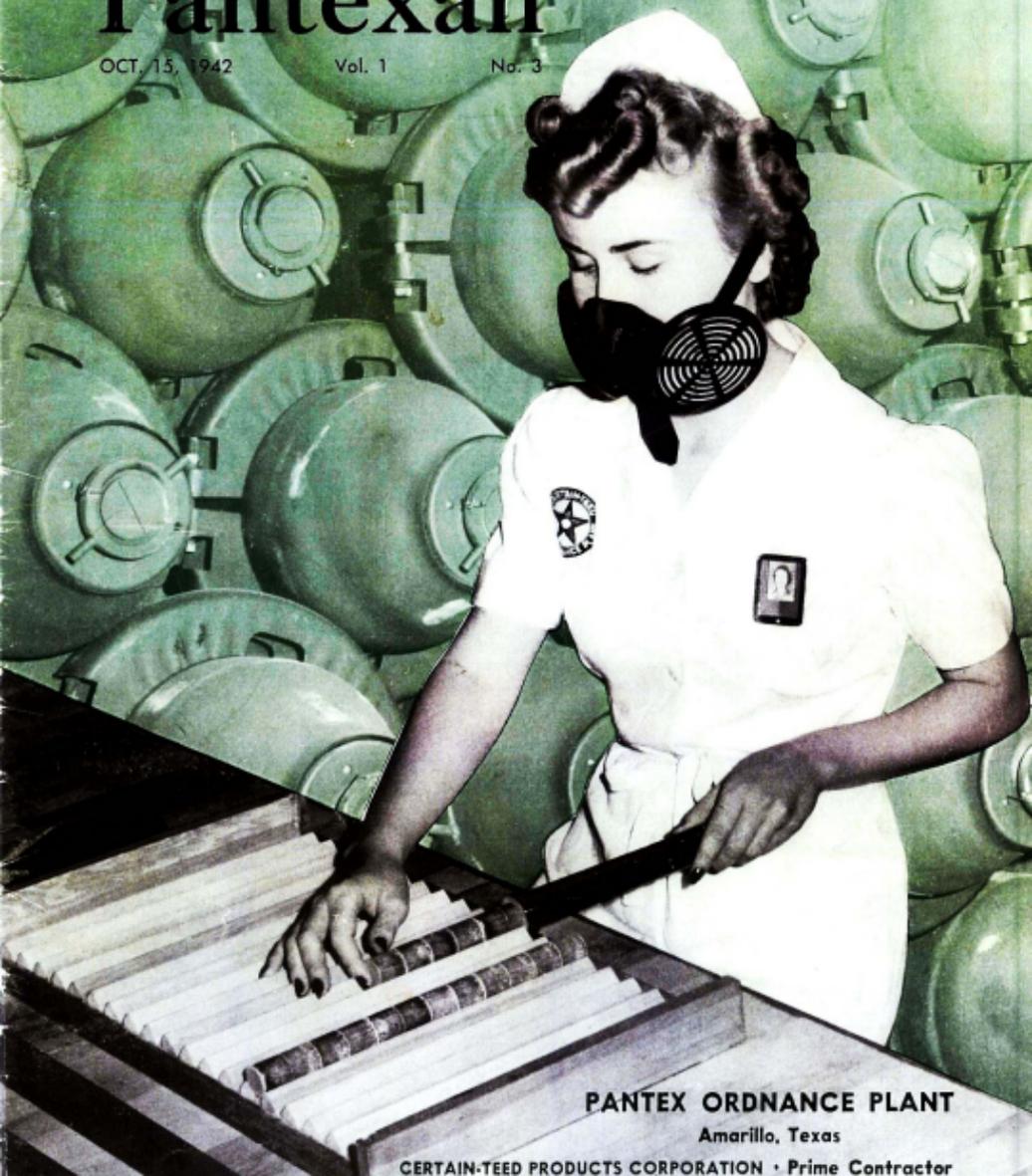


# Pantexan

OCT. 15, 1942

Vol. 1

No. 3



**PANTEX ORDNANCE PLANT**

Amarillo, Texas

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION · Prime Contractor



# Pantexan



Published on the 1st and 15th of Each Month by and for  
Employees of  
PANTEX ORDNANCE PLANT  
Certain-teed Products Corporation, Prime Contractor  
Amarillo, Texas

Maj. P. S. Irvine	Commanding Officer
H. J. Hartley	President and General Manager
John G. Getz, Jr.	Assistant General Manager
Harry R. Lewis	Assistant General Manager

John R. Forkner	Editor
C. A. Loomis, Jr. and Betty Gose	Associate Editors

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Arthur Reagor	Engineering	George Curtis	Booster Line
John E. Wisdom	Control Lab	Bob Canning	Staff Photographer

## THINK THIS OVER

The sole objective of Pantex Ordnance Plant is to make bombs to help win this war. There is no place here for selfishness, petty jealousies and rumor spreading. Anything you *do* or *say* which might hinder the efforts of this plant or cause dissatisfaction among employees is sabotage . . . a sacrilege against boys who are dying for you on the battle fronts. Think it over.

## INTELLIGENCE

To steal from an old quotation "Intelligence is the ability to see things as they are."

All of us are intelligent in some respects but few in all. The employees of Pantex must be intelligent about safety, must see their job as it is, understand it, comprehend why they are doing the job they are on, and how to do it right. None of us should be working here just for the money we are paid, for all of us are compensated with the far richer reward of satisfaction that we are at work in the War, that we are working for Uncle Sam and every last little toddling child in this great country, and that we are pitching in and doing a job. We must do that job right!

Here is to the intelligence to see your job as it is. Learn to do it right, and above all do it right. Make every minute count. Don't gamble with the minutes you put in here. Invest them in intelligent work and draw the dividends of Liberty from a never-ending stream of high explosives postmarked, Berlin-Rome-Tokyo via United States Air Mail.

—Bill Flocks

## THIS ISSUE'S COVER

Typical girl operator on the Booster Line is blonde Betty Solomon pictured on the cover filling an auxiliary booster case with tetryl pellets. Betty wears a respirator which protects her lungs against explosive dust. A former beauty operator, she has deft fingers for booster building and likes her work. She had a brother in Pearl Harbor and has a tall, dark and handsome boy friend, a technical sergeant, in the army but doesn't know where he is located at the present time. Betty says she is glad to be doing her part in the war effort here at Pantex.

## The Panhandle

You may have been to Houston, Dallas or Fort Worth.  
You may have wandered coast to coast or all around the earth.  
You may have seen this great big state in every little part.  
You even may have been where they call it "Deep in the Heart."  
But until you've seen the Panhandle my friend I must relate,  
You don't know a damn thing about Texas, the famous LONE STAR STATE.

By Elzey Roberts, Oct. 13, 1942.  
*Mr. Roberts is publisher of the St. Louis Star and Times and was one of the guests at Pantex last week.*

## Army Mother

If you have a heart made of steel,  
Then you just won't do,  
For to be an Army Mother,  
You must have a heart soft and true.  
You must laugh, when other mothers cry,  
Pretend you are happy, when your heart aches with pain,  
Tell yourself that I am coming home,  
When you feel that you will never see me again.  
You must let your conscience be your guide,  
Listen to the talk of none other,  
Let your tears into laughter turn,  
Then you will be my Army Mother.  
It seems ever since I left you  
A cloud hangs o'er my heart,  
But Mother, we're Americans  
And we both must do our part.

*Pvt. Donald W. Crosson*  
Battery A, 2nd Platoon  
60 C. A. (A. A.)  
Fort Mills, Philippine Islands

(Ed's note: This poem was written by a son stationed overseas to comfort his mother, whom he knew was distressed about him. His father, Henry C. Crosson, started working as a steam fitter in the Utilities Dept. on the 5th of October and his brother P. C. Crosson began as a steam fitter a few days later.)

## THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Being cheerful should be considered just as much a part of the day's task as talking.

## AN APOLOGY

Due to an oversight Pantexan failed to credit George Curtis with his excellent story, "Women On The Job," on page 4.

Safety Hint—"Don't tell me, I might tell Hitler."

## PANTEX COMES THROUGH IN CHEST DRIVE

Certain-teeed, prime contractor for Pantex, boosted the Amarillo Community and War Chest Fund last week with a \$1,000 contribution. Employees had subscribed \$1,200.00 last Friday noon with only approximately one-third of them contacted.

## WALLIE BUYS BONDS

By Bill Flocks

Wallie Goodman, teletype operator in Ordnance Mail and Records Division, has one ambition. When he reaches the ripe old age of 18 he's going to join the Navy—the Signal Corps if you please. In the meantime Wallie in his own quiet way is making slackers out of the rest of us.



There are a number of employees both of Ordnance and Certain-teeed whose salaries would make Wallie's mouth water. But are all these employees putting 37.5% of their salary into War Bonds as Wallie is? The figures say not and figures don't lie.

Wallie Goodman is 17. He is the son of parents of modest means, born and raised in Amarillo and possessed of more patriotism in his little finger than a lot of other folks in this old U.S.A.

Consider Wallie and what he does with his salary at Pantex. First he puts out 37.5% of his salary each month on War Bonds. He works the graveyard shift in the teletype room at Ordnance, rides to and from his midnight work on the bus, eats at the cafeteria, buys his own clothes and studies in his spare time to prepare himself for a useful career in the Navy. About girls and dates he says his time and money are both limited and besides who ever heard of a girl giving a fellow a date at 8:30 a. m., the time Wallie gets off his shift.

Hats off to Wallie, folks, on the bottom of the payroll classification he's tops when it comes to buying UNITED STATES WAR BONDS.

"The water is being chlorinated and vaccinations given for the protection of you and your associates," Dr. Gray explained. "If you have not reported for your inoculation make it a point to do so immediately and urge your fellow worker to do likewise. We have a big job to do and it will take the full cooperation of each and every one of us. So stay well and stay on the job."



Dr. Gray gives Norma Curtis her second typhoid shot.

## Vaccinations and Chlorinated Water Are Safety Measures

By Hardy Mays

As a safety measure against pollution and its resulting ills, the water supply at Pantex has been highly chlorinated during the past few weeks. This was necessary because the water system is new. After it has been thoroughly sterilized the amount of chlorine can safely be reduced to a degree that should not affect the taste of the water.

The Medical Department will continue to keep a keen eye on the water supply, however. Periodic tests will be made both at the source of supply and from the distribution system. By scientific laboratory control over the entire network of water mains it is a comparatively easy matter to locate and isolate any trouble that might arise.

Typhoid is one of the diseases most frequently contracted from polluted water. As a double check to protect employees against any hazard which may arise in connection with the water while the system is still new and against any future eventuality, the Medical Department has ordered all employees who have not had typhoid shots within the past year to report at the hospital for vaccination. The immunization consists of a series of three shots to be taken seven days apart. The fact that you have had typhoid fever does not exempt you from taking the shots because there are three types of typhoid and it is necessary that you be made immune from all three. Only by taking a series of three shots three years in succession can you receive complete immunity to this disease.

Although it is true that a small percentage of those vaccinated have suffered ill effects from the shots, the worse the effect the more the immunization is needed, according to Dr. Gray, head of Medical.



H. F. McFarland, Jr.

## Pantex Welcomes McFarland As New Chief Engineer

The appointment of H. F. McFarland, Jr. as Chief Engineer of Pantex Ordnance Plant was made on Oct. 6th by H. J. Hartley, president and general manager of Certain-teeed Products Corporation, prime contractor.

McFarland has heretofore been employed as project manager at Pantex for Freeze, Nichols and McKenzie Construction Company, Architect-Engineer-Managers.

In commenting on Mr. McFarland's appointment Mr. Hartley stated that he knew that all of Mr. McFarland's friends in the organization would welcome his experience and wide knowledge.

At the same time, the divisions known as Utilities and Engineering were combined into one division known as Engineering. F. E. Woodruff of Utilities and W. B. Dierssen of Engineering report to Mr. McFarland.

## Visiting Ordnance Officers Are Pleased With Pantex

Two high-ranking Ordnance officials were visitors at Pantex October 4 and 5.

Lt. Colonel J. C. Brier from the Office of Field Director of Ammunition Plants in St. Louis, Mo. was here recently to study the auto transportation set-up. Lt. Colonel Brier was most complimentary of the smooth working manner in which auto transportation operations are being carried out at the plant.

Lt. Colonel Floyd L. Strawn traveled from Wahoo, Nebraska, where he is Commanding Officer of the Nebraska Ordnance Plant, and spent Monday conferring with Pantex's Commanding Officer, Major P. S. Irvine.



A group of booster builders putting them together. From left to right are Moselle McDaniels, Margaret Deal, Josephine Eubanks, and Betty Solomon.

# Women on the Job

CAPABLE HANDS WILL NURSE THE BOOSTER LINE INTO OPERATION

With the christening of the Booster line comes the advent of the use of women in actual production work at Pantex.

Every day more and more women are being employed in the nation's war industries. Married women with husbands in Australia work beside girls with sweethearts in Ireland. Pantex Ordnance Plant is following the national trend of using women workers whenever possible. They will be the backbone of production in Zone 6, outnumbering the men about five to one.

Although the baby area in size, the Booster line has a man-sized job to do. Line Superintendent Frank L. Poeltler and his crew have shown in their preparations that they are capable of fulfilling that obligation.

The supervisory staff has spent much time in insuring the best of working conditions. All wearing apparel for both men and women is furnished and is serviced in the respective change houses. It is laundered regularly to insure cleanliness. Men wear the regular powder suits and shoes.

Careful consideration has been given to the problem of women's working ap-

parel, paying attention to the factors of comfort, safety, and convenience. The outfit decided upon is a neat appearing combination of style and utility.

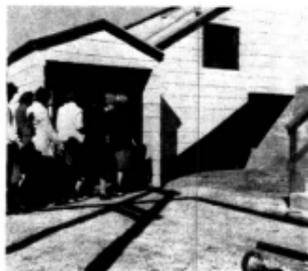
The women wear white cotton gaba-dine culottes, which button from neck to hem so that a skirt effect is produced when buttoned. These may be left only partly buttoned for more freedom.

A full cap with a jaunty bill which may be worn straight or tilted is the standard headwear. It is notable that no two of the women wear their caps alike.

White hosiery and two-toned powder shoes complete the visible ensemble. The same care was used in the selection of the inmentionables as was



Margaret Becker, booster forelady, racks up her time card as Bonita Newby watches. Dixie Weaver punches in and in the background Guard R. O. Williams looks into Margaret Long's purse.



The women enter a closed ramp into the change house. Also enclosed in this ramp is the entrance to the combined bomb-shelter and cafeteria.

used for the rest of the outfit. It may be that the uniform will be changed to slacks and anklets later on, if found to be more practical.

In Booster building jobs requiring nimble fingers the women are more capable than men, and are equally competent in many other duties. There are several types of operations involved, from strictly manual to completely mechanical. The women have shown the greatest interest in operations involving a machine or a mechanical "gadget," and have shown greater aptitude than men in the use of micrometers and balances in the quality control operations.

Much false information has been spread, by persons unqualified to have opinions, about the dangers of this work. When the facts are explained by well informed instructors, these fallacies are seen to be ungrounded.

Lela Bennet is seen at one of the quality control operations.



Whatever dangers are inherent in this department, as well as in other departments, are well guarded against by safety regulations, which, if carefully followed, minimize the possibility of accident or illness.

Strict cleanliness is one of the safety regulations and makes for healthy, happy working conditions. The assembly rooms are kept cleaner than most parlors and are really quite pleasant.

Steam heat will be used to combat the "northerns" which could be quite an Axis ally otherwise. Enclosed ramps and change house stairs will add their bit towards subjugating Old Man Winter.

All in all, the best conditions obtainable are being provided, so that no occupational accidents or illnesses can interfere with the women who are helping in building up Uncle Sam's ammunition supplies.

Ernestine O'Brien uses a micrometer to insure exactness in production.



The buying of hosiery and foundation garments for the girls on the booster line caused about as much furor in the Purchasing Dept. as the army experienced in outfitting the ladies of the WAAC's in brassieres. Shown here is Lera Belle DeFries, secy. to head buyer Horton, modeling a sample uniform before the outfit was decided upon.

## New Ordnance Employees

The addition of a number of necessary inspectors sent the list of Ordnance's newest employees skyrocketing this week.

Added to the Inspection Department were: Edgar A. West, Elmer J. Chenuit, Calvin W. Wright, A. C. Coker, Jr., Don A. Peters, Delbert L. Hickey, Ray I. Loftis, Warren Dennis, Louis W. Nixon, Vancil H. Littlefield, Thomas J. Fotheringham, Andrew L. Jordan, Clarence E. Kincaid, Albert P. King, William F. Sheppard, Bernis W. Chandler, Samuel H. Woodward, Boyd B. Sizemore, Edward A. Grover, Willard C. Chapman.

New employees in the Audit and Accountants Division are: Mary C. Gillenwater, Corrie Marie Brady, Mitchell Rea, Charles B. Wells, Helen M. Ellis.

Property additions are: Joe L. Rich, Paul L. Rogers, Nelson L. Moseley, Billy W. Stout, Vern O. Warner. Engineering and Operations added George P. Wisdom.

William R. Flocks, Jack L. Parks, and George H. Dick signed up with Safety and Security.



At noon the women go into the cafeteria to eat and relax. Ida May Ford anticipates her coffee, while at the end of the other table Dick Watson and Marlene Kramer look up from a Pantexan to smile at the photographer. Smoking is permitted in the bomb-shelter only.

## MEN IN WHITE

By Paul Karper and Roland Struchtmeyer

It would be most interesting to know the innermost thoughts of the men on Load Line 1 as they go about their tasks, to note the easy manner of this man and the studied precision of that. Let's try to glimpse what they may be thinking or even dreaming.

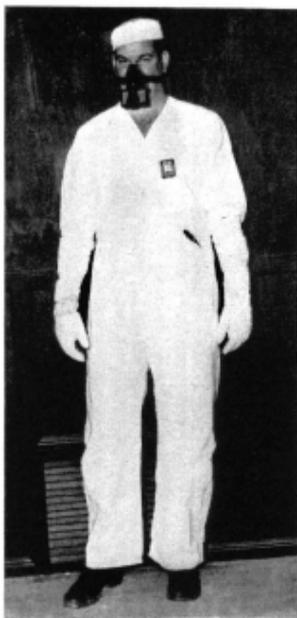
One fellow seems to be a little nervous. Is he thinking of the terrific destruction which that single bomb which now demands his attention could cause? Perhaps, but he is not afraid. Respectful, oh yes, because he knows that TNT is made to explode and he also knows that high explosives have few intimate friends.

Among us there is a somewhat fatalistic acceptance of the possibility of sudden destruction and such a realization gives us pause when we might be tempted, for production's sake or some other reason, to soft pedal a few of the many, many safety regulations which serve to protect us in our work. This feeling, or acceptance, is the result of a happy compromise which each man attains, one which permits him ease of mind as he handles the lethal materials but which also cautions him to "take it easy" for the sake of his fellow worker if not for himself.

One worker, as the result, probably, of an over active imagination, found his waking hours so disturbed that he felt called upon to ask for a release from his work; he had not attained the "happy medium" frame of mind. The first electrical storm which caused a "cease operations" order stimulated the imaginations of many of us; a slightly pale face and a very strong desire to break the mandate "walk, do not run in the Ramps," was evident as we headed for the bomb-proof shelters.

See that man smile as he proudly goes about his tasks. Does he have the peace of mind which should attend the knowledge that he is doing his bit toward the successful termination of this war? Perhaps he is dreaming . . . seeing in his imagination one of the bombs on which he works dropped on a vital target. He pictures the complete destruction of those who have desired to destroy the right way of life. Say, who wouldn't smile with inner satisfaction at such thoughts?

That fellow over there, the one with the long rod-like tool, he seems to be poking the amatol rather viciously doesn't he? There is a grim look on his face and determination in his actions. He is probably turning out bombs to be sure that a son, or brother, or some friends or relative has sufficient ammunition at



Man from Mars? No, it's Fred "Baby" Allen, an amatol pourer in the melt load building, Shift B. "Baby" weighs 286 pounds and is six feet five inches tall.

the front.

Are the thoughts of some bitter and vindictive? Probably so, when they contemplate the misery and hardships which this war has caused. But, they smile and joke when off duty as they meet in the change house or pass in the ramps. And although they go about their tasks each with his own particular point of view, there is apparent among the men of Load Line 1 a unified purpose which is to produce as many perfect bombs as is consistent with safe procedure, Safety—Quality—Production.

### Medical Moves Into Hospital

The medical division has a new home! Moving into the much needed and long awaited hospital has just been completed although it may be a few days before "production" can begin.

The hospital is just behind the Personnel Building and is connected by a long passageway. When the grand opening takes place a free tonsillectomy and appendectomy will be given the first and the thousandth visitor respectively, according to an unconfirmed report from a member of the staff.

## What The Well-Dressed Man Wears On The Load Lines

Although apparel worn on the load lines may not be designed according to the latest styles from Hart, Schaffner and Marx, from the angle of safety and convenience it can't be topped.

Each garment is made with a minimum of seams and creases to prevent the collection of explosive dust. Other simplifications of the coveralls include elimination of the fly front, cuffs and pockets. Loose fitting waist bands prevent binding and irritation of the skin.

The same rules apply to the white caps; they too have few seams or crevices. Canvas gloves with knit wrists must be worn in some operations to protect the hands from explosive dust and injury.

The only semblance of a pocket are two crossed strips of cloth which form a lattice to hold gloves or wiping rags. The entire uniform, from the tip of the cap to the cuffless ankle, is made of white cotton duck.

The men like to wear these powder suits and are as finicky as old maids about keeping them clean. Cleanliness is an important safety measure on the lines. Every morning fresh garments from the skin out are issued to the men.

Naturally all metal is taboo to eliminate hazardous sparks. So buttons on all apparel are made of a plastic material and operators must lace tipless leather strings through metalless eyelets in metalless safety shoes. Operators wearing powder shoes must feel like walking lightning rods for the shoes are designed to form a ground for static electricity. Conductive rubber heels are vulcanized onto the sewn leather soles. They throw off static electricity from the body into specially designed current absorbent floors and another danger from sparks is eliminated.

Sometimes the costume is completed with a respirator worn by men subject to TNT or amatol dust or where they must be protected from fumes. The gadget admirer is out of luck, though, for rings and the usual collection of junk found in a man's pocket must be left in the change houses. Only badges, necessary glasses and the regular issue of clothing may be worn and nothing may be carried onto the lines.

Evidently beauty doesn't count in this business, only brains.

If you miss the metal clip that used to hold lead pencil erasers, reflect that the metal saved would make about 13,000,000 cartridge cases for our soldiers.

# Certain-teed Directors Review Progress at Pantex

Headed by B. G. Dahlberg, chairman of the board of Certain-teed and Celotex, directors of the two corporations accompanied by U. S. Army Ordnance officers and other prominent men were at Pantex for a three day visit last week as guests of Major Irvine, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Getz and Mr. Lewis.

The party toured the reservation while here to review operations and board meetings of the corporations were held in the Administration Building. Monday evening the visitors were taken directly from their train to a ranch and treated to a chuck wagon supper and barbecue. For many of them it was their first initiation to the real West.

Tuesday evening they attended a small dinner at the Country Club which was conducted in the form of a business session and during which members of the group publicly praised the personnel of the organization on the fine job which has been done at Pantex.

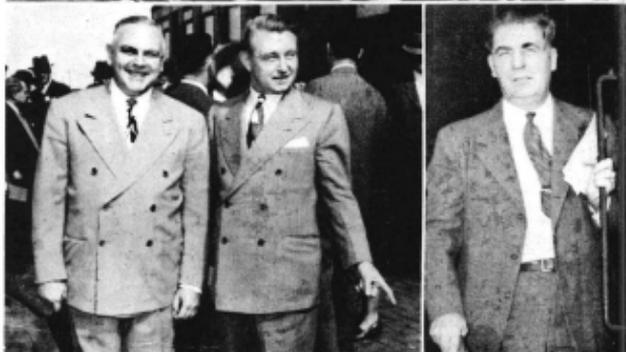
Mr. Hartley's speech expressed the sentiment of every employee of the organization. In part, it was as follows:

"Everyone who has worked at Pantex, has played an important, if small part in winning the war. They have helped to prove that our American way of doing things, cannot only match, but exceed the accomplishments of Hitler's regimented order. This achievement was made possible by a combination of hard work, common sense, and friendly cooperation.

"But I think we had best forget any self-satisfaction we may feel, when I remember that some of our best men are crouched at this moment in fox holes in Guadalcanal, waiting for a swarm of fight-crazy Japs to charge down on them in the darkness. I wonder if we couldn't have worked just a little harder, or saved a few hours here and there, by using our brains to better advantage.

"When I think of the men who are taking our Flying Fortresses out to fight and bomb the Nazis, and when hundreds of thousands of boys are now training for that job, I know that we can never be satisfied with our accomplishments here at Pantex. No matter how fast we load bombs, we can never produce enough of them, until the day we smash our enemies down to defeat.

"I think I can speak for every man and woman connected with Pantex, when I say, that all of us are resolved that this plant will deliver to the last ounce of its production capacity, until the day we have peace," Mr. Hartley concluded.



Top: Pantex visitors received a warm West Texas welcome when they arrived in Amarillo. Center: (L) H. J. Hartley, president and general manager for Certain-teed and B. G. Dahlberg, chairman of the Certain-teed and Celotex boards; (R) Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, a member of the visiting party. Bottom: A part of the group of Ordnance officers and their wives who were at the station to greet the visitors—Maj. and Mrs. P. S. Irvine, Lieut. and Mrs. J. B. Hart; Capt. and Mrs. James A. Swaney and Mrs. R. M. Smith and Lieut. R. M. Smith.

## First Issue of Pantexan Available to New Employees

As a gesture of welcome to new employees, Pantexan has arranged that they be provided with copies of the first edition of the magazine, as long as the supply lasts. These will be placed at

time clocks along with this issue and will be handed out to callers at the Pantexan Office, room 278 Adm. Bldg. Ask for a copy if you do not already have one.

# Help Wanted

BUSY PERSONNEL DEPT. FILLS THE RANKS WITH WORKERS

By Jerry Malin

"Nothing is impossible here."

That is the motto of the Personnel Department where 16 hours of each day are crammed with teeming activity. From 7 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night, a steady stream of men and women, elderly, middle-age and young, pass through the portals of the Personnel Building.

To the layman onlooker the activity in the Personnel Building looks like a madhouse of confusion. But out of the whirlpool of excitement comes the building of the human part of our plant—the employees upon whose work will depend how well POP does its part in the war.

In answer to thousands of telegrams, letters, and telephone calls, those who made out applications for work with POP storm the Personnel Building for final interviews. Human interest stories by the dozen pour into the ears of the interviewers as each applicant seeks to fit his qualifications into the requirements for the jobs which are available.

Some applicants are confident and reserved, others are bewildered and perplexed, and still others are loud and demanding. But at the end of each day more people have been hired and another step has been taken which leads to the day we all dream about—capacity production.

Personnel workers take pride in one thing above all else about their work—from officials in every department come word that the caliber of employees sent to them sets a high standard.

When an applicant first registers with the receptionist it marks the beginning of the rush to complete the many details necessary to his employment. Interviews are next. The staff of interviewers who do the actual hiring work as rapidly as possible so that every one who seeks work may be taken care of, or so they can take the minimum amount of time with those who may be merely curious or definitely not interested.

The exact number of persons employed is, of course, a military secret, but it is no secret that Personnel is working hard, day and night, to supply the demands being made by the various departments.

"No let-up is seen for at least ninety days," tersely informs George H. Robertson, Director of Personnel and the man who sees to it that out of the rush and turmoil come results.



Mob scene in the waiting room of Personnel building. In this group, photographed only a few days ago, are folks whose faces may soon be familiar on the reservation.

The Personnel Building may be termed a "human assembly line." Receptionists, interviewers, file clerks, job assignment personnel, identification personnel and medical department employees are kept busy as the newly hired employee is routed through their offices. The applicant enters the line at the front of the building an outsider and leaves a proud member of POP family which is fast becoming the largest industrial group in West Texas.

The personnel staff which "pushes" the applicant down the assembly line numbers about 100, this many doing a job which really needs 150. A stenographic pool of seven girls is supposed to be kept on hand at all times, but the demands from permanent departments drain the supply so rapidly that about the only thing one can depend on being in the pool is a typewriter.

Of the thousands who are sent orders  
(Continued on page 9, col. 3)

## PIFFLE AT PANTEX



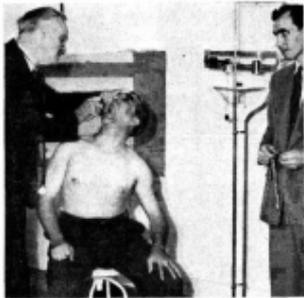
Sylvextre J. Piffle, a prosperous gas and tire man in the good old days, is shown taking the first step towards getting a job with Certainteed.



He is handed an application to fill out giving his interests, sub-interests, along with a brief history of his life and wife and genealogy of his wife's first husband.



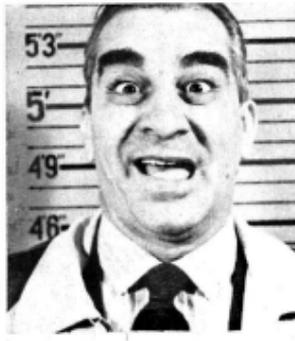
After an impatient wait, Sylvextre receives a telegram to report at once. He rushes out to Pantex by Victory Bus, and here he is being introduced to interviewer, Marguerite Shamblyn, by escort Le Nell Eastus.



Having been approved by the interviewer, our friend is seen suffering a medical examination. Dr. H. H. Keys officiates at the opening while Bill Wansa prepares to take Syl's measure. Syl is brave but chest-fallen.



Photographer Virgil Beavers brings forth his best technique to insure a reasonable facsimile. However:



John W. Moore, fingerprinter, has to twist Sylvextre's left wrist to make him do right.



Bill Stubbs looks on approvingly, while Piffle gives his 10% pledge to Uncle Sam's niece, Jean Hiatt.

Now a full-fledged employee. Poor Piffle is sent to school. Teacher R. J. (Bob) Wheeler tries valiantly to explain it all to an unresponsive pupil. Professor Bill Teal suggests the strong-arm (safety rubber-hose) method. Luckily for Syllly the school closes and then he is given the job as sub-junior-assistant-second-class-powder monkey's helper.

to report for final interviews, an estimated 40 per cent show up. Hundreds of the men who made applications are now in the armed forces; others have taken other jobs; some have moved away; and, some are simply unaccounted for, the reason being unknown.

Of those who do report approximately 50 per cent are hired. The majority of those not hired can not find housing facilities. Where to find a place to live—that's the biggest bottle-neck so far as Personnel is concerned. Some applicants simply fail to meet the qualifications, but these are far in the minority. Others reject offers because the salary is not sufficient to meet their obligations. Some can not go to work at once in restricted areas because the investigation of their applications is not completed.

The detail work of properly classifying the applicant, finger-printing him, giving him medical examination, listing him on the payroll, taking his picture, assigning badge number, and so forth is properly taken care of by the following:

Bill Stubbs, job assignment chief. Fred Walker, records chief, Charles Langston, training chief, and Chet Robertson, employment chief.

Roy Riddle supervises the downtown employment office at 504 1/2 Taylor. Leon Kinney and an assistant are at the United States Employment Service office at all times to take care of prospective employees who may show up there.

First to greet the prospects are the receptionists, Olivia and LeNell Eastus and Edith Strickland.

Those who calm down bewildered applicants and definitely determine whether they will be employed are Don Boyd, chief interviewer, Tom Kinsey, Pat Davis, Sim O'Neal, Edgar Myers. Mrs. Marguerite Shamblyn, and Jerry Malin. Jim Gulick, assistant personnel director, moved out of his private office and went up on the "front line" to serve as an interviewer during the rush. He made the move to help out "temporarily"—but he's still there, day and night.

During the past few weeks nearly every department in the plant was demanding help to fill jobs immediately. And, immediately, means right now—that's why the personnel force is at top-speed, full force ahead, running and jumping all over the building, answering telephones, listening to all corners, answering questions by the hundreds, and creating the atmosphere which may look like confusion to those on the outside, but which really is nothing more or less than—

GETTING THE JOB DONE by "Fighting Time."

## EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

By Lillian Corse

When you are ushered to a chair in front of the desk of a distinguished looking grey-haired man who some call "senator" and others "chief," and he looks up and welcomes you with "How're you running?" you're talking to P. F. Murray—better known as Pete to his friends. His job is that of talking with people and helping them "iron out" their problems. If, when he can't agree or can't give certain requested information he says, "I can't go," then you know it's Mr. Murray.

A friendlier, more dependable and capable group couldn't be found than our guards. Regulars are C. V. Duncan, Cecil Killough, and E. L. Pratt, all a valuable asset to the office. And then there are the reliefs. We don't know them so well but they're the same type of fine men.

Gay Douglas, the girl with a "yen" for helping humanity, is a very important figure in the employment office. It's she who sees that messages are relayed, that reports are in order, and that everything runs smoothly. In short, she is a very able assistant to Mr. Riddle. A member of Gamma Phi sorority at West Texas State, Gay was especially active in campus extra-curricular and theatrical work. She spent one summer studying at Pasadena Playhouse.

New members of our force are Jerry Ray and Doris Herbst. Jerry is a real "Panhandler," having been born in Amarillo and has lived in the house she now lives in since she was one month old. Both she and Doris attended West Texas State, where Doris belonged to the Delta Zeta sorority.

Merle Kimble, housing department, is the woman who is most in demand by new Certain-teed employees. It is she who helps find places for them to live. She's also lending a hand on the preparing of the column for this issue of Pantexan.

Opal Watson has transferred from Safety to Employment — Personnel at 504 1/2 Taylor. She is being replaced by Jessie A. Duncan.

Highlights on Marion Quisenberry—Chief Fingerprint Expert: One of first employees — went to work April 1st . . . has studied fingerprinting extensively . . . worked with sheriff's departments in Donley County and Colorado . . . hobbies—horseback riding and working cattle.

Ima Jo Wilkerston started work October 7th in the Housing Dept. Her husband is a student at the Technical School.

## ENGINEERING DEPT.

By Arthur Reagor

We've had so many newcomers we're just about out of keys to our happy home. First there is Mr. H. F. McFarland, Jr., our new Chief Engineer. We're all looking forward to pleasant and co-operative associations from this quarter. Second, Henry A. Roberts has taken over blueprint files and records. His able assistant is Letha Rockwell. Third, J. Roy Smith, new addition to the architectural staff, has been with us four days at the time of this writing, yet he's already "one of us." Fourth, we welcome Carl R. Schell, our new heating, ventilating and plumbing engineer. And last, our overworked stenographic staff welcomes the arrival of two new secretaries, Marie Carlson and Argie Neal.

First glance tells you Bill Cooper didn't have time to shave, but closer inspection shows he's cultivating the secret of Orville Johnson's success with the women.

We've been rather fortunate in securing good neighbors. Stores Dept., whom we like, have moved to the center wing. Cost Accounting Dept. whom we also like, replace them.

Several nights ago our drafting staff almost exhausted our supply of elbow grease and midnight oil. Though three hours sleep wasn't near enough, we met the deadline and delivered the goods.

I guess you have heard of the girl who started eating tetryl so her hair would come out in bangs.



With meat rationing becoming stricter no wonder George Thorne-well, Purchasing Agent of the Burton-Pantex Cafeteria, looks happy as he inspects some fancy meats that just arrived.

## THE MELTING POT

By Nell Stevenson

More new people working this week . . . Payroll authorization, Juanita Hutchinson, Lois McBroom, Elizabeth Miller, Irene Mengwasser, Yolande Shelton, and transfers, Elaine Ayers and Florine Mullin. Other offices, Billee Foster, Olene Wright, Merle Bickerstaff, Jacqueline Harrison, Rachel Morrison, Modena Shaw, Gertrude Jones, Darleen Cunningham, Lorena O'Neil, Dolores Couch, Jackie Stovall, Thelma Meyers, Florence Garre.

Dame grapevine has it that the girls in files are more patriotic than any in the dept. They are not only signed up 100% for war bonds, but also see to it that no soldiers are without rides into town, if it is at all possible to squeeze another uniform in the car. Not at all a bad idea.

Seen (maybe better not seen) . . . Katy Barnhill of Payroll Authorization office collecting various papers from every corner of the office after typing each on separate typewriters (or so it seems to follow workers) . . . Betty Scott composing poetry all day . . . Don Cates with his new assistant, Mac Hall . . . two young ladies who sit together named Britten and English . . . Billie Harmon being duly proud of her two brothers in the service, one a 2nd Lt. in the Infantry, the other an aerial gunner on a B-17 . . . Byron Dodson leaving to go with TWA . . . Clara Shook (no longer a newcomer) has proved to be one swell trooper in P. A. office and still naming San Antonio as her favorite spot on earth. . . Jean Hiatt being robbed of all night life because of night shifts . . . And your reporter being beckoned (not so calmly) back to work.

### CONTRIBUTED

The tune cannot be written, thank you.

### Prayrie Lament

Mi Muther towld mee wen eye wuz a  
 chyld  
 "If you doan't mynd mee yoo wyll goe  
 wyld."  
 Too mi muther eye didn't heede  
 Ande naow eye'm wurking fore Sertin-  
 Tead.  
 O'Wo!—Eye'm slaving awae!  
 Eye sitt hear awl dae ande Tri Too  
 smyle—  
 Lnkng at theze ——— fyles,  
 Mi soshial lyf haz gon too seede  
 Synce Eye've ben wurkin free Sertin-  
 Tead—  
 O'so!—Eye'm slaying awae!  
 To be kontinewed neckst weak  
 —by B. Scott.

## MEET THE PEOPLE

By C. A. Loomis, Jr.

The General Auditing Dept. seems to have become a clearing house for Auditors, by the looks of the vacant desks. You can step on an Auditor in almost any branch of the Fiscal Dept. at the present time.

While this magazine was in the process of printing last week, Cost Accounting changed places with Stores. You will now find Mr. Whitehead and staff comfortably situated in the south wing on the first floor.

Some people seem to think that Jo Mae Payne is hiding the truth by having a certain new ring on the wrong hand. Your guess is as good as anyone's.

Did you know that Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, the now famous head of the WAAC, is the sister of our own Jack Culp, Asst. Paymaster?

H. J. Farwell, is running a close second to Meade Graham in becoming a father. Their slogan soon should be, "Payroll Pays Off."

Suggestion of the Week:  
Budget Today the  
Whitehead Way

Passing comment as heard in the Payroll Dept.: Elmore Carver was seen in the hall combing his hair, both of them.

It is the wish of this writer that he could publish pictures of all the new girls and boys in the mail room, but as a substitute, here are their names: Betty Ann Herbert, Wilma Priest, Kenneth Cooksey, David Isham and Gene Clardy.

The Office Management Dept. lost a good worker in the person of Marie Carlson, or you might remember her as alias Buttercup.

Accounts Payable is suffering the same fate as the old days in the Oliver-Eagle Bldg., not enough space. Have you noticed how the dept. has grown? Drop in and see the new faces there.

Wanda Hyatt of this dept. had a big week-end in Pampa. Could it have been that the Navy had landed.

Mr. Mills' fame has spread in regard to the draft situation. A letter was received from a company unknown to Mr. Mills, asking for advice on the draft. It seems that somewhere along the line, the Atlantic Basin Iron Works obtained a copy of the first Pantexan and read the article "You and The Draft" written by this writer.

Upholding the fact that you can always count on the Fiscal Dept., the Paymasters came through with a team to fulfill the vacancy in the Bowling league, as the result of the Firemen dropping out. No reflection on the Firemen, their shifts are rotating which makes it hard for them to maintain a team.



Craftsmen Harry Rieke (l) and F. O. Kelly show how it's done in the Woodworking Shop.

## Handymen With Tools Build Most Anything in Woodshop

"Tell us what you want and we will build it if it can be made of wood," said J. B. Bottoms, head of the Woodworking Shop.

At present in the shop an experimental bed is being constructed of pine and laced rope. The mattress will rest on the rope lacings. This trial bed, if proved successful, will be used in the dormitories on the reservation.

This type of bed is not a new idea as it was the accepted style before modern springs came into existence.

Employees in the workshop also make cabinets and similar furniture for the loadlines and do various odd jobs.

## UTILITIES DIVISION

By Myrtice Hunter

Utilities and Engineering Divisions are quite fortunate in having Mr. H. F. McFarland, Jr., as their "boss." Mr. Woodruff and this reporter have had the pleasure of working with Mr. McFarland and his secretary, Mrs. Clarice Hendricks, and we are looking forward to the time when they actually join us.

The number of employees in the Utilities Division has doubled since the last issue of the Pantexan. Mr. Wiggins has his office so full of clerks and stenographers that there isn't enough room for each employee to have a desk.

By the time this edition of the Pantexan is off the press, grass will be "shooting up" on the grounds in front of the Administration Buildings — we hope! Another act of beautification is the removal of the parking area adjacent to the Administration Building, Hospital and Cafeteria. Gasoline and tire rationing are limiting cars to such an extent that there will be plenty of parking space for employees and visitors at the rear of these buildings.

## ORDNANCE NOTES

By Bill Flocks

General complaining rose from Ordnance offices the past week due to after effects of first, second and third typhoid shots. The major portion of the personnel indulged in moans, but a day or two for recuperation was needed by Gertrude Wallentin and Lee Anna Edelman of Ordnance Payroll Division; Catherine DeFries of Property; Bernice Ranne and Lorraine Daniel of Mail and Records.

Lieut. Thad Davids, silent and unapproachable about when and where he lost his shirt, nevertheless aroused suspicion by announcing that he was going to Dallas, accompanied by Howard Patrick, to buy a new shirt.

Incidental Intelligence: The stylus used by Capt. Swaney to sign all those intra-office mutterings that the mimeograph spits out is known as a "stencil-pencil," dubbed so by one of those cute Ordnance Engineering and Operations stenographers.

If this one's been around before, move on to the next paragraph.

Ordnance slapped its collective side last week over the story, true too, of one colored employee on the load line. The boy told his superintendent he would like to transfer to some other type of work.

"What's the trouble," asked the Supt., "are you afraid of one those bombs might go off?"

"Nassuh, it ain't that. Ah just can't get use to dese men walkin' aroun' lookin' lak ghosts in dem white suits an' white hats."

Worry creased the brow of Engineering and Operations over Miss Maurine Cartwright, secretary to Lt. Smith, who was believed on the outskirts of Denver, Colo. looking for a ride in order to finish her proposed trip to Casper, Wyo., recently. Miss Cartwright set the office to pacing the floor en masse when she explained before leaving that all roads led to Denver but no bus, train, or plane accommodations connected with Caspar from there.

Learn One Thing Each Day: Alice Campbell bowled 205 for the best Ordnance women's bowling score to date last week!

Beth Kent of Ordnance Mail and Records refuses to admit that she has the chicken-pox. "That belongs to my daughter, Barbara," she said.

## AVOID INFECTIONS

If you get a slight bruise or cut while at work, report it to your foreman. Get First Aid immediately.

Don't wait.

Accidents cut production. To eliminate accidents, practice safety.



Above are pictured members of the Property Dept. who honored Mrs. Esther Cline Rea with a dinner recently. Left to right are Beryl Chesney, Austo Briggs, Mayme Kuhfuss, Roy Quinn, Del Guest, Chester Suhey, Roger Roste, Mrs. Rea, Borta Lee Mortens, Arthur J. Dowling, R. B. Burnett, Otis Higdon, T. G. Brown, Florence Blair and Bill McWhirter.

Mrs. Esther Cline Rea, posting machine operator in the Works Accounting Division, is another war wife who is working on the home front while her husband, M. L. Rea, is in foreign service. He is a member of the Lost Battalion of Java and she has had no word from him since February 12th.

The island of Java was occupied by the Japanese on the second day of March and all communications ceased when the enemy took possession. It was assumed,

at first, that all members of the unit were taken prisoners of war, but it is Mrs. Rea's very definite opinion that the battalion has taken to jungle-covered mountains and is continuing guerrilla fighting.

Mrs. Rea's first wedding anniversary was October 9 and fellow employees of the Works and Cost Accounting department honored her with a dinner in the private dining room of the cafeteria.

## PURCHASING DEPT.

By Marjorie Owen

Many envy Mr. Naughton his new secretary, blond and alluring Miss Dorothy Cannon, formerly of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Her previous job was at the Corpus Christi Naval Base.

The Purchasing Files are now being handled by Mrs. Maurine Matthews and Rebecca Pillely.

Working under Mr. Hair is another new typist, Miss Viola Vance of Panhandle.

Doyce Treadwell is secretary to O. McCarty.

S. L. Beck tells a story on his son, Corporal Sterling Beck, Jr. While in Amarillo one week-end the Military Police lectured him on observing curfew and his son replied to the effect that Amarillo girls are so charming that one never notices the time.

The first object that greets the eye early in the morning—the nonchalant figure of Herb Walker, who keeps the "Graveyard Shift" in the Stores Office Department. In addition to this Walker has the position of human alarm clock. He has a list of persons he awakens by phone each day. Anyone desiring to be included put in your application early.

Stores Office is now in the center wing of the Administration Building and has several new members: Edith Chil-

dre, typist and Katie V. Posey, file clerk, Fred C. Turne, previously in the Expediting Dept., is with us. Leo Wilmeth, Jr., is Stock Records Clerk.

S. S. Forrest is now in charge of Component Parts in Stores and his attractive secretary is Miss Leona Peck.

Ed Casky has a new secretary, competent Jean McDonald.

Marie Yoeman is the efficient new secretary of G. T. Phillips, Manager of Stores.

Tom Eldredge is now area foreman on high explosives.



Who? Where? Why? When?

What do you know about the "Keep 'Em Shooting" Program? Give Pantexan your ideas . . . an award will be made to the person who submits the best answer, in the opinion of the judges.

By Mort Rappoport

Here they come. I'll bet he wears an eight, too. Why does everyone wear an eight? We've been out of 11's ever since those eight feet came to Pantex. Where's Marshall with those size 13 feet. When he comes in I'll give him two pairs of 6 1/2's.

I'm getting to be the most popular bloke on the reservation since the word went around that the pretty brown oxfords had arrived and already we're out of eights.

What a migration to the shoe store! I never saw so many men whose feet hurt in black shoes in my life. They hurt your feet? Try them on your hands.

I'll see if I can get a requisition from this guy. Who sent you? Cordell Hull! OH! Mr. Phillips, OK.

What's the trouble? Your pants are too short. (Victory suit, no cuffs).

No size 4 1/2 shoes. What do you do little boy? It's lunch time, take over Ray Hall.

Some guy looking at the stock himself for a size 8. Boy, am I glad I've got Mr. Hartley's shoes in the safe.

Check these shoes in? Where's the tops? Hurt your ankles? How about a nice pair of safety shoes with open toes?

Where's the cat? Chasing the rats over to Zone 9, eh? Say Eagles, give me the milk, the cat's out for the night.

"Say mister, got any (I know—size 8's) 4 1/2's?" (Fooled me—it's that boy again). They don't fit, you can turn around in them? Have you got an apartment? I know a guy who'll move in with you. He's sleeping in a barber chair now.

It's no use trying 11D in brown. They won't fit any better than those black paddles you're wearing. Sure I'll let you know. He wants one pair for Sundays.

Say listen, Colville, I'll fit those nurses. Something dressy, high heels, black suede? No, they all come in black with brown toes. Yes, Miss Yarborough, I'll tell them.

They're too hard, hurt your feet? Take them out and let that tractor run over them a few times—that'll soften them up.

No, I'm sorry, that's the smallest uniform we have, little boy. Just a minute, I'll call the tailor. The cuffs are up to his knees now.

What, sweat shirt too warm, no freedom? Well, the sweat's good for you and the freedom you'll have to fight for.

See you around the powder room, girls.

By Olivia Eastus

Two things the guards in the Safety Department have in common are their reluctance to talk about themselves and "sleeping up" for the next day's work.

"On guard" at the Personnel Building employment door is Maurice Blakemore, whose four months with Pantex makes him an "old timer." Married and the father of a boy and a girl, he spends many of his off-hours playing golf and riding horses.

Tullis Davis—"may I see your pass, please" is most familiar to employees entering the north door. Tullis has been spending his spare time with his 20-year old son who was struck by a truck on the Canyon Highway and suffered a broken foot and other injuries.

J. N. Helm, outside guard at the north door, is the Papa of seven boys and one girl, but says his biggest job is helping people to observe the *No Parking* signs around the Personnel Building.

Emmett H. Hick (Sergeant to you, please) came to Pantex from the New Mexico State Police about four months ago. A well-known figure around the Personnel building, which is part of his zone.

Samuel Freedman Dutton, former Dallas policeman, watches over the west door—and all by himself, too. What with his 6 feet, 3 in.—and 235 pounds, it is agreed that he doesn't need any assistance.

Over the hospital way there is a former gun-totin' deputy from Texas County, Oklahoma by the name of J. J. Mangold. He can't recall any exciting man-hunts but tells some tall tales about his deer hunts.

Familiar to most everyone is the polite and untiring "Typhoid shots at the Personnel entrance, please," coming from R. L. Dorough at the hospital's front door. If there is anything you would like to know concerning the "South American Way," Guard Dorough is just the one to tell you. Cuba, Honduras, Panama, and South America are a few of the Pan-American countries he has visited. Before becoming a member of the guard force, he lived in Cuba, Honduras where he was connected with the U. S. Fruit Farms.

The Safety Reporter wishes to thank Brummett McClendon for pinch-hitting last issue. Next time she can thank me, but in the meantime, I would like to thank the entire Safety Department, each and every one of them, for the wonderful support (moral and otherwise) which carried me through a "crisis."—OE.

By George Curtis

Anita Rappert, Sec'y to the boss, wants her sign made "We Are Fighting Flies" instead of the usual.

As a photographer's guinea-pig, Bob Nelson had a lot of fun, but hopes people won't take to calling him Sylvestre.

Eugene Letts, our warehouse man, is quite an ice-cream fancier. He keeps trying to rebuild our equipment to make that frozen delight.

Pete Hodgson is too thin for the navy so Pantex gets him. A swell fellow with both feet on the ground, Pete is being made to feel right at home here in the Panhandle.

Our other new booster is Ralph Campbell, a serious fellow with an English attitude toward jokes.

Charles A. Reagan, safety engineer for this area, is on hand trying to engineer a safe bowling grip. His first effort, 88, included the pins he made in the second alley over.

## Cats Drafted For War Jobs



Pictured above is George Phillips, head of Stores Dept., holding three angora kittens which live at warehouse 8-5 where Les Eagles is foreman and cat-keeper.

The season for field mice has come, so employees in the Stores (Field) warehouses 8-5, 8-3, 8-7 and T-2 are combatting the problem with cats . . . an even dozen.

The feline friends were catnapped by men in the warehouses and transported to their new home on the reservation. There they have been given boxes and are fed with milk and, it is hoped, mice. Two of the kittens have been missing and it is supposed that the mice carried them away.

By John E. Wisdom

Let me introduce us—the staff of the Control Laboratory.

The Chief Chemist is R. H. Bots, who brings a wealth of experience to bear on technical problems here at Pantex. Mr. Bots is a naturalized American, a Belgian by birth, and is a graduate of the University of Ghent. His home until recently was in New Jersey. Mr. Bots has worked as a research and consulting chemist in various explosives, in heavy chemical industries, solvoly soda process and many other lines.

Assistant Chief Chemist John E. Wisdom has just returned from visits to Lone Star Ordnance Plant at Texarkana and to Louisiana Ordnance Plant at Minden, La. He is a native of the Panhandle and lives at Claude. He is a Texas Tech graduate.

J. M. Carpenter is a Texas U. graduate.

He formerly lived in Canadian where he headed the local pedagogical project.

Jesse Posey, Jr. is a chemistry major from San Marcos Southwest Texas State College. His home also was in San Marcos where he holds considerable track repute.

Chemists who are "evacuates" from Ohio State are: Victor Fusco, Howard (Feminometer) Altman and Earl (Wedding Bells) Schumacher. (It's a safe bet that was them you saw talking to those girls.)

The laboratory building is nearing completion and analyses on schedule will soon be forthcoming.

## STORES FIELD DIVISION

By W. W. Coffman

C. J. Novak has proved his inability to bowl unless he is lead-off man.

Edwin E. Preston says Pantex didn't expect any *men* to work here or else they would have ordered some clothes large enough to fit them.

Bill Colville has six dinner buckets but seldom takes one home.

Verson Alexander says handling explosives is manual labor compared to selling machinery.

Jim Sellars at T-2 says his hammers have disappeared. Anyone knowing about them please get in touch with him.

Sid Stout comes out every day wearing a different suit of clothes.

Captain Styles of bowling team is gradually raising his average.

The lady from the Ordnance Dept. is very unhappy about the location of her desk at 8-7.

Sharty Woodson is now seen with a new hunter's cap.

## ON THE MOVE

By Mark Sale

With the best wishes of every employee of Auto Trans., the following men have cast their lot with the fighting forces of Uncle Sam: Richard L. Cazzell, Allen E. Douty, Jr., Thomas B. Jones, Lonnie L. Moore and Dail N. Smith in the navy; and Vernon T. Tate, Floyd F. Smith and Eliza V. Lishman in the army.

Mounted guards, some of whom are having trouble staying with their horses, are talking of organizing a club. Requirements for membership will include riding ability, knowledge of duties, and marksmanship from their mounts. Much enthusiasm is being shown for such a club which would certainly help perfect the mounted command.

Jack Roach, a good dispatcher, now has charge of transporting food from the cafeteria to the load lines. He is receiving excellent cooperation from those who load and unload the panel wagons as well as from the chauffeures. The girl drivers are proving that they can handle a load of food as well as a load of executive power.

Christine Saunders, former secretary to Al Herd, was married October 10 at Guyton, Oklahoma, to Anthony Fankhouser, employee in the transportation department. (Tony asked for time off Saturday afternoon).

Honeymoon arrangements were postponed till later because of their war jobs. Christine is now secretary to Graham Hart at the garage. Lucille Thieme will take over her duties as secretary to Mr. Herd. She was formerly secretary to Glen Newbold, chief clerk in the dept.

## HOW'S YOUR PULSE

By Hardy Mays

We regret very much that Dr. J. R. Smith is no longer on our staff, having reported to Santa Anna, Calif. as Captain in the medical corps, U. S. Army.

That little ray of sunshine, Betty Blake, is now beaming over rail transportation way.

Eleanor (Snyder) Knowles is now making biscuits for her newly acquired husband.

As the days slip by, we find the following new comers: Dr. Harold I. Gosline from Ossining, New York, formerly of Dallas and Mrs. Frances Watkins from Indio, Calif., as superintendent of nurses. New nurses on the staff are Rita Miller of Amarillo, Lois Martin of Larnid, Kansas, and Mrs. Jackie Miller of Plainview.

John Hartwig of Tipton, Okla., has been added as clerk. Last but not least we find medical technologist, Marcille Sherwood from Wichita Falls.



No sissy, Louie of the loadlines, but he likes a nice frothy bath . . . not so much for complexion's sake but because explosive dust is irritating to the skin and can cause poisoning. Bathing is one of the safety measures. Louie is for safety 100% and would moilder the bum who ain't, see!

Two doctors, seeing the patient dripping with perspiration, both thrust their hands under the bedclothes to feel his pulse. By accident they got hold of each other's wrists.

"Nothing serious," said one.

"Probably drunk," said the other.

## Recreation Program Depends On Employee Interest

By Don Wood

The gong has sounded and the challenge made.

Are we, or are we not going to have an extensive recreation program?

The answer to that question is left directly to the employees of the Pantex Ordnance Plant. What our recreational activities are in the future rests solely on the shoulders of employees, according to officials.

It would be absurd to think that every person in a plant as large as this could be interested in the same sport or other recreational activities. It is therefore anticipated, should the personnel show the desired enthusiasm, that a varied program to care for every possible form of recreation will be supplied in the near future.

The only way that wide-spread program can possibly be installed is for the entire personnel of this plant to patronize with enthusiasm some branch of recreation as now offered. The men's bowling league is progressing smoothly with the interest increasing weekly as the battle for top honors waxes hotter and hotter.

Whatever your special likes might be in the recreational field, watch for that special activity and take active, enthusiastic part. And, back up all the activities whether or not you participate in them.



Pantexan offers a suitable prize to the person who submits what the judges consider the best title for this cartoon. Send in your suggestions today, room 278, Adm. Bldg.

## This Is A Watchbird Watching A Rumor-Fumer



This rumor-fumer is about ready for a padded cell.

He heard—

Some nonsense about something  
From an unauthoritative source.

He decided all by himself that *this*  
Was the world's greatest calamity.

So he didn't stop to analyze

That piece of misinformation.

He started right in chewing his  
Wing feathers down to bloody nubs.  
And pacing the floor.

Of course he's only hurting himself by  
Getting in such a stew.

But what a waste of energy!

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD  
WATCHING YOU!



WERE YOU A RUMOR  
-FUMER THIS WEEK?

No  Yes

After the style of Muro Leaf, by Ida  
Sue Taylor. Cartoon by Drennen.

Editor Pantexan:



I noticed in the Pan-  
texan that you wanted to  
hear from the employee  
who has the greatest  
number of his immediate  
family in war work or  
the armed forces.

I am a truck driver in  
Auto Trans. and have three brothers  
in the armed forces.

Very truly yours,  
Curtis Elliff.

Thanks for your interest. Yours is the  
largest immediate family reported to  
date. Are there others larger?

Scotchman (at riding academy): "I  
wish to rent a horse."

Groom: "How long?"

Scotchman: "The longest you've got,  
laddie. There be five of us going."

To The Editors:

In reply to the letter of Les Eagles in the last issue of the Pantexan regarding a blood bank, I wish to state that this is truly a patriotic gesture and I am sure every real American feels the same. For your information, confidentially, the medical division has long awaited their quarters so that such services could be inaugurated. This service is to consist of a blood and plasma bank to be used in the event of local disaster. It also consists of the dehydration of plasma which is to be offered to the armed forces. Just as soon as this service can be efficiently put into effect, you may be sure that Mr. Eagle's request to be the first donor will be granted.

Hardy J. Mays

Chief Laboratory Technician

Medical Division

WANTED: 4 passengers to ride to and from the plant in my car. Phone 2-1614 Mrs. Pearl Calwell, 1006 W. 10th Ave.

Lost: A 1941 Buick hub cap either on the reservation or in town. If found return to B. Park in the Payroll Dept.

FOUND: A pair of glasses and shades—inquire room 7, Personnel Bldg.

Please report all lost and found items to the Pantexan office, room 278 Adm. Bldg.

Clever saying of Mrs. Gladys Davenport, typist, "The tongue is in a wet place and liable to slip. Watch it!"

### "Doc" Bots Wants a Chess Game



Chief Chemist Bots authorizes the issuance of his challenge for a chess game with any and all comers and advocates a chess tournament to determine the chess champion of Pantex. Assistant Chief Chemist John Wisdom will schedule games—Phone 307. (Warning: "Doc Bots staff will bet on him.")

## Employment Office Nominee For Employee With Most Relatives In War Work

Carl Lee Funderburg, in the identification department gets the cake, as far as we at Employment Office are concerned, for relatives connected with the war in some way.



Lewan Farmer, in the Identification Bureau of Personnel; Paula Dumas in Identification; Clayton Dye of Stores; Freda Raye with Safety; J. O. Dumas, a guard; M. D. Farmer, a fireman; J.

A. Dumas of Stores and Earl Morman of the Transportation Division are all relatives of Funderburg and are all employed by Certain-teed.

As if that were not enough, however, W. A. Farmer, Dowell Weeks and Marshall Raye, all relatives, are in the U. S. Navy. Foster Dumas, another relative, is with the Remington Arms Ordnance Plant in Salt Lake City and N. A. Smith, a cousin, is on defense work in the Panama Canal.

Funderburg does take a cake. Pantexan had in mind, however, immediate family—husband, wife, dad, mother, sons, daughters, brothers and sisters. How about that?

### More Bombs

We're really busy on zone nine,  
Working steadily all the time,  
Happy and gay as we go  
Making Bundles for Berlin and Tokio.

We are working together hand in hand  
To keep old Hitler from our land  
We'll do our part from day to day  
For in the end we know it'll pay.

We are Americans on this line  
Ready to work when it comes our time.

To do our bit in our humble way,  
For our dear people of the U. S. A.  
We'll make more bombs and send them  
o'er

To the allied boys on the other shore.  
They'll take charge when they reach  
there

And drop them forcefully in Hitler's  
hair.

And there will be some more to go  
From here at Pantex to Tokio  
The boys will drop them in the laps  
Of the yellow-bellied dirty Japs.

So put your shoulder to the wheel  
To help the boy on the battle field.  
Cooperation from our hearts  
So together we'll stand and together we  
part.

H. C. (Coon) Nelson

# What About Me, Daddy ... if you get hurt?

**Y**OU work in a war plant, don't you Daddy? If you don't do your work safely, there will be an accident. Did you ever stop to think what might happen if you get hurt? Yes, I know that you would probably suffer pain and be without your pay check a long, long time, but did you ever realize how that affects me? If you aren't working, I would be deprived of the things necessary to a growing boy—proper food, proper medical care, and a proper place in which to live. Think of Mommy, too, she would have to go without so many things—and if you didn't get well—she might have to leave me and go to work to take care of us. That's not all, either. If you caused an accident, it might hurt somebody else's Daddy and that would affect another family. You wouldn't want that, would you? They also tell me that you and the other Daddies are fighting a war to keep the world a nice place for us to grow up in. It takes guns and things to fight a war. If you get hurt, you can't make these things that are needed so badly to fight against those who would destroy our country.

I've heard people say that accidents run valuable property and it takes a long time to rebuild it. I don't want you to be responsible for that! As I get older, I don't want to be told that my Daddy did it because he was careless. I know you love me and Mommy! So you will do your work safely to protect yourself, me, the other little boys and girls, and to keep this country free.

Please do this for me, won't you?



*For the Sake of Your Children and  
Children the World Over --  
Practice Safety Every Day!*