



4—A bite of lunch at 3 in the morning. Graveyard "noon" hour in Hedy's coffee shop



7—It's a happy home because Howard's wife does her bit, too



6—Graveyard is over—they're glad to see their daddy back



5—3:20 a. m.—he's back at the G. & L. machines

From Midnight to Dawn

Hendy's Machinist and His Family Are Making a Good Thing of Upside-Down Life

The boys on swing shift can turn in for a good night's sleep when they get home at 1 or 2 in the morning. The boys on day shift usually hit the hay about 9 or 10 o'clock, so they can get up early without staggering to the job.

But the graveyard man is doing his stretch from midnight to 8 a. m. and he's hard put to find a good old-fashioned piece of night-time slumber. His life is upside-down, and there's no getting around that.

Can a graveyarder make a good thing out of his upside-down existence?

Howard Yarnell, machinist at the Joshua Hendy Iron Works in San Jose, answers that with an emphatic "Yes."

Can See the Kids

"I like having my evening in daylight," says Howard. "I can work in my Victory Garden, go fishing, work on my car—best of all I can see the babies while they're awake in the morning. If I was on day shift, you know, they'd be put to bed soon after I got home at night."

A Chronicle Yanks' reporter with a photographer followed Howard into his graveyard world and here's what they found:

11:05 P. M.—Howard leaves his home at 2315 Haywood street, San Jose. Jumps in the car and picks up his friend, William Hightower, a crane operator at Hendy's, and three other workers.

11:40 P. M.—They arrive at Hendy's big shops in Sunnyvale. He lets the other fellows out in front of the plant and goes to park the car.

11:48 P. M.—Howard goes in the front door with dozens of other "iron men of Hendy." "Hello, Pat. Hiya, Mike. Hello, Pete—how's it going? Howard is a personable young chap and has a smile for everyone.

Howard sticks his card in the clocking machine and hoofs it over to the shop where he'll operate a Giddings and Lewis machine all night.

11:50 P. M.—He's in the shop and says hello to Ray Thomas, who operates the G. and L. on swing shift from 4 to 12 p. m.

Howard takes off his lumber-jacket, slips into his overalls, and puts on his machinist's cap. Five minutes before midnight he's ready to go.

This G. & L. machine is nobody's fool. Not only can it bore on parts for Liberty ship en-

Workers Say They Like Night Work

"Nothing wrong with graveyard. I'm used to it now—wouldn't hardly know how to sleep nights any more."

This is the opinion of Martin Divitt, shiftfitter at Richmond yard one, who's been a graveyarder since April. His opinion was reflected by dozens of other workers on the night shift last Saturday.

"We get more work done on graveyard," said Norman Barry, welder leaderman. "There are not so many on the shift—there's less confusion."

All is not milk and honey, though. One worker said the lights bother him, as the weld flashes are more hazardous at night. He's been taking vitamin A tablets and says they fixed him up. Another one said, "It's OK with me, but my wife hates like hell to be left alone at night."

To many workers graveyard is worth while because they can take in a little sunlight on their time off.

And of course nobody minds that 15 per cent bonus in the pay envelope.

gines, but it can mill or drill. It's an impressive piece of equipment, and the coat is fabulous.

Howard goes into a short conference with Roy Thomas. Tonight they're milling a cylinder. Ray tells him what's been done and what's on the docket, then he grabs his lunch pail—and the G. & L. is Howard's baby.

Plenty to Eat

3 A.M.—It's the noon and Howard dashes off to the company cafeteria, which serves hot food all night. For 46 cents you can get a nice slice of roast beef, vegetable, potato, a bread and butter sandwich, and coffee. Usually Howard brings his lunch—a sandwich, piece of cake, jar of fruit, and coffee. The gang in the shop send out to the cafeteria for a big batch of coffee.

This is a 20-minute lunch period—no time for dozing. The Hendy boys only work eight hours, so the 20 minutes is a gift from Uncle Joshua.

3:20 A. M.—Back to the G. & L. It's not hard work, but you have to be alert. It's quiet, too—nothing like a shipyard—and it's nice and warm.

At four o'clock comes the well-known "lag." Everybody has to fight sleep for a while. Some of them are hit worse around five or six. Most of them think it takes at least a month to get adjusted to this unearthly stint.

8:00 A. M.—Graveyard is over and Howard drives back to San Jose. He arrives at the house about 8:30. Day people eat their big meal after they get home from work, but not Howard Yarnell. It's breakfast for him, and it's no sissy meal either. (Said one graveyard man in Richmond, "When it's morning it's time for breakfast. It just wouldn't be right to eat dinner.")

Howard's wife, Arlene, who like her husband is pleasant and soft-voiced, runs the home on day shift because the "babies" can't be put on graveyard. The babies are Joe, aged four, and Sue Ann, who's a year old.

Arlene went to bed at 11:30 after Howard left for Hendy's. She slept until 7:30 and got up to get the house warm and have breakfast ready by 8:30.

"A lot depends on your wife how this graveyard thing works out," said Howard.

After breakfast, Howard does whatever suits his fancy. Sometimes he'll trim the hedge in the front yard. Or he'll go out to his lathe shop in the garage and make something for the house. Or sometimes he'll just fool around with Joe and Sue Ann, or read a magazine like any other worker in the "evening."

When summer comes the whole family often packs up and goes to the beach in Santa Cruz for the day. They take a picnic lunch and during the afternoon Howard naps in the sun.

12 M.—Dinner with the family. 1 P. M.—To bed until 7:30. (That's only six and a half hours' sleep, but it seems that most graveyard workers average about that.)

"The children are noisy sometimes," said Howard. "You know how kids are. And the phone rings now and then. But after six weeks or so you get so you just don't hear the noise. Arlene does her best to keep the children in another part of the house."

7:30 P. M.—Howard gets up, Joe and Sue Ann are put to bed and

Howard and his wife spend the evening together—this time by themselves.

"That's why graveyard is so nice," said Howard. "You have a lot more time with your family." 10:30 P. M.—Time to get ready to go to work at 11:05.

The Yarnells are old hands at "graveyarding." Howard was a graveyard machinist for Westinghouse in Mansfield, Ohio, for five years.

Curious About Day Life

"I liked to talk to people, so I quit Westinghouse to sell insurance," he said. "I also thought I'd like to see how people live in the daytime."

He sold insurance for three years, then war came and they moved to San Jose where Howard found a job as machinist with a canned food company. A year ago he started on his job at Hendy's.

"There's nothing hard about graveyard once you get the routine going," said Arlene. "But you have to plan a little. For instance we have a different meal schedule whenever we're going out in the evening."

Sometimes they go to a show, play cards with friends, or go bowling. In that case Howard eats a bigger breakfast and goes to bed at 9:30 in the morning. He sleeps right on through to 5, then they have a big dinner at 6 o'clock.

There's only one problem they haven't licked—the "day" off. It's a stickler for every graveyard worker.

"If you stay to your schedule, your "day" off would be from midnight to 8 a. m.—a heck of a time to celebrate, when everybody else is in bed and the sun is on the other side of the world.

Howard has Sunday off. After he gets back from work Sunday morning he sleeps a few hours. On Sunday night he sleeps all night, so he's fresh for Monday and can stay up all day.

Arlene's kid brother is visiting them now, so last Monday they spent the day showing him San Francisco. But they had to be back home at 11:05, when Howard left for graveyard shift.

This means he has to be up all day before he goes to work Monday night—and it's kind of a long pull until 8 o'clock Tuesday morning.