CARGOES FOR JAPAN

Back in 1937 I stood on the docks at Galveston and watched a ship being loaded with scrap iron. It was only one of many such being loaded in other ports. I was told that the ship loaded with scrap collected from thousands of Americans was bound for Japan.

Now, in this year 1942, our American boys are getting that scrap back in a different form. It’s slaughtering many of them. Many others will be crippled and maimed for life. Yes, it’s our fault. We, average Americans, brothers, fathers, even wives of those men, furnished material to make the ammunition.

Today we are sending new cargoes of iron and steel to Japan, tons and tons of it. This time, however, they will be dropped from thousands of bombers.

It must afford great satisfaction to every employee of Pantex Ordnance Plant to know that he’s having a share in making this new cargo of bombs for Japan. In this way we may be able to atone for the blood already shed by thousands of Americans. No one of us can win the war but each of us can help. Now, as never in the history of our United States, we must put aside thoughts of personal gain, selfishness, prejudices, and animosities and all work together.

It’s too late, much too late, to do anything about the shipments of scrap iron that we sent to Japan. Now, we must concentrate on a new and different cargo, not merely for reprisal but for survival, and it’s up to me—and you, and you, and you.

—Lillian Corse

PANTEXAN’S COVER

Thanksgiving this year, no less significant than before, presents a different aspect. The traditional feast-day turkey is overshadowed by another grand American bird, the mighty eagle, which represents America’s spirit, desire of freedom and the might with which to maintain that freedom. Sincere in the belief that “Right Makes Might,” Americans fight and are thankful for their strength.
Pellets from Around the World

Rationing Rush

Auto Transportation, Room 232 Adm. Bldg., will be busy through Nov. 19-21 passing out gasoline rationing cards of the “A” variety and immediately thereafter the rush will start for the more generous “C” coupons.

All employees who desire “C” cards must apply at the Auto Trans. office according to Al Herd, manager of the division. Anyone who rides to work regularly with three or more persons is eligible for a “C” card which allows all the gasoline needed for getting to and from work.

It is not necessary for the passengers to use the same car every day to receive “C” cards, however there are restrictions which will be explained.

Herd’s office is also headquarters for tire applications. Any member of a share-the-ride group may now receive tires even though his car is not driven daily. Cars may now be used alternately by members of the group.

Figuratively Speaking

Jane Higgins

A glance at the photo above and one might think, “Bet Jane Higgins would make a good model!” And right that would be. She has done professional modeling and not only that but she has sung with popular swing bands.

Jane sang with such orchestras as Little Jack Little, Jan Garber, and Buddy Rogers. She modeled for Bullock and Chic Lingerie Co. in Los Angeles, I. Magnin in Hollywood, and The White House and San Francisco Modeling Agency in Frisco.

To keep the figure straight, Jane wears a size ten dress, is five feet two (you know how the song goes), weighs 105 pounds and has a twenty-one and a half inch waist line. When she was modeling her waist was only eighteen (Scarlet O’Hara) inches.

Music has been her planned career as she studied piano and voice for thirteen years, once with Rudolph Ganz in Chicago. She attended Texas Tech and Denver Woman’s College. Her specialty in singing is a throat whistle, like a musical saw.

Jane is the assistant chief book teller at Pantex. She has a six year old boy named Terry.

New Bus Service

Effective November 1, interplant bus service, formerly performed by Victory Bus Co., was placed under the Auto Trans. Division at Pantex.

Victory busses from town which stop at Gate 2 are met by interplant busses which pick up passengers and take them to any desired zone on the reservation, without charge.

Two 40-passenger interplant busses make regular rounds on the plantsite every 20 minutes for the convenience of employees.

Carrol Dickerson is in charge of this service. W. W. Hancock is assistant. Former chauffeurettes Mary Eller and Peggy Devers and Muriel Faye Phegley, a typist transfer from the automotive dispatcher’s office, are bus starters.

In discussing the placement of women in the new bus set-up, Al Herd, Auto Trans. Division Mgr., observed that if the armed forces continue to take his men at the present rate, soon his division will be 90% women.

Sanctuary

Leo Wilmeth, of the igloos, tells it and half of the gang over that way swears it’s true . . . jackrabbits in the outlying areas are so tame they come around every morning to be petted.

Other wild things have learned of the protection offered on the reservation, too. Skunks, coyotes, and quail are flocking here, not to mention the thousands of ducks on the lakes.

Strange though it seems, Pantex, designed to build munitions to destroy man, has become a sanctuary for defenseless wildlife.

Secretary from a Way Back

This story will certainly deflate the ego of the average girl stenographer.

Arthur H. Vaughan is secretary to C. E. Duncan in the Rail Operations office and he didn’t learn his shorthand yesterday.

Vaugan had his secretarial training at a business college in Houston in 1896. At that time the Gregg method of shorthand was unknown so he learned the Pittman system which he still uses.

Today, Vaughan can take dictation at the rate of 175 words a minute but says he can type only 60 words a minute still good in any man’s language.

Say, what is this Pittman system, anyway?

Time Pedals On

“Cree” is soldier lingo for the bicycles that are being used at Army camps to save jeeps and peeps.

The Killer

Best hunting story of the season is told for the truth by Powell Combs, Purchasing Dept.

Two hunters, he relates, spotted an ideal Panhandle duck lake and one of them whom we’ll call Joe, was elected to walk from the car to the farmhouse to get permission to hunt. The farmer granted permission with the condition that Joe was to kill an ailing horse which was grazing near the lake. And which the farmer did not have the heart to shoot.

Returning to the car, Joe did not mention to his companion the agreement regarding the horse. After an hour of successful shooting, Joe mentioned several times he would like to shoot bigger game—a horse for instance. Upon sighting the horse referred to by the farmer, Joe, without explanation and to the consternation of his companion, raised his gun, fired and instantly killed the horse.

After a few minutes of silence Joe, chuckling inwardly, stated that now he had killed a horse he would like to shoot a man. Convinced that Joe was mad and had turned killer, his partner lugged a step behind, slammed him with the butt of his gun, hid the weapons, loaded Joe in the car, and started wildly toward home. Miles later Joe regained consciousness and sheepishly explained his joke while he nursed a throbbing head.

Still unexplained—who’s Joe? All clues point to Combs, himself.
WHAT THEY THINK OF THEIR JOBS

In answer to the question "What do you think of your job?" here are some representative responses from a cross-section of the employees on the reservation. The true American spirit reflected in these interviews is the force that will drive us to Victory.

Dorothy Harris from Las Vegas, New Mexico is sold on her job as a chauffeur in the transportation department, even though her Textiles degree from Texas Tech hasn't aided her much in this capacity. Says Dorothy, "I think I am doing a job that might prepare me for overseas work in ambulance duty. Transportation is one of the most important parts of our war effort and I'm glad I have a place in it here at Pantex.

Steve Nesbit, chief diesel mechanic in the locomotive shop, expressed his feeling about his job by saying, "I like it here and hope that I can do as good work in this capacity as in actual service." He is married and has a daughter.

Another recent college student whose academic training wasn't meant to prepare her for laundry work is Opal Fussell. Opal checks clothes to get correct sizes, "I wanted to get into defense work regardless of the type. The work here is just as important to the welfare of our country as in combat duty on the front."

Clifford E. West, Stores dept., helps transfer components from the igloos to the line. Previous to this job he worked for Franklin Serum Co. Although this work doesn't jibe exactly with serum, he stated, "This way I feel like I am really doing something for the war since I can't actually be on the fighting lines. Besides, I like the work."

C. K. Smith left a job in town to become head cleaner at the laundry. "I wanted to do my part in the war effort and since I could use my previous experience in dry cleaning establishments here, I was glad to do so."

Before Arnold Cox, warehouseman, came to work at Pantex, he was an electrical helper and grocery clerk. He started working here just because he wanted a job, but now he feels that he is doing some real good and is proud of his job. He is married.

George Byard, a heavy duty mechanic, is married and has four children. Up until last month he had his own garage and parts business, but what with government priorities and all, he was unable to replenish his stocks. And since there was Pearl Harbor, George felt that he had best train his talents for the government. "I've got a place that needs filling," he said, "and in filling it I feel that I'm aiding the war effort."

In one wide sweep, Vernon Little jumped from farming to the nose pour on a bomb line. "I never did do anything like that before," he admitted, "but I figured I could do a lot of war work here," the ex-farmer said.

For twenty-one years Henry C. Marshall was in the laundry business. Then came the war and he took his experience into several war plants and army camps. Now he is at Pantex as head washman in the laundry. "I tried to get in the navy," he said, "but now I'm glad I'm doing a job I already know how to do which saves the government the expense of training me."

Warren L. Franklin of Sayre, Okla., never even dreamed of working with amatol before the war, but now he says: "I wouldn't quit my job for anything at all, except to go into active duty. I don't believe we will ever be under a dictatorship because we would all rather go overseas and fight 'em first.

Being a cook and electrician certainly don't add up make a warehouseman, but that's what James W. Bradley, of Lubbock, turned out to be. Said James about his job, "If I weren't doing it, somebody else would have to, and I figure I might as well learn how. Since they won't take me in the army, I can be just as valuable here."

If everyone in the United States had the same philosophical view as Robert E. Chase, truck driver in Auto Transportation, this war would be won next month. "As long as they pay me enough to live on so I can help get this thing over, I'm happy," remarked Chase. "It makes me mad to see people always griping about their pay and trying to make money out of this war," he pointed out. "I like my job and hope I'm doing my part well," said this true American citizen.

Divisions Vie For Honors In Group Insurance Campaign

Just before yeaste it was announced that the Pantex Group Insurance Plan went into effect on Armistice Day. All employees who have signed cards are protected from that date with the exception of the members of the Safety Division where the effective date has been temporarily postponed to enable that division to complete its enrollment.

Employees are still turning in cards and applications will continue to be accepted for a short period of time without requiring a medical examination. Based on the incomplete returns to date, John Knopf's Production Control Division can't do any worse than tie for first place honors with exactly 100% participation. However, Thomas Knight's big Operations Division, with 100% in several departments and 88% over the entire division to date, has made a record in which each member can take pride. Personnel, Auto Transportation, and Stores are all possible contenders for top places.

It is understood that the first claim was reported the day the Plan went into effect, but details will not be available until the next issue of this magazine.

H. E. Mellin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. urges those who have not yet turned in cards do so immediately since claim checks can only be paid to those who have actually made application.

Ordnance Publication Makes Big Hit With Readers

The Firepower magazine distributed last week as a supplement to Pantexan as the opening barrage of the Keep 'Em Shooting campaign was enthusiastically received throughout the reservation. A fresh new issue will be passed out every two weeks bringing news and pictures from Ordnance fronts over the world.

Another phase of the Keep 'Em Shooting program is developing in a rapid manner. The Commanding Officer, as well as the general management of certain quickly approved the construction of bulletin boards on which will be displayed two-fisted posters that challenge the loyalty, courage and energy of every worker.

The engineers have drawn plans for the boards and the minute materials are assembled, the job will be placed in the hands of the carpenter shop with an order marked Rush.

As soon as samples are ready for demonstration, committees will be organized so that the campaign can get under way in full force the minute supplies are available.
Nearly Right Won’t Do
By Bill Flocks

KEEP YOUR powder dry, is a historic statement long outmoded by the men and women of the Ordnance Inspection Department. Over the pages of American History these unsung heroes, all with a passion for anonymity, have labored around the clock to insure the fighting man’s faith in our ammunition.

Pantex has an Ordnance Inspection Dept. rated among the best in the United States. Lt. Preston C. Rees is A.I.O. (Army Inspection Officer), Stanley Marsh Jr., Civilian Chief, Inspection Division, ably assisted by H. L. Pemberton and George Parr. Theirs is the duty of making sure that the bombs here will burst in all fury when delivered “There.” Their motto, “No Allied Nation’s Soldier Shall Die As a Result of a Dud from Pantex.”

All eggs are candled to determine fertility. Pantex eggs are too—only it’s a slightly different and more hazardous undertaking. Here Ordnance inspector Clarence Kincaid (right) explosive operators, David Weaver (center) and J. D. White (left) inspect a fresh split, product of the Pantex Hatchery. These splits are made by pouring molten explosive of regular mixture into a prepared bomb casing which parts in two sections (center background). After cooling, the solidified explosive, then in the shape of the interior of the bomb casing (left foreground) is neatly sawed in two halves (right foreground), examined for granulation, mixture and about a million other things.

Boxes of Anti-Axis Sleepin’ Powders, row on row—George Parr, O. I., and explosive operator friend make sure this medicine is patent.

Below: Ordnance inspectors attending school.

Counting eggs before they hatch—H. L. Pemberton inspect row on row of fertile Pantex eggs. These are completed bombs ready to go, stored in concrete igloo egg baskets scientifically designed to prevent premature hatching.
Shots, Pills and Scalpels

NEW PANTEX HOSPITAL IS PREPARED FOR ANY EMERGENCY

The facilities of a completely equipped, new hospital, constructed according to plans approved by the Surgeon General and manned by a hand-picked staff of surgeons, physicians and nurses, are now available to employees of Pantex.

In answer to the question "just what does the Medical Division offer the average worker," Dr. Gray, director, outlined the following services which are rendered without charge:

1. Maintenance of health through laboratory control of water, milk, food and working conditions on the plantsite, and repeated laboratory studies of the blood and other body fluids of those exposed to explosive hazards.

2. Physical examination of employees before employment and periodic check-ups thereafter.

3. First aid care of accidents and illnesses which occur as a direct result of work on the job and surgical operations, hospital care, bed rest and nursing attention for such cases, if necessary.

4. Emergency care of employees who become afflicted with other than occupational illnesses, until such patients can be referred to their family physicians. For example, should an employee suddenly become ill on the job he is encouraged to report immediately to the hospital. After diagnosis, the attending doctor will render required treatment and advise the patient to return to work, go home or see a private doctor, depending upon the seriousness of the employee’s condition.

Dr. Gray emphasizes the importance of employees reporting to the hospital when they feel ill inasmuch as early attention often prevents loss of time due to sickness and helps prevent the spreading of diseases.

To date only routine cases have gone through the hospital. The medical division is so organized, however, that it stands ready at all times to meet any emergency.
HOW’S YOUR PULSE
By Hardy Mays

Although it is difficult to obtain all necessary equipment and supplies as fast as we would like, the hospital and laboratory are giving a very efficient 24-hour service.

We welcome and present to you the following newcomers: Nurses are Ruth Beets, Joan Daley, Louise Evans, Helen Fiche, Charlotte Flannigan, Bertha Gardner, Catherine Haden, Margaret Johnson, Alice Laniecek, Ann Norvell, Barbara Overstreet, Naomi Sinkel, Edith Whittles, Edna Wilkins and Lola Williams. Laboratory technicians are Janet Nutter and Dorothy Reger.

We will miss Dr. H. M. Sanford very much. He will report to San Antonio as a Lt. in the medical corps. His wife, Betty, and little dog, "Sgt. Cork," will accompany him on this new adventure. Nurses Margaret Wagner and Martha Rittig are also leaving for parts unknown.

A Challenge:
We have great respect for Dr. Bots as a gentleman and chemist. He may also be a good chess player, but I will be glad to match my "Champ" any time, any place. Come on boys, let's get hot.

Bowling Still in Spotlight
By Don Wood

Bowling still held the spotlight in the recreational world at Panrex at the time of this writing, but a dance held at the Herring on Armistice Eve, came to the forefront for a brief interval.

Present plans for the bowling fraternity call for participation in the coming Panhandle Open Bowling Tournament to be held in Amarillo about the 20th. In addition, it is anticipated that matches between our top five men and the best in neighboring war plants and Army Posts will be scheduled on the activities calendar.

Questions have been pouring into the desk trays of this writer asking about prospects for tennis, ping-pong, horseback riding, bridge clubs, basketball leagues and teams, weight-lifting, volleyball, and numerous other branches of recreational activities.

No definite program has been arranged as yet, but it is anticipated that eventually every form of recreation will be available. "Our immediate attention is needed in the job of getting this plant into full operation. Then serious consideration can be given to the planned recreational side of life at Panrex."
Work to Win

The first labor relations conference ever staged by the Navy Department was recently held in Washington, D. C., bringing together Navy leaders and civilian employee delegates of the Naval shore establishments to discuss war production problems on terms of mutual understanding. Following are excerpts from addresses delivered at this unprecedented meeting by prominent Naval and Government officials.

Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Fleet—"There never has been a time in the history of this country when management and labor have been as vital to the welfare of the country as they are today."

James V. Forrestal, Under Secretary of the Navy—"I saw enough there (in the Southwest Pacific combat zone) to know what warfare means. Black jungle. It's fighting in the blackest kind of night. It's fighting without rest. Our men have been bombed by day and shelled by night, and attacked from the jungle both day and night. There is no rest. Bear in mind that some of these men have been there two and a half months, solid, of that kind of fighting."

"We must do the utmost that is in us to make them feel that we are not losing a minute in the day when we can contribute to the rapid production of the guns and shells and torpedoes that are putting the Japanese fighting forces where they belong—which is at the bottom of the sea."

Honorable Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor—"There never was a time, perhaps in the history of the world, when the skill and the intelligence and the sheer physical courage of the working people were so respected and so appreciated and understood as they are today."

Rear Admiral W. P. H. Bandy, USN, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance—"I have visited and talked with the men fighting in the Pacific battleground. Everyone of them is completely dedicated to victory. Each has given up the eighteen-hour day, overtime wages, comforts, pleasures and his loved ones, and has taken in their stead constant vigil, privation, hardships and the ever-present likelihood of death. These men of the armed forces recognize their individual responsibilities and are putting everything they have into their jobs."

"But they are completely dependent upon you and me and others engaged in similar tasks to deliver the weapons and tools of war so that they will not have made these sacrifices in vain. Therefore, our responsibility in this task is just as great as theirs. Without us, they can only fail. With our full support, they will win."

Lieutenant Commander John D. Bulkeley, USN, winner of the Medal of Honor and Navy Cross for heroism as squadron leader of the PT boats in the Southwest Pacific—"I am going to give it to you straight from the shoulder, men. When we went out there, we didn't have everything we should have had. We didn't have our complete equipment. We didn't have the spares we should have had. We didn't have the repair facilities that we should have had. We didn't have them, because they had not been produced yet. The ships promised for tomorrow and the equipment promised for tomorrow must be delivered today. You have to do your utmost. You have to give us those weapons today, so that we can lick the enemy before it's too late."

Paul V. McNutt, Chairman of the War Manpower Commission—"Total war is not merely a matter of arms. Total war is a struggle in which every worker, yes, every man-hour of a worker's energy, must be put to its best and most efficient use, if victory is to be gained."

"Labor's task today is to make every man-hour count most. Hours cannot be replaced. They are measured merely in how many fewer tanks, planes, guns, ships and munitions are delivered across the seas."

"An hour gained speeds victory. It saves lives. An hour lost means empty cartridge belts. It means ships lost for lack of planes. It means bloody hill-sides that must be rewon because we lost them once."
Celebrating Armistice

Wednesday, November 11 was no holiday at Pantex although a representative group of employees had a prominent part in the downtown parade. Night before, Pantexans and their wives, husbands and friends gathered for dinner and dancing.
Singing Lariats
PANTEXANS GET READY FOR SOME PLAIN AND FANCY CALF ROPING

You'll probably be seeing a lot of skinned noses and hearing some tall tales about "hosses," "Brahmers" and such now that Pantex has a Roping Club.

Organized Saturday, Nov. 7, the club has 50 charter members with former cowhands Sam Price, LeRoy Satterwhite and Emlor Carver serving as president, vice-president and secy.-treas., respectively. The rules committee consisting of Dutch Craddock, Bud Leatherwood and John Nix, all top hands, was appointed on that date. Other committees have been selected since.

Membership is open to all employees of Pantex Ordnance Plant and anyone who enjoys riding and roping is invited to join. Initiation fee is $10 which goes to purchase calves and defray expenses of the club. Application should be made to tallyman Carver. Refunds will be made when and if the calves are sold. No uniform will be required, just out- door clothes.

The boys have already seen action. They have 12 tough young Brahmas to work on and many members now have horses stabled on the plantsite. Members must ride their own horses or a fellow-member's since guard horses cannot be used. That all ropeing must be done rodeo style as the calves leave the corral chutes was one of the first regulations established.

Exhibitions for the enjoyment of spectator employees and matched contests with the Will Rogers Range Riders are planned.

THRU THE BOMBSIGHT
By the Ordnance Bombardearist

Safety and Inspection office personnel, Lt. Thad Davids and Bill Flocks, had nothing to do but get to work this past week as the glass windows that once exposed the comings and goings of Mail and Records messengers is now painted a smart pale green. Major Irvine left himself wide open for a lot of self-invited dinner guests to come around for venison steaks after the word got around that he drew a bead on a fat deer and dropped same in its tracks during a hunting expedition to Alamogordo Thursday, November 5 . . . Fred Ludvigsen of Audits and Accounts was up in the air last weekend on a return plane trip to Amarillo. The plane arrived here about 8 p.m. and radioed the field for permission to land. Fog was so bad that night that landing was unheard of. We had a quick picture of Mr. Ludvigsen strapping on his parachute, touching the pilot lightly on the shoulder, and saying, "Fly low over Pantex and I'll get out there." However, he stayed with the plane as it circled and took its passengers to Albuquerque. Mr. Ludvigsen didn't see home until about 15 hours later . . . Last week, it being near November 15, but not near enough, your reporter was gazing hungrily through plate glass windows of local restaurants and found food for thought at the sight of Verlane McDonnell and her dinner companion, who doesn't work for Certain-teed! . . . With this issue Mail and Records wrings the tears out of its headkerchief over Mrs. Beth Kent who resigned November 15. Mrs. Kent had been with Mail and Records since the middle of June when she began with Ordnance. The office is in a panic for fear they'll never find anything in the files after she's gone . . . Lt. John H. Eisenberg of Camp Edwards, Mass., visiting in Amarillo earlier this month with his mother and his sister, Mrs. Nadine Carvaljai, spent one day at Pantex where he was introduced to most of Ordnance personnel and was invited on a tour of the operation area . . . Lt. Preston C. Read, previously of Ordnance Engineering and Operations office, received appointment November 5 as Army Inspector of Ordnance, assisting Majors P. S. Irvine. Lt. Read replaces Lt. R. P. Hamilton who is now stationed with the Field Director of Ammunition Plants offices in St. Louis, Mo. . . . Ed Gillock and party stole the show at the Armistice Eve dance as they stalked the ballroom with spy-glasses and dark looks in search of fingerprints and clues to the saboteurs who snatched their table reservation.

Champion Bond Buyer

All out for victory! And when J. P. Phipps says it, he really means it! Phipps, a carpenter in the maintenance department, is putting every penny of his salary into war bonds every month and has been doing so since January of this year. He now has $2,000 in Uncle Sam's treasury, $1,100 of which is in bonds and the rest in Postal Savings.

Mr. and Mrs. Phipps are able to manage without his salary since they have a small income from a farm. Their four children are married and they plan to save their bonds for old age. Mr. and Mrs. Phipps reside at 713 North Arthur, having lived in Amarillo for sixteen years.

Fan Mail

As a result of the story in the Oct. 15 issue of Pantexian headed by "Wallie Buys Bonds," Wallie Goodman, Ordnance teletype operator, received a letter from a girl at Kingsbury Ordnance Plant. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, has blue eyes, brown hair and wants Wallie to write. Did he? What do you think?
THE MELTING POT

By Iris Galloway

Personnel boner of the week . . .
Gertrude Jones, feeling a little weary one afternoon after work decided to lie down for a cat nap. Waking a little after dark, she exclaimed to herself, "Gracious, late to work again!", and was half way out to the plant before she realized her error.

Norma Simmons, Job Assignment's gorgeous, golden blonde, has been walking on air since she received her Christmas present (already) from her husband somewhere in Egypt.

Somebody in Personnel discovered just the other day what a motherly face is that of "Judge" Pat L. Davis. Ever notice?

If you’re ever in the mood for a murder . . . or just feel gruesome in general . . . run over to Identification and let Virgil Beavers show you his pictures . . . and I didn’t say etchings. Beavers used to be a "long arm of the law," and he has photos of everything from sawed-off shotguns to the notorious Clyde and Bonnie lying cold and stiff on marble slabs! We guarantee one thing . . . after looking at them, you’ll spend a sleepless night.

People who no longer grace the halls of Personnel . . . people we really miss these days . . . Barbara Binford, Yolanda Shelton, Frieda Rove, Jessie Allen, Rachel Morrison, Nell Stevenson.

ENGINE . . . EARS

By Arthur Reagor

Bill Diersen, when asked for a news item granted, "WORK." . . . that's not news, he works all the time, anyway.

We welcome John E. Tutum who is to become our new electrical engineer. Incidentally he’s also a wizard at guessing football scores.

On this Buttcup situation, we are pleased to report that Marie Carlson is now Mrs. Leroy Hunter, wife of an Army instructor at the Air Corps Technical School. It happened Saturday night in Clovis, New Mexico.

We report a new leaf in Orville Johnson’s book. If for the next few days you notice Orville being more dignified and reserved this is the reason: His wife and family returned from Indianapolis last Saturday night. Also the housing situation is clearing up. Looks like he’s having lots of good luck.

Mr. Schell will be away for a week or two on a special detail.

They Drove First Nails

J. M. and Orville Fauver

Among the first carpenters to arrive on the scene when Pantex was just a rabbit retreat and a wheat field were J. M. and Orville Fauver from Floydada. The brothers were on the job last April building the first wing of the Administration Building. Of the 20 carpenters who drove the first nails all but these two are gone.

J. M. and Orville are now employed in the maintenance department.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

By Lillian Corse

Personnel at 504½ Taylor subscribed to the sickness and accident insurance plant 100%. They are now hoping that a high percentage of other employees at Pantex will sign up before anybody gets sick. Our group in talking the plan over, decided that insurance is an expense until you need it. And one of the most certain things in the world is the fact that some day it will be needed.

As this reporter sat trying to think of some news Carl Lee Funderburg walked in with his new air corps uniform on. He will be stationed in Lubbock for some time so we may be seeing him ever so often. He was accompanied by his little daughter who was very proud of her daddy.

Our Saturday morning guard, E. W. Herman, is a well groomed fellow who might double for the movie star, Gene Raymond. He’s a nice fellow to have around, too.

Roy Riddle, manager of the employment office at 504½ Taylor, is a typical newspaper man. He thinks news stories are to be written about other people, and usually succeeds in "killing" any item about himself. Modesty and self-effacement are desirable qualities but they don’t make for good magazine copy.

CONTROL LABORATORY

By John E. Wisdom

During the past week several distinguished visitors called to look over the laboratory, but so far no one, distinguished or chemist, has come in the front door. And this appears to be as good a time as any to mention that the front door is the north door.

Victor Fusco has taken the temporary job of selling tickets for the dance to the chemical staff. "Doc" Bots selected Fusco for this job because, as he put it, "Fusco can't sell me a ticket."

There is a definite lag in chess competition. With the exception of the brilliant battle put up when George Curts, of the booster line, lost a twenty-five move campaign to Mr. Bots, all is quiet on the chess front. (Note: Curts lost by the merest whisker and claims that a diversification move on the part of "Doc's" supporters spoiled his attack.)

Ordnance Chemists Jordan and Throckmorton have returned from a visit to Elwood. New Ordnance Chemist Todd and Traumerman arrived during their absence. All four of these men are from Alabama Ordnance Works.

The night shift, which handled preliminary determinations in the City Health Dept’s laboratory, are over. Expressions of appreciation for splendid cooperation have gone out to City Chemist Jack Wyatt.

ON THE MOVE

By Mark Sale

The automotive equipment that was used in the Armistice Day Parade made a great showing. Thanks to the various drivers who participated and to the committee who made it possible to show our equipment.

We regret the loss of various members in this department. Annie Krahm, who asked for a leave of absence to visit her military husband, will not return. Carolyn and Geraldine Schott had to resign to take up duties at their home in Silverton. Mary Durham, formerly Glenn Newbold’s stenographer, is back at Personnel Dept., and was replaced here by Eddie Cornelius. Eddie’s vacated seat at Bill Hammi’s desk is now being occupied by Betty Read, who was transferred from the lubrication dept. Archie T. Bryan is leaving for the Army. Success to him and to the husbands of Peggy Devers and Eddie Cornelius. Devers left for military service Nov. 3, and Jack Cornelius left Nov. 9 to join the Navy.

November 15, 1942
He Fought On Against Overwhelming Odds

Major Devereaux, U.S.M., Wake Island

THE FOLLIES BOOSTER

By George Curtis

The boys and girls on Zone Six are going to have a party. Rather than buy ready made entertainment, the floor show will be self propelled. The last self-propelled contraption, you will remember, was an air gun which blew itself away, across the prairie. When last seen it was clearing that barbed wire fence. We know that it's still going for the exhaust is still whizzing past Amarillo.

As master of ceremonies in the show we have "Fibber" Curtis, the amateur Ziegfield. Boy, did he pick 'em for the show. (But who couldn't around here). Assisting him as end men are "Sylvestre" Nelson, the photographer's nightmare, and "Birdseed" Watson, the broken record.

The show opens with a bang as Fibber asks- "Son, why does a chicken cross the road?" Piffle- "That was no chicken, that was my wife."

This is followed by another bang, and another, and stage hands carry off the body.

The show continues with a chorus number. Frank L. "Fred" Boastaire leads the Collete Cuties through an intricate routine depicting a group of hikers crossing a plowed field. As the music strains to a close, the back drop opens and "Sugarpuss" O' Bennett slides down a safety chute to stage center singing "The Tertyl Blues." After her song dies a natural death the stage clears. The end men return.

Fibber: "Why do firemen wear red suspenders?"

Red: "To get to the other side." A shot, and the score rests at two down, one to go.

"Will" (Pony boy) Gibson rides on stage twirling his lariat and commenting on world affairs. The orchestra plays softly, "I'm an Old Cowhand." He doesn't tell any old jokes and adds: "All I know is what I hear on the radio."

As he leaves, "W. C." Campbell comes in juggling 102 pellets, without dropping one. Good, say, he's got to be good. The orchestra leader, Monserrgh K. McReagan, sets a new all time breath holding record. He doesn't think it's safe.

The end men gone, Fibber tells joke: "Why was Washington buried on a hill?" Answer: "To hold his pants up."

SAFETY PIN MONEY

George D. Lewis and wife

George D. Lewis has probably used more safety pins during the past five years than any thousand other men on the reservation combined. He makes trinkets with them during his off hours—souvenir buttons of wood, which he and his wife design and sell in vast quantities to novelty stores, high schools, colleges, etc.

Priorities have hit his profitable mail-order business, however, and as soon as his stock of 1,000 pins are exhausted, there'll be no more. He and his wife plan to cancel all orders and close the bedroom shop until after the war.

A shot rings out through the still night air. Dead men tell no tales.

The orchestra pits its skill against the performer in the piece de resistance. The audience sings the newly famous polka with gusto. Gypsy Rippert is in rare form. Ah, yes, it's pretty, but is it art? (Apologies to Kipling).

The Booster Boys Quartet does a specialty, 'Goin' Thru The Rye,' as they had just.

The entire company joins them in the closing number, the Theme song:

Let's build a Booster,
Let's have some fun.
Let's bomb the Axis,
It's lots of fun.

(Cho)
Oh, we're Boosters,
Jolly, jolly boosters,
Pantex boosters,
Singing all the day.

While we're working,
We're not shirking,
We're daily working,
But when we're not, we play.

Finis.

UTILITIES

By Myrtle Hunter

We feel like bragging since C. L. Jones, better known as "Casey," joined our gang. Casey is really a swell fellow in addition to being one of the very best electrical engineers as is proved by the lighting at this plant. Casey also brought his right-hand man, Clark Newlin, with him as general inside electrical foreman.

R. S. Bowie, formerly superintendent for Richards and Mullins, has now joined up with Casey's gang as general outside electrical foreman.

James F. Rittenberry is quite busy finding out what his duties are. Jim has been with the AEM and is now in Utilities, assisting Mr. Martin.

Although handicapped by the loss of one arm as a result of an accident at Mangum, Oklahoma cotton gin in 1926, Claude T. Loudermilk is still able to operate a boiler and do a good job at it. Because of his patriotism, he left his home in Silverton, and came to work at Pantex on August 16. He says he is very happy in his work. Mr. Loudermilk has a son in the Navy who is stationed on the U.S.S. Tucaloosa.

J. B. Bottoms, in charge of the Woodworking Shop, is all smiles since he is celebrating his seventh wedding anniversary on November 9. Many happy returns of the day.


E. G. Burnley, boiler house superintendent, is now numbered among our employees. He has had 32 years experience in boiler work.

To "get upstream," you must have fuel. Fuel consists of proper foods, sufficient rest, mental relaxation, and most important, physical exercise — preferably outdoors.
He Did His Best With What He Had
Lt. Commander Balkeley, U.S.N., Manila Bay, Philippine

PARADIN’ THE RAMPS
By John J. Cunningham

Moving day for the boys from zone eleven who went back to zone nine. It was going back home for many of the fellows. We all say “thanks and we’ll be see’n you,” to line Super Murphy and big genial, Andy (B Shift Super) Anderson.

Made a discovery in the Nose Pour. They have an angel in their midst and his initials are W. C. The heavy broom work was being done by M. W. Regier, J. T. Steele and W. G. Turner. Nice job, too.

Nobody home at the Cooling rooms . . . all were exploring the new tunnel through the barricade. W. W. Sharp thinks that if anyone shoots a deer, can get it by the guard, and will take a chance on getting it back, one could hang the deer in the cooling room.

Sorry to leave Dave Floyd all alone in final assembly. He was doing double duty.

M. C. “Kansas City” Bull with R. E. Griffitts, of T.N.T. Screening, had W. A. McIntosh backed up to the wall, getting the dope on all the football games. Hope “Mac” is a real dopster. If he fails there will be a real shortage of Coke.

Hubert H. Bevers, Nitrate Screening, said that Jerry Lynn, Jackie Wayne, Jimmie Lee, Patric’ia Ann and also the Mrs. want to find a house. With that gang it has got to be a house!

R. M. Owens, T.N.T. Screening, and L. A. Hatley, Nitrate Screening, are very helpful with jokes to fill this space. The only trouble is, the man said you can’t print that kind of jokes!

John Adams, B shift Super, and Line Super, C. P. McWright, all over the place glad handing the boys. Nice fellows—both of ’em.

Jack Bell Lewis, in Nose Pour, had a big time celebrating another birthday. He has one every year, he said.

Glenn E. Boydstun looking for an aspirin . . . L. C. Jobe, Carl D. Ellis and Harold Head trying to look cheerful while steering a pile of mops . . . Ed. C. McCracken, the fellow with the big smile, glad to be back in nine.

D. A. Hollingsworth, foreman of the paint room, points with pride to the fact that they have something different in their room . . . the only non-talking barber in town. H. W. Birdsong went to the hospital along with J. Waldo Carson who had his picture taken.

Mother’s Dancing Darling

Purchasing

By Marjorie Owen

It seems that Norma Duncan and Viola Vance have taken a decided interest in fine arts. Ask them to show you a sample of their new hobby. One might call it a Petty occupation. Powell Combs has competent Lucille Pierce for his charming new secretary.

MEET THE PEOPLE

By C. A. Loomis, Jr.

If you haven’t already heard, we now have an ass’t general auditor in the person of A. L. Mills. Mills turns over his directorship of Vouchers Payable to Bob Lale who will carry on equally as well. J. W. Carlson is Bob’s assistant.

Don Wood has left Vouchers Payable to become Chief of Insurance in the Medical Division. At present you will find him in the reception room in the hospital.

The Paymaster’s Dept. has a new face. Mrs. Roy Riddle.

Have you met the “Don’t Cry In Your Beer,” Boys? Messrs. Harris, Payne and Zwedling.

Wedding bells were in the air for Denise Ray of Payroll in Fort Worth this past week-end, the 7th. With this event Denise leaves Pantex as Mrs. Morris Boykin.

Also of Payroll is Hugh Hale who expects to carry his bride across the threshold in the near future.

If new faces have any bearing on the amount of work done, then the Mail Room must have its share of work. Four more new faces have been added there, Betty Peer, Leona Parrish, Willford Lott, and Bill Barnett.


This reporter wishes to announce his choices for the most frequently searched people at Pantex. They are: Deward Cook, Gene Black, Gene Claredy, all of Mail and Records.

Suggestion for the week:
The more you save in bonds today The greater tribute to your boys you pay

Next week should find this column under the guiding hand of Carolyn Newbold who will do a swell job of keeping the Fiscal Dept. in the spotlight. The reason for this change being that the army has beckoned your correspondent. Thanks a lot to all for bearing with me when the news was plentiful and when it was scarce.—C. L.
He Gave His Life In Line Of Duty

Capt. Kelly, U.S.A.A., Philippines

Rhymes With Reason
By Mary Morrow
We introduce the mail room,
A happy group indeed.
You'll always find them on their toes
To help you in your need.
First we give you Frances Ann
Biggs is the other name
For selling stamps and sorting mail
She'll write her name in fame.
Next we give you Mary
And whatever she may say
Will end up with her slogan
"Any bonds today?"
As for Wilma and Betty Ann
Where one is you'll find the other
And if you don't know the common bond
You'll find it is a brother.
Soldiers are the interest of Katherine and Betty P.
The latter has one for a husband
The former a husband-to-be.
Jo is our next employee.
With blonde hair so long and unique
As long as we've known her we've tried to find out
Where did she obtain that technique?
Leona is new to our band,
We're happy to welcome her, too.
And hope that she'll stay on hand.
To help us in all we do.
And now that you know us girls,
Our males you will have to meet,
And when you've become acquainted
you'll find
A combination that can't be beat.
First we give you Deward Cook,
The best we have by far.
If he's not somewhere in the zones
He's yelling for a car.
Next we have one Gene Black,
Who works the graveyard shift,
From twelve to eight he's on the job.
And doesn't mind a bit.
There came to us one day two lads
Special messengers they were to be,
And if you wish to know them ask
For David I. and Gene C.
Kenneth is the little lad
Who helps us keep our pace.
And if you look and find him not
Try the barracks of police.
G. W., Mac, and Jerry
Are the newest of our gang.
We know they'll work to help us
Go over with a bang!
And that burdened little foursome
Who drive our mail truck.
Are Earl, David, Jay, and Howard
Who seldom have any luck.
They're always behind on their schedule
And forever being delayed

THE MAIN LINE
By Betty Blake
This is the story of a little of the background of the Yard Office. In the event that you don't know what Yard Office work consists of, here is the dope.
First, of course, we have C. E. Duncan, Supervisor of Rail Operations. He is the boss, in other words. Before coming to Certain-teed, Duncan worked for the Santa Fe in Lubbock.

Gold Star Parents

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Roden
John L. Roden, old-time Amarilloan and guard at Pantex, is the father of four sons who have served in the army, one of which, John Jr., Pfc., is missing at Batanam after serving six years in the army, two years and eight months of which were under General MacArthur.
Lt. Earl has served to years and is now stationed at Remington Arms Plant at Denver. After six years of service, three in the U. S. army and three in the Canadian forces, George is again in the U. S. service, stationed at Fort Knox. Another son, Bob, was three years in the army prior to his accidental death in 1949.
Mr. and Mrs. Roden were on the reviewing stand at the Armistice day parade along with officials and other gold star parents.

The only day they're happy Is the day they get paid.
And last but not least we have William A.
Of whom we would hate to get rid
For one of the sights most familiar to see
Is "Father Flannigan" and one of his kids.
And now you know us all,
We hope to meet you again,
And if ever we can help
Just ring up station 110.

Mr. Duncan's secretary is Arthur H. Vaughan. More about him on another page of this issue.
Up to bat next we have Virgil Roland, Chief Yard clerk. He issues instructions to train crews, handles all switching, and dispatches the trains.
Also on the ground floor is William Sales Coffey, better known as Bill. Quoting Coffey's duties are as follows: first, he is in charge of the floor, sand boxes, the brooms, mops and last, but certainly not least, he is in charge of all Sunday entertainment. Seriously, his real job is Yard Clerk. Mr. Roland's right hand man in other words.
Roland's left hand man is Bennie Meader. In the absence of Roland, Meader is the boss. Before his employment with Certain-teed he was a traveling salesman for an office supply company in Lubbock.
Robert Brightman is one of the seven diesel engineers. Diesels, he says, do the general switching service here and operate in and out of the various zones.
Diesels are used due to the fact that they are much more economical and are much less hazardous than coal or oil engines because there are no sparks...


A new man both to Pantex and Amarillo is Rex Bartram, the Rock Island agent stationed at the plant to expedite incoming carloads and to handle all of the Rock Island accounts. Bartram came from St. Louis, Mo., and he likes Amarillo just fine...only he can't find a house to live in...Too!

H. A. Watson, Yard Clerk, came from Florida to Amarillo, E. F. Wilson, is the Field Yard Clerk, a native of Amarillo, and B. O. Cloud, also a Field Yard Clerk, came from Floydada. Switcherman is N. N. Mullins, and the switchman is J. N. Browning.

All of these men are out here for one purpose. To help slap the Japs and to do their part, in their way, to gain victory for the United Nations. I wonder, are we all doing our part and our best to win this war?

Don't listen to rumors...and don't spread them.

PANTEXAN
Concussions

REVERBERATIONS AROUND THE PLANT SITE

This is a Wachbird
Watching
A Fiddle-de-do-Nothing

"How about this guy?"
Asks the watchbird.
"He's not exactly busy as a steam shov-
el."

Instead of filing that material
This Fiddle-Dee-Do-Nothing (shown
above on right)
Sits around and files his wing-nails.
It's hard to see how he has the energy
To do even that
Because he was out flying around until
Two a. m. last night.
And at lunch he ate enough to kill him.
He's old enough to know better than
To waste time like that.
Anyway it will be all over as soon as
That file-basket gets a little fuller.
And tipples over on his sleepy head.
Then they'll carry him out horizontal.
And for good!

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD
WATCHING YOU!
WERE YOU A FIDDLE-
DEE-DO- NOTHING
THIS WEEK?

No ☐ Yes ☐

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

Sallie's Family Goes To War

Sallie Devereaux Byrd, colored, an employee of the Utilities Division, is definitely in the field as having the most members of her family actively engaged in war work. She has 8 nephews and 1 brother in the armed forces, all on active fronts. One nephew, Lester Devereaux, and one niece, Reba Maxie, are employed at Pantex. There are two brothers as well as six nephews whose numbers will probably have been called by the armed forces by the time this issue is released.

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

By George Curts

"Here, have a cigarette."
"No thanks, I don't smoke."
"Well, your lucky."

That's what they say, brother, that's
what they say, but they don't mean it.

Smokers always fuss about their "per-
sonal liberties" when anyone tries to
suggest they stop. It's their right to
smoke if they please.
It's also their right to blow smoke in
anyone's face if they please.
It's also their right to lay down a
smoke screen in the Victory Bus, or in
a City Bus if they please.
It's also their right to spread sweet
essence of sour stogies all over the office
if they please.
The non-smoker (remember—he's the
lucky one) has no rights at all in public.
At home he (or she) is a bit better off.

If it weren't for the cigar guzzlers,
women might be considered worse of-
fenders than men.

Men or women, the smokers as a
group are far less polite than the ab-
stainers. The lady in front of you on
the bus will put up with a lot, hoping
you'll finish soon, before asking you to
put it out.

One of the worst offenders is the "ci-
garette gesticulator." He holds his fag
where the smoke drifts your way, or he
waves it under your nose in emphasis,
tapping his finger on your chest (the
ashes fall in your vest pocket) while
saying "Mark my words—etc. etc."

If a non-smoker raises the slightest
objection he is brained a killjoy and
is told to read the "Bill of Rights." His
only recourse is to smoke in self-defense.
Yes sir, I sure am lucky I don't smoke.

Swing Your Partners

How many Pantex employees would
like a real western barn dance, with all
the old dances featured? Maybe our
new neighbors from out of the state
would enjoy a "square," a schottische or
a polka, too. And what could be better
for making us all friends than a Paul
Jones now and then.

Why don't all of you people who
think the dance would be fun write or
call dance committee man G. W. Ruk-
gaber, Station 96, and give him your
ideas on it.

Chucklette's "in the Know"
To Hear Him Tell It

You know Chucklette—he's the
guy who's always turning up with a
jucy, new rumor about Pantex. It
doesn't occur to him that happenings
here sometimes cannot be explained be-
cause of their military nature—that he
is not supposed to understand all that
goes on and as a result his story may be
all mixed up. Makes no difference to
Chucklette, anyway. He goes right
ahead shooting off his mouth to any-
body you'll listen, just to hear himself
pop off. Wouldn't be so bad if he got
only himself into trouble—but blabbing
often hurts others and could imperil the
war effort here at Pantex. Chuckle-
head either doesn't care, or just doesn't
THINK.

FOUND: Pigskin glove, Call at Pan-
texan office.

Minutes spent on safety add years to
your life.
Talk Is Cheap
Results May Be Costly!

Posed in the interest of plant safety by
H. M. Moze and Gerald Nan

THE ENEMY is listening! Are you the one passing on plant information to your wife, your sweetheart, your grocer, or your friend? Your employment at Pantex carries with it the privilege of being entrusted with the most confidential of military activities. The enemy knows the trust placed in you and stands by waiting for you to violate it.

The enemy is also aware that you may be encouraged to absorb and pass on propaganda. Don't be susceptible!

Beware of rumors! Rumors for the most part are lies! Don't be influenced by statements made by strangers concerning our war effort or your job. Question those same statements which may be made unwittingly by friends. For example you may hear it said: "There's a shortage of materials and operations will shortly shut down." Why does the enemy want you to believe that? Because he wants you dissatisfied—fearful of your work—and less efficient.

The enemy wants you to hate your employer and dislike your fellow workers. He would rather deal with many than with a few because the farther he can spread his poison the more effective is his work against us.

Look out for the fellow you never saw before who suddenly wants to be your pal and is just "plain folksy." This kind of approach usually means that the enemy wants something from you—chiefly information.

These saboteurs will be found anywhere and everywhere. If they obtain information from you, it is sabotage just as surely as if you let him onto the "line" with a lighted match in his hand.

Are you acting as the broadcasting station for the dissemination of confidential information?

Are you acting as the receiving set for enemy propaganda?

If so—you may be guilty of treason!