

SMOKE

The Story
of a Fight

COPYRIGHT 1947
MOHAWK CARPET MILLS, INC.
AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEDICATION

THERE is no need for me to dwell here on the devastation and human misery which have engulfed the world as a result of World War II. These things we can never forget.

Mohawk gave willingly . . . men . . . money . . . material.

It is with pride that I review the names of more than twelve hundred men and women of Mohawk who answered the call to duty; but it is with heartfelt sorrow that I read the names of the thirty-three who will never return.

It is to the everlasting memory of these who gave the full measure of their devotion for the greater glory of God and mankind, this book is humbly dedicated.

Howard Shultsworth
PRESIDENT

*Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.*

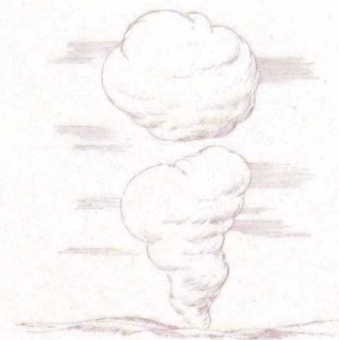
JOHN ELLERTON

GILES BISSELL, JR. LEON W. KLINE, JR.
JOHN H. BRICE FORBY HOYT MURPHY
NORMAN F. BRISKIE ANGELO NATOLI
EUGENE B. CIEPLY, JR. HAROLD W. OUDERKIRK, JR.
JOSEPH J. COLISTRA JOHN THOMAS PAWLOSKI
WALTER J. DEGUTIS JOHN SAKADOISKI
PAUL R. FARONE SALVATORE A. SAN FILIPPO
VICTOR FONDACARO JOHN J. SCHILLING
DOMINICK A. GALEAZZA PAUL P. SIEROTA
WILLIAM C. GARCIA ANDREW SIWIK
EDWARD L. GAZDA HAROLD SLAPPY
ANTHONY C. GUARINO DANIEL F. SLUSARZ
JOHN L. HAAS STEVE SOLTYS
ANDREW HOPKINS PETER C. URBAN
ERWIN G. HUDSON STEPHEN R. WILLIAMS
WARREN S. JOHNSON JOSEPH WOJCICKI

ALVIN YETCHNY

*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil . . .*

23RD PSALM OF DAVID



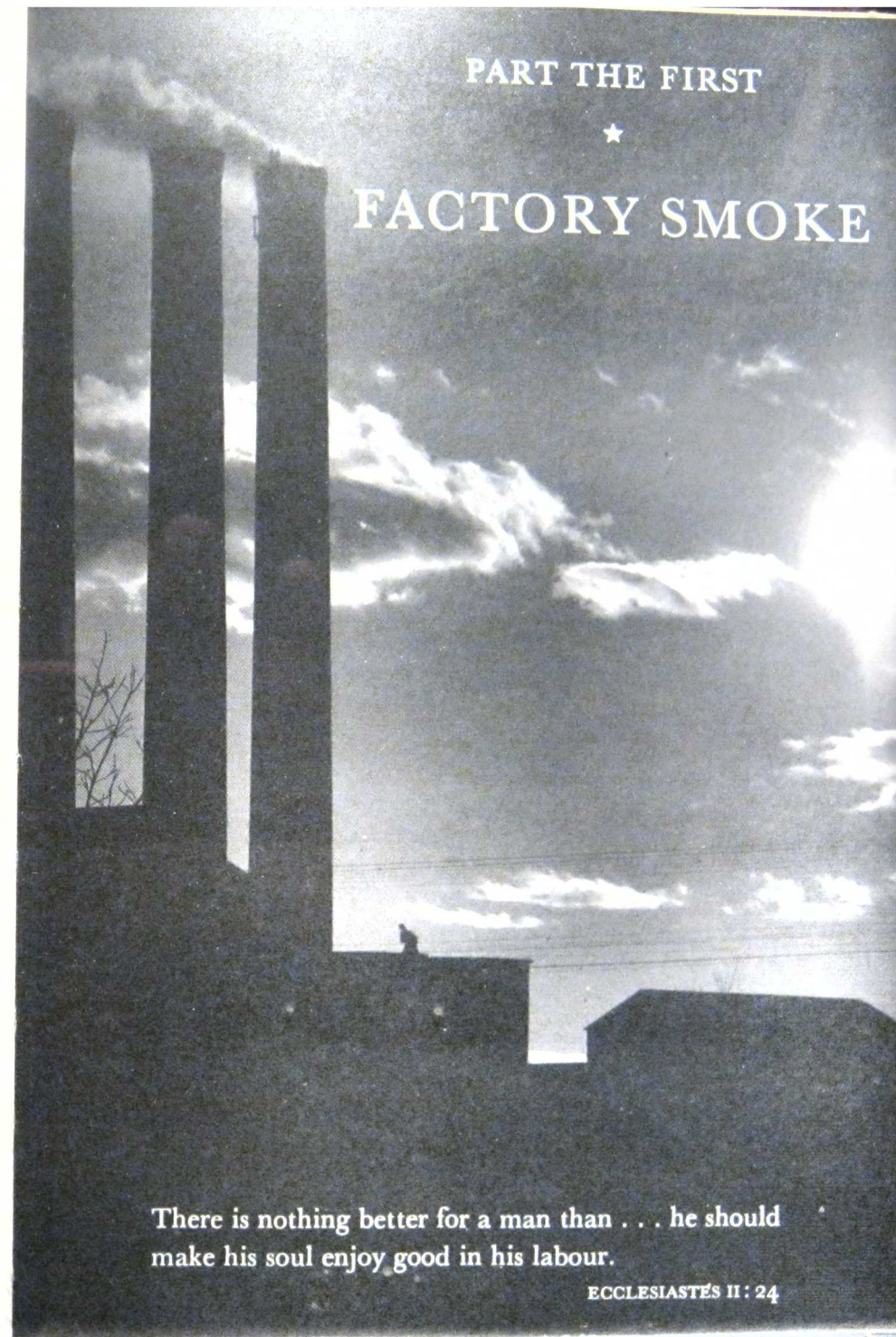
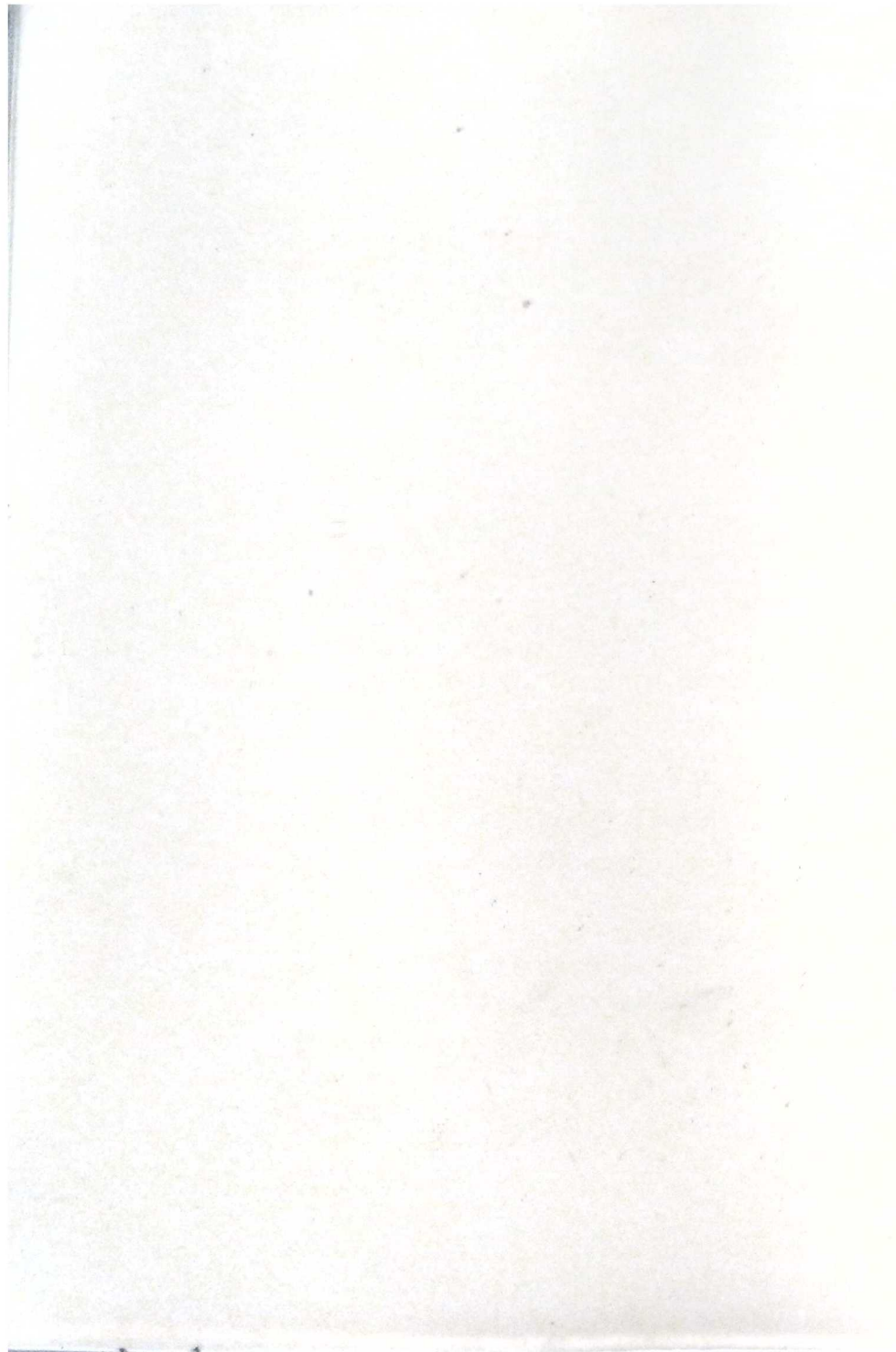
PROLOGUE

SMOKE . . . SERVANT AND MASTER OF MAN.

Smoke, the Servant . . . wisps of smoke in the valley on an Autumn morning . . . belching smoke from the barge, panting impatiently at the lock . . . dense smoke from the furnace of a busy factory . . . pluming smoke from the pine logs of a camper's fire . . . pungent, threading smoke from the bowl of a well-filled pipe . . .

Smoke, the Master . . . red-orange smoke from a salvo of heavy guns . . . grey, acrid smoke of the battlefield . . . smoke from the forge, molding the Sword . . . smoke puffs of an anti-aircraft burst . . . fine, blue-grey smoke from the volley fired over the hero's grave . . .

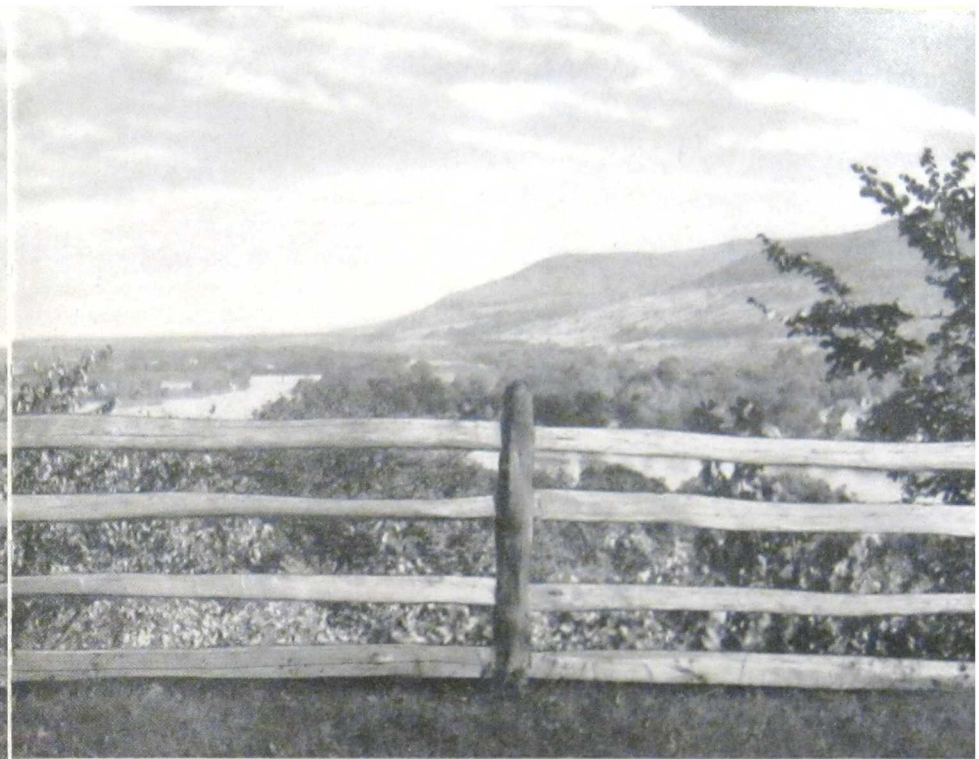
SMOKE . . . SERVANT AND MASTER OF MAN.





SEE THAT RIVER? Well, that's the Mohawk. She used to be called the "Bloody Mohawk," but then, that was the time when the boots of both British and French troops marched up and down the valley and the silent moccasined feet of the Iroquois warriors spelled death and misery to the settlers who came westward to take advantage of the lush fields. Yes, this peaceful and fruitful valley used to be beyond the frontier.

The old Mohawk has seen French trappers load their season's bag of pelts on flatboats and float them down to Schenectady . . . she has seen the smoke rise from the council fires of the Five Nations . . . she has used her weight to push against the mill wheels of the early settlers . . . she watered the fields which nourished a



ragged army struggling for an ideal at places like Valley Forge . . . yes, the Old Girl's seen a lot, there's no question about that.

She's more than just a river to us who live here, she's more like a person. But changes come even to rivers, and the Mohawk is no exception . . . the dusty paths for booted feet have given way to paved highways along her banks . . . swirling rapids have been checked by locks . . . loaded canoes have been replaced by barges filled with grain, oil and produce—the strength that once turned the miller's wheel now spins the turbines of modern industry.

She's changed. Sure, we all do . . . but under that quiet surface she's the same old wise, indomitable Mohawk.



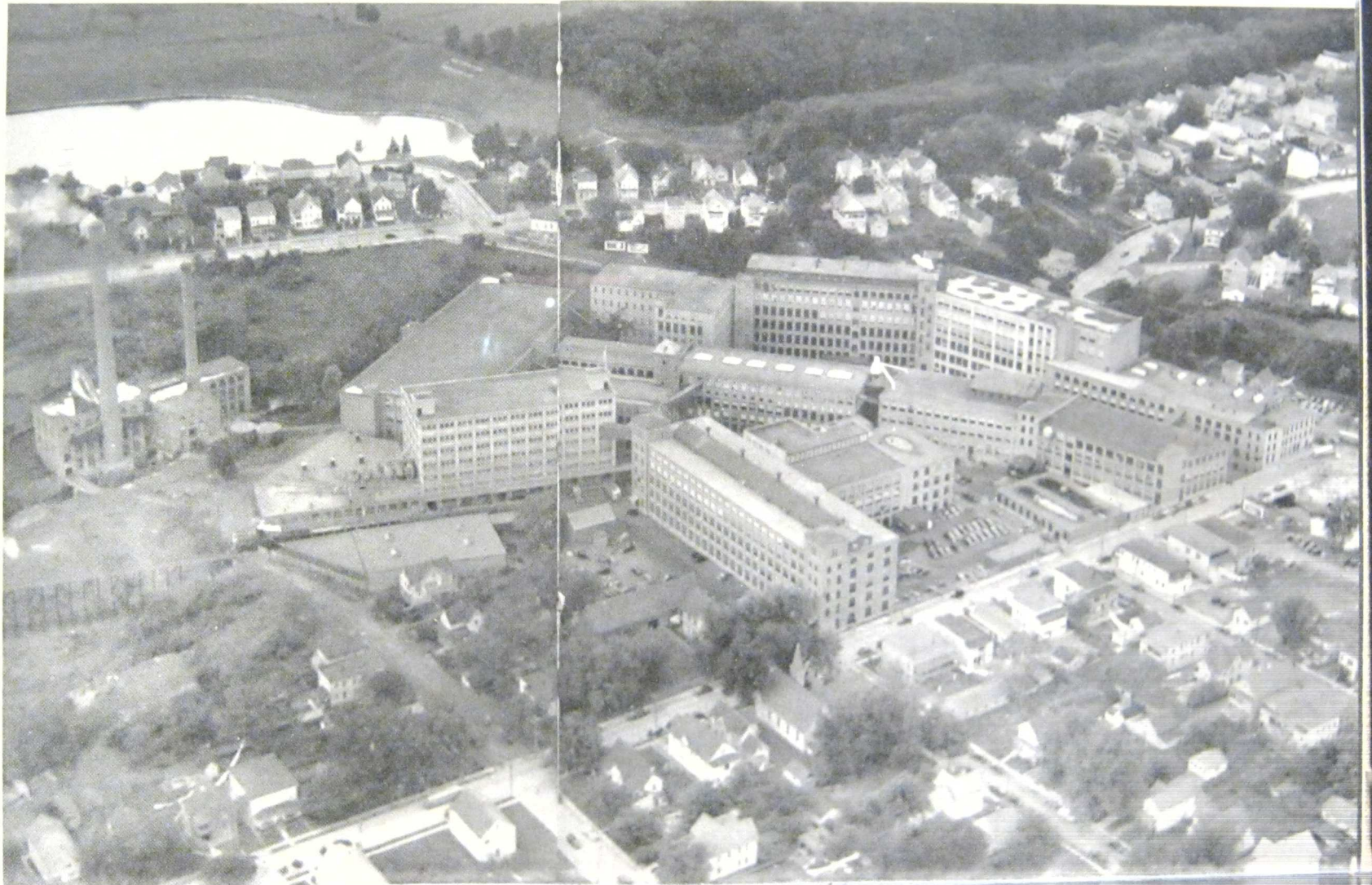
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE of the Mohawk Valley is the town of Amsterdam. Amsterdam is a typical town—I'd say about 35,000 people live here. It's an American town too, but some of the names of the people we have here could easily be traced to a dozen different countries. They're a hard-working lot, frugal and family-loving.



They are proud of their homes and they're proud of their valley. There seems to be something about the place you can't quite describe, but it's there. Maybe it lies in the calm of the Mohawk, maybe it's the warmth with which the inhabitants receive you. Yes, they're a good people, these Amsterdammers . . . they're Americans.

WELL, TO CONTINUE: Many years ago (1878, as I recall) four brothers by the name of Shuttleworth decided that the banks of the Mohawk looked like a good place to start a carpet and rug business. So they built a small mill in Amsterdam. The business prospered and eventually, after merging

with the McCleary, Wallin and Crouse Mills, another firmly established companion carpet and rug company in Amsterdam, it became the Mohawk Carpet Mills, which, I understand, is one of the biggest. In fact, almost half the people of Amsterdam are directly, or indirectly, a part of the mill.



PART THE SECOND



BATTLE SMOKE

And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword.

REVELATIONS VI: 4



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1941 . . . that was the day. There's no use going through that again. You have heard it a thousand times . . . you tried to forget it a thousand times. We knew it was coming, but the manner in which it came caught us flat-footed. There is no question about it—Pearl Harbor changed things . . . the world, the country, and even placid little Amsterdam. Mohawk was in this



thing from the very beginning until the last shot was fired. Would you believe it, a Mohawk boy was at Hickam Field when the Japs came over that bright Sunday morning. His barracks were hit by one of the first bombs dropped. He was pretty badly injured.

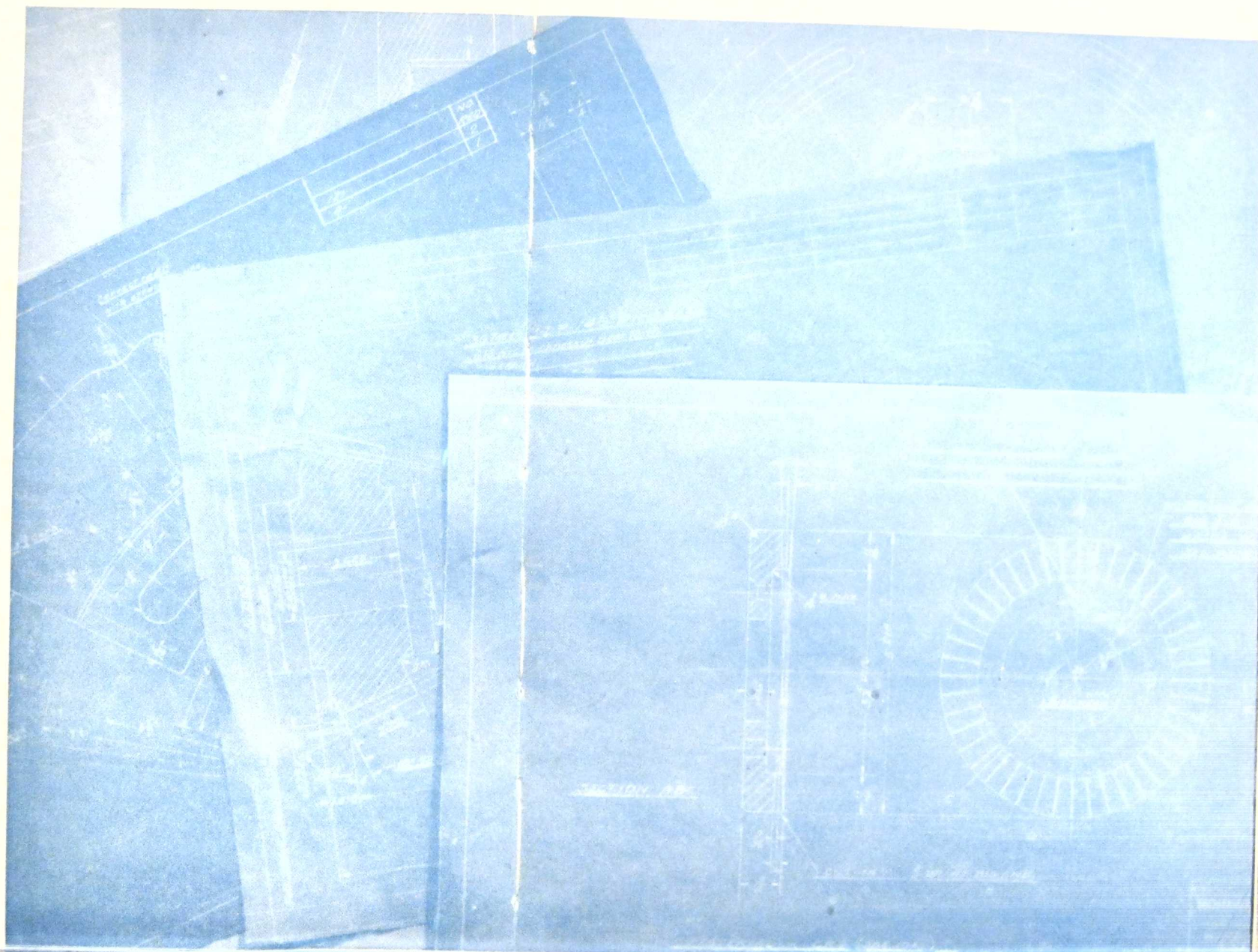
No matter where the battle was, whether here on the home-front or in the far-flung battle lines scattered over the face of the earth, Mohawk men and women gave everything they had.

DEVASTATION . . . those were dark days that winter following . . . Bataan . . . Corregidor . . . Java Sea. Always too little . . . always too late . . . even brave men cannot fight with their bare hands. The War Department frantically called for materials of war

and Mohawk began its tremendous conversion to the production of blankets, tarpaulins and canvas. The president of Mohawk said, "We will willingly turn over every piece of machinery and give every dollar to the United States government if necessary to help win this war."



MACHINE PARTS



THIS IS A FOUNDRY . . . It is the Mohawk foundry. From its ladles poured a constant stream of molten metal to make castings to help forge the machines of war.



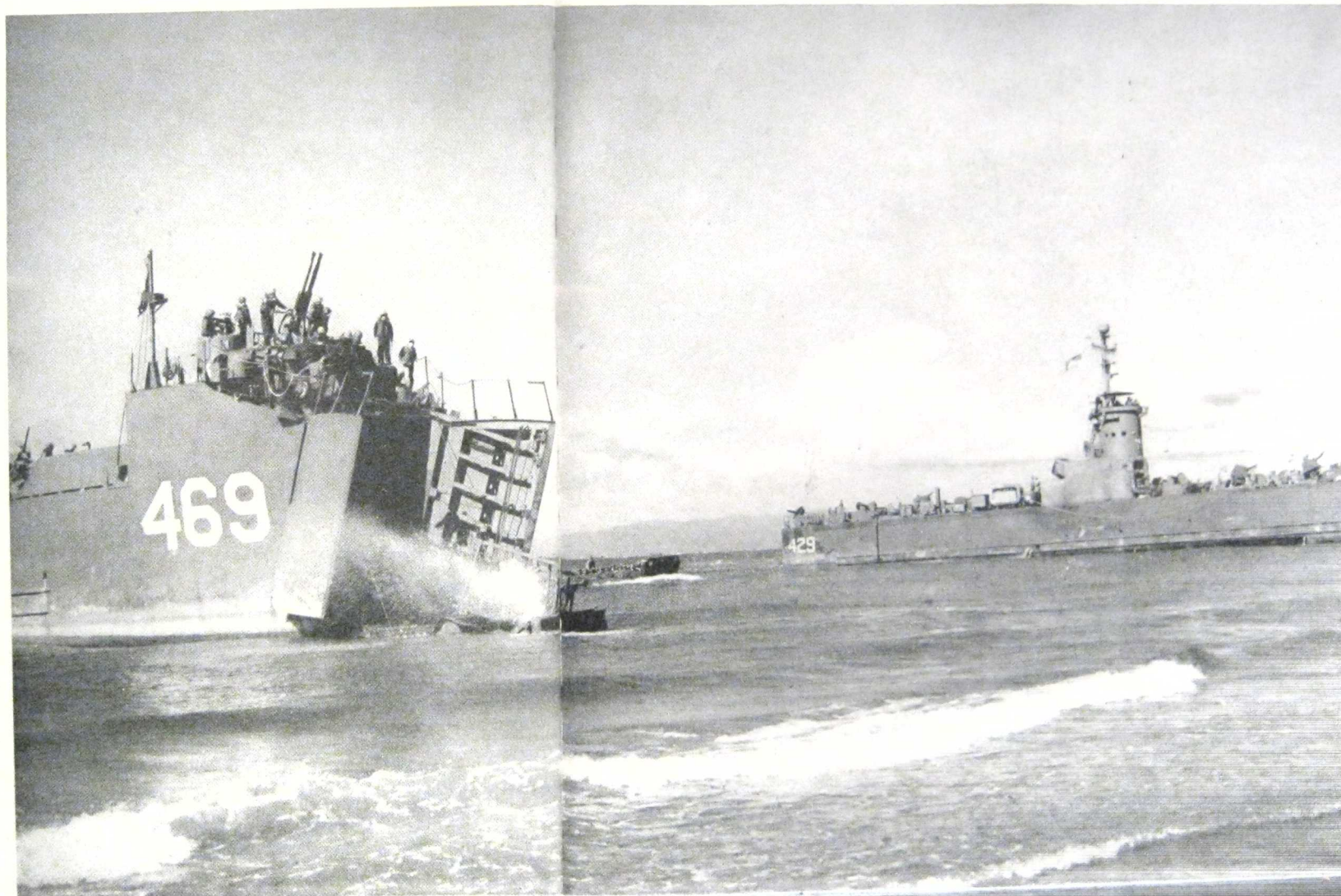
THIS IS A UNITED STATES NAVY FIGHTER. It is called a Hellcat. No, we didn't make the Hellcats completely. But we did make a very important little gadget called the support for the control stick which helped make this plane one of the most effective of its type in the entire war.



THIS IS RADAR . . . the silent weapon of World War II. No, we didn't make the radar unit in its entirety. But there were a couple of dozen different machined parts which came from the work shops of Mohawk.



THIS IS AN LST . . . It has just dropped its load on some beach . . . any beach. No, we didn't make the LST. But we did make a part of the off-beach winch which made it possible for the LST to back off the beach once it had discharged its load.

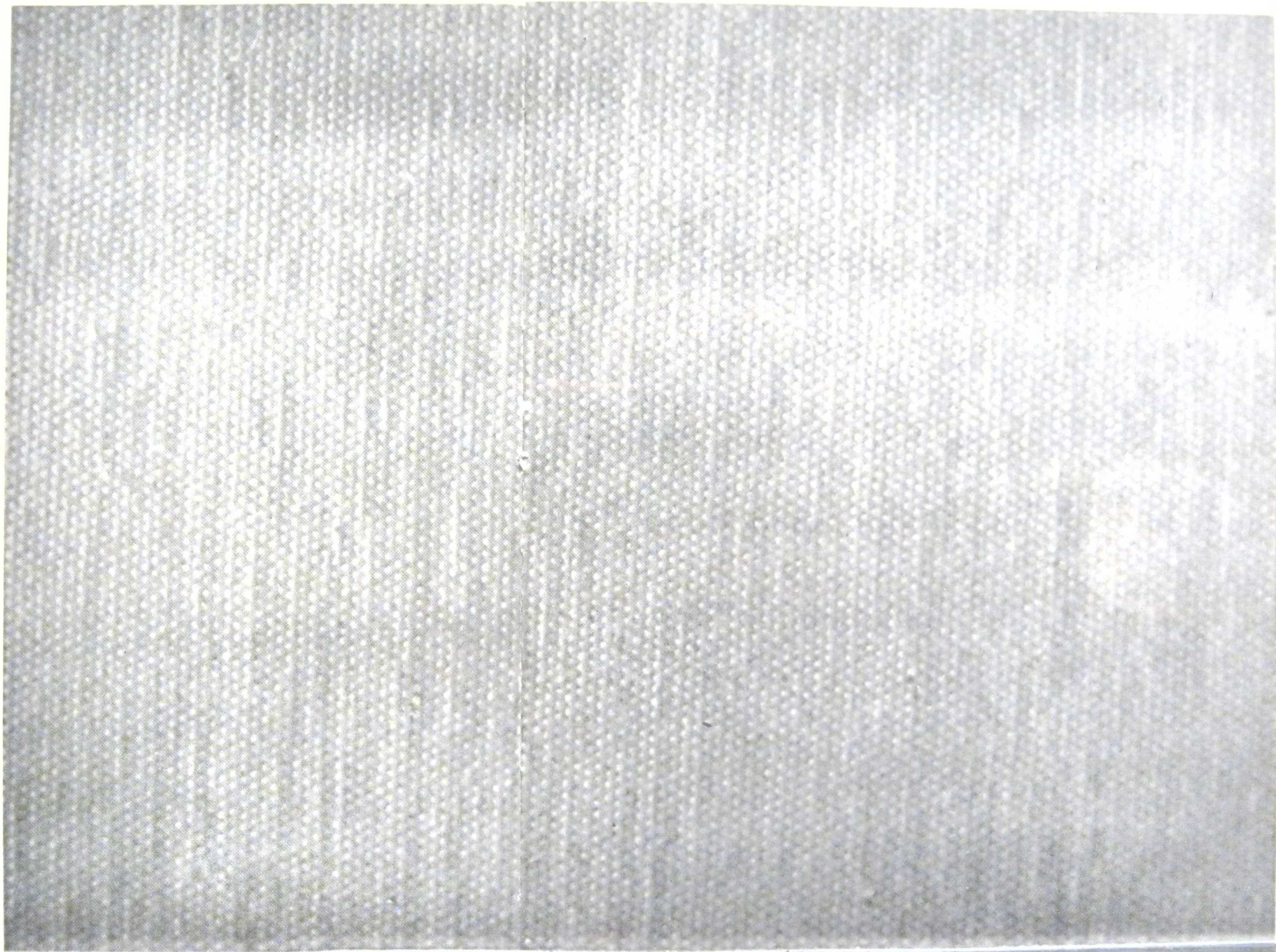


THIS IS A TANK . . . no, we didn't make it, either. But we did machine an integral part known as a sighting device pin which made its guns effective enough to drive the enemy out of Africa.

Seems a little strange that all these things could come from a carpet company whose task is to produce beauty and comfort for the American home. But war is like that. Actually, the machine parts formed a very small part of our production job. But here, as in other fields, we did whatever was asked.



CANVAS

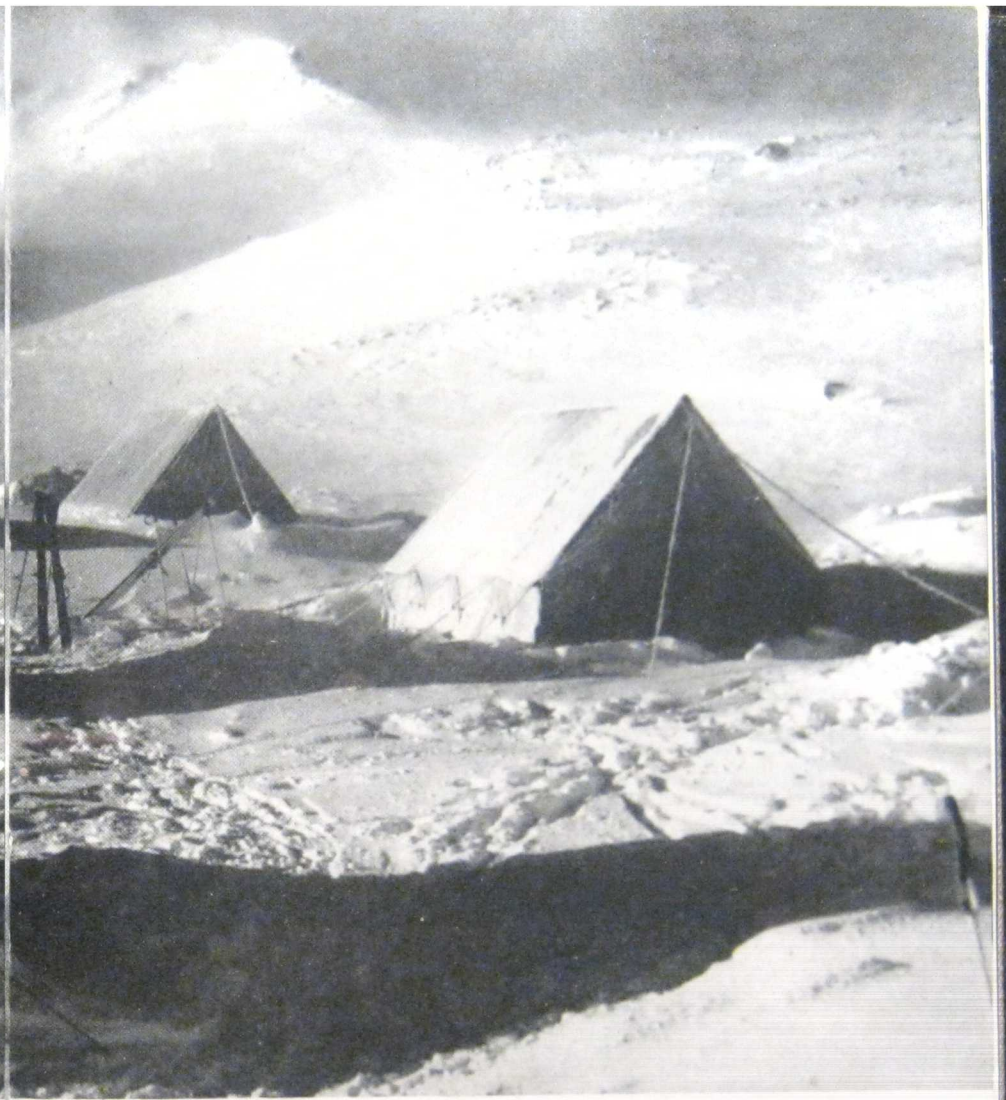
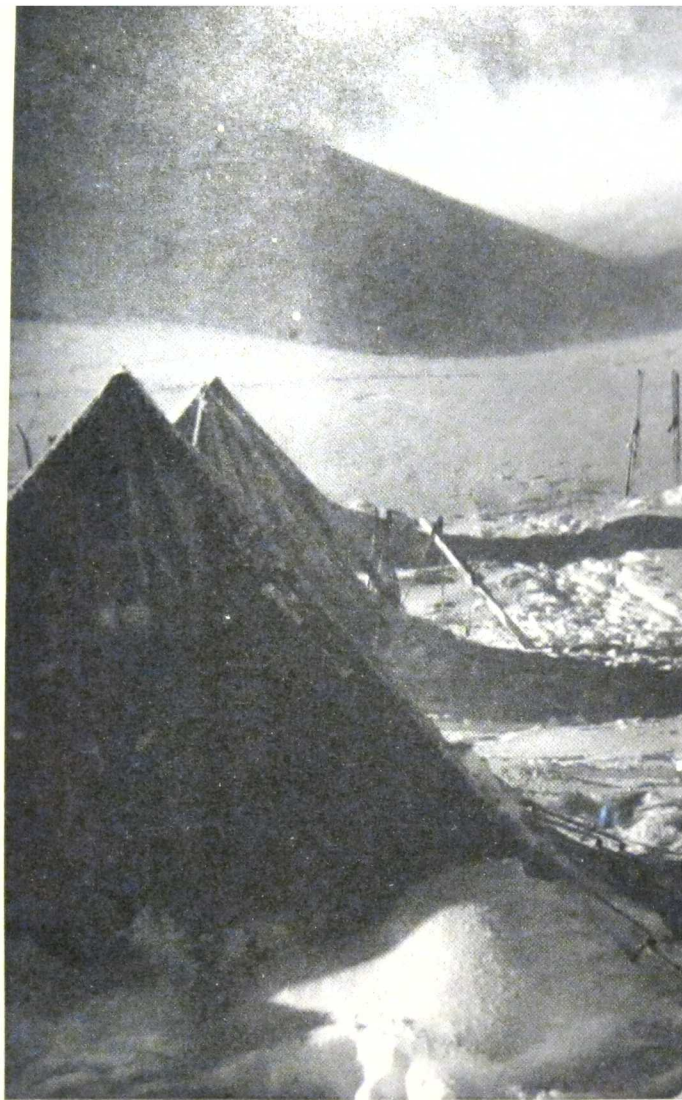




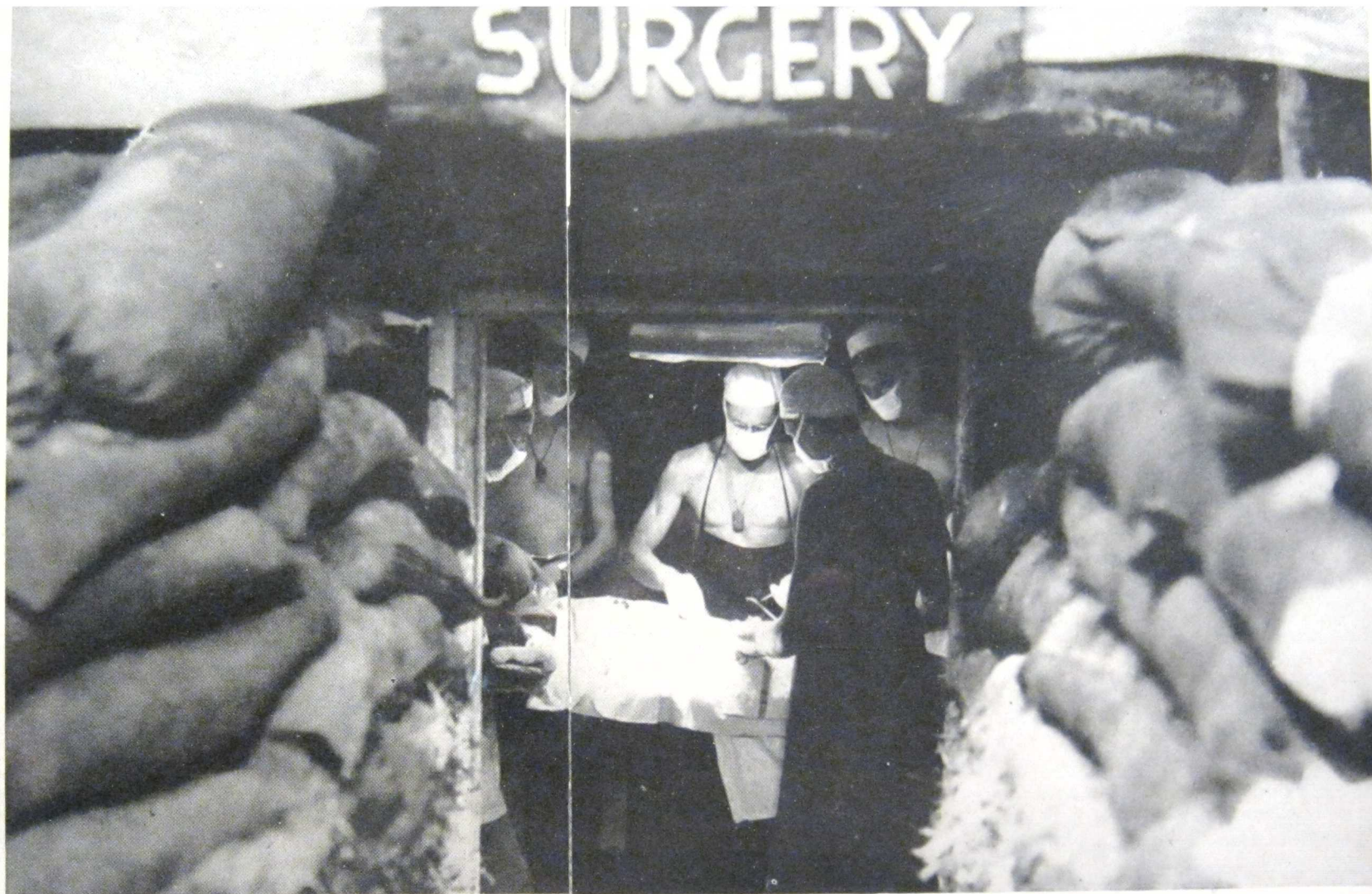
Canvas . . .



Canvas . . .



Canvas . . .



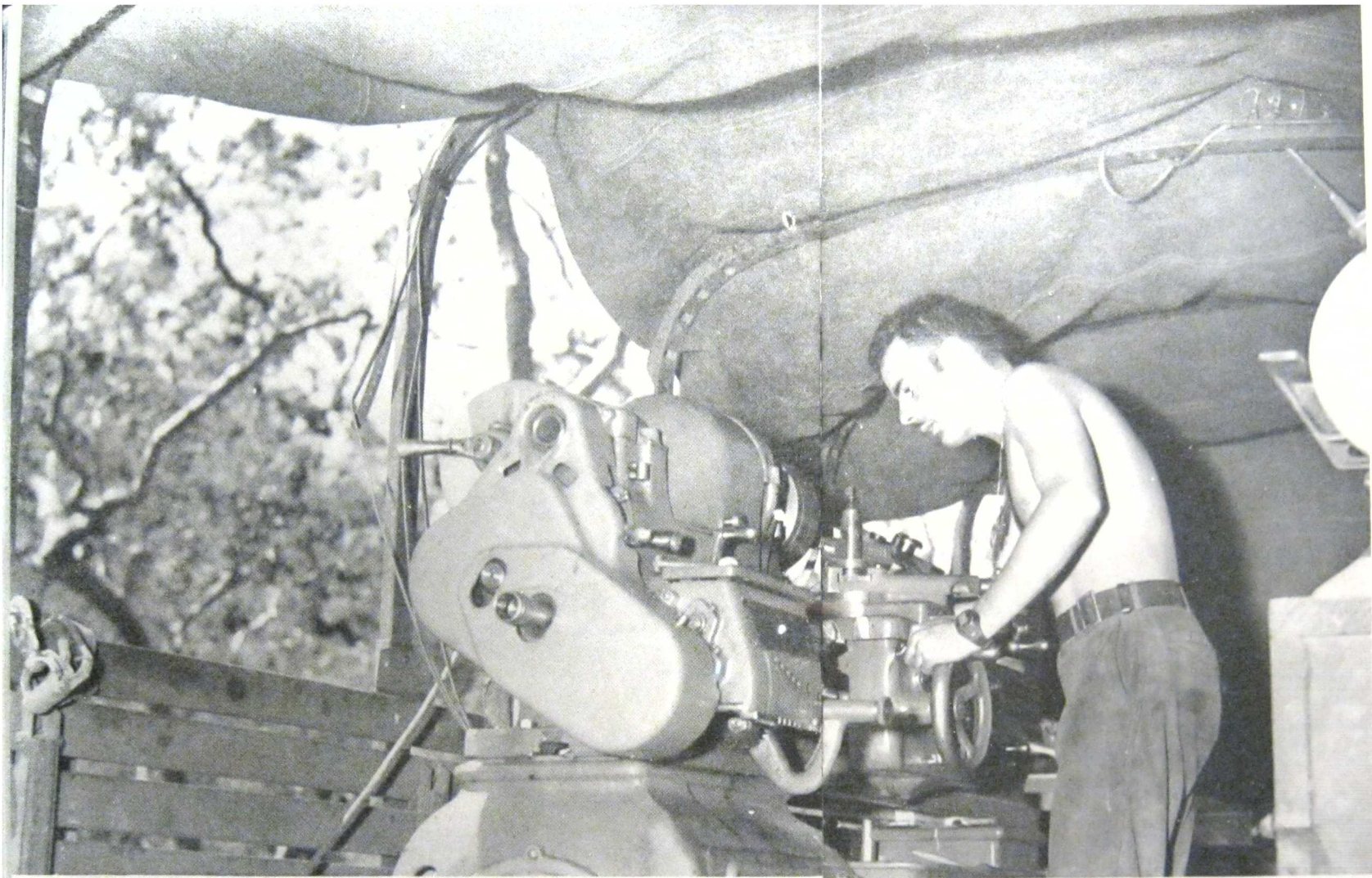
Canvas . . .

TARPAULINS





For Protection of the Supplies of War



For Protection of the Machines of War

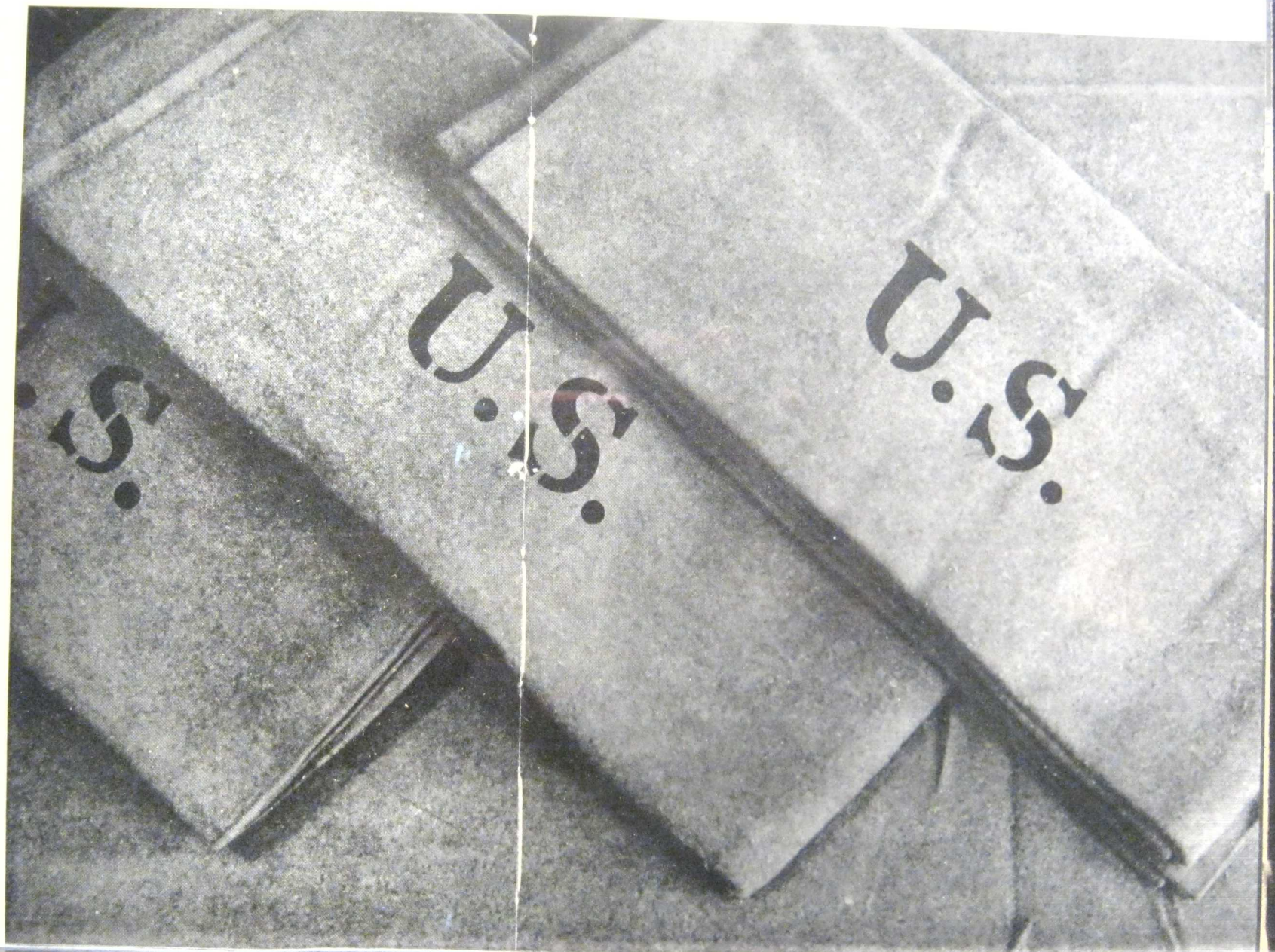


For Protection of the Weapons of War



For Protection of the Men of War

BLANKETS



Men Lived in Blankets



Men Waited in Blankets



Men Fought in Blankets



Men Died in Blankets

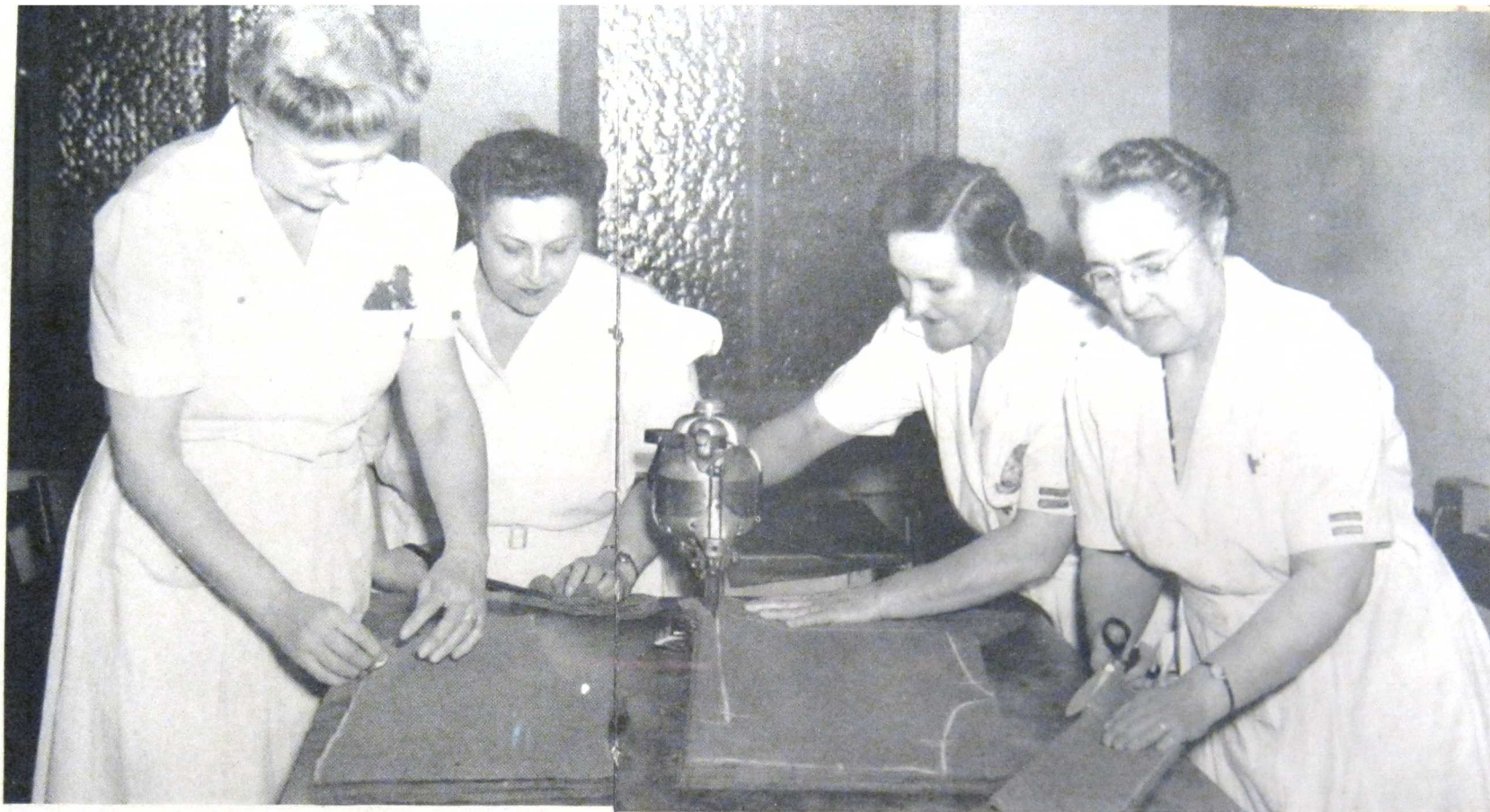


PART THE THIRD

FIRESIDE SMOKE

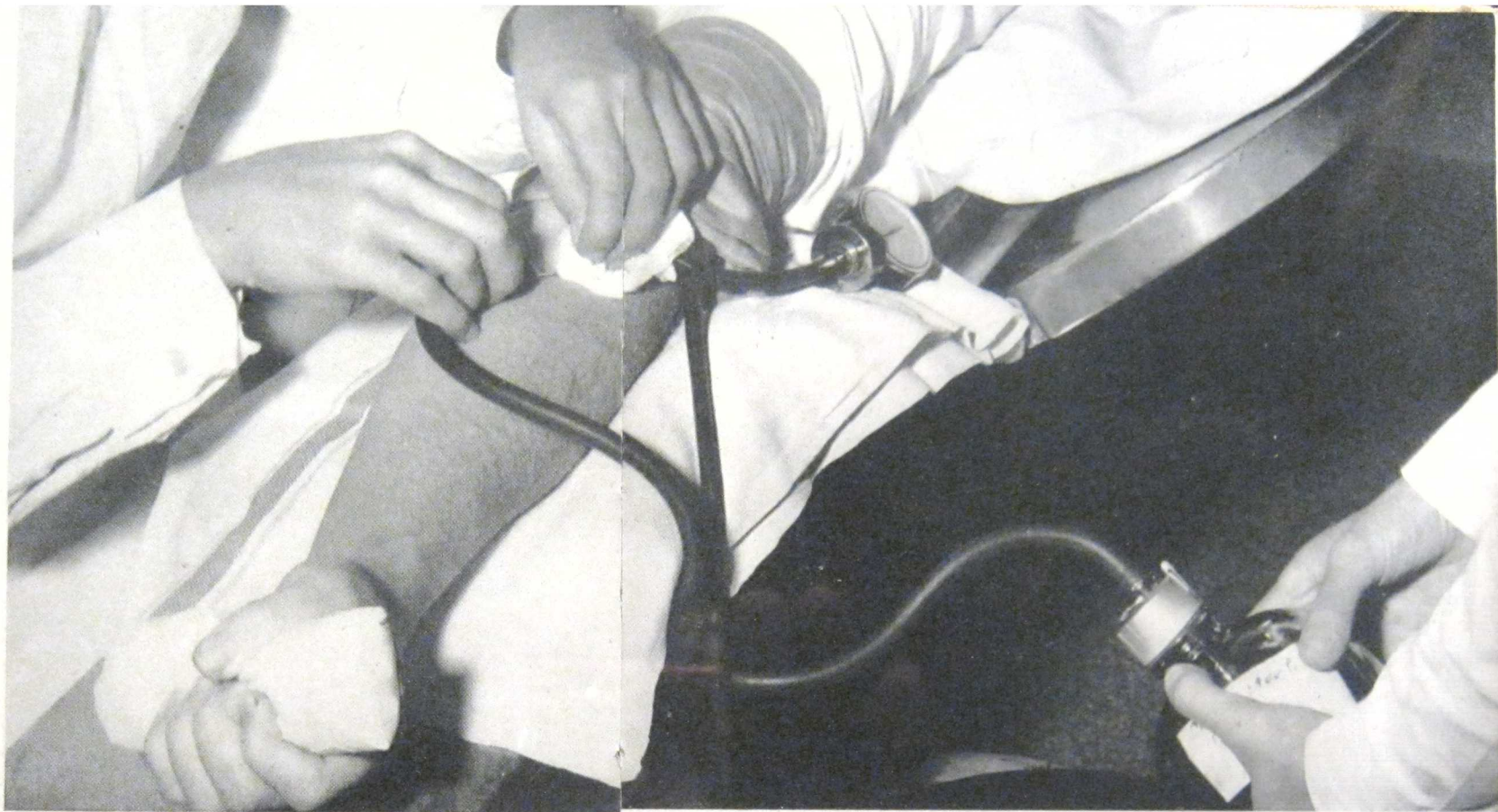
... and they shall beat their swords into plowshares,
and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not
lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn
war any more.

ISAIAH II: 24



THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS to be done in connection with winning a war that don't actually take place on the production or the battle lines.

IT TAKES TIME TO WIN A WAR . . . Mohawk people gave up their leisure hours to roll bandages, collect clothing for wartorn countries, and raise thousands of dollars for relief.

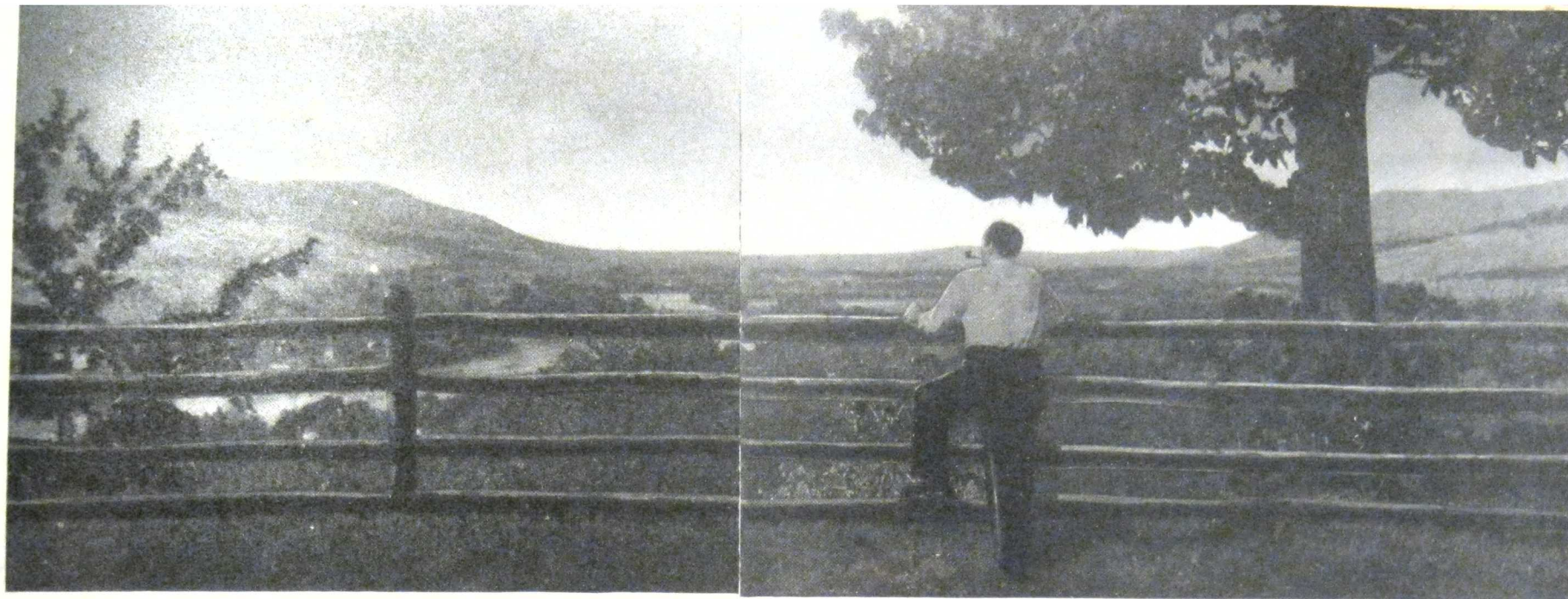


IT TAKES BLOOD TO HELP WIN A WAR . . . Mohawk employees gave more than their share to help fill the Red Cross blood bank.

IT TAKES MONEY TO HELP WIN A WAR . . . Mohawk over-subscribed its quota in every one of the seven War Bond drives.



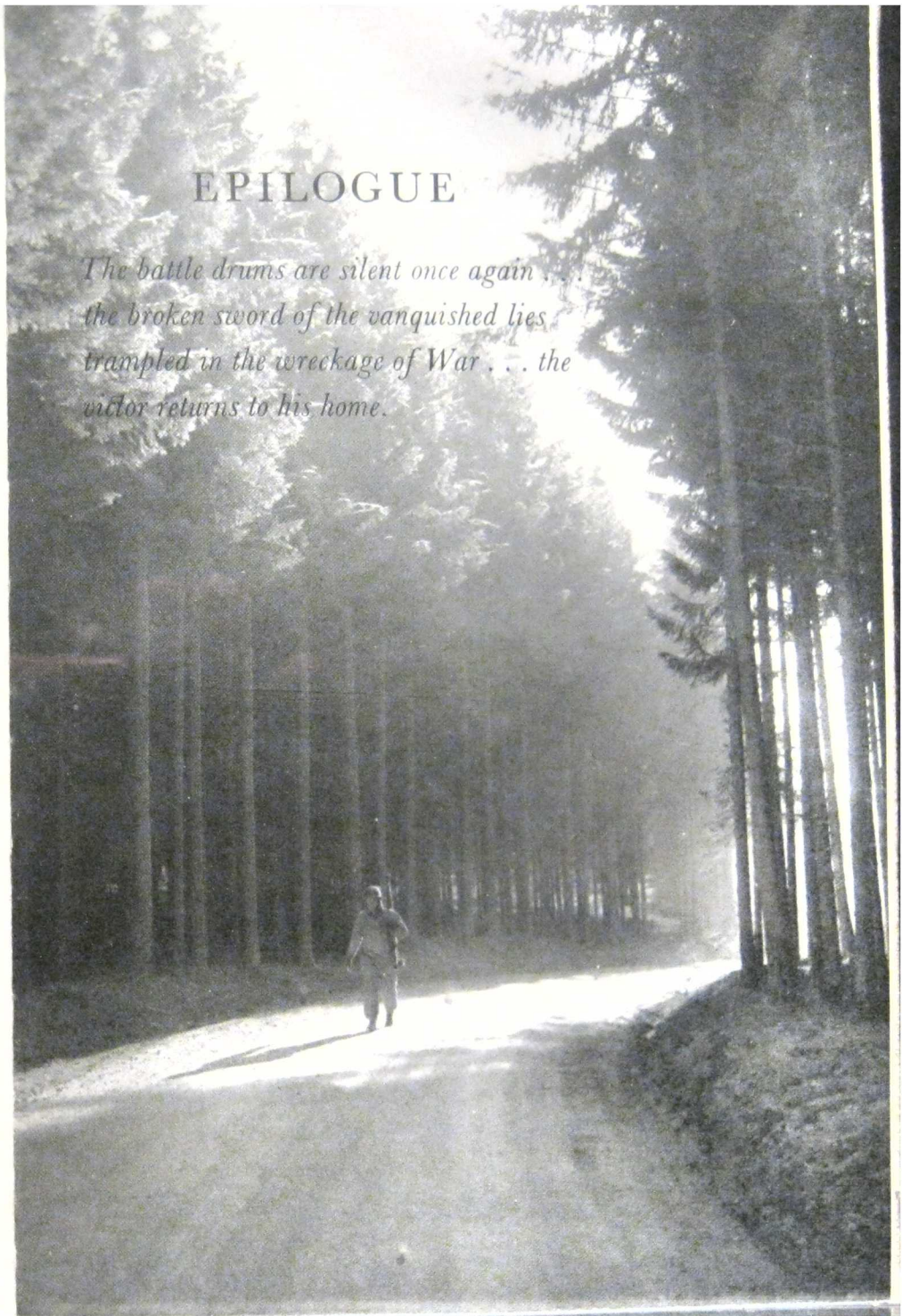
Street that was parked in. He got in one dollar's worth
and some money paper about the time of taking it in the
cottage street, and it didn't seem like there was anything
more to do for him and girls of his class, but it was in
a pretty good way.



WELL, I guess Mohawk didn't do any more than its share, but it certainly rolled up its sleeves and went to work. We were a long way from the battle line, but we were there . . . our men and women were there . . . our money was there . . . our supplies were there . . . and most of all, our hearts were there.

EPILOGUE

*The battle drums are silent once again . . .
the broken sword of the vanquished lies
trampled in the wreckage of War . . . the
victor returns to his home.*



SMOKE, written by Reginald Harris and designed by Loy Baxter, has been printed by Howard Coggeshall at his Press in Utica, New York, and bound into a book by Russell-Rutter Company of New York under the direction of Randall W. Bergmann. The type is Baskerville and the text paper is Warren's Lustro Gloss. The fabric used in binding the book was a war product of Mohawk Carpet Mills, Inc.

★

Credit is hereby given for the use of the following photographs:

Harold M. Lambert—Page 11.

United States Army—Pages 19, 22-23, 32-33, 34-35, 38-39, 42-43, 44-45, 48-49, 50-51, 52-53, 54-55, 58-59, 60-61, 62-63, 64-65, 77.

United States Navy—Pages 19, 20-21, 28-29, 30-31.

V. Webb—Pages 68-69.

H. DeWolf—Pages 16-17.

Additional photographs were provided by E. D. Ruman and G. L. Shuttleworth.