Swan engineering department and a magician by hobby, performed several feats of magic.

STUBBY BILLGEBOTTOM

by Ernie Hager

THERE'S PEEPS LUNCH BUCKETER HAND THAT GIVES ME AN hah

SAY MARGE -- WILL VA SIT IN YOUR BUCKET BEFORE QUITIN' TIME? GO OVER WITH YOUR BUCKET TO THE DECK!

SURE, STUBBY!

DOUBLE-CROSSIN' LITTLE WENCH!

OL' PEEPs NOT BEIN THE FIRST OUT OF TH'YARD TODAY, B'SHOSH! I'LL DROP AROUND AFTER TH' WHISTLE BLOWS AN' WATCH HIM T'WICHER.

H'WEEH, H'WEEH.

THE BOOM'S WHISTLE

by R.W. Cunningham, Vancouver electrician's helper, was one of the human guinea pigs tested by the army at Port Knox, Fla., to determine exactly what foods would be best for American soldiers fighting in tropical climates. Cunningham, 42, was the oldest soldier to go through the experiment, which consisted of living 26 days in a room heated to 153 degrees and baking 12½ miles a day with a 21- pound pack in this temperature. After the experiment, Cunningham was reclassified to limited service because of his age and poor diet. He has one son in the navy air corps and another in the shipyards.
SICK wife or child at home can affect a shipbuilder’s work almost as much as if he were ill himself. At least that is the opinion of the Northern Permanent Foundation at Vancouver.

Through the winter and spring the Northern Permanent hospital steadily expanded its facilities. Today, with its 250 beds and a staff of 350 persons the Foundation is prepared to move into a wider field. This month it announced the new Family Hospital Plan exclusively for the wives and children of K.C.I-Vancouver employees. The plan will provide hospitalization alone and does not include professional care given by physicians. Rates are only 30 cents a week for adults and 15 cents for each child.

The plan covers ward beds and meals, private rooms and nurses when prescribed by physicians. X-rays, operating rooms and anesthesia, splints and casts, medicaments except for vitamins, biologies or endocrine preparations; laboratory work, basal metabolisms and electrocardiograms and oxygen as needed.

Ambulance service will be provided within a radius of 30 miles.

Hospitalization for maternity cases will be provided at a flat rate of $25 after participating in the plan for a 90-day period.

The plan does not cover hospitalization for pulmonary tuberculosis, mental disorders, alcoholism, drug addiction, or quarantinable diseases.

Application cards for the plan are available from the Northern Permanent Hospital, Vancouver first aid stations, or the medical centers at Ogden Meadows and McLoughlin Heights.


By Ralph De Castro

Waterfront Times, Waterford, N.Y., and the New York Savings Bank Association

The last war—remember?
Silk shirts!
Pink ones, green ones, blue ones with white stripes, millions of them.

And silk stockings for the women—on legs that had never felt anything but cotton. Wrist watches . . . rings . . . bracelets . . . and tailored suits . . . $100.00 hats . . . Better, larger, sweller apartments.

World War II started—1918 and the Armistice. The war boom petered out. In factory after factory the wheels turned slower—slower—then stopped.

Then the clothes on the silk shirts were frayed and the colors were faded . . . and the silk stockings were gone . . . and the watches were in pawn shops . . . and people moved back where the war came from.

"Don't let it get you down, Bud! You can't hold this country back. May the Lord bless the American fact—why with our natural resources—and the way we work . . ."

So we started on the second lap, on the same circular race—1929-30-Properity. Nothing ever like it before in the world. Broke up 50 points a week—thousands, millions, billions of dollars of profits—on paper. Bootleggers . . . parties . . . automobiles . . . and the big men of high finance (radios, refrigerators, real estate, furniture, diamonds, rings, boats, shoes, hats . . .)

Then 1939 and crash again! "Burr, Mr. Jones . . . more margin, or we'll have to close out . . . Dear Mr. Jones . . . unless you send us a check to cover unpaid installments on your furniture . . . Dear Mr. Jones . . . unless . . . mortgages unpaid . . . worry . . . worry . . . worry, Jones, better look around for a new job . . . no help wanted . . ."

Remember the Defal lines . . . the Bonus Army . . . the soldiers selling apples on street corners . . . "Brother can you spare a dime?" Stories going down—down—down—business failures . . . suicides . . . Relief . . . N.R.A . . . W.P.A . . . C.C.C . . . and no jobs yet, and shoes run down at the heels. And the kids underfed, who could imagine you were spending your nest egg generation . . .

How come? How did we get that way? Why did it happen here, when it couldn’t happen here? Well, let’s look back—look . . . look—look. It isn’t good enough for us. Savings banks weren’t as exciting as brokers’ offices. We were trying to compress our lives—to squeeze the juice of those three score years and ten into a decade. We wanted for nothing the things our fathers had worked and saved and spent for. My wife’s clothes are to be better, smarter—more expensive than your wife’s—and her jewelry, too. You spend a thousand dollars for your car? So what? I’m spending thirteen hundred for mine. (on tires.) And say—looks my new radio! Twenty-two tubes, two loudspeakers, record changer, home recorder and three shortwave bands. Did I trade it in when I bought it? Brand new one—and the new refrigerator, and the dining room furniture—oh, shif—oh, "modern," they call it. How much? What’s the difference? Twenty-four payments of $80 instead of $65! I’ll never miss it.

Hold on a minute, brother . . . Did we "miss it" in the early "thirties"? Did we take $25 million out of the banks—spent it—all—cashed it out—pulled left in high and tides and beaches? Did we "miss it" while brave women scrubbed and saved and patched and mended until their fingers were raw, their hands rough—and their hearts dull with the pain of abandoned hopes?

Hold on once more . . . This time chances are we won’t bounce back again. Many people now realize what a close shave it was the last time—how desperately near we were to chaos and national ruin.

Most we come down with another crash? Most we ignore, not one, nor two, nor three—but the dozens of lessons taught us by history? Most we head straight along the road to ruin we took the last time? It’s what’s beginning to happen, right here—now—in our own city.

People are making more money than they ever did before and spending it. Spending it faster than they ever did before. The old "short life but a merry one" story is back with us. But how merry is it?

Where’s the money coming from—"properity"? No, . . . war. From the business of death we’ve been forced into. From things made to kill other people so they won’t kill us. Win, lose, or draw, the war will end some day. No war has lasted forever. Then what?

Those same war-factor wheels will again slow and stop. Men will walk out of factories, and hear the gates grind closed behind them—many of them to stay closed. And maybe the green grass will grow between the stones of the factory court yards before the men will come back to work again . . . slowly . . . a few at a time. The same as the last time? And the time before that? Well, it shouldn’t be, but it will be even worse—unless we use our common sense to realize what is going on and what is possible.

There’s no special Providence watching over this country, in spite of all our songs and slogans. We are people—just like any other people.

Mister . . . Don’t fool yourself . . . The time’s going to come when you’ll need those dollars you’re throwing around now. If hard times come up with it, you’ll that night-shift proprietor who’s going to return the money you spent in his place—no, not any part of it! And all the ungodly solemnities and gadgets and you think you need now won’t be worth a dine on the dollar then.

And when your pockets are empty it won’t be because you’ll be taking money out of them—because no money will be going into your pockets. How about those bright kids of yours? Will they have to make ends meet going to school? And those old friends of yours with the beautiful rings you bought your wife? Supposing you lose your job—how long can you last before pausing those babbles, for a fraction of what they cost you?

So look . . . When you want to spend money or buy something just because you’ve got it—just because you’ve got the dollar. Don’t ask how happy you’d be with what you get for your money—but whether you’d be miserable without it. That’s the only job you’re going to get! You can’t afford to be looking for any higher matches to 100 bills you’re going to need—some day.

Nobody can tell you what’s going to happen after the war, or its effect on the national economy. Or what is going to happen to you. You can.

Make a plan and stick to it. Guarantee your own future. So many dollars paid every day into War Bonds and into our savings account. Then, some day or other, your plan. Your savings, build up reserves and put you in a stock of money and make it grow. Your money. Your bonds.

And the bigger the stock of savings you create, the better off you’ll be. Buy the good things you will want when the war is over—that new car, that refrigerator and radio and you can’t get now—things that mean the life and the health of the world.

So, when you save wisely, you’re helping your country and yourself at the same time. Honest, now . . . Could you ask for anything better?

If you haven’t done so already, ask your foreman for a “Figure It Out Yourself” booklet and card. Study our budget to see if you can buy more bonds than you are buying now. It’s your greatest post-war security.

August 19, 1943
ONE of these days the war is going to end. It might be a long time, it might be suddenly and soon. Then where will you be? There's a lot you can do right now to make your peace-time life secure. After the war you'll want a job, and that job will be only as good as the job you do today. Start right now to plan for the kind of post-war life you want to live. Plan the use of your bond savings. Will they go for a new home, a business or education for yourself or your children? Take part in the plans for your own community and its post-war development. Prepare now, don't leave it to fate and circumstance. It may be later than you think.