

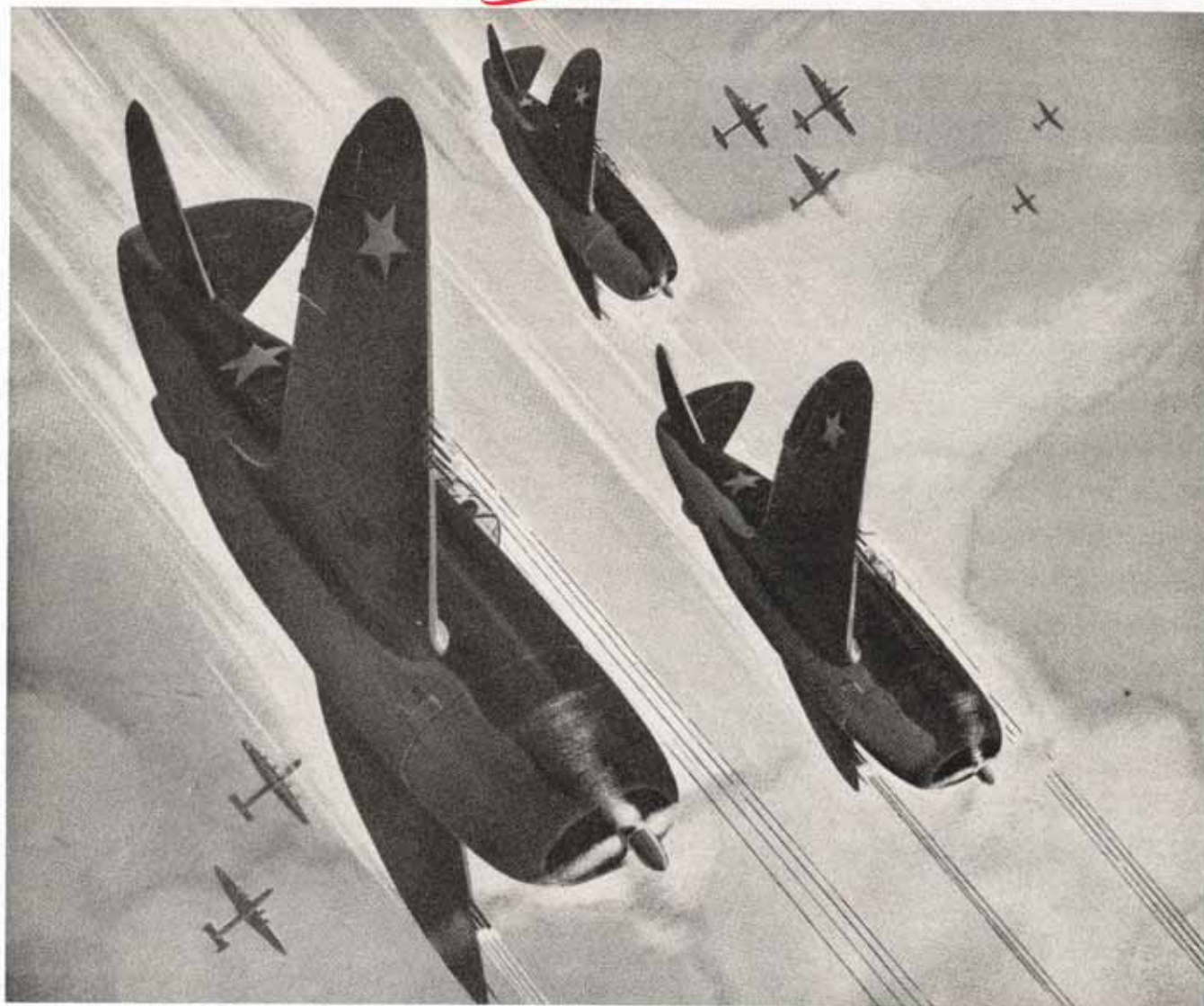
ARMY

NAVY

LINCOLN War Production Bulletin ★★★

VOL. 2, NO. 12

MARCH 12, 1943



Tonight's Lesson for Japs . . .

subtracting Zeros with Lincoln Shells

Hi, Lincoln! We're going to teach the Japs another lesson tonight—a lesson in simple American arithmetic. I mean subtracting Zeros in a big way with shells you are helping to make.

Sure we like to hunt Japs, but not with jammed guns caused by faulty ammunition. Nor is it pleasant to find yourself in the ring-sights of a Jap Zero's guns without enough shells in the belt to blast him first.

Ammunition isn't the only thing, either. It's Taps for us when controls or landing gear fail to operate due to lack of proper lubrication and the equipment to do it with.

So make 'em fast and make 'em well, Lincoln! And we'll give you headline news that only American Fighting men can make. News that tells of Victory won and Peace to the world.



NEWS

FROM LINCOLN MEN WITH THE COLORS

—Rae Weber

Via Clipper Mail comes a letter from the South Seas written by Apprentice Seaman, Edward C. Haub. Ed says it's really swell when mail day comes and he can sit down after a tough day's duty and read his current copy of the Bulletin. Home and friends seem very near then. Ed adds.

Melvin R. Bailey, Private First Class of the fightin' Marines says to tell Bill Halbruegge that the Marines will soon have the entire Pacific Ocean safe for the Navy and then they can bring all their boats and play and play.

What about it, Bill?



Hats off to Vera Langley (Statistics Department), pictured at left, who took the oath for the W. A. A. C., March 2nd. Vera applied for Foreign Service and will be leaving us some time during the next three weeks. Our very best wishes to you, Vera.

"Knowledge of Lincoln winning the 'E' Award helps us to give the job ahead our very best," writes Private Joseph Alvia.

We're very glad to send you the Bulletin, Joe, and it makes us feel mighty fine to know that you enjoy it.

A letter just received from Angelo Empio of Uncle Sam's Navy states that he is busy as the proverbial beaver at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Angelo says he is learning to do so many different things in such a short time that it's like "home on the merry-go-round."

We have recorded your change in address, Angelo, and will continue to forward the Bulletin.

"We are using almost every type of Lincoln Equipment produced to keep our Mechanized Units rolling," writes Private Elton Rose.

Elton says that he would like to visit the Gang on furlough, but California is so far from St. Louis it doesn't even seem to be in the United States.

We'll have "Fire Chief" Aimes write you that letter, Elton, telling all about the Fire Department.



MYRA TELLS ALL

Editor

Yesterday, your Editor threw caution to the winds and sneaked off to see Myra, the beautiful mystic, the pride and joy of Wellston, in order to find out ALL the dope on the Second Big Lincoln Victory Dance.

"My Mamma done tol' me," the seductive seer chanted as she applied an extra coat of Simoniz to her 8-ball crystal, "that this wonderful party will be held at the North Side Turner Hall . . . that the doors open at 8:00 P.M. and the orchestra starts at 9:00 o'clock . . . that the music will continue till 1:00 o'clock and will be followed by juke-box jive. It will cost you another dollar if you want me to tell more."

"Never mind that," your editor never-mind-that-ed, "give me all the dope on the dance—it's on the War Production Bulletin expense account."

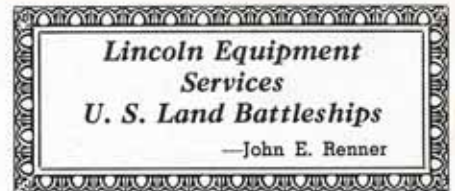


Myra Suggests These Items Be Used
As Attendance Prizes.

Myra glowed like a lightning bug with the hotfoot. "Now you're cookin' with all four burners," she whooped, "just look at this phoney crystal go to town. I see the whole party now . . . hour upon hour packed solid with fun and frolic . . . attendance prizes . . . special entertainment . . . Lincoln employees and their guests storming the doors to get in . . . it looks like an invasion. And get this straight, Mister, this isn't just a dance, it's a party. And what a party! Proceeds to be added to those of the last party and used to purchase gifts for Lincoln's men in Service. See if you can get me a ticket. According to my crystal all this fun and frolic costs only 60c a ticket, or \$1.10 for two."

"But what is the date of the party," your editor shouted. Myra looked dreamily into the crystal and said, "Saturday night, March 27th, is the big night. See you at the party, mister!"

Tickets now on sale. Get 'em early. Don't be disappointed!



The great land battleships of our Army, known as tanks and mobile tank destroyers, are particularly dependent on adequate and proper lubrication.

Lincoln Equipment is playing a great part in servicing the M-3, M-4 tanks and the deadly M-7 tank destroyers which proved too much for General Rommel and his once formidable Africa Corps.



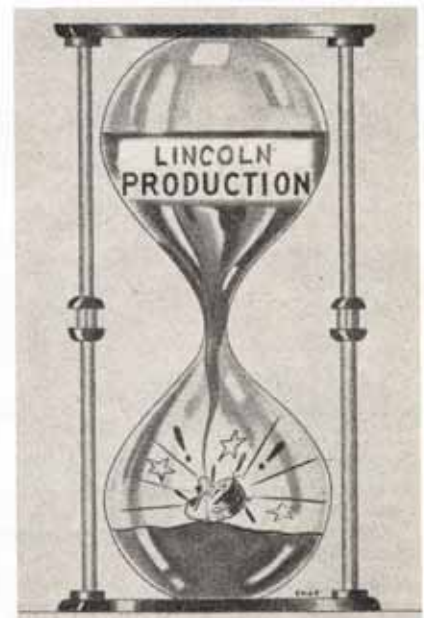
U. S. Tank Destroyer M-7

—OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTO
FROM OFFICE OF WAR
INFORMATION

On the far-flung battlefronts Lincoln Lever Guns, Hose Assemblies, Pin-Type and Hydraulic Type Fittings, together with Lincoln Oil Guns for filling oil chambers of hydraulic recoil mechanisms on tank guns are keeping these rolling fortresses in fighting shape.

Needless to say, Lincoln Equipment is vital to our Tank Corps, and too much care cannot be exercised in the production of each integral part.

Keep 'em rollin', Gang!



"Right in Der Fuehrer's Face"

SPORTS



—St. Rike

Walter Johnson, the famed speedball artist of the Washington Senators, is slow-motion compared to Bud (Curly) Scott, Sales Engineer.

When Bud lets fly that strike ball no one is safe, least of all the trembling pin boy. We are offering one broken pin or any cast-off bowler from the Shipping Team as first prize to the person who is able to find anything resembling a pin when Curly takes his seat.

The bowling alley is seriously considering reinforcing the wall back of the pits.

Could Curly be after that "Fireball" title?

Temperatures ran high and the air was filled with shouts, groans and moans as the girls' Production team opened the throttle and tore through a tattered Assembly team to take two out of three for the evening. Only the gallant, never-say-die spirit of the once powerful Assemblers enabled them to snatch one game from the fire by a slim margin of three pins.

These gals certainly mean it when they bowl. Come out on Friday nights and get a real sporting thrill.

Did you know that the Sheet Metal team is expert at cryptography (code to you, Mr. C. Renner). You will find on looking at their bowling sheet a strange and mysterious combination of dots and dashes which they claim is their method of recording misses of the headpin with the first ball and spares with the second.

We think they receive secret code messages from Don Winslow. (Or do you read the Sunday Post fannies?)

Paul Palmer was as hot as Bob Crean was cold when General Office dropped two games to Engineering.

Paul had a high game of 197, and 564 for three. You deserve one of those marksman medals, Paul, that we've been hearing so much about from our lads in the Service.

What was that? Did you ask what Bob shot? Well, seeing as how Bob is such a nice fellow (and kinda big), you'd better ask him.

We nominate Lillian Ryan as the top exponent of nonchalance without any competition.

Lillian thinks nothing at all of sauntering down the length of the alley to tell the pin boy who picked up the pins too quickly, that he reminded her of something under a flat rock, and to please leave 'em be until she delivered her second ball.

And in addition, after dropping her ball, she completely ignored it as it wended its way around various and sundry ankles. Some gal, we say!

Louis Schlueter came through with a fine 202 and ended up with a smashing 507 for the night. Happy to see you "Bowling" again, Louie, instead of cooking or whatever it was you were doing previously.

Smiling Helen Finferd hung up a 173 for the night and rounded out the evening to total an impressive 469. This, my friends, is pretty fine county shooting for the fair sex, and I might add, for some men. How about that, Mr. Crean?



THROUGH THE LINCOLN LENS

By CLICK QUICK



John Casey, Detroit Public Relations representative, and Bill Gordon, Advertising Manager, discussing a new campaign. Something good will come of this for Automotive Car and Oil Company dealers.



R. Walter Thomas, Personnel Director, and swell guy to the Lincoln Gang, interviewing an applicant for employment. Walter says, "If the manpower situation gets much worse, I'll be looking for a wig."



An exclusive picture of "Glamour Row." This shot was hard to get because the girls could hardly tear themselves away from their machines for even a minute.



Sheet Metal Shears Crew with Ben giving out the dope from a new blueprint. The serious faces of these men reflect the importance of doing their job fast and well.



Four nice smiles from the Shipping Department. Left to right they are: Agnes Bowles, Catherine Suttmoeller, Ovaline Britton, and Nettie Ward.



IF YOU
WANT
ACTION...

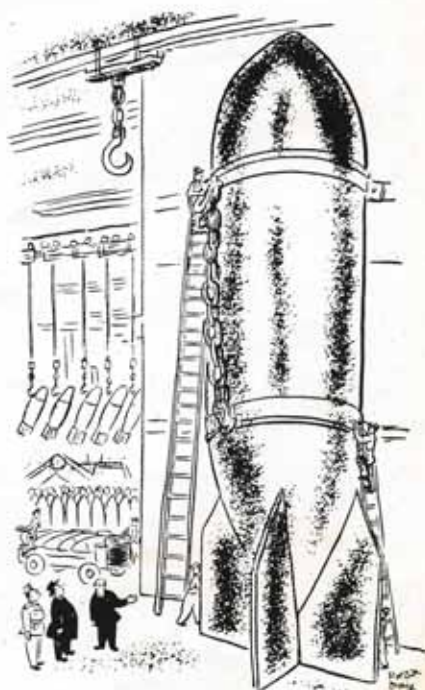
—Transportation Committee

Tips for employees who depend on their own cars for transportation to and from work.

1. All applications for Supplemental Gasoline Ration or Tire Renewal must be handled by the Transportation Committee. It will no longer be possible for employees to secure Supplemental mileage ration or tires at the Civil Courts Building in St. Louis, or at Clayton.
2. To avoid delay make requests for supplemental rations, renewals or tires about two weeks in advance. The Ration Boards have more work than they can handle and last minute applicants are apt to be disappointed.
3. In applying for a renewal of an A or B Book, fill out form R543. You should present this with your tire inspection record to the Transportation Committee. Be sure to state your speedometer reading and the total number of coupons remaining in your "A" book.

It takes time for your application to be approved, transported and passed by the Board, and recorded in the files. It also takes time to process your book so do not delay.

Laugh Lines



An armistice, we believe, will follow a few days later. —Robert Day in the New Yorker.

Sh-h-h! Just Between Us



By
The
Roving
Reporter

—Roving Reporter

Donald Halbruegge is cooking with gas on the back burner and has a New Flame. (Love???)

Jerry Wegman of Engineering has donned a Shoot Suit for Uncle Sam.

Night Owl Secrets—

Why, Oh, Why, does "Butch" Gutry put lipstick on his forehead—or did he?

The PM Gang have no worries about their coming match with the Day bowlers and are willing to wager a small sum on themselves, but can find no takers. (Whew! Man! Some nerve.)

Who the Heck keeps all the fans running in the Shell Department these cold nights?

There are two gentlemen on the Second Shift who are looking for Lou Schlueter. Seems there is a certain little bet Lou hasn't paid off.

Martin Byrne, Joe Croghan and Bob Crean are planning a trout fishing trip this week end. (They talk a big fish.) Hope Martin finds a new work sweater. He's been wearing that brown one for six years that we know of.



Raymond Crane has decided to help Uncle Sam in his little scrap. Ditto—Joe Meyer and Ollie Gross.

There is one sure thing we know. "Dad" the Candy Man will never again bring chewing gum into the Engineering Department in wholesale quantities.

Nellie Bambrick is watching her step while crossing the parking lot since taking that spill in the recent snow. Stockings too expensive, Nellie?

Fred Stonecipher may be little but he sho' am loud when running that Big Bliss No. 11 Press. (Mohammed and The Mountain.)

We saw Barton (Handsome) Giles riding a street car down in Luxemburg the other Sunday P.M. Could he have been looking for a Shear Machine helper?

Les Layton is sure one popular guy since bringing in those pictures last week.

Where, Oh, Where, was Billie Weber during the last test Blackout? (She wasn't worrying about bombers.)

(Continued next column)

Will the Lincoln Guards please watch Ed McKay. Each man who is late at the Saturday morning Production Meetings must put a dime in the Kitty and Ed is Treasurer. (Wonder if he's bonded?)

Ten, two-word descriptions:

Roy Dietrich—Doting Daddy.
John Mensfee—Production Papa.
Bill Keller—Tremendous Trifle.
John Lang—Long, Lanky.
Sue Bloom—Kind, Gentle.
Vic Klein—Bottleneck Buster.
Penny Grable—Frank, Friendly.
Ed McKay—Mischievous Mac.
Jules Viner—Worry Wart.
Al Wulf—Wolf ('Nuff Said).

Poem of the Week

The name of our Hero is Lyles
He's been with us quite awhile
His job is in Fitting
And he does it in style.

He gets out the work
With never a quirk
And the bigger the job
The less he will shirk.

So—hats off to Omer,
We like him a lot;
And we'll always call him
When we get on a spot.

You may be sure that Eddie (Curley) Featherstone doesn't visit the High Hat Club two and three times a week because they sell nickel beers.

Those tears in George Schneller's eyes are not from losing his bride-to-be, but he was more or less overwhelmed by the present he received from The Gang.

Joe Heitzler gifted Virginia Hicks with a locomotive head light on his recent visit. (The war won't last long now.)

Afterthought — A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

So Long, Gang.

Your Roving Reporter

A Message From the War Department

The War Department has issued the following message to all War Plants:

"Due to vastly increased shipments, both within the United States and overseas, a severe shortage of lumber has developed. It is anticipated that this situation will become more acute in the near future.

"All facilities in this District are requested to make every effort to conserve lumber by reusing boxes and crates or knocking them down, sorting by length and thickness and piling material for reuse in making other crates and boxes.

"It is believed that all Ordnance contractors, realizing the critical condition of the lumber supply, will take the necessary measures to conserve all lumber."

In compliance with this order particular care should be taken in handling crates and boxes in all departments.

See your foreman for details on handling crates and boxes.

Absence Gives The Axis A Break

(Editorial Short Story)

Joe Absentee stirred restlessly in bed as the rain beat down from the dark skies against the windows. He was brought to a sudden wakefulness by the sharp clamor of the alarm clock. The incessant ringing was silenced with a vengeful slap that almost crushed the clock.

Joe lay back in bed, staring out into the darkness and rain; hating the thought of leaving this comfort to travel to work.

"I'll get soaked and probably get sick, walking to the train," Joe muttered to himself in self-pity. "guess I'll just take the day off." He turned away from the rain-spattered window, pulled the covers closer about himself and went to sleep again . . .

At the Plant shifts were changing, Jim Foreman was uneasy. Shortage of skilled men made it necessary for him to push his crew to the utmost every day to keep his operations on schedule. His glance showed all present except Joe Absentee. The shift started.

Jim Foreman was really worried. Joe still had not come in. Jim could delay no longer.

He reported to the Superintendent that the operation to have been worked by Joe Absentee would not be completed and production was therefore crippled.

And the Superintendent notified the Plant Manager that the daily quota of war equipment would not be made . . .

. . . And at the same instant, a pilot on a distant battle front cursed, "When the hell are they going to give us enough cannon shells to take the offensive . . .?"

. . . And on another battlefield, at the same time, United Nations' armies were retreating in the rain and muck with heavy casualties; because of lack of lubricating equipment to keep the tanks in the fight . . .

. . . And Joe Absentee, not caring about the consequences due to his being away from his job, continued sleeping in his comfortable bed.



NEVER WATCH A
WELDER AT WORK