

PANTEX ORDNANCE PLANT
AMARILLO, TEXAS

Pantexan

March 15, 1943

Vol. 1

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS COR-
PORATION, PRIME CONTRACTOR

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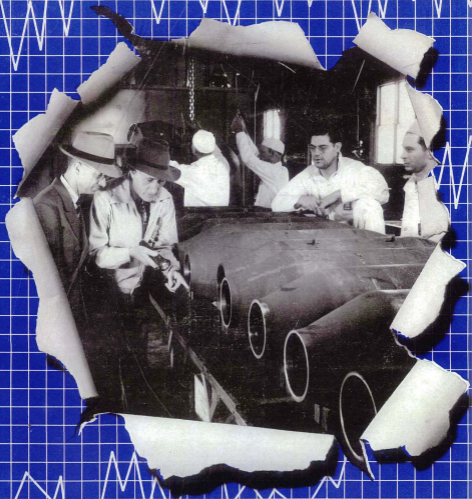
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Lt. Colonel Robert M. Bacher

New Commanding Officer

Commanding Officer of Pantex Ordnance Plant since March 6 is Robert M. Bacher, Lt. Col., Ordnance Department. Col. Bacher comes to this plant from the Wabash River Ordnance Works at Newport, Ind., where he had served as Commanding Officer from January 1942 until the present time.

Col. Bacher is a graduate of Texas A. and M. College, and before he went on active duty with the Army was a resident of Houston. As a civilian Col. Bacher worked with the Engineering Department of Humble Oil and Refining Co., and the City Bridge Engineering Department of Houston.

In 1934 he was assigned to duty with the Eighth Service Command, then designated Eighth Corps Area with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Pantex is Col. Bacher's third assignment to an Ordnance facility. He was first sent to the Baytown Ordnance Works at Baytown, Texas where he remained almost a year. He was then ordered to report to Wabash. It was at the Wabash Works that he received his promotion from Major to Lt. Col. in May 1942.

Asked for a comment concerning his new post at Pantex, the Colonel said, "I'd like to borrow a pertinent slogan from a wartime industry. 'If it doesn't concern the war, let's forget it.'"

Col. Bacher's wife and 8-year-old son, Newell, remain at their former home in Indiana but will move here as soon as possible.



Howard G. Philbrook

New General Manager

"Our mandate is to load ON TIME the BEST BOMBS with the HIGHEST DEGREE OF SAFETY at the LOWEST COST of any Ordnance Plant in the United States."

With this statement, Mr. Howard G. Philbrook, on March 6, 1943, began his duties as General Manager of the Certain-teed Products Corporation operation of Pantex Ordnance Plant.

Mr. Philbrook has served as Assistant to the General Manager since January 7, 1943. A native of Shelburne, New Hampshire, Mr. Philbrook had been, for the past two years, with the office of Production Management and War Production Board in War Production Board region No. 1, which is New England; and for the major portion of that time, War Production Board representative in the Springfield Ordnance District. He is a graduate of the University of Maine and received a B. S. degree in Electrical Engineering.

For approximately twenty-three years Mr. Philbrook was in the employ of Stone and Webster, Engineers and Operators of Boston, Massachusetts. During that time he was connected with many of their various organizations including engineering, construction, finance and management. He worked as Chief Executive for several of the corporations operated by Stone and Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. Philbrook have three children, Sgt. H. G. Philbrook, Jr., in the 503rd Parachute Infantry in Hawaii; Mrs. Carl F. Ingram, whose husband is with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., in Chicago; and Douglas A. Philbrook, with Todd Portland Shipbuilding Co., Portland Maine, engaged in building merchant ships for the Maritime Commission.

A man of quiet dignity, Mr. Philbrook has a friendly interest in the people of Pantex and their problems.



Major P. S. Irvine

Major Irvine To Scioto

March 1, 1943, not quite a year since P. S. Irvine, Major, Ordnance Department, was assigned to duty at Pantex Ordnance Plant, special orders from Washington sent him to a new post as Commanding Officer at Scioto Ordnance Plant, Marion, Ohio.

Major Irvine came to Pantex April 1942 as Executive Officer. He served in this capacity during the weeks of work incident to eventual operations at the plant. He was officially notified July 15, 1942 that he was to assume duties as Commanding Officer here.

Although no one could visualize a need for the plant during the years of peace that followed the last World War, Major Irvine was at that time getting the instruction that prepared him for his post here. He received his BS degree in Mechanical Engineering and his basic and advanced R.O.T.C. training at the University of Iowa. Later he served as Sergeant with the 185th Field Artillery, Iowa National Guard.

Major Irvine's last civilian position was as Industrial Engineer for three plants of the American Steel and Wire Company, Joliet, Illinois.

In October 1940 he was called to active duty and assigned to a training course on loading plants at Picatinny Arsenal. In November 1940 he was assigned to Elwood Ordnance Plant, as Transportation Officer, Engineering Officer, Army Inspector of Ordnance and Safety Officer. At Elwood he received his promotion to the rank of Captain, and as Captain Irvine came to Pantex.



H. J. Hartley

Mr. Hartley Leaves Pantex

On March 6, 1943, Mr. Bror Dahlberg, Chairman of the Board of Certain-teed Products Corporation, announced that since the operation and organization of the Pantex Ordnance Plant has been completed and organized to a steady operating basis, it is no longer necessary that the President of Certain-teed Products Corporation, Mr. H. J. Hartley, continue to devote his time as General Manager of Pantex.

Mr. Hartley came to Pantex in March of 1942, the early days of the plant's history, and has since then spent most of his time here. During that year, almost like magic a monstrous war plant sprang up and into production within five months and twenty-one days. He saw what was once an expanse of flourishing wheat farms grow into what today is the site of a huge war plant, which is producing eggs of death and destruction for the Axis.

On the spot when the first bomb was poured, Mr. Hartley expressed his joy and elation as production started weeks ahead of schedule. Under Mr. Hartley's management, Pantex Ordnance Plant brought big time production line industry to the Plains Country. This giant factory, sprawled over 14,987 acres of Texas prairie land has taken thousands of Panhandle folks from familiar peace time occupations into strange surroundings and undreamed of jobs. Furthermore, at Pantex, there have been welded together the interests of the industrial minded Easterner and the stoical Westerner through a common objective, that of winning the war.



Published on the 1st and 15th of Each Month by and for
Employees of

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

Lt. Colonel Robert M. Bacher - - - - - Commanding Officer
Howard G. Philbrook - - - - - General Manager

John R. Forkner - - - - - Editor
Betty Gose and Shirley Bershatsky - - - - - Associate Editors
Bob Canning - - - - - Staff Photographer

EDITORIAL STAFF

Bill Flocks - - - - - Ordnance	Anna Fay Rasco - - - - - Guards
Ida Sue Taylor - - - - - Ordnance	Lois Nance - - - - - Firemen
Meade Graham - - - - - Fiscal	Ann Cartwright - - - - - Operations
Iris Galloway - - - - - Personnel	Ralph Randel - - - - - PPC
Lera Bell De Fries - - - - - Purchasing	George Curtis - - - - - Zone 6
Marvin Dabbs - - - - - Auto Trans.	Bob Nelson - - - - - Zone 6
Nestie Gilliland - - - - - Cafeteria	T. J. Lyle - - - - - Zone 7
C. J. Novak - - - - - Stores, Field	E. W. Dyer - - - - - Zone 7
Madeline Offutt - - - - - Safety	Leslie Cobb - - - - - Zone 9
Dr. Anne Russell - - - - - Medical	Paul Karper - - - - - Zone 9
Argie Neill - - - - - 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.

Gardening for Victory—A Wartime Necessity

Last year home gardening was encouraged as a way to cut down living costs and help the general food situation. This year Victory Gardens are a war necessity.

It's easy to see why. The demand for food in this country has grown along with the vastly increased needs of our fighters at home and overseas, and to a much less extent, of our allies, wherever serious food shortages threaten their ability to smash our common enemies. To supply these various needs, other than civilian, will take at least half of the 1943 pack of the important canned goods, and possibly more. This means that war workers and other civilians will have to depend more and more on fresh supplies of these foods, whether they buy them at their grocery stores or raise them themselves.

In planning for a family Victory Garden the first consideration must be a suitable plot of ground, 30 by 50 feet or larger. The plot may be found in the backyard, or even the front yard of the householder. Vacant lots in towns and cities may be cultivated by a group arrangement, or a deal may be made with a nearby farmer on the outskirts to work part of his land as a community garden.

The second step is to know what to plant and when. The important vegetables for a well balanced, nourishing diet are the leafy green vegetables, the yellow vegetables, root vegetables that can be easily stored, and such vegetables as tomatoes, peas and beans, which can be eaten fresh or canned or dried. Home-canned foods are not counted in ration allowances. In planning gardens that will produce throughout the entire growing season, information can be secured by writing the U. S. Department of Agriculture for the publications "Victory Gardens," "The City Home Garden," and other bulletins.

Honor Roll

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

OPERATIONS

Robert B. Trostle, Army
Melvin F. Coleman, Army
Oliver E. Hill, Army
Jess A. Barnard, Army
Lloyd C. Smith, Army

STORES

Robert E. Robinette, Army
George Thornwell, Army
Ira E. Gattis, Army
Adolph L. Sykora, Navy
Peter L. Segó, Army

UTILITIES

Robert E. McGinnis, Army
Walter C. Watkins, Army
Jim D. Kee, Army

MEDICAL

Joan M. Daley, Army Nurse

The names above are listed in the order in which the men went into the armed forces according to date, during the period of February 15 through March 10. Others will be listed from time to time.

PROPAGANDA IN REVERSE

The Office of War Information has received the following story which is being circulated underground in Occupied Europe. Stories like this, passed from person to person, serve to keep up the morale of oppressed peoples:

Norwegian patriots in a Trondheim movie palace were astonished to see a propaganda film showing the German forces giving food to the Norwegian civil population. For a few minutes they were too amazed to speak. Then one of them stood up and cried, "Stop! You're running the film backward."

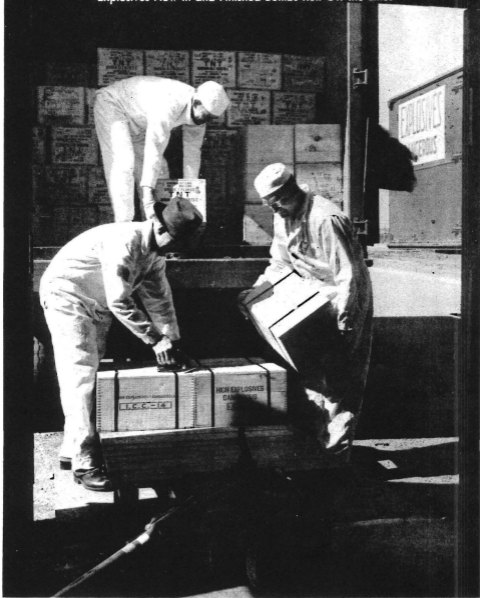
PANTEXAN'S COVER

The curtain of production, schedule and requirement figures is torn asunder to reveal one of the many activities of PPC Division. Line Scheduler, Don Kite, is shown examining a possible reject with the aid of a flash light held by Ordnance Inspector, Tom Fotheringham. Reading from left to right are Line Operators: F. A. Sammon (with his back to the camera) and Ted White, Foreman Tom Leonard and Aubrey O'Neil, Assistant Foreman.

If the reject can be repaired, PPC orders it off the line and when it is repaired, sends it back to the line for use.

Passing the Ammunition

Under the Direction of Production Planning and Control
Explosives Flow In and Finished Bombs Roll Off the Lines



Robert Smith (in truck) and Emory A. Haynes (right) unload a shipment of TNT at one of the line magazines. PPC Scheduler C. R. Hefley places a color card on each box to identify the ammunition lot number in which the component will be used.



John Knoph (center) manager of PPC division and R. E. Linder, manager of the Production Control Department (left), plan an ammunition lot schedule. Mrs. Katherine Pulley, Mr. Knoph's secretary, is busy with office detail.

By Ralph Randel

JUST AS THE PLAYS OF A FOOTBALL GAME are planned and timed to assure a minimum of lost motion, so is production at Pantex planned and timed by the Production Planning & Control Division.

Ordnance Department submits a monthly production schedule which is broken down by the Production Planning Department into a daily schedule, so that production may, so far as possible, progress at a regular pace throughout the month. This daily schedule enables Operations Division to adjust their personnel so as to be sure they have the necessary manpower to fulfill the schedule.

The Planning Department arranges production on a lot basis. The size of the lot is determined by the availability of usable components and their adaptability to Ordnance lot requirements. This material is consolidated into what is known as an ammunition lot. Monthly schedules are occasionally altered by Ordnance during the month and daily schedules must be revised to conform with such changes.

The Production Control Department directs the delivery of component materials to the load lines so they arrive at the proper point and time to be available when needed. In order to do this, the department keeps a scheduler on each

line who keeps in constant touch with the tempo of operations. He ascertains that the correct lot numbers, as set up by the Planning Department, are being delivered and ammunition lot requirements are being adhered to. The department also coordinates the production of the Ammonium Nitrate line with the load line requirements in order that an even flow of materials is assured.

The Control Department is responsible for having defective and rejected metal components sent to the machine

shop for repair and returned for use in the load lines. Rejections of all other components are reported by Ordnance and a reject record is maintained by the department. When a sufficient amount of these rejected components have accumulated, they are returned to Ordnance for disposition. All salvagable explosives are removed from the load lines and are held until a sufficient amount is accumulated for return to the manufacturer for reprocessing. So far as possible, all component lots are



Central Scheduler Ben Burchard (center) receives an order from a line scheduler while in conference with Chief Scheduler Ralph Randel (left). At right is Pauline Upham, typist.

used in their entirety to prevent an accumulation of tag ends. A record is maintained of all explosive scrap sent to the burning grounds.

The line scheduler might be known as an expeditor or "trouble shooter." Whenever trouble is found on any of the load lines, the line scheduler will probably be found. He keeps in constant contact with the central scheduler and together they assist in coordinating production activities at Pantex.

Production Planning Department prepares a Daily Recapitulation Report of all production. This report shows how many casings have been issued to the lines, the number transferred out of each cost center, the status of each bomb or booster on the line, and the number shipped from the lines. Supplementary information included on the report gives the number of men and man hours each shift, the total for the day, and the man hours per bomb or booster produced. Similar information is also prepared on the Ammonium Nitrate line. A daily Component Usage and Progress Report are made and copies of all reports are submitted to Ordnance and Pantex Management.

This Department is also responsible for maintaining an accurate inventory of all components and originating purchase requisitions according to Ordnance specifications whenever a minimum supply is reached.

Production Planning Department maintains a stock control of finished ammunition shipped out. Communications are maintained with the Ammunition Division at Washington and arrangements made for shipment of finished ammunition to destinations as directed by Ordnance. All orders for the ship-

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John Knoph, manager of PPC, with a "bit of Texas" in his dress.



W. D. Clawson, records and reporting clerk, operates a ticket counting machine.



O. W. Allison, planning department, checks component records with Jean Chance.



Line Scheduler E. S. Cary delivers production tickets to Line Operator M. J. Bellamy, WOW's Minnie Lee Smith (left) and Inez Thornton place tags on bomb casings.

Ordnance Department

By Ida Sue Taylor

Thru the Bombsight

The Ordnance Department of Pantex was introduced to Lt. Col. R. M. Bacher, our Commanding Officer, at a meeting of Ordnance personnel last Monday morning. Col. Bacher spoke briefly to the employees, emphasizing the importance of each individual's work in his closing words. "Remember, we all have a war to win." The Col. arrived here earlier this month and began his duties as Commanding Officer March 6 when Major Irvine was relieved of his post as Pantex Commanding Officer to assume command at Scioto Ordnance Plant at Marion, Ohio . . . George Parr was guest of honor and the inspection office acted as host to all Ordnance employees who dropped in at Room 265 Friday afternoon, March 6. The occasion was Mr. Parr's birthday, and guests filed by the Parr desk to receive cuts of a birthday cake and root beer. Mr. Parr himself, proudly bearing his 32 years, cut cake and received congratulations and best wishes. The cake, gift of the Inspection Division, was a masterpiece of flowery decorations and the confectionery inscription "Happy Birthday George 1943" . . . The Bombsight would rather be shot than scooped on news from its own offices but the Ordnance grapevine and a local newspaper have done it again. Still, just in case there is anyone who doesn't already know, Betty Barton and Bill Kennedy will be married sometime in April. (If possible we'll beat all other news agencies on the exact date, April 7.) Congratulations, Betty and Bill! And, congratulations to Engineering and Operations for having two out of the last three weddings in Ordnance . . . No one has mentioned any remarkable change in Verlane Cates but there must have been one since she was photographed for employment last summer. Only last week a front door guard almost refused admittance to Mrs. Cates because he didn't believe the picture on her badge was really she. (Was really her?) No, was really she . . . By now nearly all the department's employees have had their smallpox vaccination with only one casualty to date. This was Carl Hale, who reportedly fainted while receiving his insurance against disease. This is probably not true as the source was neither authoritative nor reliable . . . Howard Hunter has been keeping Audit and Accounts in a stew for the past few weeks with a new little moron joke



Alice Campbell

HER HUSBAND IS ON GUADALCANAL

Alice Campbell, stenographer and clerk for Ordnance Engineering and Operations, regularly receives a firsthand glimpse of the war situation on Guadalcanal.

These reports are letters from John Campbell, Alice's husband, who has been stationed there since the latter part of November. "Of course he can't write any details," Alice said, "but I can tell by the tone of his letters whether things are good or bad." Specifically the letters tell about the natives on Guadalcanal, the weather which is mostly rain, and a 6-foot lizard which adopted John and his tent-mates for keepers.

Speaking of natives, Alice is a native of Kansas. She came to Amarillo in March 1939 to work for Soil Conservation Service. In July 1942 she began her work with Pantex.

John is a petty officer in the Navy. He signed up in June 1942 and took his basic training at Norfolk, Va., and Davisville, R. I. He left the states for active duty in September of last year.

The Lord gave us to ends to use;
One to think with, and one to sit with.
The war depends on which we choose;
Heads we win, tails we lose.

at intervals of 15 minutes. His latest, a sure enough killer, is about the little moron who was dying in the kitchen, so he went into the living-room.

12,000 Stops ARE SAVED DAILY

Final results in the traffic survey conducted on the Pantex reservation during the past month revealed significant information concerning traffic in general in addition to information regarding changes brought about by the experiment with revised traffic regulations.

Changing traffic conditions at the plant site resulted in part from staggering of shift changes and from a reduction in the traffic load.

Plant traffic remains a factor deserving further attention, and additional changes—such as the introduction of a 20-mile speed limit in restricted and congested zones—are in prospect.

Traffic counts and calculations reveal several points in the area throughout the reservation past which upwards of



John Wisdom and Chief Youngblood

four thousand vehicles pass each day. This number does not include the movement of many motor transport vehicles and work trucks. So, it may be conservatively estimated that daily Pantex mileage is equivalent to at least one globe-girdling jaunt.

It is further estimated that the number of stops formerly made by this traffic at stop signs has been reduced by 80 per cent—a saving estimated to total some 12,000 stops and more than a hundred miles of low-gear driving per day. When converted into terms of gasoline, rubber and time, in these times of scarcity, this becomes significant indeed.

It is to the credit of Pantex drivers

(Continued on page 9)

The Reward Of Faithful Friday

It all began when Virgil Beavers, now in the Safety Department, was on the Amarillo Police Force and fingerprinted all the high school freshmen in 1938. That was what made R. Lawrence Sinclair hang around the Police Station as soon as school was out. He was tagged with the monicker, Friday, by Chief A. S. Harper because of his similarity to Robinson Crusoe's faithful shadow.

Now this enthusiastic young criminologist is working in the Investigation Department at Pantex as an Identification Officer. But Friday will soon be on the receiving end of fingerprinting when he is inducted into the Army, March 15.

This handsome 18-year-old is the youngest member of the International Association for Identification.

His associates in Investigation are loud in their praises of Friday. They hate to see him leave, and Pantex will miss him, too.

FAREWELL PARTY

Major P. S. Irvine and Mrs. Irvine were guests of honor at a buffet supper and party at the staff residence of Bill Flocks Saturday night, March 6.

As a farewell compliment to the Major on the occasion of his leaving to take up his new post as Commanding Officer at the Scioto Ordnance Plant, the military personnel of Pantex and Ordnance civilian residents on the reservation arranged the party.

Besides the honorees, those attending were Capt. and Mrs. R. M. Smith, Capt. and Mrs. Ben M. Davis, Lt. P. C. Reed, Miss Betty Faye Kearns, Lt. Thad Davids, Miss Betty Woolbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Ilo G. Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Flocks.

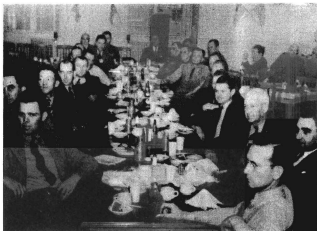
RECREATION FOR WOW'S

On March 17, at 8:00 p. m., a meeting of women employees of Pantex will be held at the Downtown USO, at 6th and Taylor Streets.

This meeting will have the purpose of making a survey of what recreational activities women Pantexians will be interested in. It is to be called "Ladies Night" and will consist of a general round table discussion after which refreshments will be served and those present will be able to use the USO games facilities if they wish.

Six such meetings have been scheduled, March 17, 24, 31 and April 7, 14 and 21; one every week until a complete survey has been made.

If it is so desired ample facilities are



The Utilities Department held a luncheon on Wednesday, March 10, at which all the superintendents and engineers were present. Mr. Jones, superintendent of Line Mechanics, spoke on the duties of the line mechanics in keeping the lines in operation. Present were Lt. Col. Bacher and Mr. Philbrook. These luncheon-meetings are held on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. After the meeting the Pantex orchestra entertained.

available for sports of all kinds. Certain nights will be set aside for softball, volleyball, badminton, dancing, card games, horseback riding and whatever else the women wish.

The Welfare and Recreation Department of Pantex and Mrs. Williams, Personnel Supervisor for the women on the lines are helping to sponsor the plan.

The activities are available to every WOW. A cordial invitation is accorded to attend these meetings.

12,000 STOPS

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that the traffic court presided over by Bill Flocks of Ordnance Safety and Bob Scott, comptroller, has had very little business of late.

In a letter to John E. Wisdom, Ordnance engineer in charge of the survey, R. C. Matthews, manager of Transportation Division, expressed his own and his drivers' approval of the reduction in the number of "Stop" signs.

To quote, "This change will not only conserve rubber, but also save on the 'wear and tear' of mechanical devices on our automotive equipment. We consider this change as a very wise decision and quite an improvement, and suggest that these signs remain permanently as they are now placed."

Actively cooperating in handling traffic problems are Guard Chief A. C. Youngblood, Capt. Carpenter and others of the guard force. Pantex guards are credited with valuable and revealing traffic counts during the survey.



Two Jumbo safety poster boards have been placed on the plant site by the Safety Department. Posters come from the National Safety Council and will be changed monthly.

P. P. C.

(Continued from page 7)

ment of ballistic samples to the proving grounds are given by the department.

The Production Planning & Control Division is, therefore, a nerve center of actual operations at Pantex. Through the Division's records it is possible to check any component as to amount, location, and availability. All move orders for these components are originated in the Division.

The nature of these varied activities places PPC in the position of a coordinating Division between Ordnance, Management, Stores Division and Operations Division.

The Second Victory

A talk at the formal opening of
PANTEX ORDINANCE PLANT

by

BROR DAHLBERG

Chairman of the Board
CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION

October, 1942



LET ME COMMEND the men and women who have done and are doing such splendid work on this great plant. You have helped make possible the start of production far ahead of schedule. That is a great achievement and you can be justly proud of it.

But the real job has only begun. We must do more than merely build a plant. That plant must produce to the limit of its capacity. I know everyone in our organization is determined to see that this is accomplished.

I want to thank the people of Texas for the hospitality extended to all of us who were strangers here. We were strangers but I am sure none feels like a stranger now. Your civic organizations, your business men and your citizens have played an important part in the accomplishment of our purpose.

We are here to make the materials for war.

Terrible as war is, let us remember that a streak of hope lights the far horizon. It is history that widespread wars are followed by forward leaps in human progress. It seems as though Providence feels sorry for the world's suffering and devastation and tries to make up for it. So it will be with this war. Just as its magnitude is overshadowing all conflicts in history, so are there already unmistakable signs that the surge to follow will far exceed any postwar advance of the past.

This war did not begin for us on that quiet Sunday morning when Jap bombs blasted Pearl Harbor. It did not begin the day Hitler sent his tanks rolling across the borders of Poland. It did not begin at Munich. Nor at the march into the Rhineland. It began in the Twenties. The world was seeking to rebuild upon the ruins of World War I. It found that old economic and social systems did not supply enough food, clothing, shelter and other essentials for

satisfactory living. From a standpoint of things learned in World War I, tremendous advances were made in technology and machine production, yet the world seemed unable to translate these advances into satisfactory action. Most of Europe and Asia struggled helplessly against hunger and want. Governments and economic systems tottered or fell in Russia, India, China, Italy, Germany, Spain and Japan. Impoverished millions cried desperately for someone who would give them economic freedom. That was Hitler's promise to the Germans. At the same time America was riding the crest of false prosperity. But the same world forces were at work here. In 1929 the wave collapsed and we, too, looked for someone to lead us out of failure and despair.

Then came the decade of 1930. Instead of progressing toward the solution of its problems, the world moved steadily toward war. Europe found itself in the hands of dictators; free speech was choked by censorship and propaganda; free trade was hampered by suspicions, jealousies and impossible customs barriers. Armaments began to replace butter.

In the United States people rapidly lost faith in the ability of the machine system. They saw poverty in the midst of plenty. They discovered that our genius for mass production of automobiles, radios, refrigerators, failed to give even the necessities of life to millions of families. The right of free men to work for a living meant little when there were not enough jobs to go 'round.

Then came WPA, unemployment relief, social security, old age pensions. These and other efforts attempted to patch up the widening cracks in our economic structure. Higher taxes were imposed to support those for whom no jobs were available. These measures alleviated the pains wracking our economy. They did not cure them. Today the war has immobilized the forces of evolution.

When the war ends, these forces will be unleashed with increasing vigor.

If we can produce the necessary goods and create full employment to satisfy our war time needs, the American people will demand that our economic system shall function equally well with the return of peace. If our system of free government and free enterprise does not meet the demand for goods and full employment, there may arise a government by force and we may lose the freedom we now fight to defend.

There seem to be many who think it impossible to build a better world, that we human beings are too selfish and too stupid to bend the forces of evolution to our own betterment. This I do not believe. We have a choice of the road to travel and the wisdom to guide ourselves along it.

At the war's end, we will have a production amount of over \$150 billions per year. It will be achieved because all of us — labor, government, management and capital—have united our efforts. If we maintain this same unity in peace time, we shall enter an era that is closer to Utopia than anything man has yet known.

Utopia of course cannot be reached solely through economic development. The problem is human, religious, moral, social and political as well. There must be a renaissance of that true spiritual courage which inspired our Pilgrim Fathers to work together for the common good. But I want to outline some of the economic measures that can point our life toward this Utopia. We must:

(a) Utilize our full productive capacity. The economy of scarcity must be abandoned once and for all.

(b) Arrange work and employment so that every person can have a productive job with adequate pay and can buy the products of full production.

(c) Give the consumer the benefits of full production and distribution. This

(Continued on next page)

will enlarge the markets and bring better living conditions to all our people.

(d) Preserve private initiative. Man's incentive to better himself is the very foundation of private enterprise. Without this incentive there ceases to be any direct reason for individual progress.

(e) Think and work. Work and think. Then think and work some more. We like to say that all men are born free and equal. Many people think this means that all are entitled to equal reward. That is false reasoning. One man works, strives, thinks, produces; another slirks, lags and coasts along. The latter is not entitled to the same reward because he does not contribute equally.

If we achieve the goals that can be ours immediately after this war, we will win a second victory and a tremendous one. We will conquer our own fumbling inability to take advantage of the technical wonders our engineers, our chemists and our physicists are giving us. Then we can truly roll up our sleeves to erase the slums; build low priced, comfortable homes; supply all our families with automobiles and turnpikes where they can drive speedily and safely; make airplanes that will swiftly ferry us to all points; eliminate the smoke and dust that drench our industrial centers; make new advances in medicine, plastics, synthetics and physics. We will learn how to improve our health and lengthen the lives of ourselves and our children. We will learn that nine-tenths of our ills are unnecessary; that we need not drag through our weary way, plagued by aches and pains. Farmers and all of us will benefit by revolutionary advances in soil and plant chemistry, cultivation methods, seed culture, stock breeding and automatic machinery. Everybody will work, but the hours will be shortened. There will be leisure for recreation and culture, for outdoor sports, vacations, for every man, woman and child.

If we fail to win these goals, our technical skill will wreck us. Our very ability to produce will boomerang back at us.

The choice is ours. The old world is dead. We might as well get busy and help make a new one.

HE WAS GLUM



Blue Monday continued around to Tuesday for Clay Willis, Payroll chief, as he watched his department's bowling team drop two on March 2. He could have sworn they would take first.



The league leacers in the Pantex Bowling League are the men of Field Stores team. Shown above they are (left to right) P. Woodson, C. M. Styles, Lonnie Price, Ralph Groves, C. J. Novak, and Bill Colville. The team percentage is 704 and personal averages of individual men are: Novak, the top man, with 173; Price and Colville, both with 162; Styles with 160; Groves with 150 and Woodson with 148. Elwood Hicks, not in picture, averages 133.

Burning Up the Alleys

The Pantex Bowling League rolled into some hot play as three teams battled it out for first and second place. On March 2, Stores was leading with 15 won and 16 lost; while Payroll and Transportation were tied for second with 14 won and 7 lost. Excitement ran high as Stores clinched first place by winning 2 and losing 1 as Payroll dropped 2.

On Tuesday night, March 9, Payroll pulled up to where they need only one game to tie the league leading Stores team. The team standings, as of that date are. Stores 1st with 19 won, 3 lost and a percentage of 704. Payroll is second with 18 won, 9 lost and a percentage of 667. Transportation, in third

place, has 17 won, 10 lost and their percentage is 630. Following are Safety, Personnel, Purchasing, Police, Vouchers Payable, Fiscal and Auditors in that order.



Lindsay

Sgt. Richard J. Lindsay of the Police is high man with an average of 182. Next are Milligan of Safety with 181, and Altman of the same team with 179.

The league bowls every Tuesday night, and you can bet that they'll be burning up the alleys from here on.



Singing all the way, the Pantex Basketball team, the Personnel bowlers and some of the Pantex orchestra took a bus to Dumas, Texas, Thursday night, March 4. The cagers played the Cactus Ordnance works five, losing 38-34; while the keglers indulged in some friendly bowling.

Waste Nothing

NEVER AGAIN SAY "IT'S NOT WORTH REPAIRING" OR
"IT'S NOT WORTH SAVING". CONSERVE EVERYTHING



AMERICA HAS LONG BEEN the land of plenty, and, perhaps as a result, America has long been the land of waste. It is understandably difficult for the average workman to re-orient himself to a situation where many things are practically unobtainable, and waste of any kind is an unpardonable crime.

At Pantex, as everywhere else in the country, the need for conservation becomes increasingly great with each succeeding day of war. It is only by this means that necessary operations can continue smoothly.

As stated in a letter from the office of the chief of Ordnance, Field Director Ammunition Plants, "No longer can the expression 'not worth repairing' be used with reference to an item which represents a fair amount of material, manpower, and machine tool hours.

"The fact that there is a spare in the storehouse should not be permitted to prejudice the answer to the question of whether or not to repair. The spare is in the storehouse to prevent production time loss, not to encourage waste."

The company, at present, has an efficiently organized conservation plan that is doing much to cut down on needless waste. In every zone there are Materials and Supply men whose job it is to inspect all equipment and take every broken item that can possibly be repaired to the machine or wood-working shops. These men also have further preventive functions in that they watch for signs of weakening and catch them before breakage actually occurs.

In the Carpenter Shop, all types of wooden objects are repaired. Many things that might have been thrown away are here given a new lease on life.

In the Machine Shop, too, a large section is given over to the repair and proper maintenance of objects fashioned from those rare and precious metals, so difficult to obtain these days.

Constant lubrication of all machinery; thorough periodic check-ups of motor vehicles, also play their part in POP's conservation program.

Conservation, however, does not mean only repair and maintenance. It means a continuous re-use of items which would ordinarily have been thrown away. It means constant care of containers so that they can be used again and again. In the Salvage Yard, everything that cannot possibly be repaired is sorted and stacked so that there is a supply of metal, wood, cans and boxes that can be drawn from to fashion other articles. Nothing new is used when something from this supply can fill the need.

Also, every attempt has been made to utilize the things that were on the reservation before Pantex moved in. All three corrals have been built almost completely from lumber left over after the building of the plant. Fencing has been saved and used again. The water tanks and windmills of the old farmsteads are in use on the reservation now. Old farm machinery was taken apart and certain parts are being used again on the Grounds Department machines. Unusable pieces went into the scrap pile. Nothing has been wasted. Even the trees are being dug up and transplanted where they can bloom and bear fruit again.

And, finally, the Army periodically sends trucks to remove all metal scrap that is definitely unusable. Lumber, too, that is too small or rotted for damage, can be taken by farmers or other private individuals to build and repair chicken coops, fences or other such necessary constructions.

This, then, is the organized effort of Pantex Ordnance Plant toward the furthering of the conservation program. But all this is not enough. What are you, as an individual, doing? Do you just sit back and figure that the company can take care of everything? Or do you keep your eyes open and your brain working for every possible way you can conserve?

Are you a worker out on the lines? Then you can conserve needed tools and materials. Work carefully, try to lessen breakage. Everytime a tool has to be repaired, its life and efficiency are shortened. Report all breakages and weaken-

ings immediately. The longer something goes without repair, the less effective that repair will be. Be sparing in the use of vital materials. You can cut down if you try.

Is your job maintenance? Time was when you could take a handful of nails, nuts, bolts, or screws, use some and judge the remainder not worth putting back. Now, you probably realize that if that practice should continue, there might not be enough for the next job.

Do you drive a motor vehicle? The materials used in your job are among the scarcest of all. Gasoline, fuel oil and rubber must be carefully conserved. Besides obeying the regulations, try and see how much more you can do towards saving these supplies.

Are you in an office all day? You might think that the things you use aren't very important, but if every member of office personnel were to conserve what is normally wasted, the savings would amount to thousands of pounds of necessary materials. In sending inter-office mail, use the envelope line closest to the top, and don't seal them. Remove the old staples. You can save paper by single spacing and narrower margins. Use the backs of old papers for scrap work; and conservation minded people frown on the habit of writing a line, cross it out, crumple the paper and take a new sheet. Don't throw away a pencil when you've only used half of it; and chewing the end isn't good either for the pencil or the teeth. Treasure your erasers and rubber bands—they're the last for the duration. Don't use two clips, staples or rubber bands where one will do; and remove them before filing or discarding material. Remember that any that are too bent or broken make good scrap. Don't be a hoarder. Order only what you need, houseclean your desk and salvage your scrap. And everyone, everywhere, no matter what their job, can save on fuel and power by turning off all unnecessary lights.

Save, Salvage, and Conserve—these three words must be indelibly printed upon the brain of every true American.

It's Up to You

Conservation is an Individual Responsibility

The Transportation Department drivers know how important the materials they use are. Lewis Shaffer is inspecting the tires on his station wagon. He's going to be sure that he, for one, is conserving. He keeps well within the 35-mile limit and remembers the precious rubber in his tires when he stops, starts, and turns corners. He knows that running his motor unnecessarily wastes fuel—and you can be sure that any car he drives gets regular periodic check-ups.



C. C. Bonds, Materials and Supply man in Zone 6, is inspecting a tail-plate wrench. These wrenches are used in tightening the bomb tails, and the great force that has to be exerted on them frequently breaks certain portions. Mr. Bonds takes these broken wrenches to the Machine Shop where they are repaired. These tools are made of metal, and everyone knows how valuable metal is, so they just keep on fixing them instead of rushing to the Supply Room for new ones.



All the cafeteria personnel tries very hard to conserve on fuel. Mr. Sayles, cafeteria head, is always on the lookout for ways to save, and his staff is cooperating heart and soul. Marguerite Boarts is turning out the lights as she leaves. The next person in can turn them on again if it is necessary; and they never keep an entire battery of lights burning when only one end of the room is being used. Of course, they're careful to conserve their eyesight, too.



E. A. Telford, Superintendent of the Grounds Department, is extremely conservation-conscious. He tries to utilize every available bit of scarce material on the reservation. He even saves the tines from forks found on the old farms so he can have spares for his departments' machinery. His men treasure all wheels, gears and other metal pieces very carefully.



Mr. Telford would like to have some pigs on the reservation so that even the cafeteria refuse could be put to a useful purpose.

The manufacture of TNT boxes represents quite a bit of materials, manpower, and machine hours. So, when they arrive at Pantex, they are handled very carefully. C. S. Ray, Magazine worker at Zone 9, is cleaning a TNT box. When thoroughly cleaned the boxes are loaded on trailers and go to the railroad where they are packed and returned to the shippers. There they are re-used, thus effecting an appreciable saving in both vital supplies and labor.



In the Ammonium Nitrate plant, they use cans to carry the lumps of crystallized Ammonium Nitrate up to the Hispan room. When T. J. Lyle, Technical Ass't in Zone 7, needs some more cans, he doesn't put in a requisition for new ones, but goes down to the Salvage Yard. There he has a large selection of used containers in good condition. These once held paint, cleaning fluids or lubricants; but well cleaned, they admirably serve their new purpose.



Most of the fencing used at Pantex is made of wire, salvaged from the farms that were on the reservation before it was taken over by POP. A. E. Rogers, foreman of the grounds, knows how hard it is to get new metal fencing. He's being very careful of vital supplies in the fences for Pantex Village.



When the stools on the Booster line break, they present a real conservation problem. Ralph H. Campbell, Materials and Supply man, periodically inspects the stools and takes them to the wood-working shop for repair. If a new stool had to be bought everytime one broke, it would be impossible to keep Zone 6 supplied.



Jewell Lewis, Mr. Carlson's secretary, asked for two quires of stencils, but C. W. Thomlinson, storekeeper, wants to know if she's sure she needs that many. Of course Jewell wouldn't really take more than she needs, because most Pantexians realize that hoarding supplies creates artificial shortages, and doesn't help the conservation program a bit.



Office scrap, though small in the size of the items, is very valuable in its composition. So very many of office supplies are made of metal and rubber. Ida Sue Taylor, Ordnance Librarian in Mail and Records, keeps a box into which goes every bit of scrap that cannot be used, which she turns over to the salvage drive. Of course, she'll be glad to take care of your scrap—but why not start a scrap box of your own?



Did You Say Prairie Dog?

JUST MENTION THE LITTLE CREATURES AND
YOU'LL HEAR A NEW AND DIFFERENT STORY

INTERESTED OBSERVERS of the building of Pantex Village are perhaps unaware that there is another village on the reservation, inhabited by folk who are not occupied with bombs. These Pantexans, without badge or POP number, are the prairie dogs.

These strange little animals are a good deal like squirrels and do not belong to the dog family at all. They are probably called dogs because of their bark. Many and conflicting are the stories you hear about them.

Guard Y. L. Waldrop will tell you that prairie-dogs are mean and vicious. His wife was once bitten very severely by one that was kept as a pet. He, and many others, say that if you should kill one, the others will come out and drag him back again. You also hear that in every prairie dog village there is one hole that goes to water—that rattlesnakes live in abandoned prairie dog holes, and that prairie owls live right along with the dogs.

Guard Jesse Scale knows of prairie dogs that are good pets. Gentle and lovable, they are very playful in their habits.

Prairie dogs are very clean, but they're vicious and destructive, according to E. A. Telford, superintendent of the Grounds Department. They eat the roots of all native grasses and eat the tops as far down to the ground as they can and do no known good except to loosen the soil by their tunneling. Mr. Telford

says that prairie dogs do not dig down to water and he has never found a dead one on the surface. They are supposed to be very edible and are considered a delicacy by the Indians. As far as he knows, there are almost no rattlesnakes at Pantex, though the men of the Grounds Department have killed one or two during Pantex's early days. He believes that the dogs keep sentinels at outposts who signal the approach of danger by wiggling their tails and barking. The Grounds Department may have to exterminate them if they show any signs of destroying the Pantex crops and Victory gardens.

In Louis T. Moberly, general foreman in Grounds Department, we have a man who is well qualified to speak on the prairie dog. He majored in Botany, minored in Zoology at Kansas State College, and has always been interested in the little animals of the plains. The prairie dog, he says, belongs to the rodent family, and is characterized as a burrowing animal by the long front teeth.

They live mainly on grasses and some insects, and get their water mostly from their food. They chiefly inhabit the great plains region. They are extremely destructive of native grasses and farmers dislike them because they cut the grass that supports the cattle. The prairie dog makes pretty good eating, says Moberly. The reason more people don't try a dish of prairie dog is probably because of the name. Rattlesnakes, prairie dogs and prairie owls definitely do not live side by side. They are entirely separate forms of life and leave each other strictly alone. The reason for the belief in the stories that

they live together is simply that the snake and owl live in abandoned holes close enough to the dog village to look as though they were a part of it. Also, the legend regarding dead prairie dogs being dragged back by the others has sprung up for a very simple reason.

The prairie dog very rarely gets far away from his hole. When shot, he will naturally fall backwards and thus disappear into his burrow. Mr. Moberly believes that dead prairie dogs that do not do so are probably eaten by a hawk or some carnivorous animal.

A prairie dog village looks like a number of small mounds close together.

These mounds are embankments thrown up around the holes so that high water will not drown out the little inhabitants. The holes are actually openings to a series of connecting tunnels in which the colony lives. On approaching a prairie dog village, one can see only the heads above the mounds. You can approach so far and no further. As soon as the visitor gets too close, the sentinel will bark his signal, the tail will wiggle for a moment, and he'll disappear down his hole. The others, further away, will remain just as they were until you get near them, when they in turn will go through the same procedure.

The prairie dog will venture out only for food, and then only for a short distance. When an area is entirely cleared of vegetation, the whole colony will move on.

Drop in and visit at Prairie-dog Town sometime. It is located on Pantex Drive north of Zone 11.

Though we can't guarantee a rousing welcome we're sure you will be thoroughly entertained.



WE'RE BOOSTERS

Vice Versa Shift—By George Curtis

We tetryl-eaters are rapidly becoming a lot of shiftless souls. With the change coming every two weeks, it is getting to where a man can't call a shift his own. For two weeks we watch the sun come up and then watch it go down for two weeks. We can't decide which we like better. However, all are glad that there's no graveyard.

The 3-11 swing hours certainly make up a perfect lazy man's shift. Nothing to do when you get home but sleep and nothing to get up for in the morning. Still, if one wishes he can barely get into town five minutes before they roll up the sidewalks and he has nearly all the next day to sleep.

The day shift, hours 7-3, is the sleepless one. Over the four week period, the total sleep averages out, but the 35-40% gained on this shift leaves some bleary eyes in the morning. The eyes open with the sun's rising, about 8:30.

The girls have decided that our work stools are not comfy enough. We are putting in our order for plush arm chairs and rockers with head and feet rests provided. Of course, this is all subject to Safety and Ordinance approval.

Everyone is busy and happy. We boast of having the best bunch and the highest morale on the reservation. We may be small but we are mighty, like Joe Tetryl, our patron saint.

The spring days before the last cold spell, brought forth talk of baseball. We would like to make a diamond in the back yard (also with Safety and Ordinance approval.)

Versa Vice Shift—By Bob Nelson

Singing on the Booster Line produces the same effect as cod-liver oil does to infants. It brings some of the necessary sunshine into our daily routine. Saturday the clean-up crew sang with so much gusto, that even the staidest members did some crooning. At times there were many tunes used on the same song, but the idea went a long way. The girls in the leading boys have discovered that the best way to get pellets is to sing love songs to the powder boy. Just ask West if you want to know more. All the singing, however, is not for pellets—Oh, those new shoes!

Here's an ode to the ones who left Zone 6 to back inside the walls of Zone 10. We miss the cheerful willingness of "B." to trade positions with; the sunny disposition which belonged to Camp; Wally's baby talk; Ferdinand's troubles; the noise made by "Lightning"; the yarns that were told by Walma; Mac's cooperation; the swollen eyes of Ina; the whistle of Gregg; the speed of Reid; Josephine's giggles; and the shy and demure Banta. Good luck to you all. Our loss is Zone 10's gain.

It is known fact that R. H. (Speedy) Campbell ran last in the Zone 6 fire drill. A plaque of one of Bing Crosby's horses is being presented him for his efforts.

Genial smiling Olsson Sweat, our Material Foreman in Zone 6, is leaving us for service with Farm Service (sounds like greener pastures). We all say Good Luck.

Peace, quiet, and tranquility is enjoyed by Mr. Poelster and family, since moving to the plant site and the sunrise is magnificent out here too, says he. We know too.

Likable, industrious Pete (deadweight) Hodgson, Foreman of Tetryl Dept., has just about worn out the scales in 6-8 seeing about that extra two pounds the Navy is asking him to add. Pass another stalk of bananas, Admiral.

THINK BEFORE YOU TALK!



ON THE MOVE

By Marvin Dabbs

Mr. Five by Five (Hancock) makes his easiest money by standing on his head on a stool and charging twenty-five cents cover charge.

We regret to lose Martha Ogle from our list of chauffeurettes. She is now working with TWA at the reservation counter in the Herring Hotel.

Cleo Traywick, another of our chauffeurettes, will be leaving soon. Her plans are to be married on the 14th of March at Pampa, Texas.

Why do all the customers who come into the Bus Terminal stop to listen. Could it be that Jerry Neal is laughing—or was that Mr. Hancock?

P. P. C.

By Ralph Randel

The smallpox vaccination wave left in its wake a varied assortment of reactions both mental and physical as well as medical. Some proudly boasted of a negative reaction while others consoled themselves with a plus one or two. The "untouchables" were inconsolable and their arm slings and crutches cast a pallor of gloom along their labored pathway.

E. S. Cary, Line Scheduler on Line 2, fought a brilliant but losing delaying action. The third day after the angry virus started working on him he dragged his fevered and pain-racked body home. In view of the fact that Cory is an inveterate checker player of sub-cellular championship status, he will doubtless use his vacation to a good advantage. His co-workers fear, however, that his indisposed state will seriously interfere with his major indoor sport that consists of walking the floor with his three months old daughter.

Richard L. Douglas, Line Scheduler, suffered a severely wrenched knee and sprained wrist as the result of a fall on Line 2. Ice had formed in the ramps from snow drifting in during the recent storms. Douglas was on his way to Building 15 on his regular line check when the insecure footing caused his injury. He is confined to the Pantex Hospital at the time this column is written. His condition is satisfactory and he expects to be back helping compose tender messages for the Axis very soon.

Thumbnailettes: Fred Corder and his subtle manner; H. C. Norman and his Adonis appearance; R. E. Linder and his Olympian dignity; W. C. Clawson and his graveyard shift pallor.

GUARDS

By Anna Fay Rasco

Last week ye ole reporter was late with this column. In this issue I want to make up for that lost space. Stand by, please.

This department will miss those pleasant smiles of Sergeant M. A. Morgan, who resigned this week to begin work in Amarillo. Good luck, Sergeant!

You who have attended the Pantex dances have heard "Pappy" Calboun play piano and the "vibs." Where have you heard talent like this before? Only in the Pantex Guard Dept. my friend.

Have you ever played tag on roller skates? Ask Champion Sergeant Arthur about "how not to land."

I like that nickel machine in the cafeteria. There is nothing that helps one's food digest like good music. For example: "Summit Ridge Drive"—Yeah man. Don't forget, music-minded people are the happiest.

Happy birthday to: Captain Wurster, who had his 24th birthday and still looks under 40, and to Lieutenant Harrod, who had his 25th birthday and still has all of his teeth.

It's people like these . . . Fred (Pop to us) Hammer who always has time for a kind smile and a fine "how do you do" for every one. And Cecil Ford who has a good "mille" voice, and saves it often.

My ambitions . . . to have a match collection to compare with that of Woody Reinmiller, who has over 8,000 folders. Some of these have been sent him by a cousin who is with the U. S. Navy in foreign service. Each one has a brief history, and one that is very interesting to hear. To be able to bowl half as well as Sergeant Cox. That would be a score of 150. To be an arranger of beautiful bouquets like Lieutenant Baldwin. Yes, that can mean two kinds of bouquets, but the one I refer to happens to be a bouquet of flowers. First time I ride in a float of roses or gardenias I want Lieutenant Baldwin to do the decorating.

Did you notice that Wednesday morning, March 3rd, at about 7:45 the moon was shining at the break of day? Quite a beautiful sight to behold, the change from night to day.

CURTAINS FOR "DOLPHUS"

By Kenneth S. May, Guard

This bigoted Hitler creature who persists He is a man

But would faint set himself up as a god

And run rough-shod

O'er lesser nations of the land

Fighting for power, mercilessly he kills with fury unceasing

Like rolls of thunder

Leave us to wonder,

Is he a man or, is he a beast?

His fighting fiends, goaded by the blue

prints of an evil mind

Fight on without a pause,

On for the glorious "cause,"

Ruin and destruction they leave behind.

But alas! I peer into the crystal ball

and soon will come the day

When nation against nation to diminish

We will be on top at the finish

In the good old American way!

The U. S. A. is full of fighters, and fighting

for peace are we,

With U. S. Bonds,

And Pantex Bombs

We'll rule o'er land and sea.

Fighters for peace are we, and proud!

A war we've never started,

So it's bombs, planes and guns

As down go the Huns—

Peace is ours, and war is departed.

SAFETY DIVISION

By Bottle

The outstanding news item from the Safety Department was the trip of its Chief Safety Engineer, Joe Steensas to the Fifth Annual Southern Safety Conference, held this year on March 1 and 2 at Memphis, Tenn. Lt. Thad Davis, Ordnance Safety and Security, accompanied him. As a result the whole Department has been trying out the samples of soaps, salves, face shields, etc., which they brought back from the exhibits.

May we remind Harley Goetsche, Safety Engineer on Zones 6 and 7, that the best method of finding out if a window has a screen on it is by putting a hand through it. Imagine Mr. Goetsche's surprise when he reported that a number of windows on these lines were not screened only to learn that he just hadn't examined them thoroughly enough.

PRIZE YOUR EYES

Joe Vernon, Kenneth Smith (Safety Engineers), Bill Flocks, Lyle Pemberton (Ordnance Safety and Security), and A. H. Scheldrup (Operations) are out to promote a Polo Team. Anyone interested in such competition, please contact Ramp Tramp Joe as he is all ready to swing that mallet.

The members of the Safety Committees on Zone 6 have become enthusiastic about a new type Dust Respirator, manufactured by the American Optical Company. At their last meeting F. L. Poelcher announced that 100 of these respirators had been purchased on their recommendation. This respirator is lighter weight, about half the cost of the one now in use, and requires no filters. After 12 days of use by L. W. Mowry, 1.15 grams of tetryl were found in the respirator, thus, showing the necessity for wearing such protective equipment and its efficiency in keeping the dust from poisoning the body.

A MINUTE FOR SAFETY IS BETTER THAN A MONTH FOR REPAIRS.

WAVE Olivia Eastus has been made Director of the WAVE Choral Section and has big plans for a broadcast sometime in the near future.

Brunnett McClendon insists upon spelling it "Goggles" in his reports. Goggles or goggles, it's still safer to wear them if you want to keep seeing. Which reminds us, the Safety Committees on Zone 9 are to be commended for passing a rule making wearing of goggles and face shields compulsory in those operations where they are needed.

Two figures seen limping down the halls of the Administration Building—Nancy Colley and Russell S. Munro. One week-end spring came and these two, unbeknown to each other, answered with a canter. Monday morning their usually friendly greeting was only a MOAN and GROAN.

AVOID HORSEPLAY

J. B. Walling, Director of Safety, is breaking in a mighty handsome pair of cowboy boots—what we want to know is how many 17 coupons did they cost.

CRYSTALS FROM ZONE 7

By E. W. Dyer (this time)

Here we are again, right in the midst of smallpox vaccinations. Our blonde sunbeam secretary, Margie Welch, turned in the names of those persons not having received the inoculation—her name was not on the list. So today she was escorted quietly (scratching and yelling) over to First Aid to receive that of which she had deprived no one else. Yes, it took both of us. Now her arm will be bandaged up like her neck was a few days ago.

T. J. Lyle offered his assistance to the

LOOSE TALK COSTS LIVES!



THE MELTING POT

By Iris Galloway

We are glad to have Juanita Hutchinson back after her absence of a month during which time she got rid of a pesky appendix. We are a little worried, though, about her loss of weight—she wasn't exactly husky to begin with. Anyone wanting to donate vitamin pills, your help will be appreciated.

We don't know precisely what the deal is, but Paula Dumas and Merle Bickersstaff seem to have oodles and gobs of fun coming out to work every morning. It has something to do with a carload of soldiers who leave town via the same street the girls do . . . and you know how friendships will spring up!

Ruby Williams left March 4 for Hereford to be with her father who was seriously ill with pneumonia at the time of this writing. We all extend our sympathy to Ruby.

From all appearances, Nancy O'Neal is a confirmed admirer of Harry James and his music. At any rate, she saw a certain show about five times just because he was in it. James should be proud . . . nobody ever had a prettier public.

If you want to see a really GORGEOUS piece of jewelry, just take a gander at the lapel watch Frances Kempe is wearing these days. Don't know who gave it to her, but it MUST have been Santa Claus.

We miss Della Royal, but we also enjoy her. It ain't just everybody who can retire . . . and take a vacation trip to South Texas besides!

No, that wasn't a siren you heard one day about two weeks ago. It was Jim Lawson screaming for happiness after the ration board had called to tell him he could have some new tires for his Ford.

There's something that bothers us. Where does Mary Lou Taylor get her never-ending supply of energy? She never goes in a walk, or in a trot . . . but always in a dead run!

nurses when he heard that the ladies would be vaccinated on the leg.

B. O. (Victor Mature Cokoyeporokus) Coenelius now eats his breakfast in bed. This has caused much agitation among our wives. No, it doesn't work at our house either.

Mr. Bass seems to be having his troubles too. He's always dreaming that he loses his badge. Says he's not found it because the alarm clock rings about a minute too soon.

On the sick list is Cecil Miller, awaiting recovery from his appendectomy. A speedy recovery to you, Cecil.

MEET THE PEOPLE

By Meade Graham

It seems as though your Fiscal reporter Carolyn Newbold, disregarded the old proverb, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Carolyn is confined to her home with the measles.

Hats off to Stores Field bowling team for the sound drubbing administered to the Payroll entry. The 2-1 victory put the Stores team comfortably (for the time being) in first place. Any inquiries concerning the financial status of the Payroll five will be politely ignored.

Seen at the bowling alley: John G. Getz, Jr. doing his bit in the cheering squad. R. B. Scott was also on hand and showed the boys how the game should be played.

Even in defeat credit should be given to J. E. Kirkpatrick. In a practice session "Kirk" bowled a beautiful 278 game. Can anyone top this score?

The paymaster's office boasts a new addition—Bee Stevens, attractive new cashier in the bank.

With reference to the song "Oh, Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?"—Where is Jack "Buck Benny" Culp?

Goodbye and best of luck to Kermit Johnson who is leaving for San Antonio to accept employment with the Department of Labor—Wage and Hour Division and to Martha True of Tabulating who is returning to her home in Detroit, Michigan. We have enjoyed working with these employees.

Marion Dahls and Bea Parks are back on the job after a seige of illness.

Surprise of the month was supplied by Darrell Gundy who came to work Monday morning—without his mustache.

"Rocking Chair" Carlson informs us that Bob "Snag" Laine is very much depressed over the loss of two teeth. Don't feel too badly Bob. We all must grow old sooner or later.

In the present crisis many phrases have become popular such as "Remember Pearl Harbor," "Remember Wake Island," etc. In closing there is another to leave with you—"Remember March 15, 1943—Income Tax—unquote.

HOW'S YOUR PULSE

By Dr. Anne Russell

Everybody in the plant is going to be struck by the Medical Division sooner or later. We mean in the form of vaccination. There have already been several sore arms and legs. Just think of how lucky you are to get a "good take." Melba Turner, our lady at the first aid desk has been getting heartfelt sympathy from all for her very severe reaction.

Jean Morleghem is now with the medical department. He is a physio therapist of note and a former service man. Ely Evers is a new nurse hailing from Johns-Hopkins. We welcome both heartily.

Flash, Joan Daley is now Lt. Joan Daley. She's in the army now. But, Charlotte Flannigan, Barbara Overstreet, Georgia Mae Yeager, Patsy Chaffee, and Naomi Sunkel are also waiting for their orders and gold bars.

Mrs. Watkins' husband left Paxton to join the Marines.

Dr. Keys and Dr. Dinkler changed shifts. Dr. Keys is on day-time and Dr. Dinkler is doing the swing shift this month.

Famous last words:

"How did it happen?"—Don Wood.
 "When do we eat?"—Miss Flannigan.
 "Open your mouth wide and pant like a puppy!"—Dr. Flatley.

"I declare it's hot in here!"—Audrey Priest.

OPERATIONS

By Anne H. Cartwright

The following is an autobiography of Haskell Metz, Operations Engineer. We should like to add that "Hack" is a genius with new ideas which are really very valuable to the company.

"Me"

By Hack Metz

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., raised in Washington, D. C. and Miami Beach, Fla. Married in Amarillo a Kansas met in Indiana. Worked at various jobs from newspaper delivering to garbage collecting to testing production samples in insulokum factory. Studied electrical engineering at Purdue University, where more time was spent on stage than in classroom. Started at Pantex in Tabulating Division, thence to Engineering Department, to Ravenna, then to Operations Division. Have learned more in ten months at Pantex than in all twenty-three years before. Am a damn Yankee, but have learned to love Texas and Texans for their hospitality, for their loyalty and patriotism, for their calmness and reason. Have learned to hate Texas because of Mrs. Metz's asthma. Lie awake nights thinking of puddling tail pours and slipping bands and boosters. Wish, like all of us, that the darn was history.

Then here is a short sketch of Nelson Contest, our Operations Personnel Supervisor. . . . Came to Pantex in June of 1942 and was employed in the Safety Department until Sept. at which time transferred to Operations Division.

After finishing school did court reporting for three years (and is he a whiz at the typewriter and shorthand). From there in Public Utilities work as Lighting Supervisor. Four and half years with Utilities Co., then into business for himself in Memphis, Texas, electrical appliances and Auto Supplies and farming.

Hobbies—golf, fishing, hunting, horse-back riding (never gets to indulge because of present hours at plant). Main hobby and pride of the Contest household is 2½ year old daughter, Cynthia Ann. Along with Mrs. Contest, his hours away from plant are happily devoted to her.

Born at the beginning of World War I and hopes to still be here at the close of this one.

We seldom see Mrs. Williams in the office anymore. She is spending most of her time in Zone 2, getting acquainted with the girls and their problems. She tells us that she is tremendously interested and hopes that she is accomplishing something in the way of making their paths smoother. Remember all you women on the lines, please don't hesitate to go to Mrs. Williams with any problem that may be bothering you. This is a new service for the women and should prove beneficial to them as well as to the company as statistics have proved from various War Defense plants all over the States that much is accomplished by women personnel workers.

ENGINEERING

By Argie Nell

The Engineering Department has been in full swing for the last two weeks. Deward McDowell and Letha Rockwell have been working overtime in Blueprint Room making prints of housing plans for C. Gordon Conklin.

O. L. Johnson has been designing bumpers on tiling platforms for culking tubs. He also designed a search light truck for the Fire Dept.

John Tatum and Dave Leaverton assisted E. A. Telford in setting up the irrigation

LOOSE TALK COSTS LIVES! . . .



MAN ABOUT ZONE 9

By Leslie C. Cobb, Day Shift

Smallpox vaccination casualty—Foreman Brownlee, 9-14, had to stay home with a high fever. Who was to blame? (Nurse "Smitty" Smith of 9-2).

Introducing two of the Dependable operators of Zone 9—Green and Kilgough of 9-18. They're newcomers, come on gang let's make them feel at home.

Assistant Foreman Beitt 9-15 has a finger nail that is slightly blue—a heavy pan of explosives could have caused it—how heavy?

Have you ever eaten lunch at 9-2-1 mean at the same table with these two characters, Foreman Russell, 9-15, and Foreman Brownlee, 9-14? Better entertainment than a show.

9-13 has two new operators, Joe Arnold and Choppie Grey. Foreman Gragg says that they're performing like veterans.

Did you know that we have a tailor deluxe in 9-20? Erle James Texas was a tailor in Amarillo when it was just a village.

We have a new addition to the Office Personnel at 9-4, "Bob" Harrison, blonde curly hair, the answer to a Line Clerk's dream. (Wonder which one has been dreaming?)

Senior Safety Engineer Langham moved into his new home last week. Note: We have been getting better Safety reports ever since.

Two of the best "Buddie" pals on the whole Line are Hobbs and Skinner of 9-26.

Two of the best "pouner uppers" on all three shifts are to be found in 9-26. Howerton and McPherson—Dutchman and a Scotchman.

Speaking of Scotchmen—did you know that Tom Fotheringham of Ordnance Inspection was born in Bonnie old Scotland? (A dog-gone "ferinner")

Wonder what makes one feel so good about being on this Day Shift—Could it be caused by this delightful personality Miss Billie Duke?

system for the Pantex Ordnance Plant garden, which will be located southeast of Zone No. 2.

Bill Cooper and John Hannon have been working diligently on a very special type of trap. Let us know more about it, fellows.

Dave Deaverton is working steadily at the Disposal Plant. He ran chlorine residual tests on the water all last week, and he had good reports on these tests every day.

George Hepler has been ill for the past two weeks, but he is now back on the job. We are glad you are able to work again.

Henry Roberts, the shorthand class will begin Monday, March 8, 1943.

CONTROL LAB

By Louise Jouette

The Control Lab lunch were in a stew for two weeks—looking forward with eager anticipation to the publication of the March 1 issue of Pantexan. Confidentially, Buck Altman, the lab's "Pantexan Cover Girl," ordered 500 copies. I wonder why? The bit of news which was promised by Buck some time ago is at last here. He has received his commission as an Ensign in the United States Navy. By the time this appears in print he will have left. The best of luck—Buck.

Wanted—Good cow hand to look after my cattle in the north pasture. Man must be able to take care of himself in the saddle and to specialize in busting Texas bronchos. Have been doing this work myself, but am retiring to take care of myself.

—Victor Fusco

This is the article which appeared somewhere after Vic's fatal broncho ride. Carpenter welcomed him back to work with the popular song, "I'm An Old Cow Hand." Victor said he wouldn't let a horse get the best of him; after all, he is more intelligent than a horse; so he is going to try it again. Better take a pillow along next time, Vic.

Fred Trotter and Dorothy Hoover had a brilliant idea, and I mean brilliant, when they decided to brighten up the lunch room by painting one of the benches red and yellow. Pauline Akim's contribution was a spray of flowers plus a bee, which Doc declares isn't a bee at all.

Doc Bots is awaiting with anticipation the time when he can get moved into his new Pantex home. This Texas weather seems to have rather complicated his moving plans. The force at the lab suggested, since Doc and Mrs. Bots have six rooms in their new home, that open house be in order.

Doc has been in an exceptionally good humor all week even though it is evident that he had "blood in his eye." A couple of trips to the hospital and his eye trouble was corrected.

Bob Linder says Squire Bots told him that all he was going to plant in his Pantex Victory garden was Country Gentleman corn, and watermelons. All we have to say is that if Doc plants the melons he had better get out the old blunderbuss and practice on his marksmanship.

FIREMEN

By Cowboy

It seems as if L. A. Pittman has another profession. It is rumored that he is raising rabbits these days.

We regret that Captain "Shorty" Muir and Lieutenant Martin Gibbs are leaving us. They are going to work on their farms at Tulsa and Commerce respectively.

L. M. and Mrs. Roberts have another fireman in their family. It's a boy.

Sincere sympathy of our entire personnel is extended J. L. Forrester and family on their recent bereavement.

The writer of this column would like to take up enough space to thank the Firemen at Fire Stations No. 2 and 3 for the swell birthday dinners they gave her. Sorry that all of you could not attend. You really missed something. By the way, don't inquire around as to how many candles were on the cake.

The entire personnel is very glad to have R. G. Hooks and Alex T. McCaleb in our department.

We have with us: "Doc" Lyles, "Plowboy" Plowman, "Honest John" Kemp, "Preacher" Morrow, "Sleepy" Ramsey, "Wimpy" Wampler, "Mayor" Anglin, "General" Custer, "Snake" Lowry, "Lone Ranger" Rodden, and "No Doz" Greer.

THE BULL BOARD

By C. J. Novak

The gremlins, or whatever they are called, had hold of certain howlers the other night when Stores and Payroll met. Prestige, marbles, chalk and some cash were at stake. Stores by real luck and so forth captured every thing—even managed to collect the ten dollars that was loaned Payroll in a previous game.

The Stores tennis twins warmed up the other Sunday. They came out in fair shape considering their age—one had a split lip and had to have medical treatment and the other was beyond such help. Funny how some people will not give in to old age.

Have you noticed how young Grandpa Loveland is getting lately? Wonder if the swing shift doesn't have something to do with it.

As for clerks, T-2 has the extremes. In one corner we have, looking over his glasses, M. W. Montgomery stretching into the stratosphere for six feet and six inches and covering the ground with a fourteen shoe (approximately three ration tickets). At the other desk is K. A. Hoage trying to pull himself to an even five feet.

Saw Grandad Wineberg. He is just as happy as anyone that is in their second childhood, and the things he talks about!

O. S. Speed, no resemblance in name and actions, has worked night shift so much that now, since he is on days, he is bemoaning that when he gets where he can see again he will have to go back on nights.

O. Wartes says his name is not O. Wartes. This weather had me fooled. Cut the legs and arms off my flannels and made dust rags out of them (I mean the legs and arms) and then it snowed.

The most perplexed expressions ever seen: that of a pig caught in a fence with a dog hanging on its caboose; and that of a howler expecting a strike and getting a split.

Haile: "I beg your pardon, sir, but one of your pneumatic circular contrivances whose revolutionary actions enable your vehicle to transgress through space is not any longer inflated."

Sanders: "Why didn't you say, 'Ya gotta flat,' and then maybe I would have had time to fix it before all the air got out."

CAFETERIA

By Nettie Gilliland

Have you noticed all the new changes made in the cafeteria? Congratulations should go to Fred Sayles, our new manager. He has been here but a short time but he immediately began making improvements so that all the employees could work more efficiently and comfortably.

Our change house manager, John Cavanaugh, announced that the change house girls would start punching the time clocks in their zones beginning Monday, March 8. We miss the girls. Since our Coffee Shop is closed every morning we want you to know that it remains open from a p. m. until 6 a. m. every day.

Several of our girls have been celebrating birthdays lately. Why not tell your age? Among the many people that the cafeteria has been serving has been Major and Mrs. Irvine. They both have always been friendly and courteous to all who have served them. We are sorry they are leaving Pantex and all the employees of the cafeteria wish them the best of luck and happiness in their new position in Marion, Ohio.

Discomforts today eliminate concentration camps tomorrow.

MOTOR POOL

By Lester Webb

Things do happen and this time it happened to the truck drivers. You've probably heard the old man over in the corner near the fiddle yell "Everybody swing!" Well someone who holds the long end of the rope that ties the Motor Pool down yelled just that and we're all swinging!

The new schedule gives us two weeks of each shift. When the two weeks swing by, we swing again until we have had two weeks of the next, etc. This being only fair to all, it does make us wonder sometimes whether we are supposed to be sleeping or driving.

Believe us, those chickens in Zone 10 are turning out the eggs.

Our old friend, Bob Marcus, the human turntable on the Bomb conveyor in the igloos, spent the weekend in good old Wheeler Co. Bob still has grass bars in his feet because he had to leave his safety shoes at the change house.

If you hear the communication radio say "10 and 4 and the bases all full," it's none other than Bob Seeds, the longtime baseball star who is serving his country by acting as truck foreman on the Swing Shift. Bob didn't say he had a radio voice anyhow.

Congratulations to Bill Coffman who has been promoted to area foreman on the swing shift. Bill always delivers his orders with a pleasant smile and is getting cooperation 100% from the drivers.

Ed. Note. Anyone who has something interesting for the Motor Pool gossip, give it to Lester Webb.

I'LL SEE YOU IN CHURCH

Paul Suder, who works at the Cornhusker Ordnance Plant, went to church and recognized the usher who met him as a plant guard.

Suder reached for his plant badge automatically and handed it over for inspection and approval. The usher, also automatically, glanced first at Suder, then at the badge, and then led Suder and his wife to the seats.

Suder's face was red when he realized a few minutes later what he had done.



Food

For Thought About Food

Most people have already felt the result of food rationing and are making the necessary adjustments in their own homes. In the same way, the Pantex cafeteria, which is house-keeping on a large scale, has had to readjust certain methods in order to keep up with the shortages.

The problem of keeping the POP cafeteria running smoothly presents many difficulties, and several new procedures have had to be instigated. Chief among these difficulties is the coffee situation. Although more coffee is being consumed than the amount we are rationed for, the coffee and sugar rations cannot be extended. In an effort to discourage people from taking more than their share, the cafeteria has begun the practice of charging ten cents for coffee served without other food. Since soft drinks are also scarce, the cafeteria cannot secure enough to enable people to take such things out of the restaurant premises.

The ice cream companies also ration the amount of their produce going to any one place. The quota received at Pantex is divided equally among the shifts. Therefore, if at ten minutes to twelve you are told there is no more ice cream, and at twelve you see someone else getting it, it is because the shift changed at that time. In another effort to alleviate this condition, the Coffee Shop will serve ice cream for one twenty-four hour period, and frappe or sherbet the next.

The chief problem encountered in the purchasing of foodstuffs, is the difficulty of securing a sufficiency of any one type of food for cafeteria purposes. Besides this, a wide variety of foods simply cannot be obtained. Due to these market conditions, menus sometimes cannot be balanced, though every effort is made to do so.

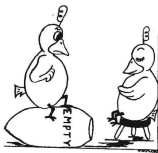
The change-house cafeterias must share in these problems. If one type of food gives out, employees must be satisfied with something else. It is impossible to send a further supply, since there isn't anymore in the cafeteria.

In the same way that the housekeeper tries to utilize left-overs in further meals, the chef attempts to work over unused foods so that nothing will be wasted.

You can help the food situation by bearing with the cafeteria staff and realizing the handicaps that have to be overcome. We can do without some things as long as the boys in uniform are well fed.

One strike-anywhere match is Hitler's best aid on a bomb load line.

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
Watching A Stool-Pigeon



But not the kind of stool-pigeon
Who squeals on the mob.
This is the type of bird who sits most
of the day

With his back against the wall, sleeping.
On Mondays he sleeps all day.

On Tuesdays he is awake for a while
during the morning.

On Wednesdays he is awake except
for several short naps.

By Thursdays he is tired again.
Fridays and Saturdays he spends getting
rested.

So he can play on Sundays.
He should have filled up that empty
bomb

A long time ago.

But Maybe he'll get to it some time.
Probably after the war is over
And he doesn't have so much work to do.



**THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING YOU!
WERE YOU A STOOL-PIGEON THIS WEEK?**

Yes No

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



*"Mr. Jackson walks to save tires, but
he wants people to know he owns a car."*

MARCH 15, 1943



IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

Just a woodworking shop. Stacks of lumber, saws and carpenters tool boxes in one corner, planers, high speed circle saws, routers and other everyday working machines. Just an innocent appearing woodworking shop, good friends working together, the smell of clean pine timber. Who would think that death was lurking to throw his en-folding mantle over the unsuspecting—but it was!

One of those good friends working in that shop had spent years on just such a machine. He knew its every quirk and turn, had made thousands—perhaps millions of necessary wood operations on just such a machine. He knew about the guard for the saw, too—a simple piece of metal made to fit the round top of the saw protruding above the saw table. He also knew that the guard would positively prevent wood against the blade from "kicking back," as he called it. But the guard wasn't on the saw!

It had been taken off and he didn't

have much to saw on it. Just a few pieces of small sticks. And he did saw them, sawed them with no trouble at all—but!

Just as he turned to walk away with the sawed sticks in his hand, one of them dropped—dropped right onto the saw. When the stick hit the saw it was seized with all the tremendous fury of a high speed radial, and the stick was shot like a projectile right into his stomach and groin. A shriek, a groan, collapse—two days later—death! It can't happen here—but it did happen here!

Remember this. Remember that alertness pays. Use the Safety provisions for your job. A slight human error can mean disaster. Whatever your job is—keep your guard up!

Rationed sugar is still sweeter than defeat.

Laughter is the shock absorber that eases the blows of life. He who laughs—lasts.



The predicament of this stupid mudhen is a good example of what happens to dullards. He and hundreds of his sluggish kin were victims of the ice when reservation lakes froze the other night. Lining the banks, crippled and weighted down with ice, they were a pitiful picture in contrast to their alert cousins, the ducks, who were having a wonderful time at a skating party in the middle of the lake.

Sudden Agony

BLINDNESS BEFORE YOU CAN BAT AN EYELID

We don't know, as we go to press, whether or not this man's eye can be saved!

He thought that he was doing his part in our War Program, and he felt that he was in the fight for freedom for his wife and two children. He was a good worker too, one of the best.

But now—now he is swathed in bandages; his whole future is in doubt; his wife and babies must get along on the compensation his injury brings to them (they give thanks for the money that has been collected among fellow-workers).

There's another angle to consider, too. Maybe it's not so important to this little family right now, but it is important to the rest of us. Production has fallen off in the operation in which this man was employed. Valuable minutes and hours are being lost because they had to put an inexperienced man in his place. It will be weeks before the team that this man was a part of will be back in stride again.

The saddest part of this tragedy is the fact that it could have been prevented. The operator had a protective face shield and had it on, but it was pushed back out of the way while pouring explosives so that he could see better—he thought. Now, his only hope is that he will be able to see sometime soon.

Fortunately this particular story hasn't come true—yet. But who can say that it won't?

256 actual cases of severe face burns have been reported to date by operators who failed to wear masks properly. Only by luck, none have resulted in loss of eyesight.



Passed in the interest of safety by W. W. Graham, line operator Bldg. 9-17