

Pantexan

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PANTEX ORDNANCE PLANT, AMARILLO, TEXAS
CERTAIN-TEED 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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STOP CALLING THEM BOTTLENECKS THEY ARE BATTLENECKS

"Bottleneck" is a passive peacetime word, meaning only a restricted flow of material. In war it means an increased flow of blood. It is a "Battleneck."

In this all-out war, we need more fighting words and fighting deeds on the production front. Battleneck is a fighting word and the man or woman who helps eliminate one is performing a fighting deed.

When we cannot get enough brass to make the shell cases needed for battle; enough aluminum to make the bombers wanted for a second front; enough nickel, chromium, tin or molybdenum for specifications, there is a Battleneck. When we can't get delivery on machined parts and a gun assembly line stops, there is a Battleneck, not a bottleneck, because sailors and soldiers may die in battle for lack of them.

To the man at the war front, there is no doubt that this is his war and that he has to fight it. It is a matter of life or death to him. Here at home, however, out of sight and sound of battle, there is no bayonet, bullet, bomb or blood to stir us to action. We cannot see or feel the forces that would destroy us, but they are here, lurking in the Battlenecks that threaten our ability to deliver enough, on time, to the many places where a pound of steel can save a pound of flesh and blood.

This Production Front War on Battlenecks has been going on for months with marked success, but the job that remains to be done, closely resembles and must precede the task of our forces in the field. Methodical and heroic action is yet required on both production and battle fronts. Every Production Front Fighter should contribute something toward eliminating a Battleneck.

There are scores of places where Pantexans can attack Battlenecks. There are production enemies in every department of which you are aware and which you may be able to help eliminate with your suggestion for improvement. No matter how simple your idea may seem, write it down and send it to the Suggestions Secretary. All of those small improvements add up to tremendous totals.

In other words, Pantexans, there is a Battleneck in front of you wherever you are. All you have to do is to make up your mind that **THIS IS YOUR WAR—FIGHT BATTLENECKS WITH SUGGESTIONS.**

HONOR ROLL

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

UTILITIES

Charles R. Cowart, Army
 Donald R. Smith, Navy
 Thomas J. Hutchins, Seabees
 Lonnie E. Wade, U. S. Engineers

OPERATIONS

Lec R. Getz, Seabees
 James W. Tate, Seabees
 Donald Eastham, U. S. Engineers
 A. B. Godwin, Army
 Floyd E. Collie, Army
 William P. Mauldin, Seabees
 William N. Pearson, Army
 Charlie E. Dollar, Navy
 James V. Baird, Jr., U. S. Engineers

FISCAL

Eugene P. Pray, Army
 Meade W. Graham, Army

SAFETY

Henry L. Roberson, Army

STORES

Earnest L. Mason, Army
 John B. Mayes, Army
 Charles W. Parker, Air Corps
 James H. Ritchie, Army
 John R. Pool, Army
 Alpheus E. Kelly, Army

The names above are listed in the order in which the men went into the armed forces according to date, during the period of June 5, through June 15.

PANTEXAN'S COVER

For more than eight score years Old Glory has waved over generations of Americans as a banner of hope and freedom. Today she proudly waves over Pantex Ordnance Plant, where men and women are devoting their efforts to preserve freedom for the generations to come. In the picture bomb casings from the paint room are being hoisted onto racks to be transported down the load line. L. to R.: Woodrow W. Ring, P. E. Cox and Laura Anthony.



Proud of Her Fighting Son



Mrs. Brown (l) checks Patsy Jones and Vivian Hooper thru the time office, bldg. 9-3.

Mrs. Florence Brown, Matron of the Guard Department, is keeping her part on the home front to keep faith with her hero son, Lt. Harry Brown.

Lt. Brown has the distinction of being Texas' first hero of World War II. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross after destroying two Jap Bombers at Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941. He was with the squadron of flyers which Gen. MacArthur brought out of Bataan and in Australia he is credited with downing one and possibly two bombers in the battle of the Bismark. Altogether he has more than two hundred combat missions to his credit.

Recently, Mrs. Brown received a letter from her son's commanding officer telling of the latest achievements of the award won by her son. The award was the Air Medal, granted for 25 operational missions between last December and March of this year, in which Lt. Brown was in contact with the enemy practically all the time.

Lt. Gen. George C. Kennedy, the Commanding Officer wrote: "I would like to tell you how genuinely proud I am to know that young Americans with such courage and resourcefulness are fighting our country's battle against the aggressor nation. You, Mrs. Brown, have every reason to share that pride and gratification."

Mrs. Brown has another son in Officer's Training School and still another in war production work. She has been at Pantex since last October and has a perfect record of no absenteeism and no tardiness.

JULY 1, 1943



Bogus Bond

If you would like to know where to invest your money so it won't pay dividends, you will be interested in the picture above. This document was sent to the daughter of W. T. Tallant, an explosives truck driver, by Tallant's son, J. W., who is a U. S. Marine located somewhere in the Southwest Pacific.

J. W. took the document from a dead Japanese soldier and sent it home with the explanation that it is a Japanese war bond.

Several local Chinese merchants have attempted to translate the writing, one of whom was emphatic in his conviction that the paper is a "damn Jap war bond". He said that the first line to the left is the name of the Jap to whom the bond was issued and that the largest characters denote the soldier's field artillery division and that the center panel gives the value of the bond which in this case is \$50, (in terms of English). The right panel gives the serial numbers. The printing is in one color on very flimsy Japanese paper.



J. W. and his Dad

J. W. joined the Marines in September of 1941 and was home several weeks after enlisting. That was the last time his family has seen him. He fought at

Headache for Schickelgruber



Art B. Young

Schickelgruber and Co. will stew more when they read about this: two more suggestions which strengthen the U. S. production offensive were adopted at Pantex on June 14th at a meeting of the Awards Committee.

Art B. Young, line mechanic, received an Award for Initiative and Patriotism for his idea to improve an agitator shaft used in processing TNT.

For a suggestion which will improve the operation and prolong the life of air compressors, Paul H. Gray got a second star on his badge because it was his second idea to be adopted.

"Keep 'Em Coming" say W. T. Gasoway and Casey Jones who have been appointed joint Secretaries of the Suggestion System to succeed W. B. Diersen who left Pantex recently. "Mail all your ideas to us and we'll see that they are investigated and given full consideration. Let's give this guy Schickelgruber still more headaches."

Let's finance this war. Let's fight this war. Let's finish this war with a final victory for freedom!

Guadalcanal and later was located in Australia. A few weeks ago a buddy, who had been with J. W. for 17 months, came through Amarillo and tried to contact his friend's parents. They were away from home at the time so a message was left with their small daughter. Tallant says that missing his son's buddy and being unable to contact him since is one of the keenest disappointments he has ever known.

Tallant has worked at Pantex for over a year.

Independence Day

By Ida Sue Taylor

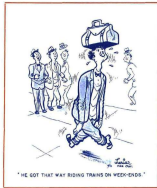
Petite Polly

Polly Whiddon or Polly as she is known to all Pantex is the Ordnance department's brown-eyed, brown-haired messenger. Although she is only 17, Polly has sole charge of all messenger work in the department. This job at one time required the services of three husky boys, but Polly now takes the whole thing in stride.

Before coming to Pantex Polly was a senior in high school. She graduated in May, 1942, played all summer and began working with the Ordnance Department in September at the age of 17, weighing 103 pounds and standing 5 feet 2 inches tall. She has not grown much since.

In school Polly studied typing and shorthand and home economics which she disliked vigorously. Nevertheless Polly has decided she will be a housewife when she grows up. In the meantime she collects photographs of celebrities, and snapshots of boy friends and other friends. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Whiddon and lives with her parents and one brother, age 11, at 4238 W. 16th St., Amarillo.

A fool there was, and he took a chance; they carried him off in an ambulance.



Thru the Bombsight

The past few days have been Old Home Week for Ordnance. First there came a visit from W. A. Whitefield, former draftsman in the Engineering and Operations office. Then last Saturday, Corporal Jack Marlatt and Dorothy Hawkins, two ex-messengers of Mail and Records, came out to Pantex and had lunch with a group of their former colleagues in Ordnance. Dorothy is awaiting call to train for the Ferry Command at Sweetwater, and Jack is stationed now at an Army air school in Bryan, Texas.

It's going to take a lot of diplomacy, but Ordnance just has to think up something that will jar E. C. Gillock loose from that speech he composed for the Army Ordnance birthday celebration. All this time, and it's been nearly three weeks, Gillock has been hurt because he didn't get to make that speech. He never smiles any more, and will hardly touch his food. This is no surprise after the way he worked getting that talk together and practicing right up to the last minute. Gillock was not the only one to prepare an informative 5-minute talk. Other Ordnance department heads were caught rising to their feet with mouths open when introduced by Col. Bacher.

There was not just a whole lot of merriment going on at the farewell party, given in the Inspection offices for Stanley Marsh. The implements of gaiety were present in the form of a letter of appreciation, complete with poetry, and a certificate of award commending STANLEY (NONE) MARSH, JR., as outstanding when it comes to initiative, patriotism, guggenheim and battleship playing, chewing paper clips, and going longest without a haircut. Root beer, cherry limes, chocolate and white cake were served and a lovely time would have been had by all except that Ordnance had a small lump in its throat at the thought of Mr. Marsh's leaving.

Ho G. Campbell was proudly introducing two guests to Ordnance workers last week. The guests were his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Campbell of Cherryvale, Kansas, who were spending a week with their son at his home on the Pantex reservation. Mr. Guy Campbell is employed at the Kansas Ordnance Plant in Parsons, Kansas.

If anyone knows the last verse of "Pistol-Packing Mama," the one about Al Dexter, it will relieve a lot of suffering if you'll write it out for the group of Ordnance girls who go to lunch at 11:30 every day.

The 4th of July this year will not be the traditional holiday, with fireworks and teeming highways, but most Pantexans will have an opportunity to sleep late, lounge in their back yard or spend the day working in their victory gardens.

Since July 4th falls on Sunday, it will be celebrated on Monday. Production lines at Pantex will not operate from the end of the "C" shift on Saturday until the "A" shift on Tuesday. During that period only a skeleton staff of personnel will be on the job to carry on the essential work and to maintain adequate plant protection.

The following excerpts from statements by high government officials should serve to keep employees aware of the spirit of Independence Day.

Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson:

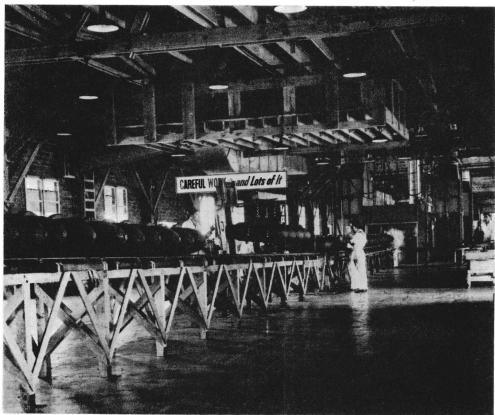
"America stands free on Independence Day 1943 because brave men on the firing line have used with skill and daring against the enemy, the weapons and materials provided by the men and women of the production lines. To maintain our freedom, the courage of our fighting men must be matched in the year ahead by the spirit and industry of American workers. The Army is confident American workers will measure up to that high standard."

War Production Board Chief Donald M. Nelson:

"Today, the first Fourth of July since the United Nations took the offensive in the European theater of war, we have something to celebrate as well as something to remember. No less praise can be given the heroes of the battlefield than the tribute we pay to the heroes of the past.

"But in paying such tribute it is well to remember the heroes of the production line. Those men, yes and those women by their loyalty and faithfulness to their jobs . . . have shown the world that a free people can, and have and will out-work, out-produce and out-fight any combination of forces that can be brought against us by Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy or the 'new order' of Japan."

Food can help America and her Allies win bloodless battles. In the North African invasion, a French fort, prepared to fight, surrendered without a shot being fired when a truckload of food was shown to the commander.



From the warehouse, bomb cases now move down a conveyor to the paint room instead of being hauled on trucks. They go through the paint room and on down the line in special racks with shipping bands attached, whereas the bands were formerly removed and replaced again after the bombs were loaded. This new procedure has eliminated twenty-four man hours per shift.

Getting The Job Done

**Hard Work and Good Planning Place Pantex Near the Top
In Man Hour Efficiency Rating on the Bomb Loading Line**

NEW HONORS have come to Certain-teed Products Corporation, Pantex Ordnance Plant. From a recent review made by the Field Director of Ammunition Plants it has been determined that Pantex ranks second among 12 Ordnance establishments in man hour efficiency for bomb loading during the month of April.

This is a record of which every employee can well be proud. It reflects good planning and supervision on the part of

management and a concerted effort of workers on the lines.

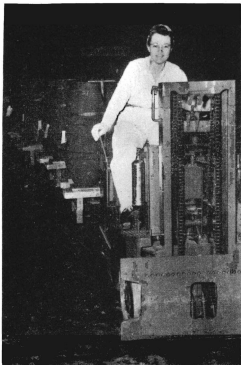
Setting their goal even higher, the Operations Division is now striving for first place in the next efficiency rating report.

Certain-teed has followed a strict policy of conserving manpower wherever possible and officials have been quick to put into practice new operation methods and procedures as they have been prescribed by the Ordnance Department and to adjust personnel requirements accordingly. As a result of the recent change over from Amatol to TNT

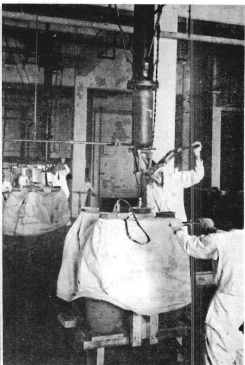
bombs, it was possible to reduce actual bomb loading operations one man hour per bomb without impairing safety, according to figures for the month of June. Additional overhead savings were effected in the Operations Division as well as in other divisions.

The accompanying photographs explain how TNT bombs can be loaded faster with less manpower. These new bombs, which are better than amatol bombs, have been made possible by the fact that TNT is now available in undreamed of quantities.

(Continued on Pages 6 and 7)



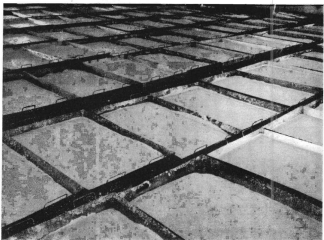
Sparkproof electric trucks have been developed for use in the lines with which one person can pull five dollies of bomb cases down the ramps. Previously, only one dolly could be pulled at a time by hand. The result is a speed up of operations and a big saving of man power. Women operate the trucks with the same ease as do men.



With the use of TNT, the pouring of the main charge of the bomb has been speeded up. Less liquid is required because pellets are now added later on. Consequently, more bombs per hour pass under the draw off spouts. In addition, man hours are saved because ammonium nitrate screening and preheating processes are eliminated.

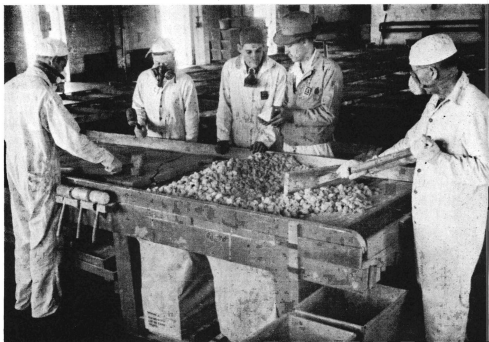
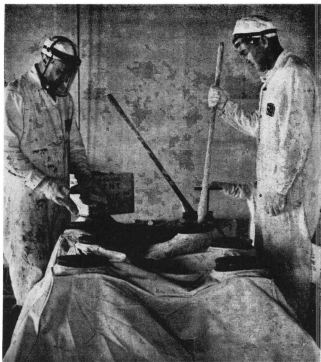
Everybody Has A Job To Do

Cornbread? Pudding? Fudge? Guess again—it's TNT cooling in trays prior to being made into pellets for use in the loading of bombs.



Working Together for Victory

(Above) After the bomb case is partially filled with hot liquid TNT the main load is completed with TNT pellets which fuse with the liquid and help cool it as they are dropped gently into the cases and puddled. (Below) The manufacturing of pellets is an added step in the new process but the time and manpower required for it is more than offset by the saving in puddling and cooling. Three TNT bombs can be puddled and cooled in the same amount of time previously required for one amatol bomb since the time required for this operation per bomb has been speeded up by three hours.



Real Americans

Mrs. Sneed and I recently received a letter from Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Bots, formerly of Pantex, now living in Syracuse, New York. We were so impressed with the letter that we would like to share parts of it with their other friends.

The Bots are natives of Belgium and came to this country many years ago where they knew they could always think, talk and worship their God as they wished.

The old melting pot that melts and pours people from all nationalities into Americans never did a better job than the one it did on the Bots. How much greater a country we would have if only more of us native born were like them.

We quote from their letter: "We had quite an experience our first night on the train. We were spending the evening in the lounge car, where we heard a lady say to a soldier, 'I hope you find a sleeping place tonight.' It appears that there were on the train, a few soldiers traveling on standing room."

"Two soldiers sat near us, one eating a bar of chocolate, who said that this was their breakfast and that this was their fourth night on the train without sleeping. I could not believe it. We offered them our berth and were they glad to accept it. When my husband showed them the berth and the men's lavatory, they jumped at it and said, 'Oh boy, water.' They had not washed their faces since they started the trip four days before."

"I still had your cookies and it did not take them long to finish the box which was a God send to them. I cannot describe their happiness next morning.

"My husband had spoken to the porter and made it worth his while to keep his eyes turned so our soldiers could pass through the sleeping car. Next morning after a good nights rest, they washed up and enjoyed all the privileges of the sleeping car."

Mrs. Sneed and I are proud to call these people our friends. I wonder how many of us would have made the same sacrifice they did under the same circumstances. I am afraid (quoting Lt. Col. Bacher in his Ordnance Anniversary speech) "That most of us are using the wrong end, that is, the one to sit on." We are thinking of our own comforts and just what we can get out of the war with the least effort; whether our office is too hot or cold; if the Venetian blinds are working properly; if we shouldn't have a longer vacation or raise in pay and a thousand other kinds of belly aches that are far too numerous to mention. At the same time we are forgetting the discomforts, sacrifices and thousands of things the men at the front and in camps have to give up, mainly



Right: J. B. Evans, J. R. Moore and Geo. Moore gather lettuce from garden.
Left: C. S. Culver hoes potatoes while J. R. Lafon stakes tomatoes.

The Payoff

Search the length and breadth of the Panhandle and you won't find a finer garden than the 25 acres of which Pantex can boast. For the past several weeks, Pantex employees have enjoyed fresh English peas, radishes and greens on their noonday menu at the cafeteria. And that is just a beginning. Tomatoes, potatoes, cabbage and even watermelons are yet to come. All vegetables in excess of the Cafeteria's needs and which do not lend themselves to canning are being donated

to the Children's Preventatorium.

Although the crop of greens has not yet reached its peak, as high as 300 lbs. have been gathered in one day. The record picking of English peas was 176 lbs. and radishes reached the peak of 510 lbs. in a single day.

The Pantex garden is under the capable management of Lewis T. Moberly, general foreman of Ground Maintenance. It is tended by a crew of experienced gardeners.

TO THE EDITOR:

There is a saying in the Panhandle that goes, "There is nothing between Amarillo and the North Pole, but a barbed wire fence and even that is down", of course one immediately realizes that I am referring to the wind. I, for one, am now disputing that statement. Besides that proverbial fence, there is the town of Tonopah, Nevada; which does a good job of slowing down the wind before it reaches Amarillo. A wind storm in Tonopah is as regular as the Army giving out K P each day, and that is one thing you can always depend on.

Having lived in Amarillo and now living, or should I say fighting for an existence, here in Tonopah at the Bombing and Gunnery Range, I feel that I can speak as an authority on the foregoing topic. I could say, take this for what it's worth, but the truth is expensive, so believe in me.

Sincerely,
PFC Clark Loomis
512th Service Sq.

their homes and loved ones.

Search yourself! Would you have done that much for our men who are fighting for freedom? I'm afraid very few of us would have.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sneed.

Telford's Final Order

Receiving work orders from Emery A. Telford, their general foreman, was nothing new to men of the Ground Maintenance Department. His last order before leaving Pantex, however, will be read and re-read.

Take time to work—It is the price of success.

Take time to think—It is the source of power.

Take time to play—It is the secret of power.

Take time to read—It is the foundation of knowledge.

Take time to worship—It is the highway of reverence.

Take time to help and enjoy friends—It is the source of happiness.

Take time to love—It is the one sacrament of life.

Take time to dream—It hitches the soul to the stars.

Take time to laugh—It is singing that helps with loads.

Take time to pray—It helps bring Christ near and washes the dust of earth from our eyes.

Mr. Telford left Pantex the first of July, after one year of service as general foreman of Ground Maintenance, to go with the U. S. Department of Agriculture. He expects to be located in Mayaguez, Porto Rico.



Alfred Allston (r) and John Cocanaugher open their farewell gift packages.

Farewell Party

Employees of the Cafeteria honored John Cocanaugher, asst. cafeteria mgr., and Alfred Allston, store room mgr., prior to their leaving Pantex to join the armed forces, with a surprise farewell party, June 7th.

Chairs and tables were pushed back and fellow workers put on a "Cafe Society" program, which Roy Kiser announced. Mr. Sayles' young daughter, Lois Anne Johnston, delighted the party with skillfully executed ballet dance.

Cocanaugher and Allston were presented with robes, shaving kits and shoe shining kits. Mr. Sayles, cafeteria mgr., wished them a speedy return.



An exhibition dance by Helen Moore (l) and Marguerite Boarts was a highlight of the program.

THE MELTING POT

By Iris Galloway

It's a good thing that Personnel's softball team got thinned down to the no hits, no runs, no errors, no nothings stage. If we were still playing in this hot weather, Chet Roberson would no doubt have been dead of sunstroke long ago.

How does it feel to have a vacation, Betty Jo and Marie? Betty Jo went with her husband on a last trip to Carlsbad before he goes into the Seabees, and Marie spent the weekend of June 12 in El Paso with her husband.

We would gather, from all the remarks that have been floating about, that our receptionist will soon be changing her name from Strickland to that of a certain Air Corps Lieutenant.

Two oldtimers were out last week looking the place over. They were Jerry Malin of the Dallas Morning News and Marguerite Shamblyn who is spending these hot, summer days just being a lady of leisure. Both Jerry and Marguerite are ex-interviewers.

Welcome to Neal Arthur, Wilma Jean Ward, and Billy Dew of Intelligence who are now working in Personnel.



W. O. CARLSON

Horseshoe Champ

The most popular sport on the Pantex plantsite at the present time is horseshoe pitching. Originating with two old-time pitchers, the Carlson boys (no kin), from the Fiscal Division, the sport has won the approval of men from the Stores, Safety and Personnel divisions. W. O. Carlson, Fiscal, was recently crowned singles champion by overcoming the sharpshooting slants of J. W. Carlson, Fiscal, in the finals. Rivals are now meeting in doubles competition. To date the champions are undecided.

GUARDS

By Fay Rasco

Now that vacation times are here, we are learning some good stories. But we have heard none better than the one on H. T. Wicher. If you will give this reporter an interview we will run a "Special Feature" on that trip, Wicher.

A welcome visitor to the Guard Department this week was Charlie Davenport. Charlie is an ex-Guard, and by the way, hails from Hall County.

There is one in this department who missed his calling, so to speak. He's an old insurance seller from Sellersville—Wilbur L. DePauw.

It's a mistake to tell one Lieutenant he is pretty. Even though he is, he just doesn't like to be told about it. I'm not mentioning any names though. How are you P. B.?

Happy days will be when Sergeant Eastham gets a blistered back. With a little promotion he could get quite a few slaps on the back.

This department has received a number of compliments regarding our participation in the Commemoration of Ordnance's 131 Anniversary. To the Guards who took part we wish to add our compliments, and also to Captain Stovall, their Training Officer.

About this absenteeism, Lieutenant Neal Hanners knows practically nil. He has been employed in this department more than a year and has been neither absent nor tardy.

If anyone should like to know the depth of the lake just S & E of the Staff Residence Area, we refer you to "Catfish" Dendy.

Probably I was the first one from this department to take a vacation. Not only do I have a few good fish stories to tell, but I have pictures to prove them. Right here I should like to express my thanks to the Guard Department for the present given me by them at the time I took my vacation. I will remember it always.

CAFETERIA

By Marguerite Boarts

John Cocanaugher, Supervisor of the Change House Cafeteria, and Alfred Allston, Storeroom Supervisor, were given a farewell party last week by Cafeteria employees.

They leave in the near future for service in the U. S. Army. We all wish them lots of luck.

We welcome Lena Cason in the Preparation Department and Isabelle Couillard in the Change House Cafeteria.

We are happy to have Betty Blackford in the Coffee Shop now.

By Ralph Randel

P. P. C. takes its bow in this column as a Department of Operations Division. Because of the nature of P. P. C.'s activities, it was the logical consolidation. Since there has been such close association between the new Parent Division and P. P. C., each has had a full knowledge and appreciation of the other's problems that should prove helpful under the new organization plan.

Argie Roberts and Ben Burchard, Central Schedulers, heard the call of the wilds and hid themselves to uncharted fishing grounds. It is assumed by their close associates that they will, as usual, spend the first half of their vacation failing to catch fish and the latter half thinking up alibis for the failure. In view of the fact that Uncle Sam is carrying on a coy but persistent flirtation with Ben, we trust he will have something more than excuses to show for his anticipated burn.

Jimmy Knittel and James L. Reese, Line Schedulers, will be missed from the Department. Jimmy is, we understand, angling for a comfortable sinecure with Civil Service. Gentleman Jim Reese left with the avowed purpose of resuming his predatory stalking of automobile prospects. There should be a law against a man looking like a clergyman, talking like a professional reformer and trading like a horse jockey. The Department wishes both of them the best of luck. They did a fine job and earned the respect and thanks of their associates.

THE BULL BOARD

By C. J. Novak

With vacation time here one will be able to hear all kinds of tales. Returning vacationists will have more to talk about than a woman with an operation.

Yours truly wishes to apologize to "Grandpa" Hodges in regard to the remark appearing in this column that he, "Grandpa", was now writing a column so he could get his name in print. How were we to know this was the truth?

During the past two weeks "Junior Bottleneck" Ledbetter did a very fine job holding down the desk in the Stores Traffic Department.

Roy Coston, the ex-section hand, now located at 8-5, is weakening very rapidly to the enticing glances of his Uncle Sam.

Wonder why "Graveyard" Patterson is eating so many carrots lately?

This fellow Strange is the strangest human that ever existed, always insisting his name appear in this column.

According to the grapevine, Ray Nobbitt will, in the near future, treat a certain Stores' employee to a chicken dinner.

By Twillie Mae Thompson

This column has previously been titled "Meet the People". Now that the majority of people are well acquainted we feel justified in changing the title. However, we have had a difficult time in selecting a suitable name and we are asking all Fiscal Division employees to help out. Submit your suggestions to this column reporter in room 101 and each will be given full consideration by an impartial committee and the winner will receive recognition.

We hope to do justice to this column since Carolyn Newbold has terminated and is working in town. Carolyn was one of the old timers around here and we appreciate her good work. With my very able and cooperative assistants we hope to dish out just what all of you would like to see in print. From Works Accounting is Beryl Chesney with her idle gossip, Bill Wright from Office Management; Shirley Palmer from Paymaster's Office; and shy little Merle Cayton from Voucher's Payable. Keep up the good work gang, we will need it.

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By Leslie C. Cobb



Mr. and Mrs. Knight

After 45 Years

In the year 1898, in a small church in Canada, a boy and girl marched down the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march. June 8th, that same couple, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Knight, celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day in their staff home on Pantex reservation.

In honor of her parents, their daughter, Mrs. Frank Poelter, entertained with a family dinner, where places were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Miss Emory Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Poelter and

their daughter Gail Francis.

A wedding cake was baked for the occasion by the cafeteria and many lovely flowers were received from neighbors and associates from the Operations Division of which Mr. Knight is manager. The family presented the couple with a crystal punch bowl, glasses, ladle and tray.

During the course of the evening, neighbors and friends from the reservation dropped in to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Knight.

BOMB DAZE

By Sam Goodner—Zone 10

There were plenty of bleary eyes around the line after those short shift changes, especially after that last one from days to "graveyard."

A lot of fellow workers have come and gone during the past months but few will be missed like A. J. Beagle.

C. J. Bishop's black eyes have finally faded away and the ribbing has turned to Joe Proctor who injured his foot while putting on his shoes.

Besides the usual grapevine, the standard topic for table conversation now is gardening. Jack Anderson, who readily admits to be the best gardener in these parts, has some competition in Bill (Safety Pin) Teal, who claims to be eating potatoes and beans from his patch.

Some of the fellows back in 12 claim to have captured that alleged "Production" Bug and Engineer Lee and F. R. Schenek have been trying to kidnap it and put it to an untimely end. So far the screen room still has possession but have it pretty well under control.

Better watch it well boys, 'cause if Big Andy Anderson finds it there won't be no rest for the wicked or us nice boys either.

PARADE'N THE RAMPS

By Jack Cunningham

We were all sorry that we had to say goodbye to Line Supt. A. J. Beagle, but happy to have known such a swell guy.

Oscar Hinger has been transferred to Zone 9. Good luck Hinger. Claud "Little Endich" Cordell has taken over in 26.

Loyd Fulenwider sends his regards to Ethel Clay and Big Red—Mrs. Theda Smith to you. Clay has gotten off the beam. See, she has to write to the Old Maid's standby, Dear Diary. Nice reading, Clay, every one likes it.

Major Roy spends all his off time on the big rock at Buffalo Lake. Comes back with those seven and eight pound bass . . . sorry, I mean inch bass.

Stopped the other night at the St. Francis social center, better known as T-13 . . . greeted by the smiling host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Raef.

Glad to see O. V. Reddock back on the job in 12. He has been sick several days. Hear that S. E. "Uncle Bud" Donaldson will be back on the job soon. His pal, J. H. Gloss, will sure be glad to see him.

At the rate that genial John Harrington is making friends up and down the line, it looks like he is missing a bet in not running for office.

Talk about a true blue SCOTCH-MAN—this Ordnance Inspector, Tom Farthingham, takes the cake. His two children have birthdays one day apart, darned if he didn't have just one party.

Lucky Clyde Brownlee of Quality Control started his vacation the other day. Wonder what he did to earn a vacation?

Hats off to a very efficient and pleasant little lady, "Sunny" Wadleigh, line clerk.

I have two guest writers this issue.

BUILDING 13

By Polly Graham & Co.

Take time out and come up to the second floor and meet some fine persons, namely: C. R. Coates, better known as "Coatsie", L. W. Powell (Palise), H. T. Owens, G. K. Allen, Andy "Production Dabbie" Anderson, and last but not least Polly "Trucking Annie" Graham.

Bobo's teammate, Block, is on leave of absence and is greatly missed.

Violet Womack is our little elevator girl. Mr. Cobb is our relief elevator girl. In fact, he fits in anywhere.

Leona Crowell, that good looking blonde, likes her new job boobyasting bombs. She said she was getting flat pulling trays to the Cooling Buildings.

We all miss Elsie Mortin very much.

BUILDING 12

By Onita "Sis" Whittaker

We had quite a bit of excitement last week with strange flashes, the electricians came over to investigate and of course like a baby, you want to show off—nothing happened, so they reported the cause as static. After comparing notes we found that Major's day off coincided with the flashes. Could that have been the cause?

We Zone Tenites have never expressed ourselves about Zone 9 and we think this is a good time. We really enjoy working with everyone here and think you would have to look a "fer" piece to beat the fellows. Course, we won't forget our boys in Zone 10. We have been getting those notes you guys have been sending.

The Victory Gardens are doing wonderfully for some in Bldg. 12. "Cupid" Klipstine got a big mess of fried chicken out of his garden last week.

Mary Helen, get that dreamy look out of your eyes. He will get a furlough soon.

By the way, have you WOWS noticed Miller's smile when he looks at you. Wish he'd look at me.

(Ed's note: Onita has heard from her husband. Uncle Sam says he "arrived safely".)

By Ralph Randel

P. P. C. takes its bow in this column as a Department of Operations Division. Because of the nature of P. P. C.'s activities, it was the logical consolidation. Since there has been such close association between the new Parent Division and P. P. C., each has had a full knowledge and appreciation of the other's problems that should prove helpful under the new organization plan.

Argie Roberts and Ben Burchard, Central Schedulers, heard the call of the wilds and hid themselves to uncharted fishing grounds. It is assumed by their close associates that they will, as usual, spend the first half of their vacation failing to catch fish and the latter half thinking up alibis for the failure. In view of the fact that Uncle Sam is carrying on a coy but persistent flirtation with Ben, we trust he will have something more than excuses to show for his anticipated sunburn.

Jimmy Knittel and James L. Reese, Line Schedulers, will be missed from the Department. Jimmy is, we understand, angling for a comfortable sinecure with Civil Service. Gentleman Jim Reese left with the avowed purpose of resuming his predatory stalking of automobile prospects. There should be a law against a man looking like a clergyman, talking like a professional reformer and trading like a horse jockey. The Department wishes both of them the best of luck. They did a fine job and earned the respect and thanks of their associates.

THE BULL BOARD

By C. J. Novak

With vacation time here one will be able to hear all kinds of tales. Returning vacationists will have more to talk about than a woman with an operation.

Yours truly wishes to apologize to "Grandpa" Hodges in regard to the remark appearing in this column that he, "Grandpa", was now writing a column so he could get his name in print. How were we to know this was the truth?

During the past two weeks "Junior Bottleneck" Ledbetter did a very fine job holding down the desk in the Stores Traffic Department.

Roy Coston, the ex-section hand, now located at 8-5, is weakening very rapidly to the enticing glances of his Uncle Sam.

Wonder why "Graveyard" Patterson is eating so many carrots lately?

This fellow Strange is the strangest human that ever existed, always insisting his name appear in this column.

According to the grapevine, Ray Nobilett will, in the near future, treat a certain Stores' employee to a chicken dinner.

By Twillie Mae Thompson

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By DeFries and Colley

Marine Raider on Tulagi



From the Naval Hospital in San Diego came a story of a Marine Raider on Tulagi who lay wounded in a ditch for fifteen minutes beneath two Japs who had shot him. The story was told by Private August R. Montgomery, U. S. M. C., a 22-year-old youth from Terre Haute, Ind., while at the hospital recovering from chest and arm wounds suffered in the Solomons action.

THE FUNNY PART of it was that one of the two Japs wasn't wounded," said Montgomery. "I don't know whether he just liked me, or figured I was done for."

Private Montgomery's outfit was with the first wave of Raiders to land on Tulagi and after the landing immediately pushed inland.

"We set up for the night alongside a road," he related. "I was asleep when the first shot rang out. It wasn't until later that I learned what caused it. Nine Japs, bold as brass, had come sauntering down the trail. They were crafty, keeping to the middle of the trail, where our patrols would be sure to see them and they would probably be mistaken for Marines.

"They passed the sentinel, giving the password in English, and got clear up to the head of our outfit, near where I was sleeping. In the dark, their clothing and helmets were easy to mistake. But a Platoon Sergeant named Martin who'd served in China stopped their game.

"One of the Japs asked him: 'Hey, buddy, what's the dope? What outfit is this?' Without a moment's hesitation, Martin shot him dead. Long years in the Orient helped him detect the Jap accent.

"That's when I rolled into the ditch," Montgomery continued. "Two Japs dived in beside me, one on either side. Both carried rifles, pistols and knives. So did we, but I didn't have much time to use mine. Both Japs had their rifles jammed into my ribs as soon as I hit ditch-bottom

"I managed to brush one rifle aside as the Jap on my left shot me through the chest. Luckily, the bullet was deflected by my 'dog tag' (identification tag), which undoubtedly saved my life. The Jap on my right shot me through the right arm, but he also shot his confederate.

"All three of us fell prone in the ditch. Though conscious, I couldn't move because both Japs were on top of me. One had his head right up against my neck.

"Then a Corpsman bent down to roll the Japs off me and I got the surprise of my life . . . the Jap who'd been snuggled against my shoulder leaped to his feet with a yell, flashing a wicked knife straight for the Corpsman's throat.

"The Corpsman fired the pistol he carried in his hand faster than you could blink your eye — and the Jap was through.

HE FOOLED 'EM

By joining a flight of enemy planes which were circling to land near Cagliari, Sardinia, Lt. Col. Frank L. Dunn, on a photographic mission to locate an Italian cruiser in the harbor, completed his mission at an altitude of 100 feet or less before the enemy pilots noticed that he was flying an American plane, and escaped. The photographic information of the shipping in the harbor proved invaluable and Colonel Dunn was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in recognition of his deed.

Hiter loves the rumormonger.

My, aren't deadlines hard to meet— Madeline Offutt has taken off for Oklahoma City and left this deal in our hands. She left a word of hail and farewell to all the Safety Engineers whom she missed telling goodbye. In her place as secretary to Joe Stensaas is Jean Allen, who is doing a bang-up good job.

Bill Flocks and his right hand man, Lawrence Griffith, went on an extended tour of numerous Ordnance Plants this past week. At this writing we haven't seen them for a report of activities but maybe that will come later.

Helen Coker, the cute little blonde in J. D. Webster's office, is really getting broken in right, what with all these vacations going through.

Harley Goettsche, Safety Engineer, just returned from his vacation, and you should see the slick convertible he is sporting.

And if you are the home-loving type, you should try one of the good home cooked meals Jo Kellin and LaNelle Eastus have been handing out lately. LaNelle received some clippings last week from her sister, Olivia, who is stationed at Memphis, Tennessee, as a radio operator in the WAVES.

The smile on the face of Joe Stensaas for the past week is because he has so much idle time on his hands, what with all the duties of Chief Safety Engineer and Acting Director of Plant Protection, he's been a busy little man. But he has carried on wonderfully.

Old Rhythm Boy Jack Figh has a new helper over in the First Aid Station in Zone 2. Just ask him about it.

HOW'S YOUR PULSE

By Dr. Anne Russell

Margaret Oates and Jane Wilkins are new comers to the Clinical Laboratory. Margaret is from Canadian and Jane hails from Portland, Oregon. Both young ladies are fine technicians.

Jean Allen transferred from medical to safety. We will miss her, but we hope she enjoys her new job. Keep an eye on "Veronica" for us will you, Jean?

Nathan Bussion left Pantex and is returning to Sunny California.

Miss Harrell has been quite the busy little woman at the Pantex hospital for the past few weeks. She keeps everybody on the go—ask Bailey, she knows.

Well, we say good-bye to Dr. Bagwell on June 23, and we know that we are not alone in wishing him the best of luck. We'll certainly miss him.

"Eddie" Wilkins has joined the "Up-Down" gals. Streamline is the vogue right now.

ON THE MOVE

By Billie Lane

What's this we hear about Leroy Hollingshead spanking Gloria Nixon? Could it be the swing shift that's making a mischievous girl out of "Nickie"?

It has been definitely reported that E. H. Ready, saw a rabbit chasing a dog in Zone 7. We know Ready is an honest man and wouldn't "spoo" us, but it is still hard to believe.

Speaking of the Bus Transportation, Tom Fritz left us to become manager of the Goodrich Rubber Company in Tulsa, Oklahoma. We are glad to have H. V. Allison back with us after a few weeks absence.

Mrs. Eddie Cornelius is all smiles now that she has returned from her weeks' vacation in Chicago, spent with her husband who is in the Navy.

Billie Lane has returned from Memphis, Tennessee where she spent an enjoyable week.

If you have never seen how glamorous a woman looks when she first gets up you should see Frances Fryar when she gets to work every morning.

All the single girls are looking for a man that lives up to Mr. Foy's standards. Especially a man with those innocent blue eyes and that pleasing disposition.

Miss Viola Vance is moving from the Administration Building to the Transportation Building to help our department.

FIREMEN

By Cowboy

A. E. Wright is very proud of his two sons and who wouldn't be. Both are in the Naval Air Corps. Allen is stationed in Norman, Okla., and Cleo in San Diego, Calif.

John R. Kemp, "Honest John" to most of us, is another proud parent. His son, James, is stationed in Arkansas with the Army Medical Corps.

We have just had a large reduction in our force and we're going to miss the boys. We wish them the best of luck.

We, the fire department, wish to express our heartfelt sympathy to the M. D. Short family in the loss of their mother and mother-in-law.

"Toby" Reed left us for his old home town, Hobbs, New Mexico. Best of luck, Toby.

Captain Musk and "Myrt" Crouch, what is this we hear about your being in the dog house?

We wonder what "Junior" Coe would do without "Mother" Sebastian to see that he got the proper amount of sleep?

What kind of a car is it that uses \$9.85 worth of gas between here and Lubbock?

Engineering & Utilities

By Beuno Cox

The Machine and Welding Shops are now operating as a single unit. A poster hangs on the door which reads: "MAY-BE THE ABSENTEE WOULD LIKE TO WORK UNDER ANOTHER FLAG." Do not know what force this brings to bear, but they have no absentee problem. Skipper Rex Peters, it is reported, is out with his fish tales again, even verifying such with pictures. These stories branch off to his experiences with capsizing boats, high waves, etc. . . . It is suggested someone should investigate all fish vendors to see if Mr. Peters is a very regular customer. A machinist musician, F. B. Parsons, plays with an orchestra three nights each week, and is always on the job the next day. Grace Irion is not only a tool room attendant, but has completed a course in machinist work at the U. S. School at the Amarillo College.

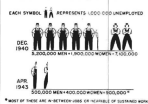
We want to make no oversight of the whistle-as-you-work personnel in the Welding Shop. They are so interested in their art (it should be called art for they turn out some jobs that might well be so classified) that several of them attend school three nights a week. We are happy to report their foreman, E. M. Mickley (Mick) is rapidly recovering from the dangerous cuts on his hand thanks to the excellent medical care he received, but we do wish to mention that Mr. Mickley was very faithful in reporting for his treatments. He is now claiming the arc flashes are giving him eye trouble. Suppose he will have to return for more treatments. Jeannie Woods, Pete Truax and Fred E. Allen are being missed from the Welding Shop. Mr. Telford will be missed when he leaves for Puerto Rico.

Things have been humming around the round house lately. It was interesting to watch the 20-T, locomotive being loaded for shipment. Had quite a crowd of spectators, and far more floating suggestions. Cleo Searcy's chest has expanded about 12 inches. He is passing out cigars and saying the new daughter looks just like him. Erna Nesselroad was reported off the job ill with flu.

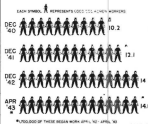
From the Woodworking Shop comes the report of the various discussions taking place there. Of course, these educational chats are usually argued a bit, and center around such subjects as new orders coming in, the best productive Victory Gardens, and the finer things such as "Sneeds Rogues Gallery". Paul R. Crabaugh will be missed when he leaves for the Sea Bees. Mr. Crabaugh is our "Lathe" man—we think the Navy is getting a credit indeed!

Mr. Jones, Supt. of Electrical Dept., has moved his office in with Bill Gassa-

UNEMPLOYMENT, 1940-1943



WOMEN IN U.S. INDUSTRY (ALL NON-AGRICULTURAL EMPLOYMENT)



way, who assumed Mr. Jones' duties. Mr. Johns has gone to Southern Methodist University. He is being missed here, but his telephone is now available. We hear the closing down of Zone 7 is becoming quite a difficult job due to old men Corrosion and Rust, who are determined to hold their ground. Clark Newlin and R. S. Bowie have left their posts of duty in the Electrical Dept.

George Hepner, Carl Schell, John Tatum, Tom Rhodes, Dave Leaverton and W. B. Diessen have left the Engineering Department and we regret losing them. Please do not scoff and talk about the Engineering Department, as it is now too small to protect itself.

Shorty Eisenhauer has left this division, and many friends.



Will of Meade Graham

In leaving Pantex I wish to leave the following will bequeathing my belongings to my following friends:

Al Dunlap—My unusual ability to make errors and continually confuse the Tabulating Department (which incidentally includes Howard Johnson and Jack Reeves.)

Darrell Grundy—My undying affection for J. D. "West Texas State" Webster. OK J. D., I can hear you hollering Arkansans.

Hugh Hale—I will concede to his victory in our moustache growing contest. After one week's competition I was forced to shave that one whisker that was protruding from my chin.

Powell Combs—My ability to wear my trousers with a baggy seat just as well as he could.

J. E. Kirkpatrick—To Kirk I have tried to replace a golfer who consistently shoots as poorly as I do . . . only to find after a complete survey of the plant—none available.

Clay Willis—My position on the baseball team. I feel as though he is one man qualified to beat my record—twelve errors in one inning.

R. B. Scott—My present place in the horseshoe pitching contest. He is one man who can give my partner, Clyde Parker, some support.

Jim Aldridge—My blank check book for he writes my signature better than I do. (Incidentally Jim, I might suggest that you make a substantial deposit to cover the check you intend to write and also the hot checks I am leaving behind.)

Alice Barlow, Twillie Thompson, Marian Dabbs, Nora Wiggins, Mayme Murry, Sally Arterburn, Frances Biggs, Betty Newell—to the Payroll Pretties I contribute my absence which is the most appreciated gift I could afford.

J. S. Marchant—My eating place in the cafeteria directly in front of the juke box so he can enjoy listening to Pistol Packing Mama.

To my other friends at Pantex I bid fond farewell. I take with me the memories of an enjoyable year at Pantex. It has really been swell.

See you all in the Army.

Meade.



"The German Army will never better equipped."
(Adolf Hitler).



It's a funny situation, all right—the love sick Romeo out in the middle of whizzing traffic.

Funny—but only in a cartoon. In real life it isn't at all funny, since thousands of times each year jay-walkers are killed. In 1942, approximately 10,000 pedestrians were killed and about 200,000 injured.

All of us are pedestrians. Therefore, we would do well to avoid the mistake the fellow in the cartoon is making and also other mistakes equally hazardous.

In cities, pedestrian deaths account for over half the death toll. Nearly half the pedestrians killed were crossing in the middle of the block or coming from behind parked cars.

Drinking on the part of driver or pedestrian or both, is a factor in a large number of pedestrian deaths.

These facts should speak for themselves. But here are some cautions:

Cross streets only at intersections, with the light, and on the crosswalk.

Never leave the curb until you are sure you can make it all the way across safely.

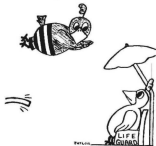
When you get off busses, go to the nearest curb and wait until crossing is safe.

KEEP 'EM SHOOTING

Johnnie Mae Jacobs, a maid at the police barracks submitted the following poem through the Suggestions System:

Keep 'Em Shooting,
Keep 'Em Flying,
That's U. S. motto undefying.
Keeps those Axis under our feet
So we won't have this to repeat
Keep 'Em Shooting
Keep 'Em Flying,
While we Buy 'Um.

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD Watching A Fried Chicken



A fried chicken is a silly thing
That has spent the whole day outside
In the glaring sunlight,
And in this hot summer weather, that's
bad.

This one played 36 holes of golf in his
Undershirt and with no hat on.
Then he played 6 or 8 sets of tennis.
Wearing just his swimming trunks.
Now he's diving into the pool
For a couple of hours of
Good old healthy swimming.
He thinks he is getting a golden suntan.
Ha! He's already burned to a crisp.
Tomorrow morning he'll wake up un-
able to move.

So he has to lay off the job for a few
days

With a well-done case of sunburn
And heat exhaustion.

This type of character never learns
That too much of a good thing
Is sometimes worse than none at all.



THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING YOU!
WERE YOU A FRIED
CHICKEN THIS WEEK?

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

EPISODE OF NAVY BILL

Navy Bill had broken with his girl friend, Milly. After ignoring several letters requesting the return of her photograph, one came threatening to complain to the captain. Deciding to squelch her for all time, he borrowed all the pictures of girls available on the ship, sending them to her in a large bundle with the following note: "Pick yours out, I've forgotten what you look like."
—Royal Neighbor Magazine.

It's safer to label all rumors "baloney"
In time of war they're mostlyphony.
And even if they're partly true,
Think of the harm the "telles" do.
The only "repeacer" that's worth a trifle
Is in the Army. And that's a rifle.

PRODUCTION FRONT FIGHTERS' CREED

THIS all-out total war is for the preservation of MY freedom, as well as that of millions of others. It is my war as well as that of the man who carries a gun, and I will fight it vigorously and constantly wherever I am.

★ As a soldier on the Production Front, I will do my duty to the fullest extent of my ability. I will use my talents to produce the most and best of fighting equipment.

★ I will use all of my ingenuity to save raw material, machine hours and man hours for more production.

★ I will avoid duplication of effort, equipment and space, so that every facility will be put to its most efficient use.

★ I will salvage every reject, pound of scrap, and every tool so that the fullest usefulness may be obtained from every ounce and hour that has been expended.

★ I will eliminate every unnecessary ounce of shipping weight and cubic foot of shipping space to make room for more war material.

★ I will exert all my energy and ability to doing a more thorough, businesslike, and productive job in war production than I ever did in civilian production.

This Is My War



I Will Fight It!