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PANTEX ORDNANCE PLAN

CERTAINTEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION
PRIME CONTRACTOR

AMARILLO, TEXAS



Pantexan

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Employees of

PANTEX ORDNANCE PLANT
Certain-teed Products Corporation, Prime Contractor
Amarillo, Texas

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THE JAPS—WHAT THEY THINK OF US

In the eyes of the Japs, we are "a nation of weaklings, demanding our daily comforts and unwilling to make the sacrifices demanded for victory," says our former Ambassador to Tokyo, Joseph C. Grew. In the following short excerpts, from a recent radio address, Mr. Grew shows that the war lords of Nippon are counting on our failure to give our utmost to the war effort to enable them to overrun and subjugate the United States.

"The Japanese will not be defeated easily. Defeat them we shall, but only when every American understands the magnitude of the task. I have no wish to overestimate a people who are our enemies, but I must in the interest of our very survival list a few of their formidable characteristics. They are united. They are trained. They have submitted to years of enforced discipline.

"The Japanese are frugal. The empire has almost thrived on shortages, and in the midst of poverty they have built an enormous military machine.

"They are fanatical. They believe in their war, in the government which led them into it, and in their destiny of world domination.

"Finally, the Japanese rely on their belief in their unwillingness to sacrifice. They have put great store in what they think to be our softness. The Japanese attach great importance to what they thought was our disunity over the war issue.

"Japan is counting on you, and each of us, individually, to hold back and hold up the American war effort long enough for Japan to consolidate her conquests. Japan needs your hesitation, your partial effort, your doubt. It is up to every American at home to prove Japan wrong. Our gallant soldiers in New Guinea and Guadalcanal are already proving Japan's mistaken judgment."

PANTEXAN COVER

Somewhere an American soldier depends on you. Pantexan's cover illustration, created by Artist Harvey Dunn for a "Keeping 'Em Shooting" poster, presents a graphic appeal to every employee to realize his or her responsibility to our boys on the fighting fronts.

Honor Roll

Former Pantex Employees Who Have
Gone Into the U. S. Armed Forces

AMMONIUM NITRATE
Harvard G. Nelson, Navy

UTILITIES
Melvin D. Goodgion, Navy
Reginald D. Strain, Army
James L. Lovell, Army
Tom C. Johnson, Navy
Richard E. Moreman, Army
Howard E. Chisholm, Army
Henry W. Mirabel, Army
Robert B. Smith, Army

SAFETY—(Guards)
Gola W. DuBois, Navy
Ezra M. Gross, Army
T. J. Ballard, Army
Weldon M. Rogers, Army
James A. Dardin, Navy
Newell D. Ashby, Army

SAFETY—(Firemen)
Franklin B. Willis, Army
SAFETY—(General)
Howard A. Patrick, Navy

OPERATIONS
Barton T. Fuller, Army
Joseph B. White, Navy
Adolphus O. Byrd, Army
Gene B. Sumrell, Army
William G. Turner, Army
Leland S. Herod, Army
Calvin L. Woody, Army
Clarence H. Harwell, Army
James D. Bly, Navy
Margaret L. Deal, WAAC's

STORES
Robert A. Jackson, Army
Robert A. Johnson, Army
Earl Hightower, Army
Thomas F. James, Army
John R. Horne, Navy
Lloyd G. Waddill, Marines
Jack R. Alexander, Army
Carl W. Van Meter, Navy
Cecil A. Dase, Army
James W. Bradley, Army
Iva M. Alexander, Army
Olvis I. Phillips, Army

AUTO TRANSPORTATION
Jerry B. Warren, Navy
Joseph G. Alford, Navy
Virgil O. Chennasalt, Navy
Scheyler T. Thornton, Army
Jack E. McEoin, Army
Wiley G. Beyan, Navy

MEDICAL
Thaddeus C. McCormick, Army
PERSONNEL
Tom Kinsey, Navy
Darleen Gunningham, WAAC's
PRODUCTION AND CONTROL
Rip C. Underwood, Army
Carl M. Smith, Army

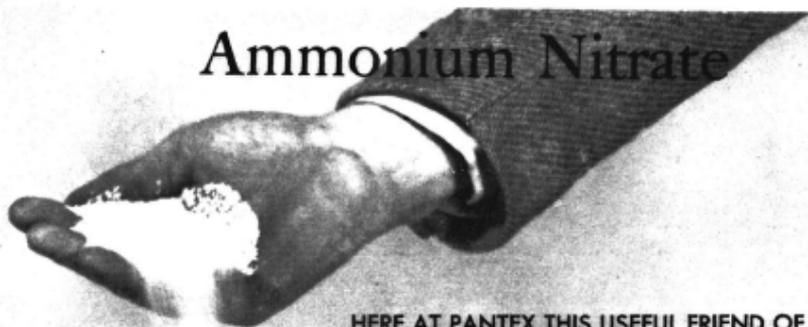
OFFICE MANAGEMENT
Hubert W. Starks, Marines
FISCAL
Robert A. Fossey, Army
Kenneth E. Cooksey, Navy
Genevieve M. McIntire, WAAC's

The names above are listed in the order in which the men went into the armed forces according to date, during the period of December 14 through January 12. Others will be listed from time to time.

And now the sixth tire has become as unpopular as the fifth column.

"I can keep secrets. It's the people I tell them to who can't." Think it over.

Ammonium Nitrate



HERE AT PANTEX THIS USEFUL FRIEND OF MAN IS TRANSFORMED INTO A DREADED DEMON OF WAR

A FEW MONTHS AGO Ammonium Nitrate, to most Pantexans, was the stuff you used for fertilizer. Now, with the plant at Zone 7 running on a round-the-clock basis, everyone wants to know a bit more about it. Just what has it to do with bomb loading? And what's the stuff like, anyway?

Simply this—Ammonium Nitrate, used with T.N.T., produces Amatol, which is the main explosive charge of the bomb.

Ironical though it may seem, this same substance which gives growing things vigorous life deals death and destruction when turned into an implement of war.

An inorganic salt, it picks up moisture very rapidly; as a matter of fact, as quickly as calcium chloride, which is used to keep down the dust on tennis courts.

The crystals may be any color from white to dark brown, depending upon the substance of the kettle in which it is heated. Pantex uses cast-

iron kettles since the metal from which they are made is very inexpensive and can be easily obtained. The crystals, taking their color from the iron, are generally of a peach hue, but will get darker the longer they remain in the kettle.

The grains are of the general texture of citrocarbonate, and may be any size from flour to rice. The finer it is, the more easily Ammonium Nitrate in crystallized form cakes; and when very fine, it is liable to harden like cement and need some sledgehammer blows in order to break it up for easy handling. The crystals made at Pantex are unusually large and of very uniform quality.

In its liquid state, Ammonium Nitrate, smells, logically enough, of ammonia; and has a salty-acid flavor, though we wouldn't advise you to make a steady diet of it.

Ammonium Nitrate has been commercialized in various ways for many years. The biggest use was in ammonia dynamite, about the only explosive used in coal-mining. Other explosives, such as nitro-glycerine, bring down the exploded matter in small pieces, while ammonia dynamite will dislodge it in large lumps

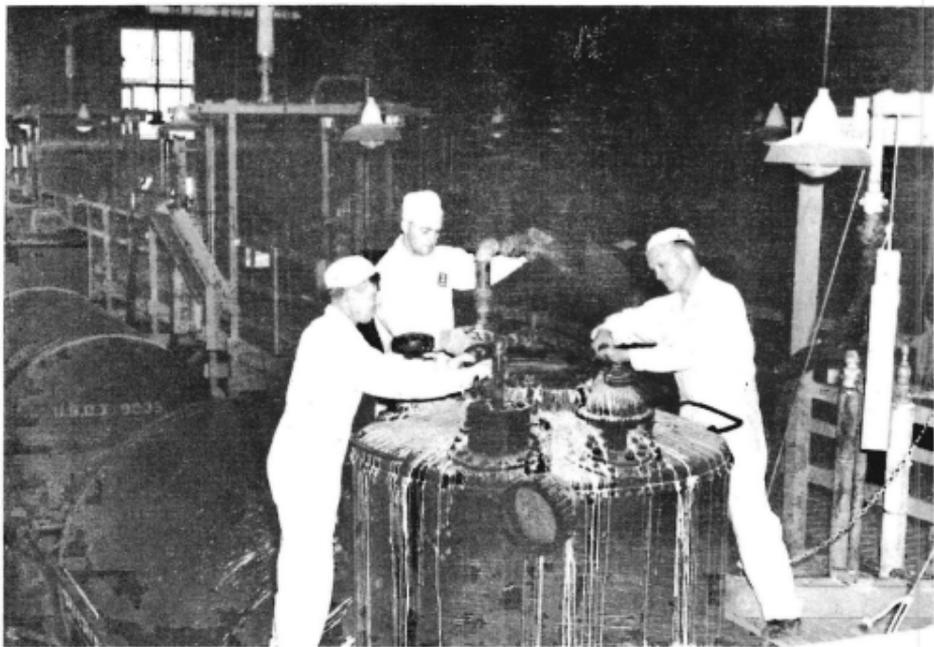
which have a higher commercial value. All explosives give off gases, ammonia dynamite is the only one whose gas is non-poisonous. It is for this reason that it is commonly referred to as the "safe explosive."

Having a very high nitrogen content, Ammonium Nitrate is widely used as a fertilizer. However, its propensity for caking destroys some of its value. Experiments are now being made, in the effort to combat that disadvantage.

Before the plant went into operation, crystallized Ammonium Nitrate was shipped to Pantex. Because the crystals are so extremely moisture absorbent, it is very advantageous to manufacture them on the plant site in order to get them to the lines quickly while they are dry and easily worked. The dry climate prevalent here is ideal for maintaining fresh, dry crystals of the proper quality.

Today with the completion of the Ammonium Nitrate line, Pantex is modernly equipped to produce the best bombs it is possible to build. Men who a short time ago were vague on the subject of Ammonium Nitrate are carrying on operations like veterans.





Ammonium Nitrate in liquid form is shipped to Pantex in tank cars and pumped into huge storage tanks. Shown working on the car beside the unloading platform are (l to r) E. W. Brewer, P. J. Lutz and Bill Honey.



Stina Cain, left, makes a temperature test and O. C. Findley records it. Hidden in a maze of steam are the HI-pans where the liquid ammonium nitrate is cooked to the consistency of fudge. This is one of the delicate operations of the process where temperature controls are of utmost importance.



Jim Tripplehorn
Shift Supt., Unit X



Bennett O. Cornelius
Shift Supt., Unit Y



Paul S. Pfaff
Shift Supt., Unit Z



F. T. Nielsson, Supt. of the Ammonium Nitrate plant, is enthusiastic over the quality of the product which is being produced in Zone 7. Here he proudly displays samples of the large uniform crystals.



Here the men are packaging the crystallized ammonium nitrate for delivery to the load lines. Shown at first truck are Thurmon Hendrix and E. E. Morse, left, with Marvin Mason and E. L. Cherry at the right. Operator C. E. Dunlap labels the boxes on the second truck while S. F. Dutton in the background moves another truck to the loading dock.



Earl W. Hagar, left, and R. E. Curington busy at the graining kettle.



Time out for lunch and a smoke in the bomb shelter.



Up the conveyor and into the explosive truck go the boxes of ammonium nitrate ready for bomb making. Shown here (l to r) are Barton Durrett, F. N. Evans, J. P. Hendley and J. C. Nix. E. R. Jones is almost hidden in background.

O-yez, O-yez, O-yez

TRAFFIC VIOLATORS MUST FACE THE STERN BUT JUST JUDGES OF PANTEX OWN TRAFFIC COURT

Pantex is one of the few Ordnance plants to have its own traffic court, where offenders are tried, and justice meted out, according to the gravity of the offense.

A board, composed of three men, sits in judgment. They are: Capt. James A. Swaney, of Ordnance; R. B. Scott, of Certain-teed; and C. G. Clayton, a lawyer with the Area Engineers. Court convenes weekly on Fridays at 2:30 and 4:30 P. M. The offenders are subpoenaed at whichever hour tallies most conveniently with their working schedules, as follows:

1. Tickets are issued, for traffic violations, by the guards.
2. The offender reports to Guard Headquarters, where the chief sets the date for the trial.
3. At the appointed time, the offender reports to Rm. 274 of the Administration Building.

The procedure, set up by the court is:

1. First offense, Penalty—a warning is given and the necessity for the observance of traffic regulations is explained, also the reason for setting up the court and its function. The serious damage that could result from failure to observe the laws, is stressed.

2. Second offense, Penalty—offender is reported by letter to the head of his department. (Any two offenses for speeding and he is reported to the tire and gas rationing board.)

3. Third offense, Penalty—suspended from work for a given period, though, in the case of an extremely serious of-

fense, the result is termination.

4. Fourth offense, Penalty—immediate termination, upon recommendation from court. Failure to appear without sufficient notice or excuse constitutes one offense in itself.

The court hears an average of ten cases a week. The offenses appear to run in waves. Parking violations were the first group to appear regularly. This died down, only to be replaced by speeding. When that menace had been successfully ended, a new one appeared, which is still going strong—failure to obey stop signals.

At both court meetings of January 22, most of the complaints were in reference to this offense. Strong emphasis was placed on the fact that a stop sign really means STOP!

It should be a fairly simple matter to obey traffic regulations, since they almost exactly duplicate the ones being enforced outside the reservation. The only one that might be new to Pantex drivers is the regulation regarding explosive trucks, which states that:—when a car is going in the same direction as a loaded explosive truck, it must remain 100 yards in the rear, and under no circumstances pass it. Meeting an on-coming explosive truck, the car should pull as far to the right as possible and reduce speed to ten miles per hour.

Though only two percent of the offenders are women, this small group makes the most attempts at talking themselves out of conviction.



An Old Cowhand

Stable Foreman Wm. Green Remembers 'way Back When

If you'd like to hear a few tales of the good old days, when the West was really wild, drop in and visit with William Green, foreman at Stable No. 1.

Green's been around Amarillo since 1868, and remembers when Polk St. consisted of two business blocks, with board sidewalks. He was run out of town a few times, by U. S. Marshall Jim Keating, for riding his horse up and down those same boards.

He wasn't a real wildman, though; never stole but one horse and that wasn't really stealing. A wild mare, out near Dobic Creek, used to foal once a year, and it was just a question of who could get to it first. The time Green was the lucky man, he made a race-horse out of the colt, and sold it for quite a sum in Kansas City.

Green was a pioneer cowpuncher. Back in 1900, he and Jim Laneer of the old Frying Pan, brought the first herd into Dalhart, driving them from Amarillo before there was any Dalhart there.

Things are different now, Green says. In the old days, you could go away for a year and come back to find things exactly the same. Things move too quickly, now, and he doesn't know everyone in town, anymore.

The Green family, are really serving their country, though. Of the seven sons, one is in the Navy, one in the Coast Guard, one's a fireguard at Pantex, and another works at the Cactus Ordnance Plant.

Only the two oldest of the boys did any cow punching. Green says that the younger generation are only interested in garages and automobiles.



Standing is A. R. Martin, manager of Utilities. Seated (left to right) are judges C. G. Clayton, Captain James A. Swaney, and R. B. Scott. Mr. Martin told the judges that speedometers on all POP cars are being checked to see that they do not exceed the 35 mile speed limit; thereby aiding the court in its attempt to prevent the committing of traffic offenses.

Ordnance Department

By Ida Sue Taylor

Thru the Bombsight

Bonnie Parker Reports

Having so often exposed the tenderest feelings of Ordnance employees to general ridicule, we feel compelled to say a word about our own jail record of the past weeks. On January 12 we entered the Pantex clink at 8:38 a. m. Offense: Failure to wear badge on person. Of course, we were disarmed at once, and equipped with a highly polished pair of handcuffs. After going through the procedure for correcting badge deficiency, we were released at 8:52 a. m. same day. On January 13, amid many hurrahs and shouts of "Welcome Back" we walked meekly into the dungeon and allowed the iron bars to be clanked down in our face for the second time at 8:32 a. m. Same offense. Used to the ropes by now, we cleared everything up and were out by 8:43 a. m. same day.

Would like to say that the jail is large, comfortable, well-constructed, light and airy. Interior decoration has been sacrificed for efficiency. Guards are courteous, even friendly. There is no third degree! One drawback, however, in a case like this you have to be your own mouthpiece.

Ordnance is going to begin missing DeLaine Williams, secretary to Lt. J. B. Hart, effective February 5. Two months more and Miss Williams would have been with the Department at Pantex for a full year. She is planning to go to Los Angeles for a month after leaving here and later she will go to San Francisco to live.



W. A. Whitfield, token collector

Interesting Hobbies

A carefare token is one of those things that when you get a whole lot of them you clean out your purse or pockets and give them to the kids for make-believe money. But, W. A. Whitfield, a grown man if there ever was one, saves carefare tokens and spends a lot of his spare time fixing little places to put them.

Whitfield, principal engineering draftsman for Ordnance, is one of about 60 collectors of these tokens, and that's pretty exclusive when you get to thinking of the thousands of philatelists (postage stamp men) in existence at the present time. He now has, mounted on 3x5 cards, labeled and filed alphabetically, about 250 tokens from most of the large cities in the United States, from numerous smaller places, and from Shanghai, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands.

He started the unique collection when he was in school and has been at it for fifteen years. Some of his tokens are dated much farther back than that, though. The oldest one was issued for the old-fashioned streetcar used in 1910 and the collection is brought right up to date from there with sample streetcar and bus tokens.

"There are 3300 known varieties of these tokens," Mr. Whitfield says. Token collection is strictly a trade business since there is no established company from which a collector can buy specimens.

A second hobby, silk-screen printing of western designs on tile paper weights and plaques, he ties in with token collecting. He will trade these handcraft articles for tokens any time.



Capt. Swaney congratulates Lt. Davids

Promotions

In effect since December 23, Lt. Thad Davids, military officer in charge of the Ordnance Safety and Security Division now holds the rank of First Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Davids came to Pantex as a Second Lieutenant on July 1, 1942 when he was assigned primary duty as Army Inspector of Ordnance. Previously he had been stationed at Picatinny Arsenal, Dover, N. J., and Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Aberdeen, Maryland.

On August 4 he was given his present post as Safety and Security Officer, and he was serving in this capacity when notice of his well-deserved promotion arrived from Washington January 10.

During his earlier training before the outbreak of hostilities, Lt. Davids saw foreign duty in the Philippine Islands, Panama Canal and China.



Proud Ordnance Inspector O. O. Sheffield introduces the Missus and twins.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY					
ACCIDENT AND HEALTH GROUP - COMMERCIAL					
MAIL	AIR MAIL	POLICY NUMBER	ISSUE DATE AND TIME	DATE AT OUR SIZE	GROUP NUMBER
1021	31 50 AL	9360	JAN 9	JAN 8 '43	6055545
EMPLOYEE CERTAIN TEEP PROD PANTEX ORD PLANT AMARILLO TEXAS					
PAY THE SUM OF		\$48 ⁰⁰	DOLLARS AND	57	CENTS
					\$48.57
TO THE ORDER OF		MARVIN WILLIAMS			KINDLY CASH AT ONCE
TO THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK		[Signature]			
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK		METROPOLITAN BRANCH			

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY					
ACCIDENT AND HEALTH GROUP - COMMERCIAL					
MAIL	AIR MAIL	POLICY NUMBER	ISSUE DATE AND TIME	DATE AT OUR SIZE	GROUP NUMBER
1022	9364	13 31 50	\$52.00	\$40.00	\$100.00
EMPLOYEE CERTAIN TEEP PROD PANTEX ORD PLANT AMARILLO TEX					
PAY THE SUM OF		\$192 ⁰⁰	DOLLARS AND	00	CENTS
					\$192.00
TO THE ORDER OF		MARVIN G WILLIAMS			KINDLY CASH AT ONCE
TO THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK		[Signature]			
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK		METROPOLITAN BRANCH			

Two of the three Group Insurance checks which totaled \$260.57 received by Marvin Williams, explosive operator, as a result of a recent illness, are shown above. Checks for \$48.75 and \$20.00 were for lost time, and one for \$192.00 was for 13 days hospitalization, operating room service, miscellaneous hospital services and surgical fee.

Smart Money

Pantex Reports to You on Group Insurance Benefits

CHALK UP 41 ASSISTS for our new Group Insurance Plan in the first ten weeks of its operation! That is the number of benefit payments made as of January 19, 1943. About half of the claims submitted were for hospital expenses incurred by members of families of insured employees.

While more than thirty Group Insurance claims were still in the process of being paid to employees, or their dependents, who have not yet fully recovered, payments on claims that had been completely settled by January 19, amount to a handsome sum. All who have received such payments agree that the plan has proved extremely helpful in providing emergency funds to aid in meeting the added burden caused by illness and accidents.

A few cases selected from among the many claims submitted to date, show more convincingly than anything else how helpful the Group Plan can be to those who have enrolled for it. Take the case of Elmer Lee Coggin, of Utilities, who on December 16th, slipped and broke his leg—the doctors called it "spiral fracture, right tibia, lower third." He received \$20 for the five days he was in the Northwest Texas Hospital, plus \$5.00 for operating room service,



Marvin Williams, right, is shown receiving his check from Don Wood, chief of insurance.

\$7.50 for X-ray examination, \$1.00 for laboratory service and 80c for drugs. In addition, \$50.00 was paid to cover the surgical fee for treating the fracture. During the time he is unable to work, he is entitled to receive Weekly Sickness and Accident benefits for as long as 13 weeks for this injury, which, on January 19 amounted to \$68.57.

Explosive Operator Oran V. Reddock contracted lobar pneumonia on December 2nd and, at his doctor's orders, was confined to St. Anthony's Hospital for

Pantex Welcomes Philbrook As Assistant To The General Manager

The appointment of Howard G. Philbrook as Assistant to the General Manager was announced on January 7, 1943, by H. J. Hartley, President and General Manager of Certain-teed Products Corporation, Prime Contractor.

A native of New England, Mr. Philbrook was for many years in the employ of Stone & Webster, Utility Engineers and Operators, of Boston, Massachusetts. Since the beginning of the war he has represented the War Production Board in the Springfield Ordnance District. In commenting on his prospective residence in Amarillo, Mr. Philbrook said that although he missed the mountains of New England, he was sure he would enjoy the warm hospitality of the Plains Country.

six days. He received \$24.00 in Daily Hospital benefits, plus \$20 for special hospital services, and \$31.43 for the time he lost from his job.

Thomas Earl Beard, also an explosive operator, had a tumor removed from his scalp. For this minor operation, Beard did not have to stay in the hospital nor did he lose any time from work, but he received a check for \$10.00 under the Surgical Operation Insurance to cover the doctor's fee.

Electrician Ralph R. Spangler, who has Dependent Hospital coverage, likewise had occasion to use the Dependent Hospital Expense Insurance when his wife was confined in St. Anthony's Hospital last November. He was reimbursed to the amount of \$62.12 for hospital room and board and for special hospital services.

Few things as valuable as the Group Insurance protection cited above cost so little. Employees weekly contributions range from 35 cents to 65 cents weekly, your particular contribution depending on the amount of insurance for which you are eligible and whether or not you have enrolled dependents. The low cost is possible because Pantex not only buys this insurance on a large scale, but also agrees to pay the balance of the entire net cost above the employees contributions.

Nor is any insurance as easy to get as our group insurance. Records of insurance companies show that a large percentage of applicants for individual insurance can't pass, the medical requirements. But the Group Plan is able to offer protection without medical examination for every regular employee who enrolls within the time allowed.



"Taking The Lead At Meadowbrook" . . . that was the caption on this old drawing by Peter Helck, one of the leading commercial artists of America, whose latest work appears in this week's "Colliers." The above sketch shows George Robertson and his mechanic, Glenn Ethridge, on their way to victory in the Vanderbilt Cup Race.

Car Coming

Averaging 64 Miles Per Hour for 385 Miles, Pantex's Personnel Director Roared to Fame As A Race Driver



MEET "THE TERROR OF THE TRACK." Though today, Pantexans might recognize him more quickly as chief of personnel, fans still talk of George Robertson, one of the all-time greats of automobile racing.

Last week, Pantexan received this letter from Peter Helck, well-known commercial artist, racing fan, and a Robertson admirer:

" . . . And here on page 10 of December's Pantexan, I see the beaming smile of my old friend, George Robertson. It does me good to see him look so well and causes me to wonder if you and all those at Pantex know the glamour surrounding that vital personality.

"Funny, only in today's mail, a letter from another old race "nut" enclosed an old original manuscript by Julian Street, title, 'Car Coming,' in which your Personnel Director figures as insistently as a radio theme song.

" . . . "We kept right in behind him. He was scared we'd run into him—kept looking back over his shoulder. Didn't like it for a cent. He hit the bridge about sixty and jumped way up in the air. After that he turned out and let us get past.

"That is it, they turn out and let Robertson get past. If they don't turn out he gets past anyway. It is his genius for 'getting past' which has probably made him the most successful American race driver of the day. In appearance he is a strapping, handsome youngster, with a deep chest and the limbs of a Hercules. His skin is clear and ruddy; his hair light brown wavy and close-cropped; his eyes frank, blue, and boyish. Energy and good nature hang about him like an aura. His smile is wonderfully engaging and

reveals a set of strong white teeth which any girl might covet. He is the sort of being one pictures as springing out of bed, fresh and energetic as a child, on the moment of waking; plunging without a shiver into icy water, and singing and whistling as he dresses. Ah, me—it must be wonderful to feel like that.

" . . . "Robertson keeps his car as spic and span as his person, and it is interesting to note that though there were twenty men to help him, he preferred to do the work himself.

" . . . "Robertson on the contrary is known as a dare-devil—yet he came thru, unscathed, to victory. He is the sort of man, who in medieval times, would have been said to bear a charmed life. In one race he wrapped his car so thoroughly around a tree that the frame had to be sawed in two to get it off. Yet Robertson was not hurt. (Oh yeah?)"

(Ed. That cryptic comment needs a bit of explanation. The fact is that the mechanic broke his wrists and was carted off to the hospital, while the "nubers" Robertson was left for dead. Later he was discovered to have had a broken collar-bone.

"Excuse the outburst. It was fine to see such evidence in your pages, evidence that Texas is sustaining my old friend in grand good health.

Sincerely,

PETER HELCK

Boston Corners, New York."

For many years, George Robertson was an integral part of car-racing. Vanderbilt Cup winner in 1908, he was the first American to bear off this highest of racing honors. That year he was voted American Road Champion; and, in 1909, American Track and Road Champion.

An accident, in 1910, caused Robertson's retirement from the track, while at the height of his glory. It had been his habit, while practicing, to allow a newspaperman to accompany him in the mechanic's seat. One morning, his guest had been imbibing too freely, and, on a hairpin turn, affectionately threw his arms about Robertson's neck. The car turned over and pinned its hapless driver beneath its full weight, while the tipsy reporter was thrown clear and walked away with his derby-hat undented. When they dug "George" out, almost every bone in his big frame was smashed. His back, an elbow and all his ribs were broken, and practically all the skin on his face and nose of his hair was torn away.

Though he has devoted a great part of his life to the pursuit of speed, Mr. Robertson says that, "speed is a dangerous thing. It takes a thoroughly experienced man to, in some measure, control it; and even the best of them can't keep it from getting out of hand."



The triumphant No. 16, now in Peter Helck's possession. In it are Helck's young son, and "Daredevil" Joe Tracey, who drove it two years before Robertson, finishing third.

STORES OFFICE

By Junior

Howard Johnson, who has been in charge of central receiving for the past few months, has transferred to the J. B. M. section of Payroll. Howard was one of the first employees of Stores, Henry Meadors has been placed in charge of the central receiving station. New to Stores, assigned to central receiving, is C. D. Nobles, from Ordnance Property. New to Pantex, and assigned to central receiving, is Mrs. Patricia Brill, who hails from Cleveland, Ohio.

The handsome blue-eyed lad, with the curly red hair, is not new, girls. He is just the prodigal son returned. Kenny Hoag was one of the first Stores Office employees.

Should the enemy visit Pantex, it is sincerely hoped that T-4 won't be mistaken for one of the H. E. Igloos. We would rather look like an igloo, and be comfortable.

That's right, Lennie Price is a bigger man as swing shift foreman, than he was as "trouble shooter" for Stores Office. He bought a suits of long handles for this outside work and wears both of them. Sid Stout is more frugal. Sid puts his Sunday clothes on under his work clothes; Sid's a plutocrat.

Bill Colville and Stiles are safe going to miss Jack Smith, who terminated to return to the farm. They now plan to get Ed Caskey in as third man. They will go broke trying to find out how Ed does it.

That soft voice on extension 230 belongs to a man who is big enough to skin a bull with his bare hands. Folks, meet Otto Erickson, Superintendent of High Explosives, a man of travel and an ambition to run a string of Chinese restaurants. Otto will be number one cook, and is well qualified.

Herb Walker has temporarily set aside the writing of his story on "Warehouse Management," because of the rush need of a thesis by him on change house procedure, art work to be done by straight man Dieter.

PURCHASING

By Lera Bell DeFries

Everyone missed Joe Horton during the few days he was ill. However, he is back on the job now and seems quite fit.

Hop Dalton, Manager of the DALTON TAXI SERVICE, is wondering as to the outcome of his wife's sickness. After her having several blood transfusions, he doesn't know exactly what to prepare for. We are glad to hear that she is home from the hospital and doing nicely.

At this date there is one item causing more wrinkles in the foreheads in Purchasing than at any one time in the last few months. That, of course, is INCOME TAX. But then we imagine this is general throughout the area. But when you start feeling sorry for yourself for having to pay that large income tax, remember that at least you are paying it to a government of which you can be proud, and not some crack-pot, waddle-walk dictator. And remember, too, that you didn't purchase those War Savings Bonds in order to pay your income tax with them.

Our two brides are back on the job fit as a fiddle. We believe marriage was the best thing for both. How about that, Leona and Doyce?

Have you ever heard T. E. Naughton and John Oakes describe New York City? It's a nice place, so they say. And John used to be just a plain Amarillo boy. He has lately shown a tendency to become a gastronomic expert.

We hope that Harold Sanders gets his chicken-wire, as it has reached a point where the entire Poultry Business is beginning to feel the reverberation of his scathing rebukes.

THE BULL BOARD

By C. J. Novak

The Axis should become well acquainted with Pantex, not only through their bombs, but by the men that at one time were Pantexans. C. A. Case, J. R. Alexander and Frank Zahrt are the latest Stores men to become members of Uncle Sam's army. Good luck, fellows.

Johnnie Rozal and his crew at 9-7 are right on their toes. They have developed a safety device for handling components that speeds up the work considerably and at the same time will prevent certain spills that have threatened injury to the boys in the past. Good work, Johnnie! Every sound idea like this one will help us to finish the big job sooner.

Down 8-7 way are a couple of boys that are beginning to feel their oats and are anxious to challenge anyone or two on the plant to a game of tennis. Anyone interested, and there will be because this should be "meat," see "Chic" Colville or "Casimir" M. Seiles.

I wonder why some columnists write so much about their boss? Do they really mean what they write, or do they take that means to blow out their "Quill"?

Isn't it queer how some people get excited when they think the boss is coming? For instance, G. Pipes thought he saw one of his superiors and he became so "jumpy" that he dropped a box car door on his hand.

Frank Cheatham says he likes cold weather as it puts so much pep into him. No wonder he snored louder than any other man on the job during that cold snap.

It looks like the Stores field team is about ready to have the Payroll team return the \$10.00 that was loaned them before Xmas. In the past two weeks, the Stores have knocked off both Transportation and the Auditors. If there are any other department teams that consider themselves good enough to howl us without a spot, see Bill Colville.

Someone mentioned the different walks of life that are represented in their department. That's nothing. We have a fellow that has spent so much time between corn rows that he now resembles a pumpkin.

I wonder how Mr. Deorge of 8-7 is enjoying the cold snaps? This is Mr. Deorge's first winter north of the equator in several years. The last time I saw him, he said that he had bought four stocking caps and a good supply of long handles—that was in October.

ZONE 9—DAY SHIFT

By Paul W. Karper

We present our assistant foremen; in Building 9, Clayton Cook; in Building 26, John Herman Biggie; Building 12, Wayne Parker; Building 13, Frank Hicks; Building 14, J. D. White; Building 15, W. H. Blackwell; Building 17, Joel Simmons; and in Building 20, E. E. Head.

Building 17 thinks a lot of its two tower and son teams: John Stone and son Ben, James Hatley and son "Vic."

Time out to congratulate the Buddy Malones on that baby daughter. Although she isn't old enough to worry him, he has dark circles under his eyes some mornings. Lester Jarman is feeling proud about his "addition" to the family, too.

Joe Birkmeyer, foreman in Building 12, was absent due to illness when this was written. We hope he is fully recovered, or is well on the road to good health, when you read this.

Now that we are on the day shift, our better nature has come forth, and so Shift B offers a bouquet to the men who keep the change houses so clean and inviting.

It isn't a reflection on their patriotism when "Butch" and his boys in Building 20 complain about the "draft."

A. L. Odneal has two things to cheer about: a seven pound son to brighten his home, and receipt of news from the War Department that his oldest son is safe, though a prisoner, in the Philippines. This was the first word concerning him that Mr. Odneal has received since the declaration of war.

Virgil Schwab, a new employee in Building 15, wondered why he had to be so careful with those "black sticks" (boosters to you) that they use. Yes, he has been thoroughly impressed with the need for care.

Baby girls seem to be the thing—Earle Mathis, Building 13, is bragging about his, too.

Jean Crowell, line clerk, has been "Tooth-aching" up and down the line for the past two days, but her welcome smile was still in evidence.

Does Otis Scarborough figure on replacing Clark Gable, or is that "growth" a razor saving device?

The personnel of Building 26, and everyone on the line, hope that K. C. Butcher's child has fully recovered from pneumonia.

Why is it that the foreman of the cooling boys need so much time to eat their lunch, when thirty minutes is considered ample for their men?

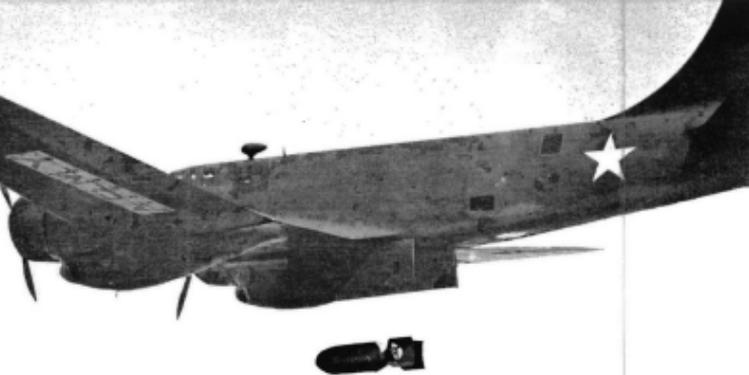


"Destruction on Bataan by Jap Bombs." What are you doing about it? Are you, without reserve, giving your very best every day to help build more and more bombs to put an end to such savagery?

Photo By U. S. Signal Corps

Right now American boys are flying into the very jaws of death to cut loose tans and tons of bombs on the enemy. All they ask is that we keep 'em coming. Certainly that is the least we can do!

Official U. S. Army Photo



MAN ABOUT ZONE 9

By Leslie C. Cobb, Swing Shift

Move over Sling. Yes, we mean you, Mr. Jones, we're taking over this Swing Shift. Want to make something of it? Oh, you don't? Yep, you can have the Graveyard, who wants it anyway?

By the way, 9-12, did you know that Taylor was a "Double Lieutenant" in World War I?

"Snakehips" Austin, 9-14, says, "It's got to be a boy—to make a tin." Quit bragging, Austin, you're not that good.

We understand that Newman J. (Clark Cable) Carr, of 9-26 is to be commissioned an Ensign in the Navy soon.

We have a maseite yet 100% PATRIOTIC 9-17 Russell was a victim of expensive circumstances at a recent Pantex dance.

Dame Runtor has it that Willie (Pretty Boy) Russell was a victim of expensive circumstances at a recent Pantex dance.

Have you seen the "Gold Dust Twins," Marshall and Wilbanks? Deep in on 9-13 sometime.

C. P. (The Mighty) McWhight, has to eat his meals in installments, for everyone that knows him calls him by telephone at his lunch hour.

Foreman Russell, 9-15, wants to challenge any group to a single duel. He says his boys, Douglas, Priest, Chambliss, Darman, Page, Rowlett and Ash can mow 'em down.

We suggest that "Don Quixote" Kite be given the title of being the busiest man in Zone 9.

We notice that several of the boys from the T.N.T. rooms are suffering from overdoses of caffeine, since a certain girl began dispensing it. Of course you can have their names: Sarah, Baines, Denting Brothers, Crump, Milligan, and Black. Whose, nearly forgot Foreman Hill, too.

Foreman Floyd, 9-20, and our Line Clerk, Sister Johnson, have the highest regard for one another.

Foreman Watson, 9-14, is a gentleman of the old school of southern gentlemen.

Herman Darryl, 9-20, got quite a kick out of giving his blood for a transfusion at the hospital the other day.

Congratulations Nimes Davis and Weiler, the boys tell me that you gals really know your face aid.

9-14 is taking up a collection to buy Lorraine Geyer, Line Clerk, a comb.

C. R. Cowart, 9-20, believes that he has the first baby of 1943. Little Charles was born Jan. 2, 1943. Yep, he's doing right well, thank you.

See you next issue. There was no swinging on the SWING SHIFT this time. Why? We are all frozen.

WE'RE BOOSTERS

By George Curtis

We find the women in Zone 6 quite reticent when it comes to talking about sons or husbands in the service. They just don't brag at all. Why, from the way they keep mentioning never know there was a war going on. Oh aye!

Among our proudest Mothers is Mrs. Margaret McMillen, whose son has just been put in command of a fleet of mine sweepers operating in the Pacific.

Another Navy minded member of our family has left in anticipation of his Naval commission. Bruce Cunningham, who was in the Safety Department for a while, has made a lasting contribution to Pantex and Amarillo in his brief stay here. We wish him luck as he leaves.

The WAAAC's have appealed to another. Dick Watson has left us, joining her Marine husband in California for a brief interlude in her induction.

We now introduce "Tillie the Teryll Tike." She is a second cousin to a "Gremia." On good days she is good to us, making pellets while we eat, and watching our buildings to see that they don't blow away.

But on bad days—well she's mean. She sticks powder to our punches, opens the doors for the wind to blow in, freezes up our radiators, and points out the cracks to the incoming dust. Roy King, our screen-blend tycoon, is the only one who claims to have seen her. He says she has a teryll-yellow dress, and graphite-black shoes, eyes, face and hair. Her pet aversion seems to be maintenance men and Safety Engineers, as she closes the doors behind them every chance she gets, leaving them locked outside with only a barbed-wire fence for company. The pellet girls are compiling information about "Tillie, the Tike," and will tell you more in the next issue.

SHE MAKES BOMBS—HER

SON SHOOTS JAPSI!

Mrs. R. H. Taylor explosive operator in Bldg. 15 Zone 11, has a son in the Engineer Corps on New Guinea. During an attack he helped man a machine gun, shot down a Jap Zeiss and saw tracer bullets cut several others. This was a new experience for an engineer, but he and boys with him took it all as a day's work. Engineers are considered non-combatants, however, he wanted to learn to operate a machine gun because his father, R. H. Taylor, also of Pantex, was in a machine gun company in World War I.

PLANNING AND CONTROL

By Ralph E. Randel

A sense of fairness leads us to want all Pantex employees who may owe installment payments to steer clear of our Central Scheduler's office. Ben Buchard, Arlie Roberts and H. C. Newman, Central Schedulers, are all former employees of one of the largest finance companies. (No free advertising in this column. Rates quoted upon application.) When not engrossed in their plant duties, they coldly eye automobiles, mentally calculating their worth. Every employee of our Division has been subjected to a virtual grilling concerning his unpaid balances, the number of installments they are delinquent and the condition of the collateral. Your correspondent has voluntarily turned back all his installment goals to avoid the constant mental strain and verbal harassment.

To keep its fighting trim, the ex-repossessor and cost extractor chases load line components all over the area. When these *ships* are found, they repossess them with the same ferocity and fiendish glee, they formerly exhibited when they repossessed our homes on wheels. Their seemingly impossible to forget, training has peculiarly fitted them for their work, however, and we congratulate them upon a difficult job well done.

Don Kite, Line Scheduler, formerly of Cadillac, has moved into the elite residential section of Amarillo. Don must have had stock in a rubber plantation before starting to work at Pantex. To date, no invitations have been issued by Don to his fellow workers, who exist in the wrong parts of town.

It has been rumored through grapevine channels that Jimmy Krintel, Line Scheduler in Zone 11, is the possessor of a genuine Cudahy rendered bass. All members of his department are treating him with the proper amount of deference. It is difficult to ascertain whether this deference emanates from respect, envy or just plain hunger. Jimmy recently moved from Parhamville to the Country Club Addition, near Wildorado.

Mary Ann Houston, secretary to Mr. Linder, has been busy making unavailing denials. Her husband, Sgt. Jimmy Houston of the Amarillo Air Field, was slated for a possible transfer to the week's previous Pantex assignment. The question and answer offering by Navak in Storer column of January 13th, signed "Mary Ann" (was) [was not] quite a coincidence.

We extend a hearty welcome to our Division's newest employees, Charles R. Hefley and Harry G. Vance. Both are transfers from Operations Division. Hefley is a Line Scheduler in Production Control Department and Vance is with Records and Reporting Department.

ZONE 11—DAY SHIFT

By LaVerne Hatley

Everyone is wondering how much longer J. O. White is going to be able to make it to the doors to keep from drowning—that Mail Pouch and Beechnut is certainly dangerous unless the chewer stays close to a door.

The W. O. W.'s in 17 vow and declare that Byron Bliss' vocabulary is made up of only the words scrape, sweep, mop and paddle.

How many have seen Son Bartlett hurrying somewhere, almost make it and then turn around and land somewhere else. Wonder what is on his mind.

Pea-Wee, Bldg. 17's worry wart and one of the nicest persons we know, received a belated but oh-so nice wedding gift from all the WOW's in 17. We won't say what it was but everyone wanted her to model it.

Mrs. T. M. Jackson, WOW in 17 told her husband goodbye Jan. 9 as his furlough was up. We wish Mr. Jackson all the best of luck.

Everyone really must learn how to back gracefully over dollies—ask Mrs. Whisler. She is a past master.

We have several new girls in No. 9. Some are new on the line, most of them transfers. We hope they like us. One of the new girl's husbands is to go in the army. We wish him good luck. He is a Pantex man.

A lot of people would like to know how Jack Bell, foreman of 13, keeps his operators in such a jolly mood.

Hollywood has a mean little kid known as "Red" Skelton. Bldg. 12 has a mean little kid known as "Red" Richardson. Watching him lift loaded dollies around you would think he was Superman.

No. 9 has a wedding coming up soon. We understand "Billie" is to be married.

We girls in No. 20 are supposed to be tough—but since when does Kleenex come in rolls.

The two men in Bldg. 14 are among those lending help toward making short cuts on the Axis.

Eula L. Lance's husband left recently for camp at Fort Sill. She is in Bldg. 26.

THE MAIN LINE

By A. H. Vaughan

Rail Transportation and Rail Operation personnel were loud in their expressions of appreciation of the last edition of Pantexan illustrating and specializing on our activities to "Keep 'em Rolling." Circulation reached a high peak and we had to requisition additional copies.

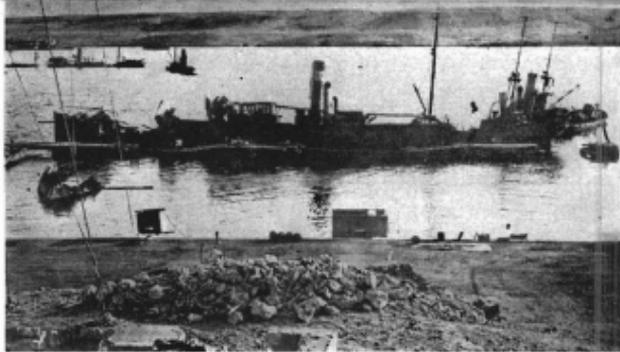
The recent sub-zero weather had a noticeable effect on Track Foreman Murphy's track worker crew which is composed of sons of our Good Neighbor to the South of us. However, they have now all reported back for duty and benefited by the enforced rest.

Engineer McNeilis (he of recent magazine cover fame), is back on the job after a brief battle with strep throat. We are glad to see him again.

Sincere sympathy of our entire personnel is extended Switchman Carl M. Lord and family on their recent bereavement.

We welcome two new employees in this Division. One is Miss Margaret (Peggy) Defenbaugh, secretary to Manager Roy C. Matthews. Miss Defenbaugh comes from Chicago where she was with the War Department's Ordnance division office.

Mrs. Marie Pickett is secretary to Mr. Richard Roberts, Traffic Manager, coming here from Wichita Falls where she was employed at Shepherd Field Station Hospital. Mrs. Pickett's husband is attending Anarillo Air Field Mechanical School.



Here's what happens when we back up our boys on the front. Sunken shipping lies half submerged beside broken quays in the harbor at Tabruk after the Allied attack.

Official U. S. Army Photo

THE MELTING POT

By Iris Galloway

Private Tom Finley of Anarillo Field, former interviewer and training chief with Personnel, was out to renew friendships and acquaintances on Wednesday, the 20th . . . looking fit as a fiddle but about 35 pounds less than his former self.

Jim Lawson wants to know if there isn't somebody who would be good enough to beg, borrow, buy or steal his car from him! She's really a wonderful piece of machinery! With a new generator, carburetor, accelerator, radiator, speedometer, and two new windows, she would be good as new. But, really we who rode to work in her during the last cold spell think she should have a medal pinned on her hood. . . she went beyond her duty in line of service!

We hear that Eddie Myers has decided that to live alone and like it isn't as easy as it's cracked up to be. He's experiencing all the hardships of bachelor-hood and washing clothes in the bathtub seems to be, in his opinion, the worst.

Don Cates made quite an extended trip to Dallas on the weekend of January 17. Why he went or what he did while he was there, we don't know (for sure), but he did run into Jerry Malin, who not so long ago gave up his job of interviewing prospective Pantex employees to return to his old job of sports writing on the Dallas News. Jerry said tell everybody "hello."

Irene Mengwasser is, at this writing, in Wichita Falls. We didn't know we were playing Walter Winchell a few weeks ago when we predicted wedding bells!

Seaman 1st Class Tom Kinsey, late of Personnel, has, in all probability, received the longest letter ever sent to one of Uncle Sam's Bluejackets. Almost everybody in the department contributed a good-sized note.

We are deeply regretful, and would like to apologize, for any mention we made of the respective ages of one Cher Robertson and one J. Fred Walker in the last issue of the Pantexan. It seems that we started a feud between these two gentlemen. After all, boys, what's a little thing like a few gray hairs or thinning locks?

Mr. Langston is really convincing in the role of the furious and protecting husband . . . at least he had Bill Stubbs and D. C. Boyd shaking in their boots for a few minutes!

These helpless males! Frances Kumpke had to play God Samaritan and sew a button on Mr. Kinsey's coat for him the other day, and the entire (or almost) office force in Reference Files has to stay every day until Mr. Sawyer leaves so that they can be sure he gets away intact, complete with hat, coat, scarf, and thermos.

FIREMEN

By Cowboy

The Firemen are now saving wires from the tops of milk bottles. Anytime you see a card and wire on a fire extinguisher, you will know why we are saving them.

James W. Coe is in the hospital recovering from an appendectomy. The Fire Department wishes James a speedy recovery.

We regret to lose Tom "Meathall" Benton to the Air School. We wish him lots of luck and hope that he makes as many friends in his new job as he did in his last one.

The Firemen are happy to be wearing some new uniform jackets.

The Firemen at Fire Station No. 2 are now taking advance First Aid. It seems that Lieutenant Reed got his First Aid book and Telephone Directory mixed up the other morning when he started to work. If any of you need to know a number, ask the Lieutenant.

Don't all of you rush over for First Aid treatment unless you bring your own band-aids and splints with you. We are fresh out.

We would like to advise you to take care of your kerosene stoves. We would hate to say "we told you so."

We wish to express our appreciation to the Guards and the Transportation Department for the cooperation given us the other morning at the fire at the T-33 Building.

GUARDS

By A. L. Burnett

Nothing special today, Guard John Doe was awakened by his alarm clock at the same time it had sounded for weeks. Too, the same feeling of pride and responsibility surged through him as he shaved and fitted a fresh shine on his shoes.

He sat down to a breakfast very like that served him on hundreds of mornings past.

But, once on the job the monotony of "sameness" has disappeared. Isn't this a new day? New people are to be met. Others with new troubles and new problems. For truly a Pantex Guard is a "Trouble Shooter," and a "Problem Solver." His smile irons many a wrinkle from bewildered faces. His hands turn many a deed of kindness. His feet save countless steps for others. How could his day be dull?

Here he helps a new girl find the proper bus. There he salutes an officer at the gate. Now he directs a loaded truck to the receiving station or jovially goes about his duties of "search" at entrance to restricted areas.

He may have to be a dozen men in one, but he's a friendly "cuss" and an interesting fellow doing a very interesting job!



Good bombs and plenty of them count in a raid like this. Allied Air Force Bombers are raining destruction on an Axis transport column which is trying to get supplies to Rommel's forces in Libya. Doesn't it make you feel good to think that bombs from Pantex may be blasting those trucks which may be seen along the desert road? For every one that is dropped, remember that there must be another to take its place. Let's keep 'em rolling!

U. S. Army Photo

ON THE MOVE

By Mark Sale

We hold fond remembrances of good old T-33. Flames which were quickly controlled by the fire department drove Auto Transportation from this building recently. Comfortable quarters were set up immediately at the bus terminal which is temporary headquarters for dispatchers and drivers. Permanent quarters are under consideration which will provide ample room and facilities for this group of workers.

Jack Roach, one of the oldest members of Auto Transportation, whose job has been to dispatch all food from the cafeteria to the change houses, has taken up new duties with an outside source. Jack accomplished much at Pantex and we wish him much success.

Wooden W. Haneck is the new manager of the bus terminal. He was the former assistant of and successor to Carol Dickson who served as manager prior to his return to his farm in Abilene.

The smiling countenance of old Jimmy Lynch is no longer seen at the canteen. He reluctantly laid his horses farewell and relinquished his responsibilities to William Green. Green is a very capable man and Auto Trans. is proud to have him in the department. His family is well represented in military circles, having two sons in uniform, one in the Navy, and one in the Coast Guard.

ENGINEERING DEPT.

By Argie Neill

P. R. Priest, draftsman in the Engineering Department, has resigned his position to work for B. I. Barfield, private concern.

Letha H. Rockwell spent the week-end in Dallas visiting her husband, Pvt. K. T. Rockwell.

At last, Henry Roberts has met his "Waterloo." Mrs. Dillon of Ordnance Files gave him a sound thrashing playing checkers during lunch hour. Better practice, Henry, before playing her again.

Talk about midnight oil; this department burned five gallons, working Saturday night. Orville Johnson, John Hannon, C. G. Conklin and Tom Rhodes really looked sleepy around 12:00. Mr. McFarland was so busy that he did not have time to get sleepy. If a certain little BETTY had entered the drafting room, I know one draftsman who would have been wide-awake right away quick. The entire Engineering Department is very jealous of Orville Johnson, because there are so many good looking stenographers making trips to see him about drawing charts, for their departments.

The Blueprint division also worked Saturday night. Oswald McDonald, photostatic operator, shot the works, and Ruby Cable, assistant, trimmed prints.

SAFETY

By LeNelle Estus

"My Sister, Olivia," Receptionist at the Personnel Building, is leaving for the WAVES, as an Apprentice Seaman. She will report for duty around February 15—so we are discontinuing "the sisters act" for the duration.

James Brownlee, Safety Engineer on Zone 10, is now the proud father of a bouncing baby girl—born January 8. Congratulations. We know she'll be a WOW.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stensaas and sons, Don and Larry, have moved out to the Plant site and are settled in the first house on the left as you enter the residential circle—No. 24.

Howard Allen Patrick, ex-Safety Engineer as of January 11, is an Ensign in the Aviation Branch of the Navy. He has met two former members of the Safety Department—James Drennen and Harvard Nelson, where he is stationed.

The Russell S. Munro's are going back to the Gay Nineties and reviving the motetless carriage, now that gasoline has become a luxury. They have bought a horse and are now scouring the country for a buggy. Any information as to where one can be purchased will be appreciated.

The Safety Department welcomes eight new members: George Taylor, Kenneth Smith, Beumett McClendon, Pat Patterson, Claude W. Shattuck, Frank T. Moore, Jerome Stocking, and W. T. McKinney. These men were all employed in other departments at Pantex.

About the most missed person around Pantex will be Mary Stack, who has made plans to further her education at the University of Texas next semester. Mary is one of Pantex's oldest employees, having worked 20 months. Luck to you, Mary.

HOW'S YOUR PULSE

By Dr. Anne Russell

Medical is losing W. E. Lawson, the First Aid man, to Zone 7. Good luck, "Bill," we know you will do real well on your new job.

Newcomers here are quite numerous. Did you know that Miss Nethougb, Miss Paschal, Miss Smith, Miss Davis, and Miss Weiler left the air lines to join our nursing staff? They are a fine group of women and we're glad to have them. St. Anthony's hospital, in Amarillo, is responsible for the excellent training of such nurses as Misses Druella Smith, Joan Daley, Long and Dorothy Vertrees. Misses Charlotte Flannigan, Barbara Overstreet, Marjorie Novell and Martin came to Pantex from Hialeah, Kansas. It's here at last! The new X-Ray equipment. Dr. Gray certainly looked pleased when he saw the room being completed.

MEET THE PEOPLE

By Carolyn Newbold

What have the WAVES got that Pantex doesn't have? We don't know the answer, but still another Pantexan, Jo Mae Payne of Tabulating, has joined, and will soon leave. Jo was one of the first to start with Certaineed, and will really be missed. We also regret to report that Kay Becker of the same department has gone to California with her family. Willa Mae Legg was transferred to Office Management, and Betty Herbert of that department has decided to learn the mysteries of an I. B. M. machine. Also new to the Tabulating group is Howard Johnson, formerly of Stores.

Back from a trip to Louisiana is Melba Simpson, Vouchers Payable—wonder if that ring is permanently placed yet?

Did we hear that Kathryn Pennington is getting married? Office Management seems a little contradictory on the point.

Newcomers in the Payroll department are Betty Reed, who transferred from Auto Transportation, and Jim Fletcher. Darrell Grundy was returned after being ill with the flu—Moelle Graham was "Grundy In" during his absence. There seems to be a curse on the termination office—all the girls are war widows, or about to be.

Faye Coleman, Kathryn Kent, Mary Moon, and Ida Phillips have joined the ranks of the timekeepers—a thankless job and a very important one, too. Why does everybody blame the timekeeper for everything?

To the recreation committee: Why not a dance—at the Herring—nise on a week night? Maybe a Valentine dance—formal, (I can already hear boos and hisses).

Suggestion: If you get hungry during the day, you might try asking Mr. Marchant for some of his home-baked cookies—they enjoy an excellent reputation in the Auditing department.

Want: A volunteer to do something momentous that can be written up in next issue of Pantexan.

Twillee Mae Thompson and Al Dunlap won the Red Cross city-wide Victory Bowling Tournament for mixed couples Sunday.

SAFETY

By Roy H. Davis, T-4, Stores

In every heart there burns a flame. The love of Glory, or the dread of shame, For happy we could be if we only understood

There is no safety but in doing Safety good.

Zone 10—GRAVEYARD

By Mark Galloway

If additional evidence was required to prove that the men in Zone 10 are a cooperative group, it was certainly available during the sub-zero mornings on the parking lot. The fellows whose cars started spent quite some time pushing others. The spirit of cooperation was shown there just as it is on the line. Your correspondent is grateful to Mike Dickerson for his assistance.

Winnie Fletcher became the bride of Otis Reynolds in a double ring ceremony performed by Rev. E. E. Fischer, January 23, in Amarillo. Members of Zone 10 wish the best of everything to Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds.

Bill Robinson "kept 'em rolling" during the absence of foreman Jack Lewis in 10-26. Jack was a victim of "Old Man Flu," and was greatly missed by everyone.

Tom L. Patton, son of G. L. Patton in No. 20, was home on furlough. Tom is an instructor in the Air Corps and is stationed at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado.

Word has been received that James O. Casper of No. 13 will soon be sprouting wings. James is a member of the Air Corps Reserve and is expecting to receive his call any day.

The boys in No. 20 are calling A. J. Figgins "Mister" now. A. J. announced the arrival of a son, Arvel Darlen is the name given the new-come. Congratulations, A. J.

The "grapevine" has it that the new key boards were installed at the suggestion of Mike Dickerson and "Dutch" Krabon. Their lockers are located near one whose owner is easily confused by too many keys.

A. Harris, of Bldg. 9, was wearing a broad smile this week. His son, Corporal Lloyd, who is in the 55th Quartermaster Corps stationed at Camp Young, Calif., arrived home on furlough.

"Steve" Stephens transferred from Zone 10 to the shop area. We surely miss "Old Steve" and wish him well in his new assignment.

When nominations for the best shift superintendent are in order, the graveyard boys enthusiastically submit the name of Supt. Bond Jones. He certainly is easy to "get along with" if everyone does his work efficiently.

OPERATIONS

By Anne H. Cartwright

Mrs. Williams feels rather indignant over some one calling her safety shoes "Lil Abner's." She still feels that she has been given the wrong "brand" of shoes.

Mrs. Dorothy Paley, Line Clerk, has been helping us in our office. She is very good, too, and the writer is most grateful for her assistance in the setting up of our files—which has been quite a major job.

Hasdel Metz has been on the sick list but is back on the job now. He has been very quiet since returning and we know he isn't feeling up to par because of his lack of "vin" on the telephone.

Why wouldn't it be possible to have a dance, games or social activities of some sort at the plant at least once a month? We'll cooperate with Pat Davis, recreational chief, in any way he suggests to promote amusements.

Mr. Knight has moved into his new home on the Pantex grounds. He is pleased with his home and we know it will be much more convenient for him. How about a house warming, Mr. Knight?

We have another new member in our office, Miss Margaret Hester, who is Secretary to Mr. Scheldrup. She has been working on the line but we think she will soon like her work here so much as she did there.

PARADIN' THE RAMPS

By Jack Cunningham

The Melt Unit has a brand new cat walk way up there around the Vent Stacks. Wonder if they are going to sell tickets to look at the view?

R. E. "Steve" Stephens to C. E. Dye: "What has Glenn Culverhouse got that I haven't got?" said Dye. "A lot of phone calls."

Harry Waggoner has been the center of more than one dispute. Some say he lost his razor, some say he started to take lessons on a second-hand cello . . . anyway the growth can be identified definitely as a beard.

A. L. Johnson got his subscription in for Parents Magazine just in time. Shirley Ann arrived Sunday night. She is doing fine, thanks. Her remarks were definitely off the record.

Bob McKenzie took W. K., his father, to bear Frank Buck. Yes, Bob brought him back alive.

Clad W. Cordell remarks that the Ohio boys are like geese that walk each morning in a new world (dunno what brought it on, myself). Ohio men having any pebble re-torts to those Texans are welcome to space in next issue.

L. E. Moffitt is on sick leave. Hope he will be back soon.

Grady Wicks and M. C. Hall deserve a world of praise for their helping hand last Monday. The boys report they did not leave until every car on the lot would start.

Joe Clark is about to open a news stand on West 6th, the opening date to be announced later.

G. A. Power and Carl "Shorty" Davis deep in conversation with R. E. Griffiths.

M. J. Yather of the Screening Room has been on the sick list for several days.

W. A. McIntosh can remember more football scores than anyone else we have met. Says G. W. Nudley, "An elephant never forgets." Retorts "Major" Roy, "Well Mac ain't so gazelle!"

The man rushing down the ramp, as though a blow was just behind him, is Super Beagle trying to blast the theory that you cannot be at both ends of the line at the same time.

UTILITIES

By Myrtice Hunter

"Maintenance is the Watchword for the Duration".

Our Dispatchers office has moved to a permanent location in Zone 2, Building 4. The new telephone number is 11.

In order that you may know what departments are in 'Utilities, we list below a few of them:

Woodworking Shop: This department is very efficiently supervised by W. E. Sneed, assisted by Floyd Richards. The Wood Shop is on a "round the clock" basis, and is turning out some very fine work.

Line Maintenance: This department is very busy keeping line machinery in good condition and keeping the bomb lines in good order. It is supervised by J. G. Johns, with W. T. Gassaway general foreman of Parts and Mechanical in all zones, and Art Frost general foreman of Lubrication.

Steam and Gas Distribution: B. W. Ferris is superintendent of this department, assisted by W. H. Wells. He and his men are kept busy with their many jobs.

Steam Generation: E. G. Brunley's day at the plant does not end at 5:00 P. M. Wishing to become better acquainted with his employees on other shifts, he makes trips to the plant at all hours of the night. Mr. Brunley is assisted by Edward Sullivan.

Plumbing, Heating, and Refrigeration: With the addition of the staff residences, O. A. Kennedy and his men never have a dull moment. C. L. Sullivan and W. P. Stewart are foremen.

Electrical Department: This Department is under the supervision of C. L. "Casey" Jones, assisted by Clark Newlin and R. C. Bowie.

The Electrical Department has to be alert to keep everything going.

Wayne Sawyer's attractive new secretary is Bonnie Roddy.

McCollum (painter foreman) to painter: "And be sure to paint every little thing in Zone 6."

Painter: "But Mac, nearly all the little things in Zone 6 are already painted."

"Maintenance is the Watchword for the Duration."



Every Allied ship that sinks, every plane we lose, every one of our boys that falls, is a challenging reminder of our duty—to stay on the job, to work and sacrifice until victory is won.

Official U. S. Navy Photo

PANTEXAN

ZONE 11—SWING SHIFT

By Sherrill Boyd

Here's why the girls in 13 wrote the WOW song:

Lawanna "Hoppy" Killion has a brother, L. C. Killion, in New Caledonia. . . . Ruby Price has a brother, William Tucker, at Pearl Harbor and she has two less-than-17-year-old daughters, Ruthie Fay and Linda-Nell. . . . Audie Hisei has a brother, Mat McCoy, in foreign service and a brother-in-law in Alaska. . . . Myrtle Daves has two brothers in the service and Violet Womich has one brother in the service. . . . Eula Vandell has all these: Husband, Larkin Vandell, stationed in Oregon; brother, with the Marines in San Diego; two uncles, Albert and Will Currie at Guadalcanal, and a brother-in-law, Hilton Vandell, in Hawaii. . . . Cora Reid's brother, Cpl. A. D. Golden is in foreign service. . . . Ruth Bromley's brother-in-law, Louis Bromley, is in Alaska. . . . and all the other WOW's likewise are working for loved ones fighting.

Lynn Miller's crew is seventeen, Really keeps the building clean. They swing those mops and push that broom And we say—Ain't that a cleaned-up room? Pearl Morgan in 17 carries her own Becht-Nut tobacco, and not all of it in her pocket. . . . "Scrapiron" is the mousieer attached to Gene Gray in 17 since the girls found out he was a boxer in school.

Mrs. Mavre Campbell, in 11-5, is working because of her son, Charles (Humpty) who, she believes, was captured by the Japs in the Philippines or else is fighting guerrilla warfare. Before Pearl Harbor, she spent several months with him in Hawaii.

The crew in 14 misses Maude Gray's sunny disposition since she returned to Alabama. . . . Fourteen's quartet is cooking with gas since Boss Brownlee chimed in on the bass. . . . Dorothy Marable, former drummer with a local dance band, is teaching the zumba beat with two-thread cleaners and a concrete floor. . . . recreational questionnaires discovered an abundance of expert basketball, volleyball and tennis players in this building.

Vitamin pills? Aren't we Amazons, already? is the common cry in Zone 11.

THE WOW SONG

By the girls in 11-13-3, Swing Shift
To the tune of "The Eyes of Texas"
We've been working at the Pantex
All the live long day
We've been working at the Pantex
To send the bombs away,
Do not think we cannot make them
From night till early in the morn
We will make them and they'll break them
Till victory is won.

For the freedom of our country
We'll keep on the job
Rights of freedom and religion
The Nazis cannot rob.
We're not noted or famous
Grand honors we have none
We're fighting for our country
Until the job is done.

All the bombs that we are making
Will help to speed the day
To end this war is why we're working
To send them Hitler's way.
Hoo Hoo, Maassini
And all the other bands
Here's from 11, building 13
We've got them on the run.

We the women Ordnance workers
Are out to do our part
We will not give up as shirkers
We'll give the boys a start
We will try our best and don't let
To keep them flying high
We'll work working at the Pantex
To keep them in the sky.

"That's melody in them that gals," says Bo Graham, who was going down the ramp behind the Bldg. 13 WOWS, when they cut loose on the above song. Words by the girls were assembled by Maxine "Butch" Durant.

Customs officials on the Texas-Mexico border have received instructions from OPA to remove a coffee stamp from the ration book of every individual seeking to import coffee from Mexico.

CONTROL LAB

By Louise Jouette

A regular pow-wow was held recently at the control lab with the entire laboratory personnel present. Dr. Bots offered a new work program:

1. No more night shifts.
2. No more overtime.
3. In case of a sudden rush of work, the whole lab force will share the burden and will not be allowed to leave until the work is completed—come what may!

The new program was put to a severe test last week, with an unusual volume of work coupled with the absence of some of our best men (don't smile, please, Fusco) who were ill. Everything, however, was kept under control—as should be done in a control lab. Doc's face was beaming—and still is—with satisfaction. The force was jubilant—even Norine Trigg, who has charge of keeping things clean, was smiling. Pauline Akins, who was almost worked to exhaustion, according to her statement and Dr. Bot's verification, has now returned to a normal routine—and likes it very much.

Our Mr. Schumacher, who committed the unpardonable crime of getting married just before winter unloaded its fury, is still the object of jokes from his so-called male friends. One of the brutes asked the opinion of his fellow-conspirator about the march played during the wedding. Doc figured it was a funeral march, but Carpenter insists that it was the march before the Battle. These men!

Speaking of winter and trying to keep warm, Carpenter has donned a costume which should rightfully make him a member of Byrd's expedition. It lacks only one thing—a Russian wolfhound. Nevertheless, he has been the object of envy among his fellow-workers. Workers in the lab are currently debating what Dorothy Hoover's nickname shall be—Pellet Etra or Terry! Ethyl. It would seem that the pellets have it.

ZONE 10—SWING SHIFT

By Howard Wilson

Building 13's Kenneth Smith and Bill McKenney were both transferred to Safety.

Mr. Lane of Bldg. 12 has left and is replaced by Jack Davis, formerly of Zone 9.

We extend sincere sympathies to Cecil A. Wright and Geo. A. Wilkinson, both of Bldg. 26, who recently lost their sons in action in the Pacific struggle.

A. H. "Moon Mullins" transfers all grapevine from Zone 9 to Zone 10.

C. H. Harwell of 9B has traded his white coveralls for a set of Uncle Sam's khaki. Homer Duvall said since he lost Harwell he would like to have a WOW for a grid helper.

G. C. Holbrook of Bldg. 20 has thrown in his lot with the Navy.

M. M. Mayfield and Joe Nall, gridmen in Bldg. 17, are fighting behind the lines for special persons. Nall's brother, Hall Nall, is a Captain in the Medical Corps in India and Mayfield's son is a Staff Sergeant in the Artillery, who is training Chinese soldiers.

Q. M. May also has a personal interest in winning this war as he has sons in India and England.

H. M. Mobley of the Hopper room had the misfortune of losing his lower plates in the ammonium nitrate mill last week. Wonder if they were in a split?

Jack Davis of Zone 9 has been made our new foreman at Bldg. 12, replacing R. N. Lane. We regret losing Lane but welcome Davis.

Wonder who the bransette is that was nibbling with the Gold Dust twins. John Noble and John Guthrie of Canyon.

E. N. (Cotton) Good is a new Grandpa and is Cotton happy!



Keep this thought constantly in your mind—that no American boy shall die because you failed to do your part here at home. Remember he's depending on you, just as you are upon him.

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

Charlie Campbell--Mariner

A Stores Employee Tells of Terrifying Experiences in Submarine Infested Seas



Calmly, Charlie tells tales that make your blood run cold.

Just looking at Charlie Campbell, you would never believe that this quiet, soft spoken man had lived through a period where each perilous moment which passed was that much to the good . . . and, you didn't look very far ahead to the next. Charlie, now employed in Stores, holds the rating of Able-Bodied Seaman, and, until Thanksgiving, sailed the seas in our Merchant Marine.

His voice was as calm and unemotional as though he were reciting a warehouse list, though his words were of ships, and sinkings, and death in the night. Of course, he couldn't tell very much about names and places—because Charlie knows that a bit of injudicious talking can help to sink a few more ships.

He's done a lot of coastwise sailing, and had three trips across. Very lucky he was, that they were returns. He got into port in New York, on Thanksgiving Day, his last trip, and came back to Texas to see his family. Though he's still helping out, while at Pantex, he plans to go back to sea in the spring.

It was on his first trip out that he saw the tanker right alongside go down. It was at night, and they never knew a submarine was there. "You don't know it's coming, till it hits," he said. A torpedo doesn't make much noise. First there's a tremendous geyser of water spouting up, then—flames! Everything burns on an oil tanker. Even the water is set afire by the burning oil. A man hasn't got much chance in an inferno like that. They could hear the screams and moans of the trapped sailors, but there wasn't a thing they could do about

it. At least seven ships were sunk or disabled in that convoy.

Charlie's boat got across though, and he had two days shore leave. A few warm beers in one of those funny places they call "pubs," and then back again. The people were swell, though, Charlie said. "They've been through a lot over there, and they don't hardly have anything, even now. But they're always cheerful, and you never hear a word of complaint."

A ways out in the Gulf of Mexico, on his second trip, they were issued the rubber suits all seamen wear now. They weigh about forty pounds, and they cover the head and body completely. The first time, it took Charlie about thirty minutes to get his on, and he said he wasn't going to be bothered with it. A cork life-preserver was good enough for him. And then, a tremor went through the ship. She vibrated like a live thing. They'd been hit, and the order came to take to the boats. Charlie had to jump overboard. When he hit the water, the cork smacked him on the chin and pretty nearly broke his neck. He floated for about half an hour before one of the lifeboats picked him up—and then, another three hours and they were rescued. Charlie became reconciled to the rubber suits after that.

They were all taken to Washington for a few days, for questioning by the Navy Department, and they couldn't talk to anyone else until they were given the word. Each man was guarded, and even when they went for a drink, a guard went along. They had to tell their story again and again. Maybe something they would say, or something they had done, would help another man to save his life.

Coming back on his third and last trip, Charlie saw his first and only sub. It was very rough that night, and suddenly, right in front of them, a huge wave washed up a submarine. It hung there for about a minute and they had a good long look at him. A shot was put across his bow, but another wave came along and he went under. They were ordered into their suits and told to keep the zippers well oiled. By then, Charlie could get his on in three minutes flat.

He was lying on his bunk, reading, when the alarm rang. They ran out into the passageways, but it seemed like a false alarm. In the morning, the engineer told them that they had been hit, but the torpedo had failed to explode. There,

ZONE 7—UNIT Z

By Jim J. Rogers

Hello again, sure do hate to kid you boys on the load lines, but boy you should see our new air-conditioned ramps in Zone 7.

Phil Middleton has a new name for a spud bar—Idiot Stick.

Bill Bannister and Lillard Son played golf the other day. Bill with 14 clubs, Son with a No. 9 Iron. Bill lost two down and mad to go.

G. T. Cole, foreman in 7-10, had a fast one pulled on him the other night. Several new men came to work and one of the old timers told them to wear one of those purple caps and that they differentiate between a new man and the experienced ones. You guess what happened . . . I don't know.

This 4:00 p. m. till midnight shift should be called the nothin' shift. You see, nothin' can happen on that one. Sure is a swell way to save money tho', to work while everyone else is out spending their hard earned dough, so says Ross Magre, the sage of Quatsah, Texas.

We've got a swell bunch of guys over in Zone 7. Soon as we get to know 'em better, we'll introduce them to all you Pantexians.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

By W. H. Gragg, Zone 9

We wonder why W. B. Jones, 9-13, is so busy these days that we on the C shift (Swing) have to attend to his duties as reporter.

We hear that Joe T. White is taking advantage of the fact that TNT makes his hair red, so he's going bareheaded to save the price of a Helena rinse.

Be G. Hudson, 9-26, says he is doing his part in helping win the war as the official "Moppy-Upper."

Jim "Jitterbug" Flarey, 9-17, toots a mean "sax" in our very own Pantex band.

Gaston Harbort, 9-20, says: "Believe nothing you hear and only half of what you read." He was only eight hours late to work on a Sunday shift. Could it have been Art Carter that misinformed him?

Loyd "Tuffie" Wilson, Foreman 9-14, is all smiles now that the C shift has finally learned how to clean up the building to his satisfaction.

Guy E. Burton likes the graveyard shift as it gives him a full day to try to figure out some way to help Taylor speed up production in the paint room.

Wonder what shift Supt. O'Rear and Safety Engineer Brownlee did to so upset Supt. McWright?

Art "Speed" Carter in 9-12 says the screening room is a good place to work as it gives him a chance to put the monkey on the boys back in 9-13.

Len Harden, 9-17, has been sick with the flu, but he is back in there pitching again trying to get his foremanship back from Jack Fuquay who did such a splendid job while Harden was gone.

in the side of the ship, was a hole big enough to drive a bus through.

"You kind of forget about it as soon as it's over," Charlie said. "Sure, you know it's dangerous, but you get leave ashore, and have a good time, and pretty soon you're anxious to ship out again.

"We've got to stick to our jobs if we want to get this war won, and that was mine. We couldn't let the thought of danger stop us. Going back? You bet I'm going back to sea," said Charlie.

Camera-ettes



The Bride Came POP—and is very glad to be here, too. Now you see what took John Knoph, division manager of Production Planning and Control, to New York a few weeks back. Mr. Knoph and the brand new Mrs. Knoph are shown above as they arrived in Amarillo on Wednesday, January 13. Mrs. Knoph, nee Constance Borner, was a resident of Cypress Hills, in New York City, where the wedding took place on January 10. The Knophs left immediately for Amarillo, and they are now residing at 1401 Van Buren St. After a glimpse at Mrs. Knoph, we don't blame Mr. Knoph for putting a POP number on her.



Brig. Gen. R. E. Hardy, Chief of the Ammunition Branch, Office of the Chief of Ordnance; Maj. Gen. Levin H. Campbell, Jr., Chief of Ordnance; and Col. T. C. Gerber, Field Director of Ammunition Plants are pictured (l to r) at the meeting of Commanding Officers and Plant Managers held in the Scottish Rite Cathedral, St. Louis, January 18.. Representing Pantex at the meeting were Maj. P. S. Irvine, John G. Getz, Jr., Howard G. Philbrook and Gene Pray.



Pat Dowd, of New York City, vice-president and comptroller of Certain-teed Products Corp., became a familiar figure on the reservation during his recent visit. Here he is shown being greeted by Emily Tucker, chief receptionist.



A part of the first class to graduate from the 1st Guard School, in which 104 men were enrolled, are shown above as they receive congratulations from Major Irvine. There will be six classes in all, each lasting seven days, ten hours a day. The classes cover ten subjects with different instructors for each.

Warning

At the direction of the Commanding Officer, attention of all is called to the Espionage Act of 1917 as amended March 28, 1940.

In regard to this ordinance plant, and the law's specific application, employees are here informed that certain actions, outlined below, are designated as offenses of the law.

The actions include:

(1) Those of a person or persons who, for the purpose of obtaining information respecting the national defense with intent or reason to believe that the information to be obtained is to be used in the injury of the United States, or to the advantage of any foreign nation, goes upon, enters, flies over, or otherwise obtains information concerning the establishment.

(2) Those of a person or persons who, for the purpose aforesaid, and with like intent or reason to believe, copies, takes, makes, or obtains, or attempts, or induces, or aids another to copy, take, make or obtain, any sketch, photograph, photographic negative, blue print, plan, map, model, instrument, appliance, document, writing, or note of anything connected with the establishment.

(3) Those of a person or persons who, for the purpose aforesaid, receives or obtains or agrees or attempts or induces or aids another to receive or obtain from any person, or from any source whatever, any of the items outlined in paragraph 2, connected with the establishment, knowing or having reason to believe, at the time he receives or obtains, or agrees or attempts or induces or aids another to receive or obtain it, that it has been or will be obtained, taken made or disposed of by any person contrary to the provision of this act.

(4) Those of a person or persons who, lawfully or unlawfully having possession of, access to, control over, or being instructed with any of the items outlined in paragraph 2, connected with the establishment, willfully communicates or transmits or attempts to communicate or transmit the same to any person not entitled to receive it, or willfully retains the same and fails to deliver it on demand to the officer or employee of the United States entitled to receive it.

(5) Those of a person or persons who, being instructed with, or having lawful possession or control, of any of the things outlined in paragraph 2, connected with the establishment, thru gross neglect permits the same to be removed from its proper place of custody, or delivered to anyone in violation of his or their trust, or to be lost, stolen, abstracted, or destroyed.

Recreation Booster

Load Line Foreman Virgil Akins, who is sometimes referred to by fellow employees as "Mr. Five by Five," is one of Pantex's employees who believes in recreation and sports of all kinds as evidenced in his school activities and his Recreation Questionnaire.



Foreman Akins graduated from Stillwater, Okla., High School and received his degree from Oklahoma A. & M. He participated in the following sports: football, basketball, baseball, wrestling, and golf.

Foreman Akins says he intends to challenge anyone at Pantex to a wrestling match as soon as a Recreation Hall is provided.

In each issue, Pantexan will feature a Recreation Booster selected from those who have turned in questionnaires to the recreation chief.

Spotted

ON THE SPORTS SCENE

The bowlers, seeking new averages, don't know whether to "shoot the works" or try for more of a handicap. Most of them are afraid to try to affect averages as they are affected without too much extra effort anyway.

"Butch" Clark, Pantex's most steady basketballer, is running around in circles because he "rimmed" the hoop so many times in the game with B Division—Amarillo Field last Tuesday night.

A good Pantex basketball team was ruined by sickness and change of shifts—another team in the making, then another shift change, and "Coach" Davis is singing "Where, Oh Where, Is My Basketball Team."

Basketball team manager Merle Clayton of Accounts Payable, is worried over trying to get shorts to fit players and how to change shorts when a substitute goes into the game.

"Toby" Waggoner, shift superintendent, Zone 10, is one of the officials in the Golden Glove Tournaments.

OIL STOVES ARE TRICKY

Improper handling of kerosene stoves, is one of the most serious fire hazards at Pantex, says D. E. Teague, Utilities foreman. Men coming in out of the cold, anxious to get warm quickly, turn them on too high, thus causing a dangerous overflow of oil.

Another important factor, is the

Dance

Pantexans will don their party clothes again on Saturday, Feb. 13th, and dance to the rhythmic strains of the Pantex orchestra at the Amarillo Hotel.

For those of you who desire them, snacks and set-ups will be available all through the night. Tickets are \$1.10 per person, including tax, and can be bought from the receptionists in the Administration Building, various other places throughout the plant, and also at the door on the night of the dance. Table reservations will be held until 10:00 P. M.

The dance is to be an informal one, so come as you like; but be sure you come, or you'll be missing the time of your life.



There's No Time Left For Courtin' after Meda, (l) and Isabel Gerber work their shift in Zone 11, get their 40 winks and attend business school before returning to their jobs in the shipping room. Makes little difference say the girls, because their boy friends are in the army. They plan to continue making bombs and going to school for the duration, then become secretaries.

prompt attention needed if anything should go wrong. Mr. Teague should be called at once, at the first sign of trouble. With the cooperation of all, this danger to safety can be completely eliminated.

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A FILE-PILER



This poor old File-Piler
Is really in a state.
He has piled a purchase order for some
bird-seed
Some place in all those filing cabinets,
He thinks.
Well, he needs it, and he can't find it.
He's been through the first, second and
third cabinets,
And the two stacks he always files on
top of the cabinets,
And the other stack he always files on
the floor,
At present he's searching feverishly in
the waste-basket.
If he doesn't start paying attention to
where he puts things
The files are going to close in on him,
And choke him.



THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING YOU!
WERE YOU A FILE-
PILER THIS MONTH?

No Yes

Cartoon and verse by Ida Sue Taylor
after the style of Munro Leaf.

Lost: Pair of woman's British tan
capskin gloves in the vicinity of Per-
sonnel building. Finder please call 257.

The daily cost to France of German
occupation would build 2,500 modern
workman's homes.



LETTER FROM A SOLDIER

Not many days ago I walked through
the barracks of this training camp and
saw many a man low in spirit. The mail
had just been passed out and for these
fellows there was not a word from home.

I thought how futile this seemed
when it takes so little effort to write.
Then I remembered that not so very
long ago I was an employee at Pantex
and, possibly like many of you, did not
realize just how much mail really means
to a soldier. Your soldier is no panty-
waist . . . he can take anything that
comes his way as fast as it's dished out.
But don't forget that he gets hungry for
news of home and words of appreciation
and encouragement.

It does not have to be a long letter to
cheer him up. A note to let him know
everything's okay and that you're be-
hind him, will do wonders.

I know every one of you Pantexans are
most interested in winning the war . . .
don't forget that letters will help.

A Soldier.

JOB TRAINING

Causing the most talk in Ordnance
the past two weeks was the Training
Program which resulted in all Ordnance
supervisors attending school for a ten-
hour course in Job Training, and acting
alternately as teachers and pupils.

In the first phase of a Training Pro-
gram under jurisdiction of Training
Within Industry Division of the War
Manpower Commission, 13 supervisors
attended the 2-hour classes held on Tues-
days, Thursday and Saturdays.

Under chairmanship of Miss Ann
Stuckley, the following Ordnance per-
sonnel was enrolled in the course: Ilo
G. Campbell, Kay Brewer, Raymond
Sell, Fred Ludvigsen, N. W. Lacy, Na-
dine Carvajal, H. A. Hunter, Jack Hook-
er, Myrtle Harris, Evelyn Harrison, E.
C. Gillock, O. G. Smith and H. E.
Read.

You have to be careless only a min-
ute to be dead forever.

Pellets

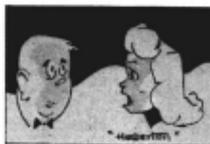
Illustrated by R. G. Howerton, Zone 9

Pantexan will pay \$1.00 for each contribution of an interesting or unusual
incident about Pantex or Pantex employees which is used in this column. Each
contribution must be signed and none will be returned. Send in yours right
away—address Pantexan, Room 278, Adm. Bldg.

He Just Listens

William N. Harris, in charge of Water and
Sewage Collection and Disposal systems,
doesn't talk much. That's because he comes
from a town of 48,000 women, and there was
no chance for a man to get a word in. He was
city engineer in Denton, Texas; the site of two
big women's colleges.

Submitted by Paul Payne, timekeeper Zone 7



Talking Out of Turn

These days, T. A. Mask of the Fire Department is careful who he talks
to. While a city bus driver in Amarillo, a woman passenger asked him a lot
of questions, and he even discussed his private life with her. When she got
off, she told him to read the Amarillo News. Sure enough, she was a re-
porter, and had printed every word he said.

Was His Face Red

Frederick Schmer, Fireman, still gets red
in the face when he thinks of it. At a box
supper, he had his eye on the prettiest girl
there, who had the largest box. Bidding was
hot for it, and he ran it up to \$10.00. When
he walked up to pay, with all eyes on him, he
found that he didn't have a cent.

Submitted by H. C. Brown—Fire Station 1

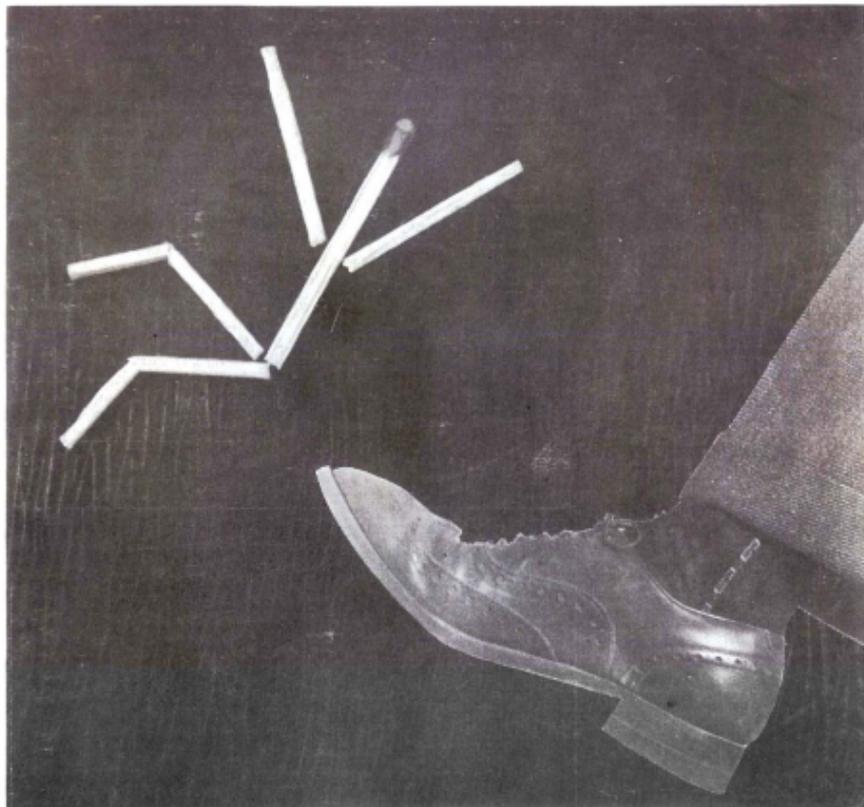


Correspondence By the Carload

Here's one serviceman who can't complain
about the mail he's been getting. Winnie
Walker, explosive operator in 11-26, heard that
her husband, stationed in New Guinea, re-
ceived 100 letters from her all at one time.

Submitted by Sherrill Boyd, Foreman, Bldg.
13 Zone 11.





Terminated!

"NO KITCHEN OR STRIKE ANYWHERE MATCHES ALLOWED IN THIS BUILDING."

"NO KITCHEN OR STRIKE ANYWHERE MATCHES ALLOWED PAST THIS GATE."

Signs bearing the above words have been posted throughout the Reservation, and they mean exactly what they say.

By order of the General Manager,

effective on Monday, January 25, 1943, kitchen or strike anywhere matches were banned!

This new rule marks a definite step forward in our Safety Program and is to be welcomed as an added protection for our plant and personnel. The ease with which such matches can be ignited, intentionally or, unfortunately, unintentionally and at the wrong time and place, should make further explanation for the rule unnecessary.