

Dai-Cam

Library

[Daly]

ROOSEVELTS' NEW DEAL.

Proudly our Nation today is rejoicing
Determined our leader is pointing the way
His goal of abundance directly enticing-
Our people to follow his line of fair play.
A warrior of ethics, of morals and standards,
A great human chieftan, of fame and renown-
Travelling undaunted, both upwards, and onward
Who proves he can take it, and never lay down.

Around the arena of action they gather-
The friends of re-action, determined to stay,
The wisdom decreed by our National Fathers-
And our Constitution, that shows us the way.
Determined we'll follow intelligent leading,
The great law of righteousness, we will obey-
The heart of our Nation from error is bleeding,
We'll bind up her scars in the salve of fair play.

The fight may be long-and the task may be bitter,
The bright lamps of progress, to light by the way,
Before the great beacon of triumph shal glitter-
Successfully on an abundant display-----
An abundant display, of enough for the needy-
Both clothing, and shelter, their wants to fulfill,
Barring for-ever the selfish, and greedy-----
And the much dreaded road that led over the hill.

Come forward you skeptics, and drink at the fountain,
Abundance there is your requirements to fill-----
Appease your desires-be they large as a Mountain,
In thousands of years, they'll be sufficient still.
Abundance for all when intelligence guides us---
And love for each other within us we feel -----
Sealing the shame of a world behind us,
Out-moded for ever, by Roosevelts' new deal.

Timothy J Daly.

Queens People Are Introduced To The Duck At Gertz Exhibition



QUESTIONS were fired in rapid order to Marie Zenglen of Lynbrook Plant, who built wing ribs all last week at the Gertz Department Store exhibit. Vici Leto, who worked beside her at a simulated Columbia production line, also answered questions by the thousands. The youngsters flocked in after school closed each day, and their parents crowded the exhibit in the mornings.



FLYING HIGH is a lower wing of a Columbia Duck, on its way to the exhibition area on the fourth floor. Gertz elevators weren't large enough to accommodate the wing. Crowds gaped as, steered by guy ropes, the wing made its ascent.



SIGNATURES by the thousands of boys and girls and their parents were inscribed on the metal wing pontoon and on the metal portions of the tail.



HARRY GERTZ, president of the department store, is the first one to sign the Columbia wing pontoon. No signatures were allowed on the fabric covered surfaces.





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Cards For Special Dates Now In Shopping Service



Shopping Service offers something to the Columbian who always remembers that he or she should send a card, but never remembers to stop by the store and pick one up. It might be Great Aunt Susie's birthday and a card would mean so much to her, but somehow the card isn't sent. Then, a card to a sick friend would be just the thing, or a Mother's Day card, and there's the question of wrapping up a gift.

Shopping Service has solved all these problems. Now on sale are dainty—and practical—cards for all occasions. There's an assortment of birthday cards, all different. There's an "everyday" assortment, with all the other assorted cards we'd send out if they were only handy. Then there's a collection of good looking and yet serviceable paper in which to wrap gifts, together with fancy wrapping cord and stickers for all occasions.

These three assortments—the birthday cards, the "everyday"

cards and the wrapping paper assortment are all sold separately. The cost of each assortment is \$1.25, and if you question the value, compare them with those sold in stores.

The cards are all the work of Miss Mildred Fausner, of Rosedale, an infantile paralysis victim, who designs and paints them herself.

Want to vulcanize a pair of Sox and/or stockings? There is a set of tools on sale for just that—cost One Dollar. Various types and colors of patches come with the set. It's easy to do (so the directions say) and you'd never know there was a hole there.

Tommy Scrivano Wounded, Writes

Dominick Scrivano left Columbia for the Army on August 4, 1944, after a year as a Clerk in Stores. A V-Mail letter came the other day to Bill Russell, Chief Storekeeper, from "Tommy." It read:

"I was wounded in Germany last week. Nothing too serious, just a few pieces of shrapnel and a little shaken up by concussion. We were flown back from Germany to France. Here we are waiting to be transferred to either Paris or Nancy to a General Hospital for recuperation. Doggone it, I always said if this war didn't end soon someone would get hurt.

"Tommy" is a brother of Paratrooper Al Scrivano, recently wounded, whose picture was in a recent issue.

Duck Is Star Of Gertz Exhibition

(Continued from Page 1)

the Columbia exhibition, aboard two trucks, appeared in the street. They watched every move as the assembly work was done and the assembled parts arranged on special cradles designed and constructed by Maintenance, under the direction of Frank Susa.

Monday morning crowds in the Gertz store were attracted to the fourth floor wing, from which all counters and merchandise had been removed. By mid-afternoon the crowds were augmented by thousands of boys and girls released from school.

Questions were fired at the Columbians, who made every effort to answer them. Mrs. Leto and Mrs. Zenglen appeared once previously in a Columbia exhibit, in Rockville Centre, and knew what

to expect. Hilda Holstrom and Ellen Reilly alternated during the week at the exhibition, for so many questions were asked by so many people that it was impossible for just two people to answer all of them.

A feature of the exhibition was the autographing of the metal wing pontoon and the metal surfaces of the tail section by thousands of people. Signatures were crowded so close that it eventually became almost impossible to read them.

Last Thursday was Columbia Day at Gertz and all over Queens Borough. Columbia Ducks were in the air over the Gertz store at noon, and were described by the announcer on the Gertz WMCA radio program. After that they flew over Queens from the North Shore to the South, while their itinerary described over the radio.

Ideas Win Awards For Four Columbians



Joseph O'Connell



Allan Nilsson



Louis Favre



Oscar Terzi

"An ingenious idea," were the words used by A. H. Durage, Plant Manager, describing the idea for a portable drill in a fixture for template drilling, submitted by Joseph O'Connell and Allan Nilsson, both of Experimental. Cash awards have been delivered to both men.

Another member of Experimental, Louis Favre, also received a cash award for suggesting the use of a curved chisel for forming hardwood curved blocks. Favre is now using the tool with excellent results, saving many hours of hard work which would be necessary

under the former method. The third award of the group went to Oscar Terzi, of Final Assembly, Hangar Six, for his suggestion for providing a clamp to hold down tires for Columbia Ducks as they are being mounted on the wheel.

News Behind The News Told By CAClings

BETWEEN US

by Fred de Young

Gone but not forgotten, two of our fellow workers, Ed Kilroy and Arthur Overton. Uncle Sam took over and, on April 26, they will know if they are in the Army, Navy or Marines. Whatever it may be, we know they will make good. It is our loss and the country's gain because they are swell guys and we all will miss them. That they were well liked here at Columbia was proven by the fact that their "Send Off Purse" was the biggest ever collected and the party held in their honor was con-



Ed Kilroy



Art Overton

sidered one of the best and most enjoyable so far. A great deal of this success was due to the effort of our coworker, William Toto, better known as 5x5, who together with his friends, Charlie McConville and son, Bob, supplied the grandest little band you ever heard. Songs by Toto, Jack Murphy of the Tool Crib, and Ralph Sauter of our Department, put the party in Top Spirits, and believe me, the two honored guests, Ed and Arthur, were in good spirits, too, when they left for home. They both asked me to be sure to mention in this column that they will never forget what each and everyone has done to make their time with Columbia, as well as the part-

cafeteria and such grand people to run it.

With most of the night crew of the machine shop transferred to the day shift, we rolled out the welcome mat in our department for Ed Lindgren, Walter Kahrs and Harold Adams, and hope they will like to be "Between us."

With that great event on April 29, so close (remember, I write this on Wednesday), everyone in our department is looking forward to having a grand time, and if I know our gang here, I believe they will. As your reporter, I will try to give you my impression of the high spots during this affair in our next issue. So until then, KEEP SMILING, and no GROUCHY SOUNDS, and remember buy more Bonds.

AHEAD WITH TOOL & DIE

by Eric Gehrke

Hello, Everybody—cheer up! No one is ill and vacation time will soon be here. Welcome to Stanley, back from Hangar 5, and is he glad. Sling-Shot Joe, is just waiting for him to come out to cut down the trees near his house. Joe is practicing every day to hit the right spot. Freddy was talking about his colossal wine plants the other day. They will be so heavily laden with grapes that he will have plenty for all of us. We will be there to taste and test the wine. Freddie. Nick will supply some of his first grade radishes. By the way, since Nick is wearing the new light suit, someone said, "We don't have to look for him, just watch for a light pair of pants floating by, that's Nick."

Now we know how much Mr. Carisi weighs. When we tested the power of an assembled tool, yours truly had to take a ride with him and what a coincidence, each of us

Aloise received a campaign ribbon from her husband, but had the blues on his birthday. Charlie Alfango sent a nice letter from Honolulu with his regards to everyone. When Sling Shot Joe looked at the picture he let go a joyous, satisfying, tree-top high Ei-jei-jei.

Who is accusing who of putting in a hacksaw blade backwards? The Jig fixers had to move inside Hangar 5 again. Too much interference out in the open with all those girls passing by, looking at those handsome lads.

What's the matter with Bob Zorn lately? Since his wife hurt

Engineering A Cake



CELEBRATING the opening of the Engineering Service Department on the upper deck of the east side of Hangar Six, required a party and therefore a cake and fixins'. Left to right: James Foley, Gordon Pheasey, Ruth Freeburg, Dorothy Thompson, Beverly Sharpe, F. C. Alexander, J., Angie LaBate, Charlie Wright, Paul Crago, Arthur Wedekind, Pearl McDonel and Bill Mann. That's the top of Howard Bernard's head just showing over Mr. Alexander at the moment of the cake cutting.

recovering from his operation. . . . Sophia receiving more pictures from Johnny. . . . June waiting for Herby to mail her daily letter to her soldier overseas. . . . Judging from the flowers Mrs. Millar brings in to the office, her garden must be beautiful. . . . Audrey Adriance pulling the bowling team through last week with a 186 game. . . . Mrs. Forrest, what happened in the cafeteria the other day? Everyone seemed to be enjoying a good laugh. . . . Gussie going around with her paper and pencil on Fridays trying to collect quarters for the Sunshine Club.

him to explain it to you, he is ably assisted, with appropriate gestures, by Joe Nicolini. Aside to Monica Buhl, never, never again will I speak of glass doors.

Favorite indoor sport during noon recess—watching the gals go by. Never mind the flowers that bloom in the spring, it's the flowers that bloom in the hair-dos, tra-la. Speaking of vacations, aren't you happy about the whole thing?

You'll read elsewhere about Columbia's dance, but in passing I'll say it was unsurpassed in its success. Guess all Columbia turned out in its best bib and tucker.

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Now we know how much Mr. Carisi weighs. When we tested the power of an assembled tool, yours truly had to take a ride with him and what a coincidence, each of us weighs 164 pounds. You'd be surprised to know how athletic Mr. Carisi is and what a nice hello he greets us with every morning. That's what everyone likes about him.

Nick looks a little happier since Elsie, the Secretary, gives a helping hand as Aloise is still out-

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What's the matter with Bob Zorn lately? Since his wife hurt her finger, he has to take care of everything around the house. We didn't know you could cook, iron and wash, Bob. Don't let it get you down. That's what we call a swell guy. Here's something—Aileen, Frank and Freddy each have a son in the U. S. Forces, and George Eamons has three grandsons fighting for the country. Our Timekeeping, Clare, has four brothers fighting, Seabee, Marine, Sailor and a Paratrooper who is recovering from wounds in England. Her husband is also on the fighting front and saw action in Italy and Normandy.

Aileen told me there is a safety competition amongst the Defense Plants and Columbia Aircraft has the lowest number of accidents so far. Keep it up. Isn't it nice that so many of us stand nicely in line before the 6 o'clock whistle, but there are always some and always the same ones who evidently think they are the only ones who want to get home and who race between the two lines up to the clock. That's what you call the weaker sex. I have been asked to mention this, if I have the courage. I hope the other departments read our column also. Cheer up, and see you all at the dance.

TAKING INVENTORY
by "Flo" Wuerfel

It looks as if the old saying, "April showers bring May flowers," seems to be true. We seem to be getting plenty of liquid sunshine, so to be on the safe side Mrs. Hills, Sophia and Mrs. Forrest have been wearing their raincoats and rubbers to work these last few days.

Well, it was a fight to the finish and we made it after all. The "I. C. Ettes" didn't end up in last place in the bowling league. No, sir. We came through only a half point ahead of the "Bowlettees." Just call us lucky. We all had lots of fun bowling on Thursdays and we'll all be looking forward to it again next season. In the meantime, if you want to keep in practice join the summer league at Brown's, to begin some time in May.

Pick-Ups . . .
Gert Snow looking at her remodeling book at lunch time and rest periods. . . Mr. Woner's son

recovering from his operation. . . .
Sophia receiving more pictures from Johnny. . . . June waiting for Herby to mail her daily letter to her soldier overseas. . . . Judging from the flowers Mrs. Millar brings in to the office, her garden must be beautiful. . . . Audrey Adriane pulling the bowling team through last week with a 188 game. . . . Mrs. Forrest, what happened in the cafeteria the other day? Everyone seemed to be enjoying a good laugh. . . . Gussie going around with her paper and pencil on Fridays trying to collect quarters for the Sunshine Club. . . . Mrs. Hills still trying to decide when to take her vacation. . . . That's all for this time, see you at the Dance on Sunday.

ALUMINUM DE TALE
by Viviane N. Peters

Eleanor Kenny added to the list of Mothers visited by their respective sons. Eleanor's son, remembered by us all as Columbia's test pilot, flew from Connecticut just to say "Hello, Mom." Eleanor expects to spend her vacation in Connecticut with her family.

Little did I know the repercussions resulting from my little article re the "Extra added attraction in the wayside inn back of Rosedale." Didn't know so many wives and sweethearts read our paper.

Lou Della has an idea about a goodly, or otherwise, source of supply for our blood bank. Ask

him to explain it to you, he is ably assisted, with appropriate gestures, by Joe Nicolini. Aside to Monica Buhl, never, never again will I speak of glass doors.

Favorite indoor sport during noon recess—watching the gals go by. Never mind the flowers that bloom in the spring, it's the flowers that bloom in the hair-dos, tra, la. Speaking of vacations, aren't you happy about the whole thing?

You'll read elsewhere about Columbia's dance, but in passing I'll say it was unsurpassed in its success. Guess all Columbia turned out in its best bits and tucks. Here's to the Committee and the grand job they did.

Dot Reisel transferred back to Spot Welding and Nan Ericson was home on sick leave. Ditto Ida May, our little matron, Walter Pfisterer home with a cold—he will ride around in open air coupes.

Josephine Norris, the first in our department to take her vacation, and this month, Viviane, that's me, has been with Columbia two years, and I've I seen changes. . . . Some day, I'll write all about the "I remember whens."

I do hope Peter Sassi grows those big green peppers this year. I like Leo's ecclesiastic tendencies these days and Eddie Lynch's smile, and Herman's frown when you ask him for a pass to go home early. If you're one of those who grumble about not being able to get enough matches maybe you'd (Continued on page 6)

The Square

By Scotty

Tempus Fugit and here I am again, dashing in just under the deadline or am I, so sorry, but what with practising for stainless steel Navy test, this

gives the names of the men on the teams out of respect for the nine old men, but wish to record the results. The Fairies got a terrific beating, the score being 12 to 0 in favor of the nine old men.

Glad to report that Eleanor Stinson is still keeping up her record, getting to work on time, although the other morning she had a tough time arguing with her baser self, her better self kept telling her to get up and her baser self kept telling her to stay in bed until ten, and believe it or not, her better self won out and Eleanor got to work on time. Bravo, girl, that deserves a Presidential Citation.

The fellows of the Engine Mount were quite upset the other day. The word was passed around that Al Hake, our very busy timekeeper, is suffering from quite a bad case of "Span Ques." After quite a lot of coaxing I persuaded Andy Hokes to give me a definition of "Span Ques" and have decided that it is more serious than serious. However, for an explanation of the disease you will have to contact Andy, he is much more qualified to tell you than I am. Fortunately, the disease is not catching, thank goodness.

It is with much regret that we heard of the death of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Let us all unite and pledge ourselves to stand by his successor, President Truman, and help him accomplish the very difficult task that confronts him. No matter what our political opinions, there is strength only in unity. Cheerio.

place has been such a beehive of activity that the days have just slipped by unnoticed. The stainless steel test was taken this a.m. by such a large proportion of the welders that space does not permit listing the names. However, as the results come through mention will be made of them.

I hear that last Saturday week, Chick Fasula put on a strip tease act a la Gypsy Rose Lee, out here in the lots. Truthfully, the act was slightly compulsory, the other fellows of the department ably assisting him. In other words, they took the pants off Chick.

Belle Kahn will remember the wind storm of last Saturday for quite some time to come. As a result of it she has a smashed finger, having caught it in her storm door in her efforts to save her little granddaughter from having her head crushed. Quick thinking, Belle, but not quite quick enough. Get your finger out next time, too. Pandemonium was let loose here at lunch time one day last week when the nine old men of Plant 2 challenged the Fairies, also of Plant 2, to a soft ball match. I say pandemonium was let loose, but I bet the people around Franklin Square think differently, bet they think King's Park was let loose. The Fairies all turned out in dresses and bandannas, some of the dresses dating back many years and all short enough to show a wide expanse of very manly and hairy legs. No wonder the men are attracted by a pair of shapely feminine gams, jealousy, I'd say, after seeing that exhibition. I will not

"Joe" Dedner

"Joe" Dedner who contributes all the scandal outlined in our Maintenance column and who relieves Frank Suss of much of the detail work in his department, came to Co-



"Joe"

lumbia about a year ago when she joined Production Control and later transferred to Maintenance. Joe is busy helping to maintain Maintenance while her husband is busy with the U. S. Army Ordnance stationed at Aberdeen, Maryland.

One of our most enthusiastic workers, Joe says, "I was never as happy working in any previous position as I have been here at Columbia." Her hobbies are horseback riding, golfing and swimming, at which she is most proficient. It is her hope to for a swimming club among her fellow employees to enjoy this healthful recreation during the coming outdoor season.

Joe is certainly a swell girl, with her petite figure, blonde hair and ever-present smile—liked by all her fellow workers especially those in the Maintenance Department, who know her so well.

Navy Inspection Party



OKAYED by the Navy was this party, given by and for the Navy Inspectors, at Belmont State Park, on a recent Sunday. Baseball, softball, canoeing and lunching were the major sports at this first party ever given by the group. It was so successful that another is now being planned. Left to right are: Milton Goldschmidt, Lambert Van Aalst, Mrs. Eleanor McCormack, Ted Alexander, Miss Elaine Alexander, Mr. Ted Alexander's daughter, Mr. William Tiebout, Miss Eileen Kennedy and Fred Nobel.

Columbia Bride



with the flu. Also Merrill minus his bandages. Our best wishes go to Martin for a speedy recovery from his illness. That swollen jaw on Charlie is not from talking out of turn but from an infected tooth.

Congratulations to Joe Lowitt for doing a swell job of keeping things rolling while Bill, our Foreman, was ill. We were all saddened and shocked by the death of our President, but we feel his job was well done, and we intend to give our full support and cooperation to

department, namely, Forward Hulls? Now Jack Trosky and Mary Kentroti, it's high time that you two found out that up-to-date horses have jet propulsion and try to get home intact with teeth and sans pillows. Take a lesson from Frances Cudahy. Welcome back, Lou Kolinski, after your long, long siege. We are glad Malcolm's four-year-old child is out of danger after a ruptured appendix.

Joe Koubsky bought a new "soot-suit" for the dance. Whoops, my dear! Could it be that the Doghouse crowd seemed irrepresible in view of the fact that Al Breuer will be, by the time this goes to press, in Hangar 6?

All the aforementioned things should keep you busy until next issue.

MATERIAL THINGS

by Helen Brower

We hear tell that Margie McIsaac, formerly with our department, has just become the bride of Joe Wurfel of East Rockaway. The happy occasion took place this past Saturday, April 21, and the happy pair are on their way to Maryland where the groom is stationed with our Navy. We wish them all the luck and happiness which they both deserve.

Helen Ballou really has Spring fever—the object of her affections being a fellow from the shop named Johnny who hails from Baldwin. Here's hoping this little tip will get them better acquainted.

Harold Schaefer, Charlie Berger and David Keefe are now members of our department, and we are glad to say that they are getting along just fine. All three fellows are doing a swell job and their personalities are certainly enjoyed by all.

By the way, our Bowling Team is doing a grand job in the League. They are in second place and hope to finish up the season second to best. Keep digging, fellas, as we are all rooting for you.

It's time to get out your dancing shoes and really prepare for a

Just now glancing over the office, I thought:

Imagine . . .
Eleanor Havrilko eating all the food on her plate,
Or Charlie Bergner ever coming in late.

I can't picture Ann Feeney not saying "What's that,"
Or Little Ed Weil, very tall and so fat!

Just think if Donald Lee were not always clowning,
Or Ann Sarro were constantly frowning?

Just imagine Helen Ballou with gum to chew,
And George Bernius having "nothing to do."

Imagine Harold Schaefer very loud and overdressed?
And John McQuane lying down to take a little rest,

Or Neal Mafei shivering and freezing all the time,
And David Keefe, our newest man, finishing up this rhyme????

LIVE WIRE

by Chuck Pugliese

Mrs. Marge Kapler, who has just returned to work after a 15-day leave of absence, has something to be proud of. Her son, Joe, who enlisted in the Navy Air Corps at the age of 17, has now graduated from Officers' Candidate School becoming an Officer 3rd Class, winning his wings at the age of 18. He was home on a 21-day leave, and will be leaving for overseas. He will take his place among the rest of our boys who are fighting to restore the peace of the world. We all wish him the best of luck and may God bless them all and keep them safe.

Al Breuer's Ford was put in salvage and unless you can supply him with a few wagon wheels and a new motor, he will have to walk to work. Pat Callrado has a Ford the same make as yours. Maybe between the two cars you can make one decent one.

If you bowling fans remember, some time back I called Captain James Genova's Widgeons the un-

What's YOUR Idea?

THE QUESTION—

Have you any specific use in mind for your War Bonds at maturity?

Jinny McKinley, Electrical and Radio, Hangar 6.



I have always dreamed of building my own home and when building starts in again I would like very much to put my bond money into that. I am of two minds on the subject, whether to use it for a home or for my daughter's education. Both of these things are

very important to me, but I guess the education will win out.

Rocco Genova, Leadman, Hangar 5.

Yes, that is going to be used as a savings for my two little girls. Maybe for their education or for anything else that they might need it for. You know when you have two daughters they will find plenty of things for you to spend as much money as you can on and that's one thing I would be only too happy to do.





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Columbia Bride



WEDDING BELLS rang on April 14 for Gert Heller of Subcontract, when she became the bride of Third Mate Rudy Heuler, Merchant Marine. The ceremony was performed in St. Claire's Church in Rosedale, and the reception which followed, at Jamaica Hall, Wesley Applegate, Expediter in Subcontract, sang at the wedding. Many Columbians were present.

CAClings

(Continued from page four)

like to change places with some lads who didn't have that trouble in the Solomon Islands. There was a mortar crew who fired some 300 rounds down their mortar's throat at the rate of over 35 shells a minute in order to repel a Jap attack on their gun position. All they had to do to light a cigarette was poke one end against the barrel of the white hot gun.

The poppies made by our disabled veterans will be on sale all over the plant as you read this. When you buy one to wear, remember you are helping in the rehabilitation of a veteran. Surely there is no worthier cause.

CABIN CHATTER

by Vera Whalen
Greeting folks from the little balcony where the temperature is like midsummer every day of the year. We are glad to see Bill and Kitty back again after their bouts

with the flu. Also Merrill minus his bandages. Our best wishes go to Martin for a speedy recovery from his illness. That swollen jaw on Charlie is not from talking out of turn but from an infected tooth.

Congratulations to Joe Lowitt for doing a swell job of keeping things rolling while Bill, our Foreman, was ill. We were all saddened and shocked by the death of our President, but we feel his job was well done, and we intend to give our full support and cooperation to the new President in winning a quick victory and an everlasting peace.

On May 21, the all-Columbia Blood Donor session will start, and we hope that our department will have as many volunteers as possible. With the coming of Spring, ball playing, bicycle riding and dieting seem to be the order of the day, and I think Alice and Helene are doing a good job of streamlining. All slick chicks better watch out.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
But Helen's red slacks
Are something to view.
Woo-woo.

Thought for the suggestion box: Couldn't we sprinkle the grindstone with Chanel No. 5 to soften the aroma of micarta? The great 7th War Loan Drive is now under way. Don't forget to buy that extra War Bond.

ON THE BEAM

Let's get a bird's-eye view of Hangar 5 this week. Incidentally, we should put diapers on those birds in the rafters! Maybe they're better behaved in the other hangars.

First: Why does Sam Booke keep promising chocolates to the girls in the Rear Hull Department? Even has my mouth watering! Katie Kretschmann and friend hubby celebrated their Silver Anniversary recently—sounds solid as the "Rock of Gibraltar" in this old mixed up world. Congratulations.

Remember: "The Queen was in the parlor counting out her money?" None other than Betty Staudt on her lunch hour. Quote: "80 cents for meat, 50 cents for this and 20 cents for that." We are glad to have Marge Kapler back after a leave of absence to be with her son, 3rd Class Petty Officer, who was home on a furlough.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes to Jim Tutt in the loss of his brother, also to Tiny Hess whose wife has had a relapse.

What party calls another party "cookie" after that party of the third part has been sent out of the

to get home...
Francis Cudaly...
Lou Kolinski...
We are glad Malcolm's four-year-old child is out of danger after a ruptured appendix.

Joe Koubaky bought a new "zoot-suit" for the dance. Whoops, my dear! Could it be that the Doghouse crowd seemed irrefragable in view of the fact that Al Brewer will be, by the time this goes to press, in Hangar 6?
All the aforementioned things should keep you busy until next issue.

MATERIAL THINGS

by Helen Brower

We hear tell that Margie McIsaac, formerly with our department, has just become the bride of Joe Wurfel of East Rockaway. The happy occasion took place this past Saturday, April 21, and the happy pair are on their way to Maryland where the groom is stationed with our Navy. We wish them all the luck and happiness which they both deserve.

Helen Ballou really has Spring fever—the object of her affections being a fellow from the shop named Johnny who hails from Baldwin. Here's hoping this little tip will get them better acquainted.

Harold Schaefer, Charlie Bergner and David Keefe are now members of our department, and we are glad to say that they are getting along just fine. All three fellows are doing a swell job and their personalities are certainly enjoyed by all.

By the way, our Bowling Team is doing a grand job in the League. They are in second place and hope to finish up the season second to best. Keep digging, fellas, as we are all rooting for you.

It's time to get out your dancing shoes and really prepare for a good time, come Sunday, April 29. Our department will be well represented as we will have Ann Sarro, Ann Feeney and Eleanor Havrilko there to sell some very pretty corsets for your lady fair.

Or Charlie Bergner ever coming to help.
I can't picture Ann Feeney not saying "What's that."
Or Little Ed Well, very tall and so fat!
Just think if Donald Lee were not always clowning.
Or Ann Sarro were constantly frowning?
Just imagine Helen Ballou with gum to chew,
And George Bernius having "nothing to do."
Imagine Harold Schaefer very loud and overdressed!
And John McQuane lying down to take a little rest...
Or Neal Mafei shivering and freezing all the time,
And David Keefe, our newest man, finishing up this rhyme???

LIVE WIRE

by Chuck Pugliese

Mrs. Marge Kapler, who has just returned to work after a 15-day leave of absence, has something to be proud of. Her son, Joe, who enlisted in the Navy Air Corps at the age of 17, has now graduated from Officers' Candidate School becoming an Officer 3rd Class, winning his wings at the age of 18. He was home on a 21-day leave, and will be leaving for overseas. He will take his place among the rest of our boys who are fighting to restore the peace of the world. We all wish him the best of luck and may God bless them all and keep them safe.

Al Brewer's Ford was put in salvage and unless you can supply him with a few wagon wheels and a new motor, he will have to walk to work. Pat Calrado has a Ford the same make as yours. Maybe between the two cars you can make one decent one.

If you bowling fans remember, some time back I called Captain James Genova's Widgones the underdogs as they were in last place. Since then they have made their name good. They are now in second place and Friday, April 27th, they will be fighting for that (Continued on page 6)

YOUR Idea?

THE QUESTION—
Have you any specific use in mind for your War Bonds at maturity?

Janny McKinley, Electrical and Radio, Hangar 6.



I have always dreamed of building my own home and when building starts in a gain I would like very much to put my bond money into that. I am of two minds on the subject, whether to use it for a home or for my daughter's education. Both of these things are very important to me, but I guess the education will win out.

Rocco Genova, Leadman, Hangar 5.

Yes, that is going to be used as a savings for my two little girls. Maybe for their education or for anything else that they might need it for. You know when you have two daughters they will find plenty of things for you to spend as much money as you can on and that's one thing I would be only too happy to do. Yes, War Bonds are a wonderful investment.



Jimmy Genova, Foreman, Hangar 5.



That money will certainly come in handy. At that time my son will be old enough to have a business of his own — if that's what he wants, and that money will certainly help him to start one. The more I think about it, the better I feel, for that's a grand feeling when you know that your children's ambitions will be realized.

Stanley Sienkiewicz, Hulls, Hangar 5.

Yes, indeed, I have four children, and when the time comes and my bonds mature they will be ready for college, and I will certainly be glad to know that the money for their education will be ready and waiting for them. That gives me an awful nice feeling.



Marie McKay, Tail Assembly, Baldwin Plant.



I have nothing definite in mind just now as to what I will use the money for, but I know that it will mean a lot to have the money handy if it should be needed in the future. I certainly will never turn my nose up at a nice little tidy saving tucked away in the bank.

Lynbrook Limelights

By Hazel Zimmer

Now that the blossoms have blossomed and the bowlers have finished the season, we will miss the next morning chatter about what happened at the ally the night before.

The girls finished second with Helen Kemp giving a good account of herself the last evening. The boys had a hard fight for fourth place with three teams in competition, but won out. So we hope the gang has a swell time at the Club Tree-O.

I don't know, but it looks as though football could be started. Eddie, Mike and Dot were tossing a wicked ball one day. But there have been more indoor sports, eating cake and balancing coffee cups. We celebrated Teddy's 56th Wedding Anniversary with cake and candles, good wishes and such. At home he had lobster and trimmings. Ah, me! Maude celebrated her 20th Anniversaries. Her forefathers missed the Mayflower, so she hopped the Mauretania. We all expressed our congratulations to Bill Feeney and his wife on their 19th Wedding Anniversary.

Dot, our timekeeper, was singing with gusto on Saturday when whippers came from the stockroom that the men threatened mute(ny) on that lovely voice, but all was forgiven when she celebrated her crystal anniversary—with all that chocolate cake she couldn't even whistle. We want to congratulate Sam Frigosi of the beams. He is a proud grandpa of a bouncing boy.

Irene's grandmother celebrated her 92nd Anniversary, and we hope she will keep in the best of health and pass the century mark. Those were lovely gifts Neil sent you, Irene, especially the silver crested paper knife and box. John O'Donnell, we enjoyed our chat with your three children. Frances Finn's daughter was given a shower and

a grand time was had by all. Under each tiny pink or blue ribbon we send our best wishes. We had a visit from Linda Mae, that big little girl of Eddie's. Just six months, and she knows how to charm people with her smile. In fact she enjoyed being with us as much as we enjoyed having her.

Madeline was happy to have her son home even if it was for so short a time. Marie, with those riding togs, Virginia looked like a real horsewoman. What is your hobby, Art? We are happy to have Margaret back with us. Would someone donate a "Dream Book to Betty"? It wasn't a nightmare, it was something she ate.

Lydia is our traveling inspector. Freddie just has her set for the ribs and six other people come over. Perhaps that is why her daughter, Evelyn, our former timekeeper, has taken to travel. Her friends will be happy to know her new position with a large cosmetic house takes her to all the large cities.

Frances Muffet, can you say th-issy? What makes that funny sound, is it air through the wide open spaces? Have you heard any one of those new songs Ann has been singing since she went to see "Follow the Girls"? Marion, we know why you can step out so often—it's vitamin.

We just want to warn Pop that Redheads are dangerous. Buster can hit a mean stroke with that wooden mallet. Could we buy a nice soft rubber one as a peace offering? We were only kidding. So long for this time. See you at the Gertz exhibit.

The Night Shifters Say ---

NITE LIFE

by Helen Bove

Excuse the girl who was so bold
To write in ink instead of gold—
The name of our beloved President,
Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

If the statue of liberty were
capable of speaking in tribute to
him, I am sure she would say, "You
belong to my heart." For it was
he who maintained everything the
Statue of Liberty represents in
spite of savage destroyers of our
four essential human freedoms.

Imagination is funny, since the
death of President Roosevelt I
have imagined a fireside chat in
the land beyond:

Gathered around the fireside,
How well I can visualize them to-
night
Somewhere in the land beyond
away from all the fight.

They were left behind at Salerno
And the Beaches of Normandy.
Left to rest at Corregidor
Or maybe Sicily.

Perhaps at Guam or Guadalcanal
They reached their journey's end
But tonight they were there at the
fireside
Listening to a friend.

A friend who loved a fireside chat
Especially with the common man
For there was no one he respected
more,
Or failed to understand.

Softly he was saying, "My friends,
I say again and again and
again
We have not died in vain."
Watching their faces intently,
Trying to erase the pain.

"We have nothing to fear but fear
itself,

That speech will carry on.

box for his tool box, and now he's
going around telling people what a
shrewd operator I am.

Getting around to more serious
things. Anyone who may be inter-
ested in making a donation to the
Blood Bank for the Red Cross
should contact either Harry Fox,
our Timekeeper, or if working in
Hangar 6 they should speak to
Andy Solano about it, and they will
get full particulars. Let's try to
make as favorable an impression in
this phase of the Defense program
as we already have on the produc-
tion line. Come on — let's get be-
hind our wounded veterans in this
way also. Well, that's all for a
start.

DIAMOND CHATTER

by Fred Bittner

We nightshifters are organizing
a softball league and it won't be
long before we will be ready to
challenge those winning Widgeons
of last year and give them a good
workout. So, I'm warning you guys
in advance to get on your toes be-
cause we're after that trophy and
we usually get what we go after.

... Ed Moss, you can bring on
those dancing girls and we can get
going. I think it is only good sports-
manship to let you fellows know
that you're up against a tough
outfit, because most of us fellows
are dyed-in-the-wool athletes. We
have four good teams lined up and
raring to go.

No. 1, The ?—Pinkowsky, Pas-
cucci, Bittner, McCue, Christian-
son, Piche, Fulco, Wolpoff, Volper,
Yackowski.

No. 2, Hangar 6—Bliss, Rosino,
Baganto, Solmo, Kelly, Murray,
Porter, Meyers, Lane, Wanser.

No. 3, Night Gems—De Leo,
Sarro, Wehner, Rung, Oxford, Gil-
lespie, Wuerfeld, Jackson, Galla-
gan, Coward.

No. 4, Wilted Willows—Herman,

NUTTS & BOLTZ

by Bob Hernan

Extra! Epidemic of elimination
hits night shift of Machine Shop.
On interviewing its lone survivor,
Harold, while grinding away on
manifolds, had this to say, "Gee,
but it's quiet." Big Eddy and Wal-
ter were transferred to day work
at the Machine Shop to replace
Overton and Kilroy who were
drafted last week. Harold Adams
also reported on the Do-all. Elsie,
Tony and Joe were sent to the
blacksmith shop, otherwise known
as Tool and Die. The remaining
four, Major, Nicola, Phil and yours
truly were left to the discretion of
Steve Pinkowsky, who placed each
individually in the remaining de-
partments best suited to their ca-
pabilities—in all, we think an ex-
cellent job. And so we bring to an
end the association of a fine group
of fellows, who working together
these many months have cooperat-
ed and worked in such good har-
mony that they may well be envied
by many other departments, and as
this is our last column (ain't cha
glad?) as a parting word,

Be careful who you step upon
While climbing to the top,
Cause when you start slipping
down again
You'll no doubt meet him coming
up.

Happy Landing.

Don't miss reading the letter, in
this issue, that Ted Small of the
Landing Gear Department received
from his brother Herman. Your
blood will boil, too.

Bill Allen, Dispatcher, and one
of the most cheerful persons in Co-
lumbia, was the victim of some-
one's negligence last week, result-
ing in a fractured wrist for Bill.
Helen Slade, Inspector, left us last
week after almost two and a half

On The Ball

By Timothy Daly

To the everlasting memory of the greatest idealist and
humanitarian, in, or out of History, that this world has
ever known, the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Preside
of the United States of America.

Departed has he, from the roll of
to-day

His corporeal presence, is lost
among men,

His ideal achievements will never
decay,

But flourish like blossoms, abroad
in the Spring.

A kind understanding, a heart of
real gold,

Undaunted and fervent, inspiring
was he,

Whose great undertakings will
never grow old

'Mong Peoples, and Nations, who
want to be free.

Grieved is our Nation, because he
has left us,

His works in formation, bereft of
his aid,

His dream-child of Hope, so un-
dauntingly dealt us,

The orphaned forever must not be
betrayed.

The seeds of achievement, so faith-
fully planted,

In Souls that are fertile, and free
among men,

Will flourish like roses, in worlds
enchanted,

'Til all of God's creatures have
freedom again.

To the wisdom of God, we s
bending our knees,

And stifle our sobs in the depths
our Soul,

Bowing to the will that all H
mans must please,

For His is the power that no pe
ple control.

A son has been called to his hor
of perfection.,

From a world much better becau
he was here,

Leaving behind him a wealth
affection,

The weary, the lonely, and sick
to cheer.

His absence is present among h
achievements,

Unfinished in process, but well
their way,

Awaiting for someone with hone
beliefs,

That nothing but death in his e
forts can stay.

Farewell faithful Franklin, yo
actions inspired us,

Fighting for freedom, and lo
among men,

Destroying the destruction th
cruelly enslaved us,

Your Spirit shall never desert
again.

Timothy J. Daly,
(The Wandering Bard).

Nightside Machinist



