



THE
MARTIN STAR



VOL. I

FEBRUARY 1942

NO. 1



A Message from the Chief

IT is unfortunate that this prideful magazine, conceived in days of peace, has to be born under the dark clouds of war. I wish that my first message to you in these pages might be a cheery one; that I might dwell on a happier present, and the brilliant future that I am certain still lies ahead for us.

But the grave situation we face leaves me no choice but a serious note. All that we hold dear as a free people, all that our forefathers died to win for us is at stake. American blood is being shed every day, American lives lost; American civilians are at the mercy of ruthless enemies. The foes we face are powerful, determined, bent upon establishing a new world order hateful to us. Victory will come, but it will be hard-bought—make no mistake about that.

No one has to ask loyalty or patriotism or willing effort of us. That was pledged by each of us in our own

hearts on December 7, 1941—a day that will be written in red in the pages of history. Nor do I presume to add fuel to those fires.

But let us set our sights calmly. Let us consider our own place in this struggle and fix it firmly in our own minds. This is a machine-made war. The balance of power from the start has rested on air power. Air power is bombardment aviation. Air power is the ability to rain death and destruction from the skies. Air power has silenced mighty citadels, demoralized splendid armies, shattered great cities, sunk proud battle-ships.

America must have air power—second to none. Nothing is more important, not only to our own country, but to world civilization. To us and a few companies like us

America and the world's free people look for that might. Every bomber we turn out shortens the conflict. Every delay means American lives and vast property destruction.

Who, then, has a more important mission in this war than we? As Soldiers of Industry we can strike decisive blows for freedom.

But because we are vital, because we forge the weapons that will beat him down, the enemy will not ignore us. He will hurt us if he can. We have seen whole countries weakened for the kill by the Trojan Horse within—spies and saboteurs and propagandists. These must be the concern of every one of us, even while we bend our every effort toward production.

Ours is a responsibility equal to that of the soldier at the front, the sailor on the seas and the combat pilot above the clouds.

Glenn L. Martin



THE MARTIN STAR

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HITCH YOUR WAGON

TODAY we dedicate this journal of an organization grown too great for the word of mouth longer to suffice in our common dealings. Time was when all Martin folk knew each other; when there was a close personal bond between us. But now we are one of the great industrial concerns of the nation, with the most important job in the world to do. Our numbers have been multiplied, our activities scattered over a wide area.

It is essential that we preserve our personal ties. It is necessary that we know what is going on. It is important that we understand the common aims so that our individual contributions, large or small, may be given full effect.

It is to this end that THE MARTIN STAR is dedicated, and so it will be directed in future months and years. It will report on our larger efforts, but it will not neglect our lighter side. It will attempt a blow-by-blow description from the war zones to tell us how our bombers are doing in our fight for freedom. It will mark our progress at home. It will deal with our people and our recreation and our personal relations.

We have but one yardstick to measure the contents of this chronicle—the mutual interest of Martin employees. The editors of THE STAR will welcome help and suggestions. In each major department is a staff member with a roving eye and an intent ear to catch all that is going on. You can help by passing along information about company and group and individual activity, about achievements and personalities of note.

The Martin community is growing; it will grow even

greater. Around us is being built a veritable city—nucleus of what ultimately will be the second largest municipality in Maryland. Here, then, is common ground upon which we can meet to bind us closer into the single loyal unit we must ever be.

* * *

HIGH STAKES

EVEN in easier times Martin people have met their community and patriotic obligations with a vigor and fine sense of duty that has set an example for the rest of the commonwealth. The annual Community Fund appeal, the Red Cross drive and all the other legitimate demands for help and charity have found Martin over the top.

Today our country is calling for financial aid from every loyal American. Part of that burden we must bear, willy-nilly, through taxes. But only through a mighty effort can we overcome the lead of the Axis powers—an effort that will swamp Hitler and his minions under a tide of war-machine production that they can never hope to match. America will stake her bottom dollar, indeed her last drop of blood, on the outcome, for free Americans could not bear the consequences of a loss of this war.

We are asked, through the Payroll Allotment Plan, to pledge every cent we can spare through purchase of Defense Savings Bonds. We are not *giving* anything; we are *lending* to the best creditor in the world at good interest. We can only lose if we lose our freedom first. Remember, if you have allotted a small amount, *you can still increase it*. Let's do this in true Martin style.



GETTING 'EM FLYING—B-26 Medium Bombers for the Army get final touches in D Building.

NOW WE HAVE REACHED OUR FULL GROWTH

Martin Prepared Early

* * *

America's urgent call for airplanes and more airplanes to meet the scourge of war finds Martin approaching the final stages of its all-out program—a program that was planned long before there were more than rumors of war in Europe.

The plants at Middle River are finished, quadrupling the size of the pre-emergency facilities. Tooling is largely complete, and important production rates have been reached on two of the three major bomber types the company will turn out for the Army, Navy and British in 1942. The third type is already in the production stage. The Glenn L. Martin-Nebraska Company factory is being rushed to completion at Omaha, with tooling already far advanced. Manpower is at the three-quarter mark at Middle River. Research facilities have been multiplied.

Meanwhile, the flow of raw and fabricated materials, long a matter of primary concern, is already increasing and should be accelerated further under the spur of national danger.

Thus has been forged one of the strongest links in the industrial chain by which America expects to manacle the war lords. Even before the aircraft industry had ap-

proached its full facilities, and before its army of skilled craftsmen had been fully recruited, the United States' production of aircraft was nearing the output rate that it took Hitler six years to attain. Every month the rate should be stepped up until the peak surpasses that of any nation or combination of nations in the world.

The Martin growth has been anything but haphazard. Mr. Martin returned from Europe in 1938, convinced that war was inevitable and certain that air power would be the deciding factor. France woke with a start—too late. But in a strenuous effort to aid the French forces, Martin set a world record of construction and production. The C Building was built in 77 days. The first 167F airplane was flown six months from drawing board, and the entire first order of over 100 airplanes was delivered in ten months. A similar contract was finished in six months, and a larger third order was rushed for the French and British. Those bombers have been—and still are—towers of strength for Britain.

When the Axis armies spread like a flame over Europe and President Roosevelt declared a national emergency, the Martin Company was ready. Its plant expansion plans were completed swiftly, and on September 4, 1940, Mr. Martin

broke ground. The company did not wait for emergency plant facility contracts, nor even for airplane contracts, but launched its program with its own money.

A and B Buildings were enlarged. So were Engineering and Drop Hammer Buildings. An entirely new plant was built for production of Army bombers and a huge additional structure completed for assembly of Navy flying boats and commercial air vessels of the future. Hangars and Administration building were built on the Martin Airport.

Meanwhile, the Glenn L. Martin-Nebraska Company operation was decided upon, its factory at Omaha to be virtually a duplicate of Plant 2 and its program to assemble B-26 bombers under the so-called Knudsen Plan, using sub-contractors from the automotive and other industries.

In addition to the Middle River and Omaha plants, Martin extended considerably its rented space in the Baltimore area. Additional floor space was taken over for the Canton Division, a downtown building was leased and an entire floor in another building was taken over for the Glenn L. Martin Engineering Training School. More lately, the company has acquired another division for manufacture of Martin power-operated turrets, and still another building on Lombard Street, besides a miscellany of smaller structures in the Middle River area used for storage.

But brick and steel and concrete do not build airplanes. There had to be trained

Continued on page 11



SHIP WITH WINGS . . .

She'll Be Back . . . Soon!

The *Mars* will be back in circulation around April 1 (may be April 2, if Experimental is superstitious).

No one has been rushing things too much in diagnosing and healing the wounds of the world's largest flying boat; there is too much at stake. Engineering and Laboratory experts went over the mighty patrol bomber inch by inch to detect any weaknesses left by the fire when a propeller blade let go, wrenched No. 3 engine from its nacelle and broke fuel lines.

The damage was severe, it is true, but of minor consequence when the huge investment in time, money and Navy hopes is considered. Investigators left no rivet unturned that might conceivably have been affected by the searing heat. Each part was subjected to rigid tests to be sure of its strength and temper.

Chief injury was done to the forward starboard quarter of the hull, whose skin was badly scorched and some structural members weakened by the flames from the gasoline fire on the water where the engine had dropped into the shallow water. Relatively small damage was done to the massive wing, fortunately, and a spare 2,000-horsepower engine was already on hand when the accident occurred.

So when the "170" takes to the water again, Ken Ebel and his test crew will have no qualms. She will be hale and hearty, and even stronger than before, because Engineering and Experimental simply cannot resist the chance to make

improvements. This time, all avow, there will be no freak accident to mar her progress to the flight stage.

Heralding, as she does, the flying ships of the future, the *Mars* marks another milestone in Martin's development of over-ocean airplanes — a development that began back in 1912, when Glenn Martin made the world's first extended over-ocean flight, to Catalina Island and return, in a frail pontooned biplane, and reached full flower with the Martin Clippers, first of the transoceanic air giants, and the Russian Clipper of 1937, first winged boat capable of non-stop transatlantic commercial flight.

The new leviathan signals the Navy's first experiments with flying warships—a field that is expected to come along rapidly because of the stupendous carrying capacity of flying ships of this and larger sizes, the great patrol range and the heavy defensive armaments that such vessels can afford. The *Mars* can range to Europe and back non-stop. No enemy can bomb her bases because, as Mr. Martin points out, "you can't knock a hole in water."

And more, the *Mars* heralds the means of a vast world commerce by air when dictators are dead and peace comes once more to the world.

Mr. Martin has already declared that the Martin Company can build a 250,000-pound flying ship, able to carry 80 tons of bombs or cargo to Europe at a speed of more than 300 miles per hour at any time that there is a demand for it. The preliminary designs have already been worked out.

And By The Way---

Superstitious Martineers have thrown away their rabbits' feet and amulets. Now they rub the right ears of Benny Zelubowski and Sam Baker. It was past these two aural flaps that the prop blade whizzed when it knifed clean through the control cabin of the *Mars*. Benny, the Experimental foreman under Joe Barnickel, who directed the building of the ship, is a top-notch flight engineer, and was serving as such when the accident occurred. Baker was helping him, when the blade came through, bent the corner of the flight engineer's panel, showered both men with splinters and whisked through the port side of the hull.

All right! All right! You'll get your durn first covers. Thirteen thousand of them are reposing in four mail bags in the vault. And no more cracks about the speed of air mail, please.

Cheers for the *Mars* and service boat crews and the Protection smoke-eaters who blitzed the blaze so promptly.

Incidentally, has anyone identified the hopeful gent who stood in the starboard aft door and sent little wisps of CO₂ toward the fire—a good 50 feet away?

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

"Target for Tonight." Opens at Roslyn February 6. "Joe Smith, American." Opens at Century February 5.



Top to bottom:

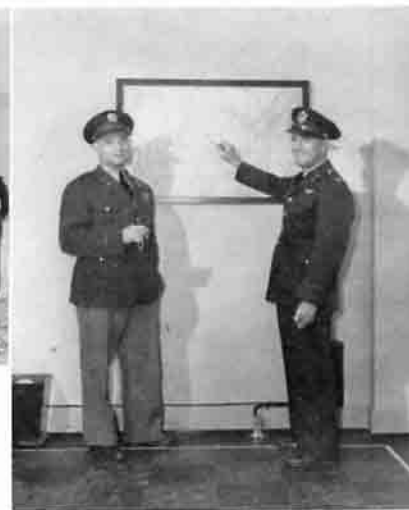
TEST PILOT. Ken Ebel tries out a new craft.
WOMAN'S PLACE. The girls are handling hundreds of aircraft jobs at Martin's.
MERRY CHRISTMAS. The Navy office people had bells on their toes.
THE JOLLY SCOTS. Factory Superintendent Robert Young and Factory Manager Thomas B. Soden are both natives of Scotland.
THEY DO WELL. Negro craftsmen at Canton Division.

Top to bottom:

DEVOTION. Captain Buckman and other guards paid no heed to ice water when the *Mars* was afire.
LADY ENGINEERS. Left to right, Frances Dodge, Mary Warther, Mary Elizabeth Miller and Jean Bond.
No. 30,000. Personnel Director Siemon, Executive Vice-President Hartson and President Martin welcomed George N. Schoepflin as milestone was reached.
INDOMITABLE. Just one of the many scenes as Martin employees took their Oath to the Flag—flags purchased with their own money.

Top to bottom:

STILL HEARTY. Personnel Chief Siemon and comrades congratulate Ellsworth Luburg, Tool Room, on his seventy-fifth birthday.
AW, COME ON! Manufacturing Vice-President Vollmer should let us in, if it's all that good.
AMEN. Joe Read forms the three-dots-and-dash and the V symbols of Victory on ink-stained fingers in the fingerprint room.
CAN'T MISS. Hitler, Japan and Mussolini are the targets for Evelyn Horn's darts in Small Parts' new game.
ALL IN THE FAMILY. Five Friedel brothers and five brothers-in-law and cousins are all Martin skilled workers. They have a total of 82 years.



Top to bottom:

THE LIGHTER SIDE. A scene at the Engineering dance.
SCHOOL DAYS. Engineers from automotive sub-contractors are taught plane-making at Martin's.
HOME ON WHEELS. One of the Martin families in the Trailer City are Mr. and Mrs. Eugene L. Payne. A thousand new trailers are due.
MARTINEERS ALL. A group of American Legionnaires of Glenmar Post, after presentation of flag and plaque to Mr. Martin.

Top to bottom:

HOUSING. Outstanding low-cost housing communities of nation are Stansbury Estates and Aero Acres. A scene at Stansbury.
TIME MARCHES ON. John Kehm and Frank Soul (Welding) play chess on lunch hour. The game's continued.
CANTON DINNER. Host was Assistant Superintendent Laird; honor guests Factory Manager Soden and Factory Superintendent Bob Young.
GO WEST! So says Capt. Donald I. Perry, Army representative at Baltimore, and Capt. Frank Merrill is off for Omaha to take over.

Top to bottom:

MEN ONLY. Alga DeWitt keeps a student's desk at the dormitories, where two men share each of the bright, comfortable rooms.
THERE'S NO PLACE. The George Murphys are a happy family in their home at Stansbury Estates.
THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC. Maybe it's of doubtful quality, but there's plenty of warbling in the showers at the dormitories.
TIME TO RELAX. And dorm dwellers do, in their recreation rooms. There is one to each dormitory.

BOX KITES TO BOMBERS



How Nation's Oldest Plane Firm Became Also One of Largest

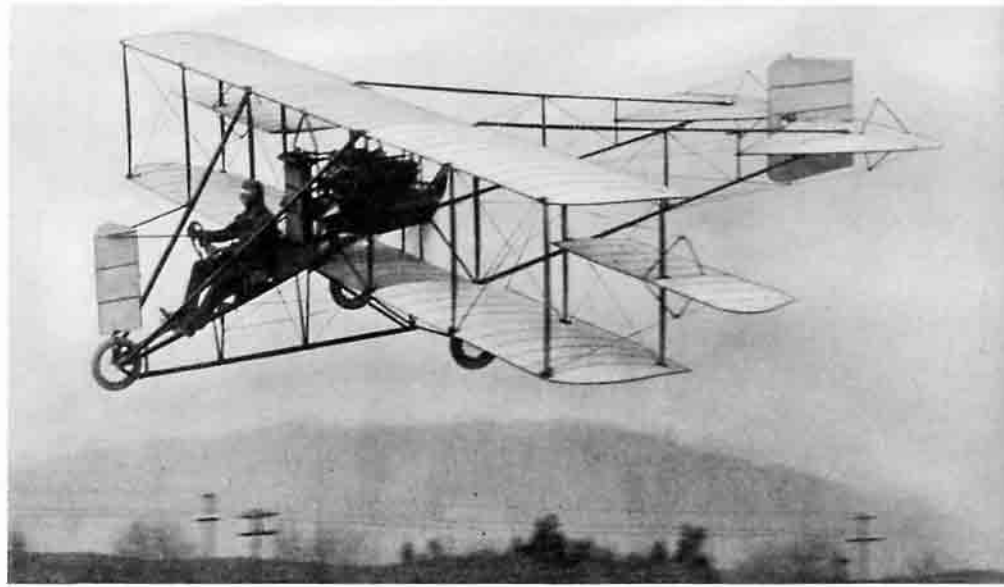
INTRODUCTION

This is the story of a pioneer and the wavering little company he built into one of the most powerful industrial forces in the world—a keystone on which, today, rests much of the responsibility for the survival of civilization in a darkening world.

It is a poignant story that spans the 33-year interval between that day in 1909, when Glenn L. Martin wheeled a frail airplane from his first factory (an abandoned church!), and the turbulent present, with its titanic battles raging above the earth, its far-flung commerce speeding through the skies and its visions of a mighty world trade on the wings of future peace.

Those years saw a struggle against odds that at times seemed insuperable. It was a struggle against the laws of nature, with a terrible penalty for failure. It was a struggle against human emotions—superstition and fear. It was a struggle against old and reactionary institutions that saw only disaster higher than a man could jump. It was a struggle to reconcile three unfriendly old factors — lightness and strength and power.

Yet Glenn L. Martin and the Glenn L. Martin Company rode it out together. Long before the company broke fully into public consciousness, Martin as a personality had become widely known. He was one of the world's most famous aviators. He had taught himself to fly. He competed with the other greats—Lincoln Beachey, Glenn Curtiss, Farnum Fish, Howard Gill and the rest. He set world records. He flew the first air mail. He was among the first to demonstrate the practicability of air express. He did much to develop the parachute. He made the first



Glenn L. Martin preparing to land in one of his early airplanes.

extended over-ocean flight (which his China Clipper was to reenact 25 years later when it became the first over-ocean transport). The public didn't know it, but he threw the first bombs from an airplane in the Army's closely guarded bombing experiments in 1913.

Meanwhile, he poured his prize money back into the company and its little factories grew progressively until, during and shortly after World War I, it became a considerable enterprise and started on its way toward the mighty manufacturing unit it is today. Even before World War I, it had built the first multi-passenger airplane and, with its building of the Army's first training and bombing ship, had launched itself along triple lines as a manufacturer of military aircraft for the United States Army and Navy and for friendly nations.

The brilliance of Martin leadership in development was easily seen. Veritably, its evolution traces the major steps in progress of bombardment aircraft. The company built, among other ships, the best of early Army and Navy training planes. In the war period it built the first twin-engined bomber, which was standard of the Army for a decade—the original Martin bomber. It pioneered the night mail planes. It built the first all-metal seaplane, the first air-cooled-engine bomber, the first alloy steel fuselage, the first successful large plane for aircraft carriers. It brought forward successful torpedo-bombers, and then came through with the first practical dive-bomber, with which the Navy developed the technique which Hitler was to put to such dreadful purpose in the present war. It revolution-

ized military aircraft by producing a bomber 100 miles an hour faster than the fastest bomber of its day and actually as fast as most standard pursuit ships. On the commercial side, it pioneered over-ocean commercial air transport with the famous China Clipper and her sisters.

Such were the major steps, unadorned as yet with the adventure, the strong personalities, the discouragements, the unalterable determination that formed the backdrop of this industrial drama.

And through it all has come a commanding figure—Glenn L. Martin. It is interesting to note that the least perishable asset of any great industry is the name of its pioneer. True, the man himself may be forgotten, even while the multitudes pronounce his name as glibly as ever he did himself.

Some personalities brighten the pages of industrial history along with their names — Watt, McCormick, Franklin, Fulton, Bell, Morse. They are immortal, though they never saw their brain children grow to maturity. Others watched from the shadows of obscurity as their names were emblazoned—pioneers of automobiles, typewriters, engines, sewing machines and such.

A few (oh, so very few!) kept their hands on the controls, steered their names and their companies to the pinnacles of success—duPont, Edison, Ford. In this exclusive category belongs Glenn Martin, the young garage man who harnessed the winds in his youth, developed the fire of technical genius, and had the gumption to develop, as well, his flair for business administration and leadership.



Glenn L. Martin, the boy, champion kite-builder of the Kansas Prairies.

In the next issue will begin the dramatic story behind the history of the Glenn L. Martin Company.

★ WE HAD WITH US YESTERDAY



(Left) Argentine Deputies headed by Speaker Don Jose Luis Cantilo, with Service Manager E. C. Burghduff (center rear).

(Right) Mr. Martin and visitors to Martin housing projects. Left to right, Bror Dahlberg, president of Celotex Corporation; Mr. Martin; Merrill C. Meigs, OPM aircraft production chief; Angus MacDonald, Celotex.



Albert Kahn, architect of most of the Martin plants, with G. A. Wadsworth, assistant field engineer.



Glenmar Post, American Legion, presents plaque to Mr. Martin. Governor O'Connor makes presentation.



Dr. Tomas LeBreton, Argentine Ambassador to Great Britain, with Mr. Hartson (center), Mr. Vollmer (right) and Col. Antonio Parodi, Military Attache (left center).



Miss Caroline Haslett, British engineer and advisor on employment of women in war industries, during visit.



Mrs. Artemus L. Gates, sponsor of the "Mars," with Mrs. Minta Martin, mother of Glenn Martin and known as the "Grand Old Lady of Aviation."



Carl Sandburg, American poet, who wrote the script for OEM's film, "Bomber," taken in Martin plants. (Right) Pilot Sansbury.

Line's Busy---And How!

The proverbial one-armed paperhanger never was more rushed than the Martin company telephone operators.

Mrs. Ruth Davis, chief operator, whose duty it is to keep the crowded switchboards running as smoothly as possible, recently made a check on the number of calls handled. She found that on a good day (a bad day, if you happen to be a telephone operator) some 1,400 incoming calls are handled; 1,540 outgoing calls are made and more than 200 long distance calls filed. The inter-office dial system handles in the neighborhood of 33,700 communications daily and some 360 or

more "miscellaneous" calls are made.

This, according to Mrs. Davis, should explain why sometimes it is difficult to get immediate service. She feels her department is doing a good job, and is high in her praise of the work of her girls—Leola Byerts, Marian Willson, Janice Pepler, Catherine Flaig, Rose Leaf, Evelyn Wilson, Dorothy Erdman and Mary Plato. Anyway, remarkable as it may sound, Martin still has the "Voice with a Smile."

Did you know there are forty-two acres of parking lots at Middle River plants?

Channel Cut Nearly Ready

Nearly completed today is the big job of dredging the water facility near the Martin plants.

The clay taken out of the creek and river bottom is termed by Paul E. Tignor, Martin field engineer, the best material available for airport foundation work. The clay is being pumped to the airport to complete fills needed to extend the field.

When completed, the small bay east of the ramp will be used as a storage basin for the PBM's. The channel will provide easy and safe passage for the big flying boats that Martin will build in the future.

★ ★ HEARD HERE AND THERE

ENGINEERING CO-EDS

The Martin Engineering Training School has now become co-educational with "Professor" Drankowski and his instructors teaching some fifteen young ladies to fill positions on one of the regular projects.

Shades of Buck Rogers! There was the man who called the Engineering Personnel Office twice insisting that he be told where the PBM-6 Engineering Group was located. When it was suggested that he call Blackstone, the magician, at the Hippodrome, he sighed his thanks and hung up.

It may soon become more practical for Engineering Mogul Ebel to open an office in Washington. If the Army and Navy continue to call reserve officers at the present rate, he can carry out the engineering program more efficiently from the armed service headquarters.

Two of our "eligible secretaries," Helen Dobart and Winnie Pontier, are soon to take their nuptial vows.

★ ★ ★

LAGRAND HEADS CLASS

A class in industrial supervision was opened at Kenwood High School on January 15. This class is under the tutorship of Maurice Lagrand, general foreman of the Canton Division. The attendance record showed forty-two men enrolled from the Canton Division. Mr. Lagrand was very much pleased with the response to this course, and said the men all seem willing to do their part.

★ ★ ★

PLANT 2 FINAL RUSHED

Under the supervision of Tom Young, whose right-hand man is Senior General Foreman Francis O. Furman, men in the Final Assembly division at Plant 2 are working twenty hours a day, seven days a week, trying to rush to completion bombers designed to bring headaches to the Japs and their questionable associates.

Chief worry of the Final Assembly division right now is the matter of getting the materials in, according to one of the spokesmen for the group.

Mr. Young has composed an able staff to push things along—William Sadler and William Roche, first shift foremen; Peter Kelly, splicing; John Shandrowski, furnishings; James Pollard, surface; Baxton Hall, surface control; Herman Krickler, sub-assembly; Paul Yanchus, armament; Ed Vermilye, electrical; Michael Rochney, clean-up; Stewart Holmes, shipping, and Ed Raffa, finishing and plating.

S T A R D U S T

★

ORVILLE WRIGHT is working for Glenn Martin! Yes indeed! Right in our Production Department, keeping vendors happy. Puts in a full day of it, too, and he's as spry as a young man in his thirties. Which isn't so surprising, come to think of it, for he *is* in his thirties. It might be added that he's never been to Kitty Hawk; he's not the brother of Wilbur Wright—he's not even a relation. And there's nothing tricky about that name, either. His father had it before the flying Orville was born. So there!

"Can't say it's been a liability," says Martin's Wright. "Fact is, I used to be a salesman and that name on my business card opened a lot of difficult doors." Orville is from Baltimore.

THE LORD gave us two ends—one to sit on and one to think with. The one we use most is the measure of how much we can do to "Get 'em Flying."

HITLER'S SLOGAN is "Keep 'em Spying." Look alive if you want to live!



PLANT 2 BODY HUMMING

Five months ago a major migration took place. Hundreds of men were literally transplanted from Plant 1 to the new structure of Plant 2 a mile and a quarter away. Plant 2 Superintendent James Scott assigned to Norman Stewart the task of transferring the body division.

Mr. Stewart was given the job of assistant superintendent of the Body Division, and in addition to transferring personnel, he had to direct the moving of materials, jigs and fixtures from one plant to the other. One need only visit Plant 2 to realize what a tremendous job that was.

THE CONTACT MAN

Guiding light for new employes is the contact man—and there are a lot of them. He introduces them to their various jobs, gets them started on the way to efficiency. New employes are escorted from the Personnel office to the scene of their future labors by a contact man. They are assigned lockers, acquainted with the system of "ringing in and ringing out," and shown just how to work the time clock.

Rules and regulations of the company are explained to the new employes by the contact man, and he takes the neophytes on a tour of the plant, shows them where to locate hospitals, tool cribs, washrooms and cafeterias, gives them a bird's-eye view of the big job in which each of them will have a share.

Soon after having been introduced to their foremen and group leaders, the men are put to work at their new jobs.

Thoroughly instructed in their work, the contact men frequently are called on to handle the personal problems of the men. It is their job to help keep things running smoothly and efficiently throughout the plant.

Rumor has it that one of our industrial neighbors wants to paint an arrow on its roof, with the legend "Glenn L. Martin Company 5 miles."

★ ★ ★

MARTIN EXPATRIATE

A slightly homesick note came the other day from James M. Tinsley, who was so burned up at the Axis ambitions last fall that he left his job in C Building final assembly and joined the RAF's Civilian Technical Corps in England. He sent along a newspaper clipping showing Martin Marylands in action in Libya and asked that it be posted in C final. Ever since Pearl Harbor, Jim has been aching to come back.

Orange Blossom
Department

MARRIED

Dorothy Sharpe (Engineering) to David Lewis (Engineering), December 20.

Mildred Yowell (Central Pay) to George Angell, December 20.

Ruth Klemm (Central Pay) to David M. Graham, January 16.

Norma Moltz (Production) to Harold Schmidt, January 7.

Nora I. McIntyre (Production) to Harry A. Gunther, Jr. (Central Blueprint Files), January 17.

AROUND THE MARTIN PLANTS

WATCH RONAY!

A Canton alumnus who is being watched by his old comrades is young Alex Ronay. One night last year a dream materialized for the boy. While pitching in a semi-pro, all-star game at Oriole Park Alex was marked by a baseball scout, Peck Ward, of the Baltimore Orioles, for a spring try-out with Tommy Thomas's club.

Ronay has been working at the Glenn L. Martin Company in the Production Department for the past two years.

Although a bit inexperienced, he made a favorable impression upon Thomas and was sent to one of the farm teams so he might better himself. With a year of experience behind him, Alex is looking forward to the coming season with greater confidence.

★ ★ ★

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME!

Anyone noticed a sudden brightening of masculine personal appearance in the factory? According to several foremen and group leaders, there is definitely a change for the better insofar as tonsorial status is concerned. Rapidly disappearing from the scene are the two-day growths of whiskers, down-around-the-collar hair and the never-too-clean shirts and trousers.

"Must be the women," says one. Ever since girls started working in the factories the men dress better, shave oftener and resort to sulphurous language less frequently.

★ ★ ★

From little Dutch Hans,
With his finger in the dike,
To the doughty Roosevelts,
We've never seen the like.

When they've a job to do,
Be it little or be it much,
Or in flying Martin bombers
"You can't beat the Dutch."

—NELLE C. BROWER, Los Angeles



BORN

To Mr. and Mrs. Roland F. Lauer (Tool Design) a daughter, January 7.

To Mr. and Mrs. Roger Gaver (Purchasing) a daughter, January 13.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. Edgar Gray (Purchasing) a son, January 3.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Babear (Work Simplification) a son, December 31.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Thatcher (Surface and Floats) a son, January 12.

A NEW VOGUE

"We're in a defense industry, and we think we should do all we can to help in the defense of our country . . . even if it means giving up silk stockings."

This explains why three girls in Engineering have launched a new vogue. Marilyn Hudson, Martha McClelan and Ella Chance, convinced that every little bit helps, have given up silk stockings. During a recent cold snap, Miss Hudson came to work one morning wearing fancy cotton lisle hosiery—now they all do.

Joe Vardy, of the Experimental Department, greeted the New Year with Miss Josephine McNolly by announcing their engagement. It is hinted that the wedding bells will ring in March or April.



Let's Bury the Axis!

BACK FROM THE FRONT

There's nothing dreamy about those reports on page 13 from the Libyan front, according to Marril B. Spaulding, of the Service Department. He ought to know, for he has been spending months near the battlefronts helping to keep the 167's in order.

"I spent a lot of time with the RAF and South African air force," he said, "and I know that these fellows not only have been enormously successful in their bombing and reconnaissance missions, but that they actually pick fights with Messerschmitts on the way home, and they blast 'em out of the sky when they can pull them down to lower levels. One South African I know had two enemy bombers and three fighters to his credit."

The innocent visitor who asked a riveter on the 187 line what he was doing, got a ready answer: "Driving nails in Hitler's coffin!"

FULL GROWTH

Continued from page 4

personnel, hundreds of supervisors. There had to be efficient police. There had to be engineers of twenty-nine classifications. There had to be machinery and tools. There had to be ingenious manufacturing methods applied on a huge scale. There had to be research and development.

And because even these facilities and men and women and machines were still short of all that was needed for a program of such magnitude, there had to be subcontractors over the country, to nearly double, in effect, the plant and personnel and equipment of the Martin operation.

All of these factors were drawn into one great plan, and that plan has been executed over an astonishingly short period of time. Craftsmen of the old order were too hard to get; they could not be trained in time to the high skills formerly required of them. For a decade Martin had worked with the Baltimore Public Schools, helping to institute aircraft vocational courses. In 1939, during the tremendous upsurge demanded by the French contracts, the company helped institute quick courses in the schools and, at the same time, started a model in-plant training system, including up-grading. These lessons served well when the emergency was declared.

But this was not enough, and something had to take the place of the high skills of former years. Tooling had to be simplified, complicated jobs broken down to simpler, easier tasks so that less-skilled men could handle them. The B-26 tooling was the first demonstration of what could be done when the volume of orders could justify elaborate and expensive tooling.

Ingenious Martin developments helped accelerate the program. The Martin Photographic Reproduction System (the "Robot Draftsman") freed precious engineering talent for more important work by re-drafting drawings, photographically, on coated metal, wood, cloth, paper and other materials.

It was largely through Mr. Martin's insistent hammering that an adequate system of roads serving the plants has been launched.

A type of low-cost housing that has been praised by architectural and engineering experts the country over was the basis of the 600 homes (not counting the earlier and more costly Stansbury Manor housing) at Stansbury Estates and Aero Acres.

All of these loose ends have been tied together into one purposeful industry and community. Each day sees new bombers emerge from the big final assembly doors of both Middle River plants. The rate will increase rapidly from now on. Martin's is rolling.

SPORTS AND RECREATION



Six Circuits in Basketball Race

The interdepartmental basketball season, launched January 12, is well underway and gives promise of being one of the most popular athletic programs conducted under the direction of the company athletic department.

The first and third shifts have been combined into one group, or league, comprised of six separate circuits each made up of six teams of ten men. The third shift is divided into two circuits of six teams each.

All games are played in Baltimore high school gymnasiums and, when possible, at the U.S.O. Recreation center. First and second shifts play their games at 7 and 10 P.M. Third shift games are played at 10:30 A.M.

Teams in each circuit play two rounds, with play-offs scheduled for the end of the season. Members of teams winning circuit championships will be awarded prizes. Other awards will be presented players on the "Champion of Champions" team at the end of the season.

Games are played under the eagle eyes of referees selected by the Maryland Basketball Association.



WORLD'S BIGGEST BOWLING LEAGUE

More than 130 teams, made up entirely of Martin employees, comprise what is termed the "biggest bowling league in the world." The league itself is divided into ten groups of from nine to fourteen teams each.

This fact is startling in itself, but when one stops to consider that it involves over 800 men, it becomes even more startling. These teams, active since September, are at present midway through their season.

In addition to the men's league, there is also a women's bowling league com-

Martin's Baltimore Industrial League Tennis Champions. (Left to right) Winston Matthews, George Palmer, Adrian Mehrling, Carl Brockman, Robert Wilson, Welcome Bender, Robert Bader.



Esther Schultze, Sub-Contracting Team No. 3, during hotly contested game with Engineering Team No. 7. Sub-Contracting No. 3 won—443 to 432—473 to 479 and 466 to 462.



prising sixteen teams. Their schedule calls for competition each Thursday night, the season to be concluded in April.

WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE?

As a poll to determine interest in sports and recreation, check the items below that interest you and in which you would like to participate in organized competition.

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| BASKETBALL | ARCHERY |
| BADMINTON | RIFLE TEAMS |
| BOWLING | PISTOL TEAMS |
| Duckpins | CHESS |
| Tenpins | GOLF |
| TENNIS | BASEBALL |
| SOFTBALL | SOCCER |
| VOLLEYBALL | ICE HOCKEY |

Send to Recreation Committee, Mail No. 26.

Name.....

Dept.....

Clock No.....

RECREATION DIRECTOR



Frank (Ike) Ruth

First an outstanding athlete, then an official, later a coach and now a recreational organizer.

That, in brief, is the biography of Frank (Ike) Ruth, recently appointed Martin recreation chief. His job today is to provide sports and

recreation for Martin employees.

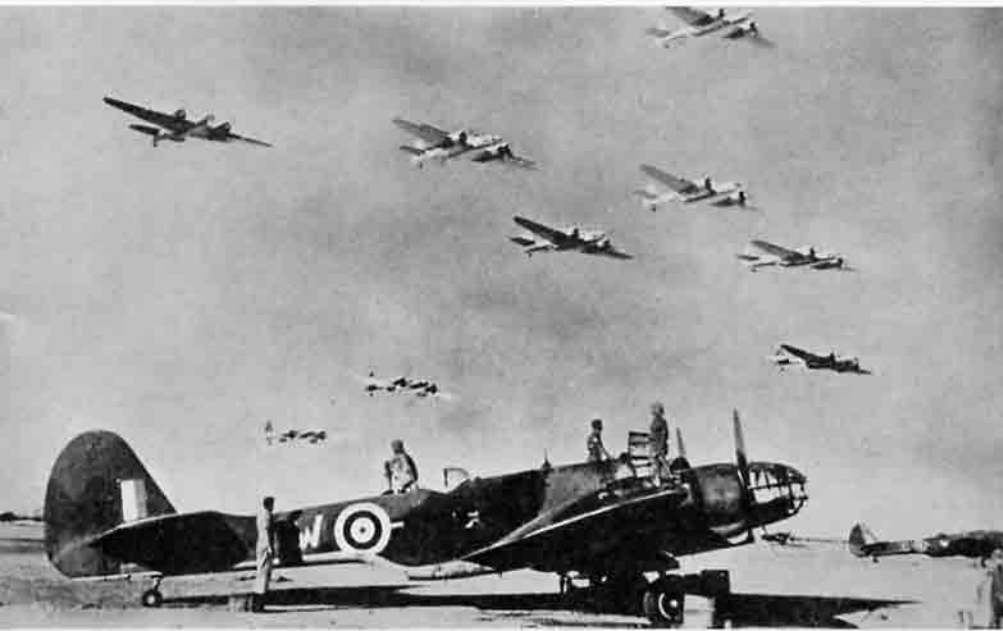
Winner of the Laurel-to-Baltimore Marathon in 1912 and 1913, Ruth later became actively connected with other fields of sport. He founded and became president of the Baltimore Baseball Federation in 1926-27. Later he became baseball, football and track manager for the Baltimore Cross Country Club.

During the past few years, Ruth served as president of the Baltimore Semi-pro League, the Stadium Soccer Association and the Inter-Club Bowling League. He has also become well known for his work as a sports columnist for the *Baltimore Post* and sports commentator for Radio Station WFBR.

He was chosen a director of the National Baseball Federation and has served as chairman of the Public Parks Golf Association's tournament committee.

Member of the Cross Country Club, the Maryland Swimming Club and the Forest Park Golf Club, Ruth is still active in the field of sports. He is embarked on a considerable job at the Martin company in organizing various leagues and events covering a wide field of sports.

NEWS FROM THE WAR FRONTS



MARYLANDS IN ACTION. Martin 167's, leaders in British successes in Libya, hard-hitting, versatile bombers are sometimes used as pursuits. Here is a flight over the desert.

Martin Ships Blast Enemy on Two Fronts

DUTCH BOMB TWO JAP WARSHIPS, TWO TRANSPORTS

[From United Press]

BATAVIA, N.E.I.—Direct hits on two Japanese cruisers and two transports, one laden with aircraft, were scored by Dutch pilots flying American Glenn-Martin bombers in smashing attacks on Japanese landing forces at Miri, Sarawak (North Borneo), the Netherlands high command said today.

Yesterday Dutch pilots also flying American Glenn-Martin bombers attacked the Japanese at Miri, scoring a direct hit on one cruiser and a direct hit on a large transport laden with aircraft.

The Dutch encountered stiff Japanese opposition in both raids on Miri.

In addition to scoring direct hits, the Dutch pilots scored one near-miss on the cruiser and two near-misses on the transport.

The Japanese took to the air in an effort to drive off the attackers, but two Japanese planes were lost. One crashed in flames. One Glenn-Martin bomber was shot down in the operations.

[Editor's Note: These were Martin 139's.]

STILL GOING STRONG. Martin B-10-B's and 139's are performing extraordinary service in the Pacific theater, having sunk a number of Japanese ships. A scene at a Dutch East Indies airfield.

WHEN CAIRO WAS WORRIED

[From Collier's]

In recent weeks several things happened to boost morale in this part of the world. Last April Cairo wallowed in gloom. The conversations of war correspondents dripped with it and rich refugees cried it into their dry Martinis. Even those apostles of reserve, the diplomats, reflected it and in high places and low there was a profound concern for the security of Egypt and the Middle East as palpable as the brooding solemnity of the Nile. Everybody knew that Wavell held this battle front with a shoestring's worth of tanks, planes and guns. Everybody seemed to know except the Germans.

Contributing to the dejection were rumors that the American planes that had arrived were no good and a few numbskulls freely predicted the tanks that were coming wouldn't be any better. A stonewall censorship that kept the foreign press—the Americans—disgruntled didn't help.

And then the Tomahawks were found to be a few revs better than the Hurricanes. The Martins ran away from the Messerschmitts and the American tanks began arriving in an even flow. Those tough gentlemen who pulled Benito Mussolini's empire down around his ears in Ethiopia—the South Africans—came up with their American trucks and their tanks and their American planes.

DUTCH SINK JAP TRANSPORT

[From Associated Press]

BATAVIA—Dutch pilots flying American Glenn-Martin bombers scored a direct hit on a big Japanese transport and probably downed two protecting fighters in an attack on Miri, Sarawak, and Australian pilots manning American Hudson bombers set fire to a Japanese cruiser steaming north of Celebes, a Dutch East Indies communique announced today.

It confirmed previous reports of the hit on the cruiser, which was in a convoy attacked by Australian pilots.

(Dutch bombers have sunk 12 Japanese transports off Davao, in the southern Philippines, according to unconfirmed reports reaching Manila, said the NBC correspondent there.)

[Editor's Note: Martin 139's are the backbone of the Netherlands East Indies Air Force.]

JANUARY 5, 1942.

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

IN THE SECOND LIBYAN CAMPAIGN THIRTEEN ENEMY AIRCRAFT INCLUDING NINE MESSERSCHMITT 109'S WERE DOWNED BY ONE "MARYLAND" SQUADRON. THIRTEEN IS LUCKY FOR "MARYLANDS," ONE HUNDRED IS UNLUCKY FOR NAZIS. OVER ONE HUNDRED ENEMY PLANES ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED ON THE FRONT BY THE SAME SQUADRON, BOMBING FROM A HIGH LEVEL. CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD HUNTING FOR "MARYLANDS" IN 1942.

MINISTRY OF AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION

MARYLANDS BEAT MESSERSCHMITTS

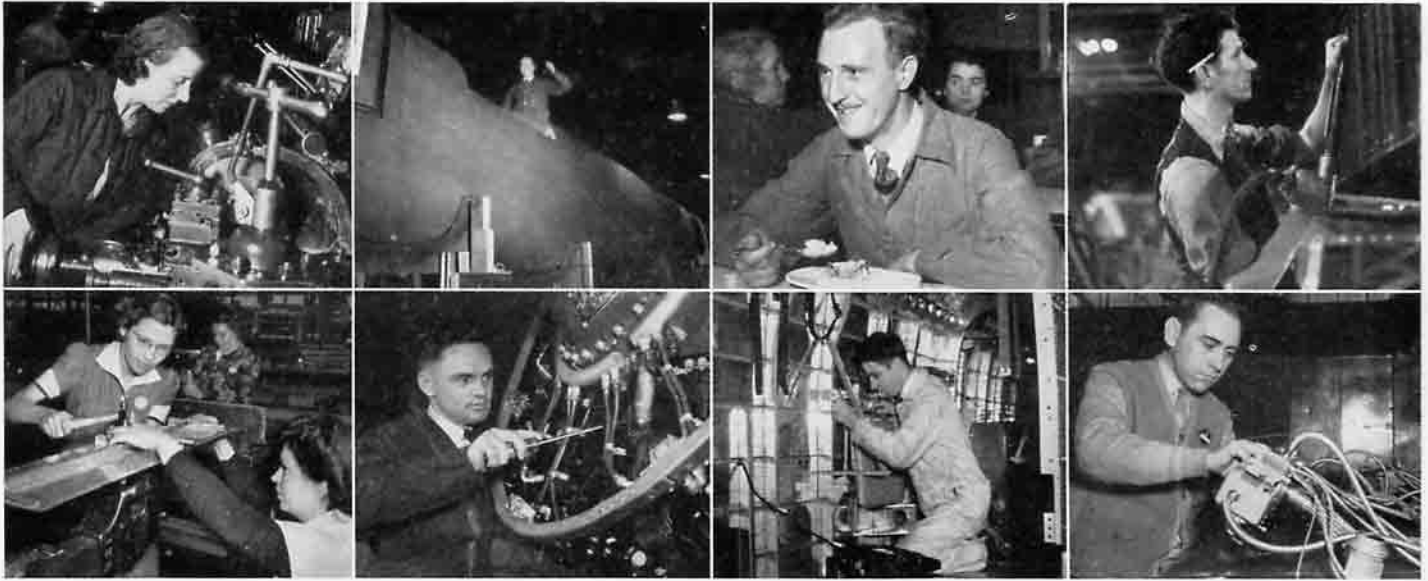
[From Associated Press]

CAIRO—South African pilots flying American-made Glenn-Martin bombers were reported today to have beaten off unscathed an attack by the newest German fighters in the first contact of the two types of planes.

In a ten-minute engagement over Capuzzo, on the Libyan-Egyptian frontier, the bomber pilots were credited with sending one of the newest type of Messerschmitts down in flames and damaging another so badly that it probably never reached its base.

The South Africans were returning from a raid when the German fighters attacked.





Emmie Finnett
Mrs. Lola Blanks

Horace Lingard
James Davis

William Lee
Lyle Bishop

Tom Whitney
James List

THE BIG BROADCAST... Better Late Than Never

Now it can be told. It wasn't an air raid that kept the Halifax bomber workers off the air the evening they were supposed to talk to Martin craftsmen in a world-wide broadcast; it was an unexplained technical difficulty, and the three Englishmen and one Englishwoman stood by the microphone in their own plant and listened, disappointed, to three typical Martin men and one woman carry on.

This information came through the other day in a letter from Albert E. Mash, public relations officer of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, who passes along the messages they wanted to send.

Columbia Broadcasting System had given the time for the hands-across-the-sea broadcast, and Mel Allen was on hand in A Building final assembly to handle the announcing assignment. Grouped about him were Mrs. Blanks, University of North Carolina graduate who is working in the 187 sub-assembly department; Bishop, a small parts assemblyman; Davis, an engine mechanic; and List, an electrical worker on 187 final assembly. Standing by also was Joseph T. Hartson, executive vice-president, scheduled to greet an old friend.

Mel Allen had his contact with Michael Standing, of the British Broadcasting Company, and everything was set; then the incoming circuit went dead.

Now Albert Mash completes the circuit—he tells what each of the British workers wanted to say.

First, there was Tom Whitney, 25, whom he describes as small, with untidy hair and a first-class workman who turns in some 72 hours a week. To Lyle Bishop he now says:

"Sorry, Lyle, we couldn't talk to each other. I was looking forward to hearing

you ask me how good are the Nazi planes. They're not good enough—for we've won one Battle of Britain and we'll knock hell out of them in the next. We're grateful to you for working to help us, and from what I've heard of Marylands from our boys, they're a grand job, doing grand work in the Middle East and wherever they fly for us. I'm told they'll stand up to anything short of murder. Good luck to you."

Emmie Finnett, who was supposed to talk with Mrs. Blanks, is small and neat in her boiler-suit. She is a capstan-lathe operator and, according to Mash, "she's good!" To Mrs. Blanks she says:

"I always wondered whether I could do a man's job as well as he does it himself. Did you wonder the same thing? Now I know that I can. I envy you, rather, for my husband—who is a schoolmaster—has been evacuated to a country area with his school, and I see him only eight times a year. I've a daughter of 20—she's a shorthand typist. My second daughter is a 12-year-old imp, who loves the air-raids. Think of us women here, please, with feminine sorrow—we just *can't* get enough silk stockings. But we don't care a cent for that. If we can work so as to free a man for the Army, Navy, or the RAF—to free our boys to knock the devil out of Hitler, as they *will*—then we don't worry about hours of work, or our homes being broken up, or our lives being made unrecognizable and miserable. We're at war—we didn't seek it, we didn't want it, we hate it, but, by Heaven, we women will work our hardest to help win it! We're in this war now, willy-nilly—we can't get out of it, except by victory. Then, for goodness' sake, let us *work* for victory! I would have liked to have spoken to you direct across the Atlantic.

But it didn't work out. To you, your husband, and your home, God's blessing!"

Young William Lee, 25, tall, shy, a good automatic setter, wants James Davis to tell him something about California; he has an aunt there.

"America's big, I know, but if Jimmy would drop me a line and tell me about it, I'd be grateful. My recreations? Gardening and swimming. I've swum a 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ -yard length in 18—but that doesn't compare with Weismuller and Crabbe."

Grizzled Horace Lingard, 45, and a fitter on Halifax bombers, sends this message to James List:

"The black-out? It's a blasted nuisance! A friend of mine was killed in it only a fortnight ago. But that's just one of the things we've got to put up with. So James List wanted to know what I did in the last war? Well, I was a scout fighter pilot in the old Royal Flying Corps. We used to fly mostly Tommy Sopwith's machines. Yes, Tommy Sopwith, who nearly won the America's Cup with *Endeavor*, and will, we hope, win it after this war is over. I don't know whether Goering was ever about then in the air, but I did fight against the famous Richtofen Circus. I'd be in the RAF today, if I weren't too old for the job. The next best thing I can do is help make Halifaxes. What do I think of the Halifax bomber compared with those of the last war? Well, there's really no comparison. In the last war aeroplanes were just dickey-birds—now they're super-battleships. If I were an enemy fighter-pilot, I'd think twice before I tackled a Halifax. I'd think twice, too, before I tackled a Maryland. James List, my friend, you and I are on the same job. Let's get it finished together—American and Briton."



Some of the 200-odd guards in the Glenn L. Martin Company Protection Department.

GUARDIANS OF OUR SAFETY

By E. A. SCHURMAN
Chief of Protection

The Glenn L. Martin Company has become, in itself, one of Maryland's largest communities and with our growth have come many of the problems of a large city. I wonder how many realize that the number of employees alone (not counting our families) is larger than the combined populations of Frederick and Salisbury. How many of us have considered that before spring we will exceed, in number of workmen, the population of the second largest city in the State—Cumberland.

Surprised? Well it's true; and that brings me to the point I want to make to all Martin employees. Could any city the size of "Martin City" function without the services of a police and fire department? The answer, of course, is NO! It is not difficult to visualize the crime, the chaos, the traffic conditions and confusion which would exist in a city of such size which attempted to function without the services of a police and fire department. It is my opinion that the taxpayers and voters would be quick to change a city management which failed to provide such services for the community.

This picture should help to explain a little about our Protection Department and what we are trying to do to prevent confusion and insure the safety of our employees and their means of livelihood. Martin Guards, and there are over two hundred of us, are as proud of our Company and its products as you are. All of us have our specialized duties in the building of Martin bombers and those of the Protection Department are several.

Basically, our work is the protection of the properties of the Company, and its employees. In furtherance of this, we

must see that only Martin employees and other authorized persons enter the Plant Area and that all persons on the premises are conspicuously displaying a Company Badge as identification; otherwise, the lives of our people and the safety of the airplanes we make might be jeopardized.

For this same reason we must enforce many other Company regulations involving the conduct of employees and others while on the premises. We must guard secret and confidential or restricted equipment with every resource we have, for we at Martin's are vital to the nation's welfare, now as never before. We must maintain a constant vigil for hazards to personnel or equipment which might be caused by a traitor among us; for the loss of any man-power or production facilities during our National Emergency would reflect against us all. Every loyal employee and red-blooded American shares this responsibility with us. Is the man who works beside you a loyal American? The known methods of operation employed by subversive elements tells us that we cannot be sure. Therefore, the Protection Department needs your eyes and ears.

But that is not all. Like any city our size, we have a complicated and ever-changing traffic problem. It is up to us to find the solution and to see that everyone gets to work with the minimum of delay. This requires the selection of traffic routes and parking routine which will

provide the best facilities for the majority of our people, even if the occasional selfish individual, who wants advantages at the expense of his fellow workers, is inconvenienced. Ours is a tough traffic—tougher than that of a city our size. Our traffic is closer packed and more spontaneous, in addition to which we are hampered by the lack of main arteries and roads on which to move the thousands of cars which must get in or out in a short time. So remember, when we are trying to fill or clear the parking areas and you happen to be the one held back, the guards are simply trying to do the job to the best advantage of all.

We have one more important responsibility—the maintenance and operation of the mobile and stationary fire equipment which is provided to support the efficient volunteer fire teams organized among the factory employees. Specially selected and trained members of the guard force are on twenty-four hour duty with our recently acquired fire engine, and additional men will be assigned to the new emergency truck for use at the Airport.

But in all that we do (and let me emphasize this), we, of the Protection Department, are simply employees appointed to serve the best interest of other employees and the Company. If you are to derive the most benefits from our efforts in your behalf, the cooperation of all Martin employees is required. This, we earnestly solicit. In return, each member of the Protection Department will cooperate with you to the fullest. Give us your understanding and your help and we will serve your interests to the very best of our ability. Let's all pull together!



NO TRESPASSING!

To range far and fast over the oceans in the tireless watch of our far-flung coasts . . . to summon the might of our battle fleets before trouble gets within striking distance . . . that's a job for Martin PBM-1's . . . swift and potent "air cruisers" that extend the "reach" of national defense. Mighty, twenty-ton Patrol Bombers . . . packed with fire power for defense and striking power for attack . . . Martin PBM-1's have been joining the Navy in ever-increasing numbers that put new teeth in "No Trespassing."

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

Martin
AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

