

U. S. Steel Reports 1942 Production 28 Per Cent Greater Than World 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 30,000 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 production of steel and other materials needed for the war effort have been undertaken. Fourth, millions of dollars of U. S. Steel's funds have been expended for various facilities contributory to 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 \$1,365,851,862 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. Total cost of \$204 million were 21% more than in the preceding year; while dividends to stockholders remained unchanged. The 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 plane landings on hastily built air fields was solved with the war-time invention by Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, a U. S. Steel subsidiary, of a landing mat, consisting of portable interlocking steel sections. It was pronounced the outstanding development of the year in the field of aviation.

The report reveals that in 1942 one subsidiary, Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, completed more drydocks 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 interesting comparison of the use of U. S. Steel's own 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 used. This compares with a ratio for all industry of 27c of private funds to one dollar of Government funds. In this expansion program, U. S. Steel's private investment was \$282,000,000, as compared with \$436,000,000 of Government funds expended, making a total of \$718,000,000 expended in the program.—Adv.

THE Secret OF THE MARSHBANKS BY KATHLEEN NORRIS W.N.U. RELEASE

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 is 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 instantly. "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!"



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 anything—she said . . ."

and told both girls to come downstairs. "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 hundred.

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 have—well, 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 unguarded—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, reeling, ashen-faced, one hand gripping 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 mother—she didn't tell me anything—she said . . ."

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