

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Mostly about People

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National*

With *the* Shipbuilders at Hog Island

By ALBERT LEONARD SQUIER



WHEN the Allied rocket of distress went into the air, its flare carried the most piteous appeal ever heard for ships—ships to replace flying flinders from murderous submarines; ships to succor starving millions; ships to transport troops and carry munitions—it was the death cry, the S. O. S. blazing in letters of fire in the sky of war's darkest night.

America heard. Uncle Sam gave the word, and his shipbuilders rolled up their sleeves. Today the world-saving ship of democracy is on her way. The roar of the fire in her boilers, the vomiting black smoke at her stacks, the throb of her engines, the tense strain of officers and crew, make the most masterful marine picture of the age-long seas.

It was during the early days of August, under the hottest sun in the history of the Philadelphia Weather Bureau, that I saw Hog Island—another pledge of America's "utmost resources." It looked the part. As my eyes took in its vastness, I was like the Queen of Sheba when she saw Solomon—"there was no more spirit in me." Had the neurotic lady lived in these war-days, even she would need modern improvements on her thriller.

There in visible shape was the most gigantic engineering feat ever compassed into equal space and months—the voucher for the largest contract ever signed by man since the morning stars sang together.

When, four years ago, I sailed into nearly every one of the numberless ports of the other half of the Western Hemisphere known as South America, without once seeing the most glorious flag ever flung to a breeze on the masthead of any merchant ship, I came away with bowed head. But that day will never come again. America has begun the boldest undertaking ever chronicled in the history of man—the pontooning of the Atlantic.

Having plead on the lyceum platform for years for the

rehabilitation of our merchant marine, it was worth crossing continents to witness the event which marked the dawn of the better day.

I went down several days before the launching, not only to try and stretch my limited imagination over the limitless enterprise, and get atmosphere, but especially to meet the shipbuilders, feel the human element, note the spirit of the men and the purpose which dominated them.

On the side of one huge hulk under construction, printed in chalk, and in somewhat inartistic form and expression I found these words:

"Build more ships! Do it we MUST—or bust."

That was the spirit of the shipbuilders expressed with a punch.

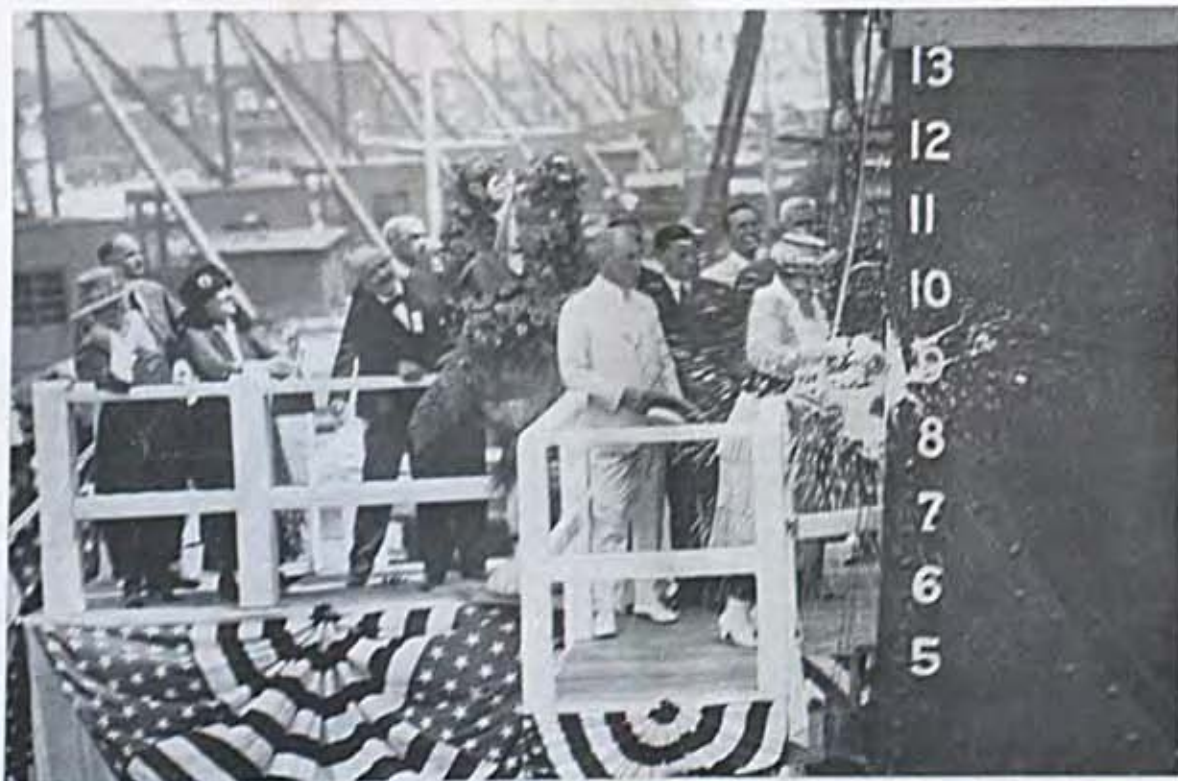
At the very start I met Mr. W. H. Blood, Jr., the gatekeeper of the Island, a most affable man, yet to get by whom is like forcing the Dardanelles. Knowing him to be familiar with every detail of the construction, I asked: "What is the one thing which has impressed you most in all this vast undertaking?"

He replied: "The executives working unkept hours; the workmen in the dead of winter, a winter of unknown severity, toiling in frozen ground three feet deep, their hands and feet often frozen, walking long distances to and from the place where transportation left them, refusing to give up—both working with a devotion worthy of any patriot."

Could any soldier on a shell-scarred battlefield have nobler sentiments attributed to him than were couched in those golden words?

It may be questioned if any class or grade of men the country over know why ships are being built as well as the men who are building them.

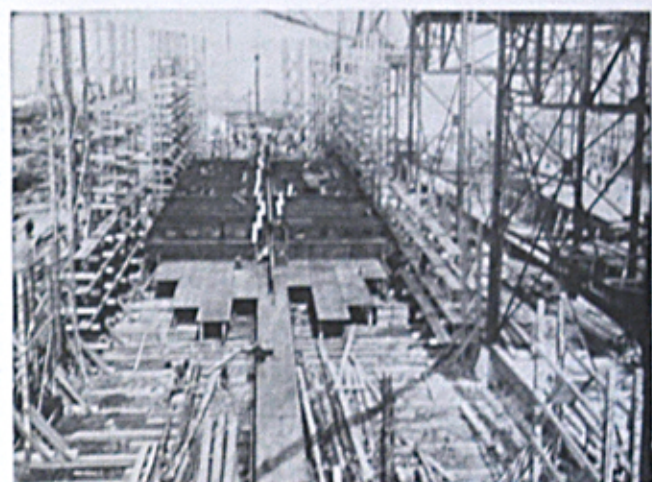
Work, with the shipbuilder, has taken on a new glory; time, a new meaning. Slacking has been spewed out as an unholy



"I christen thee Quistconck," cried Mrs. Wilson, as the wicker-covered champagne bottle smashed against the bow. The President and Chairman Hurley appear to have been splashed with the bottle's contents, to the amusement of Miss Margaret Wilson who stands smiling, at the left, in front of Secretary Tumulty.



The laying of the keel, on Lincoln's Birthday, February 12, 1918



The work well under way—as photographed March 30, 1918

thing. An hour is that sacred possession which, by the way it is used, may spell victory or defeat.

That priceless thing which the clock ticks off has been bought in miserly exactness by both officials and men. Those on administration and construction, during the early months when difficulties piled mountain high, when an unprecedented winter held all material things in a titanic grasp, and when investigations were like gravel on the ways, gave prodigally of every power in their being for fourteen or sixteen hours a day. During that same period laborers and shipbuilders drove piles by the aid of live steam into the unyielding sod, dug trenches in the battle for water, for light, and all other necessities for living, until even before early spring came to smile upon them, they were laying the first keel of a myriad fleet of ships.

I have lived among and observed athletes all my life—been one myself—and have witnessed them in Olympic try-outs, on the gridiron and ball field; but as I moved thru the ways and over the ships, I never gloried so much in fine muscles, trembling under moist flesh. I saw them as a strong arm and stronger heart held the automatic hammer on red-hot rivets, sending forth a music as sweet as machine guns; I saw them vibrating in a grand liberty movement in the bodies of reamers, holders on, pile drivers, road builders, crane-handlers and painters; they stood out in powerful evidence by the forge in the smithy shop, in template and angle rooms; they were wound around difficult tasks and bent to inspired uses—everywhere was the symphony of brawn. I was enthralled. I wanted to be among them, and I call heaven to witness that I turned to one of the administration force and said: "Will you give me a job?"

And it was not merely the exhibition of brawn; it was the triumph of brain. If one desires to see in concrete form the creative faculty, the inventive genius, the pure grayness of the American mind, let him see it here.

I have looked into the great ditch at Panama, studied its bewildering achievements, but a greater marvel is here, up to now, the climacteric enterprise of the human brain.

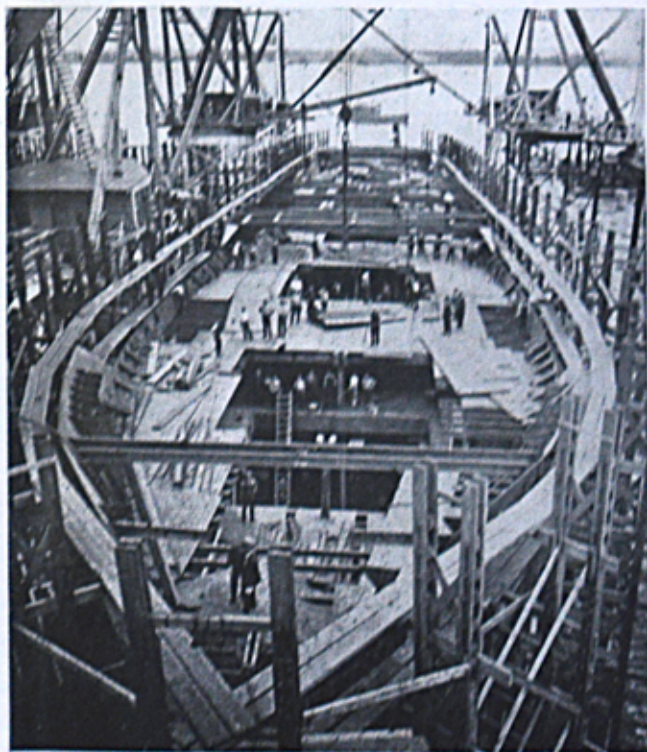
If ancient miracles trouble you, let them rest for a while, bigger ones are not an hour old. Do you have trouble about a few thousand passing dryshod thru a narrow neck of the Red Sea? American workmen have bent their backs and over them shall pass not a few thousand, but millions; not over a narrow stretch of water, but three thousand miles of it, together with food and supplies enough to keep them there and make them a scourge to smite the accursed Hun.

I was amazed at the great congress of shipbuilders which have been gathered in this enterprise. To mold a working force of thirty thousand is in itself a colossal undertaking. How as many experts could be brought together without seriously impairing the work of other shipyards is difficult to understand. But it has been done. Every department at Hog Island has many experts—men who know a ship from keel to topmast, with records of long service back of them and in every way fitted not only to carry on ship construction

but to train a vast army of American shipbuilders for all future time.

It is of utmost significance that here under the tutelage of master shipbuilders, there will be a supply of men who have had practical experience in the construction of fabricated ships. The record which the shipbuilders have made at Hog Island, not only in turning out ships, but in creating an effective working force, has already passed above justification and reached a point of high praise.

Among the expert workers there is a frail little man, quite gray, very retiring, and very much of a gentleman. He hardly looks the part of the shipbuilder that he is; but his judgment is sound, his few words have a razor-edge keenness, and his steel grey eyes carry a world of conviction; and that man is Vice-President F. W. Wood, an old Boston Tech man, who as far back as 1890 laid out and built the shipyard at Sparrows Point, and who, as president and director of the Maryland Steel Company, not only built floating docks for the Philippines and far-away Algiers, together with many ships for passenger and freight service, but also some of the largest colliers in government use. While the ships at Hog Island are somewhat smaller than he has been accustomed to turn out, he has a special joy in every new ship which is added to his family.



Hull 492 A—later the Quistconck—assuming "ship shape"

Quite in contrast to Mr. Wood is another Vice-President, who is round and portly, a jolly mixer, with a fund of good stories to enliven any occasion. Yet withal he is a practical man, an inventor and designer of ship apparatus. During the many years of study devoted to experiments with propelling machinery



Behind the shipways were spread refreshment tables, decorated in honor of the occasion

he has patented many devices, some of which have been adopted by the United States Navy. In the early days he served as pattern and model-maker in the shipyard of Charles Hillman & Sons. For seventeen years he was Chief Engineer of the New York Shipbuilding Company. Such a man is Mr. L. D. Lovekin.

Then another interesting personality is Vice-President Walter Goodenough. He is of the football type, a pusher, a worker, a leader—full of bulldog tenacity; a man who cannot be bluffed, a driver of men, a hustler in full motion, yet with his bounding energy and driving qualities, all of which he imparts to his men, his fair and straightforward methods commend him not only to the confidence, but to the affections of those under him. One would hardly need to know that he was a graduate of a Michigan agricultural college. His abilities as a draftsman are known from the Great Lakes to Maine. Having served as an oiler on the Great Lakes, he knows men, and his technical work in the Great Lakes yards, Atlas Steamship Company, Bath Iron Works, Maryland Steel Company, and New York Shipbuilding Company, peculiarly fits him for his present duties.

Associated with Mr. Lovekin in the Engineering Department is Mr. J. T. Martin, who began work with the Pusey & Jones Corporation in Wilmington, Delaware, where he remained for seven years building marine engines and installing them on ships. From there he went to Jackson & Sharp in Wilmington as general foreman of the machine shop. Later he was five years with the Maryland Steel Company as foreman of machine shop and builder of marine engines. For four years he was with the Philadelphia Engineering Works building air compressors and marine engines. He is the manager of ship construction at the Hog Island plant. Mr. Martin gets into closest touch with the men and the work. He has an uncanny knack of finding out whether a thing is right or wrong. He puts his fingers on the work and into it, and knows at first hand everything that is being done. His fine physical presence is an inspiration in itself, and his super-mechanical ingenuity makes him a marked man among few equals.

Among these experts there are so many names of able engineers and executives that it would require a telephone directory to even mention them.

Perhaps no phase of shipbuilding is more interesting than hull construction, and here again out of four hundred and sixty-two men employed, more than half, or two hundred and fifty have been in practical shipbuilding before coming to this plant. The General Superintendent is Mr. W. B. Fortune, who has

lived his whole life with steel, and for eight years was assistant superintendent of hulls with the New York Shipyard, which furnished the training necessary to make him a conspicuous shipbuilder. He it was who designed the six barges for floating the fallen span of the Quebec Bridge.

Assistant General Superintendent is Harvie Wharton whose native air is ships. He talks ships, thinks ships, lives in ships and is a shipbuilder in every legitimate use of the word. He was with the Cramps for over thirty years.

Another Assistant General Superintendent, S. C. Sargent, is a Boston Tech man, who was with the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation for many years.

If I found reason for surprise in the manner in which these other departments were manned, my confusion was complete when I came to the machinery installation and outfitting department; no less than ninety-five out of a hundred and thirty-four men having had from three to forty-two years' experience in practical shipbuilding. The same ratio obtains in the department of maintenance of ways and tools, twenty-one out of the forty-six being experts, and the shops added twenty-eight more.

In the department of standards and inspection, I found Assistant to the Vice-President W. B. Ferguson, in charge. He is rather small in stature, angular of face, quiet in manner, yet shows his naval training. A remarkably safe and sure man to follow. He is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, a post-graduate of Tech, was once assistant naval constructor in the United States Navy, and later naval



Amid the shrieking of the whistles and the delirious cheering of the multitude, the great hulk moved majestically down the ways



A vast expanse of steel framework rising against the sky from fifty ways.

constructor. Besides his conspicuous service in the New York Navy Yard, Fore River, Boston Navy Yard, Navy Yard at Charleston, South Carolina, and as president and general manager of the Baylis Shipyard, he is now adding new prestige to his career.

The production department contains two hundred and fifty-one workers; including clerks and accountants, twenty-four of whom have had ship construction experience.

In the department of machinery fabrication, I should like to mention a dozen prominent men, but the Manager, Mr. C. C. Thomas, is a very unusual personality. He is of the professor type, somewhat more academic than the other workers, largely because of his connection with Cornell University, University of Wisconsin, and Johns Hopkins where he taught marine and mechanical engineering. A specialist on propelling machinery and motive power, he has added to his great technical knowledge the experience gained during sixteen months of study in Europe inspecting the principal shipyards and engineering establishments.

The department of design comprises no less than forty experts, all of whom have prominent parts to play in the great symphony of ships.

The time, the place, and the ship were assembled in the happiest of combinations when at high noon on August 5, the

are a hundred and ten to follow within a year—of seventy-five hundred tons dead weight, four hundred feet long, and forty-five feet wide. She is built not for speed, but for cargo carrying. The Class B type, of which there are seventy ships also to come within a year, are of eight thousand tons and have a speed of fifteen knots. These will be used to carry both supplies and troops. But the *Quistconck* and ships of her type are intended to be part of Uncle Sam's "personally-conducted" tours to France.

Into her construction went three thousand tons of steel and a half a million rivets, and the fabricated parts came from no less than twenty-seven rolling mills. She will carry a crew of sixty, and her turbine oil-burning engines will drive her eleven and one-half knots an hour. The estimated cost is \$1,110,000.

The ceremonies attending the launching were spectacular in these unusual war days. Early in the morning crowds were filtering thru railway stations, into trolleys and on excursion boats. Later the two roads leading to Hog Island suitable to motor cars were choked. It was like the days of championship baseball at Shibe Park—motors reaching from Broad Street on the east and along the Tinicum road on the west as far as the eye could see. As there are to be no more public launchings, owing to the expense, the handling of the crowds, and the serious interruption of production, all fortunate

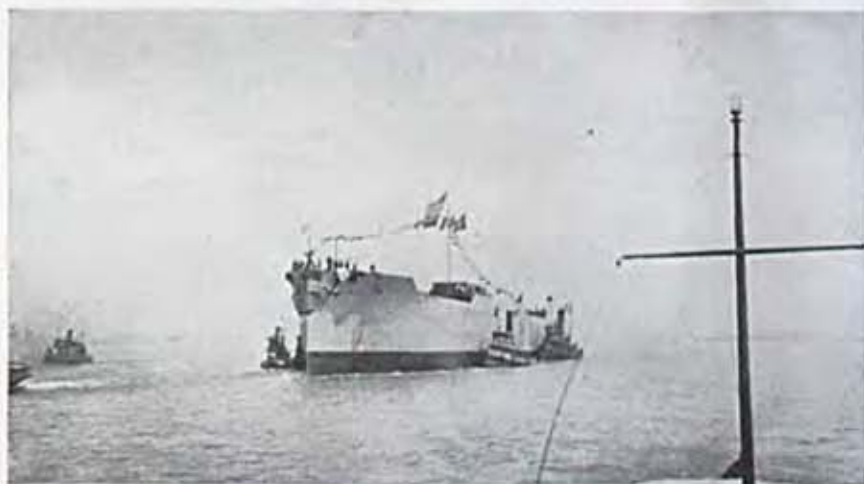
enough to hold the magic pasteboard were making every effort to be there.

A new spirit was moving in Quakertown. In the corridors of the hotel, in the shops, on the street, and in railway stations, the sole topic was ships and more ships. The old city in which the Declaration of Independence was signed was to be dedicated to a new birth of freedom, and the iron tongue of the old Liberty Bell was to be replaced with a new one of gold.

Scattered up and down the Delaware, ships were springing up like magic. Old yards were bursting with expansion. The Liberty Bell had not rung in vain. The Hog Island plant was pouring on the streets of Philadelphia over a million dollars a week in payrolls—not a dollar of which was ever seen before. The numerous additional yards on the river were collectively paying out nearly as much. An era of prosperity such as few cities ever know had come to this good old city. The spirit

of William Penn was finding incarnation in the legion of shipbuilders which the industry had drawn.

Reaching the Navy Yard at League Island, the hum of the motor in our car was accompanied by the drone of hydroplane motors overhead—and they were Liberty Motors, too! It was hard to realize that the fine roads over which we were passing were ten months ago nothing but sand and muck. No less than eighteen miles of good roads have been laid at Hog Island. Even the languid Schuylkill over which we rolled seemed quickened, its channel is to be (Continued on page 470)



No sooner had the giant freighter reached the Delaware than a race between tugs began to get the first line to her. The race was won by A. I. S. C. tug No. 1. From the river the ship was towed to Wet Basin No. 1.

Quistconck—the first completed product—was christened by the "First Lady of the Land," and launched at Hog Island.

Her keel was laid on Lincoln's birthday, February 12—a fitting occasion—with a new promise of freedom for free peoples. Not only so, but her construction was undertaken by what Lincoln called "the common people." One thousand men actually worked on assembling the ship, while nearly half a million men in different parts of the country contributed by their aid in various ways to furnish parts for the ship.

The *Quistconck* is a ship of the Class A type—of which there

With the Shipbuilders at Hog Island (Continued from page 451)

dredged from the mouth to South Street, and its shores are to be lined with storehouses to accommodate the big ships to come up from the sea. The shipbuilding program will make a new city of Philadelphia—increasing the population approximately a quarter of a million for the next few years.

The approach to Hog Island was spectacular. On the horizon tall rakish masts of derricks and giant cranes along the river front gave the appearance of a fleet of ships tied up at docks. On the left as you draw near stands Fort Mifflin, its ivy and shrub-grown barracks eloquent of the days of the Revolution and the scene of some of Washington's most bitter trials and sweetest victories—a fitting beacon of the spirit being built into the ships just beyond.

Hog Island is an armed camp. Guards in natty dark gray uniforms and wearing broad white helmets challenge every visitor—and there are six hundred of them. Military precision and precaution are in evidence every foot of the way.

Over eighty miles of standard gauge tracks have been laid on the island, and over these long trains were pouring throngs of visitors for the launching. Flags were flying from a thousand peaks and the national colors stretched for miles. One of the most picturesque effects was presented by the long rows of luncheon booths arranged for the guests; yet the cardinal feature was the vast expanse of ways stretching for a mile and a quarter along the waterfront—in that direction every eye turned. It was there that the big business was being done. Every one of the fifty ways flaunted the national emblem, and in thirty-seven of them were ships in different stages of construction.

On the Administration Building, in large letters extending across the entire front were the magic words: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Leaning on the rails and looking over the fences were thousands of men clad in working clothes, each scanning the faces of the passing throng, and a polyglot crowd it was—with types of men from the ends of the earth, a heterogeneous mass being fused into a homogeneous force. Hog Island was not only building ships, it was creating new Americans.

It needed no directing mind to tell which ship in the long line was to be launched, for only one was in gala attire. On Way No. 1 was a huge hulk painted battle-gray, with dark green below the water line. The "false" work had been knocked away and she stood out clear. The national colors were on her bow with a large portrait of President Wilson on one side and one of Mrs. Wilson on the other. A streamer reached from stem to peak, from which floated the flags of all the Allied nations. Except for the absence of guns, she looked like a battleship. Directly in front an observation stand had been built for the convenience of distinguished guests—this, too, was a mass of red, white and blue. Leading from this and some thirty-five feet above the ground, a platform had been erected for the sponsor. Higher still were numerous stands erected for camera and movie men. Lenses, looking like guns, pointed from the front, on the sides, and in the rear—every movement of the crowd and ship was to be incorporated into a permanent record—a record some day to mark America's supremacy in shipbuilding. To the right and alongside, shut off by a high fence, was the wharf space reserved for guests, and into which some thirty thousand were crowded—an impressive civilian host!

In the center the Hog Island Band was discoursing patriotic airs. Beyond the docks excursion boats were maneuvering for the best vantage point, their decks crowded with eager throngs and the flags of the Allied nations flying. Five thousand of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, with friends and relatives, had come up from the Broad Street offices in five of these excursion craft. Far across on the opposite bank of the Delaware onlookers had gathered by hundreds. These, together with the one hundred thousand gathered at the shipyard, made up the most representative collection of individuals which ever witnessed a launching in America.

On the reviewing stand there was a remarkable gathering of notables. They were from all over the world. Government officials, Senators, attaches of foreign embassies, representatives of nations and state, industrial captains, masters of finance, heads of corporations, naval and military officers, Shipping Board officials and prominent citizens were there—adding a touch of dignity never known on a similar occasion. Rev. Dr. William E. Griffiths, a veteran of the Civil War, and a representative of the *Ithaca Journal*, was the oldest man of the company. His seventy-five years of youthful enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he fittingly voiced the sentiment of everybody when he said: "I have seen some great launchings in my time, but never anything like this."

The real heroes of the occasion were there—scattered along the side of the ship, on the dock, on the stagings, or on the ship itself. They were covered with sweat and grime and grease their faces and hands soiled with toil; but they were the cynosure of all eyes, for they were the men who built the ship! I wanted to take off my hat, and grasp the hand of every one of them. I could but recall the lines written by one of them:

When Hog Island No. 1 goes out, the subs to dare,
By God! I'll like the feeling that I helped to put her there.

In all the vast assemblage none excited my attention more than four men in an automobile. They had been injured while working on the ship. One was Lee Mulvey, who had fallen ninety feet while trying to save three workmen thru the collapse of a scaffolding, breaking his back. He was resting on a cot so arranged that he could see his pet go down the ways. The other trio included Roy Thornton, with both legs in splints; Arthur J. Keon, whose ninety-seven-foot fall had resulted in a broken leg; and Delano Kennedy, a heater boy, whose leg also had been fractured by a fall. To see them was to reverence them as one would men from the trenches. The feeling of these men was expressed by one who said: "When I see her slip I shall be satisfied." A moment later and a strange light illuminated their pale faces—their dream had come true.

Another interesting personality was Captain Joe Gibson, who will command the first vessel to be launched from Hog Island. He, it seems, was skipper in the Standard Oil fleet for years, and the last tanker he took across was the *Edward L. Doheny, Jr.*, the largest of its kind afloat. In 1917 he had charge of the tanker *Wycco*, which the Huns torpedoed in the Baltic, at the same time taking Gibson prisoner. He was sent to Schweinfunde, from which he was released last October. To command the flagship of the fleet and to get back at the sea-pirates is the supreme ambition of his life.

And the guards! Yes, they were there! And they had been there, some of them, from the beginning. When the keel was laid, one of them, pacing proudly up and down, his Krag over his shoulder, said: "If anything ever happens to her, it will have to be over my dead body."

Yet who was not there? The President and head of the shipbuilding program was there; the hearts of the whole American people, one hundred million strong, were there, pledged to relieve the sea of the assassin's shame; the boys in France were there; the eyes of the Entente world were there—even Berlin was there, up to his usual tricks of spreading lies, one of which was that the rivets had been put in wrong, another that the ship was top-heavy and would capsize when she struck the water, and still another that she was heavier on one side than the other and would topple over when out of the ways. The spectacle a moment later refuted the malicious slander. No event could have struck deeper despair into the breast of the Hun.

The heat was intense and the humidity high. Men and women were falling from exhaustion as from machine gun bullets. Ambulances were clanging to and fro with the prostrated, yet nothing served better to illustrate the minute attention given to every possible emergency than the manner in which the sufferers were cared for, both at the Hog Island

Hospital and on the emergency ships in the harbor. As the moments sped on excitement grew apace. There was a strained, unusual emotion running thru the vast crowd, a high voltage electric current. It was almost as if a battle was to begin; and a battle was to begin—a battle between the greatest shipyard in the history of man and the ruthless U-boats of the seas; a battle never to end until the sinking of helpless women and children is outlawed forever.

Just at this moment a shout arose, to be caught in ever-increasing volume by the crowd. A train was being shunted by an A. I. S. C. engine to a track leading up to within a few feet of the reviewing stand. On the rear platform President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson were standing on either side of Mr. E. N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board. Shortly after the train stopped, Mr. William McMillan, who drove the first rivet, in behalf of the men who built the ship, presented Mrs. Wilson with a basket some four feet high and filled with long-stemmed American Beauty roses; and Mrs. C. A. Stone, on behalf of the directors of the American Shipbuilding Corporation, presented her with a bouquet of orchids. After a quick, informal reception with prominent shipbuilding officials, including C. M. Schwab, director general; C. E. Piez and Howard Coonley, vice-presidents of the Emergency Fleet Corporation; Major Case, in charge of the launching; Admiral Bowles, assistant general manager of Emergency Fleet Corporation; Charles A. Stone, Edwin S. Webster, George J. Baldwin, Frederick Holbrook, and other prominent men in the American International Shipbuilding Corporation, and Mr. J. P. Grace from one of the oldest shipbuilding families in the United States. Mr. George J. Baldwin led the President, and Mr. Charles M. Schwab conducted Mrs. Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson to the sponsor's stand. No sooner did they come into view on the high platform, with Mrs. Wilson in advance, than hats and handkerchiefs formed a waving field above the heads of the assembled multitude; and when the President appeared by Mrs. Wilson's side, the cheering became a tumult. The President was clad in a Palm Beach suit. The proverbial smile was on his face, and lifting his straw sailor hat, he waved it to the vast crowd, nodding and bowing in every direction. Mrs. Wilson wore a gray-blue gown, which strikingly fitted into the decorations about her.

The Presidential party included, besides President and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Margaret Wilson, the President's daughter, J. P. Tumulty, the President's private secretary; Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, and Miss Benham, secretary to Mrs. Wilson. The President was expected to speak, but made it clear that he was only a guest, adding "This is Mrs. Wilson's day."

At this point Mrs. Wilson was handed a wicker-covered champagne bottle—an artistic creation in itself. Its cord was of pure gold, and the bottle was wound about with red, white and blue cords. It was intended as a gift to her, and a souvenir of the occasion, yet the events which followed left little of it in tangible form.

In just three minutes after the arrival of the Presidential party, word was sent to the launching foreman that Mrs. Wilson had been instructed and was ready to christen the ship.

The supreme moment had come. A hush brooded everywhere. The only noticeable sound was the swish-swash of a crosscut saw thru the keyboard; yet it was the most vocal thing to which I ever listened. Would she go? Had the traitorous hand touched her anywhere? While these questions were running thru the mind, there was a slight snap—the great ship had started! Splash! Mrs. Wilson struck the wicker-covered champagne bottle a blow on the bow which sounded like the butt of a gun on the skull of a Hun. "I christen thee *Quistconck*," her clear voice rang out. Slowly, without a hitch, or groan or sigh, the great hulk moved majestically down the ways, and in fifteen seconds' time it was in the waters of the Delaware, making a low obeisance to the crowd. The pent-up energy of a hundred thousand was let loose in one



Holding Up the Nation's Defense

The telephone played a tremendous part in this Nation's mobilization for war. It continues vital to the Government's program.

At the same time it has remained at the service of the whole people whose demands upon it grow apace with that of the Government.

The public is entitled to the best service that it is possible to render. But the public has a partnership in the responsibility for good telephone service.

It takes three to make any telephone connection: the person calling, the company, and the person called. Without the co-operation of all three the service suffers.

The telephone company can make the connection, but no words can be heard at

one end of the line which are not properly spoken into the transmitter at the other. The relation between the speaker and the hearer is the same as the relation between the orator and his audience. It cannot be maintained if the orator turns his back to the listeners or if the audience is inattentive.

Telephone traffic must be kept moving. Speak distinctly—answer promptly—and release the line as quickly as possible. Don't continue reading when the bell rings.

These seem little things to ask the individual telephone subscriber, but when the individual is multiplied by millions all over this country, it is easy to see how important it is that *all* should co-operate.



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crashing cheer; whistles of the river craft shrieked; hats were thrown into the air, and the workmen deliriously threw their arms around one another.

What I did in that brief time I can scarcely remember; my Panama looked afterward as if I had used it. Such pleasurable pangs will not soon come again as surged in the hearts of that mighty concourse. A new song was born, symphonizing with that of "The Boys Are Coming" entitled "The Ships Are Coming."

So vigorous was the blow struck by Mrs. Wilson that nothing save the neck of the wicker-covered champagne bottle remained in her hand. "That was some smash," said a bystander, who I learned was a foreman.

"There's a blow in the nose for you, Kaiser Bill," shouted a workman.

The wine splashed up the arm and over the shoulder of Mrs. Wilson's gown, even reaching the President, who stood back of her and who moved away laughing.

Hardly had the great ship left the smoking ways before workmen had laid the fish plate, and a giant crane was lifting the new keel—two large American flags floating from either end—into

position. The band was playing "The Star Spangled Banner," yet for cheering it may be questioned if it was heard. When President Wilson saw this mark of efficiency, he turned to Mrs. Wilson and said: "Isn't it wonderful!"

When the Presidential party reached the car again, the workmen crowded around the President, calling upon him to speak.

"I haven't a speech with me," he said. Again they called upon him for a speech. "I have been working so hard I have forgotten how to speak," he replied.

"Speech, speech!" they cried. "Here's good luck to you," he answered. Just before the train started he was asked to say what he thought of Hog Island. "Wonderful, what I have seen of it," was his reply.

Mrs. Wilson, leaning over the railing of the observation platform of the car, said:

"I'm glad I came. It has been truly a wonderful day. When the men presented me with a launching bouquet they thanked me for my services in coming here. I want to thank them for their services to their country. I cannot say



"We'll Stick to the Finish"

What They Say About Joe Chapple's New Book

Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy:

"It is just such human interest writings that appeal to us so strongly."

George Creel, Chairman, Committee on Public Information:

"We'll Stick to the Finish" strikes me as being one of the best war books that I have yet read. It deals with people and things simply and straightforwardly, and gives a sense of actual contact."

Thomas A. Edison:

"It is extremely interesting, and I wish we had more books of this character."

George E. Vincent, President Rockefeller Foundation:

"I like your book very much. It is readable, informing, and full of the right spirit."

J. G. Zeller, National Biscuit Company:

"It has given me a great deal of information I probably never would have gotten any other way."

E. G. Buckner, Vice-President E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.:

"It would be a wonderful benefit to our country if more men could imitate you and make such a trip and become personally familiar with what is being done over there."

J. Walter Thompson, President J. Walter Thompson Company:

"I have read it about three-quarters thru, and it has taken me longer to read that three-quarters than any two books I have ever read. The reason is that it is so unobviously interesting that after I have read a chapter I usually turn back and read it over again. It almost seems as though I were making the trip with you. It is a bully book!"

Katherine Bartlett:

"It is extremely interesting, and depicts the human side of the war wonderfully. So many writers are smothered by the vastness of the thing that they lose the personal touch. You make it seem so real and near."

C. E. Osgood, President The C. E. Osgood Company, Boston:

"I thought I would read just a minute or two from my work to look over the foreword, and then take the book home to read at my leisure, but I couldn't leave it alone, and had finished the chapters when I realized that it was lunchtime. I hurried back to my office intending to clean up the unfinished work I had neglected to do, but it was no use. My thoughts were with you 'over there' and the book, and when my car came at 5:30 I had finished the last chapter of the most interesting work of the kind that I had ever read."

P. F. Sullivan, President Bay State Street Railway, Boston:

"I enjoyed your book exceedingly. For good measure I have read it twice. It is human and informative, and being so, should be read, re-read and digested. It interested me so that I first read it voraciously like one who is hungry at the first meal. The second time I read it—masticated it thoroughly, and then sat back and enjoyed it immensely."

J. H. Strongman, F. W. Woolworth Company:

"I started reading it last night and could hardly give it up to go to sleep. I took it with me to the dining room and was buried in it after dinner, when a friend came and took it from me. He got started and was so interested he carried it off to his room. It is intensely interesting, and I am anxious to get at it again. Mrs. Strongman read it. She is enthusiastic over it and says it is intensely interesting, and very well written. We think it will be a winner."

William A. Oldfield, M. C., Washington, D. C.:

"Read your book yesterday and enjoyed every line of it."

F. D. Waterman, L. E. Waterman Company, New York:

"My appreciation of your book is expressed in the following: Send me five more copies. It is the best war book I have seen."

H. D. Foss, of "Quality Chocolates," Boston:

"We are so pleased with our first glance at Mr. Chapple's book that we are asking you to send us five copies in the quickest way possible, that we may pass them on to our friends at the earliest possible moment."

Chauncey M. Depew:

"From so keen an observer and during an explorer I received information that infused patriotic thrills that were felt."

The Boston Globe:

"Mr. Chapple went overseas principally to learn how American soldiers and sailors live and fight. But the book tells more than that. Life in the Allied capitals, chats with famous generals and statesmen, and sketches of the life of the fighting men of the Entente are included in the narrative."

George H. Barbour, President Michigan Stove Company, Detroit:

"Every time I get a chance I will shoot amongst my friends that this is the book for them to have."

W. H. Thayer, U. S. Radiator Corporation, Boston:

"Your book has a particular interest for those who have, as I have, been at the front."

Robert H. Sexton, Business Counsel Corporation, New York City:

"I think your book would be the basis of one of the greatest modern picture stories ever published. This is also the opinion of representatives of three producing companies."

Edwin A. Grosier, Editor and Publisher the Boston Post:

"I have read it with much interest and envy you the fine opportunity which you have had to view the great war at so close a range, and to meet the principal figures of this tremendous struggle. I understand there is some possibility of your book being offered for serial newspaper publication. If such is the case, I would like the opportunity of considering it for the Post."

Thomas Dreier, 41 Broadway, New York:

"A letter has just come to me from P. F. Sullivan, in which he says: 'Have you read Joe Chapple's book? A moving, human, informing book. I wish I had written it.'"

"We'll Stick to the Finish"

"C'est la Guerre" (It is the War)

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

(Just Returned from the Battlefronts)

"WE'LL STICK TO THE FINISH" is not an essay. It's a living, breathing story of the war in the trenches and behind the lines. It embraces every war activity with first-hand knowledge, and deals equally comprehensively with the soldiers, the statesmen, the people of the war zones. The chapters on his visit to the British Grand Fleet and Queenstown Naval Base—where American destroyers have sounded the death knell of hostile submarines—are classics.

It is a book of today for the well informed, and we believe it to be the most talked-of book in America.

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more, for I am the silent member of the family. Good luck to you all."

As the workmen continued cheering Mrs. Wilson, she began plucking roses from the great basket which had been presented her, and to scatter them among the men. This she did until the special started back for Washington.

It was a fitting climax! The delight of the workmen in the presence of the President and his wife; the loyalty they showed, the feeling of oneness with the head of the nation, and the ease with which they met him is a happy augury of the manner in which the ships will be pushed to completion.

The scene that will live longest in the minds of all who witnessed it was that of the workmen as they gathered about the President. There they stood, their greasy caps in their hands, their shirts smeared and open at the throat, their coats flung over their arms, their faces streaked and running with perspiration—yet it was not noticed that they fanned themselves—calling to the President in jolly yet respectful tones—this more than any single thing exemplified the spirit of democracy, the feeling between the common people and the head of the nation; a cordial relation which has existed from Washington down to the present hour. It was the truest and most typically American touch of the whole occasion.

Among the big ones at the gathering, none could outdo "Charlie" Schwab, as the men call him, in bubbling enthusiasm. "It is the most wonderful and inspiring sight I have ever seen in all my life," he said. "Men, women and children from every walk in life are gathered here to see this launching. It is another demonstration of the enthusiasm and whole-hearted support which the shipbuilding industry of the country is receiving through the United States."

To see him among the men, his "boys" as he calls them, is to find the reason for his wonderful hold upon them. His personality is magnetic, and having worn the overalls himself, he knows the workmen, gives them full credit for what they do. And on this occasion he paid handsome compliments to them.

Another man whose word re-echoed far and wide was Mr. Edward N. Hurley, who twenty-nine years ago was an engineer on a shifting engine in Chicago at thirty-five dollars a month, and now selected by President Wilson as chairman of the Shipping Board. He proudly proclaimed: "This is another milestone in the progress of America in the war against Germany." He declared: "It was no mere incident in the shipbuilding program that brought President and Mrs. Wilson to the launching. It was the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the nation."

Mr. George J. Baldwin, chairman of the Board of Directors of the American International Shipbuilding Corporation, was equally enthusiastic, and spoke one of the truest words of the occasion: "I must say a word of praise for the engineers who planned and supervised the construction of the yard and the vessels, for the officers who have carried the work forward, and for the men in the ranks who fought a winter as bitter as did their forefathers at Valley Forge. To no one man or set of men is due the entire credit of this colossal venture, but to the entire mobilized power of the nation."

Perhaps no voice carried a greater weight than that of Mr. Charles A. Stone, senior partner of Stone & Webster, the great organization which formed the backbone of the American International Shipbuilding Corporation, bringing four hundred experts from their organization to the field of action within ten days after the contract was signed—and under whose superb management it is going on now. I met him in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel after the launching. His usually calm and placid countenance was bathed in a new light, and because he usually says so little the words of this quiet gentleman had a strange significance. I asked him:

"Well, how do you feel about things today?"

"Very happy," he replied. Then added

quickly: "And I think President Wilson was pleased, too." Continuing, he said:

"Considering the contract was given only eleven months ago and the construction side of the enterprise is nearly one hundred per cent completed, and a barren waste less than a year ago is now a city with every modern convenience and a population of thirty thousand, we have made progress."

August 5th will ever remain a prophetic day. At the moment the *Quistconck* was gliding into the water, three giant hydroplanes from League Island were circling overhead; the message of the day from France was that our soldier boys were across the Vesle and firm in Fismes; on the land, in the air, and on the water America was forging ahead.

Letters from the Boys at the Front

Continued from page 456

order to be able to send them in when the right moment arrived. But he has to use these reserves with greatest parsimony, and he will, perhaps, be compelled to yield some ground which could not be defended except by strong reserves. It goes without saying that this giving up ground must have its limits."

THE ACTION OF THE SUBMARINES

Berlin, May 29, 1918.

Our submarines have sunk in the barred zone around England thirty thousand tons of enemy tonnage. Twenty-seven thousand tons have been sunk by a single submarine commanded by First Lieutenant Patzig, who has destroyed on the western coast of England, and especially in the Irish Sea and its navigation routes seven steamers and two sailing vessels. The boats sunk were for the most part English, among others four steamers heavily laden, of five thousand tons or more. In point of cargoes, these boats were carrying animals, metals and mining wood for England, as well as a great amount of parcel packages for America. An English steamer, heavily laden, in a large, strongly protecting convoy, was hit as it was entering port.

Sent by Sims to Queenstown

Continued from
page 444


lusty sons of the West, there was a shout that shook the rafters.

American sailors exercise a proper diplomatic restraint and show a becoming modesty in talking about the things our country is doing in the war. In Queenstown, civic officials and civilians told me they had never seen any action on the part of an American sailor which was not becoming a gentleman and true sailor.

In a jaunting car Captain Pringle took me to pay respects to Admiral Bayly at the headquarters on the hill, which commanded a beautiful outlook of the harbor. Why a jaunting car was ever made, I do not know! You sit sidewise and just jolt. Nor can I understand why the little horse did not go up in the air when I listed to the left, but he seemed to be an expert in balancing things.

As I entered headquarters, Admiral Bayly, seated at his desk and smoking his pipe, was issuing orders, directing the movement of ships far at sea. When he had finished, he showed me an Englishman's love for his garden. Even while engaged in this diversion, dispatches continued to be brought. His orders, issued in a brusque manner, were simple and direct, not capable of being misunderstood, for Admiral Bayly is a strict disciplinarian. American sailors have learned to love him, for he is as just as he is severe.

Wherever you stop overnight, you must report



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Near Post Office & Board of Trade

Write for folder with map

to the police when you go in and when you go out. Every hotel register gives an account of those enrolled, and the police records and hotel registers must correspond. Down the hill is the constable's office, and to it everyone must go if he wishes to leave. The street is called "Pack of Cards," the houses on one side looking like an abandoned poker deck. The constable's office was in a barn, one flight up, and adorned with ancient pistols, to reach which you had to go thru the barn, where you were expected to show the passport picture album of yourself.

"Mornin' to you. You're a handsomer man than the last rogue we had," he said, in a rich Irish brogue.

At the hotel, before leaving, the little colleen with black hair and blue eyes presented me with some post-cards. When I offered money she refused, saying:

"Just in memory of a boy I know over there."

She cautioned me not to send any showing Queenstown Harbor, "for the Admiralty, you know," she whispered, "wouldn't allow it," meaning, of course, they were under the censor's ban.

Osteopathy as a War Aid

Continued from page 447

agencies have met, the supreme demands of the hour in preserving the lives of American soldiers.

How much longer can any organization, sincere and earnest tho it may be, exclude from the treatment of disabled soldiers that which they value in the regular pursuits of life toward conserving health? A lack of understanding, a belief in dogmatic theories must not be allowed to interfere. Osteopathy's practical methods in overhauling the gears and mechanism of the human body appeal to the soldiers over there who know what it means to have the various parts of a machine work well in order to secure effective results. The care of the body is as important as the care of your automobile. When the latter needs overhauling, you take it to a machinist, who, by skillful manipulation, restores its parts so that the entire mechanism runs smoothly. The Osteopath is the machinist of the human body; his skillful manipulation enables it to run smoothly.

The American Osteopathic Association has