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PANTEX ORDNANCE PLANT, AMARILLO, TEXAS
CERTAIN-SEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION, PRIME CONTRACTOR



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Employees of

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

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A Merry Christmas to You All

Even though your day may not be brimming with light-hearted gaiety as in the years past—may warm firesides, good wishes of friends, and thoughts of happier days to come fill your hearts with cheer.

Your achievements at Pantex, your loyalty and hard work during the past eight months are a source of much satisfaction to us and we know they must be to you. We sincerely appreciate your fine spirit of cooperation and wish for each and every one of you A Merry Christmas.

MAJOR P. S. IRVINE,
Commanding Officer

H. J. HARTLEY,
General Manager

PANTEXAN'S COVER

This verse from a Christmas poem contributed by Isabel Poeltler embodies the spirit which PANTEXAN hopes to convey with its cover:

*The herald angels still sing in the skies
Above the roaring menace of the planes.
There is a star, serenely beautiful—
When tracer bullets fade, its glow remains.*

In this democracy of ours, nothing, not even the horrors of war can kill the spirit of Christmas. For it is Christmas, and all of the things that go with Christmas, for which we fight.

Are American War Workers Dying In Vain?

The National Safety Council says "YES!" Look at the figures if you want to be convinced.

Accidental deaths of American workers have exceeded deaths of American fighters by a rate of more than 7 to 1 since the war began.

"Casualties to the United States Armed forces from Pearl Harbor to November 15, including the African campaign, have been 5,694 dead, 3,435 wounded and 39,827 missing or prisoners—a total of 48,956," the organization stated.

"Casualties to American workers through accidents in the same period have been 44,500 dead and 3,800,000 wounded."

The council reported that 89,000 Americans had been killed and approximately 8,800,000 injured in accidents since last December 7. *Those totals embrace non-workers as well as workers and included "thousands of skilled workers and key men in the nation's war program, who cannot be replaced."*

"Casualties on the battlefield are a necessary sacrifice to perpetuate our freedom," said Ned H. Dearborn, the council's executive vice-president. "Casualties on the home front, through accidents, are preventable and hinder the efforts of our fighting men by sabotaging the production of the weapons and material of war . . . We must stop accidents.

Put Down Idle Rumors

Many rumors are set afloat by shrewd Axis propagandists, schooled in the criminal art of undermining morale by creating doubt and confusion.

The rumors take many forms and have been divided into five main sections—hate rumors, anxiety rumors, escape rumors, supernatural rumors and curiosity rumors. Suggested rules for overcoming them should be learned by heart and put to use by every loyal American. Here they are:

1. Never repeat a rumor.
2. Do not repeat a rumor verbally, even to deny it.
3. If you know the facts which can spike a rumor, cite the facts promptly.
4. If you don't know the facts which can stop a rumor, ask the rumor-teller where he got his "facts."
5. Don't give a rumor the benefit of any doubt.

Anything you hear that compromises our war effort in any direction is a rumormongering. If the tale is based on facts, you'll hear it through normal channels from responsible officials. Treat anything else with contempt.

RAT CHASES MAN

By Marjorie Owen

Have you heard the latest? It is really news. Not a story such as man bites dog, or mouse catches cat. No, much more exciting . . . rat chases man. And what's more, he nearly caught him.

W. B. Hand, now working in Ordnance Property, was sitting in his car one afternoon and gazing out across the ground he beheld a quite large sleek-furred rat. He began talking to the beady-eyed creature and the rat in turn sat practically on his haunches and cocked his head to absorb every word. Perhaps Hand was trying to persuade him to come upstairs and he would assign him a POP number. Who knows, but tiring of the one-sided talk Hand got out of the car and started on his way to the Administration Building.

Step by step he neared the rat, conversing with him all the while, and then it happened. Shaking his head from side to side and no doubt baring his sharp and ferocious teeth and claws the rat started toward him. At this Hand hesitated in his stride and as the rodent came on he turned and started back to the car. Each increasing his stride until in a full run Hand reached the car and darted in, slamming the door. And "Rodney" rodent close upon his heels, slid under the running board.



FIRST PANTEX WAACs

"We're in the army now" sing the four girls pictured above. They are (l to r) Margaret Deal, Booster Line; Ruby Jean Walls, Ordnance Payroll; Darleen Cunningham, Personnel Files; and Genevieve McIntire, Payroll time-keeper who took induction vows for the WAAC's December 7 and will go into the women's army about the first of January. Ruby Jean, schoolteacher from Oklahoma Central State Teachers College, wants foreign service in Eng-

land; Darleen, ex-teacher who attended North Texas State Teachers College, wants photography or clerical work, officer's training and overseas duty. Her parents work at Pantex and her brother is in service. Margaret, West Texas State College ex also taught school and says she just felt in the mood for action and will try for officer's training also. Genevieve (Mrs. Glenn) wants to be an officer or get in radio or television. Her husband is in the navy.

WANT A 'C' CARD?

Business is still rushing for Pantex's Gas Rationing Board, room 200, Adm. Bldg. The past week it has managed to get most of a ten day job done in half the time.

Drivers who now want additional gasoline may still apply for a C card. A survey has been made to aid riders and drivers who need passengers. In order to carry this out a clearing office has been set up in room 200 Administration Building.

For those who feel that they are not getting enough gas or tires, an appeal board is functioning during the last two days of each month in room 200.

The board is doing its very best to be fair about allotting gas and any action it may take is necessarily required by government restrictions.

HE USED HIS HEAD, TOO

C. R. Crabaugh of the Woo-working Shop was asked to turn out some very vital parts for bombs, but upon looking for his tools, he found there weren't any, due to the shortage of material.

This startling fact did not stop Mr. Crabaugh at all, and the next day found him cutting away on the bomb parts. Upon examination it was found that he had made some very sharp and efficient tools of worn down saw files.

We call this fast thinking at a time when time was an important element.



C. R. Crabaugh

MEN'S BOWLING LEAGUE

Team Standings

Mon. Night Group as of Dec. 7

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
1. Steeres (O)	26	13	.666
2. Steeres (F)	25	14	.641
3. Vo, Payable	23	16	.589
4. Payroll	23	16	.589
5. Trans. III	22	17	.564
6. Personnel	20	19	.513
7. Office Mgt.	19	20	.487
8. Booster Line	12	17	.407

Tues. Night Group as of Dec. 8

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
1. Trans. I	30	9	.769
2. Auditing	29	10	.743
3. Safety II	27	12	.692
4. Purchasing	23	16	.590
5. Police II	21	18	.538
6. Ord. Insp.	16	23	.410
7. Police I	15	24	.385
8. Ordnance	15	24	.385
9. Paymasters	8	31	.205
10. Mail & Records	8	31	.205

High bowler for the Monday night group up to Dec. 7 was Sawyer of the Personnel team with 3013 pins and an average of 167 for 18 games. High man for the Tues. night group as of Dec. 8 was West of the Ordnance Inspection team with 4228 pins and an average of 184 for 23 games.

Recreation Review

RETURNS FROM QUESTIONNAIRES WILL DETERMINE SCOPE OF PROGRAM

THE RECREATION PROGRAM with Pat L. Davis as its newly appointed chief, is gathering momentum like a snowball rolling down a hill.

The questionnaire shown below will be the starter for activities. Every employee is asked to fill out the form and mail it to Davis in the Personnel Building. From the information received a complete survey will be made of the likes and dislikes in recreational activities and committees will be formed.



Pictured above is the nucleus of a big-time Pantex orchestra.

Go Western

CHRISTMAS BARN DANCE
ON DECEMBER 19

I'm an old cowhand, swing your partner, and spurs that jingle should ring from the rafters next Saturday night, December 19 when POP goes western for a barn dance at the Herring Hotel at 9 p. m. Admission will be one dollar per person. Costumes depicting the old west and frontier days will be in order from ten gallon hats to full skirted gingham dresses. Those who do not have costumes may come dressed as they wish.

For those who like to eat and drink, snacks and set-ups will be available during the night. An experienced square dance caller will be on hand to sing out "chicken in the bread pan pecking out the dough" for the old time dances. More room is anticipated since tables will be placed on the mezzanine leaving the whole floor of the ballroom for dancing. Arrangements for tickets and table reservations for 8 or more until 9:30 may be made at the Adm. Bldg. reception desk, phone 249.

Another main feature will be the newly organized Pantex orchestra which will play for the affair. Jane Higgins, Fiscal, and Dell Nixon, Personnel, are the featured vocalists and the Pantex trio composed of DeLaine Williams, Ordnance; Olivia Eastus, and Edythe Strickland will sing with the orchestra. During intermission another smaller band will keep the music going.

The dance committee headed by Jim Gulick expects to have one dance a month alternating between informal dances and dinner dances.

The Pantex orchestra, which is available for outside engagements, is growing rapidly and shows indication of being one of the best in the Panhandle.

Additional units of the band are going to be added as new talent is located. Persons who are interested in playing in the orchestra or who would like to sing in a quartet or mixed group should phone 146. Stranged instrument players are especially wanted.

The orchestra practices twice a week at

T-1 and 504 1/2 Taylor. The recreation committee recently bought the piano which is used at T-1 and other equipment is hoped to be added soon.

In the orchestra at present are twelve pieces: guitar, bass viol, three trumpets, two trombones, three saxophones (double on clarinets) and drums and piano.

RECREATION QUESTIONNAIRE

Fill out *today* and return to Pat Davis, Personnel Building.

Name _____

Division _____ Job Classification _____

Residence Address _____ Telephone No. _____

High School Attended _____ College _____

List Sports which you have participated in: _____

Where? _____ Position _____

Any Stage Experience? _____ Radio _____

List any Musical Instrument you play _____

List any Musical Instrument you own _____

Offer here suggestions for a Recreation Program which will be a pleasure to all employees of Pantex Ordnance Plant:

1. _____

2. _____

We plan to start playing Basketball at the Amarillo Junior College Gymnasium as soon as enough interest is shown. Check one of the following if interested:

____ I will organize a team from my Department and enter it in matched play.

____ I will help organize and play with a team to be entered in a Tournament.

____ Are you interested in seeing good Basketball games?

____ Have you any suggestions to make about Basketball?

Will you serve as a Sports Commissioner or as a member of a Committee for the Sport in which you are best qualified and most interested? Yes No

Signature of Employee _____

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT

A Challenge

By Bill Flocks

THIRTY DOLLARS out of every hundred—Uncle Sam pays Ordnance Personnel a hundred dollars and Ordnance Personnel loans him thirty of it back by investing that amount in bonds.

"We may not be the best—but we haven't seen any better," Ray Sell, Ordnance Bond Purveyor Deluxe challengingly declares. "I never saw so much cooperation—so much money. Our bunch is really going to town. I was appointed Ordnance bond sales representative just seven weeks ago, October 15 to be exact. We started keeping records on purchases then. The purchases for the previous two-week pay period amounted to 16.2% of salaries and I thought that was good! Then I went out to get pledges. Seventeen and five tenths percent of the payroll was pledged to bonds. I thought that was perfect! Then November, first half, 22.5% of payroll went into bonds, and I was running out of adjectives. November, for the whole month, THIRTY-ONE PERCENT OF THE MONTH'S PAYROLL WAS RE-INVESTED IN VICTORY."

"Money," went on Ray, "came in from every direction. No one had to even so much as suggest buying bonds on payday. No sir. My office just automatically filled up with anxious purchasers as the checks were distributed. It was like a landlord with a new house to rent—everyone came at once. Some of them put their entire pay check in with the words that they were going to buy 'em while they could. Girls in office work surprise you with their buying. There is definitely no inflation here because most of these folks are working for less than they made in peacetime. They have just a real sincere patriotism lacking in neither quantity or quality to the extent of not only working in the war effort but helping pay for it too!"

"This is not just one month's record either," Sell continued. "Our all-time average is 25.5% of the payroll. And last, but not least, this has been accomplished without any inference of pressure." That's right—the Ordnance Department Personnel have no organization plan of bond buying or even a payroll deduction plan. They just want 'em and they buy 'em.

"I just want to hear of some other group doing as well," Sell challenged, with a defiant gleam in his eye.



Vanciele Gray (left) being congratulated by Major P. S. Irvine, C. O., for really doing her part. Upon checking the figures, it was found that Vanciele purchases enough bonds each month to pay the salary of her husband, a Lieutenant J. G. in the Navy. Ray Sell, Ordnance bond salesman in the background, holds part of the December 7th sales.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

By Major P. S. Irvine

This week Ordnance war bond salesmen turned in the flattering and unexpected report that 31 percent of the total Ordnance payroll at Pantex was invested in war bonds during November. The report also indicates a steady upward trend in purchases and pledges from the time we began keeping systematic records to date.

Ordnance will not pause for self-congratulation in its drive for increased bond buying, nevertheless we may be justly proud of our record, more so because the goal was not set but achieved by the voluntary sacrifice of those individuals who sincerely wanted to add to their essential war work by equally essential bond investment.

Ordnance at Pantex challenges ordnance plant workers throughout the nation to produce a record equal or superior to this showing. Not in a competitive spirit alone but for the national confidence that comes with high achievement we invite details from others who have accepted this common opportunity to further America's war effort according to plan, an opportunity which holds advantages for everyone who has a part in the plan.



BIRTHDAY BOND

Ten-year-old Ilo Gene Campbell was the proud recipient of a \$25 War Bond on the occasion of his latest birthday which fell on Monday, December 7, Pearl Harbor Day.

Ilo Gene, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ilo G. Campbell, requested that his parents purchase war stamps, which he planned to add to an already fair sized collection, with any money they might be planning to spend for his birthday presents. Accordingly he was presented with the bond made out in his name, with his brother, Jerry Lee, named co-owner.

Hands Across the Sea

Venezuelan Husband of Ordnance Girl Is Host to American Visitors

By Bill Flocks

Caracas, Venezuela
December 7, 1941

My Dear one:

Honey, it is with an immense sorrow that I write you this letter, all you North Americans have my support 100%, for to me that country is my second home. It is the birth-place of the two most dear things to me—you and my daughter, besides I am extremely grateful for all the things your people did for me. For all those reasons my heart beat faster than usual when Sunday afternoon I heard of the dirty, low action of Japan. There is no doubt in my mind regarding the ability of Uncle Sam to destroy the Japs in a short time.

Things around here are very hot. Congress is meeting this afternoon in order to consider a declaration of war to Japan—you can bet your life that I'll be there asking for it. Last night the Japanese Embassy and the German one were burned by the people. All day today there have been parades and demonstrations all over the country. The Germans and Japanese have been interned, etc.

Four Spanish American countries have already declared war. Honest, Honey, there isn't much we can do in the way of fighting for us are so few and have no equipment, but it is the moral support and raw material that count, the first you



Mrs. Nadine Carvajal, Ordnance Mail and Records, and daughter Maria.

already have, the second you will get when you need it.

I have been thinking about you and your brothers. Let me know about them.

This situation will endanger your trip here. Tell me of everything.

Tell me of you and my daughter, how this war will affect you, etc., in order to take the necessary steps.

Love, Vincente

The letter reproduced above was written on December 7, 1941 by Dr. Vincente Emilio Carvajal, Department of Agriculture Economist in Venezuela, South America, to Mrs. Nadine Carvajal of Ordnance Mail and Records here at Pantex. There is a good deal more, though, to this story involving any number of Pantexans, Americans and Venezuelans.

But first something of Dr. Carvajal's

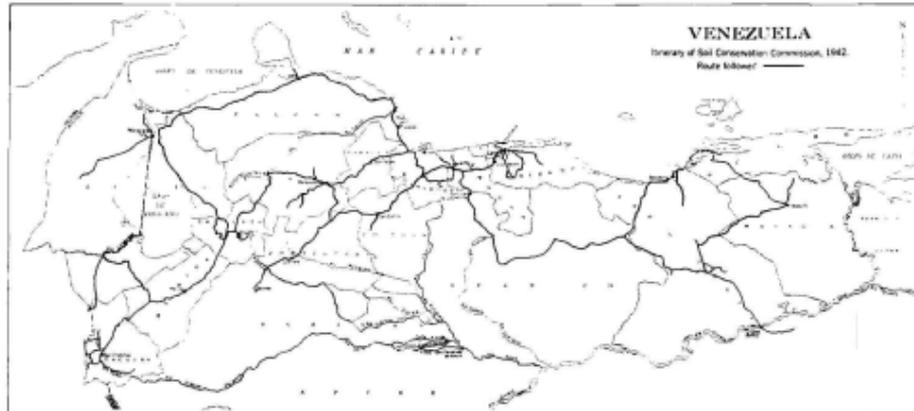


Dr. Carvajal poses for a snapshot while visiting a Venezuelan coffee plantation.



Over this Andes valley road the party traveled at an elevation of 14,700 feet.

PANTEXANS



The dark line indicates the tour route followed by the mission.

personal history. He first came to the United States from his native Venezuela in 1937 when the Venezuelan government sent him to this country to study agricultural economics. With only six weeks preliminary study in the English language he entered the University of South Carolina where he completed two years work. Later he transferred to Texas A and M College to complete his master's degree. On his return to Venezuela he was given the doctorate designation by a Venezuelan university in recognition of the exceptionally high scholastic averages he had maintained in the North American schools.

It was during the years at College Station that Dr. Carvajal met Nadine, then Miss Eisenberg, who was employed by the U. S. General Accounting Office

branch there. The couple was married in June 1940.

In December, 1941 the United States Agriculture Department's favorite child, Soil Conservation Service, sent its chief, Dr. H. H. Bennett to head a mission to Venezuela to study common problems of agriculture. It was this mission that took Dr. Carvajal, as secretary for the Venezuelan Host Committee, on the tour of his entire country.

The party traveled from Venezuela's north shore on "Mar Caribe" (Caribbean Sea) to the southern border with Brazil, from Maracaibo near the eastern boundary with Colombia to the jungles west of Maturin near British Guiana. Many miles over roadways in the majestic Andes 14,000 feet straight up, thru the jungles, along the romantic shores of the Caribbean, the four Americans and four Venezuelans traveled "seeing Venezuela first."

Dr. Bennett in recent correspondence with Ilo Campbell concerning the trip wrote as follows:

"From December 10th, 1941 until late in May 1942 the mission traveled over Venezuela—that part north of the Apure and Orinoco Rivers.

"Dr. Carvajal's part in the mission was to obtain economic and production records and information from farmers wherever the mission stopped. His English is excellent and that helped us very greatly in our contacts with those who did not speak English. His duties as secretary of the mission covered a wide range of activities, from finding sleeping accommodations to seeing that all automobiles were timely gassed and oiled each morning."

Yes sir, it's a small world—Nadine in Pantex Mail and Records, many Soil Conservation employees on leave for

War Service work at Pantex, Dr. Bennett, Chief of Soil Conservation Service, and Nadine's husband, Dr. Carvajal, the official Venezuelan host to Dr. Bennett only a few short months ago.

Many at Pantex know Dr. Bennett well, many have served under him for years, and that completes the enormous circle with the arm of chance reaching from Dr. Bennett's wide friendship in Pantex to his office in Washington, far southward in Venezuela to Dr. Carvajal, then from Venezuela back to Room 262, Administration Building, Pantex Ordnance Plant, Amarillo, Texas. It is, indeed, a small world.

Soldier's Prayer

Good Lord guide this soldier.
Keep him free of harms
And around the soldier's mother
Keep your ever-protecting arms.

And Lord, Maybe someday
We two you will re-unite
And from war, sin and hardships
You'll protect us with your might.

Then, there are the other soldiers:
They feel the way I do.
Guide their feet to firmer ground
My blessings, Lord, all I have,
I know I owe to you.

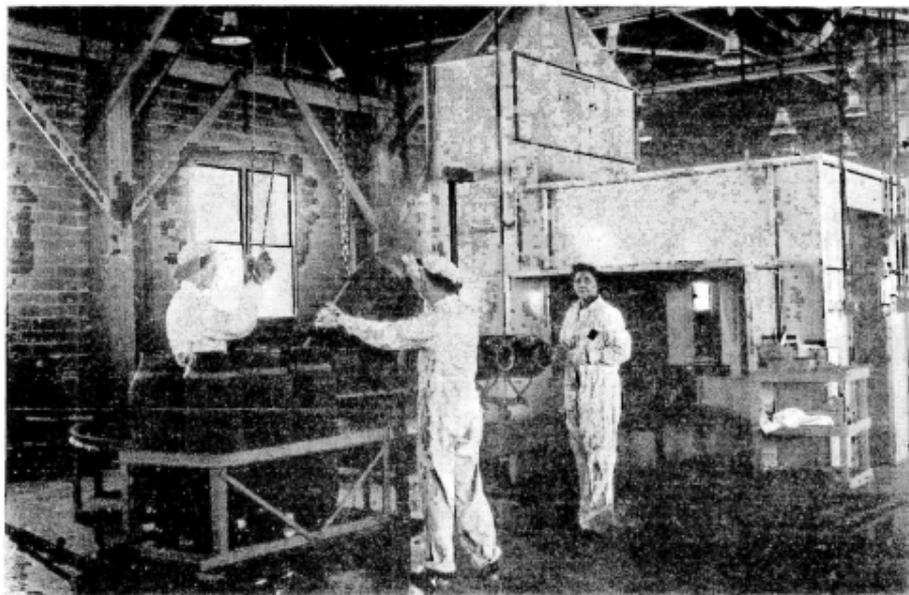
By DONALD W. CROSSAN,
Son of Wayne Crossan, Utilities

Lost: A small brown coin purse containing one ten dollar bill, four ones and some change. Finder please return to Pantexan office.

Lost: Identification to auto titles, license card and rationing papers. Return to C. W. Freeman, Zone 2, Bldg. 4, Utilities Office.



The party atop the highest point of the Venezuelan Andes, 16,000 feet elevation. Breathing is very difficult here.



May Drake, Stella Robertson and Ann Spalding (l to r) prepare to send a truck of bomb cases down the line.

Full Steam Ahead

OPERATIONS ARE IN FULL SWING TO MEET PRODUCTION SCHEDULES

DECEMBER 1 saw operations in the booster and bomb loading lines moving at a swift pace and the ammonium nitrate plant all but ready to go.

Operations were on a 24-hour basis and crews had been assigned to regular shifts. By the fifteenth the lines were

almost completely manned and Pantex was out to set records in production and safety.

Morale among explosive workers was at a high peak as they turned to their jobs with a determination to make every minute count. "Keep 'Em Shooting" posters displayed throughout the lines staring "Safe Work Speeds Victory" and "Let's Give Them Enough and On

Time" exemplified the spirit of the crews.

Unusual is the fact that one of the lines is being operated by women except for the superintendent, assistant superintendent and foremen. It is believed that this is a "first" for Pantex since officials here know of no other bomb line which is completely staffed with WOWs.



Behind a barricade, booster line operator Marvel Dillard watches her machine through a peep-hole.



Sarah Lilly, left, and Onita Evalyne Skapple have both worked before—but at nothing like this.



Puddling is the job of Clara Coomer, Beatrice Cantrell, Elzie Jesse and Elsie Davis. They like it.

Fear Turned to Enthusiasm As I Watched Women Load Bombs

By Lillian Corse

I WAS SCARED. When I was asked to come from the downtown employment office to get a story over in Zone 11 I accepted with alacrity. Then I started thinking and the more I thought the more goose pimples popped out on my arms—Zone 11 is a bomb loading line!

Upon arrival at the reservation I was handed a pass and sent on my mission, accompanied by Bob Canning, Pentagon staff photographer.

Almost before I knew it I was being searched for matches at the line time office. Leaving my purse with a guard, we headed for the changehouse cafeteria. By the time I was fortified with some food I felt more at ease. Also the jovial mood of the employees who were coming helped. They seemed to be having fun.

Then came the real test. We were moving down the ramp closer and closer to actual operations. For six months I had been signing people up as line workers. Always when the question of danger came up I had assured, women and men alike, that it was very pleasant work and definitely no more dangerous than crossing the street might be. It was all a matter of statistics anyway.

By the time Bob and I, accompanied by D. A. Murphy, superintendent of zone 11, reached the guard at the receiving room my feeling of tension had relaxed, but I still had a tendency to hold my breath, walk on tiptoe, and talk in a whisper. After the heels of my shoes were taped, I knew there was no turning back then. The die was cast. I think at first I felt as a parachute jumper must feel the first time he plunges headlong

into space.

I had "jumped" and as we entered the big receiving, painting and inspection room my feeling was one of mingled awe and elation. Women, I had been told, were "manning" this line, and there they were—operating hoists, driving a little yale electric truck, in fact doing practically all the work.

They were enjoying their work, too. True, they were taking it seriously. They were people with a job to do and from all reports were doing it well. Here I lost all feeling of fear and became intensely interested.

One of the safety signs I read seemed to typify to me the entire attitude. The sign read "foresight is a darn sight better than no sight." These people were exercising care and foresight, but they were all at ease and obviously enjoying the work.

There were these women, most of whom I had talked with at some time—housewives, school teachers, cooks, sales girls—all doing their part toward the war effort by making bombs. To some it was possibly "just a job." To most, however, it was a job to help win the war.

To Jewel Visage, an appealing girl who is a puddler, it's a way to get back at the Japs.

"I love my job," she explained, and her bright eyes glistened. "It sure makes you feel good to know that every day's work helps avenge Pearl Harbor, Bataan and the rest. That's especially true," and her face took on an expression of determination, "when you have lost your only brother at Bataan."

As I went through the line I was impressed with the fact that so many people were cleaning—mopping, sweep-

ing, and washing. Everything was immaculate. This clean-up brigade is leaving little chance for stray bits of explosive dust to be about. They will be some of the real heroes of this war, mostly unsung but definitely appreciated. Even the white coveralls worn by the workers contribute to the appearance of cleanliness.

There is no smoking on the line. The only place employees are allowed to smoke is in the changehouse cafeteria and there they can't use matches. Electric lighters are placed about on the walls.

Some of the few men in zone 11 are the Ordnance inspectors, men who are working under civil service, inspecting the bomb cases when they come in and the finished bombs when they go out.

But back to the women, for this is really their story. They have convinced the men that they can load bombs and load them fast and well, and frankly, most of the men were very skeptical to begin with. Mr. Murphy wasn't for he had seen women succeed at this job before. Vilas Newby, shift B superintendent, was skeptical at first and admitted as much. When I talked with him he was most enthusiastic.

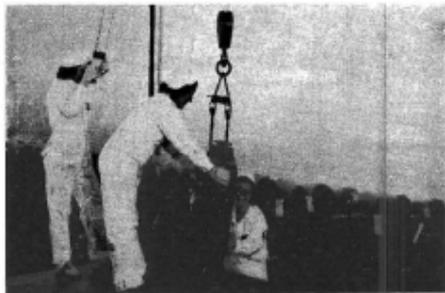
"Given a little more time and experience these women can produce as much and hold their own with any line using only men," Mr. Newby said.

Mr. Price, an Ordnance inspector, admitted that he too had been very doubtful about using women, but he was ready to "take back" all he's ever thought. In fact, everyone in authority I talked with was enthusiastic about the work the women were putting out. In the tail pour room the girls were proud of the output for the day and to me, the uninitiated, it sounded good for us and bad for our enemies. Each day's output could, well placed, put many strategic bases out of operation.

(Continued, Col. 1, next page)



"There's nothing to it" say Juanita Fowler, Rosie Barnes and Naomi (Red) Middleton (l to r). But there is—plenty!



Like old-timers at the job, Myrtle Lawson, Carolyn Clemens and Peggie Hughes (l to r) hoist 'em and rack 'em.

HOW'S YOUR PULSE

By Betty Blake

Well, due to the fact that your regular writer is swamped with work and couldn't get around to writing his column, he gave me some dope and told or asked me to write it for him. So here goes. I'll try anything once.

Welcome to the newcomers in the Medical Department! Greeting visitors (and patients) as they come into the front office are newcomers Corine Greer, Gloria Shaubless, Opal Moore, and Marjorie Ballard. But still, through thick and thin, you will still see the smiling face of Ruth Warren.

On the nursing staff we have added these nurses: Delma Crider, Barbara Harrell, Grace Pond, Dorothy Vertreese, Georgia Mae Yeager, and Bernice Long.

Nurses leaving Pantex are Viola Schneider and Charlyne Drake, who left to be married and now live in Wichita Falls.

Absent in the laboratory is technician Dorothy Reger, who has moved to the west coast. To take her place we have Mrs. Marion Owens who is really an oldtimer, from Personnel.

Added to the general office staff we have medical student Melvin Thornton.

FEAR TURNED TO ENTHUSIASM

(Continued from page 9)

Ella Lee Singleton of Borger, a former sales girl, and Gertrude Ball, a housewife, also of Borger, were painting caps and liking it.

As I walked into one room, Ethel Carpenter of Lubbock, who had never been employed other than as a housewife, was drawing hot TNT into a container. She was so nonchalant as if she were washing dishes and yet no one sensed that she knew it was smart to take all necessary precautions.

A sense of awe again overpowered me as I stood in the amatol pouring room and watched one man and five women filling a bomb with deadly amatol. There was so much potential power there than precautions reached a maximum, but again one is conscious of the fact that although these people know it's smart to follow "all the rules," they are not afraid.

I wasn't afraid anymore, either. I had great respect for the place, yes, but no fear. As I came to the end of the line, I had a great feeling of pride in these women. They are truly WOWS in more than one sense of the word. They are succeeding and they are turning out many pounds of destruction daily. As I walked contemptively down the long ramp I thought, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," and never, perhaps more so than now.



Major Paul S. Fox (right) of the Headquarters 8th Service Command, Fort Sam Houston, Medical Branch Sanitation Section, was a Pantex visitor on November 25. Here he is shown with H. J. Hartley in the office of the general manager.

MEN IN WHITE

From Zone 9

Women on the load lines—your bear many strange stories but the consensus is that many male egos have been flattened because the women are on the road to doing a good job of bomb loading. Of course, there was some solace for the men when the news got around that the sight of the bombs for the first time produced some quite feminine reactions in the few WOWS.

J. O. "Wichita" Gilliam let his heart rule his 'ought to know better' and lost until it hurt. He was the sole casualty of the game, the rest of us were on the winning horse.

Meeting a new employee—"How do you do, Mr. Brawnyarms," said the forman, "it is good to have you with us. Ever worked in this kind of business before? No, oh you have? What were you doing? I see, you colored the paper red that they use on firecrackers. Well, that does make us kindred spirits."

Hardaway, one of the new employees, took it the hard way when he found no women on his load line. His feelings have been eased by being appointed body-guard for his foreman, Bill Garre. He insists, though, that if he is to do the

fighting for Bill he also wants to do the talking.

Gaddis, Monola the Mystic, who works in 15 used to do many of those 'hand is quicker than the eye' tricks to entertain us in the change house but now his hands are too busy taking care of that rash. He probably has the edge on others when it comes to scratching with those nimble fingers.

Speaking of rashes reminds us of the first aid dispensers and so we wonder if Jack Craig has lost his sense of direction. We understand that he never gets beyond the cafeteria counter now. Two Thanksgiving dinners—a cute case of indigestion.

Langhan, that safety man, was speechless when asked to contribute a bit to this column. We don't like to see that department voiceless because we value its suggestions, let's all hope for a speedy recovery.

We haven't noticed any difference in the appearance of the bombs built by feminine hands, no ribbons or such, but we guess that they probably explode more softly.

"Send me five," calls 17 to 14 and 15. Do they jump to comply? They do. You can't blame the boys for wanting to come to 17 to get warm. Longhandles, notwithstanding.

A Moment Lost--A Life Sacrificed

WOW's IN ZONE 11

By Inez Thornton

The WOW's of Zone 11-4, shift 2, soon want to prove for the first time in the history of our country women can take the places of men and boys who are now serving our country.

These women are energetic, capable and willing to do their duties assigned to them.

Letting you in on a little of the inside story of one of this group I'll begin with Mr. Brassfield.

He is the foreman, better known as "Booker" since Booker, Texas was his home before coming here. He has proved to be very efficient.

"Penny" Pennagraph and Bob Trostle are on guard to watch every step made. Their work is very necessary in order to teach and help these women.

The women gave up various jobs, home life and opportunities so as to do their part in this work.

"Johnnie" Sneed was a beauty operator. She has three brothers, a soldier, a sailor and marine in the service. For whom is she doing her part?

Juanita Morgan has a husband stationed here in the Amarillo Field. Is she not being wise to work to help and also be near her husband?

Ann Daniels isn't just doing nothing while her husband is away in service.

She enjoys her work and certainly does her part.

Minnie Smith has a son in the service and has given up her duties in her home.

Dorothy Rutter was a housewife who offered her service.

Inez Thornton whose husband is in the service has given up her job of bookkeeping.

Lula Barnes, Thelma Slutter, Ann Spalding, Helen Wilson, Bobby Singleton, Virgie McMahan and Ceresa Tomlinson have also given up positions in other fields to go into defense work and we have new women coming in every day.

There is not one of this group who dislikes her job. The time speeds by and they feel they are doing their part.

UTILITIES

By Myrlice Hunier

This poem, by Tommy Thompson, expresses the attitude of the Woodworking Shop:

THE WOOD SHOP

It isn't very much to the average guy,
He'll pass it up with just a sigh.

But very soon he will change his air
Because he will find a chair to repair.

He'll run in with a speed of light
And with a tearful voice explain his plight

His job is the most important of all
Because a Mr. X had him to call.

We are very glad to fix your chairs,
Make you a bed or comb your hair.
But of all the jobs that are to come,
We'd be happier if it were a bomb.

Maintenance of Grounds branch of Utilities has a wide variety of duties to perform. The seeding of grasses, beautification of grounds, farming operations, and control of vegetation to prevent blowing, erosion, and fire hazards, are some of their primary tasks. Also, they must keep all grounds free from burnable vegetation, service and deliver fuel for all stoves, and take care of any labor assignment which they may be called upon to do in any part of the plant.

A large number of new employees are assigned to this department for preliminary training, but all who are qualified for better positions are soon advanced. Some sixty have been transferred within the past week, since it is the policy here to place a man in the position he is best qualified to fill.

This work is carried on very capably under the direction of Emery Telford and Louis Moberly.



With a banquet and an evening of good fellowship, co-workers of C. A. Loomis, Jr., gave him a grand send-off to Uncle Sam's armed forces just prior to his leaving for Ft. Sill, Okla., on November 30. Loomis, formerly in Fiscal, was an associate editor of Pantexan for several months.



On Dec. 7th early-rising employee salesmen met down shifts and sold war bonds into the thousands of dollars. There were many raffles. Here is shown Virgil T. Ballew, hand raised, winner of a \$100 bond. Jane Harris drew the lucky number—Harris Kimbrough holds the bond—N. B. Wilkinson the box—and Bill Wright supports Ballew.

A Minute Lost--A Company Destroyed

CONTROL LABORATORY

Victor Fusco Pinch-hitting for
John Wisdom

Items in this issue's report from the control laboratory might seem of chief interest to the bureau of vital statistics. At any rate, here goes . . .

On November 21, Earl "Gabby" Schumacher, always the researcher, decided to settle the question of whether two can live as cheaply as one. He made a swell exchange of "I do's" with Miss Freda Burnett, a winsome lass from Ohio, and already he has decided that two cannot live as cheaply as one. According to latest reports from his cohorts, "Gee, married life is swell" . . . end quote.

Jesse Posey appreciates the mental strain that false alarms bring about. Anyway Jesse is now a proud daddy of a bouncing baby boy -- and amidst, Cocona smoke-filled atmosphere, he's bragging about his being a better man than either J. Carpenter or J. Wisdom, each being the parent of girls. (Oh me, our American competitive spirit!)

Mrs. Louise Jouette is a new addition to the control laboratory chemical staff. Her bright and cheerful attitude is well appreciated by her colleagues. Howard Altman is still repeating the question: "Who says that a woman can't be a chemist and lovely at the same time?" That's something, too, because Howard is the "I sure can pick them" guy.

Our ordnance chemists, Jordan, Throckmorton, and company are surely keeping things humming with their laboratory duties and occasional uplifting dissertations on the subject of PANTEX WOMEN. Throckmorton, a Kentuckian, is trying to acclimate himself to this "awful Texas cold weather."

And, amongst all this talk of birth, marriage, etc., let it not be overlooked that "Doc" Bots, number one man in the laboratory, is still number one at chess. Last Friday night, in answer to an advertisement for competition at the USO center, Dr. Bots met and measured all comers. There is still a dearth of takers of Doc's own overtures for Pantex Chess Competition.

Military information must be like a lady's virtue. Though known to be true it is not to be discussed.

THE BULL BOARD

By C. J. Novak

The Stores Field did their bit toward observance of "Jap" day in buying bonds to take the "sap" out of the Japs." Hats off to O. M. Dickey of 8-7 who so graciously bought two \$1,000 bonds.



ago, this column ran an "ad" for a 103 bowler for the Stores Field team. Anyone interested is now advised to be disinterested, as "Cashmer" M. Styles has hit his stride again and is now bowling 104.

Ben Merchant, no kin to the Merchant of Venice, was all set to go to the army, but due to the late ruling of not taking men above 60 is now handling the saw crew from 8-7. He is an ex T-2 man.

The Payroll dept. has accepted the challenge of the Stores team and will bowl soon. In fact, we will have beaten them by the time you read this. We were in hopes we could have gotten stronger competition, but had to take what we could get--won't my face be red if we lose.

A few persons have been inquiring as to who it was that went duck hunting Sunday the 6th and drove off into the lake. Won't say! However, want to express my gratitude to the farmer that drove his tractor four miles to pull the car out.

The other day while at the Cafeteria, I saw a very pretty red-head, and I couldn't keep from tabulating her value. Back in Arkansas, a red-headed girl is considered a find as a bride and if she is cross-eyed so much the better. If she is cross-eyed she could watch the beans cooking in the fire place also watch the smoke in the flu at the same time, and being red-headed, the kids would be such and they could be hung up in a tree and the woodpeckers would feed them while their mother was chopping cotton.

NOTE: Any resemblance to any person or thing is merely coincidental.

W. R. "Chic" Colville is going around looking like a dying calf in a hail storm.

Engineering Department

By Arthur Reagor

Now we know how the remaining 50 people in a bomb shelter for 50 feet when the other 50 leave. Yes J. G. Johns and company of Utilities has moved to his new offices in the Maintenance and Repair Building. His phone is no longer 208. With a sigh of both relief and regret we watched them go--so we know they didn't get off with much. But seriously, there was the source of many an hour of friendly and pleasant cooperation. Believe I'd just as soon be crowded by them as anyone I know.

About the most remarkable pool I ever lost was the one engineered by Henry Roberts on the baby that was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Priest Friday morning. Guard Holden, a friend of Henry's, won with a boy at 11:15 a. m. Congratulations, Paul.

Is it a coincidence that H. A. Roberts is always busy when there's a possibility of a checker game with John Hannon? Henry has regained a portion of his prestige by beating George Hepner a time or two (when George was without his glasses) but seems a bit reluctant to meet challenger Hannon.

Hear the news? In the interest of economy and better health Bob Vail and Jim Tripplehorn have quit smoking. As one back-slider to another "a little here and there won't hurt."

Orville Johnson's wife visited him during the lunch hour the other day. I never saw a man so nervous--everytime a SYT passed the table Orville got grumpy on his nose. Gosh, we are glad nothing happened.

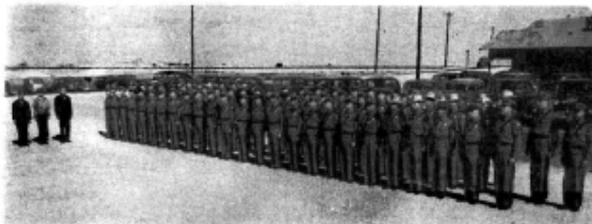
Should anyone in the department with bright black eyes and hair and a high temper need a pair of suspenders, perhaps if he or she will ask Santa, the request will be granted.

The reason for the elongated countenance is the mere fact that football season is over and Mrs. Calville's son Willie will have to work for a living again.

As this will be making you reading material just before Christmas we of the Bull Board take this means of wishing you a very Merry Christmas, and hope that old Santa makes up for the lean years of the past.



CAMERA-ETTES



POP guards are learning to march and drill from actual soldiers connected with the Amarillo Army Air Field. For an indefinite period of time they are being "put through their paces" once a day with the three shifts being rotated once a day. Pantex Guard Officers B. F. Carpenter, Capt. F. R. Land and Capt. John Odom are attending a military police school at the air school now and will be back the 28th of this month.



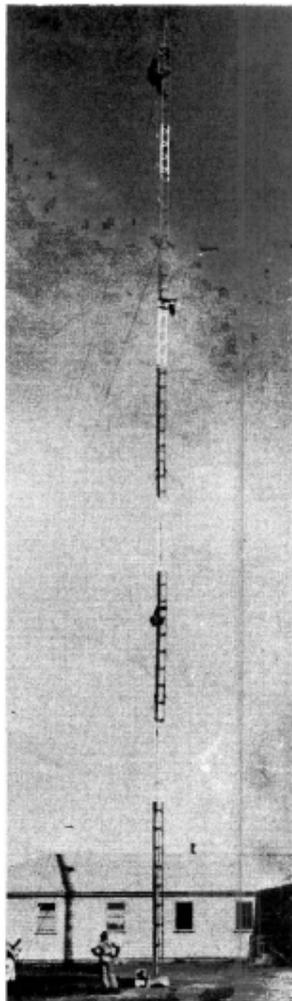
A dividend in the form of a \$25.00 war bond was declared on December 7th by Mrs. Elsie Johnson (above) as she cracked open her Pantex Baby Bomb bank. The coins were accumulated over a period of two months and were unto the visitor to the Audit and Accounts office who failed to contribute his coppers! Elsie's salesmanship was inspired by the thought of a husband in training as an Air Cadet.



Shown above are (l to r) Sgt. S. W. Williams, 602nd Tech School Squadron; Staff Sgt. M. P. Nietsen and Corp. E. D. Davis, Military Police, of the Amarillo Army Air Field who are drilling Pantex guards daily.



Grin and bear it is the attitude of James A. Berry, explosive operator, George T. Cochran, sub-contractor employee, and Curtis Huckabee, Transportation, (l to r), all of whom were in the plant hospital at the same time with fractured ankles. Berry who slid down an emergency shoot with his leg doubled under him, says he's through playing "kid on the shoot." Cochran fell off a six foot scaffold. He says he will be sure the next one is safe! A horse backed into Huckabee and knocked him off the truck. Next time he says he'll know better than to trust the back end of a horse. Safety pays, yes indeed.



The man on top of the 127 foot tower, above, is not going to do a fancy dive into a tank of flaming water but is merely performing what he considers an ordinary task. He is Bill Durham of the Electrical Maintenance Dept. shown installing a receptacle for an airplane obstacle light on top of the steel verticle radio antenna near central fire station. After the receptacle has been installed the light can be drawn up by a chain and hitched onto a special bracket to relieve the necessity of climbing each time. It can be lowered in the same manner.

An Hour Lost--A Battalion Routed

PARADE'N THE RAMPS

By John Cunningham

Well it looks like you won't have to be "Dreaming of a White Christmas." You'll have it, brother. Due to the cold and the fact that the ramps writer is late with copy, we won't get far from the warm areas.

Martin Endisch, foreman C shift, in Nose Pour, was formerly a foreman in the Chemical Laboratory of the Wheeling Steel Corp. Did you ever hear of Steubenville, Ohio? Well Endisch will tell you all about the home town.

Claude Cordell of Nose Pour has been wearing a bandage on his right eye. No he did not run into a door in the dark.

Wonder when you get the biggest thrill--when your kids start to school or when they graduate? Sam Hitch seems to be getting as big a kick as his daughter. By the way did you ever see Sam's watch dog?

The big fellow with the purple lap rushing down the ramp is W. W. "Army" Armstrong. Yep he found one--a hot radiator. Sure, he's from the Cooling Room. How are the quail holding out, Army?

W. A. McIntosh, the new Kettle Operator in 13, is very much on the job!

M. C. "Kansas City" Hull is on the sick list. The boys want to send him flowers. How's about Four Roses, Kansas City?

Jerome Stocking and Harry Wagoner all smiles--they got their C card.

Kenneth McKinzey and Fred Hodges--the long and the short of it.

Welcome to A. B. Duncan just transferred from 15 to TNT grids.

Carl "Shorty" Davis on second floor--fellows on the third floor are the only ones that can look down on him--he's 6 feet 5 1/2 inches.

R. "Steve" Stephens and Major Ray trying on the new protector masks.

Lloyd O. Fulenwider and G. Culverhouse headed for the pre-heaters. All right then you don't like red cabbage.

Alton L. Johnson and Lester Moffitt must be hungry judging from the way they stride down the ramp!

Lost: A brown wool scarf in the Administration parking lot last week. Finder call Pantexan office.

Lost: Spare tire between Pantex and town Goodrich Silvertown model, serial, 2557553910. Finder call 297 at 8-7.

Lost: Thursday, Dec. 10, Parker 51, gray fountain pen, D. T. Brennan engraved on barrel. Return to Pantexan.

THE MAIN LINE

By Betty Blake

Well, I hope that none of you went down to watch the girls bowl on Monday night as I asked you to do in last issue. Due to the fact that there were only two teams left by Monday in the league, it was decided that we just couldn't have a league with only two teams participating. Maybe I am getting to be a fanatic on the subject like George Curtis is on chess, but nevertheless I think that if we ever are going to have a girls bowling league, now is the time!

Well, as the time comes for this issue we find our Jerry Morgan happy once again. Not only because her sister has returned from the cast, but also because her husband from Baton Rouge, La., has joined her. He is now waiting for his second call into the CPT for the advance course in flying. After finishing, he will then be a service pilot.

And speaking of pilots reminds me of the ride to town I had with two Lieutenants last Friday.



They were Lt. S. C. Woodman and Lt. J. G. Schumacher. Both were in the ferry command and had been out to look Pantex over. Comments? None, except they didn't think Pantex was as large as it is, and that (this is not official business) they liked the girls out in this part of the "country."

Well, in closing, I hope that all of you bought your December 7 war bonds or stamps in commemoration of Pearl Harbor.

WE'RE BOOSTERS

By George Curtis

We lose one of our best Boosters shortly as Margaret Deal joins the WAACs.

Robert Luttrell, a change-house attendant, does as well with one arm as the rest of us with two. Not liking the store made equipment, he and a blacksmith made a set of hooks and gadgets that really do the trick.

We wonder how we got along before Olsen Sweat came along to look after all our odds and ends. He is in charge of the change-house, bomb shelter, milk, repairs, shoes, clothes, hospital cases, lost and missing equipment, waste and clean-up, etc. In his spare time he--

MEET THE PEOPLE

By Carolyn Newbold

When every other source of news fails, the Payroll Department always comes through with something momentous. This time Hugh Hale supplied the big event by getting married. His bride is the former Rosa Lee McDaniel of Amarillo. Congratulations, Hugh, though they may be a bit stale by the time you read this.

Payroll is sorry to lose Willa Gachnauer, who has gone to California to join her husband.

Familiar sight--Al Dunlap meeting every plane from Chicago for two days, hoping to find his wife and baby on one of them. They finally arrived via train from Kansas City.

Inez Runfield of Office Management surprised everyone by getting married December 6 to B. B. Burkholter. She will continue her job for a while, however.

Timekeeping regrets the loss of Herman Brown, Elmer S. Craig, Charles H. Wood, and Oma M. Ayers. Mrs. Ayers is another who went to California to be with her husband. New timekeepers include Janie M. Addington, Clarence Cochran, Andrew Dehner, Rufus H. Dover, Lucille Jaster, Elizabeth Kelly, Earl Robison, John Shaughnessy, Leatha Shockley, Marshall Higdon, Arlis Hill, Helen Westfall, C. R. Porter, Dorothy L. Gillman, Mildred Doche, and Claude Hinson.

Incidentally, that confident challenge made by Stores Field bowling team was taken up by the Payroll gang with \$10 at stake. Results were not known when this article went to press.

New in the Mail Room is Betty Jo Stovall, who is already known as "Shorty". Bill Barnett of this department is now working with Louis Daniel.

Judy Nobles says everything in Vouchers Payable is quite dull--how about it up there?

well--pardon--he has no spare time.

Don't ever say that women can't do the trick, Marvel Dillard, one of our press operators, holds the record for the most turned out in one eight hour shift.

The hardest worker in the place is Tom Allen, head maintenance man. Everyone pines him when trouble troubles the machines. He'd like to trade his job for a puddle sock.

We'd like to explain that our low standing in the bowling league is due to our taking the place of the bottom team which dropped out. The prize money has been in our favor ever since.

Time Is Victory--Let's Not Waste It

THRU THE BOMBSIGHT

By the Ordnance Bombardeerst

Ordnance has been rather serious about the whole thing during the past two weeks and that is a bad deal for news gathering, because recently when the unique, the informative, or the amusing occurred Ordnance had its head bent over its typewriter and didn't notice . . . One thing, however, did come through all done up in an ice cream carton last week. That was when the Inspection Department gave a present to Vonciele Gray and it wasn't vanilla. It's a military secret what leaped out when she opened the package but there are plenty of people in Ordnance who are just dying to tell. Drop around, give the password and get the dope . . . With odds at 9 to 1 on Capt. Ben M. Davis of M. I. D. in the race to see who would get one of the \$25 war bonds raffled by Ordnance on Pearl Harbor Day, Capt. Davis himself glided proudly past the finish line and made off with the bond in his teeth . . . Possibly the last luxurious plane trip we will hear about until after the holiday season and its necessary restrictions on travel, is the five-day flight Betty Barton took to Chicago and South Bend, Ind. last week . . . Fashion Fub-lash! Straight from



New York blew a rumor that hair will be worn off the head this year, and so you can now count on one hand the Ordnance women employees who haven't yet switched to the vogue. In fact we caught one little thing self-consciously pattering down the hall holding a steno pad in one hand and its hair on top of its head with the other . . . What some people won't go through for a quarter! Bill Flocks and Lieut. Smith arranged a big business contract over the question: "Will the O. D. really get up in the middle of the night and walk through the lines?" Lieut. Smith as O. D. this particular night took the affirmative. His opposition, Flocks, arose and drove to Pantex at 12 midnight, awoke the Lieut., and together they walked all those miles of operations. Next day Flocks displayed a purple circle under each eye, two trembling feet and a quarter . . . So now, the inspectors go lyrical on us and this is what came out of a booster line inspector, Warren Dennis:

An Inspector's life is the life for me—
Come Tetryl Blondes, or T.N.T.

Automotive Transportation

By Mark L. Sale

Jimmy Lynch, over at the corrals, is very happy to have his buildings so near completed. They will house all the horses in good warm quarters during the severe winter ahead. All the boys riding on guard duty now seem to appreciate what has been done for their horses.



We have added ten more chauffettes, namely: Harriet McSpadden, Eula B. Whitman, Opal B. Müller, Bessie B. Mitchell, Martha Ogle, Thelma E. Trammell, June Hudson, Florence B. Teal, Johnny L. Brooks, and Maridora Blair. This group of girls fits into our department very nicely and I feel sure they will merit the approval of the entire plant.

Auto Trans, bowling team No. 1 has bowled the highest total pins of the season for any previous series, 2600 pins, averaging 173 per man game. The last team bowled was the Auditors. Plenty of competition but we beat them by 259 pins. Being in first place now, our boys Bill Hamt, Claude Blackwell, Dub McIntire, Bob Cruess and Al Herd, hope to come on through for the prize money.

It is needless to say that gasoline makes a difference. Business has been very good in our department, but no money is exchanging hands. As would be expected, various departments have given splendid cooperation in helping with arrangements of the ride-sharing plan.

Al Herd has assigned Bill Gibson, who formerly was in charge of the lubrication department over in the shop area, to chief clerk of Gas and Tire Rationing. Gibson brings with him his secretary, Betty Norvall. Also assisting him on this new post are able Minnie Sandlin and Emelie Leonard.

There's nothin' to it (it says here)
For the specifications are always clear.
If they specify pounds,
And the stuff is in feet,
Just grin, make your rounds,
So what if it ain't neat?
For nobody cares what the hell's going on.
All the night shift's doin' is waitin' for dawn;
The swing shift is smokin' and gettin' its ashes

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

By Lillian Corso

You've probably heard this one about Amarillo weather but I still think it's good. An Eskimo came out of his igloo, hugged his arms about him and shivered. After looking about for a time he blew on his hands to warm them up and said "It sure must be cold in Amarillo."

We were sorry to hear of the recent death of Leslie M. Wright's father. Mr. Wright is a relief guard for the employment office, and we have learned to look forward to a Saturday visit from him.

Horner Davis, another member of the Safety Department, and who, incidentally, has moved to the country, says that a fellow can learn a lot more by listening than by talking. In a case like that Horner should know more than most of us.

The newest member of the personnel at 504½ Taylor is a rather nondescript looking kitten which is dividing his affections between



Earl Pratt, one of our guards, and Mrs. C. D. Hoover. This loyalty and affection are well placed for it is from their lunches that he receives luscious morsels to supplement an occasional mouse.

The new shades of purple are perfect for Joan Dudley, timekeeper who is often at 504½ Taylor. And speaking of Joan—she's not only nice to look at but a very efficient person.

Missed around these parts is Roy Riddle, manager of the employment office, who has gone "to the country" to help interview applicants.

Opal Watson has returned to 504½ Taylor to replace Marion Owen who is now working out at the hospital.

Marjorie and Marion Owen are nominated for the best dressed mother and daughter team.

All over the day shift's powder nashes.
The 104's won't fit in a bucket;
The cases for Pantex were shipped to Nantackett.
The lead cup pellets have square ends
What happens next all depends
On whether the plans for the 102
Say they're to be coated with animal glue.
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Ain't Zone 6 a mess this Christmas morn!

By Iris Galloway

Fancy, if you can, two of Personnel's most dignified interviewers, Roy Riddle and Leon Kinney, trudging the long and weary miles from the grain elevators east of town clear into the heart of Amarillo. It seems that one of Pantex's prospective employees, after having so graciously offered them a lift into town, suddenly un-



derwent a change of heart and decided to eliminate her two passengers. Well, it's a woman's privilege to change her mind . . . or so we have heard it said.

Certainly is brisk out these days. Someone should buy Bill Stubbs a pair of skates so he could learn how to use them while slipping and sliding and falling down on the icy walk in front of Personnel. We understand that Mr. Stubbs spent a good part of last Sunday in the hospital recuperating from an assortment of sprains and bruises resulting from one of his one-point landings. But, between the medical staff and Pat Davis, Mr. Stubbs should soon be fit as a fiddle again. It seems that Pat missed his calling . . . he should have devoted his entire life to the study of chiropractic. For Dr. Davis' office location and hours, see his most (and only, so far) ardent patient.

Congratulations and all good luck to Darleen Cunningham, Personnel's first WAAC!

Olivia Eastus goes in for handling our hospitality in a big way. She is of the firm belief that soldiers should have all the comforts of home. Watch out, Olivia . . . you'll have the whole Army parked on your doorstep . . . such exceptionally nice Colonels don't grow on trees.

The other morning during "blackout" some of the girls took time out and bedded down on their desks for a morning siesta before the sun came up, furnishing light by which they could begin their day's toiling. Not a bad idea . . . the cat naps, I mean.

A new personality has just recently taken up room and board at the Leon Kinney residence. Her name is Mary Claire, and she moved in on Saturday, November 21. In case you didn't get one of the cigars Mr. Kinney was passing around, look him up. Maybe he has some extras left.

Now we know why Jackie Stovall is so willing to work the late shift the last week or two; Her husband is in the hospital at English Field, and nobody

By Marjorie Owen

Stores Office has two more interesting personalities in its midst. One is Alma Lowry, formerly of Plainview. She was with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, better known as AAA. The other newcomer is Juanita Simpson, who transferred from Personnel.

It doesn't take spring with beautiful weather and flowers to furnish Cupid with a background. Just gaze at the sweet smile in Leona Peck's eyes constantly. The reason is the coming to Amarillo of Corporal Maurice C. Campbell. He is on leave from the Portland Air Base, Oregon.

The latest thing in raffles, as you have already heard, is the raffling off of war bonds. Credit for such patriotic activity should also be given to Bill Coffman, Jack Smith and A. E. Kelly, all of Stores. Jack Smith has raffled off the greatest amount, a \$100 bond, a \$50 bond and six \$25 bonds. It involves no profit and a lot of work, but these men seem to enjoy it. More power to them.

Mrs. Gladys Davenport gives credit for her nickname to John R. Hodges. It must be that Hodges likes moss green sweaters, and in such an instance who would not.

Moving day is close at hand for Stores Office. New headquarters will be what was the A.E.M. materials office building. This has been completed, renovated and remodeled to suit the taste of department heads. The entire personnel of Stores Office will be established there with the exception of G. T. Phillips whose office will remain in the administration building.

likes to spend these long winter evenings alone. Hope he is well soon, Jackie.

Don Cates is certainly a gambler at heart. He will bet either way on anything . . . or maybe he's just a little uncertain these days. He bets one person that he WILL be married by January 6, then turns right around and bets another that he WONT.

New in Personnel . . . Mary Margaret Taylor, Mabel Catton, Mildred Thomas and Eldon Coffman in Job Assignment, Doris Fern Orr in Files, and Gladys Storeth, a transfer from 504 1/2 Taylor to Identification.

The Yuletide season is upon us. The only gift packages we are wrapping out here are headed for Tokyo and Berlin, but here is that old, old wish coming from all of Personnel to you . . . and you . . . and you! Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Lost: 50-ft. steel tape. Return to Gerald Nau, 236 Adm. Bldg.

By Lera Belle DeFries

Everyone in general was certainly sorry to see the good looking secretary of Hap Dalton, Genevieve Strohe, leave for Shreveport, La., and the indication is that there will be wedding bells. However, in her place we have Mrs. Christine Fankhauser, whom we want to welcome. We hope you like us, Chris.

Mary Nelson, of the merry laugh, has moved up to the office of Mr. Naughton and Mr. Sanders. And, just when she was beginning to recover from her recent trip to Lubbock.

There is the story told on our local buyer, Powell Combs. After waiting



patiently for a period of several minutes while an operator tried to reach some large warehouse in some far state. Combs asked if he might speak to the sales manager. When a booming voice informed him

that the sales manager was on the wire. Powell asked, "And whom am I speaking to?" "What the hell difference does it make," came back the answer, "you wanted the sales manager didn't you." Whereupon Combs let out a yell that stopped production in the purchasing department for some time.

Some more new faces: H. A. Hunter and Ben Smart, prominent figures of Audits and Accounts, are now handling the pre-audit of the Purchasing Division. They certainly don't intend to let our mistakes get out of our own office.

At the date of this writing, Betty Turner, secretary to Powell Combs, has not lived down the visit of one handsome A. & M. lad. As to how she got that burn on her cheek, ask Fred Turner or Dub Hair, as they have a pretty good version of their own. And Betty says he will be back in about two more weeks, too.

Here we want to give praise to L. D. Aten, who certainly doesn't let that ditto machine cool off. Norma Duncan and Viola Vance keep him well supplied with master copies ready to go off. And Travis Haynes really knows his stuff when it comes to getting those purchase orders ready for Mr. Sanders and Ordnance. Also Dovey Theadwell has a pretty big job on her hands, keeping the ditto copies and requisitions in the right channels when completed.

The fastest man in the whole of Purchasing is one John Oakes. He can cover the distance from the front office to the back office in one-half second flat.



Cowboys *Like* Christmas

Cold sober and dead broke, two tough cowpunchers
sing carols to a bunch of lousy sheep — and love it!



BY GEORGE AUTRY
Illustrated by Ignatz Sahula Dycke

It's Christmas time again—and I reckon I don't understand all I know about Christmas yet. There are a lot of plumb good people that don't even like Christmas. Some people are mighty unhappy because they can't get all the store bought things they want. Some folks that have got more money than they can keep dry think giving presents is a nuisance. There are even folks that spend the whole day making themselves miserable thinking about Christ being born in a manger instead of the court-house.

I reckon cowboys are different. They like Christmas! And it ain't absolutely necessary that they get drunk to enjoy Christmas. I've tried that, too. But about the best Christmas I ever remember having, I was cold sober and dead broke.

In the fall of that year, I was working with a wagon below the caprock, where I ran into an old long-legged, Roman-nosed, pig-eyed hombre that the fellows called Dude. I took a hiking to Dude right off.

He was one of them big, knotty-jointed critters that didn't say much but what he meant. His skin was leather, his lips were big and parched. He reminded me of an old, poor steer with a horn and a hip knocked down, standing in a bog.

Now anybody as ugly as old Dude would have to do something besides punch dogs better than anybody for me to like him—even if he was good. Well sir, that something in Dude's case was that he could sing. When I say sing I don't mean yodel and I don't mean opera—I mean just what I said. I know what singing is. I sing some myself. I couldn't sing like Dude could, but I wasn't as ugly as Dude was, either.

The day our wagon left with the cattle for home I tried to get old Dude to sign up with our outfit but he said "no" with a period. Then was when I suggested we

celebrate Christmas in Amarillo. He says "why not?"

Well sir, our outfit had plenty of work to do all that fall. I didn't have much time to think about anything, but when I would get the trested, the wettest, or the hungriest, somehow I'd always think "What the sam hill, it don't make no difference, me and Dude is going to raise old Billy Hell this Christmas." Right away then I'd feel better.

I was feeling like a kid about Christmas, even to thinking that it never would come. But it did finally, Christmas Eve morning I got up early, went over to the big house and drew my summer's wages. The cook fixed my breakfast and gave me a lunch to take along. Then I put on all the clothes me and the cook both had and struck out.

It was blue in the north and the wind was cutting rawhide when I headed in to it. I was riding old Tango and I was figuring on getting to town in spite of the weather. It was mid evening before the storm hit me. And if it hadn't been for me knowing old Dude was waiting for me I'd have taken for a gully and camped.

It was good dark when I stomped the snow off my boots on the board walk in front of the Fort Worth and Denver bar. When I opened the door and stepped inside the room was warm and stuffy. The light blinded me and the heat burned my face and my hands where the frost had got to them. The crowd was pretty noisy and no one seemed to have noticed me come in. I squinted at the crowd and headed for the bar—I didn't see a soul that I knew. I got a drink, took another quick look-see, then another drink, but that didn't help. I realized then that besides being a liar, old Dude just plain didn't tell the truth.

After a while I dropped over to one of the tables and got in the game. Not being in the mood for nothing

but celebrating, I soon lost my summer's pay. I was out of tobacco money, even, before nine o'clock. I was sitting over in a corner all by myself, twirling my tobacco sack to keep from going loco, when all of a sudden I heard the door open. I could feel the wind whip in and cut a path through the smoke from the door. I looked. The door was open but the door-way was still full—full of the orneriest piece of human flesh and wearing paraphernalia I ever hooked a naked eye over.

There was old Dude, damn his lousy hide! Squinting them beautiful, granulated eyelids at the light. By the time I got halfway across the room he sighted me. He was grinning when I pounded him a couple of bellows and bellowed at him. "Where the sam hill you been?"

"Ain't you drunk yet?" Dude said as he smiled.

Then somebody hollered, "Close the door, you Eskimos."

Dude closed the door and I suggested we have a drink. He just kept brushing the snow off his sheepskin. I suggested again we have a drink. Dude keeps on stalling. "I thought you wanted me to sing," he says.

I'm all mixed up. "Sing? sure I want to sing, and a lot of other things. Didn't I come forty miles by the way of the north pole to celebrate—it's Christmas, ain't it?"

"Then sure I got the place to celebrate Christmas," answers Dude. "That old broom-tailed horse of yours got enough bottom to make it to the canyon?"

"Hell fire!" I was still mixed up. "You ain't figuring on sticking your old bony carcass out in this kind of weather any more tonight, are you?"

"Fellow can't sing in a coop like this can he?" Dude was still teasing, but I could tell he had something else on his mind. He started buttoning up his old sheepskin. I bundled up and we took out—me asking questions. And it wasn't too dark for me to see the grin on his face.

The weather had begun to let up some and we had the wind to our backs. We were a couple of miles out of town before I had wiggled much out of Dude.

Seemed like on his way up to Amarillo Dude had run on to an old Mexican sheep-herder who thought he was having trouble. His sheep had been blinded with the ice and they were trying to drift. He had run out of stumps to burn and the cow chips were covered with snow. And his "Chica" was going to have a baby. Of course, all this wasn't no trouble after Dude came along. Dude helped the Mexican grab a few stumps, and promised that he would

have a doctor there pronto. But Dude explained that his horse was a cow horse and he couldn't do much about the sheep drifting. Then on his way to town he came by the parson's house and sent him out to take care of the Mexican's "Chica."

What got me was here we were heading right back to the sheepherder's shack in the middle of the night on Christmas eve, I still didn't know what for—and I told Dude so. But he just said, "We have got a little chore to do."

"It wouldn't be visiting nurse cow to a Spick baby, would it?" I asks.

"Kinda like that, only different," Dude answers dry-like.

"Me being a goose don't make me like going on goose chases on a night like this," I told him. All the time I knew this old boy had something in his head that he wasn't telling, or I would have given him some argument.

By the time we got to the sheepherders wagon, the wind had laid and the moon was shining bright as Lottie's eye. It was after midnight and there was a light in the Mexican's wagon. We pulled up and to our holler, "Hello," the Mexican threw back the tarpaulin door to where we could see in. What I saw there gave me goose pimples and hang nails all over. There was a new baby's cry and there was the mother in the soft lantern light. You could see the smile clear through the old sheepherder's big bushy whiskers and the old parson looked like one of the three wise men. The parson's horse and the Mexican's two burros were tied to the wagon wheels—and the damn sheep were everywhere. The old Mexican hailed us in. Me an Dude and the parson drank up a half gallon of black bean-coffee sitting around on our boot heels talking cowboy, while the old Mexican talked in Spick. It was then that Dude pointed to the "Little Chica" and in his best cowboy Mexican suggested the old man should name him "Jesus Cristo."

Pretty soon I got the answer to all them questions I had been asking Dude about this little chore of his. I caught on when Dude told the Mexican that we would have to be going if we got them sheep rounded up in time to celebrate Christmas. I was plumb mad but pretty soon it got funny. When we got outside Dude said, "You ought to be good for something. You can't catch a cow and you can't sing. Maybe I didn't lie to the old man when I told him you was a sheepherder."

Well sir, we got busy and when you think it's a picnic to find white sheep on white snow in the moonlight it would be just because you haven't tried it. It just can't be done unless you are as good as me and Dude and got the

kind of cow horses me and Dude had.

We hadn't been working them sheep thirty minutes till old Dude come by me singing and he sure was singing pretty. Some song I never heard before, seems like his Mama back in Missouri taught it to him when he was a yearling. The tune was powerful pretty and I got onto the words pretty soon and chimed in.

Anybody that has been to town more than once has heard whiskey tenors. Well, old Dude didn't have that kind of tenor. His voice was a cross between a fiddle and the wind noises in a deep canyon. Now my singing don't need no describing it is just plain Bull Durham alto. But you won't find no combination like you get when me and Dude gets together. I want to say right here we got together that night—me and Dude and the night and maybe the angels—and don't forget the sheep. I never saw so damn many sheep in so many places in my life.

We sang—

Si-lent night! Ho - ly night!

—and we drug it slow to the sway of our horses' gait and the rhythm of their hoofs crunching in the frozen snow.

All is calm, all is bright,

—just fit the moon on the snow that night and old Dude's voice seemed to half-cry and half-croon, like a mother's nursing song, when we sang—

*Ronald you Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so ten - der and mild,*

And my old Bull Durham alto just seemed to make a pallet for Dude's lead when we came to—

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

If I cried there wasn't no use in it—cause I was glad inside of me; but I would bet a horse and buggy that old Dude thought he was riding a stickhorse back in Missouri. He was straight in the saddle, his feet were forward and his head was back like he was riding to be thrown, and he sang prettier than ever—

Si - lent night! Ho - ly night!

All is calm, all is bright,

A sheep bell dinged and the damn sheep bleated a soft treble and they were in chard.

Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth,

Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Now, by God, when a cowboy can sing lullabys to a bunch of lousy sheep on a wintry night when he is hungry and broke and clear out of cooking whiskey, and swear it was the best Christmas he ever had—I still don't understand all I know about Christmas time.

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A SNEAK-BEAK



This watchbird is really too disgusted to Watch anything.

He is now counting to ten to keep from Swinging around and brooming this Sneak-Beak, who has been working right Hard since 8:30 a. m. writing letters To all his friends who flew South for the winter.

He snuk the office letter-head paper And every time he writes,

"Dear yellow-breasted Barn-Swallow,"

He decides it doesn't look just right. Tears the paper up and throws it

On the floor. He's costing his office a pretty penny

By so much foolish waste And he's just sloughing off the fact

That his office looks as though

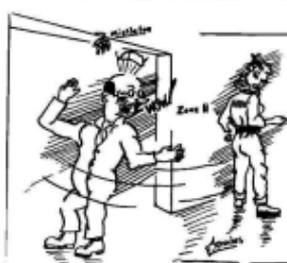
Two hogs lived in it.



THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING YOU!
WERE YOU A SNEAK-
BEAK THIS WEEK?

No Yes

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



WISHING EVERYONE A Merry
Christmas and A Safe New Year!

"Dear Teacher," wrote an indignant mother, "you must not whack Tommy. He is a delicate child, and isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense.



A Message to All Ordnance Personnel

For the coming Yuletide I would like to give each one of you a personal salute and wish you A Merry Christmas. During the past year you have done a magnificent job in Ordnance production, transportation, and maintenance. Even to persons accustomed to astronomical figures, the results are almost inconceivable.

This has required hard work by everybody concerned. For our effort thus far, I am sure the entire Army, the Nation and the United Nations are grateful.



L. H. CAMPBELL, Jr.,
MAJOR GENERAL, CHIEF OF ORDNANCE

