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## Our Amazing Production Race Could Be Inspiration In War

None of the frank, neighborly talks of the sort Charles Moore, president of the Joshua Hendy Iron works, gave to the San Jose Rotary club yesterday are what this nation needs. Moore's talk—and we wish all of San Jose and every community in America could have shared it with the Rotarians—was worth a dozen "now let's not be complacent" exhortations from the war information services of Washington.

Moore is a neighbor. He's not only administering production miracles in merchant marine engines at Sunnyvale. He lives up at Saratoga. He talked like a neighbor to us, but straight from the horse's mouth because as a member of the Harriman mission which straightened out a lend-lease muddle with Britain, he talked intimately with Churchill, Beaverbrook, and other leaders of Britain's war effort.

He offered first-hand information—none of it a military secret, but all of it straightening out a lot of the confused mix-up of information from Washington. Washington would do well to encourage the Charles Moores in other American communities to do the same.

For instance, the "we have done pretty good, but must do much better" talk from Washington leaves the average man with a sense of frustration. He wants figuratively to jump on his horse and gallop in every direction. Because he can't, and because Washington doesn't say which way he should gallop, he gets a bit hot under the collar.

Takes this steel shortage situation, for example. Reams have been written about it, but Moore's explanation did more than all of them to explain.

### An Inspiring Shortage

First lease-lend, then our own war demands, created 300 new American ship ways. More have been added since. Each time the steel industry estimated it could supply the steel for the new ways and the ships to be produced on them. But the government and the steel suppliers couldn't anticipate what American mass production, goaded by patriotism, could do to make hash of those estimates. The first ships were built in 160 days, and even that was a production miracle then. The time was then cut down by new production and sub-assembly techniques, first to 125 days, then to 110, then to 90, then to 45 days. And soon we'll be completing ships in 30 days from the time of laying their keels!

Such production miracles are no news to such geniuses of American ingenuity as a Moore or a Kaiser. Moore, when in England, for instance, visited a British yard and inspected a ship engine of the exact type that his plant is turning out. He found they were turning it out at the rate of one every six weeks. When they asked how many he was turning out, they thought it Yankee brag when he acknowledged that Hendy's even then was turning them out at the rate of two a week. That pace has been stepped up many times since then out at Hendy's—how many times is a military secret.

The point of all this is that America, turning

of burying the silver we badly need for our war, and the jewelers clamor for, if any is left?

Because Uncle Sam must buy, under the 1934 silver purchase act, all domestically produced silver at 71.11 cents an ounce, and must not resell it for less.

Then why not let the price of foreign silver reach that height, much as we wish to avoid price rises, if it will release our domestic silver for vital purposes? Because we need silver so badly that Uncle Sam has to ration strictly for war industries whatever foreign silver he can lay hands on. The jewelers couldn't bid the price up, even if they wanted to. There isn't any silver to bid up.

You think that situation ridiculous? Outrageous? So does everybody in Washington except the senators from our few silver producing states who have log-rolled that fantastic legislation onto our statute books and intend to keep it there, whether our warplanes fly on better bearings or the Zeros and Messerschmitts out-manuever them.