

MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Abraham Lincoln once said that a person is just about as happy as he makes up his mind to be—that it isn't what you do, or where you live, but just the way you look at it. Everything is relative: You have a toothache and you think if it would just stop hurting you would be perfectly happy—if you don't have a toothache then you think if something else would happen you would be happy. There is a humdrum supposition that life is of necessity nine-tenths tedium, but my Philosophy of Life is that you get back just about what you put into it, and that contentment and happiness are wherever you make them and are not controlled entirely by external conditions. Some days you feel happy and gay and so you smile at folks and they smile back and all around you there is a happy atmosphere, but on the other hand if you look gloomy and make remarks about how things are not so good then you are inviting the same sort of gloomy expressions from others so you find yourself surrounded by gloom. This may sound as if a person should never express even a critical opinion but that is not what I mean: It is just that the people who look on the bright side of things are usually the people who go places and the people who are liked and who contribute something towards making the world a pleasanter place in which to live. There is, of course, a place for righteous indignation and constructive criticism but if you go around complaining about everything nobody will listen when there is really something that needs cleaning up. Everybody has times when they feel blue or confused or disillusioned but as that is usually about something personal if we could only remember to keep quiet about it we would be better off because it is a known fact that people are not interested in anybody's complaints but their own. Look around you and see if this is not true. You know, the definition of a bore is, "The person who tells you how he feels when you ask him." So try spreading a little cheer around and find out how quickly you are surrounded by cheerful people.—At least this is my philosophy of life and if I don't always live up to it I still believe it will work nine out of ten times.

STRETCHING RUBBER

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acres in the spring of 1943 and harvest the crop in the fall of 1944, with a yield of 12,000 tons available for use in early 1945. By 1946, this production should rise to 75,000 tons available for 1947 use.

As the plant yields seed after one season in the field, a rapidly increase acreage is possible both in the southwestern section of the United States and in northern Mexico, its native habitat. American ingenuity will come to the front in making full use of its mechanical devices for planting, harvesting, and extracting the rubber from the plant after it has matured.

Synthetic Rubber

Production of synthetic rubber requires metals now scarce for machinery and equipment, as well as the construction of new plants for producing the ingredients.

The private output of this product has doubled annually for several years. The Government program, based on butadiene from oil, is tied in with the program for aviation gasoline and for toluene.

Revisions of quantities desired under this synthetic program have been made from this time to time as changing world events altered the picture. At present, we are aiming for a production rate of 700,000 tons by the end of 1943.

Synthetic rubber is the shortest

Do We Want To Lose This War?

Do we want to lose this war? Of course, we do not. But there are so many of us with attitudes that will ultimately result in our defeat if these attitudes aren't changed—corrected. These persons we term, "self-righteous traitors."

Who are the self-righteous traitors, you ask? They are those persons who grumble and complain because they are deprived of the luxury of risking their necks on congested highways . . . those persons who must have their second cup of coffee regardless of the rationing program . . . those who can't stand things unless they are drippy-sweet . . . those who demand "cokes" when the drug stores can't get syrup . . . etc.

Now what about your attitude? Are you behind the boys in the military service 100% Are you buying all of the war bonds and stamps you can buy? Are you co-operating with the rationing and salvaging programs to the best of your ability? And perhaps most of all, what about your attitude, your patriotic expressions or lack of patriotic expressions?

As we begin to feel the effects of the war here at home, we begin to realize that we must make sacrifices. And no matter how great our sacrifices are, can they be half so great as those the boys on the front lines are making? When you are asked to do your part, remember that this is a total-war, an all-out war . . . that materials used in every day life must be limited to insure victory in this war of survival . . . that only through Victory can we have liberty, justice, and most of all, happiness for all. Think it over . . . We don't want to lose this war, do we?

ON THE JOB EVERY DAY

As an American workman, conscious of my obligation to the men of the armed forces who are risking their lives that my freedom may endure, I solemnly declare and affirm that—

1. I will be at my job every scheduled day, my health permitting.
2. I will safeguard my health in my hours off the job so that, absence from work will not result from intemperance or neglect of my physical condition.
3. I will not, without due notice, absent myself from my work and thus cause to stand idle any equipment which might otherwise be producing its full capacity of urgently needed war materials.
4. When absence is unavoidable, I will notify my foreman in advance, that he may make provision to maintain uninterrupted production on my job.
5. I fully understand that absence from my essential work may jeopardize the life and safety of a friend or a friend's son who has taken his place in the face of the enemy.
6. I affirm that I shall be unworthy of my right as an American citizen if I become negligent in regular attendance on my job.
7. I will be guided by the full realization that if I do not do my share to produce for victory, my fellow workers may regard me as one who shirks his duty in this fight for freedom.
8. I know how gigantic is the task of myself and my fellow workmen in matching the production of the enemies of my country and my people.
9. I cannot expect nor shall I deserve the respect and the friendship of my fellow Americans if I do not take seriously my responsibility to be punctual and regular in my attendance at work.
10. Even though my individual job may be small, I realize that it is essential.
11. I appreciate the fact that, if I am undependable and irregular in attendance at my work, I may help to bring upon myself and my faithful fellow workers inevitable regulations which would deprive all who work of certain freedoms and privileges which we now enjoy.
12. My sense of duty to my country will not permit me to shirk the work which I am now called upon to do to protect this country which has given me a better way of life than workers enjoy anywhere else in the world.
13. I will do my part to convince other workmen who may be indifferent to the need of regular attendance at work that America deserves their faithful service.
14. I will regard as unfair to me the negligence of a fellow worker who may by his absence from work, prevent me from doing by full duty.
15. I re-affirm my faith in America and dedicate myself to the regular punctual and dependable performance of my full share of the work required to make my country "the arsenal of democracy," the liberator of oppressed people throughout the world, and the defender of freedom.

Therefore, I take as my pledge the voluntary pledge of that hero of the first World War who, before he died in battle inscribed in his diary these words:

"America must win this war. Therefore, I will work, I will sacrifice, I will endure. I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost, as if the issue of the whole struggle depended on me alone."

ROBINS

Forty-two percent of a robin's diet is insect matter, 58% is vegetable matter. But wait a minute. You probably are about to say every time you see a robin he is hunting worms. Somebody said, "A robin eats 68 worms a day," but we have also been told that worms are not their main course by any means. It's great what some people know about birds. Imagine checking on the amount of berries, bugs, worms a bird eats. They also claim that a robin will eat 40% more than its own weight in a single 12 hour day. Robins eat cherries—plenty of them in season. Plant a cherry tree in your backyard and when the cherries are ripe look at your tree once in a while if you want to see robins. Having a cherry tree is like placing cheese in smelling distance of mice or beautiful blondes in a convention city. But if you want to keep your cherries, plant mulberry trees near your cherry tree, so they tell us. Why? Robins like mulberries better than cherries. Then you can have all the cherry pie you want—if you can get your better half to make a cherry pie.

And to prove that you may see the same robin year after year, the average life of a robin, barring accidents, is six years, although some robins have been known to live as long as twelve years.

Here's something else about that bird we are always glad to see after a hard winter. In 1913 robins were considered game birds in the South. People shot them for food until the Federal Migratory law made killing robins illegal. Now a robin is a robin in every section of the country and, according to law, has a right to live and enjoy itself eating worms, bugs, berries—and cherries.

Refining Shift B

We heard a few days ago that our little soldier boy, Jimmie Sledge, is deep in the heart of Texas. A 2nd Lieutenant walked up to Sledge the other day and said, "Private Sledge, what would you do if you saw a battleship come steaming through the drill field toward you?" Jim answered, "Sir, I would throw a sixteen inch shell in this rifle and blow it to kingdom come." Lieutenant, "Don't you know it is impossible to put sixteen inch shells in that rifle?" Jim, "Sure I do sir, and didn't you know that it is impossible for a battleship to come steaming through this drill field?" . . . It all happened at the banquet held in the cafeteria the evening of May 1st. We haven't found out for sure what kind of dance "Speedy" called that night but it must have been that new twist they added to Rumba called Rumbling. It certainly had a strong effect in the refining room. Our little beaters tried to keep time with the big ones and couldn't make it so they all kicked out until the rumbling was over . . . So far Al holds the record in the Fish Derby. He caught a whopper the other day measuring 7½ inches and in case anyone doubts it, he had a picture made of it for proof . . . Someone said in the Refining Room the other day that it is a relief to know that you don't have to run all over the Beater Room to borrow a pencil since Bill Cauble's four kids are out of school . . . Anyone who would like to join the Liars' Club see Worley or Cathey . . . So far we haven't found anyone who can beat them . . . Love has made a new discovery. You don't get half so many splinters in the stock from a pencil as you would from a paddle . . . In regard to the fire we fought so desperately in Pisgah Forest, I would like to say that special care of camp fires and cigarette stubs are absolutely imperative. As you know, it doesn't take long for a small fire to get out of control. Thousands of acres of our beautiful mountain scenery is now in charred ruin, and a lot of our game is destroyed. The fires occurred during hatching season and of course, the eggs and the young of the turkeys and pheasants were destroyed. The game that escaped the fire will take refuge elsewhere away from their old feeding grounds and most of the fish will die from the lye in the ashes that will wash down into the streams. It will take several years to stock the forest as it once was. The Pisgah Mountains and the pink beds are famous throughout the nation for rare flowers and beauty. You can travel east and west of the Rockies and you won't find a more beautiful place than Pisgah National Forest. Let's be more careful with our matches and small fires so that we may help protect our game preserves and at the same time save the Government the expense of fighting fires. It will take Nature many, many years to replace the beauty that the fire has destroyed in ten days.

The present program calls upon industry to turn out almost as many planes in the next year as were produced in aviation's entire history before 1939.

road to large supplies. By the end of 1942, the rate of output should be around 100,000 tons annually. Actual output during 1942 and 1943 will, of course, be far less than the year-end rates.

Essential Services Come First

In Napoleon's day an army traveled on its stomach. In these days the army travels upon tires; and it takes a large supply of them to put the army where it will afford the most protection for us. The army must unquestionably come first. And even then, ordinary citizens cannot come in for their share; for next, the essential vehicles must be served—such vehicles as fire engines, ambulances, police cars, doctors' cars, and many

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