

A LETTER TO DAD

I've thought of you a lot, dear Dad,
Since you have gone away;
I think of you and miss you
Each hour of every day.
For you were such a pal to me,
And loved me, oh so true
Not only that, but you were just
As good to Mother, too.
We didn't think we'd lose you—
You were so big and strong;
But then that awful accident—
You didn't linger long.
They say you're never coming
back—
It makes me feel so blue,
I thought I'd sit right down
And write these lines to you.
I hate to tell you all the news,
For it may make you sad;
For things are so much different
Since I lost my precious Dad.
But I said I'd write and tell you,
So I guess I'd better start;
And I hope you will forgive me,
You know that great big house
we had—
My Mother, you and me;
Well, we don't live there any
more,
The landlord, he was awful,
And he wouldn't let us stay;
For when he came around
My Mother couldn't pay.
I heard her tell him how she
missed
Your pay check every week;
And she was sad, and cried so
hard
That she could hardly speak.
She went to work the other day,
But I can't tell you where;
Because she said you'd feel so
bad
If you knew that she were
there.
She doesn't earn much money,
And the work is hard to do;
But we will have to do our best,
Without the help from you.
I wish that I could help her—
But I'm so small, you see;
I wonder why God took my Dad
Instead of taking me.
I guess I won't go far in school,
As you wanted me to do;
For Mother says it cost so much
That she can't send me
through.
Our neighbors say 'twas all your
fault—
You thought safety was a
fad;
That guards were just for boys
like me—
And now I've lost my Dad.
I'll bet if you could just come
back
Even though it breaks your
heart.
And see us for a day,
You'd know that safety was for
men—
That "Safety First" does
pay.
I have the safety button, Dad,
The company gave to you;
You pinned it on my little hat—
It was no use to you.
I hope that other Daddies
Won't ever think that way,
But get right in the safety game
And play it every day.
Just one more thing I'll tell you;
When I get to be a man,
I'll wear your safety button, Dad,
And be careful as I can.

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad with a tired face
Coming home from the daily
race;
Bringing little of gold and fame
To show how well he has played
the game,
But glad in his heart that his
own rejoice
To see him come and to hear his
voice.

Only a dad, of a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and scorns of
life
With never a whimper of pain
or hate,
For the sake of those who at
home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor
proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Tolling, striving, from day to
day,
Facing whatever may come his
way;
Silent, whenever the harsh con-
demn,
And bearing it all for the love of
them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way for his chil-
dren small;
Doing, with courage stern and
grim,
The deeds that his father did for
him.
These are the lines that for him
I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.
—Anonymous.

TELL HER SO

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply
blue
She has her troubles, same as
you;
Show her that your love is true—
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it dreaming or awake—
Don't cancel it! for her sake
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold!
Tell her so! —Anonymous

Wake Up and Smile

'Tain't what we have,
But what we give;

'Tain't where we are,
But how we live;

'Tain't what we do,
But how we do it—

That makes this life
Worth goin' through it.

The Wise Old Owl

A wise old owl sat in an oak,
The more he heard the less he
spoke;
The less he spoke the more he
heard—

Construction Of New Mill Progresses

Construction work on the new Continuous Hot Strip Mill and improvement of present facilities at the Indiana Harbor Works is now full under way.

Work is progressing on construction of the 54-inch modern 10-stand Continuous Hot Strip Mill. The new mill will have facilities for rolling coil or plates, and a finishing floor with equipment for handling hot strip and hot plate.

A new 5-stand tandem reduction mill for cold reducing hot strip to tin plate gauges is also being constructed. This new mill is being backed by an additional pickling line.

The present 35-inch Blooming Mill is being replaced with a modern 44-inch Blooming Mill which will permit rolling of slabs large enough for the new Continuous Strip Mill. Open Hearth facilities also are being extended for increased tonnage.

Pump house equipment and a new Intake is being provided to increase and improve the water supply.

The new construction and improvements will be completed this year.

"I WONDER—"

A contribution called "I Wonder":
I wonder if our world will be ever
thus,
I wonder if the unemployed will
be employed,
I wonder if understanding will
ever displace suspicion.
I wonder if the "ins" will ever re-
spect the wishes of the
"outs,"
I wonder if the "outs" will ever
give honest credit to the "in,"
I wonder if our zeal to discredit
the other fellow may not de-
stroy us,
I wonder if we all might stand
idly by and be destroyed by
our own devices,
I wonder if we are always honest
with ourselves,
I wonder if we appreciate our
heritage,
I wonder if we fully appreciate
the privilege of being an
American,
I wonder if we shouldn't wonder
more and talk less,
I WONDER?

LIFE

Each is given
A bag of tools,
A shapeless mass,
A book of rules;
And each must make,
Ere life is flown
A stumbling block
Or a stepping stone.
—R. L. Sharpe.

The population of the earth is computed to be about two billions. If the birth rate continues as at present, the earth's popu-
lation will exceed the billion 100

Tribute to a Dog

Friend, have you ever had a dog—faithful through the years to all your whims and fancies; meeting you daily at the door and barking his welcome; an extra wag in his tail because you had come home; ever alert and constantly guarding the premises of his keeper

Of course you have. We're sure there are many dogs as was old Pal and you will understand the touch of our heartstrings at his passing to Dogdom's Valhalla.

Years rolled by, time, yes, relentless, onrushing time took toll. Old Pal became aged and feeble, his eyes once keen as the North Wind grew dim, gradually losing all their vision. He barked no more, his steps were labored, deafness followed, but still, at the touch of the master's hand upon his head, he would feebly, ever so weakly, wag his tail.

And then, sensing that his hours were numbered and at last the time had come when he would lie down to the Eternal Sleep—yes, only then, did he leave the master's household, not to shirk duty, but as a final heroic gesture, to go away—to die alone—himself ridding his weary body from the familiar haunts of the home he loved and guarded so faithfully.

Old Pal is gone, but he leaves behind a great lesson in life—"Seeking no gain, but giving all."

Of such stuff is made the dog, man's best friend!

Two Great Birthdays

No American needs to be told that Washington and Lincoln were both born in the month of February.

But this month is a good time to pause for a moment and consider some of the things these two great figures represented: things that are just as vital today as they ever were, and will live as long as America is the envied nation of the earth.

For it was Washington, our first President, who served at a time when the United States was framing the precious guarantees of the liberties we still possess today—freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom from unlawful search and seizure, and all the other rights that are unknown in many other lands.



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM LEE wish to take this opportunity to sincerely thank their friends and neighbors for the many kindnesses extended to them and their family when their infant daughter died Jan. 7. Everything was most deeply appreciated.

Mrs. Ed Frazier entertained the Broadcasting Bunco Club Jan. 13 at her home, 420 Park St. Prizes were won by Miss Edith Frazier, Mrs. Joe Burg and Mrs. Armond Harris.

Shirley Brassard of 415 Spring St., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brassard, was operated on Jan. 27 for appendicitis. We wish you a speedy recovery, Shirley.

Mrs. Carl Mitcheltree's father, Mr. Ronnie Bartch of New Castle, Pa., was the guest of the Mitcheltrees for three weeks in January.

We are very glad to report that Mrs. Ed Vasser is recuperating from her major operation and also Mrs. Tom Halford who underwent a serious operation during January.

Mr. and Mrs. Solly Salvester are proud to announce the birth of a son, Jan. 7. Congratulations to you, Solly and Ethel!

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Al Danner whose sister, Mrs. Ellen Moore, died. Mrs. Danner left for McKeesport, Pa., Jan. 24.

Also to Mr. Ed Frazier whose father died Jan. 25. Mr. and Mrs. Frazier and their four children went to Oklahoma by train to attend the funeral.

The Cub Scouts' Mothers thank everyone who helped towards the very delightful and successful dance they sponsored on Jan. 25 at the Community House, and are proud to state that Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCann celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary at this dance.

Leo Curtis broke his arm while ice skating but is "out of harness" again.

Mrs. William Wall is much better after her recent illness.

Mrs. Samuel DeArmond underwent an operation and is home and feeling fine again.

Charles Draine was confined to his bed two weeks with the flu.

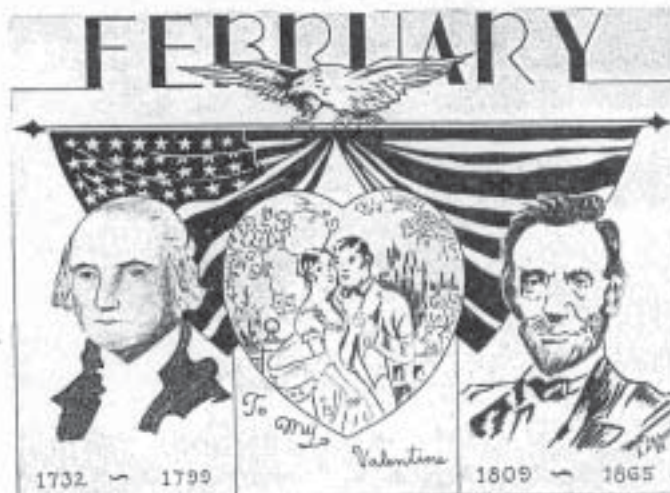
Gwendlyn Williams celebrated her 8th birthday with a nice party for her playmates. Also, Marilyn McCullum celebrated her 7th birthday Jan. 27 with a party for 18 playmates.

On Thursday, Jan. 24, 48 members of the P. T. A. held a farewell party for Miss Fern Parks, primary teacher in Marles for the last few years. Miss Parks was married Jan. 28, and the P. T. A. members presented her with a beautiful electric toaster.

We offer best wishes to Jean Olson of Prospect St., who was married to Marion S. Hicks of Indiana Harbor Jan. 14. Mr. and



In keeping with the winter season, Eddie Schneck submits the above bit of pen and ink work. It hasn't to do with the mills or people in the mills but is just art for art's sake. We hope you like it.



Three important days in February—Washington and Lincoln's birthdays, and Valentine Day, are portrayed in the above pen and ink sketch by Eddie Schneck, Indiana Harbor Works employee. Eddie is quite an artist, and we hope to have more of his work in future editions of *The BULLETIN*.

We are very happy to announce the return of Captain Matinov to his job after several weeks in the hospital and at home. He has lost some 80 or 90 pounds in weight and we sincerely hope he will soon begin to pick up and be his old self again.

As we write, Captain Verne Ingram has received notice of the passing away of his sister, Mrs. W. G. Rouse of Cincinnati. We extend to him our sincere sympathy.

Al Pollock, Tube Mill Mechanical Clerk, gave his girl the first link in the chain of holy matrimony for Christmas in the form of an engagement ring. Mr. Snedden reports the Tube Mill clerical work has increased efficiency since Al has dispensed with the worry of uncertainty.



Of course you know this photo of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Fedo was taken before they were married because Ann has to tie her own shoes now. The girls in the Tin Mill Sorting Room will be interested in seeing this photo of Ann and Mike.

Unexplored Florida Jungles Described By "Hank" Reid

Do you remember Henry "Hank" Reid?

He worked in the Bar and Billet mill, Tin Mill Hot Mills, and last in the Tabulating Dept.



"Hank Reid"

This photo was taken on the St. John River in Florida by Russ Healy, one of the best crane-men that ever ran an Open Hearth crane for the Youngstown Sheet and Tube.

"Hank" says: "The St. John abounds with fish of all kinds. Their habitat ranges from the deep, clear cool spots to the snarled cypress swamps where a person could walk across the river on the roots and branches of the cypress trees.

"A slip may mean death, unless the 'gators weren't hungry or you fell just far enough away from that moccasin snake who was sunning himself and did not bear you. The only living creatures that have ever explored some ten mile square area of cypress swamp here are the wild birds, reptiles and an occasional animal that wrest from it their food and shelter.

"The jungle behind me has never been fully explored by man for many reason. It is so dense that a path would have to be chopped unless you were small enough to use a deer run or walk from branch to branch like the wild hats or sun yourself all day while eating cabbage from the top of the palm trees like the possum.

"In other words, it contains wild life of all descriptions from snakes and animals of all kinds to birds of rare beauty, where flowers, trees (and the Spanish moss hanging from them) vines and underbrush make it difficult for man to penetrate.

"Mosquitoes and flies? House

flies are unheard of in most of Florida. I could stand for hours on the spot where the picture was taken without being bothered by a mosquito. You see there are sulphur water springs along parts of the St. John that a mosquito stays clear of. Inland though, they are plentiful.

"Oh yes, to get back to that nice bass? They are so plentiful that I never bother to weigh or measure them. I judge the one in the picture weighs about eight or nine pounds. I was pulled clear out of my boots when he struck—that's why they're untied.

"My face is not dirty. I'm as brown as an Indian and the reason for all the clothes is that Florida in the early morning is pretty chilly, although by nine o'clock it is up to about 70. Gosh I hope you folks don't freeze up this winter."

MAYES OBJECTS BUT THESE ARE DANDY STORIES

By Wilfred Haley

Says Charlie Mayes: "Leave out all these articles about me—people are beginning to think The Bulletin is the 'Mayes Special'."

And, with those words, Charlie promptly crossed out all our efforts to get his name in print. Funny people around here! We just had items mentioning the following:

1. Charlie Mayes is able to recall the days when autos had inside curtains and he spent a quiet, restful night in a church yard with stray livestock.

2. Charlie Mayes was tickled pink when he discovered his car parked "in the clear" on the morning of the blizzard—but wasn't so happy when he found that all the snow that should have been in the street had blown into the engine compartment.

3. Charlie Mayes, although now a "has been," was at one time an orchestra leader in a Gary, Indiana, Church.

4. Charlie Mayes intends to take a two weeks' cruise to the South Seas on his private yak (just a water buffalo).

5. Charlie Mayes' absent mindedness has reached a new high—he was forced to employ the services of a carpenter after he had locked his desk, leaving the key in an inside drawer.

Oh well, if he doesn't want his name in print we won't print it, but gosh! Those were such good stories!

Herman Miller of Machine Shop is afflicted with a strange malady—he has a sweet tooth which will not wait until lunch-time. Consequently, as regular as Big Ben, Herman goes to the Machine Shop Office, grabs for a lunch (he isn't a bit concerned if it's his own lunch or someone else's) and devours a huge piece of cake, pie, or what have you.

The other day Herman snatched a lunch which was the size and dimensions (capacity 10 pounds) of his own and found some cake. After devouring it thoroughly, he nonchalantly exclaimed, "My gosh, that wasn't my lunch." It was Johnnie Tomko's.

As you will recall, John was married recently and this was his wife's first cake; therefore, he was sad to think that he didn't get to eat it. Herman bought Johnnie some form of pastry goods as a matter of reciprocity.

Someone sarcastically remarked that Herman must have a cast iron stomach because the cake didn't seem to affect him any.

Charles Chester showed up for work one morning recently with an eye-tooth missing. We don't know what he got in exchange for it, but we've heard of men offering to part with their eye-teeth for only fabulous sums.

Charlie's story claims he was munching on candy and the tooth was swallowed with the sweets. Isn't that a honey of a story; at last we've found the guy who can tell us exactly what a "sweet tooth" tastes like.

It seems that the General is having all kinds of bad luck lately, for recently he lost a tooth. Charles, potential candidate for Mayor of Marktown, never fails to have an iron clad alibi and claims he broke off the bicuspid while eating a piece of Christmas candy. The Chester household certainly must have had a great deal of candy for Christmas if there was some left for Charlie to "teeth" on during the latter part of January.

The mayor-elect of Gary started his city-wide clean-up by getting rid of Charlie Chester. Mr. Chester and family have taken refuge in Marktown. Mr. Chester is not taking any chances, however, for he still drives to work.

Mr. Chester said he and the wife like Marktown quite a bit.

We are sorry to report that General Chester fell and cracked a few ribs while coming to work during the blizzard on Jan. 30. We hope that your injuries are not serious, Charlie.

Charles Mayes nearly suffered injuries the other day when his swivel chair broke down and threw him to the floor. However, we feel sure that the only thing that saved him was the fact that he fell on his head. That's using your head, Charlie.

Helen Moore was pleasantly surprised Nov. 19 with a Birthday Party. Helen surprised everyone else by being ill that day, but the party was held regardless and Helen was able to carry on.

A very successful stork shower was held for Mrs. Solly Sylvester Nov. 12. Thirty guests were present and many beautiful and useful gifts were received.

The entire Subdivision extend their sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Stack, who lost their baby in November.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. John Trainor is ill again. Also that Mrs. Winner has been in the hospital.

The P-T. A. Barn Dance held Nov. 15 at the Community House was a big success. The dance was held for the benefit of the Christmas Party for the Kindergarten and first and second grades which was held Dec. 21.

The Marks Community Sunday School will put on a program Dec. 26 at 7 P. M. Everyone is invited to attend.

The Boy Scouts held a dance Dec. 6 to raise money for their Christmas Party.

It is understood that midnight is the Ghosts' High Noon but at 11 o'clock Hallowe'en night one merry ghost stalked the streets of Mark and no one could guess who he was. If you don't believe that ghosts can get cold, just ask Walter Burque all about it.

The really bad break Art Moore had by injuring his big toe was the home work he stepped into.

Well, well, Slim Boyd was seen cleaning the shelves down at Tommy's one Sunday. And we can very well guess Why!

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Shaffer are proud to announce the birth of a baby boy, Nov. 30. Congratulations!

Charlie Chester has adopted as his favorite song hit: "O! Man Jose". Favorite line is: "O! Man Jose is dead." Perhaps, this is a resemblance of him.

If a word to the wise is sufficient, Al Yurek had better take heed. One way to keep from growing old is to continue to call us on the 'phone during our lunch period.

C. Crossman and your correspondent told Jim Cooney to enjoy his turkey on Thanksgiving; whereupon, he remarked that he still enjoys it, but it will be a duck.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR**



Pictured here is one dog that isn't camera shy—"Chub", the thoroughbred white Spitz owned by Margaret Reid of the Subdivision. How do you like "Chub's" pose in this picture?

The dog is four years old and rarely poses for anyone else but Margaret, who snapped the photograph shown here. "Chub" is an obedient dog and will do almost anything he is told to do. Margaret says he objects a little when told it is time for his bath but once he is clean and white he struts around like a bathing beauty.

The dog has a few tricks, too. "Chub" will stand on his hind feet and dance for food.

Margaret is the daughter of Clem Reid who has been with the Company for 17 years as a heater and heater helper in the I ana Harbor Soaking Pits. Her brother, George, is employed in the Tin Mill Accounting Dept. Margaret is a student nurse in St. Catherine's Hospital, East Chicago.

By the time the next Bulletin comes out the holidays will be over, Mac Wallace's party will be history and it will be time to start out with another clean slate, so we take this opportunity to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and may 1939 bring all of the things you would wish for yourselves!

Fred Donnersberger's favorite song-hit is: "This Is My Night to HOWL!"

"General" Chester now arrives at the Bowling Alley escorted by Mrs. C. My! My! How one's reputation will get around, "General"!

"Fat" Brown worked Thanksgiving Day and asked for New Year's Day off. There's a reason—only one guess needed.

Current questions have arisen around the Plant. They are: "Does Byron Boyd run a taxi?"



—Jacqueline Hope Colley
and Baby Etna Juanita,
daughters of Joe Colley,

MANY EMPLOYEES SHOW HOBBYCRAFT

The Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company was well represented at the Hobby Show, sponsored by the Pi Sigma Phi Sorority, April 2 and 23 at the Elks Ballroom in East Chicago. Our employees' exhibits were as varied as the type of work done by each man in the plant.

Jack Meade, 10-inch Merchant Mill, is a radio "Ham" of the old school and his exhibit consisted of radio sending and receiving apparatus. The squeaks and squawks emitted from this equipment almost called back to life the owls and birds displayed by F. H. Schmidt, Commissary Dept., whose hobby is taxidermy.

William Crompton, Mechanical Dept., is always in demand at a hobby show. His oil paintings of woodland and winter scenes made one's feet itch to travel along the paths depicted.

Otis Bruner's Mineral Display attracted young and old alike. Mr. Bruner, who is employed in the Pipe Mills, had the pleasure of his daughter's company at the Show, as Miss Margaret's Poster Stamps were on display. What a life Mrs. Bruner must have with two hobby-lobbyists in the home!

Alfred Luther of South Chicago Works, may be an amateur photographer, but readers of The Bulletin know just how good he really is. As a member of the East Chicago Camera Club, Mr. Luther had many unusual and interesting pictures in the Club's exhibit.

Miss Patricia Ann Wingard, better known as "Patty," is a collector of Postage Stamps, Charms, and Foreign Dolls, and was one of the many students who presented their hobbies under the direction of local schools. Patty, student of Harrison School, is the daughter of C. K. Wingard, Main Office.



Photo 6—These Marktown children are shown in their Halloween costumes. Front row, left to right, Richard Heim, Sandy Boyd, Billy Snyder, Dolores Holzbach. Second row, John Brabbs, Gene Donaldson, John Robert Moore, Billy Holzbach, Charles Snyder, Robert Murray and Bobby Boyd. Back row, Allen Winners and Billy Wall.

Photo 7—Rita and Ross Johnson (twins), $4\frac{1}{2}$ years old, children of Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson. Mr. Johnson is the well known and well liked Marktown grocer.

Photo 8—David and Sonnie Ritter, age 2 and 6 years, children of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ritter. Mr. Ritter is in the Blacksmith Shop, Mechanical Dept., at the Steel Plant.

Photo 9—Glendaire and Randolph Sasser, age 5 and 3 years, children of Mr. and Mrs. Denver Sasser. Mr. Sasser is in the Annealing Dept. Tin Mill.

Photo 10—Richard Heim, Sandy Boyd, Dolores Holzbach, and Billy Snyder. These Halloween pictures are candid camera shots taken by Al Luther at a Halloween party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Holzbach.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bell, whose baby son was born during December.

Miss Martha Mitchell of Johnstown, Pa., spent the month of December visiting the Stewarts on Prospect St.

Mr. and Mrs. William Griffin and family spent the holidays in Decatur, Ill.

And Mrs. Mary Lynch of Prospect St. returned to Uniontown, Pa., for a lengthy visit.

The Triangle Club Dance held Dec. 17 was very successful.

Roy Cornell is busy composing a musical number entitled "Oh, the Roses Will Be Brighter Next Year." Said composition should be completed by this time, Roy having concentrated on his work during the Christmas holidays.

Dave Pry, First Helper, attempted to spread rabbit fever in the Open Hearth. Exhibiting two fancy rabbits as a treat one night, Swede Johnson and L. Novak, Helpers, and H. Wagner, Melter, were picked as the victims. After all game had been devoured, Dave said he had made a terrible error—one of the so-called rabbits was a black cat that had been keeping him awake nights. Johnson and Novack immediately turned from deep crimson to pale pink to dead white. Other things occurred.

Ed Cremen: "Just my luck."
Chas. McArdle: "What's the matter now?"

Ed: "I promised the wife I'd be home by 10 o'clock last night and I even did better than that as I arrived at 9:30, but she was asleep and I failed to get credit for it. I might just as well have stayed out with the boys."

Here's proof that C. L. Chester can no longer stand the strain of late hours. Recently, he and Chuck Crossman went out together and the "General" commented to Chuck the next morning that he awoke with a terrible headache. We wonder why. (Note to Mrs. Chester: If you read this, we're only fooling.) How's that for fixing it with the little woman, Mose?

Officer James Moore was called to Kentucky last week due to the death of a brother-in-law. This did not make for a very Merry Christmas and we offer our sympathy.

We regret very much that Captain Steve Martinov is still confined to his home by illness, but hope to see him back with us in the near future.

Fred Donnersberger reports that he is only a bird in a gilded cage.

McArdle, having learned his lesson in removing carbon from a car with salt, is now sporting a new car. Look out, girls; "Mac" is on the rampage again.

In conclusion your correspondent sincerely wishes all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

There was a very fine Halloween party for the children at the Community House on Oct. 29, which was sponsored by the Recreation Dept. And on Oct. 31 a Halloween party was given by the younger children.

Mrs. Lynch has returned from Uniontown, Pa., where she spent the past two months, to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Bob Bard of Prospect St.

The entire Subdivision extends heartfelt sympathy to the following:

Lee Wier, whose mother died in Beaver Falls, Pa., Oct. 10.

Mrs. Charlie Layman, whose brother died in October.

Mrs. Fred Hines, whose Mother also passed away in October.

Mrs. Harry Boyd, who has been confined to her bed for the past two years, celebrated her 71st birthday Oct. 18. She received 47 birthday cards and a beautiful bouquet from her friends and neighbors. In the evening there was a party for Mrs. Boyd, held by her family, and all in all she had a perfectly lovely day. Incidentally one of her cards was from her unknown pal—"John Henry".

The high spot of the November meeting of the P. T. A. was the sound film on safety shown by Mr. Simms of the Chicago Motor Club.

Mrs. Reed Lewis spent a week in Pittsburgh during October.

We understand that Knowlton Casey, Jr., has learned to play the piano by ear—to the tune of five stitches.

We are glad to learn that Catherine Mitchell is recovering very nicely from her operation. Also that Jimmie Anton's broken arm is practically as good as new.



This is the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Athletic Ass'n. Indiana Harbor Works Men's Tennis Team for the 1938 season. Standing are, left to right, Jones, Armstrong, and Sutton. Kneeling are Witkowski and Margeta, the champion for 1937 and 1938.



Meet the folks in the Employees' Benefit Association Office. Front is George S. Patterson, Secretary of Employees' Relief Association. Behind him is Fred Galloway, Benefit Association Treasurer. In the back, left is Florence B. Fisher, Insurance Clerk, and right, Julia Arlene Petro, Goodfellow Club stenographer.

Patterson is 77 years of age and has been with the Company since Sept., 1918, and acts as Secretary of the Employees' Relief Association. He is extremely alert and active for his age and is respected for his splendid work in conducting affairs of this Association.

Galloway is 36, and has been employed since March 1, 1920, as Paymaster, Chief Clerk, and is now Treasurer of the Employees' Benefit Association, Group Insurance and Goodfellow Club. His son, Robert, is employed in the Merchant Mills. Fred is active in athletics, and devotes considerable time to bowling and golf.

Florence Fisher has been with the Company since Oct. 30, 1928, and has a jolly disposition. On April 1, she caught quite a few friends on the "gag" that they should call Mr. "Lion" at Rockwell 4750 (this number being the Brookfield Zoo.)

Julia Petro has been employed since April 12, 1934, and has a sister, Mary, who is a stenographer in the General Office, and a brother, John, who works for the Shipping Dept.

McARDLE CROWNED GOLF KING AMID POMP AND CEREMONY

By E. R. Newton

LONG LIVE THE KING!

Charles McArdle, King of Electrical Depart. Golfers, by virtue of his sweeping victory in the 1938 Departmental Golf Tourney, was crowned king by members of the committee, amid splendor, lavishness and pomp worthy of the crowning of the King of Nowhere.

Preceded by small children sprinkling rose petals in his path, he walked solemnly up the aisle of the office and upon the Archbishop's (I was about to write archthieve's, and perhaps I should.) bidding, sat on the coronation chair, perched on a platform bound in crimson velvet.

Amid the tumultuous cheers (and a number of jeers) a crown of Hot Galvanized Tin was placed upon his royal head. The scepter (a niblick) was placed in his right hand and the orb (a divot he dug on the 18th hole) was placed in the other. He then arose, with \$5 (the prize) sticking out of his pockets, stepped on the heads of former kings and proclaimed peace in the Departmental Electrical World for duration.



As usual, after a coronation, his enemies got their heads together and started figuring out ways and means of dethroning the reigning monarch. However, he shall rule, at least for a while. LONG LIVE THE KING! (Correspondent's Note: The press agent who wrote this did not even get a drink for doing some



It is no wonder that John Pollack, who is employed in the Pipe Mill, is proud of his three boys—Frankie, Al, and Johnnie. They live in the Subdivision.



Your correspondent was very happy to obtain this picture of Oscar Hellgren of the Rigger Dept. taken 38 years ago in Hovclanda, Sweden, just one-half hour before leaving for America. At that time, Oscar was 21 years old and had a great deal more hair than he has now.



Here are Georgie Ashby and Warren Springsteen of the Subdivision trying out their new Jack Armstrong telescopes. This candid camera study was taken by Al Luther.

"OLD TIMERS"

By John G. Snyder

It is with regret that it is necessary at times to record the final termination of employees who have spent many pleasant years with fellow workmen as employees of our organization.

On Sept. 6, Frank Ryant, Boiler House Turn Foreman, died suddenly while visiting in Northern Illinois.

Frank was 60 years of age, and had been a member of the Boiler House organization since Sept. 19, 1917. Burial took place in Morgantown, W. Va. Frank had a great many friends throughout the entire steel plant, and his presence will be greatly missed.



Above is Betty Ann Burd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burd of 416 Prospect St., Subdivision. Betty Ann is teasingly called "Stick-in-the-Mud."

Mabel Nolan did a little act for the girls the other night when they gave her a surprise party. She was quite an acrobat.

Mr. Chris Aire is back on the job after his severe illness. However, his illness didn't play havoc with his husky voice, as he still can be heard.

SOMEBODY'S LITTLE BOY

Somebody's boy was crossing the street
Innocent, young and fair,
He hadn't the judgment of older folks
He didn't see the danger there.
Somebody's boy had a song on his lips,
But it died in an instant away,
For a motorist ran the little boy down,
And he died at the close of day.
Somebody kneels by an empty bed,
And fondles a little shoe.
Somebody looks through the empty years,
Suppose this somebody were you.
Will you watch for the little boys,
Drivers in the city and town?
Really, it's one of the greatest crimes
To run a little boy down.

All in the Book!

Mark Twain as a humorist was no respecter of persons, and a story is told of him and a certain high ranking bishop. It occurred when Mark Twain was living in Hartford, Connecticut, where the bishop was rector of an important church. Twain had listened to one of the doctor's best sermons on Sunday morning, when he approached him and said politely:

"I have enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it as I would an old friend. I have a book in my library that contains every word of it."

"Impossible, sir," replied the rector, indignantly.

"Not at all. I assure you it is true," said Twain.

"Then I shall trouble you to send me that book," rejoined the rector with dignity.

The next morning the rector received, with Mark Twain's compliments, a dictionary.

The Gal with the Talking Ways
She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy and my books;
She took the lustrous wrap of fur,
She took the gloves I bought for her;
She took my words of love and care,
She took my flowers, rich and rare;
She took my ring with tender smile,
She took my time for quite a while;
She took my ardor, maid so shy,
She took whatever I could buy;
And then she took another guy.

SAFETY A B C's



Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Chester (above) were married on July 16. Charlie, who is an employe in the Mechanical Dept., is better known as "The General." His marriage has put his prestige at stake for he has lost his commanding ability. "The General" is well known in the Mechanical Dept., but lately very little has been seen of him. "The General's" many friends are still congratulating him on his marriage.



Is the Power Press,
Keep hands out of reach
Of the die when descending
Or, how you will screech.



Is the Question
Each foreman must ask
About the men's safety,
When starting a task.



Are the Rolls
Made for rolling steel
bars,
When fingers get in
them
They leave nasty scars.



Congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Carlson (above) on their recent marriage. Mrs. Carlson is the former Dorothy Helligren, daughter of Oscar Helligren, Marktown. Oscar is a cable slicer in the Riggers Dept.

Bud Kinkade is all smiles these days. He has a right for his son is now enrolled at the University of Wisconsin. We wish him well, "Bud," and hope he makes the baseball team.

Boyd recently purchased a new '38 Pontiac. He took the long way home to try it out. He claims that he gets 30 miles to the gallon. The car has six cylinders. Maybe he rides for 15 or 16 miles and pushes the rest of the 30. He showed us that he gets 30 miles to the gallon by a few mathematical transitions.

Notice to Newly-Weds

If any of you "yes-men" (Charlie Chester, included) wish to get out to a golf party alone and stay as late as you please, invite Karl Andreas to your home. He will "fix" it for you. As proof of this statement, Charlie Mayes has experienced very successful results recently.

Bob Tolan, Mechanical Foreman at Boiler House, has astounded his fellow foreman by attending the Foreman's Meetings quite regularly lately. We were beginning to think that he didn't like our company. Glad to see you with us again, Bob.

An American Creed

I am an American, I believe in the dignity of labor, the sanctity of the home, and the high destiny of democracy. Courage is my birthright, justice, my ideal, and faith in humanity my guiding star. By the sacrifice of those who suffered that I might live, who died that America might endure, I pledge my life to my country and the liberation of mankind.—Author, Unknown.

"TWO POUNDS BETTER"

"Twas on his summer fishing trip,
Away from care and duty,
That he wired home excitedly:
"Caught seven pounder—
beauty."
And promptly came a wire back:
"Nine pounder—came at two,
Both doing nicely, come on home,
No beauty—looks like you."

Little boy talking to his mother: "I ain't afraid of going to the hospital, mother. I'll be good and take my medicine, but I ain't going to let them palm off a baby on me like they did on you. I want a pup."

Teacher: "What are Eskimos?"
Johnny Williams: "Eskimos are God's frozen people."

Minister: "Tom, you asked last Sunday that I offer a prayer for Anna Bell. Would you like me to repeat it this Sunday?"

Tom: "No, thank you kindly; she was last Monday at 7 to 1."

We are glad to report that Mrs. Thomas Small, Mrs. Chris Aire and Mrs. W. Wenner, who have all been quite ill, are all feeling much better.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Vert, 507 Liberty St., whose baby son, Arnold Wayne, was born Sept. 10.

And to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dell congratulations on the arrival of a daughter Sept. 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Bardsley were in town for two weeks in September, and stayed with the Otis Bruners. Several parties with old friends made their visit more enjoyable. We are delighted to inform you that Dick looked extremely well.

Mrs. John F. Wagner of Johnstown, Pa., spent two weeks in September visiting the Stewarts on Prospect St. Becky's visit was enjoyed by all.

We were very sorry to hear about Mrs. Harry Hartman being severely scalded and hope that she will soon be well again.

Two of our local blades have departed for fields of higher education—Russell Schmidt to Purdue University and Bill Kinkade to the University of Wisconsin.

A Club for boys 17 and under is being organized by Russell Healy under the name of "Blue Banners." More about this Club later.

From what we hear a grand time was had by those who attended the Stork Shower held for Mrs. Emerson Bell Sept. 23.

To Dorothy Helgren, who was married to Robert Carson on Sept. 10, we wish to offer our very best wishes for a happy wedded life.

And to Dick Dougherty, who we are told pulled a fast one, we also extend congratulations on his marriage to Helen Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. James Albaugh and sons, Arden and Edward, took a motor trip through Smoky Mt. National Park, Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala.

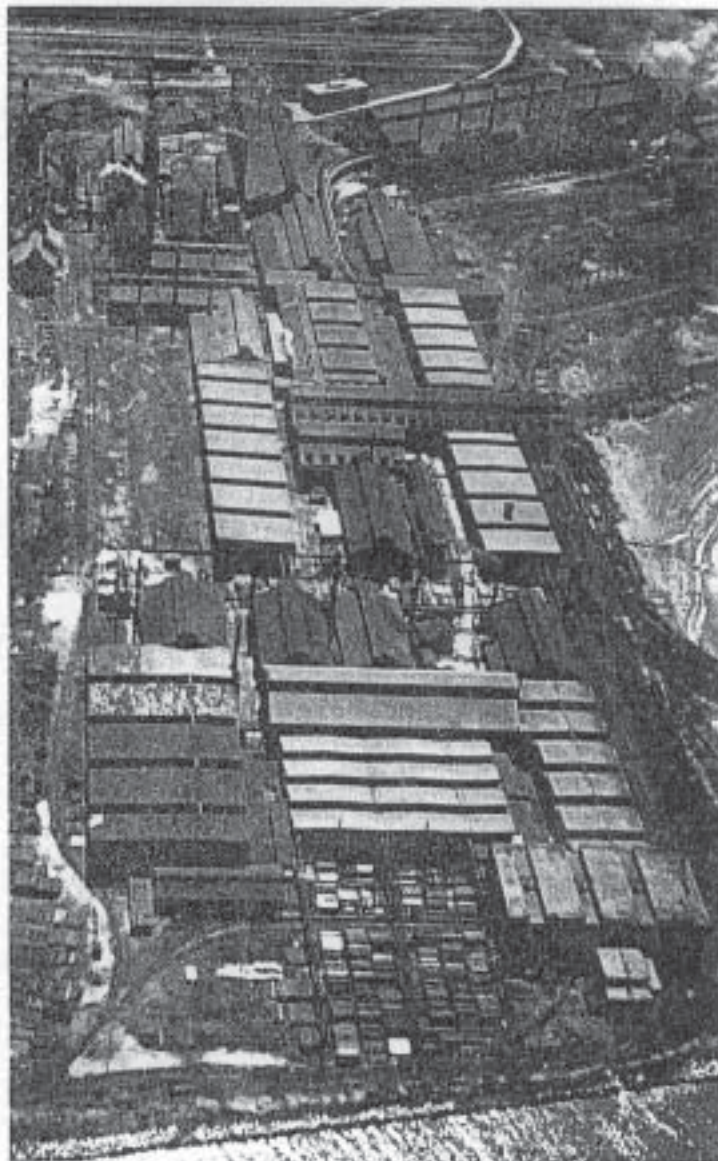
We are sorry to hear that Mr. Vasser is ill again.

If you want to learn how to soft boil and fry eggs that have previously been boiled, just get in touch with Tom Halford. Tom found out the hard way.

The first meeting of the P.T.A. was held Oct. 13 and the new officers and committee heads are as follows: Pres., H. Albaugh; Vice Pres., Olga Ashby; Sec., Johnson; Hospitality, Elizabeth Burd; Recreation, Harry Hartman; Membership, Mae Kinkade; Social Chairman, Vida Donaldson; Visitation, Mrs. Thos. Small; Program, Mrs. Reed Lewis; Library, Mrs. Horace Carter; Mail Committee, Ethel Sylvester.

The sympathy of the entire subdivision is extended to the family of Martin Carlson, who died Aug. 31.

HERE'S AERIAL VIEW OF THE STEEL PLANT



The above snapshot of the "Steel Side" of the Indiana Harbor Works was taken by Ed Stuart, Butt Furnace Welder and crack amateur photographer. We doubt if any professional photographer could do better.



This picture shows Percy while blowing a

heat of Bessemer steel. He is English by birth and lives in the Subdivision.

Well the bowling season is on. The Pipe Mills are represented by three teams. The Captains are Mullholand, Hardwick and Daerr. Hardwick's team did not get off to a good start but this was expected, as all five members of this team are hook ball artists and are slow in rounding in shape. Unfortunately for Daerr's team they had to meet Mullholand's outfit when they were hot, as a result Daerr's team lost three straight games. Of course Daerr is not worried as his team will get quite a handicap and possibly win three next week. Well, here's hoping, one of the Pipe Mill teams cop the hunting.