



War Worker

War worker at home with his family (l. to r.): Bill Hanley, Frank Hanley, Bill's dog Bing, Frances Hanley, Frances' cat Kitty and Frank's wife Stella Hanley.

Here is a report on an average guy in a war plant. He works, rests and plays like we used to and he isn't getting rich.

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TURTLE CREEK, Pa.—One war worker who isn't blowing his pay check on \$15,000 emerald necklaces or ringside tables at the showier night spots is Frank Hanley of Turtle Creek.

Frank Hanley is an average war worker in a large industrial plant. His reasons for not shooting his pay down the easy-money drain are the same as those of most other war workers. Only a microscopic percentage of them are doing the kind of boom spending you read about in the more sensational Stateside newspapers. These newspaper accounts seem to be more in the nature of civilian pep talks than anything else. It stands to reason that, if the reports were true, we wouldn't be getting the shells and planes and guns we are getting—the guys who make them would be either too hung-over to work or too busy sitting at home watching the sunlight sparkle on their diamonds.

It isn't as interesting to read about a normal, hardworking guy like Frank Hanley as it is to read about a Coal-Oil Johnny, but it's a lot more important if you want to know the truth about things at home. Here are a few everyday facts about Frank Hanley's life as a war worker:

Frank is 27 years old, is married and has two children. One of the kids was born before Pearl Harbor. He has a trick knee that he cracked playing football in high school. The knee doesn't cripple him, but it does stiffen up after a hard day's work. His job in war industry is on a War Department order of top priority.

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Even before Pearl Harbor the factory became busy with defense work. Frank's week was hiked to six days and his monthly pay check to \$180.

All this time he was courting Stella Rogulski, a Polish girl from the same neighborhood. He liked Stella and Stella liked him. They went around together for a year and a half before they got married. "Some people wouldn't think that was a very long courtship, a year and a half," Frank says, "but for us it was."

About three months before Pearl Harbor, Frank became the father of a girl who was christened Frances. Almost a year later the Hanleys had another child, a boy they called Bill.

With a steady job, a wife and two children, Frank has become a solid but not solemn parent. At the plant he works hard and bones up in his spare time on electrical lore. He has an up-to-date personal library on electricity at home.

He's active in plant recreation. He coaches the basketball team of his section (he played basketball in high school, too), and last year it won the plant championship. His trick knee prevents him from taking any more active role than coaching.

Part of his plant work is on a hush-hush Army contract. It is so hush-hush that Frank and the rest of the men in his section, up to and including the foreman, don't know what it is themselves. They only do a part of the finished product—the rest is fabricated at other factories—and their part doesn't give away any secrets.

When Frank isn't on the Army job, he has other wiring details, only slightly less vital to defense. For example, he fits and wires ignition rectifiers for aluminum plants. There they change alternating current to direct current and then control its flow as it is used in the process of making aluminum and magnesium.

Frank has kept up his union membership and is in good standing. Labor relations at the plant are good, and he's never been involved in a strike.

Frank's pay check now is \$240 a month. The increase is not all a wartime raise; he has had two advancements since he joined the company.

AFTER a good day's work, Frank catches a Turtle Creek bus at the plant and heads for home. He usually has to stand on the ride home. His house, far out on Turtle-Creek Road, is the last stop on the line. This works out to his advantage mornings and he always has a seat on his way to work.

The house is very important to Frank. Ever since he went to work he has been saving toward a home of his own. He bought it last year on a bank loan. Rumors about war salaries to the contrary, you can't buy a place outright when you're making \$240 a month. The house is a comfortable, not elaborate, six-room structure of red brick. There is a barberry hedge around the postage-stamp front lawn. There is more ground in the back of the house, but Frank hasn't had time to do much with it and it is pretty well grown over.

When he gets home, Frank may read some of

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his electrical books or just plain loaf. Usually, though, there are things to do about the house. Most of this summer he was busy with painting and repairing.

Then there are unexpected things like the night he came home and found young Bill had banged his head on the fire hydrant in front of the house. Bill had a long, but not deep, gash and a strong yelling reaction. Frank had to play doctor. By the time Bill quieted down it was 12 o'clock, considerably past the Hanleys' usual conservative bedtime.

Barring house repairs, acts of God and the urge to loaf or read, the Hanleys indulge in any one of a number of social activities. Frank figures 8 percent of their budget for entertainment.

Sometimes they have friends in to drink beer and play 500 or just chat. Other times, if they can get someone to mind the kids, they may go out to a movie. Once in a while, when there is a movie nearby they really want to see and no one available for baby-watching, they take the kids with them.

"That never works out very well," Stella says. "They crawl all over everything and you have to pay more attention to them than to the show. And so does everyone who sits near you. It doesn't make you popular."

Very rarely the Hanleys will go into town to a night club. The only decent night clubs are in Pittsburgh, and that's over 15 miles away. They have a 1939 Chevy sedan, but gas rationing doesn't permit much leeway. And once again there's the old problem of finding someone to mind the kids.

With Bill and Frances, respectively 2 and 3, very active around the house, not to mention a dog named Bing and a cat named Kitty, Stella finds more than enough to keep her hands full during the day. Six rooms don't stay clean by themselves and the kids need constant attention.

Stella is a young woman of medium height and looks more like your sister than the mother of two very bouncing kids. She frets because, now that they have the money, they can't find the furniture to fill out their dining-room suite. And she has the same difficulty getting any plant news out of her husband that other wives have. "If his friends didn't tell me what he was doing," she says, "I'd think he just slept there all day." It took considerable research before she found out that Frank had given two pints of blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank.

THE Hanley income is broken down pretty sensibly. First off, there is the 25 percent that goes into paying for the home. Then there is 15 percent for food. Frank usually gives about \$8 a week to his church and that with other charities accounts for another 8 percent. At the plant he has signed up for War Bond buying to the tune of 15 percent. All this, with the 8 percent mentioned for entertainment, comes to 71 percent. Most of the rest goes to pay taxes, keep up insurance, pay union dues, take care of doctor bills and meet extra living expenses. After this

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there's little left. What there is, the Hanleys save.

The whole picture explains why the Hanleys, and the millions of other war-worker families like them, aren't shooting their wad on expensive pretties and night-club carryings-on.

They can't afford to. Their incomes are higher than they were before the war, but that doesn't put them in millionaire-playboy brackets by a long shot. And cost of living has risen as fast as incomes, maybe faster.

Most war workers have other, more important things to do with their money. They have families to think about, their families' futures and their own.

Working in war industries, they know there is a war going on. Bomber noses instead of electric irons go down assembly lines.

Frank Hanley doesn't buy bonds simply because they're a good investment. He doesn't give blood to the Red Cross because he likes its color. He has two older brothers who saw active sea duty with the Navy before they were discharged because of age. He has another, a younger, brother who is sweating out the war as a GI in New Guinea.

Most families in the U. S. are like that because most families are soldiers' families.

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