

Pantexan

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Vol. 1

No. 19

PANTEX ORDNANCE PLANT, AMARILLO, TEXAS
MORTON-TEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION, PRIME CONTRACTOR





HONOR ROLL

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

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

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Howard G. Philbrook - - - - - General Manager

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Argie Neill - - - -	Engineering	John J. Cunningham - - - -	Zone 10
Lester Webb - - - -	Motor Pool	Sam Goodner - - - -	Zone 10

SECRECY — OUR STRONGEST DEFENSIVE WEAPON

By "Talking too much you rob our fighting forces of their strongest defensive weapon—Secrecy", said Major General George V. Strong, Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, in a recent statement. General Strong advised Americans not to quote from servicemen's letters, not to gossip, talk shop, and, he added, "above all don't talk about any phase of the war with strangers."

PRaise for AMERICAN WORKERS

Devotion of American workers to the task of producing modern fighting weapons won the praises of American and French military commanders in the North African war zone recently as American-made equipment was formally transferred to the soldiers of France.

At a ceremony in Allied Headquarters in North Africa, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Commanding General, Allied Forces in that theater, and General Henri Giraud, Civilian and Military Commander-in-Chief, French North Africa, delivered speeches emphasizing the importance of American industry's part in the defeat of the Axis in Tunisia.

In his speech of presentation, which included a message from President Roosevelt who also lauded American war workers, General Eisenhower said in part: "Supplementing vital equipment delivered to the gallant French forces from British and American armies during the Tunisian campaign, this new array of war munitions, only a small portion of that already here and coming—has been produced by the sacrifices and devotion of America, whose millions of men, women and children have joined with their hands and their hearts in this great war for human freedom."

General Giraud, who responded for the French, praised the French troops, and said that "pledge that was made at Anfa by the President of the United States and the British Government has been fulfilled. The convoys are arriving." Then, he added in part:

"The news is spreading through the country and among the troops and bringing them comfort and hope. Today's ceremony, simple and great, allows us to express our gratitude to the workmen in America who have wrought that precious material and brought such a contribution to the re-conquest of liberty in the world. This ceremony asserts our common will to win the war."

UTILITIES

Hugh M. Palmer, Army
William F. Hayes, Jr., Army
Vernon H. Triax, Army

OPERATIONS

Lela B. Bennett, WAAC

STORES

Russell D. Connally, Army
Ernest B. Beaty, Army

INTELLIGENCE

Jerome Wright, U. S. Engineers

SAFETY

Ralph D. Lemons, U. S. Eng.
Rayford B. Dickerson, U. S. Eng.

The names above are listed in the order in which the men went into the armed forces according to date, during the period of May 21 through June 5.

THANKS FOR KINDNESS

To Pantex friends and fellow workers, including hospital attendants, I wish to thank you for the many flowers, gifts and kindnesses shown to my daughter, Helen O'Quinn, during her illness.

Helen is still in the Pantex hospital and will be for some time, but she is rapidly recovering from her accident. She is looking forward to the day when she can be with you again.

Mrs. Ola Barkas.

TO ALL MY FRIENDS AT PANTEX

I want to express my appreciation for the gift of kindness shown me during my husband's recent illness and again I say thank you.

Mrs. Winnie H. Davis and family.

PANTEXAN'S COVER

A fireman's primary job is to fight fire and save life and property. But before that he strives to prevent fires. He must learn to detect fire hazards and anticipate possible danger. Through training and schooling he must become proficient in handling the equipment and familiarize himself with every duty pertaining to the work so he may be able to fill any position in event of emergency.

Pantex points with pride to it's Fire Department—it's officers and it's men who will prove themselves a match for any saboteur who dares use fire as a weapon. Typical of these fire-fighters are (l to r) J. B. Mulkey, L. H. E. Hudspeth and G. W. Simpson.

Concussions

REVERBERATIONS AROUND THE PLANTSITE

ORGANIZATION CHANGES

The following organizational changes will be in effect at Pantex, June 16th.

The Transportation Division will become a department of Stores Division. Mr. Richard Roberts will be in charge of the department. Mr. Matthews, former Manager of the Transportation Division, will return to the Santa Fe, from which he has been on leave of absence to assist Certain-teed Products Corporation with transportation at Pantex.

The Intelligence Division will become a department of Personnel Division. Mr. T. Neal Artlur will continue as head of the department until he joins the Armed Forces about July 1.

The Division of Production Planning and Control will become a department of Operations Division. Mr. John F. Knoph will continue as head of the department.

Mr. Morris Zwerdling, who will leave shortly to join the armed forces, will be succeeded by Mr. William K. Harris.

SURE, WE'LL EAT

A two day class in canning was conducted last week for employees of the Cafeteria kitchen by Miss Rachel Veal, supervisor and Home Economist of the Pantex Village.

The course was given to teach Cafeteria employees how to preserve the excess vegetables grown in the Pantex Victory Garden for use next fall and winter by the Cafeteria.

All vegetables in excess of the Cafeteria's needs and which do not lend themselves to preserving are being donated to the Children's Preventorium. To date spinach, Swiss chard, mustard greens and radishes from the garden are being included in the Cafeteria menu.

LOOKING FOR THE RATION BOARD?

Pantex employees who need to deal with the Ration Board or make application for supplemental gas or tires will now find the Board quartered in shining new offices in the Transportation Building.

Tables and chairs in the bus waiting room provide convenient space to fill out forms and applications. The Board's offices were formerly located at 139 in the Administration Building.

We have never known a man with only one good eye who objected to wearing a mask.

VACATION POLICY

In keeping with WPB's announcement that vacations for industrial workers are helpful to war production, Pantex has announced its vacation policy.

Salaried employees, hired between October 1, 1942 and February 28, 1943, will be allowed one week's vacation with pay. Those hired prior to October 1, 1942 will be allowed two week's vacation with pay. Those eligible for 2 week's vacation may be required or permitted to split the vacation into one week periods.

Employees on an hourly wage rate will be allowed one week's vacation with pay after one year's continuous service.

The week's vacation with pay for the hourly employees will be computed by multiplying the hourly rate by forty. Extra compensation will be paid hourly employees in lieu of a vacation in the event that employment is terminated for any reason after a person becomes eligible by reason of one year's continuous service and before a vacation is made available to them, or in event the Division Manager certifies that the employee cannot be released for vacation.

WPB Chief Donald Nelson makes the following statement regarding wartime vacations: "Experience has shown that the volume of production is increased if the workers can restore their energies through periods of physical and mental rest, change and relaxation. After a brief vacation a worker should be in better shape to contribute to the increased effort which our war program makes necessary."

Every effort will be made to make vacations available as soon as possible after an employee becomes eligible under terms of the policy. Employees are urged to spend their vacation as near home as they can this year. Wartime travel congestion is a serious problem and it is imperative that people do as little traveling as possible. If you go away from home, limit your travel on public carriers to a single round-trip to the place where the vacation is to be spent.

NEW MEN'S HOTEL

The Pantex Men's Hotel has been moved from its former location adjoining T-47 to the lower floor of Dormitory B. John Sayre is desk clerk in charge of the hotel. Rates remain the same at fifty cents a night or three dollars a week. The hotel is now under the supervision of the Personnel Department. The old building will soon be torn down.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Most of us are in one way or another doing our bit for victory, but it isn't often a family of 15 turns out 100% for Uncle Sam. Captain E. J. Stovall of the Pantex Guard Force can make that claim for the Stovall clan, natives of Abilene, Texas.

The roll call reads: Brothers Sam, Dick and Gene in Officer's Training School; Captain Jim commands a colored detachment in Australia; Captain J. N. instructs in Instrumental Flying at Randolph Field; Master Sergeant C. W. is in North Africa; and Lieutenant W. G. is in the Air Corps at Baker's Field, California. Two other brothers, W. S. and R. L. serve their country on the home front in the production field.

Not to be outdone by the male members of the family, one sister, Dr. Thelma, and her doctor husband are serving Uncle Sam in the Medical Corps of the United States Army. The second sister is in defense work in El Paso and still a third does volunteer and Red Cross work at home.

Father Robert Stovall is not only proud of his family and their patriotic service, but he keeps pace with them by running the Soldier's Canteen at Camp Barkley at Abilene, Texas. Mother Stovall finds she has a full time job just keeping track of her family and keeping them cheered with letters.

THAT GRAND OLD GAME

The Pantex Baseball League has been reduced from fourteen to ten teams because of changes in departments and personnel. In the reorganization each team will maintain its present position. The place held now and during the season will determine the teams in the play-off.

Games are played every evening at 7:00, Monday through Thursday at 26th and Monroe.

Standings, Monday, June 7:

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Stores No. 2	2	0	1000
Post Engineers	2	0	1000
Stores No. 4	1	0	1000
Stores No. 3	2	1	667
Eng. and Utilities	2	1	667
Gen. Office No. 1	2	1	667
Operations 9-3	2	2	500
Operations 10-2	1	1	500
Operations 10-3	1	1	500
Fire Department	1	1	500
Operations 9-1	1	2	333
Stores No. 1	1	3	250
Operations 10-1	0	1	000

Birthday Party



The Pantex family celebrated the 131st anniversary of the founding of the Ordnance Department on June 11th with speeches, band music, exhibits and pink lemonade.

By Ida Sue Taylor

Employees were honored at the Pantex celebration of the 131st anniversary of the Ordnance Department, held on the plant site Friday afternoon, June 11.

A program, emphasizing the plant workers' vital role in winning the war, was presented on the west side of the dormitory buildings in the Administrative area. Families and friends of employees began to gather at the plant site at 3:30 p.m. for the program which was to start an hour later.

Following the invocation, Ilo G. Campbell, Administrative Officer of Ordnance, started the program with an explanation of the purpose of the celebration, and introduced Mayor Joe Jenkins, who made a brief talk. Lt. Col. Bacher briefly outlined the history of the Ordnance Department, introduced officials of Certain-teed Products Corporation and paid tribute to the plant's employees.

"To the Ordnance Department of 1943," Col. Bacher said, "falls the job of developing, designing, manufacturing, buying, storing, and maintaining ordnance material, and training Ordnance personnel for field duty. Its responsibility covers the whole catalogue of Army weapons and ammunition from sidearms, rifles, carbines and machine guns, to light and heavy field, anti-aircraft, antitank and coast artillery. The Ordnance Department also develops and procures tanks, vehicles of all kinds, and self-propelled mounts. Finally it 'passes the ammunition.'"

An exhibit of material and equipment used in the bomb loading lines and a display of equipment provided for plant protection were set up for review by the visitors. The Amarillo Army Air Field band provided music for the program and played for the colorful retreat ceremony by a platoon of uniformed guards, which ended the formal part of the program.

Specialty conducted tours were arranged for guests to ride over the reservation in plant busses before and after the program. All buildings within the administrative area were open to visitors except the Hospital and Telephone buildings. During the entire afternoon refreshment stands, set up on the east side of the Cafeteria building, were busy serving soft drinks to the visitors.

Elsewhere the national anniversary event was observed by approximately



Lt. Col. R. M. Bacher



Mayor Joe A. Jenkins

217,000 Ordnance officers and enlisted personnel in Ordnance arsenals, factories, depots, schools, proving grounds and camps both in the continental United States and in combat areas, and by 253,539 civilian employees of Army Ordnance.

In Washington, Major Gen. L. H. Campbell, Jr., Chief of Ordnance, was host in Constitution Hall to 3,000 civilian employees of the Ordnance Department, Army Service Forces. Bob Hope and his troopers provided entertainment for this gathering.

In a statement issued concerning this anniversary, General Campbell said that the sole mission of the Ordnance Department, since its foundation in 1812, has been to develop and improve the striking force of our combat weapons and vehicles.

"Our combat troops on all battlefronts possess the most accurate and the most devastating weapons in the world. These weapons are being used to achieve a speedy and victorious peace. Yet the Ordnance Department, which provides our troops with the most advanced tools of war, is already prepared to make its contribution to post-war reconstruction."

"Army Ordnance strives at all times to defend and foster the security and

safety of this republic."

Going back to the founding of the Army Ordnance Department in 1812, Colonel Decius Wadsworth of Connecticut was the first Chief of Ordnance. He was authorized, from time to time, to employ as many wheelwrights, carriage makers, blacksmiths and laborers as the public service might, in his judgment, require.

It was the duty of Colonel Wadsworth, in Jefferson's time, to direct inspection of all pieces of ordnance, cannon balls, shells and shot procured for the use of the Army; to direct the construction of all carriages and ammunition wagons, pontoons and traveling forges; to direct the work of scientific laboratories; and to examine all ordnance carriages, ammunition, and apparatus in the respective fortresses, magazines and arsenals, and cause the same to be preserved and kept in good order."

At that time the total annual appropriation of the Ordnance Department for carrying out these duties was \$900,000. In 1943 the appropriation for the Ordnance Department was approximately 10 billion dollars. Washington headquarters for the numerous activities of Ordnance is the much-talked-of Pentagon Building.

THRU THE BOMBSIGHT

By Ida Sue Taylor

Vacation time is with us at last, and now that we have it what are we going to do with it? That was the question put to Ordnance personnel during the past two weeks. This summer most employees will try to entertain themselves at home during the 16 hours per day that we don't work. There are other places to be entertained but for the present we are

going to discuss entertainment in the home.

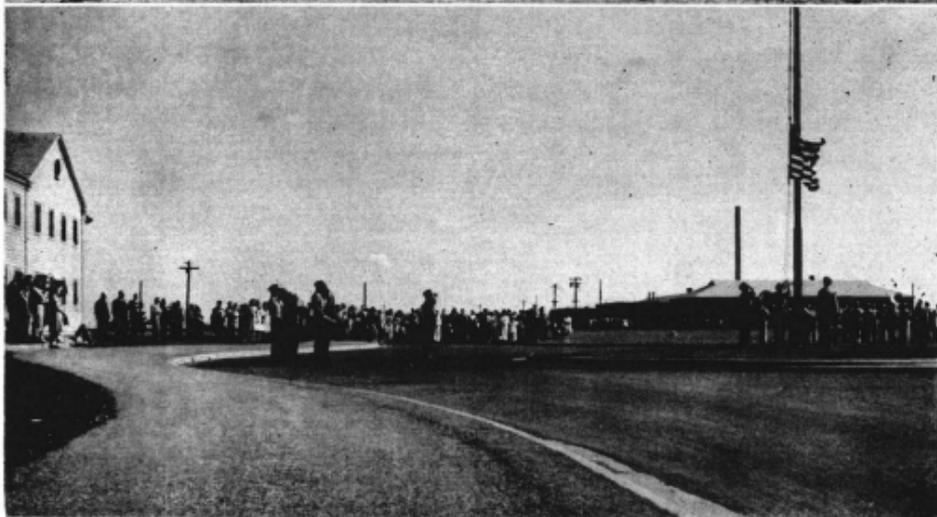
Ordnance's own Inspection Department has produced two lively games for spending a quiet evening with a friend or driving guests insane at a garden party. The only equipment needed for both games is paper and pencil.

The first requires two players. It is called "Battleship," a timely arrangement of blocks to represent 1 battleship, 2 cruisers, and 2 destroyers arranged on

a 10x10 block square, lettered A through J at the top and numbered 1 through 10 at the right side. Somewhat like in bingo you call a block by letter and number and this is your shot. You have ten shots. If you hit anything your opponent tells you about it. Then he has ten shots. It is necessary to land a shot in each block of any one piece of maritime hardware in order to sink same. Everytime anything gets sunk the loser

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

Above: Employees and their families gathered on the lawn in front of the west dormitory to hear the speakers during the Army Ordnance Anniversary Celebration. Below: Retreat was impressive ceremony.





A. H. Doerge



Paul H. Gray

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?

Once upon a time the telephone, radio and the automobile were only ideas, but they did not remain just ideas. They were developed and finally became actualities.

Yours may not be an idea which will revolutionize industry or cause a turn in the tide of war. It may, however, help bring this war to an end one day sooner.

Every worker on the production front is in a position to know his or her individual job a little better than anyone else and consequently knows where there is room for improvement.

A suggestion which is so simple that it might be overlooked by someone not so closely associated with the job may promote safety, improve quality, reduce cost, conserve material, save time, increase production, or improve methods or working conditions in some manner. Regardless of how small, write down your suggestion and send it to the Suggestions Secretary through the company mail.

Pantexans are responding to the call for ideas in true American fashion.

Scores have been received by the Suggestions Secretary. If you haven't sent in yours, get busy and help "Kee" "Em Shooting."

Two "Awards for Initiative and Patriotism" were approved at the last meeting of the Awards Committee. One went to Paul H. Gray, special duty mechanic, for his idea to facilitate smoother operation of air compressors.

The second was merited by A. H. Doerge, general foreman in Stores, for his idea to speed up the handling of bomb casings.

W. B. Dierssen, Engineering, has been appointed Suggestions Secretary to replace J. G. Johns who has left to attend school. Dierssen points out that suggestions should be written on the blank forms provided at time clocks and sent in, even though through necessity the idea may have been put into immediate operation. With a statement from the suggestor's foreman or superintendent that the suggestion was made before it was put into practice it will still be worthy of an award.

THRU THE BOMBSIGHT

(Continued from Page 5)

gets shots subtracted from his allotted quota of ten as follows: 4 for a battleship, 2 for a destroyer, and 1 for a cruiser. Are you getting tired? Okay, we'll move on to the next game.

"Guggenheim" is another fascinating block game. Make a square of 25 blocks. Take a five-letter word and place the letters along the left side of the square, a letter opposite a block. To illustrate we'll take "Idiot" as an appropriate five-letter word. Then across the top of the square opposite each of the five outlying blocks write as follows: Animals, Precious Stones, Vegetables, Famous People and Countries. (Isn't this fun!) Now you are ready to begin. In the first block under Animals and opposite the letter "I" we place Ichthyanthropus

erectus, a well-known animal we happened to think of right off the bat. Under Precious Stones nothing comes to mind so we move on to Vegetables and, fudging a little, we print "Iggsplant" neatly in the block. This brings us to Famous People, e. g., Ickes, Harold L., and last of all Countries, namely Iceland. Now we go back to Precious Stones. (Since you're playing this with yourself it's possible to cheat a little without getting kicked in the teeth.) We change the classification from Precious Stones to Fictional Characters and fill in the blank with Ivanhoe, whoever he is. Now we're ready for the second row opposite letter "D" and so on.

We always called a spade a spade until we hit our foot with one the other day.

P. P. C.

By Ralph Randel

From the unbearable rays of a merciless equatorial sun to the balmy breezes of a shaded oasis is an almost unbelievable contrast. The Division experienced just such a change, May 28th, by moving on their new offices across from Operations. In addition to the climatic advantages, more room was secured and Mr. Knoph's office is next to the money vault. At least this country columnist assumes all vaults have money and is feverishly studying correspondence lessons on the idiosyncrasies of vault combinations.

Edd Cory and Bob Miller have left Pantex for other fields of endeavor. Edd joined the Seebees while Miller returned to his musical vocation. The Division wishes both of them every success. If Edd carries his enthusiasm and energy into his new assignment he will be a landlocked Admiral in ninety days. If Miller can play like he can write reports he will relegate Xavier Cugat's tunes to the innocuous strains of a Victorian pink tea musicale.

Mrs. Pulley, guardian of the files, secretary to Mr. Knoph, purveyor of confidential reports and picnic enthusiast extraordinary, has returned to brighten up the offices after a two day unpaid vacation spent with relatives. (Personal observation) "That's the only kind of vacation you spend with relatives."

The TelAutograph machine installed in the Central Scheduler's office has attracted many visitors. The thing has no earthly right to do what it does but seeing it operate leaves only a small doubt with the fairminded and badly shakes the morale of the "I don't believe it when I see it" crowd.

MEET THE PEOPLE

By Carolyn Newbold

What is a reporter supposed to do when the inmates of every department in the Division simply shake their heads and adopt a blank stare, when asked for news tips? We have tried the art of pleading, we have tried to bribe someone else into writing the column by explaining in detail how much fun it is. We have even tried complete indifference, but nothing seems to work. The only practical solution appears to be pure fabrication of facts, and while practical in one sense, it doesn't appear very healthy.

Seriously though, we do wish to sympathize with Twillie Mae Thompson, whose husband, home on a 15-day furlough, was recalled on the fourth day and was shipped June 6.

Working with safety is working with common sense.

Fire Engines Rolling

**FAST ACTION, QUICK THINKING ARE
TWO MUSTS FOR PANTEX FIREMEN**

A fire alarm was received at the Central Fire Station and alert firemen started for their trucks. Exactly 2 minutes and 40 seconds after the employee had lifted the receiver to report the fire, the firemen had a stream of water pouring through the cafeteria kitchen window.

It is an amazing record, but the Fire Department at Pantex is amazingly efficient.

Fire Chief Ross E. Dickerson works on the theory that the world's worst fire could have been put out with the moistened tip of the finger, if its existence had been discovered in time.

It is impossible to lay too much stress on the importance of getting to the scene of the fire in the fewest possible number of minutes, since the first three minutes of a fire are the most crucial. When a fire is reported, it is imperative that a thorough and accurate description be given of the zone and building location.

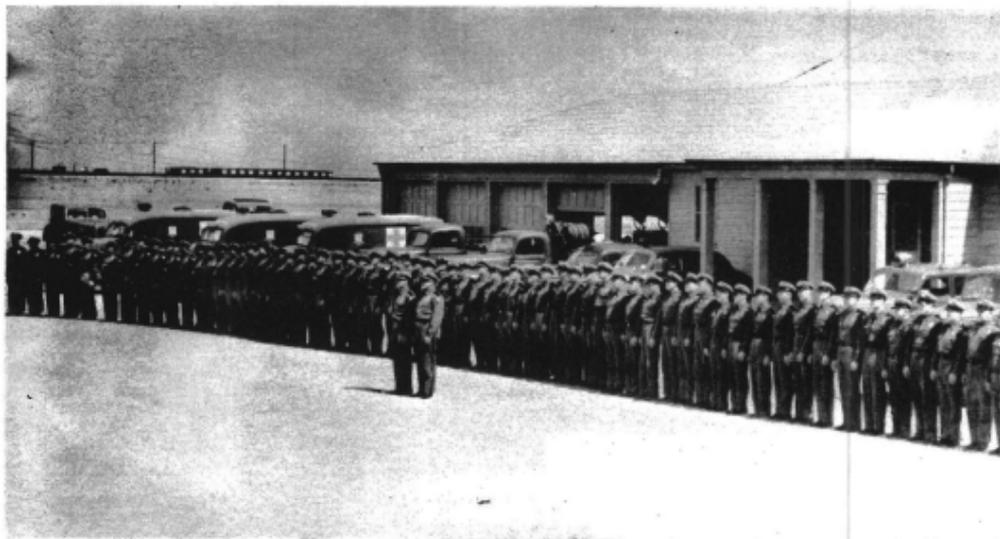
To turn in an alarm, pick up the nearest telephone. When the operator answers and you state that you want to report a fire, the emergency telephone in the Central Fire Station is rung. With the ringing of that telephone a fire alarm is sounded in the station and the firemen start for their trucks. In the meantime a description of the fire is being received by the officer in charge and within one minute after the alarm has been received, the firemen are on their way.

Housed in three separate stations in the area, the Pantex organization of fire fighters are constantly training and studying to keep the plant safe from the most dangerous and most frequently used weapon of saboteurs.

Classes are conducted three times a
(Continued on Next Page, Col. 1)

The Fire Department boasts two La-France fire trucks. These powerful 12 cylinder machines made by a company which has been in the business for 100 years, are the best on the market. Each truck is completely equipped with fire fighting apparatus and is capable of pumping 750 gallons of water a minute.





Two shifts of firemen pose in front of the Central Station with equipment

FIRE IS PANTEX'S MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY

week, where the men learn to handle equipment; study ground plans of the area and floor plans of each building; become familiar with the places where the most dangerous materials and most valuable are stored; and learn how to combat various explosives and how to handle panic stricken people.

Unlike smoke eaters in a metropolitan area who respond to a call not knowing what conditions or hazards to expect, firemen at Pantex are so thoroughly familiar with every foot of the reservation, the buildings and their contents that they can anticipate the problem before them and the best method of combating it the minute a call is received.

It would be impossible for a saboteur to become familiar with the routine of the fire crews. Extinguishers are checked and unannounced tours are made of restricted areas three times every 24 hours. The system of inspection differs from other Ordnance plants in that every member of the department serves as an inspector and assignments are rotated so each man is equally familiar with all buildings and areas. Time and route of tours are never the same, hence it cannot be anticipated when or where an inspector will make an appearance.

Much of the credit for this highly efficient fire department, which can boast of less than \$100 damages by fire in the year and two months of its existence,

goes to Chief Dickerson. Under his guidance the department was organized and each man has been selected with an eye to his adaptability to the duties he must perform.

After 20 years of service as captain of the Amarillo Fire Department, Dickerson was called to serve as Chief at Pantex. For the past ten years he has specialized on sabotage, bombs and arson as a matter of personal interest. This

knowledge gave him an excellent background for his responsibilities at Pantex.

In addition to safeguarding the plant from fires, this department must be able to handle emergencies. Each member is instructed in first-aid courses and use of the resuscitator and inhalator. It also maintains an ambulance service.

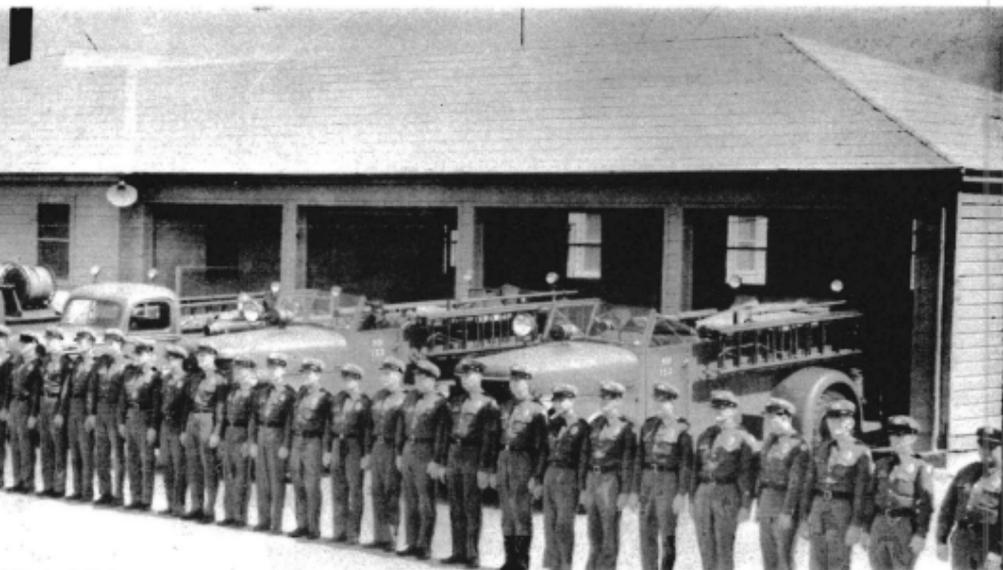
Pantex has such an outstanding record of few fires and low fire losses, it should be a matter of pride with every employee to do his best to help maintain this record.



H. L. Duvall (l), foreman 10-26, and J. W. Cook (rear right) discuss house-keeping with Chief Dickerson (r) and Asst. Chief York.



L. C. Johnson (driver), Joe Robinson (attendant), R. L. McKinney (l) and W. L. Patton (r) show how firemen handle ambulance patients.



the stations. The force has been reduced since this photo was made.

FIREMEN

By Cowboy

Something new has been added. The new addition is a billy goat at Fire Station No. 3 and from what we hear the name is "Salty", acquired from the long lost "Salty" Grimes, ex-foreman who is now in the Army at Ft. Sill, Okla.

We hope the people of Pantex Ranch have noticed the new (cool) shirts the firemen are wearing these days.

A. T. Wyatt has three sons in the

Army. One son is in some division of the Artillery stationed in Hawaii. Another son is in the Air Corps stationed in New Jersey. And another son is in the Medical Corps stationed in Texas.

Pfc. Richard Ayers, son of C. L. Ayers, of the Fire Dept., and by the way, he's another guy from Hall County, is studying to be a radio technician and is stationed in Wisconsin.

R. R. Mulkey, Jr., son of R. R. Mulkey, is in Boot Camp in the Navy, stationed in San Diego, Calif.

James Priest, son and brother of the Pantex Priest family, is attending South Dakota State College, Brookings, South Dakota. He is in the Medical Detachment of the Army Air Corps.

"Scud" Redus, son of "Pie" Redus, is in the Army Air Corps, stationed in Santa Anna, Calif. "Scud" is Flight Lieutenant over his group of pilots.

We wish all of these boys and the boys that haven't been mentioned this time, and who are doing their part for us, the very best of everything.



A night practice drill at the dormitories shows how an efficient fire crew works. Supposedly, the fire is in the attic of the right wing. A stream of water on the roof keeps the flame from bursting through as firemen enter the attics of both wings with lines. A big La France pumper is seen (center) and an ambulance crew (right). In the foreground, lighting the activities is a portable generator unit from which six 1000-watt flood lamps are operated. The unit is the only source of light on the scene and shows how valuable light can be in firefighting.

PLANT PROTECTION

By Bottle

Here is this ol' suprise column! A "Hail and Farewell" and "Don't Think It Ain't Been Charmin'" type. Why? Because next issue and there after will be written by Lera Belle DeFries and Nancy Belle Colley. Anyway the Belles have it. Bottle is going to step on the throttle and head back for that Okie State.

Ken Carver, Cornhusker Ordnance plant; James Skipton, Bluebonnet Ordnance plant; and T. J. Pollard, Nebraska Defense Corporation, were guests of Pantex and the Safety Department for the monthly Safety Meeting held June 7 and 8. Mr. Stensaas and these three men discussed mutual safety problems and toured the entire plantsite.

THERE IS NO TAX ON SAFETY BUT IT PAYS DIVIDENDS IF YOU WORK THE SAFE WAY.

Director of Plant Protection W. R. Flocks and his Assistant L. H. Griffith invaded that dream town—Oklahoma City—the week of the 1st. They accidentally met the roommate of Lera Belle DeFries' love . . . worry, worry.

Mr. Stensaas' oldest son, Larry, went to the Hospital the 6th to undergo an operation. We hope this finds him well on the road to a successful recovery and building bigger and better miniature airplanes.

TRY THE SAFE-AS-YOU-WORK PLAN

Henceforth John (Rufus) Figh will be known as "Big Ruf" and Williams (Rufus) Teal will be dubbed "Little Ruf".

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SAFETY.

Russell S. Munro who is attending Safety School in Chicago, writes that he is working hard. He would never ride a bus here but he has become a staunch roofer for the Chicago "L".

SAFETY WILL NEVER BE RATIONED.

Harley Goetsche is the first Safety Engineer to take advantage of the company's vacation policy. Last report he was headed for Dallas but we'll bet that Santa Fe, New Mexico, sees the Goetsches before many moons.

NEVER TAKE A VACATION FROM SAFETY.

BIRTHDAYS ON ZONE 9

By Pearl Castka 9-26

It seems that the WOWS who have a birthday in July are keeping it a dark secret. We are glad to have the new girls on Zone 9. We hope you enjoy working with us. Report your birthdays to Pearl Castka, Room 26 and receive a happy birthday greetings in this column.



Regular monthly meeting of the Directors of Safety was held at Pantex June 7 and 8. Mutual problems were discussed and the guests taken on a tour of the entire plantsite. (l to r) James Skipton, Bluebonnet Ordnance Plant, McGregor, Neb., J. M. Stensaas, Chief Safety Engineer, W. R. Flocks, Director of Plant Protection, T. J. Pollard, Nebraska Defense Corporation, Fremont, Neb., and Ken Carver, Cornhusker Ordnance Plant, Grand Island, Neb.

THE MELTING POT

By Iris Galloway

Welcome back, Lillian Gosnell, who is once again doing Job Assignments filing after a hectic vacation of visiting in cool Colorado and with various and sundry people round about the Panhandle.

Not intending to leak out any vital information . . . or anything like that, but here's a little advance weather forecast: Florene Scott insists that we're in for a long siege of something bad. Her knees have been having that funny feeling again, and that's a sure sign that the elements are going to start acting up.

Maybe Mary Lou Taylor can start sleeping nights now . . . and get back to her normal, cheery self. Her Scotty dog has been found! Talk about your fond masters of man's best friend! . . . anybody would have thought Mary Lou's child had been kidnapped.

Orchids to Lorece York, who is handling Identification all by her lonesome these days . . . and doing a good job of it, too. In case you don't know Lorece, she's the girl with the prettiest hair in Personnel.

Doris Herbst has one more time with her car . . . first she has no riders and then she has too many riders, and it's getting downright confusing. Mr. Kinney tried it for a while, but after the first flat tire, he resigned his status as passenger. Don't know whether he didn't trust Doris' driving or her tires . . . or maybe he doesn't like to hike from the Air School out to the Plant.

Bill Stubbs was out the other day purchasing some lumber. Farm life must agree with him . . . he has an ultra-ultra suntan and looks like the picture of the "prosperous young agriculturist."

Katie Barnhill finally decided to leave it with us . . . she's home in Vernon now for a nice, long rest and a visit with her folks . . . just another lady of leisure.

OPERATIONS

By LaFerne Scott

We regret to lose Louise Hadden who has left to return to her former home, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Marjory Welch, who was secretary in the Ammonium Nitrate Line, moved to our office. She helped out in Zone 9 the week of June 1-5.

It seems to be quite a struggle for Emma Lou to keep her fingers out of the files. We believe she has learned a lesson through trying to type with only one hand. How about that, Emma Lou?

Margaret Hester took a flying trip to Abilene recently. We wonder what the attraction is.

We understand that Velma Dunn is planning to go skating. If she appears some morning hardly able to walk, you'll understand why.

Mrs. Williams has moved her office to Zone 9 where she believes she can do her work more efficiently.



BETTER COME OUT OF THERE GIRLS - REMEMBER YOU'RE NOT RATIONED!

ENGINEERING

By Argie Neill

Can George Heptner explain to the little woman how he received those fingernail scratches on his bald spot?

Tom "Chic" Rhodes will buy all used tool boxes, guard houses, etc. The Pantex sale made a wreck out of Rhodes.

The Department misses Ollie Johnson and Bill Cooper. Cooper retired to the life of a country squire and Ollie goes to Pampa with the Cabot Company. As a result, joke telling has hit a new low.

Romantic complications involving sailors, marines and super men are all contributing factors to the absence of a column in the last Pantexan issue.

The Army has the Buena Cox situation well in hand for Buena stands at attention whenever spoken to, answers "Yes Sir" or "No Sir" to all questions, and does her typing to popular army tunes.

The umpires of the softball games are an untouched field for the optometrists.

Wm. B. Dierssen was called to Illinois due to death in family. We are really missing you, Mr. Dierssen.

Mr. Dierssen has an added duty. To add to title of Assistant Chief Engineer, he is now Secretary for the Suggestions System.

Thanks, LaVella, for the tips. I have a feeling that I am going to need a lot more of them from you. I am really having a time even with all the tips.

CAFETERIA

By Marguerite Boarts

The floor girls have been bowling every Friday night. They have formed a team and want to play a game with some other team; that is, if they haven't bowled before.

We are going to lose our Timekeeper, Ada Belle Wilmor, to the Police Barracks. We welcome our new Timekeeper, Josephine Reeves.

Henry Painter, our baker, is surely pleased with his shop now. No wonder—with new ventilators to keep him and his assistant, Hobart Wilson, cool. Keep up the good work, boys! By the way, I surely like chocolate pie.

Jaquelyne, we surely hope you get well soon. You didn't need your tonsils anyway, did you? Jacquelyne is the daughter of Mrs. Mildred Reeves, Mr. Sayles' secretary.

We hope you have been enjoying the radishes we have served lately. They have come from the Pantex Garden. In the future, many of our fresh vegetables will be received from this source.

Keep Mum Chum and Keep the Burns Dumb!

PANTEXAN



Here's one goat that likes something besides tin cans—but who wouldn't drink milk and like it, if fed by Jean Ezell, secretary to the deputy firechiefs.

SALTY, THE KID

If you would like to get the Pantex firemen's goat out to Station 3—only chances are you won't get away with it.

Salty, a real live goat, full of vim, vigor and mischievous play will meet you at the door, follow you around, nibbling at your shoe laces, trousers or ankles and see you back to the door on departure.

Named after Salty Grimes, fireman who left Pantex to join the armed services, this Fire Station 3 mascot is only 4 weeks old. Having been in those quarters since he was 3 days old, it is the only home he knows. His diet is primarily milk, bread and cake although he has been known to eat a necktie and innumerable cigarettes and simply devour the latest detective stories which come into the station.

Dreams of fishing fill Hank's mind
Till he's really driving "blind"...
Comes a sudden rending crash...
Good supplies have gone to smash!



MOTOR POOL

By Lester Webb

About all the talk around the Motor Pool now days is about softball.

Bob Cruces and his Diamond Cruisers put one over Monday afternoon that stopped a lot of the Pow Wow among the Tennyson F and F's.

Stu Williams pitched and only let the F and F's have 2 scores. The Cruisers took 7.

On Tuesday, June 1, Bill Coffman and his Hit and Run Sluggers won a close victory of 9 to 8 over the Zone to team with S. I. Marcum doing the pitching.

Lum Elliott is suffering a couple of fractured ribs. Of course he has his own story as to how it happened but we hope he doesn't suffer too much pain and will be OK again soon.

Al Mullinax is also nursing an ugly wound on one of his fingers. Al says a cow bit him.

Samson Small went fishing! Yes, he had luck. The Game Warden informed him that he had better feed his catch a few more worms before they would be large enough to keep. Too bad Samson, but John Elliott will continue to feed them for you.

We regret to announce that Sam Cox, the third baseman on Bill Coffman's ballteam, is very ill and is confined to the hospital. Sam is employed in Shorty Woodson's crew which handles finished ammunition. Speaking for the entire group of his fellow workers, we sincerely wish him a speedy recovery.

HOW'S YOUR PULSE

By Dr. Anne Russell

Now that the warm weather is here to stay, (we hope) the picnic urge is in the air. Medical is planning a picnic luncheon at the Elwood Park. Miss Armstrong, Miss Parker, and Mrs. Ball are making all necessary arrangements.

Who is trying to make the walls larger in the first aid office at the hospital? Looks like there will be a lot of streamlined figures in the department soon. Five of the girls joined a "Gym". The theme song is "Hips, Hips, Away."

Why has Jean Allen been knitting those cute little "pink and blue things"? Jean may have a good reason, but how about Miss Parker and Miss Valentine?

Who will Dr. Bagwell bring home to mother this "Spring"? It's about that time of the year. What's this we hear about adjustments, Dr. Bagwell??? We haven't received a satisfactory answer for Dr. Gosline's post office trips as yet.

Then there was the moron whose doggie was the cutest cat that slept all day at night and when it barked it purred out loud and opened its mouth up tight.

Stop, look and live.

STORES T-4

By John Hodges

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen—After a check and double check we find we have been relieved of the following: En Caskey, Ray Noblitt, Virgil Bellew, Oscar Dickey, Lonnie Sewell, Jimmie Frizzell, Highway Brown, Alma Lowry, Shirley Tarver, Dorothy Zapushek and Irene Payton. Office furniture used by these missing persons has been found in the Administration Bldg. and we are sure they will stray in there to claim their personal effects, except Irene Payton, as we understand she passed through Gate 1, and to our regret, not to return. "She saw a greener pasture."

All of the above are good people and we surely will miss them and here is hoping they will make frequent visits to their former haunts.

Sid Stout evidently hit the jack pot. Aftermath of matrimony reveals rosy complexion and excess fat.

Henry Meadors, "King Wolf," has returned to the lone prairie with farming intentions. Sorry Henry . . . We wish you good crops.

This guy Novak has only a few minutes to retract a statement made in last issue as a certain person is tired of counting to ten.

New racket—Herb Walker selling cat birth insurance.

THE BULL BOARD

By C. J. Novak

Kizer of T-55 can blush as a kid even if the nurse at Zone 2 doesn't think he looks like one.

Don't you think there is much resemblance in "Hoib" Walker and his nickname of "Wolf"?

These balmy days recall memories of last fall when Black, Kimbrough, Hoag and Dickey were given digging instruments and told to dig a pit for a (censored) in Zone 8. Their foreman told them to dig until he got back—and he left soon afterwards for New Mexico. When the excavators were rescued a ladder had to be let down to them.

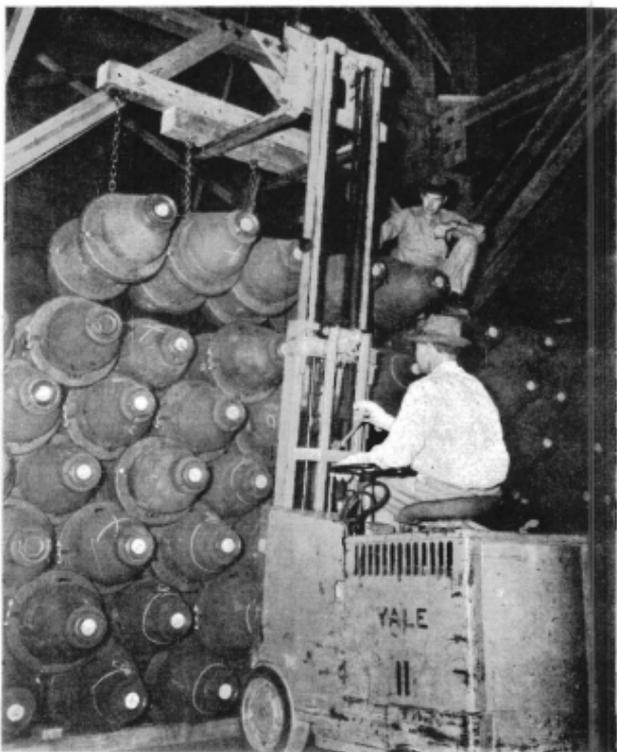
In keeping with the weather and sport season, George Meyers has weeded his mustache from 11 to 9 hairs.

It is as dangerous to "goose" J. T. Smith as it is to slap a blind horse before yelling "WHOA".

Have you seen Doerges new snappers? He says he can eat any kind of soup or custards with them.

NOTICE: CHANGE OF RATE:

Hereafter all persons desiring their names in this column will be assessed \$1.00 instead of the old rate of 50c. The change of rate is due to yours truly seriously thinking of joining the church and he will be unable to lie as cheaply as in the past. All payments in advance. Attention Ed and Bill.



Geo. Helm on the stack of bombs and C. O. Mowdy on the truck demonstrate how casings are handled quicker and easier.

LABOR - SAVER

A new method of unloading and stacking bomb casings has reduced labor costs 66% in this operation. Where five men formerly handled one car per shift on the average, they now unload and stack three cars per shift. To accomplish this, a bridle has been attached to the lifting prongs of a Yale Truck and 3 to 5 casings are lifted from the car and stacked simultaneously in even rows.

Formerly, casings were rolled on skids from the rail cars into the warehouses.

An electric hoist was used to stack them. One day when the hoist was out of commission, Johnnie Workzell, one of the many ingenious workmen at Pantex, found the casings could be lifted by chains attached to the prongs of the Yale Lift.

That was the birth of this new time saving device. Several other minds made contributions but the final effective, safe use of it must be credited to A. H. Doerge, general foreman Warehouse 7.

ON THE MOVE

By Billie Lane

We regret deeply that we are losing some of our most efficient employees. Clyde Bearden, dispatcher, has accepted a position in Amarillo; Vernon Downes is leaving to prepare to go to the West Coast in the fall; Connie Roberts is leaving Tuesday for Boston, Mass., where she will marry Ensign Bill Gibson, formerly of Pantex. S. J. Goldwater is going to Houston, Texas.

After being with Certain-teed one year Betty Norvell, who worked in the

gas rationing office, left Pantex last Friday.

Judy Gober, formerly Mr. Matthews' secretary, will be a secretary to Mr. Philbrook.

We will miss each of them and hope that they will have much success on their new jobs.

"Up-and-at-em" Fritz Cowan will be day dispatcher, and W. W. Hancock will be relief dispatcher.

The gas rationing office has been moved from the Administration Building to the new transportation building.

A Night on Guadalcanal

This is the story of the experiences of Albert A. Schmidt, 22-year old Marine Corps private of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, during the Battle of Tenaru River at Guadalcanal, when the Japanese launched their first large-scale attack to regain the islands. Comrades credit Schmidt with killing more than 200 Japs with machine-gun fire before an enemy hand grenade blinded him. His story follows:



Illustrated by R. G. Howerton, Zone 9

ATTACK HAD BEEN EXPECTED by all of us from the moment we landed on Guadalcanal on August 7. But for two weeks we encountered no real opposition. Now and then a patrol party would run into a bunch of snipers. For the most part the island was silent, however, except for the swishing of coconut palms, and the occasional chatter of wild life in the thick tropical foliage that hemmed our beachhead. Still, we knew that the Japs had us outnumbered, perhaps 10 to one, and that they would attempt to wipe us off the island. I think every fellow, in sleeping, cat-napped with trigger-finger tensed.

"The Japs must have made elaborate preparations for what they planned to be our massacre. Two long weeks of constant watchfulness went by. Then about 1:00 o'clock on the morning of August 21 came the first real attack. I was squatting with two buddies in a machine gun nest as the moonlight glistened through the tree tops. It made patterns of light and dark shadows on the sluggish river that flowed down to our beach.

"Our machine-gun nest was positioned on the river bank at a point where the stream was about 50 yards wide and easy to wade. The nearest machine-gun to us was about 150 yards downstream. Suddenly a few scattered shots were fired

from across the river. The Japs were trying to feel out our positions apparently. Then across the river from us a huge, dark, bobbing mass that looked like a herd of cattle scurried down into the stream. The Japs were starting to cross.

"No you don't, not tonight," I whispered.

"Johnny Rivers, one of my buddies, swept our machine-gun to and fro and the wading Japs started crumpling down in the water. I was loading the gun. Rivers was a 23-year-old lad from Philadelphia who had turned professional boxer just before he entered the Marines.

"Then Johnny got it in the face. I grabbed the machine-gun. Lee Diamond, the third man in our hole and our squad leader, laid Johnny aside as best he could and started feeding the gun. Lee is from New York.

"By that time bullets were flying around us like a swarm of bees. I noticed that the nearest machine-gun to us—the one down stream—had been put out of action after firing about 10 shots. Except for some anti-tank fire, extending our way at times from further upstream, the only opposition that could be given the Japs in our sector was from our lone machine-gun. Hundreds of Japs were ganged up on the other side, hell bent on getting a force across that river. We knew that if they succeeded, hordes of Japs would quickly

be dividing, surrounding and wiping out our forces. So we just kept that gun belching back and forth.

"And the Japs kept sending groups of men from 35 to 50 in number charging down into the water while bullets whistled all around us. Several times our anti-tank guns further upstream went out of action completely.

"My thoughts must have raced along as fast as our machine-gun fire. I remembered the fellows at Wake Island. In the almost deafening din, I could hear my teeth grind together, as I swept my gun fire evenly across group after group of what must have been crack Jap troops that went charging and firing into the water, toppling over each other as our bullets hit them.

"Diamond was working furiously loading the gun when they got him in the arm. He fell across my legs. So I alternately loaded and fired, trying at every opportunity to pick off a machine-gun that the Japs had gotten set up not more than 25 yards away from me.

"One of our amphibian tractors had broken down earlier in our stay on the island. It had been abandoned temporarily in midstream. It was in dark shadows from the tree tops and I couldn't see it from where I was. The Japs had succeeded in setting up the machine-gun inside the metal shell of the 'amphib.' That machine-gun tried to get me repeatedly but somehow it didn't.

"Some of the Japs must have gone up-river, crossed and back tracked to clamber up coconut trees near our nest. Bullets started spurting around my lap and chest. The water jacket for cooling the gun was shot full of holes.

"They always told me that if a machine-gun was deprived of water it would heat up and the metal expand until the gun jams and stops firing. The gun got blistering hot in my hands. It made a cracking and spitting noise like my mother's kettle used to make on the stove when it was empty. But it kept working right up to the end.

"Diamond had picked up his Reising automatic and was trying to work it with one hand. I thought I heard the movement of feet on the river bank just outside our little barricade of sand bags. Diamond sprayed the river bank with



"No You Don't, Not Tonight," I Whispered

Guest Writer: Jeanne Woods

By Lorain Geyer—Zone 9

lead and the movements stopped. I had just mowed down a particularly big party that came charging at us from across stream when all hell broke loose in our hole. What must have been a hand grenade hit the left stirrup of the machine-gun and blasted it into junk.

"The heavy bolt handle—I was told later—was knocked off, miraculously missed my face, and grazed the upper part of my shoulder. My helmet was knocked off. Something struck me in the face. Everything became dark. I put my hand to my face and eyes. I felt blood and raw flesh.

"While we lay there motionless, the Japs in the trees fired a steady downpour of bullets that chipped up dirt all around us, ripped through our sand bags and splattered soil into my wounds. It seemed as if my head would split open from pain. I struggled to keep conscious and strained my eyes, hoping for a glimmering of light. But I couldn't see. "Diamond kept saying, 'Keep down! Keep down!'

"I was working around to get my .45 in my hand. When Diamond saw what I was doing he said: 'Don't shoot, Smitty! Don't shoot yourself.'

"I laughed and said: 'Don't think I'll do that.' The first Jap that jumps in here will be on the receiving line of this .45.'

"You can't see, he said.

"I said, 'Tell me from which way he's coming—I'll try to get him.'

"The last time I saw Johnny Rivers he was still alive. I kept asking Diamond how Johnny Rivers was, and he kept replying, 'He's all right.' Later I learned that Diamond was just being considerate of my feelings.

"We lay there for hours. Once a Lieutenant jumped in, gave me a shot in the arm with a hypodermic needle and said he'd get help to us as quickly as possible. An hour or so later, a Navy Hospital Corpsman, Whitey Jackson, dashed to us through Japs that seemed as thick as rain drops in a downpour. He was just a few bits of a lad, about five feet two. He poured us a drink of water and put water in my helmet to put my face in.

"That's all I can do for you, Schmitty," he said. "But I'll get you help as soon as I can."

"He dashed out in a hail of bullets to help somebody else. He was one of the pluckiest fellows on the island. The last I heard of him he was still alive although a million bullets must have whizzed around him.

"It must have been about eight or nine o'clock in the morning when two Lieutenants helped us out of that hole. The firing had died down.

"The Japs had failed to break through. Their attack had been a flop. It had cost them heavily. The fellows had told me that I myself had mowed down more than 200 of them. Elsewhere my outfit had given a good account of itself.

"They took us to the field hospital and while I was there the Japs bombed hell out of it. But I didn't hear the noise. I must have dozed off then, for the next thing I recall was my being taken to a destroyer.

"The Japs that outnumbered us so badly, and that we repulsed, were supposed to be their finest. Many of their dead wore medals.

"One of our Marines almost went crazy when he discovered what was in the pocket of one Jap he had shot. He found in that Jap's pocket an American identification tag—we call 'em 'dog tags.'

"That tag belonged to his brother—A Marine at Wake Island."

As usual things are pretty busy around Clock 5. Everyone gets a kick out of the quart thermos bottle of coffee that Lucille Burns brings every day. But honest, she doesn't drink it all by herself. She shares it with other night workers in the zone—nice?

Dorothy Bellamy and Jo Reeves had some sort of fit over the baby bunnies one of the fellows brought in. Jo quit screaming after she found out there were six of them instead of one big fat one.

Maybe it has just rained too much—anyway Bradley has given up the idea of a Victory Garden between the time house and First Aid Station. The second tomato plant didn't live either and Bradley is definitely discouraged.

Nurse Connell is certainly a pleasant person to have as a neighbor. I can't imagine where she gets the energy to give out with that happy laugh of hers so early in the morn.

Note: Jeanne, we are all going to miss you like everything, but hope you enjoy your leave of absence, and we are hoping that you will be back again soon.

THE MACHINE AND WELDING SHOPS

By Nona Seeds

One of the busiest departments on the reservation is the Machine Shop in 2-4. Every man is busy with his job and the machines make a steady hum all day. Rex Peters keeps work coming and going as efficiently as a clock.

The boys make all kinds of shining presents for Hitler and Tojo, but they don't send any love notes attached.

We are going to miss E. W. Webster. He had been with us a long time. Ernie, as all the boys knew him, was always on the job to take care of the clerical work. Good luck to you, Ernie.

Bill Gerlack has taken over the day foreman's job and is doing a swell job.

W. P. Clark has been elevated to second class machinist and has been making the chips fly.

Leon Garrison who entered the service some time ago writes that K. P. duty is a little eccentric after operating a lathe, but we are sure he will make them as good a man as he did for us in the shop.

Our specialty to date has been hair-brain ideas in competition with Mr. Sneed of the Woodshop. We think them up and they throw them out. We have made everything from single trees to buggy washers.

The welding shop is also a busy place, and they go strong 24 hours a day. These men have had much experience and must be able to weld on all types of metal. For shop welding all kinds of jobs must be turned out with speed and

We've really been busy on the swing shift this time, and have had several changes in our personnel. We received a swell group of WOWS from Zone 10 and personally, I think they are indispensable to Zone 9.

Building 9 is a busy place these days and just as noisy as ever. We hope Lois and Eddie Erwin of 9-9 didn't have any disputes after our new personnel was added. Louise Benoit of 9-9 has a leave of absence for a few days as she received a call one afternoon from her husband, who is in the Army, saying, "My fur-rough has started. Come home at once."

We miss Mr. Clevenger in 9-26 but know he is doing a good job in Building 13. We welcome Mr. Newby, our new foreman and hope he likes it over here. We think he will if we can get the employees days off straight again. Bob Whedlock, assistant foreman in 9-26, is really a pal to everybody. We'd like for all of our readers to meet him. If you ever see a load of scrap going down the ramp from Building 26 and can't see anyone pulling it you can always say that Mae Johnson is there somewhere and has everything under control.

We also have several of our old gang back with us again. We are glad they are back and want them to help us make our new employees feel at home. Aline Isaacs of 9-13 is our friendship pal. If you don't know her try to meet her and we'll bet two to one that you'll think the world of her as we do. You know smiles help a lot on the Load Line.

The reports from 9-14 are somewhat better. With Peggy and Loyd Wilson both working on them we get efficiency plus. Building 17 says they are so busy that they can't report anything and you should see Victor Formby rushing around down there. We were worried about Corky Fly last week as she was ill, but she's back on the job now with that million dollar smile.

Let's not say much about Building 10 and just all hope that Gaston Harbour doesn't go completely "Nuts".

The writer would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the girls in Building 9 for being so accommodating and efficient about helping in the office for the past four weeks. I am very proud to say that we have a cooperative group of people on our Line.

efficiency.

E. M. Mickleby, foreman of the shop, has spent years in the perfection of his work and he gets much satisfaction from a job well done.

Ivan Bullard left the welding department this week to take his place with Uncle Sam. We wish you luck, Ivan.

HEARD ON ZONE 9

By Bonnie T. Jones

Everyone on the line enjoys seeing Ella Mae Kercheville, our line clerk, as she makes her daily rounds. Her pretty smiles and friendly manner have a definite place in our hearts.

We are happy that Helen O'Quinn is fast improving. She was certainly thrilled to have Ethel Mae Clay, Oscar Hinger, Pearl Castka, and Bonnie Jones call on her the other morning. The beautiful flowers in her room pay silent tribute to her.

During a recent thunder storm all the WOWS on the graveyard shift appreciated the kindness of change house ladies Goodnight and Sewell in making each one comfortable.

Everyone on the line misses John Adams, our resigned shift super. As an expression of appreciation to him his foreman and line clerk gave him a fine pen and pencil set. We hope he thinks of all of us when he uses them.

Toby Waggoner from Zone 10 will be our new shift super.

It was a thrilling sight to see the WOWS from Zone 10 walk down the ramp in a body led by those two outstanding women, blackhaired Ethel Mae Clay and redhaired Theda Smith (Big Red). We hope they all like Zone 9 as well as we do.

If you enjoy watching an expert work just drop into room 20 sometime and notice the way "Rough House" can handle the first hoist.

Mrs. Camp, room 17, weighs only 85 lbs., but she certainly can get out the work.

Speaking of hair cuts, I once heard John Adams say that he got one once each month if he needed it. Is that the way you do too Harvey Gaddis? Or maybe you want it that way for those rabbits to hide in.

Spec Weaver, grid operator in room 17, did a fine job of packing his own lunch recently while his wife went visiting. Of course he didn't forget to put in some nice crisp raw carrots.

Foreman Greary, room 15, really scatters sunshine wherever he goes.

The WOWS on this graveyard shift have missed seeing Irene Williams, our Personnel Super of Women. We will be looking for you on swing.

Francis Cunningham is anxiously waiting for her WAAC daughter, Darlene, to come home on a short leave next week.

Dear Diary
By Ethel Mae Clay

Well, here we are over on Zone 9 and glad to be here I assure you. Everybody seemed happy to see everybody else again and it was a grand reunion. At first all the buildings looked like Grand Central Station, but everything worked

MAN ABOUT ZONE 9

By Leslie C. Cobb

Mary Lou Pamplin likes to operate the elevator in 9-13. There is a glass in the door. She can adjust her hair.

Mrs. Scott does not care too much for this same elevator. Why? Well it brings her too much work.

The champion pourer uppers—Bobo and Black.

9-12 has a new assistant foreman, Roy Priest, formerly of 9-17.

Introducing the mighty mites of 9-12—O. A. Bishop, D. E. Stephenson and Milligan.

If you don't want paint on you from head to toes, don't go near 9-9 or Britt and Word will have you sprayed before they notice you're not another bomb casing.

Bldg. 9-20 is busy stepping up production. The sweat has really been rolling. The reason; we're after the record.

The personnel has been increased this past week by additions from zone 10. Old-timers returning were Lucy Ryan, Pop Doty, and B. Carter. New additions are L. E. Chessher and J. M. Dolan. New WOWS are W. E. Prickett, O. D. Biddy, F. Fitz, N. E. Perryman, L. E. Parish, N. Links, and E. Goodger. We hope they'll all feel at home.

Our loss was Uncle Sam's gain when our foreman, Dave Floyd, left to join the Army. We sincerely regretted seeing Dave leave and the entire personnel of the B shift pledges themselves to diligently carrying on in honor of Dave.

When Dave Floyd stepped out of the foreman's shoes, Riley M. Stone, Dave's former assistant, immediately stepped into them. The gang feels Mr. Stone worthy of such honor. Jack Payne transferred from the C shift to take the assistant job. Already the gang has put the OK stamp on him.

Bldg. 9-20 is represented on this shift's baseball team by Glenn McDavid and Shep Lehenbauer.

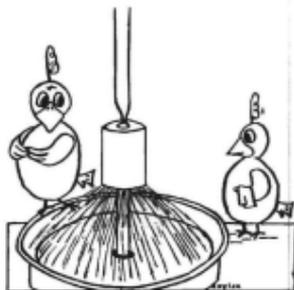
This Robinson of 9-9 tags the bomb casings so fast that she tagged two Ordnance Inspectors and a Safety Engineer before she noticed that they were not inert.

out pretty smooth.

Our foreman in 13 is Mr. Clevenger, and we are all doing our best to make a good impression. Maybe you think we weren't glad to get in 13. We have Mr. Booth here who "Red" has already nicknamed "Babe". (Over on Zone 10, Mr. Cox, assistant foreman was "Babe"). Then there is Mr. Hicks and Mr. Beaver who seem very nice. LeVerne Hartley and Fern Hafley seemed to be "doing all the good"—two very noisy girls, those.

Last night when we came on we were greeted by Mr. Ford, foreman in 12 on the C shift. We hadn't seen him since

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD Watching A Water-Fowl



A Water-Fowl, according to standard, Is a bird that's just cuh-razy About water.

In this case, however, the Watchbird Has his busy eye on a very recalcitrant Water-Fowl,

One who goes busting through the change house, Sticks his toe in the water, and runs like hell for home.

He's just not sensible, that's all. The Watchbird wants him to take A bath for his own good.

(TNT dust is quite bad about sticking to feathers.)

The Watchbird is even holding the towel for him.

And what's the point in his getting home so fast,

If he's to arrive all swollen up with Whatever it is you get when you're Too chummy with TNT.



THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING YOU!
WERE YOU A WATER-
FOWL THIS WEEK?

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

the good old days on Zone 11, and this morning who should we see but Mr. McWright pedaling that bike like all get out right down the ramp. Not bad girls, this Mac, not bad.

It is good to see Toby Waggoner, shift super, A. C. Waggoner, Vern Bonham, and LeRoy McDaniels over here. Diary, there is a nice looking fellow named Brown on the second floor and we have met a lot of nice men and WOWS but we can't remember all their names yet. There's a pretty little blonde on the first floor. If Rough House sees her he'll probably go crazy.

It's almost 12 o'clock and I guess we had better get to blowing and going. Good bye now.

Ethel Mae.

AND IF OUR LINES SHOULD FORM, THEN BREAK
BECAUSE OF THINGS YOU FAILED TO MAKE
THE EXTRA TANK, OR SHIP, OR PLANE
FOR WHICH WE WAITED ALL IN VAIN
AND THE SUPPLIES WHICH NEVER CAME
WILL YOU THEN COME AND TAKE THE BLAME
FOR WE, NOT YOU, WILL PAY THE COST
OF BATTLES YOU, NOT WE, HAVE LOST

a U.S. Marine

