#### U. S. Steel Reports 1942 Production 28 Per Cent Greater Than World War I Peak

War i Peak

United States Steel Corporation's Annual Report for 1942, reporting attainment of a steel ingot tonnage production 28 per cent greater than in the peak year of World War I, has just been released as "a production story—and a financial story—of a great war effort."

Production by U. S. Steel in 1942 of more than 30,00,000 net tons of ingots as well as the manufacture of a steady flow of products entering into thousands of items used in prosecuting the war were described by Irving S. Olds, Chairman of the Board of Directors, in his review of the year contained in the Corporation's forty-first annual report.

The victory parade of steel ingots was listed as only one of several principal contributions of U. S. Steel to the war effort. These contributions were enumerated as follows: "First, a record volume of steel and other materials needed not only for the fabrication of essential war products but also for the creation of new facilities to make such war products has been produced. Second, the technical ability representing many decades of accumulated research and experience has been made available for the requirements of the Government. Third, the construction and operation of vast new facilities for the Government in connection with the war effort."

A one-page condensation of the financial record of the Corporation for the year describes in simple language what disposition was made of the \$1,865,951,692 received by the Corporation from sales of its products and services during 1942. Employment costs of \$783 million in 1942 were 25% greater than for the previous year; 1942 taxes of \$204 million were 21% more than in the preceding year; while dividends to stockholders remained unchanged. "he amount carried forward for future needs of the Corporation was 78% less than in 1941.

Among achievements cited is the development of the airplane landing mat. The serious problem of handling mat. Consisting of portable interlocking steel sections. It was pronounced the outstanding development of the year in the fi

thirty smaller manufacturers are now producing these landing mat sections in quantity.

The report reveals that in 1942 one subsidiary, Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, completed more destroyers for the Navy Department in shorter building time than any other shipyard in the country. A new shipyard built by this subsidiary for the Navy Department began operations five months after ground was broken. A fully equipped shipyard for the production of the latest type of tank landing craft was constructed and is being operated for the Navy Department by American Bridge Company, another subsidiary.

An interest' comparison of the use of U. S. Steel sown resources and of Government funds for the expansion of emergency facilities undertaken by U. S. Steel from June, 1940, to the end of 1942, shows that the ratio of U. S. Steel's investment to the use of Government funds was 65c of its own money to every dollar of Government funds to one dollar of Government funds as compared with \$436,000,000 of Government funds expended, making a total of \$718,000,000 expended in the program.—

Telling time in the Navy is on the 24-hour system. Morning hours are from one to twelve, but afternoon hours are from 1300 to 2400 (midnight). So if you ask a sailor the time and he says "seventeen," subtract 12 and you get five o'clock in the afternoon. It's simpler if you ask him what cigarette "Camel," for Camel is the favorite cigarette among Navy men as well as among men in the Army, Marines, Coast Guard. (Based on actual sales records from service men's stores.) Local dealers are featuring Camel cartons as gifts for men in the service from the folks back home.-Adv.



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CNORRIS

THE STORY SO FAR: Charlotte (Cherry) Rawlings, an orphan, has been at Saint Dorothea's convent school since she was seven. She knows almost nothing of her early history, but gradually comes to realize that like the other girls at the school she has no family. Judge Judson Marshbanks and Emma Haskell are her co-guardians. When she is twenty, Marshbanks tells her that Emma has gotten her a secretarial position in San Francisco with old Mrs. Porteous Porter. She goes first to the Marshbanks mansion and dines alone with the judge as Fran, his young wife, and his niece. Amy, are dining out. Kelly Coates, an artist, drops in and Fran and Amy stop on their way out. As they leave Cherry hears laughing reference to her convent clothes and is bitter. Life with Mrs. Porter is monotonous, and she is thrilled when Kelly, horseback riding in the park with Fran, stops to talk to her while she motoring with her employer. Later he sends her a box of candy and she is jealous when she sees him with Fran at a party given by Mrs. Porter. Emma tells Cherry that her sister Charlotte was Cherry's mother. Kelly picks up Cherry in his old car to "chaperone" Fran on a visit to his studio. His car breaks down in the rain. Fran and Cherry take a taxi and Fran asks Cherry to stop at the Marshbanks' before going home, where Cherry meets Judge Marshbanks' mother.

Now continue with the story.

#### CHAPTER VIII

Emma was going to the cemetery; Cherry was going back to the empty house. She came out of the big hilltop church with the other mourners.

Across the street, standing quite still, was Kelly Coates. Cherry smiled at him, and he crossed the street and joined her and they walked away together.

"You weren't waiting to see me?" "Why wasn't I?" he asked moodily after an oblique glance.

"Because I supposed you were waiting to see her," Cherry said. To this the man made no direct

answer, muttering after a moment,

'God, she's beautiful!" "I thought she looked rather tired this morning," Cherry observed

somewhat timidly. "She might very well look tired, being dragged through a lot of nonsense like this showy funeral!"

"They had to come," Cherry told him. "Amy's mother was Mrs. Porter's niece, or some relative anyway. Amy's mother's mother was a Wellington, and her husband was Mrs. Porter's uncle; something like that.

Emma came back tired at three o'clock, and had a late luncheon in her room. Cherry, dressed to go downtown, joined her there.

"You're going out?" Emma asked, mincing roast beef for the gray kitten. "Here, if you must steal my lunch!" she said to Cappy in an undertone.

"I thought I'd walk downtown and see a movie," Cherry answered, dropping into a chair.

"Well, do that," Emma approved. "You've got money? And then maybe if you feel like it you might bring your cards in here before supper, and we'll listen to the radio.

"We could have supper up here." Cherry spoke quietly. But the awkward little overture touched her deeply.

She walked down the street a few minutes later, passing the Marshbanks house just as the judge descended to the street.

"Hello, Cherry," he said. "Walking? The little car is right here in the garage if I could take you somewhere. I came back from the office to get a bite of lunch but I've nothing to do now."

"No, I really want to walk, Judge. I've scarcely stirred out of the house for a week, and I feel so free today that I can hardly keep my feet on the ground."

"You look it!" he said with his friendly smile. "Here's Amy!" Amy came flying down the steps to join them. "Where you going,

Cherry?" "I'm ashamed to say," Cherry answered laughing, "that I'm going

to a movie in the daytime!" "I'm going with you," said Amy. Funerals give me the horrors.

Wait for me; I'll get my coat!" She dashed upstairs again just as the big Marshbanks car drove up and Fran got out.

"She's seen Kelly; they've had lunch together!" Cherry thought in-

"Where've you been, my dear?" the judge asked casually.

"I suppose it was scandalous not. to go to the cemetery and see the whole funeral through," Fran said, avoiding a direct answer. "But there were things I had to do, and I just ran out on it!"

"He's probably crazier about her than she is about him," Cherry said when Amy brought the subject to Kelly and Fran a day or two later.

"You never can tell with Fran; she's deep," Amy answered. She had to come to the Porter house by appointment on this occasion; it was the afternoon when Mrs. Porter's will was to be read. Two quiet elderly women were there from Pasadena; cousins, Emma told Cherry, who had been supported by their rich relative for years. The judge was coming, and surprisingly Amy had been notified to be present.

"She must have left you some money," Cherry surmised, "or they wouldn't have asked you to come." "She must have had plenty," Amy

said in satisfaction. Emma put her head in the door



There was a silence, the judge was standing now too, his face as shocked as her own. "You said that Emma had told you!" "Yes, but not that! Not that! She only said my mother-she didn't tell me anythingshe said . . .

and told both girls to come down- | ing, ashen-faced, one hand gripping stairs.

"Me, too?" Cherry asked. "Yes, I think so. Everyone in the house," Emma said briefly, and vanished. Cherry and Amy followed immediately to the library, where chairs had been set in a solemn semicircle to face the wide, flat mahogany desk at which the lawyer sat. Judge Marshbanks was near him; he smiled at the girls as they came in. Almost at once the will was opened.

Their late employer had remembered them all, leaving to every servant a sum approximating a thousand dollars for each year in her service, and for Emma's eleven years of faithfulness a round twenty-five thousand. Cherry was stupefied to hear her own name read out as beneficiary for a legacy of fifteen

The old house was to be given to the city as a museum. Everything in the way of personal belongings, upstairs furnishings and the bulk of the estate were left to the granddaughter of her beloved old friend Amelia Wellington, Amy Marshbanks.

"What are your plans, Cherry?" Judge Marshbanks inquired.

"I haven't had time to make plans," said Cherry, "but I think I feel as if I didn't know anything." "Well," the judge said, "that's not

a bad idea. It will get you among people your own age, shake you up, put you on your own—yes, that's a good plan. Berkeley?"

"Stanford, I thought."

"Why not?" he agreed. "Wait a minute-wait a minute," he added, "I know a nice place down there where you might like to stay. Lots of youngsters in the family; you wouldn't feel so strange. What does Emma think of this? Have you talked to her?"

"Aunt Emma and I talked the night Mrs. Porter was so ill, the last night but one-" Cherry was beginning when Amy put in an animated interruption:

"D'you call her 'Aunt Emma?' " "Well, yes, I do-sometimes." Cherry's face turned toward the fire. flamed until the tips of her ears were red.

"We were sitting upstairs waiting for the doctors to come out of Mrs. Porter's room," she resumed her story, "and I said I hoped she would get well, and Emma said she was sure she wouldn't. So then we talked of what we would do, and Emma's going up into Mendocino, where she has a little place, and retire.

"Well, I should think Emma'd be fixed well enough to do that," the judge said again with an approving nod. And then with a glance at the doorway through which Amy had disappeared in quest of her coat and hat, he added, "So she told you about your mother, eh?"

"A month ago." "Shock to you?"

"Oh, no, I think," Cherry confessed honestly, "I had been dreaming-imagining that I might havewell, different relations. I always thought Emma was my mother's nurse. But we-we like each other."

"You're a nice girl," the man commented, as if thinking aloud, his half-closed eyes upon her. Cherry flushed with pleasure; her little laugh was proud and embarrassed.

"Did you-did you ever see my mother? Didn't you say you hadn't?" she asked, sobering again. "No." He fell thoughtful; his linked hands dropped between his knees, his eyes on the fire. "No, I

was away-I was in Washington for several years after I married," he said. "But I knew she was very young and very trusting.

"And you mustn't," he went on after a moment, "you mustn't blame your father too much. He was goodhearted; he was a decent fellow in so many ways. But always ungoverned-unable to think out consequences! I've always thought," the kind, quiet voice went on, "that what happened between him and your mother was the result of a single moment of wild emotion-two young things completely deprived for the moment of reason -what is it, Cherry? What's the matter, my child?"

She had gotten to her feet, reel-

the back of a chair. "You said-you said-" she whispered, "that-that your brother Fred-Amy's father .

There was a silence. The judge was standing now too, his face as shocked as her own. "You said that Emma had told you!" "Yes, but not that! Not that! She only said my mothershe didn't tell me anything-she said . . ."

"Cherry!" The man's arm was about her shoulders. "Sit down," he said, "and talk with me a moment. My dear child, you mustn't take it this way! I'm sorry-I'm terribly sorry that I've shocked you!"

She was breathing hard, but she was quieter. Her eyes, very big in her pale face, met his courageously. "It's all right," she said, "I ought to know. I ought to have known before!"

"Emma was my father's nurse and my mother's housekeeper." the man presently said. "She was always a superior person, you can see that. She had been Fred's nurse and mine in the hospital when we were boys, had been widowed and came back as my father's nurse. Her sister Charlotte was much younger, ten or twelve years younger; she met my brother, naturally, she used to be in the house a good deal; Fred was always around. He was married; his wife was expecting a baby of her own when all this happened. There was nothing to be done except make her comfortable and provide for the child. Amy's fortune - you understand? - has nothing to do with my brother. That came through her mother's father. her grandfather Wellington, he left that to her. But what Fred could

do, he did. "The money I have been administering for you was left you by my brother-your father-and in reference to this college plan of yours," Judson Marshbanks went on, in an easier tone but still watching her keenly and anxiously. "I want to remind you that we have a balance -a comfortable balance, and any profession you would like to take

She was not listening. She seemed like a girl made of stone.

"So you see that I am your uncle really and truly," the judge said lightly, affectionately, after a pause. "I know," she whispered with white lips. And then, with a sudden wince of pain that contracted her young face: "Has anyone told

Amy? Does Amy know?" "No. Nobody knows. My mother, myself, Emma. Not another soul.

"Your mother! She was talking of me then, when she said she wouldn't have me in the house!" "Did she say that?" he asked with

a little frown. "Well, you must forgive a proud, unreasonable old woman. Your grandmother too, Cherry."

"My grandmother!" Her eyes were dark with bitter thought. think-thank you so much!-but I think I'll go upstairs. I'm tired." Cherry faltered, and was instantly in his arms sobbing against his shoulder. His hand patted her.

"I know," he said. "I know. It's very hard!" Almost immediately she stopped crying, gulped, fumbled for her handkerchief. "Amy's calling you!" she said thickly, and in another mo-

ment she was gone. She fled upstairs and to her room and to a restless agony of thinkingto walk the floor, to pause, to burst into violent tears again and fling herself on her bed. The injustice of it, humiliation of it, the cruelty of her being one of two sisters who were strangers and whose destinies touched almost the extremes of human contrast, choked and maddened her and she stopped her weeping only to pace the floor again, and again to break into self-pitying

It was eight o'clock, and she was haggard and weary, when she ran downstairs to the telephone upon a sudden desperate impulse and called a Sausalito number.

But when Kelly's heartening, pleased voice answered her, her tears came again and she could hardly make herself coherent:

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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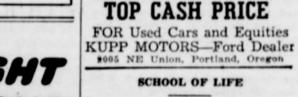
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