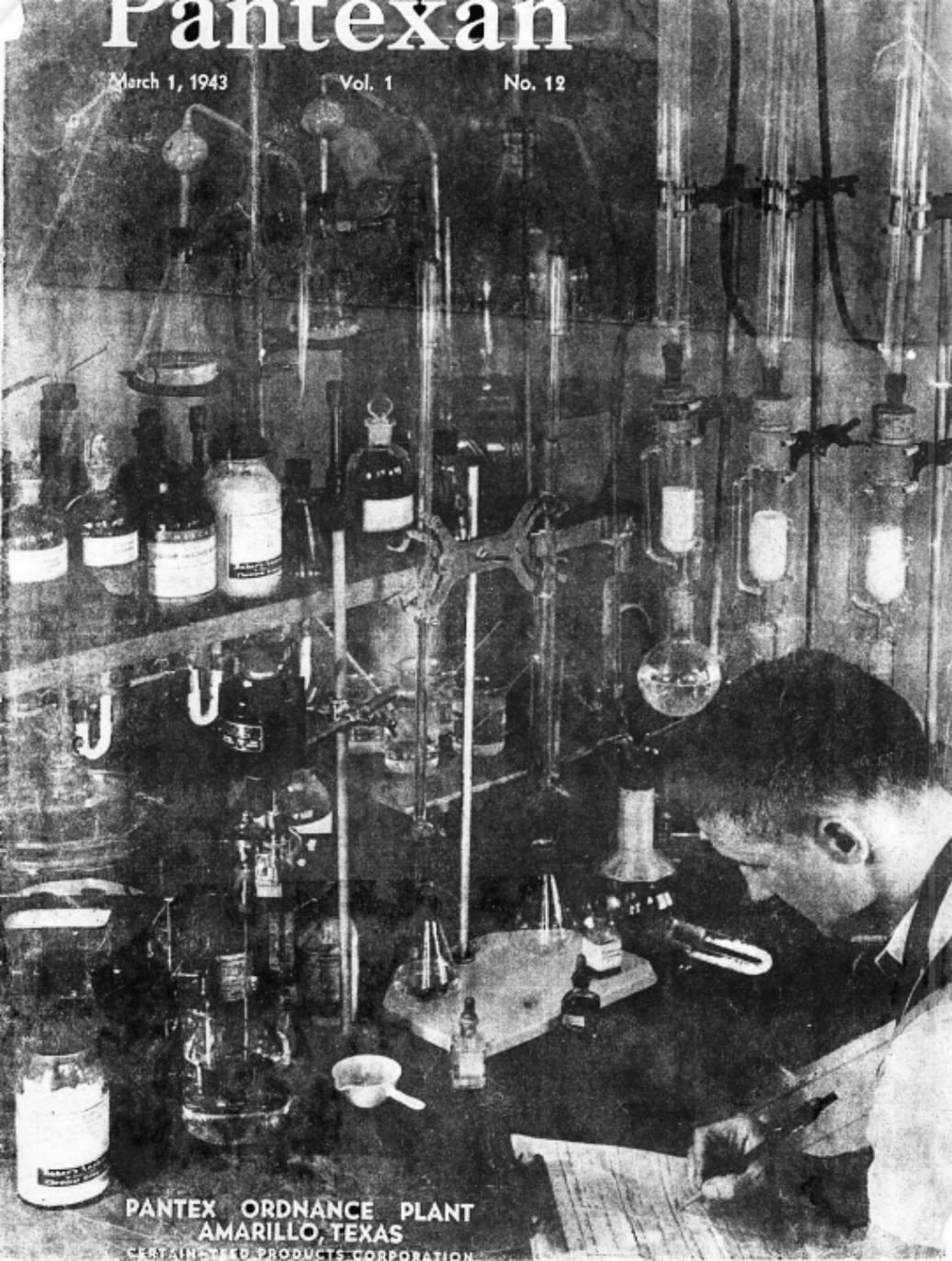


Pantexan

March 1, 1943

Vol. 1

No. 12



PANTEX ORDNANCE PLANT
AMARILLO, TEXAS
CERTAINTEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION



Pantexan



Honor Roll

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

Published on the 1st and 14th of Each Month by and for
Employees of

PANTEX ORDNANCE PLANT

Certain-teel Products Corporation, Prime Contractor
Amarillo, Texas

Mr. P. S. Irvine	Commanding Officer
H. I. Hartley	President and General Manager
John G. Getz, Jr.	Assistant General Manager

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Bern Gos. and Shirley Bershatsky	Associate Editors
Bob Canning	Staff Photographer

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Angie Neel	- Engineering	Howard Wilson	- Zone 10
Jim Sanders	- Stores Office	John J. Cunningham	- Zone 10
Lester Webb	- Motor Pool	Louise Jouette	- Control Lab.

Material for publication is desired from every employee. Give news cartoons, articles, letters, classified ads., etc. to a member of the staff or mail to Room 278 Administration Bldg., stating your name and department. Deadline for copy is seven days preceding publication date.

The Ten Commandments of A War Production Worker

1. Be on the job every day, for regularity, always desirable, is especially valuable in wartime. Do your job when there is work to be done!
2. Do not watch the hands of the clock, for in watching them at work, you stop.
3. Be accurate in your work lest on some far-off battle front, an American youth pay the price of your error with his life.
4. Give every working hour sixty minutes, remembering that it makes no difference if you whistle while you work, so long as you work until the whistle blows.
5. Suggest improvements on your job, for an idea in the right hands is worth two in your head.
6. Do not put off until tomorrow what you can do today lest some of your comrades in arms who have too little should receive your help too late.
7. Do not allow an accident to stop your machine, your output, or yourself, for today whatever delays production delays victory.
8. Take care of yourself physically so that you can be at your best to take care of your country.
9. Let not hickering and disputes come between you and your work for the duration.
10. Be both generous and regular in your purchase of war bonds, for no contribution in cash can be too great to support your countrymen who are giving theirs in blood.

UTILITIES

George R. Baunins, Jr., Navy

SAFETY

Mary O. Easton, WAVE

FISCAL

Jo M. Payne, WAVE
Lucille M. Jasper, WAVE
David L. Isham, Navy

STORES

Wilson G. Bond, Army
J. R. Matthews, Army
Erskine Sides, Jr., Army
Holland L. Fleming, Army
Freddie M. Hall, Army
Fred F. Farris, Navy
Shelton McCuston, Army

OPERATIONS

Theodore N. Privett, Army
William C. Collier, Army
William M. Norris, Army
Dennis M. Dusey, Army
Emmett H. Grant, Jr., Army
Edgar O. Pannell, Army
James O. Casper, Army
Ellis Coombes, Navy
A. B. Tureary, Army
Hollie D. Truelock, Army

The names above are listed in the order in which the men went into the armed forces according to date, during the period of January 30 to February 15. Others will be listed from time to time.

SWEAT

WILL SAVE BLOOD

"A pint of sweat will save a gallon of blood."

That credo, applicable equally to the production front and the battle front, keyed the grim tone of the orders issued by Major General G. S. Patton, Jr., to the American soldiers in the Western Task Force on the eve of the landing on the coast of French North Africa, November 8, 1942, just made public by the War Department.

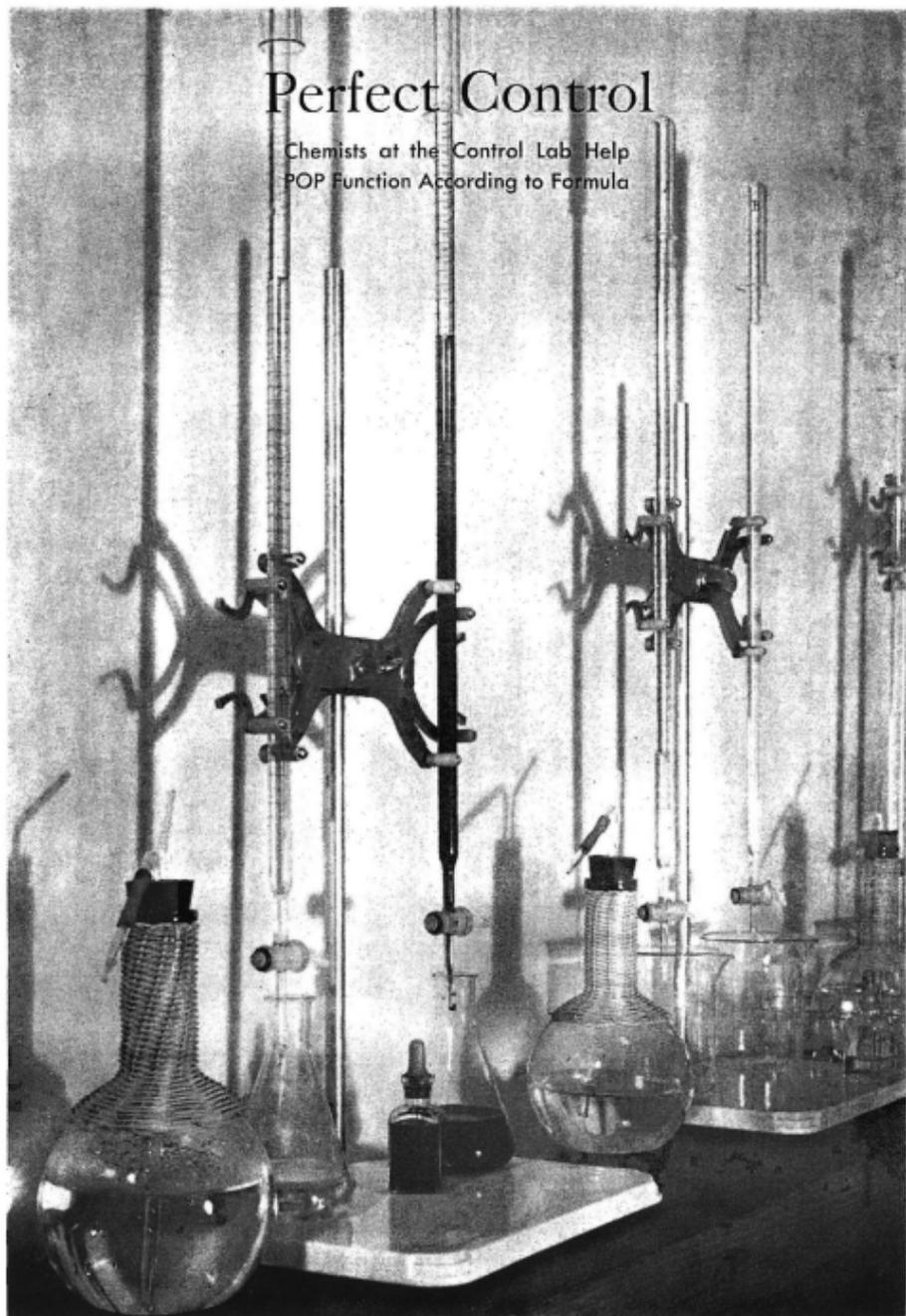
The orders said: "During the first few days and nights after you get ashore, you must work unceasingly, regardless of sleep, regardless of food. A pint of sweat will save a gallon of blood."

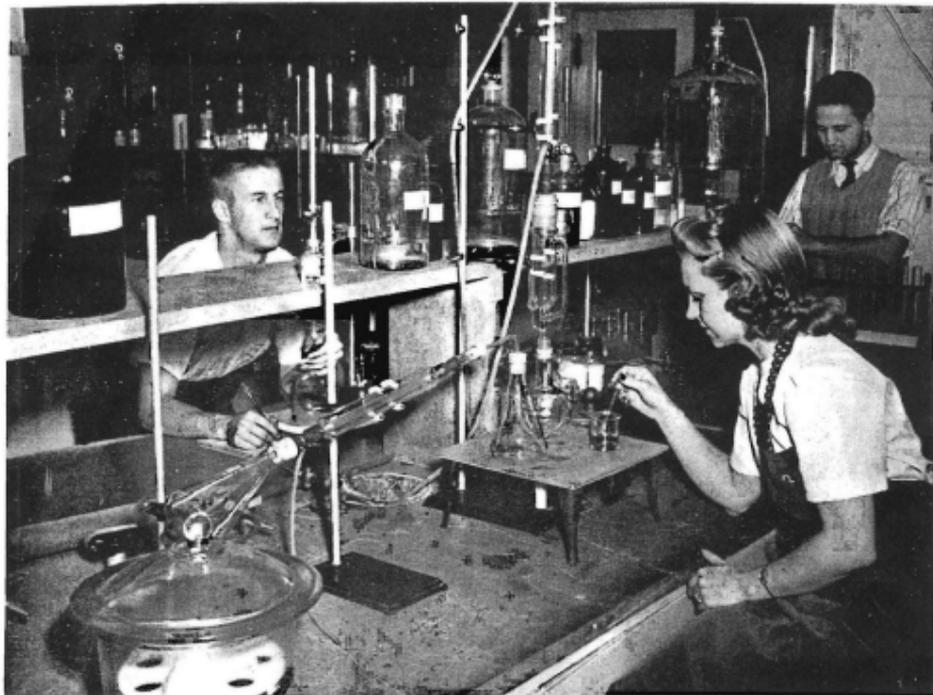
PANTEXAN'S COVER

Typical equipment used in an explosive chemistry laboratory has been assembled by Howard W. Altman of the Control Lab, for Pantexan's cover picture. Altman is a graduate of Otterbein University, Ohio, and studied Explosive Chemistry at Ohio State, where he was a varsity tennis and basketball player.

Perfect Control

Chemists at the Control Lab Help
POP Function According to Formula





The Ammonium Nitrate room is the largest in the laboratory. Here Louise Jouette is working at an instrument that extracts impurities from the explosives. At the other side of the table, Howard Altman is determining the percentage of purity, while Victor Fusco, at the end, is making colorimetric determinations. At the table in the far end of the room Dr. Bots is supervising and checking operations in the lab.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A LABORATORY that appeals to everyone. Shining glass and gleaming metal, twisted into strange shapes, have an air of mystery; and the layman observer is awed by these bright instruments of scientific endeavor.

The Control Laboratory, Pantex's citadel of science, is under the Operations Division; and is headed by Dr. Richard H. Bots. Its capable staff consists mainly of college chemistry majors from Ohio, Amarillo, New York and California; many of them trained by Dr. Bots, right in the laboratory. It includes such diversified people as a former engineer for the U. S. National Park Service, an ex-superintendent of schools at Canadian, a violinist—and their jobs are just as diversified.

Control, according to Webster, means to check or regulate, to test or verify, to exercise directing or guiding power over—and that's as good an explanation

as any of what the Control Lab does.

It is there that most chemical substances used on the reservation are inspected and analyzed to see that they come up to specifications. Practically every division on the plant site is touched by the Control Lab in its continuous work.

Probably the most important part of this work is that connected with explosives. Samples of all explosive matter shipped to Pantex are carefully tested, for nothing can be used if it is not up to the desired quality.

The component parts of a bomb, as they are made here, also go through the Control Lab. It's their job to be sure that only the best comes out of Pantex.

In the Ammonium Nitrate laboratory, an interesting experiment was going on. They were conducting a series of uniformity tests on Ammonium Nitrate crystals. Samples were put through a group of sieves, or shakers, each with a different size mesh. The amount that came through each shaker was care-

fully weighed and measured. Strangely enough, an ordinary 25 cent piece played a part in this test. A quarter in each of



Dr. Bots, Chief Chemist, was formerly a consulting chemist. For a colorful character sketch see page 6.

the shakers aided in keeping the granules from adhering.

In the water laboratory, they're kept busy in the water that goes through the boilers. Many minerals, native to the water in this part of the country, are harmful to the boiler system. Therefore, the water must be carefully checked for these substances; and they must be removed, since serious damage could result from their presence. Also, scrapings from the deposits left on the inside of the boilers are taken and analyzed. The peculiar hardness of the water is an ever present problem to the chemists of the laboratory.

Though these types of work are the largest part of that done in the Control Lab, many others are concurrently run. All purchases of paints, lubricants and cleaning fluids are tested before being used. Thermometers, barometers and other such instruments are tested for accuracy. Transportation fuel is examined for sabotage; and various makes of the same product are analyzed to discern which are better suited for their purpose.

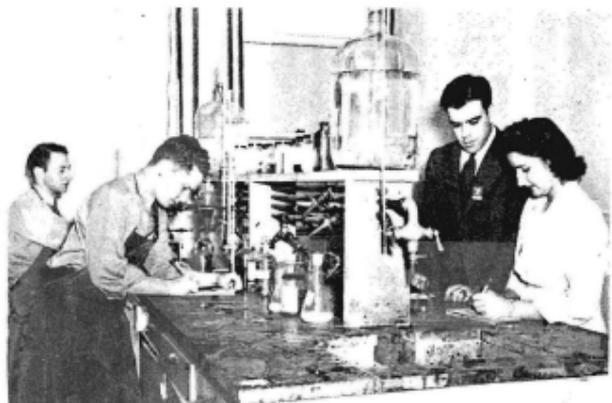
There is no danger of inaccuracy, since a double check is kept by the Ordnance chemists. Any doubtful analysis is retested. Practically always, both tests concur. Besides this, Ordnance also does work for the Ordnance Safety Inspectors, who bring their problems to the Ordnance chemists for analysis and assistance.

The Control Laboratory places knowledge and experience at the disposal of every division on the reservation, to be called on when needed; and through the lab, Pantex is certain that nothing comes into, or goes out of the plant unless it is absolutely perfect.

Dr. Bots firmly avows that some of the best products in the country are made right here at POP.



Earl Schumacher is doing special research for Dr. Bots, while Fred Trotter weighs explosives and Eula F. Luck carefully washes delicate pieces.



The Ordnance Department is doing water checks. L to r are Joe Trauerman, Raymond Todd; Earl Jordan, Ord. chief chemist and Florence Gardenshire.



J. M. Carpenter, of the explosive room, is analyzing booster pellets, while Dorothy Hoover weighs.



In the Water Laboratory, M. W. Fields is reading the Burette, while Jesse Posey is taking notes.



Pauline Akins, Dr. Bots' secretary does just about anything in the Control Lab. She, too, is a chemist.

Dr. Bots

GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR

DR. BOTS, of the Control Laboratory has had years of study and experience in chemistry. Born in Flanders, he worked on his father's farm and walked four miles to and from school. He then went to France where he studied for six years.

He put himself through college at Ghent University, by writing a book on local conditions at Ostend. It was a best seller in its time. While at Ghent, he worked until one A. M. nightly, by the light of a kerosene lamp. Besides his major interest in Chemistry, he prepared master theses in philosophy and Latin.

Coming to America in 1904, he was employed by a chemical concern in Syracuse, New York for a trial period of three months. He remained for fourteen years—eight as a chemical analyst, and six as a research chemist.

He then became a consulting chemist, and traveled over the country, trouble-shooting. At one time, he flew to Kansas City, remained there for an hour, and returned to New Jersey. For those sixty minutes of work, he received one-thousand dollars and transportation. During those years, he developed the process for synthetic vanilla, called "vanillin," that is now used almost exclusively. He had been retired for six years, when he came to Pantex to do his part in the war effort.

Dr. Bots came to America after the Spanish-American war. European sympathy had been wholly with Spain, but after the war, when he saw the treatment that Cuba received at the hands of the United States, he developed a great admiration for the country that went to war not for gain but to free an enslaved people. It was this admiration that was the direct cause of his becoming an American citizen.

Dr. Bots has returned to Europe five or six times. He was always eager to get back to his home-land, but after a short visit, even more impatient to return. "There's no place like America," says Dr. Bots.

Lost: Watch chain and ring—Reward, \$5.00. Return to A. A. Ingram, Auto Trans.

Wanted: About 10,000 wire coat-hangers for the uniforms of the nurses, guards and firemen. Pantexans are asked to leave any they can spare at the laundry.



THE HOUSE THE McCOLLUMS BUILT

Hobby House

Here's a situation where rolling stones gather moss for somebody else. O. R. McCollum, paint foreman in the Woodworking Shop, has turned his hobby of

specimens for the house they were going to have someday. Now that house is built from hundreds of stones and petrified wood pieces, that came from every state in the union, and Mexico.

Their fireplace is a work of art, and imbedded in the outside chimney is an almost complete petrified tree. Mr. McCollum has even carved a squirrel, from red stone, to perch on a topmost branch.

The McCollums have collected enough stone to build their entire house, garage, a wall going completely around, and a henhouse. The last two were made completely by Mr. and Mrs. McCollum, themselves.

When Shakespeare said that there were sermons in stones, he knew what he was talking about—for a visit to the McCollums domicile is like a trip to far-away places.



Mr. and Mrs. McCollum

stone-collecting to useful purpose, as evidenced in his beautiful home at 1510 Travis St., Amarillo.

Ten years ago, the McCollums started their hunt for decorative and unusual

WHITTLING DRIVERS

Bombs are their hobby as well as their business. Lester Webb and Paul Mangold, truck drivers in the motor pool, like to whittle Pantex samples. Webb started his penknife sculpturing this summer. Mangold liked the results so he followed suit, concentrating on tie-clips while Webb works also on ash-trays and other large pieces.

FIRST CASUALTY

All of the Pantex personnel were grieved to learn of the accidental death



of Orville Fawver on Tuesday, February 16. Fawver, the first casualty since Pantex moved in, was a carpenter in the Woodworking Shop. He was born in Plainview, Texas, 31 years ago; and had been a carpenter since his boyhood, most of the time in Floydada. His father is now employed at the Cactus Ordnance plant. Surviving are his wife and two children.

Webb and Mangold



Ordnance Department

By Ido Sue Taylor

Traffic Test

By the time this issue of the Pantexan goes to press 55 of the 60 "Stop" signs located throughout the Pantex reservation will have been changed to "Slow." This change and others of a similar nature are being made at the request of the Field Director of Ammunition Plants as part of a test to determine the desirability of eliminating arbitrary traffic controls.

Signs at entrances to restricted zones have been relocated, the gate itself being employed to support the sign full in the field of vision of every driver. Some signs have been eliminated altogether, others placed for the first time in accordance with the results of a preliminary traffic survey covering reservation roads.

Guard Chief A. C. Youngblood has announced that the term "Slow" shall mean, at least tentatively as applied to traffic, ten miles per hour or under.

The survey as it is now set up, places responsibility for its success on the drivers themselves to demonstrate that, given the opportunity, they can and will exercise good judgment in observance of a "Slow" or "Caution" sign in lieu of a "Stop" sign. If findings in the survey are favorable the signs as they now are placed may remain permanently, thus effecting a saving of tires and fuel by eliminating unnecessary stops.

The final traffic survey will get under way shortly and results will be announced in a future issue of Pantexan. Whether or not the plan will be applied nationally depends on its success at Pantex.

Meanwhile John E. Wisdom, supervising Ordnance safety engineer, is looking forward to receiving comments from all concerned. Suggestions may be addressed to the Ordnance Safety and Security Division, Administration Build-



Penny Perfect

One person whose appearance all Ordnance employees anxiously await every pay period is Myra Hagan, head of the Payroll and Leave Unit of the Ordnance administrative office, who distributes paychecks to employees on those dates.

Mrs. Hagan has been working with the Ordnance Department longer than most any other employee. She began as



Myra Hagan

one of the first employees on Mar. 1942.

Although Mrs. Hagan has had varied business experience before she began to work for Pantex, she has never done the detailed work necessary in a government payroll office until she began her duties in the payroll office last June. "I had to learn the work from the very beginning," Mrs. Hagan said. "I like the accuracy that is so important in this type of work, because if you make a mistake, you certainly hear about it right away."



Here are two examples of the party given to Ordnance employees by Ilo Campbell, their chief, last week.

Moving Day

Monday, February 22, Ordnance Engineering and Operations Division was settled in its new offices on the second floor in the south wing of the administration building.

This is the second move for the Engineers since the office was set up at the plant site last summer. Originally they occupied the front middle offices on the second floor, then later moved into the middle wing.

Located directly down the hall from Capt. R. M. Smith executive officer and Engineering and Operations officer, is the office of O. G. Smith, Chief of the Engineering and Operations Division, in Room 271. The Operations Unit of the Division occupies Room 270, and the Engineering Unit is located in Room 269.

FAREWELL PARTY

Ordnance military personnel and their wives and guests attended a tea honoring Lt. and Mrs. J. B. Hart at the home of Major and Mrs. P. S. Irvine Tuesday night, February 16.

The tea was a farewell party for the Harts who left Pantex last week for Aberdeen, Maryland, where Lt. Hart has been assigned to duty with the Ordnance Officer Replacement Pool at Aberdeen Proving Ground.

Guests spent the evening playing games, followed by refreshments of apple pie and coffee, furnished by the officers' wives.



Fred Ludvigsen, Ordnance field auditor, and E. C. Gillock, assistant field auditor, say goodbye to N. W. Lacy, former assistant field auditor, who left Pantex earlier this month to become Ordnance field auditor at the Cactus Ordnance Works, Dumas, Texas. Mr. Lacy had been with Pantex since April, '42.

His Son's Voice

HEARD FROM JAP PRISON

PEOPLE ARE GENERALLY PRETTY NICE. C. A. Robertson, foreman in the Stores Division, has found that to be true.

His son, Sgt. Warren Robertson, was reported a prisoner of the Japanese in Java a few weeks ago. Since that time, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson have been anxiously tuning in on the Japanese propaganda program, originating in Tokio. The Robertsons had been hoping against



C. A. Robertson, Stores

hope that sometime, somehow, they would receive news of their boy.

On the night of February 12th, they were sitting at the radio, when they suddenly heard the unmistakable voice they knew and loved so well. Their son was telling them that he was safe and in good health. The joy and emotion of the parents was mitigated only by their sorrow in that it had been so brief. A moment ago they had heard him speaking—and now they would not hear him again for so very long.

Then, the telephone rang. It was a long distance call from Long Beach, California. A strange male voice informed them that he had heard the broadcast and made a phonographic disc of it on his home-recording machine. He would send it, he told them, by express in the morning. They would have a record of their boy's voice. They could hear him again and again. This as yet unidentified stranger absolutely refused any compensation. He even rejected the Robertson's offer to have the telephone charges reversed.

From that time on, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson have been receiving letters from people all over the North American continent. These letters tell them of Warren's message.

The Robertsons are deeply grateful for the sympathy and interest shown by



Sgt. Warren Robertson

these strangers. It is inspiring to know that so many people have in them the spirit of unselfish concern for others.

Slugs Won't Get Cigarettes

Patrons of the plant cigarette vending machines are asked to refrain from using slugs, washers or any other imitation coins of the realm. These things definitely don't produce the merchandise, and do nothing but jam the works for the next fellow. Remember, all proceeds from the machines go to the employees recreation fund.

If anyone should be so unfortunate as to lose money in one of the machines, don't worry, since it will certainly be refunded. Just notify the nearest guard and then call Jim Gulick at 145.

Up They Go

MASS PRODUCTION METHODS ARE APPLIED TO THE HOUSING UNITS

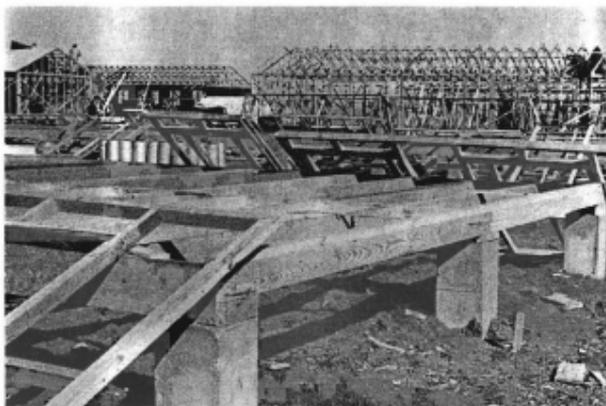
As many of you may have noticed, the Pantex Housing Project seems to be springing up over-night. A system of semi-prefabrication is being used, by which the contractor assembles certain portions of the units, such as wall sections and gables, off the plant site. In this way, construction can be speeded since these are put up immediately upon their arrival.

The contractor has agreed to complete, within the next few days, Unit A which will then be used as a model. This unit will consist of one and two bedroom apartments and will be open for inspection. As soon as it is finished, interested parties are asked to call the Housing Office at 158 and a representative will

be sent with them to view the unit.

By the last of April, the buildings will be completed, as well as the Commissary and Administration Building which will be let on separate contracts. All dwelling units will have four, six or eight apartments to the building. The first residents will be selected primarily on the basis of need. Anyone who has not already filed application should do so as soon as possible.

It has been requested that POP employees keep off the grounds and refrain from interfering with the workmen. The opening of the model unit should suffice to appease everyone's curiosity.



Here's a sample of how quickly the Pantex homes are going up. This picture was taken at noon of February 23. By the next morning, the foundation in the foreground had a framework, roof, and walls.

Waves, Goodby

Friday, Feb. 12 was a big day for the Pantex WAVES. Bonnie Waddill, Olivia Eastus, Tommye L. Chambers, Jo Mae Payne, Lenora Brooks and Lucille Jasper, with the sixty-two others of the Bluebonnet Squadron were honored that night with a banquet and dance, at the Herring Hotel. Music was supplied by the Pantex orchestra. High-ranking naval officials were present at the affair, where the townspeople of Amarillo gathered to give the girls a royal send-off. On the following Monday, it was all aboard for New York and some serious studying at Hunter College.



Olivia, Lucille and Jo Mae sign up—hear of the wonders of the WAVES.



Termination wasn't so joyous—leaving interesting jobs and good friends.



At the banquet, Bonnie, Olivia and the other girls looked pretty, were feted. John G. Getz, Jr., (center background) officially represented Pantex.



Fellow workers wave goodbyes as the girls leave Pantex after a farewell visit in company of a naval recruiting chief.



At the party, Capt. Donaldson caught the spirit of the West as Range Riders pranced to fiddles and square dance calls.



Pantex WAVES spent the day posing for pictures, including Paramount News shots.



Induction was an impressive ceremony—solemnly, the girls became WAVES.

By Ida Sue Taylor

Evidently Ordnance employees think well of each other, because the department seems to have gone through Valentine's Day without a single comic slap in the face being distributed. There were several, however (and don't be afraid to go on—no names will be called) who trembled for a whole week before February 14 . . . Ho G. Campbell, the first Ordnance civilian chief to move his family into one of the staff houses on the plant site, invited Ordnance personnel over for an informal open house Friday afternoon, February 10. The group completely took over the new house, running in and out of doors, playing with the children's toys, investigating every corner of house and grounds, and raising Cain with the buzzer system. But, seriously, the whole group had a wonderful time seeing Mr. Campbell's new home and getting acquainted with his family . . . A carful of Ordnance employees who rushed away from Pantex as soon as possible every afternoon finally broke down and told why. Fred Ludvigsen, E. C. Gillock, H. A. Hunter, Nadine Carvath, Jack Hoosler, and Katie De Eras dash away every day for a quick visit with a fox who hangs out in Prairie Dog Town on St. Francis Avenue just off War Highway No. 9. The fox, at first, mistaken for a coyote by this city-bred group, sits on a prairie-dog mound and looks at their friends of his until they finally pile out and throw clods at him. Then he runs a little way, sits and looks, and waits for more clods. And that's not all about wild life. As hunters and firearms are forbidden at Pantex, all sorts of little animals, skunks, rabbits and such, cavort around the plant site and areas leading there to in complete comfort. Under the new 35-mile speed limit it's no surprise to see a fat rabbit running along beside the car waving a merry good-morning to its passengers . . . Myra Hagan, who had been very ill for several weeks, certainly received a warm welcome when she returned to work last week. We missed Mrs. Hagan. Who else is there to run with questions on Income Tax? . . . Fan mail arrived last week for W. A. Whitfield, whose token collecting hobby attracted the attention of a Springfield, Mass. resident, a collector of postal cancellation marks. Enclosed Whitfield found a bus token from Springfield, one which he hadn't previously held in his collection . . . Engineering and Operations are without two of their former employees. Gladys Czerner, stenographer, transferred to work for the air school at Amarillo Field. Gerald Nau, draftsman, transferred from Pantex two weeks ago to work as draftsman for the Aluminum Company of America at Kansas City.

JUST WEAR A SMILE

When things get tough and you are sad. Don't give the impression that you are mad. Give the picture of your disposition that's mild.

Don't fuss, don't frown, just wear a smile.

The day may be cold, bleak and damp, And you may feel low as you walk the ramp, But wear that look—that of a happy child. Do the American Thing, just wear a smile.

Our faces are as plastic, easy to move, Come on folks let's get in the groove. You can begin at once, it's the fashion, And you may be sure, it's not a ration.

Tommy Thompson—Woodworking Shop

Rationing's The Bunk

Rumors Mr. Chucklehead



Here's Chucklehead sounding off to three of his friends. Of course he'd be insulted if you called them that—but Chucklehead's style of talk just suits them fine. Chucklehead's sure that rationing's just a racket, cooked up by the government to stop people thinking about how the war's coming along. Nope, rationing's not for him, and he thinks only a sucker will fall for it. His family never eat canned snails, but he's got fifty tins of them just because someone told him there was going to be a shortage. He's doing his bit all right, for Hitler and company.

P. P. C.

By Ralph Randel

W. L. (Bill) Morgan, recently promoted to Central Scheduler, is making splendid progress in his new job. He has practically mastered the desk work and assists as a field man and trouble shooter.

Morgan hails from the sunshine state of New Mexico where he spent years trying to coax pinto beans to grow. He toiled under the justly famed sun peculiar to that state trying to cajole capricious nature and the reluctant land to give up a meager subsistence. A complete crop failure forced him to buy from a store some beans like those he had been raising. The difference in selling and repurchasing price surprised Morgan so greatly that he determined to enter the gro-

By Iris Galloway

Congratulations and best wishes to the person whose idea it was to put the juke box in the cafeteria. It's wonderful . . . except for one thing. All that music gets a person more than ever into the mood for that rap he can't take right after lunch.

Just when we think we're going to get a little cooperation, somebody gets cold feet and backs out. The column could really carry some interesting news if Chet Robertson, Bill Strubos, and Carl Sawyer weren't all so hesitant about ribbing each other.

Nothing will turn a person into a gibbering idiot quite so fast as typing a day and a half straight on an electronic, making eight carbons (perfect) at a whack. If you don't believe it, just ask Della Royal and Clara Shoak.

Spring must truly be here. Wanda Downer, Anna Lynn Barnes, and Frances Kumpke came to work the other day wearing hose in a gorgeous new spring shade, applied with their own hands . . . and a brush. Did a good job of it, too. With some people it's an art . . . others just smear!

We have talent in our midst. You should hear Thelma Jones, Wilma Immell, and Betty Armstrong (Personnel's Postmistress) harmonize on "For Me and My Gal." Sounded sweet to our ears.

There is a little matter that Jim Lawson and Don Gates can't quite seem to get settled . . . even after much argument. The question: Is a man henpecked or is he not when he calls up his little woman and says . . . quote, "Honey, May I stop on the way home from work and have a beer with a friend (make of mine)? . . . unquote? We hadn't better go into the particulars as to just who we are quoting.

Loretta York is indeed a friend. Since she is the first one to set foot in the building every morning, she goes around from office to office, sticking her head inside the doors to see what the room temperature is. Then she raises or lowers windows and turns heat on or off, accordingly. How would we get along without her?

We hear by the grapevine (guess who) that Carl Sawyer, in a desperate endeavor to change his luck, went prowling through dark storage rooms and deep cellars of a well-known Amarillo hotel not long ago, in search of some sucker who was in a losing frame of mind. The return on his investment totaled 200 per cent in ten minutes. Some sucker!

every business. He came to Pantex from the managerial post of a Safeway store, where he specialized in selling everything but beans. His many friends scrupulously avoid mentioning the bean raising phase of his life as it plunges him into a state of morbid dejection.

Pauline Upham, typist in the Central Schedulers Office, has practically eliminated tardiness in all the offices adjoining P. P. C. Quite a number of eligibles gather in her office each morning before the start of the B shift. They give various reasons for calling on the "Central Scheduler," none of which are sufficiently convincing. In fairness to this faithful group, usually reliable and informed sources reveal that her sole interest is centered on one of Uncle Sam's nephews in far-away Australia.

Pauline, whose home is in Lefors, Texas, came to Pantex after attending Business School in Lubbock. Her assistance has materially contributed to the efficient operation of the Central Schedulers Office.

Thumbrailettes: Ben Buchard and his top sergeant toughness . . . O. W. Alliston and his parlor jokes . . . E. S. Cory and his ever present smile

FIREMEN

By Cowboy

The Firemen at Fire Station No. 2 have taken advantage of the pretty weather we have had the past few days. It is rumored they are planting a Victory Garden. Good luck, boys.

Bryan York, assistant fire chief, is on the sick list this week. Best wishes for a speedy recovery. Chief York.

We regret to report that Ray Winters has resigned from our Department. Ray has been a very efficient fireman.

Billie Little, safety clerk for the Fire and Police departments, was very happy last week when her husband, who is in the Armed Forces, came to see her.

Jean Ezell, safety clerk for the Fire and Police departments, business administration student from West Texas State College, is really a jittersbug. If you haven't seen her and the Sergeant from Amarillo Field dancing you have missed something.

Things we would like to see—"Ox" Scamblough in a kitchen, "Cultivator" Wyatt on a cultivator or slide-go-devil, Bryan York in a pair of greasy overalls in a garage, Ross "Inky" Dickerson and L. L. Murry playing guitars and yodeling, H. E. Hudspeth and Paul Townsend driving an oil truck.

We would like to hear "Little Brother" McLeod and John Bentley singing a duet.

We would like to eat a pie that C. L. LaGrone would make. That man can really bake pies.

HOW'S YOUR PULSE

By Dr. Anne Russell

Dr. Bagwell has been ill for a few days, but he's back in circulation now. We hear that familiar voice calling from the dark rooms of the X-Ray department.

We have some newcomers. Miss Estelle Martin is new at the first aid desk. She's the "sweet young thing" from Matador, Texas. Mr. Mitchell is in charge of our drug room now. He's about to be called the man of the famous last words—"We sure don't have it." Miss Harris has been transferred from timekeeper to laboratory assistant.

Dan Cupid certainly hit the hospital with a bang. Miss Milsap left our nursing staff to marry her hometown sweetheart. Why is Miss Stephens from surgery going to Kansas City for a week end when her home is in Lubbock? Someone says it's a young lieutenant. Ruth Warren has that far away look about a certain young man named Lawrence.

To our famous philosophies we may add Miss Flanigan's. "It's a squeaky wheel that gets the oil."

And what's in a name? Miss Overstreet has been called everything from "Upstreet" to "Turnover." Dr. Flatley is "Dr. Flatdash" to transportation and some of the patients. He says, "Well, that's close enough."

"Lights out" is our latest theme. We're all out to save all we can in the way of power and material.

ON THE MOVE

By Marvin W. Dabbs

Almost forgot that February had only 28 days, but here goes with a short column.

Another one of our chauffeuses has joined the WAVES. This time, it was Sarah Barnes, who had been with us since last September. Sarah joined former chauffeuses at Hunter College in New York. Good luck, Sarah.

We miss Mrs. Coye Dennis, chauffeurette, who has left to join her husband in Edmonton, Canada. Incidentally, Coye who is employed on the Alaska road project, was a former Pantex employee.

Despite the handicaps of speechless Jameson and blind Shaffer, intra-plant bus transportation rolls on with the greatest of ease.

Gloria "Nickie" Nixon will probably end up with the FBI as a special secret agent after she finishes all of her detective books. Just mention any great crime, and she can tell you how the villain was apprehended.

It seems that Jo Grant is taking a lot of falls, accidentally on purpose, since being picked up by a certain guard after a nasty spill.

The gas rationing office is buzzing again with business . . . everybody trying to get another C book. A saying heard quite frequently around the office is "My car won't make but 12 miles per gallon." Just your hard luck, folks if the old carburetor can't be adjusted to make 15 miles per gallon.

...and YOU talk of "sacrifices!"

These American troops debarking from assault boats on the North African coast, aren't worrying about a second cup of coffee or another pair of shoes. They aren't crying about how much they're sacrificing. They're only giving up their lives for the folks back home, while some of those folks moan about giving up an ice-cream cone. These boys know they've got a job to do and they're going to do it; without complaints, without laying down on it, and with one thought in mind—do it right!



Photo By U. S. Army Signal Corps.

...who said it's foolish to be secretive?

What harm can it do to brag a little about your work! You think you couldn't give enough information to do any damage. Well, these machine gunners on a half-truck scout car know what loose talk can do. You couldn't get one of them to open his mouth and believe me, they've got plenty to brag about.



Photo By U. S. Army Signal Corps.

MOTOR POOL

By Lester Webb, Day Shift

The Motor Pool in its new location has been a very busy place during the past few days. We have really been jumping sideways trying to take care of all the move orders that almost constantly flow into the office of Bob (Death Valley Slim) Stator.

Speaking for all the boys, we regret to lose from the day shift the smiling faces of two of our longtime sidekicks.

Sidney O. Powell who is better known among the truck drivers as The Goat Roper has transferred to the Graveyard Shift. W. E. Elliott, the man who lighted the surroundings with a great big smile when he heard the call of his nickname, Luma, has transferred to the swing shift.

The lunch period is going to be kinda dull around the Motor Pool now that those two good natured fellows won't be around for all of us to pick on. Good luck to the Goat Roper and Luma on their new shifts and congratulations to the lucky teammates.

Hats off to A. N. (Red) Roberson and W. E. (Bill) Tallant who have kept them rolling for the past two weeks on a temporary assignment that has added many miles to their trucks and no doubt irritated those, what we call Truck Drivers Corps, on those two faithful drivers.

Roy F. Harrington, the interplant bus driver who can make more unnecessary noise with his tongue than a female bridge club, feels very lonely since losing so many of his fellow workers to another department. Our sympathy to Roy, and we hope to have him follow along in the near future.

The truck drivers salute to Paul Mangold

who gave Yours Truly some very stiff competition by taking up the same hobby of whittling.

To all truck drivers and chauffeurettes . . . there is some good stuff in a certain article printed in Pantexan's last issue titled "Safety Survey," since Pantex has been chosen the proving grounds for this experiment on the driving rules, let's make it click.

You can make the guard your friend, or your enemy. Let's all be friends.

Graveyard Shift, Zone 10

By Howard Wilson

Speaking for all the foremen of our shift, we wish a hearty welcome to the WOW's. Each say they make very good bomb loaders and are making some of the men take notice on the way they handle things.

Bo Graham, our shift superintendent, is getting in fine trim, pedaling his bike from 9 to 20.

Jim Campbell, foreman in 10-20, had to drive around for an hour yesterday, as he arrived home early and was afraid he couldn't explain this to his better half.

If any of you readers are driving back and forth from Pampa, and would like to share cars, see either Red Moseley, 10-20, or Jack Davis, 10-12, as they wish to share cars.

Mrs. Isaphena Pfeiffer would like to find a ride with someone, to be picked up at W. 3rd and Millam.

Frances Goodger, in the booster room of 10-20, is outworking "bay leader" R. B. Carter, even though she is handicapped with a broken finger she received on line 3.

10-g has been extremely quiet the past two

weeks other than a five minutes after Mr. Atkins hit his thumb with a hammer.

We of 17 offer our sympathy to Mrs. Marie Hawkins on the loss of her son.

A. J. Stallings didn't wait until Dec. 7 to get into action. He seems to prefer Sept. 7. It was on Sept. 7, 1917 that he was inducted for service in the United States Army. He was with the 19th Div. for 11 months overseas. On Sept. 7, 1942, he went into the service of his country again; this time as a civilian working for Pantex.

It's interesting to note the variety in the business backgrounds of the men working in Bldg. 13. Ford formerly was a rancher in New Mexico. He has a son in training at a Lubbock Army Air Base.

Tolbert Anthony was a farmer before the war. He boasts of three cousins in the service, one on the Hawaiian Isles.

Ralph Stewart was a government grain inspector at Crosbyton. He has two brothers-in-law in the service; one is in naval construction work, and the other is with the army, location unknown.

P. C. Anderson was a seismographer with the Texas Company. He comes from Bowie, home town of James V. Allred and Amos G. Carter. He also has a brother-in-law in defense work, at Houston.

M. C. Hull was with the John Deere Plow Co. which transferred him from Kansas City to Amarillo. He has a brother who was an Ordnance inspector in the navy, stationed on an island. He was here recently on a few days leave, en route to Chicago for six months of school. He has another brother who is a Navy Seabee somewhere in the Pacific.

WREATHING THE BOOSTERS

By George Curtis

This column is going to be pure nonsense, since everything we know that does make sense is a military secret.

But apparently it is no secret that Joe and Marlene Kramer are returning to Illinois while their family increases by 50 per cent.

Also it is no rumor that Jody Upton took in a new roomer and changed her name to Laster. Too bad they couldn't have had a longer honeymoon, but we needed her.

"Corky" (Alta Fly), our pert and party pecker, is convalescing after an appendectomy. We miss her ever-smiling face.

The Newbys' children have chicken pox. These few items are the Booster Line profits that, war or no war, people keep on getting sick and getting married; and we could add an instance proving that people also keep on getting into trouble.

The layman's shift, meaning the Swing Shift, is certainly enjoying the lovely evenings, and also the sleep-filled mornings. Venus, the evening star, is a real thing of beauty in the western sky from 7:30 to 9:30 every night. No wonder the ancients named her Venus.

Oh yes, Tillie the Tetryl Tike, our petite personalized gremlin, is still around. However, spring fever must have gotten her, for she hasn't given us any trouble lately. We think she may have been the one who put creosote all over our towels.

The Zone 6 rug cutters were in high spirits at the dance at the Amarillo Hotel. We claim the blue ribbon with 30 per cent of our entire personnel present.

We suggest to Ida Sue Taylor that she toss off a special about a Stool Pigeon. We have several. This breed doesn't saddle; they park on a stool at the slightest opportunity. On Mondays, our stools take a terrible beating.

SAFETY

By Bottle (Short for Bottleneck)

The Safety Department received a card from Safety Engineer Bruce Wooddell who arrived safe and sound in Of Chicago and began a six-weeks course in the Explosives Safety Engineering School in the Office of the Safety and Security Branch. Bill Treat returned the 15th from Chicago after having completed this same course. He has a dazed look from so much larnin' and predicts the same will happen to his successor—classes from 8 a. m. until 10 p. m. every day would be enough to provoke a quizzical expression.

WAVE Olivia Eastus left amid the tears and good wishes of Sister LeNell. She has already received a letter written aboard the Pennsylvania Special when Olivia was just seven miles from New York City. Olivia of the three uniforms—Colonel, Pantex and WAVES—evidently is not the slightest superstitious having slept in Lower 13 en route to her destination.

THE ONLY ONE THAT SHOULD PUT FAITH IN A RABBIT'S FOOT IS A RABBIT.

G. E. Clark, American Mutual Liability Insurance Company representative and a persistent advocate of Safety, has moved his residence from Texarkana to the more sunny clime of Amarillo. His wife and 13-year old black Cocker Spaniel, Patty, accompanied him and will remain here while he still commutes every two weeks between these two towns.

Mary Stack pledged Kappa Alpha Theta at the University of Texas according to her mother. She is definitely in the doughhouse having been gone over a month and not even having written to her pal and buddy, Nancy Colley.

SAFE WAYS ARE HAPPY WAYS

Tightwad Chucklehead

The Close Fisted Patriot

Chucklehead thinks he's a real patriot because 10 per cent of his salary goes into bonds—but he thinks that's all he has to do. He figures he's giving something away and doesn't realize he's investing his money. He's the guy that's always hollering about taxes, too. He says it's a crime that an honest citizen has to give so much of his income to the government. He doesn't realize how lucky he is to have any income at all. Oh yes, he stands up and sings at the top of his voice when they play "The Star-Spangled Banner," but all day long it's gripe, gripe, gripe about how much money the war is costing him.



Safety Engineer Jack Figh has a bad case of the blues—life has suddenly turned a sour face toward Happy-Go-Lucky Jack. It all started when his 18-year-old daughter married a Lieutenant in Dalhart and then accidents began to occur on his General Area Assignment—all of which stretched his face longer and longer. Not even the fact that he and Ramp Tramp Joe Vernon received their diplomas from the Industrial Engineering Course at the Junior College (they claim to have worn white organdy dresses for the occasion) could make the Burning Ground Bam grin.

Carl Langham, Safety Engineer on Zone 9, has moved from Pampa to Amarillo.

10-4 BUT SAFETY HAS NO QUITTING TIME.

A POP romance arrived at its destination last Sunday when Genivieve Hollingsworth of Safety Payroll and Sid Stout of Stores were married. They will continue at their present jobs.

ENGINEERING AND UTILITIES

By Argie B. Neill

C. Gordon Canklin flew to Kansas Ordnance Plant, February 16th, to attend a meeting for purpose of giving account of all materials held in general stores account of the Pantex Ordnance Plant. This arrangement will release storage space that is now occupied by these materials and permit plants that are in need of certain materials to obtain same without delay.

The Engineering Department has been full of pranks, lately. Beuna Cox received a quart of goat's milk as a gift from all the boys in the department.

It seems that J. G. Johns gets into trouble every time he comes to Room No. 167. First, John Hannon had black stamp pad ink smeared all over his ear off the telephone receiver, and then Mr. Johns walked right into the same trap. Mr. Johns and Mr. Hannon make a thorough inspection of telephones, now, before using them.

Henry Roberts is still cutting up things. Small pieces of rubber bands appeared in Oeville Johnson's pipe tobacco. Mr. Johnson returned the deed by burning a rubber band in the Blueprint Room and smoking Henry out.

The valentine box was a success, at least, the department liked the idea so well that they carried it right on into the next week. Monday, the girls were still receiving valentines. If we had known that there was going to be so much enthusiasm displayed, we would have baked a cake and served hot chocolate with it.

Pat McGlaur, A. R. Martin's secretary, is replacing Myrtice Hunter, who has been transferred to Rail Transportation.

H. K. Eisenbauer was fortunate in recovering his wrist watch which had been in the hands of three different young ladies. If you are wondering about the full details, you should have been at the Nat the night of February 13th.

Luncheon will be served at 1:45 P. M. to all superintendents of Utilities Division on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Arrangements have been made to use the Coffee Shop for this purpose.

E. A. Telford, Superintendent of Grounds, and W. N. Harris, Superintendent of Water and Sewer, have moved from T-1 to T-4. Their men are now clocking in at Zone No. 2.

Equipment is now being purchased so that all of the feed needed for the Pantex Ordnance Plant horses can be produced on the reservation. A new "red" tractor is certainly an addition to the Ground Maintenance Department. Mr. Truex tried it out immediately.

Pappy Martin's residence telephone number is 218.

PROGRESS

What great improvements mark the age
In which we chance to live,
Ah, Who would then an idler be
And not his tribune give.

Then up and at it, one and all
Nor lose a single minute,
You all may make a better world
For having just been in it.

Developments in moral truth
In making bombs an art,
Forever lead to others too
Of one great whole a part.

And we, Certain-teed employees
An active interest take,
In progress, which thus tend
Bigger and better bombs to make.

Doothy P.

CRYSTALS FROM ZONE 7

By T. J. Lyle and E. W. Dyer

Jan Trappachorn, our first shift snip! pulled his stakes and moved to greener pastures. We all hoped to see Trip go and wish him all the best of luck. Curtis Gentry was elevated to the company and we are sure that "Did He Get It?" will come through okay and take care of the stock.

Every since F. T. Nielson, our genial Dept. Mgr. came to us from New York State via IYA, there has been lots of speculation as to his ancestry. We all finally agreed that he was Swedish, but we were wrong folks, just as wrong as we could be. You know the old saying, "Blood Will Tell." Well, his told it him, it finally cropped out. We are not going to tell you what he is, see if you can guess. After diligent searching he found some "red gold" golf balls for two bits each, he bought two, so his golf worries are over for the duration, (he bought a tee with him from New York State). If he can only find a "red gold" a for 5c cigar, he will think this is one grand country. He has looked in the way from the Amantillo Hotel south to 24th street but he is the cheapest one he has been able to find. (He didn't buy). If anyone knows a place that sells good "twofors" please call him (said). Again, we are not going to divulge the identity of his blood ties, but we wouldn't be shocked to see him come in most any time all dressed up in Kilties with a Bagpipe hanging around his neck.

Edna Dyer's ears are growing new skin at last. They received a third degree burn several days ago, resulting from the laboratory in 8-27, talking about him when she omitted a sample from two batches. Later in the afternoon, upon discovery of his error, he immediately dispatched the sample over to the lab and sample arriving just before quitting time and just as they had completed all tests on the lot this sample belonged in.

Nedie (Didn't know Yankees ever talked to one another like that; always thought it was a sport indulged in only by the South-landers).

"Nimmy" Wadleigh, line office clerk, has "taken over" on the string shift. She likes to sleep can sleep as late every morning as she pleases, but friend husband refuses to be quite enthused over the change. She is off on an alarm clock for sale, cheap, about 25¢ less regular retail price, but where can you find another one for sale?

Melvin Weck, secretary, and the other snip! spent in our office, says she would not like late sleeping immensely but is afraid she will not only break into her romancing but completely obliterate same, so daylight's here. And some people say Mondays are

like lots of men are trying to find ways to close the First Aid from this side. We don't have to look for a reason; already there in the room about 90% of the most detestable little Yankee, from Lip-Start New York, that ever came into these parts. She is a very, very nice nurse too, just a look from her shoddy shoes, 20 years from our shoulders, makes you not a day over 53 instead of 73.

Sam continues to lacerate his legs in our direction. The latest one to get off from him was Trucked in, building. Uncle sent him an invitation to come to Kingston, New Mexico, so he said he had seen that would fit him most proper, so he was wearing six holes, even sockets in it, so Trucked in.

Concise, shift snip! was (being a present) celebrated his wedding anniversary (the). His wife asked him what he wanted most of all for a present. She said to do something nice for him (we

can't see why) and don't know what that may be so and so said he wanted "Just write my breakfast to me in bed. That's all I want." Can you imagine the snip! He got it, in some- Conkey says he sure likes this string shift, and Hog Jay Gentry likes the daylight shift since his eyes have become accustomed to light. He was on graveyard so long that his eyes looked like an owl's. He and Corley have agreed to remain on their respective shifts indefinitely. They have discussed it with P. J. Pfaff, (pronounced Po Faff) the other shift snip! who is on graveyard now. All he could do was gnash his teeth and pull his hair.

This is about go for now. Just went over to the change house to pick up some news... no one in there except some guards who said they didn't know anything.

Next time will be Dyer's time to scoop the news. Guess the Yankees will have a successful inning at bat then, which will be okay. They are "purty gud" guys.

General Chucklehead Has It All Figured Out



Meet General Chucklehead of the AEF (Armchair Expeditionary Forces). One day he'll tell you how we're losing this war because of incomplete leadership. If they had only listened to Chucklehead, we would have won a year ago. Why, anyone with sense could see we should have invaded through Switzerland; and he has a swell plan for digging a tunnel from England and coming up in Berlin. Next day, the war's already won, according to Chucklehead, and there's no sense rushing to work and doing your damndest to produce. A great help, Chucklehead.

MAN ABOUT ZONE 9

GAVEYARD

By Leslie C. Cobb

Foreman Bromley, 9-14; Bernard, 9-17; Priest, 9-17; and Hamilton, 9-13, found a GHOST over by the "Y" at Pashandle the other night. It seems that Ghost was lost for it wanted to know the way to Panes, said it worked the GRAVEYARD SHIFT.

Henry "Tamam" Rinchart, 9-13, has a hard head, almost harder than a certain steam valve.

For an enjoyable rest period, just get Woods, Owens, McCrary, and Anderson of 9-13 to tell about their COLLEGE DAYS. Of course if you have a weak stomach like Claude Campbell you might not appreciate their experiences.

When all the work is done down 9-13 way, the boys trot out their song books. Nope not swing, just good old time religious songs that carry you back to your childhood when you attended Church with Mom and Pop.

For expert bicycle repairs, see Carl Langham, senior safety engineer.

George Wilson, 9-14, is an old hand at handling explosives. He has had about 30 years experience with nitroglycerin.

Fred Miller, 9-17, says he thinks he is well qualified for the Navy due to the fact that he has stirred about a million gallons of TNT with an oar.

Nurse Wiler, 9-2, was on the sick list for several days.

Assistant Foremen by buildings: Aubrey O'Neal, 9-9; C. T. Burkleo, 9-26; John T. Marshall Jr., 9-12; Harold H. Hilgers, 9-13; A. C. Watson, 9-14; A. R. Britt, 9-15; Roy Priest, 9-17; R. M. Stone, 9-20.

Sgt. "Seldom Fool" Stark, Zone 9, gives you that sort of feeling that everything is safe and sound when you see him around.

Wonder why we never hear from 9-5? Could it be that they are too busy to talk?

THE BULL BOARD

By C. J. Novak

Frizzell, Reeves, and Sewell are now rotating at the Component Register desk and as usual with the human race, neither man is satisfied with his shift. Each man claims that while he is working the other two go to sleep.

If you have never seen many moon-eyed persons in one bunch, go to T-4 on a pretty day. The majority of the inhabitants there are really baring the thought of summer coming. For they know when summer does come there will be no more toasted sandwiches.

Cafeteria man makes good on a new job. George Thorswell is now John Hodges men assistant.

Marie Hunter Carlson, of T-4, has been absent due to the flu. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Who is the best bowler on our team, and who is it, is heard every once in a while at 8-7.

Saw Doc "Shorty" Woodson. The second look is still necessary as he has not grown a bit.

Many have wondered if the two old coddlers of 8-7 ever get anyone to accept their challenge in tennis.

Wonder what certain people at T-4 are doing for mid-morning coffee since the cafeteria has rationed it?

Speaking of hard luck, I know a fellow that bowled two games over two hundred the other night and still lost four sticks of infoldible gum. One of the games was 249. Shame on you Don.

One of the nice things about the shoe ration is that when digging at a shin dig and you ride your partners toes, you can casually mention you are trying to save your shoe leather.

...so you think YOUR job is tough?

So, you've got to get up early; and your hours are irregular. This U. S. pilot flying only 100 feet above ground, strafing Jap planes, doesn't think any job's too tough if it's helping to win the war. He's putting those bombers out of commission, and he's not getting any overtime, either.



Official U. S. Army Photo

MEET THE PEOPLE

By Carolyn Newbold

Sally Arterburn of Payroll, who knows her bonds, has been all smiles lately, and for a very good reason. She and her family have received word from the War Department that her brother, W. H. is alive and well, though a prisoner of the Japanese in the Philippines. Another Payroll employee, Frances Noble, has left Pantex to return to her home in Missouri.

New in Mail and Records are Frances Lamb and Mildred Moore. Incidentally, have you ever noticed how courteous one particular girl in this department is when she answers the telephone? We don't know her name, but more people should follow her pattern.

William K. Harris, wage and hour expert, who works with Mr. Payne, has returned after an illness of a week. We're all glad to see him back.

Incidentally, another of those Payroll gentlemen is planning an addition to the family—what is it about this department? Can it be that Mosie Graham is growing a mustache, or is it just that 5 o'clock shadow?

A man who deserves credit for endless patience is Mr. Hatchin in Timekeeping, who answers question after question with a smile.

The new music in the Cafeteria is a nice addition.

Gay French, I. B. M. serviceman for the Tabulating Department, has informed us that Hinkler is using I. B. M. machines quite extensively in this war. Records of all sorts

CONTROL

By Louise Jouette

We are disappointed because Buck Altman has no news for us, as he promised he would. But no halt so disappointed as you are—hub, buck?

After forgetting her badge and having to be escorted to the police station by a guard, Dorothy Hoover is now popularly known as "Muggins." That reminds me of the time that Fusco and Fields both forgot their badges and were also detained at the police station. In their distress, they asked the Captain of the guard to call Doc Bots to vouch for them. Doctor Bots' answer was brief—"Never heard of them!" Fusco and Fields finally arrived with blood in their eyes—to meet Doctor Bots, with a twinkle in his.

The following conversation (which is a sample of many) took place between Doctor Bots and Carpenter on the way home the other day. Carpenter, in an attempt to put one over on Doc said, "Doc, what kind of vegetables do they raise in New Jersey?" "Tomatoes, I guess." "Oh, those! Down around here we call them Texas cranberries!" Just then an airplane flew overhead. Doc asked Carp what he called that. "That's a Flying Fortress." "That? Why, where I come from we call them New Jersey Mosquitoes!"

are kept up to date by mobile units, according to Mr. French. The U. S. Army has recently inaugurated the use of similar mobile units for use at the front.

OPERATIONS

By Anne H. Cartwright

Mr. Scheldrip, our assistant division manager, has been on a several days trip looking through other Ordnance Plants and gathering valuable information. He was also ill for several days but is back on the job again.

Due to a week's leave of absence, the writer is behind on what is "news" for this issue, also behind on the re-setting of our files. In the next issue we shall give you a sketch of the various ones in our office and what they were doing before they began working for Pantex.

We want to congratulate Mr. Combes on his efficient handling of assignments.

Mrs. Williams has been devoting most of her time on the lines, and from reports that have come in, her assistance is greatly appreciated by the women. Mrs. Williams is very sincere in her effort to help the women, and if any of the women feel the need to go to her for advice, she will be glad to help in any way possible.

It seems that each issue of the Pantexan gets better and better. The pictures in the last issue were especially good.

It is good to know that soon we shall have living quarters right here on the grounds. There should be a large number who will take advantage of this. Here is one that shall.

The well dressed worker wears safety shoes.

Cowboys Sling a Big Loop

The Pantex Roping Club got together on Sunday, February 21, for a real work out. Dutch Craddock, mounted guard, gives you a sample of what went on in the two pictures below. One dollar entry money is paid by each of the riders and won by the three who rope and tie their calves in the shortest time. Big Tree Walls



MASCOT OF THE WEEK

Our vote for the most unusual mascot on the reservation goes to Sir Robert, pride and joy of the Lubrication Department. Bob Anthony, foreman of Lubrication and Services, found the goldfish in a bucket of water out in the road at 10 Downing St. 10 months ago. The men bought him a tank and, at intervals, three other fish for company. Result—three Fatalities.

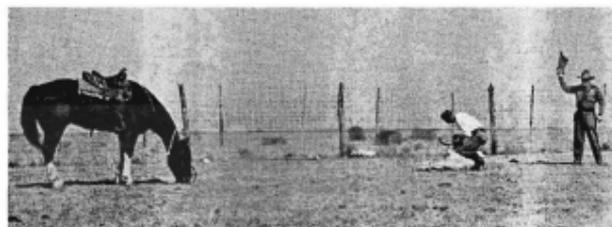


took first money. His time was 22 seconds flat. Second was Buck Sharp with 28 seconds, and Shorty Kennedy came in third with 32 seconds. All three are mounted guards. Clay Willis of Payroll was time-keeper and held the prize money. After the roping, the club members sat around, swapped stories, and elected officers. New



GARDENING FOR VICTORY

Capt. E. L. Anderson's firemen are digging a garden at Station No. 2. The men have bought their own kitchen equipment and are cooking their own meals there. The garden produce will add to the menus. If they raise enough, they intend to can the surplus themselves, and use the results next winter. There's no arguing here, for they all take turns cooking and washing the dishes.



arena directors are Slim Mathis, Shorty Kennedy and Dutch Craddock. Clay Willis was elected secretary-treasurer. The club ruled that no member can transfer his stock in the club, except upon his termination. At that time it can be sold to a non-member. They will meet on every pretty Sunday they can, at the corral near the



burning grounds. Employee spectators are invited. Plans are now being made for a barbecue. Right now, the Pantex Ropers are just itching for a contest with the Will Rogers Range Riders. C'mon you Range Riders! We're ready for you!

U. S. BOMBING MISSION TO RABAU
—LET'S "K E E P 'EM SHOOTING!"

A heavy concentration of Jap vessels at Rabaul, New Britain, recently was surprised and dispersed by U. S. Army Air Force planes. The accompanying pictures portray the bombing mission—the discovery and attack of the enemy fleet, and the efforts of the Jap vessels to escape the marksmanship of the American bombardiers.



The flight takes off, loaded for Japs, and speeds on its mission through the cloud-speckled skies over the Southwest Pacific.



They arrive over the Jap-held island of New Britain. Peering down through their sights, the U. S. Airmen find this flotilla of Jap vessels in a snug harbor. Two bombardiers have dropped their loads where the white circles show—center and lower right of the picture.



At this point the Jap vessels are trying to gain open waters while bombs from U. S. Fighters rain down:

Army Air Forces Photos

"Boise" Skipper
SAYS JAPS ARE PREPARED
FOR 30-YEAR WAR

"We are not worried about the fighting part in this war. We can take care of that. But we've got to have the material with which to fight," says Captain Edward J. (Mike) Moran, of the U. S. Light Cruiser, "Boise." Captain Moran, on leave while the "Boise" is undergoing repairs, was decorated for his heroism in commanding the vessel which sank six Japanese warships in a 20-minute engagement in the Solomon Islands in October. The "Boise" was badly damaged and 104 members of the crew were killed.

"And I mean everything, all the way up and down the line—machines, ships and tools, and food and ammunition—everything a fighting man needs to bring him into action in the proper condition and with the proper training, ready to hand the Japs a licking every chance we get," Captain Moran added.

"The Japs are tough and they are shrewd—and they are good fighters. Don't fool yourselves about that. They have trained in the hard school of actual warfare for the last ten years and they know that they either win or die. There are no halfway measures about the Japanese. The whole nation is in this war and they have material and ships and planes and guns to fight for ten years—or maybe 20 or even 30 years. That is the way they figure things. And that will give you some idea what we are up against.

"The teamwork displayed aboard the "Boise" should be a good example to everybody here in the United States. It was teamwork that pulled us through that fight and there will have to be teamwork here at home in order to win this war. Every man, woman and child in the United States is part of that team, and should feel his responsibility for playing his part of the game and carrying his part of the load with everything he's got.

"You might as well get used to the idea that this war is not going to be easily won. There has been a lot of loose talk about our superiority in ships and guns and men. That's all right. But unless we have the ships and guns, our men are helpless. I wish I could bring you the consoling thought that the war would be over in the very near future. But we know better than that. It's going to be a long hard pull, most of it uphill, and the going will be tough before the victory comes."

To keep out of the hospital; keep out of danger.



HAVING FUN

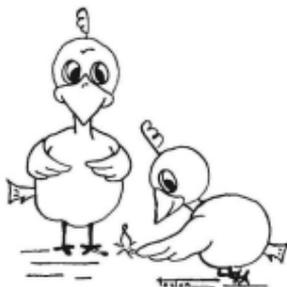
'Twas the night of February 14, and Pantexans in their best bib and tucker invaded the Amarillo Hotel in a search for a good time.

They found it at POP's dance, where

the sweet music of Pantex's own orchestra put everyone right in the mood. The boys keep getting better all the time, if that's possible. Everyone agreed that the Valentine party was a sweetheart of a dance.

Since Old Man Income Tax comes around in March, there'll be no merry-making then; but we're warning you, the dance committee have their heads together and we'll have big doings in April.

**THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING A FIRE-BIRD**



This Fire-Bird
Is just about to get himself
Into serious trouble.
He is giving the Watchbird a hotfoot
And that's horseplay in anybody's
language.
(If he reads his safety manual he knows
that
Horseplay is against the rules.)
But even worse is the fact
That he has kitchen matches on the
reservation!
Kitchen matches are against the rules,
too.

And that goes double.
But he's one of those people who just
Has to have his fun.
For the hotfoot the Fire-Bird will
probably
Get kicked in the teeth.
For the kitchen matches he should be
kicked
Out in the street.

**THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING YOU.
WERE YOU A FIRE-
BIRD THIS WEEK?**
No Yes

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



"A Semi-Demi with the Liberty Lump"
MARCH 1, 1943

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 27A, Adm. Bldg.



DIAL C-H-E-E-S

Dr. Bots plays chess every night—via telephone. He and his opponent each have a board in front of them and inform each other of their moves. One game lasts about three nights.

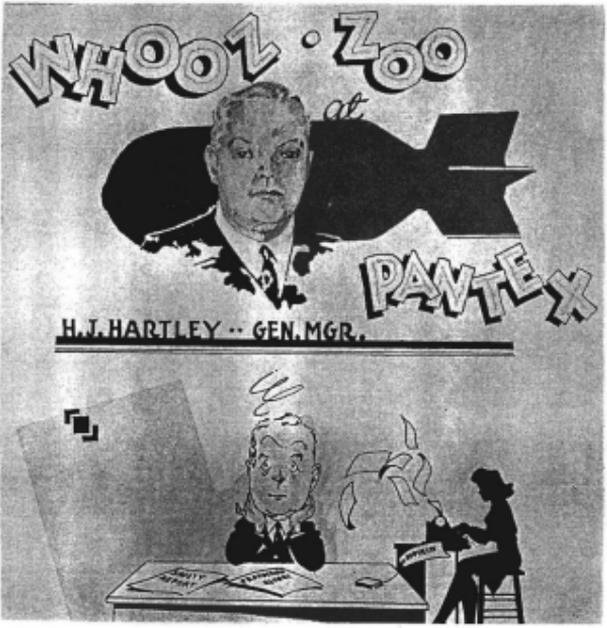
THE HUMAN TOUCH

A personal note has been added to Building T-4. The sign on the warehouse mail-box reads: "U. S. Male." Submitted by James E. Faulkner, Jr., Sr. Timekeeper, Adm. Building.



THAT FOOLISH FEELING

When the telephone was handed to Victor Fusco, of the Control Lab, with the statement, "It's a woman's voice. Think it's your wife," the newly married Fusco seized it eagerly and cooed, "Hello Sweetheart. How's my baby-doll this morning?" Did he feel foolish when the voice at the other end said, "This is Jim Gulick's secretary speaking . . ." Submitted by Howard Altman, Control Laboratory.



Drawing by R. G. Howerton, Zone 9



Photo By OW7

He'll Wake Up in the Hospital!

DAY-DREAMING on the job not only cuts down production, but may result in serious injuries to the absent-minded or drowsy worker and to others.

Keep fit. Keep alert. Keep your mind on your job and hold up your end of the production program.

The Most Useless Thing in the World Is the Part of A Man That He Leaves in a Machine!
