

## SURVIVES SHIP TORPEDOING

*A.D.T. Man Rescued After Drifting Sixteen Days in Lifeboat*

When HARVEY DRAKE bade adieu to his pals in Oklahoma City last July, little did he know that he'd be back home in less than a year suffering from frostbite, after surviving one of the most harrowing of all sea adventures.

He traveled the ocean for several months on a United States merchant marine vessel, carrying cargoes to Puerto Rico, New York and England. One night shortly after they had sailed from England, an enemy submarine launched a torpedo which struck the ship head-on two decks below the "monkey-bridge" where Harvey was standing.

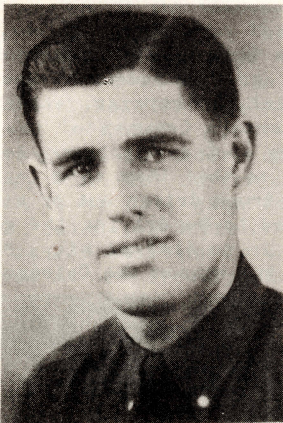
So terrific was the impact, and so numbing the effects, that Harvey was unable to describe his sensations or thoughts later. All he remembers is that he sprinted for the lifeboats and got into one just as it was going over the side with twenty-two men.

The boat pulled safely away, loaded with blankets, emergency rations, a sail and a motor. The weather was terrifically cold and there weren't enough blankets to go around, nor enough water to last twenty-two men for sixteen days.

Since thirst was their worst enemy, Harvey said that the men rigged up a condenser by using parts from the boat motor and cans which held the blankets. The cans were filled with salt water, which was then heated, and the steam was caught and run through a long pipe. "When it condensed, we'd catch it in another can and it would be fresh water. We had to quit that two or three days before we were rescued, though. We ran out of matches", Harvey added.

Racked by thirst and exposure to the North Atlantic elements, Harvey and all of his mates, except one, withstood the ordeal.

That man died very suddenly only the day before they were rescued by a United States destroyer. He was given as decent a sea burial as possible, and the men sang hymns and read from the Bible.



HARVEY DRAKE

When the destroyer sighted and picked up the forlorn little party, each man was given a Red Cross packet containing warm, dry clothing and a shaving kit.

"That's one thing the Red Cross is doing that's sure fine," Drake said.

The destroyer took them to Newfoundland where half the survivors were hospitalized. Drake finally got back home to see his wife and mother and is there now, under a doctor's care for severe frostbite of hands and feet.

But he'll be okay. Right now all he thinks about is soaking up as much of the Oklahoma sunshine as he can get into his pores.

## REPORTS FROM THE WAR ZONE

With a trusty Garand rifle by his side, LOUIS PFEUFFER of the A.E.F. in North Africa, has been bedding in carrot patches and olive groves not to mention the hot desert sands. He eats and sleeps with his beloved weapon always present and confesses he wouldn't take a step without it.

No doubt his adventures have been numerous, for in a somewhat laconic P.S. he says, "We have met the enemy."

The Arabs are friendly and oolig-ing and the boys do quite a bit of bargaining with them. According to Louis, morale is high, and he ex-

pects a speedy finish to the campaign.

Louis ended his letter rather abruptly to go on sentry duty, but the New York Plant hopes for further reports from their former associate.

Staff Sergeant FRANK DARNER's post-card message from North Africa to the Chicago Operating Department, seems somewhat enigmatic, since he says, "Will have lots to talk about when I see you. Hope to be seeing you in the very near future. From what I have seen of this place it is the land of opportunity."

He must be having a tremendously exciting time for he is with an Army Air Force Bombardment Group.



BILL HOLLOWAY & BOSOM COMPANION

The censor went to work with scissors and regulations and did a little cutting on BILL HOLLOWAY's letter from "Somewhere in the \_\_\_\_\_", but if you look closely at the pulchritudinous damsel on Bill's knees, you'll notice that she isn't any Eskimo.

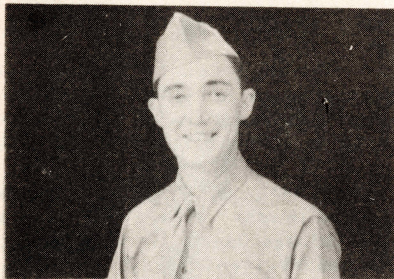
Bill hails from the Los Angeles Plant Department, but the Executive Office was highly pleased to receive a letter from him, enclosing the picture, and chock-full of news which was evidently censorable. We're quoting Bill when we say that he has "met the enemy and beat hell out of them." He is with the Headquarters Company of an overseas infantry division.

Bill adds that the boat he traveled on was equipped with an A.D.T. Waterflow Alarm.

## Keen About The Air Corps

In talking to BOB FALLER's wife the other day (Lillian Boyle of the New York Plant Department) she gave us some news about her husband.

Bob left the Executive Office Accounting Division a couple of months ago to join the U.S. Army Air Corps, and went to Miami Beach for his basic training. He stayed there only a month, and before he knew it, had been whisked across the country to Warner, Oklahoma, where he has been assigned to the Air Corps Administrative School. He's keen about his duties, and writes to Lillian frequently to keep her up-



P.F.C. ROBERT FALLER

to-date on his activities. We think he's a lucky fellow to have such a sweet and attractive wife.

Bob recently became a P.F.C.

## Engineers Send Greetings

Soldiers came and soldiers went, but Captain ERNIE GRUTERS seemingly stayed on forever at Camp Edwards, Mass., missing out on all the excitement. He wrote the New York Engineering Division, his former office, that all his men had been transferred to parts unknown, and he was feeling pretty unhappy. However, the Army took pity on him and transferred him to Ft. Eustis, Va., which meant a change of scenery, even though he will stay there a year before going overseas.

Meanwhile we hope he'll console himself with the thought that we think he's doing just as big a job training Uncle Sam's Army as he would be if he were pitching into the Axis personally.

Another New York Engineering Division man who has been faithfully reporting his activities to the home front is Pvt. WARREN HICKS with the Army Air Forces Technical Training School out in Sioux Falls, S.D. We'll let Warren speak for himself, since his sense of humor is undaunted by the rigors of Army life, and we got a big kick out of the way he expresses things:

"Greetings from the land of the wide open spaces where the soldiers howl and it never goes below 70 degrees below zero. This is guaranteed by the Chamber of Commerce.

"My schedule is pretty good. I have only seven hours of school and

two hours of exercise. The exercise is to be certain our blood doesn't congeal altogether.

"I was glad to hear about all my old friends now in the service. From the percentage in the Navy, it would appear they consider that a better branch to serve in than the Army. Well, there's the old saying, 'If it wasn't for the Navy, God knows where the Army would be.'

Sorry we haven't space for all of Warren's letter, but he's now studying radio maintenance, circuit theory and code, which he finds very interesting, and winds up by saying that all in all, life in an army camp isn't so bad.

In a letter written a couple of months ago (the latest news we have from him), ED SOPCZAK, attached to Headquarters Company of the 411th Infantry at Camp Claiborne, La., informed us that they were trying to make a truck driver out of him. He expected to be driving the general around in no time at all. Perhaps that's the reason the Chicago-Main

Operating Department haven't heard from Ed since.



Pvt. ED SOPCZAK



HAROLD SISCO

HAROLD SISCO's record with A.D.T. consists of fifteen years service in the Paterson, N.J. Operating Department, before leaving to join the Navy in June, 1942. He started with the company in 1927 as a relief operator and was night service supervisor at the time he enlisted in the armed forces.

Latest reports from his office indicate he has finished training at Newport, Rhode Island, and now has attained a 3rd class petty officer rating, assigned to the U.S.S. Altair.

## WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR . . . . .

...Sure, we're fighting for freedom and the American way of life; for the continuance of our democratic ideals; for equality, fraternity and brotherhood. We all know those things. But in our hearts, they become not so much the broad issues which affect us collectively, as the every-day activities which, tied together, have made us a great democracy. Because of them, the Constitutional rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," have indeed become the heritage of every American.

Take Joe Smith from Brooklyn. He's riding over the hot desert sands in an American tank...he's battling for democracy...only democracy is a big word...boil it down and to him it might mean the thrill he gets when Brooklyn's Bums score a victory over the New York Giants; the fun he has eating hot dogs and riding the 'coasters at Coney Island; his awareness of being just one of several millions of free men in a large and famous city peaceably housing a conglomeration of all races, colors, creeds. Like the others, he lives his life according to the precepts of his own conscience; he worships in his own way; he chooses his own vocation; he sends his kids to public schools. He and the fellow next door might disagree on many points of religion, ethics and family ideals - but they're friends. Maybe he never heard of the democratic principle expressed by a Frenchman named Voltaire back in 1764... "I disapprove of what

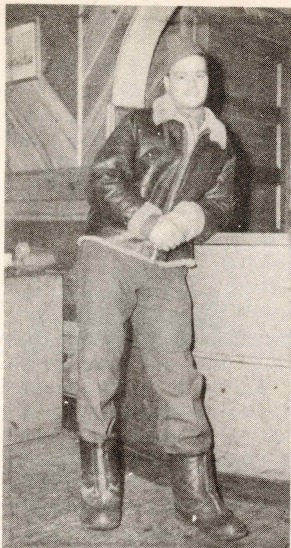
you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." Nevertheless, he and several million other Americans adhere to that concept every day of their lives.

That's one of the things we're fighting for.

Then, there's Bill Kolowsky from Idaho - now a gunner on a Naval "battlegon." He's already sent Axis planes spinning to a fiery end and a watery grave... ask him why he's doing it. He might say, vaguely, that he's only doing his duty, fighting for the rights of all free people. What he really means is that he's fighting to preserve what his father before him built with his own bare hands...the right to dig into the rich brown soil and plant corn and potatoes to feed his family...one of the many rights he acquired when he emigrated from a land where he was starved and oppressed.

Ask George Jones, a young negro, why he left his comfortable home in a Chicago suburb to rain bombs on Hirohito and Hitler. He was a well-to-do author and lecturer before he joined the army. He'd tell you that "equality and fraternity" are worth fighting for.

Liberty, Democracy, Freedom... call it by any name you choose... we're all striving to crush the Axis heels who have threatened to wedge their cruelty and intolerance into a "government of the people, by the people and for the people"...and we all are determined that what we're fighting for "shall not perish from the earth."



One day Pvt. JOHN J. VALENTINE, member of a Coast Artillery Barrage Balloon outfit at Camp Raco, Michigan, had occasion to long for an A.D.T. fire alarm. Somebody yelled "fire" and the whole camp responded to fight the flames with no help from the fire department, thirty miles away in Sault Ste. Marie.

John says that three hundred soldiers handled the situation expertly, forming a human chain to pass water buckets down the line, while soldiers with gas masks and fire extinguishers also battled the blaze. The boys showed themselves equal to the emergency, for all was well within a couple of hours.

Leaving Camp Raco for Ontario, Canada, where he now is stationed, John waxes eloquent about his new quarters. What seems to impress him most is the fact that right across the street from his barracks there are houses with real people AND girls.

However, his job keeps him busy twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and an "alert" is liable to sound at any hour, which means grabbing helmet, gas mask, cartridge belt and rifle before taking to the balloons for active duty.

His attire looks like it was designed for frigid weather, and as John himself says, "I'm finished with hikes, drilling, marches, retreat, etc., and am really a soldier now." (New York Plant Dept.)

## Officer Candidate

In a recent letter to the Detroit Operating Department, Sgt. OWEN CROSSLIN admits that the best intentions often go astray, and to make up for the resolutions he neglected to follow up, he gives out with a long, newsy letter from Headquarters Division at Camp Adair, Orgeon.

He has been accepted for Officers' Candidate Infantry School, and awaits the next quota in which he hopes he will be included. He'll probably train at Fort Benning, Georgia.

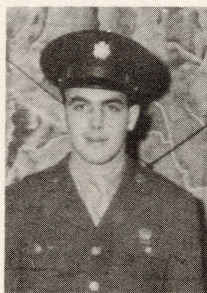
## VISITED THE NEW YORK OFFICE

Everyone at the Executive Office was pleased to see JOHNNY FURNEISEN home on furlough from the U.S. Marine Corps base at the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Florida. He looked fit as a fiddle and a credit to the Marines.

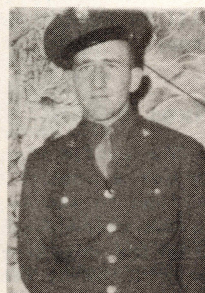
We're a little mad at him, however, for he slipped away without letting us take his photograph -- his excuse was that he didn't have on his full dress uniform, and he wouldn't dream of having a picture in "Our Folks..." dressed in anything less imposing. Privately, we suspect he is a bit camera-shy.

The idea of the seasoned veteran sergeants of the Marine Corps training "lady Leathernecks" at Parris Island tickles Johnny no end. He says they sure will have to watch their language!

Johnny swims every day in the lovely blue Florida waves, but believe it or not, this former New York Accounting Division boy says his secret ambition is to be stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.



GEORGE KUTCHINSKI



ROBERT KERR

A.D.T.'s New York Office has been in a festive state with visits from boys now in the service. We caught two former Manufacturing Division boys with the company camera -- Pvt. ROBERT KERR and Pvt. GEORGE KUTCHINSKI.

Bob was home on furlough from Camp Breckenridge, Ky., and George came all the way from Camp Chafee, Ark.

HENRY ("HANK") DENNIS, New York Plant, dropped in to see the folks several weeks ago, after returning from the Pacific battle area, where he told us he had seen some action. He expects to be in the U.S.A. a while longer, and meanwhile is doing a little traveling. When he left New York he went out to Chicago, visited our office there, then went on to Denver, Colorado, where he stopped to send the Executive Office a post card.

He promises us a return visit shortly, and we're going to nab him for a picture and more details concerning his present activities.

Tanned, healthy and "raring to go" after ten months training in the Infantry at Ft. Jackson, S.C., P.F.C. THOMAS HUGHES dropped by the New York Office recently to say hello

to his old boss, A.H. Schweizer, assistant superintendent of the Manufacturing Division, and all his other friends. After intensive training, including two months spent on maneuvers, Tom enjoyed his nine-



A.H. SCHWEIZER & TOM HUGHES

day furlough before embarking for further desert maneuvers somewhere in Arizona.

He's with the 77th Division Infantry, which will be remembered as the famous "lost battalion" of the last war, but confesses that his real ambition is to join the Air Corps as a fighter pilot.

## ATTENTION! A.D.T. MEN IN SERVICE!

Yes, we mean you. This time WE'RE calling on YOU, for we need your help. So many of you have written to tell us that you look forward to receiving OUR FOLKS IN THE SERVICE. Well, we look forward to sending it to you; in fact nothing could stop us! However, since OUR FOLKS... is a bulletin of, about, and for A.D.T. men in the armed forces, it depends on news from you personally to fill its pages.

Now we know you're busy. Some of you are much too busy licking the Axis even to drop us a post card (if you had a post card!) But how about those of you who could spare an occasional moment to tell us what you are doing? Did you write that letter to your home office? Did you send the snapshot to be used in OUR FOLKS...?

Maybe you wondered why your name wasn't mentioned in last month's issue. The reason was simple. We had no NEWS from you. So, come on be a swell guy. Tell us all about yourself, what you do, what you think, what you're studying. And, don't forget, we welcome any suggestions or ideas you may have to add to or improve OUR FOLKS... We're going to publish it monthly now, so we need just that much more material.

## Correction Please!

Is our face red! It seems that there was a case of "mistaken identity" on page six of the March issue of "Our Folks..." A snapshot was reproduced bearing the name of J.F. RAUSCH of the St. Louis Plant, BUT the picture was really LAWRENCE C. FINKE, now serving in Africa. Both boys are from the St. Louis Plant Department.

Our most sincere apologies go to both P.F.C. Rausch and P.F.C. Finke for this error. Fred Rausch just sent us a snapshot, and we're printing it below so you all can see what he really looks like!



P.F.C. FRED RAUSCH

## BRIEF BITS

JOSEPH KENNEDY (Executive Office Engineering) has gone on to Ordnance Repair School in Quantico, Va., after completing a course in fire control at Newport, R.I.

The Lansing Operating Department was pleased to receive a letter from their former associate, Lieut. MARVIN MURPHY, now keeping busy in the coast artillery at Fort Worden, Wash.

ELMER LEROY RINE, seaman 3/C, from the Buffalo Plant, is attending Fire Control School at the Navy Yard, Washington, D.C.

Cpl. EDWARD J. MEYER (Rochester Operating) wrote us a nice letter from Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, where he is stationed with the U. S. Army.

MICHAEL J. CHRIST, electrician's mate 2/C, has evidently been moving around with the U.S. Navy for his mail has been chasing him all over the place. (Baltimore Plant)

P.F.C. ROBERT HAGEN of the Jersey City Operating Department welcomed an addition to his family, recently. He has a son, named after his Daddy, and we all join the Jersey City Office in sending congratulations to Bob Sr. and Mrs. Hagen.

Bob Sr. Has been transferred from Amarillo Field, Texas, to the Boeing Air Factory in Seattle, Washington.

JOSEPH F. BYRNE, seaman 2/C (New York Supply) was transferred from San Diego, Cal., to Toledo, Ohio.

CHARLES F. SHELLER (New York Supply) has become a fireman 1/C and

transferred from Houston, Tex., to New Orleans, La.

## Missing In Action

We deeply regret to announce that the Chicago Plant Department has reported that GEORGE M. GRAHAM, JR., gunner's mate on a U.S. merchant ship, is missing in action.

He enrolled in the Navy May 20, 1942, and received his training at the U.S. Naval Station at Great Lakes, Ill.

George is one of the first A.D.T. men to lose his life in the line of duty, and the entire company joins together to extend deepest sympathies to his family.

## Recovering

We hear from Mrs. William G. Foerch, that Captain FOERCH is now on the road to recovery after undergoing an appendectomy on March 24, at his station at the Army Depot in Marietta, Pa.

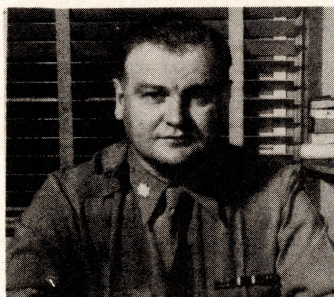
The long Island City Office and the entire A.D.T. company hope he will be back on his feet again very soon.

## Fixes 'Em Up

The outfit of which Pvt. JOHN BUZA is now a member might well be described to the layman as a "fix-em-up-and-tear-em-apart" group, for he's with the Engineers Corps, training at Fort Lewis, Washington.

John says that his outfit handles construction work of all types, including the building of pontoon bridges to carry heavy trucks across a river. They also are equipped to destroy objects which might be of value to the enemy, and work with dynamite and TNT on their demolition problems.

(Cleveland, Ohio Plant Dept.)



Army Air Corps photo

Lieut.-Col. A. EARL SMITH is an A.D.T. man who has literally gone "all out" for victory. He is quartermaster and transportation officer at the Army Air Base in West Palm Beach, Florida, and in addition holds the job of post rationing officer for OPA.

Colonel Smith did more than his bit in the last war, also, for he served in France for twenty-three

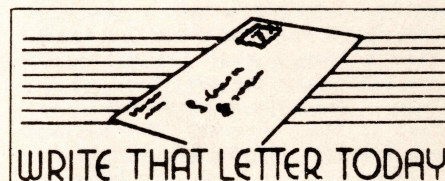
months as a first lieutenant, then was promoted to the rank of captain. His decorations include the Victory Medal, the Croix de Guerre and the Army of Occupation in Germany Medal.

Prior to World War II he was on the New York headquarters staff of Gen'l Commercial Sup't Haugh.

## Island Paradise

New Guinea must be a truly beautiful spot, judging from ecstatic letters we have received from several A.D.T. men now over there.

Cpl. HORACE E. WEBB, former Kansas City guard-operator, now with a Bombardment Squadron, writes in glowing terms of the height of the mountains and the waterfalls. One of them even beats our own Niagara, which is going some, we provincials say! When Horace finds the time he gets in a little swimming at the foot of the waterfall. It seems to be his only relief from the oppressively hot climate. He says he longs for the nice cold weather we've been having in the U.S.A., but we in the colder states would probably have changed places with him gladly in February or March!



Remember the recent motion picture, "The Immortal Sergeant"? There was a scene during the first few reels which expressed more vividly than mere written words just how much value men overseas place on a bag of mail from home.

A company of war-weary, unkempt, bored British soldiers were lying around with no interest in anything except the prospect of a good night's sleep. Suddenly, the bugler sounded mail call and every man was galvanized into action.

"Mail from home, buddy!" Those happy words brought them milling about the corporal in charge, who tossed letters and packages to the lucky ones.

Vanished is the air of indifference, the effect of weariness. Who would think that a few words scrawled on a piece of paper, a simple package of food wrapped up, a magazine sent, could mean so much to them?

But the War Department (who ought to know) considers the transportation of mail to the fighting fronts second in importance only to the food supply! So, write that letter, send that package, mail that snapshot, TODAY. Uncle Sam will see that it gets there!