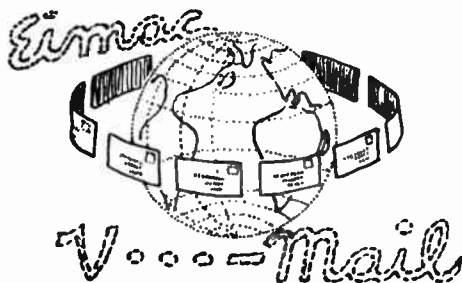


Eimac News

SAN BRUNO PLANT



December 9, 1944
Vol. 3 • No. 7



(Private Glenn Bartle, former Grid employee, wrote the following letter to his friends in the Grid department:)

Belgium, November 9, 1944.

Hello Grid Kids:

Since I last saw all of you the Army has kept me busy traveling. I was in England, France and now I am in Belgium, but will soon be in Germany. This overseas army life is no snap. In France it was all mud—you march in mud, sleep and eat in it.

In Normandy, France, we started to put up our tents. We had all of our clothes on the ground and just then it started to rain like hell. Our clothes got so full of mud that they stood up by themselves. I saw some very ruined cities and railroad yards in our trip from France to Belgium. The Germans really left these towns in a mess.

The people in the States don't know how lucky they are. In France one must pay as high as \$2 per package for cigarettes. The reason they pay such a price is that they are allowed only two packages a month and that costs \$4. You can see how hard up the people are.

I saw my first German robot bomb the other day. They sound just like a large truck going overhead. The people of Bel-



Glenn Bartle, formerly of Grid, writes to the gang from Belgium

EIMAC NEWS

Published every Saturday by the employees of
EITEL-McCULLOUGH, INC., SAN BRUNO, CALIF.

Editor	John Nel
Staff Secretary	Lou Nicho
Associate Editor	Dagmar Rosewo
Feature Editor	Alice Mot
Society Editor	Kaye Anders
Sports Editor	Ed Wilk
Feature Writer	Clara Wheatli
Photographic Advisors	Dave Atkins and Bryant Roge
Photographer	Charlie Dol
Cartoonists	Dick Chamberlain, Barbara Matthai, Paul Citraro, Estelle Jackson and Gene Gallagher
Reporters and Columnists	Lorraine DeMartini, Kay Jacobson, Jan Martin, Jeanne Tiffany, Bonniejean Railsback
	Sig Johnson, "Shorty" Walrod, Adeline Evans, Shirley Gurtler, Beth Ludwig, Georgia Young, Hazel Tomlinson, Ginne Oldershaw, Jo Russell, Verna Keegan, Irene Webber, Gene Gallagher, Grace Forrest, Sheldon Norris, Stella English, Virginia Damberger, Dave Jackson, Bette Lewis, Leila Mingledorff, Betty Ferreira, Dot Pigott, Bruna Romani, Vicky Burch, Alberta Harris, Marge Dusto
Advisor	John Van Youn

USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT (Editorial)

Three years ago this week the United States went to war!

Immediately bond sales, which were selling with mediocre success before that time, soared to new heights as an infuriated population began lending money to finance the war.

Today the action on all battlefronts features the offensive thrusts of the allies. Because the end of the war is in sight a feeling of optimism has been aroused. But, optimism or no, the war is still raging and must continue to be financed!

With the increasing fury of the drives against the Japs and onto German soil, more specialized materials are needed. B-29 Superfortresses—costing \$600,000 each, more long-range fighter planes—costing \$50,000 each, and more jungle-adapted tanks—costing 67,500 each, are only a few of the needs of the armed forces.

Just the cost of maintaining the 11 to 12 million men and women in the service requires much money. They must be fed, housed, transported from one training center to another and battle area to another, and cared for in hundreds of ways. Even at the conclusion of the war, money will be needed to cover the war expenses incurred.

Throughout the war Eimackers have maintained a steady amount of payroll deductions, deductions which have not fluctuated more than three-tenths of a percent during the past two years. It shows, at least, that optimism hasn't affected us in that respect.

Regular bond deductions are necessary to keep a steady flow of money into the Treasury, while the War Loan Drives are necessary to augment it.

The facts are known to most of us and the importance of them are obvious each time we read a newspaper or listen to a radio newscast.

The U. S. Treasury department has urged that everyone purchase a \$100 bond at least during the drive. You know the facts! Use your own judgment!

gium were certainly glad to see us march up the street. I guess they were glad to be free from the Germans.

You all know by now that I am the proud father of a baby girl. Surely wish I could have been there to see Lou and the baby, but the Army had other ideas.

Tell Ralph Downey that over here there are no hunting seasons. There is open season all year 'round on Jerries.

Well kids, I don't know much more to tell you. Sure do miss the good times we had working together. Will close my letter for now and hope to see you all very soon.

As ever,

GLENN BARTLE.

THANKS

Dear Friends:

Joe and I sincerely appreciate your kind thoughts and wishes, and extend grateful thanks for your remembrance.

Yours truly,
FRANCES DeVOL.

This Week's Cover

Lee Bartoli, employee of the Grid department on swing shift, is shown performing a welding operation on one of Eimac's smaller type grids.



Having partaken of Unc Tom's food, the Accounting department gang smiled "real purty" for the camera

Beware of a Good Samaritan

A One-Act Play

Starring O. H. "Hank" Brown

Scene 1: At the bottom of a hill back of San Carlos. Enter Hank Brown's car, rolling slowly, out of gas. The car stops, Hank emerges and approaches a nearby house.

Hank: Hello, Mrs. Whoozit. I'm out of gas. Is Mr. Whoozit at home?

Mrs. W: No, I'm sorry, he just left.

Hank: Well, guess I'll start walking. If anyone you know comes along, you might ask him to pick me up.

Scene 2: Same place, 15 minutes later. Mr. Whoozit returns unexpectedly.

Mrs. W: Oh, George, you're just in time.

Mr. Brown ran out of gas and is walking into town.

Mr. W: Well, let's push his car down and pick him up. It'll save a return trip that way.

(Mr. W. gets in his car, and Mrs. W. gets in Hank's car. Mr. W. starts shoving Hank's car down the road with Mrs. W. steering).

Scene 3: Same place, 15 minutes later. Enter Hank Brown in a borrowed jalopy with a can of gasoline.

Hank: Where in &%\$!!% ? ?\$& is my car? (He rings the doorbell at the W. house. Nobody answers—naturally).

Scene 4: Same time as Scene 3, but a mile down the road. Hank's car reposes in a roadside ditch, firmly mired.

Mr. W: If you would listen to me, you wouldn't get into jams like that. It's a wonder you don't lose your driver's license, etc., etc., etc.

Exit Mr. and Mrs. W. hunting for Hank.

Scene 5: The general vicinity of the San Carlos foothills. Hank Brown roams up and down the roads in a blue haze. He finds car.

Hank: &%\$&%!!?*-!\$—&! How in blazes did my car get THERE in that condition?

Exit Hank in blue haze.

Scene 6: Same place, 20 minutes later. Hank enters followed by tow car. Tow car exits presently with Hank's car. Curtain falls as Mr. and Mrs. W. appear in distance.

Accounting Gang Had a Peck of Fun

The annual Accounting department informal dinner party was held Tuesday night at Uncle Tom's Cabin, with 20 of the department's members present.

Carl Tietz acted as master of ceremonies and kept the crowd in gales of laughter throughout the evening. Mike Stack was to render a solo entitled "Blackfeet on the Floor," but due to unforeseen circumstances was unable to perform.

The program of after-dinner speakers included a short talk by Jim Pollard, who said, "It's a swell party."

A short community sing was held later with Evelyn Gutzmer and Helen Simpson accompanying the group on the piano. The highlight of the evening was the performance of the Accounting department's double quartet which sang, "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." This was greatly appreciated by the music lovers in the group.

The celebrated terpsichorean, Aileen Weppener, gave instructions on the latest rhumba steps, and quite a few members present improved their dancing. Dancing continued until a late hour when the guests dispersed to various points on the Peninsula.

It was the consensus of opinion Tuesday night that these parties should be held bi-monthly, but on Wednesday morning a "galloping poll" showed a definite trend toward making it a semi-annual event.

Royal Higgins at Plant



Royal Higgins, Eimac's Field Engineer from Chicago, is out here now. He has been seen during the past week wandering around the plant or deep in huddles with Bill Eitel, Jack McCullough, Herb Becker and

Hank Brown, discussing the selling of Eimac products. Royal, after a few nights en route in an upper berth, is confident he can do anything—even use a stranglehold on customers.

Tomorrow night Royal leaves for home via Los Angeles and Kansas City. When Chicago next sees him he'll no doubt have those new customer-getting ideas ready for use.

Who's Who At Eimac

Bill Kassebaum, radio electrician, has been with the Construction department since it was in its earliest stage as the maintenance branch of the Pump department.

Bill was born in West Elizabeth, Pennsylvania, in 1915. His early childhood was spent in New York, but at the age of four he moved to San Francisco. He attended grammar school in San Francisco and Daly City. Due to illness, his high school education was postponed for four years. A move to Mountain View was responsible for his training in radio at San Jose Technical high school from which he graduated in 1940.

Upon graduation from high school Bill went in search of employment in his chosen field—radio and electricity. He came to Eimac in November of 1940. Prior to his employment here he had been employed at a service station in Mountain View.

Electrical devices and their upkeep are right down Bill's alley. He has learned his trade and developed his methods through

BILL KASSEBAUM

experience here in the plant. He has complete responsibility for electrical equipment, such as the famous grid machine and the hydrogen arc-welding machine used in the plant. A "bug" has but to stop a motor and Bill is there with a bagful of equipment to check it.

At the age of seven, Bill was playing with friends and while wrestling boyishly, received a compound fracture of his left arm. It was an unfortunate accident but in spite of the handicap, Bill has been quite active in sports. He is captain of the new bowling team, "Mac's Outlaws," and maintains a rolling average of 162.

"The Kid," as Bill is known to his colleagues, prefers to spend his leisure time spending money and following horse racing. He enjoys life—takes the good with the bad and has a carefree disposition. His co-workers in Construction report that Bill is as yet unmarried—they're holding their breaths until he gets safely past the last 21 days of Leap Year 1944.

—by Clara Wheatley



Bill Kassebaum—a guy with a carefree outlook

What's What Up Front

By Bette Lou

Mary Duffy has assumed additional duties now—so from now on her title will be "Supervisor of Mops and Dust-cloths." When you are over this way, be sure to check the sharp job she did on the blinds in the Records office!!!!

The first wedding anniversary is usually "paper," but Howard Smith bought his wife, Jane, a white jade bracelet.

The Irish have all of the luck! Elinore Rockwell received a two and a half dollar gold piece in change for a penny. Rocky didn't realize her speck of good fortune until sometime later, when she was counting her shekles.

Turn-about is fair play, so they say. There were two surprises last Thursday when Virginia Mattison staged a baby shower for Gloria Paullin. At the same time the girls had a house-warming for Virginia.

There have been several changes in the Office and I have just become aware of them. Over in the Service Bureau, Vesta Latendorf has a new desk and job. The Records office seems vacant now that Eleanor Geddes has moved into her own freshly painted office. Aileen Bennett has moved from the Grid office to the "pink room" in the Lab to assist Buck Rogers. Last but far from least, Lorraine Overton has left the hub-bub of the outer Office force for the serene and peaceful Credit department.

On your day off you are supposed to rest, but not Jeanne Bost. Tuesday, Jeanne and her husband, Dale, put in a cement foundation for their home. I can just picture Jeanne in a pair of Levi's and a plaid shirt, mixing cement.

If you had your radio turned to the right station at the right time last Sunday you probably heard Pat Whitfield, Jane Smith and Bette Lewis. Seems the rushees of their sorority were to treat the older members to dinner—So to be different, the girls decided to have breakfast at the Benjamin Franklin. As you may know, the Benjamin Franklin has a program "on the air" and a few of the sorority girls were interviewed. Pat Whitfield was so excited when the M. C. asked her name, Pat said it was Healyfield (a combination of her maiden and married names).

W. L. B. Economists Visit Plant



Construction Scraps

By Kay Jacobson

I feel like a mole making an appearance after too long an absence, but Tuesday noon rolls around and past before this columnist realizes that it's the deadline for the column. To the four readers of this column (I'm sure of that many) I will try to do better from now on.

—○—

Has everybody here seen "Nellie"? Well, she's quite a gal! A blue nose from way back, big red eyes and a fancy swinging tail (manually operated). She's a little on the slim and small side but we're leaving that to her owner, Don Miller. We're going to give him just so much time to put a feed bag on her before we report him to the SPCA.

—○—

A hunting we will go, a hunting we will go—but that's about all it amounts to where some of the people around here are concerned. We won't mention his name but will give you his first two initials—T. C. Our only consoling remark is that if you don't succeed at first, try, try again and better luck next time.

—○—

Al Huebner won't be around the department for a little while on account of being on sick leave and in the hospital. By this time, Al should be minus his appendix and well on the mend. He'll be stationed at Mills Hospital until next week so don't say I didn't tell you.

(Continued on Page 9)

Six economists from the San Francisco regional office of the War Labor Board made a 5-hour inspection of the Eimac plant Tuesday and expressed great interest in the intricate work being performed here.

In the upper left picture, Alan Skellenger explains the job rating system to Fred H. Blum (center) and Sidney Brandis, WLB economists, while Verna Hoyez of the Glass department goes on working.

Upper right, Economists Robert Barber and Sidney Brandis look on while Hank Brown explains a glass lathe operation.

Below, Economists Doris Bergen, Theodore Reed and George Elliott get a first-hand explanation of the rotary testing device from George Wunderlich.



Sandblasting Looks Simple, But---

The importance of vacuum tube fabrication and assembly operations can't be measured by their prominence or by the number of people working at them.

A good example is sandblasting, an occupation that keeps less than half a dozen people busy, but one that is of the greatest importance to the efficient operation of nearly every type of tube produced by Eimac.

Sandblasting consists of roughening or abrading the exterior surfaces of plate sections, cones and hats by means of a powerful air-driven stream of steel grits or particles directed through a blow-pipe inside a machine.

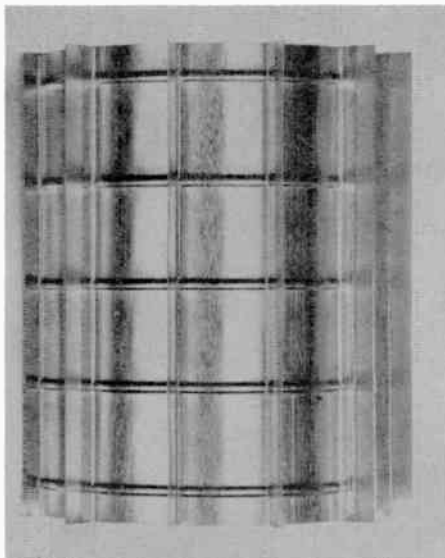
Its purpose is to increase the surface area of the plate. Since the roughened surface is of astonishingly greater area than the original smooth surface of the metal plate, the plate is able to perform its chief function—the dissipation of heat energy—to much greater advantage.

Sandblasting also dulls or darkens the shiny metal surface, again increasing the heat dissipation quality of the plate, since dull or dark surfaces radiate heat better than light-colored or shiny surfaces.

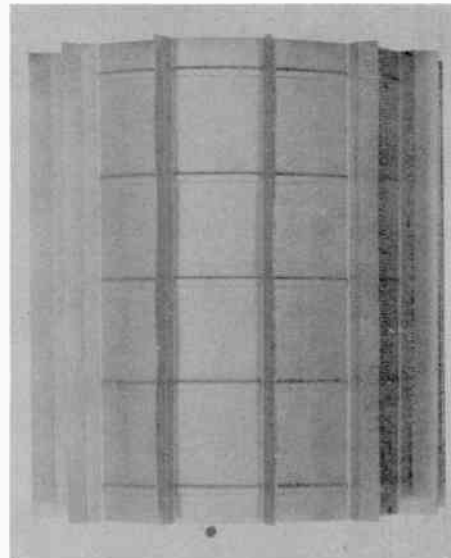
Incidentally, the blasting operation performs a cleaning function as well, removing surface impurities and improving the physical appearance of the plate.

Sandblasting is done in a little room off the Punch Press department, under the jurisdiction of Skeets Jones, Punch Press department head.

In this room is a row of machines that are now more or less standard equipment, but which represent a considerable evolution from the first sandblaster installed



An Unsanded Plate



A Sanded Plate

in the original Eimac shop at 592 San Mateo avenue.

A "store-bought" machine which was rebuilt half a dozen times, the original blaster was replaced by a homemade job which opened at both ends. Grits for the machine were stored in a box at the bottom and had to be shoveled by hand into the top as they were needed.

Sandy Sanderson, then a member of the Construction crew, devised a belt conveyer bucket system for carrying the grits up to the top. This system was used until Maury Martin, who inherited the job, rigged up the present air-lift method.

Under increasing production pressure,

it became necessary to buy ready-made machines which were re-designed to suit the unusual needs of this company.

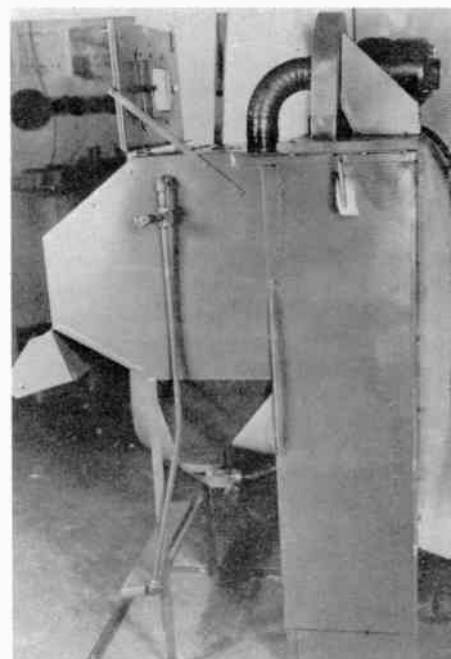
Originally intended to be operated from a stand-up position, the machines were adapted to sitting operators, foot controls installed, and shadow-free interior lighting provided to prevent eye-strain.

In principle, the sandblaster is not unlike an atomizer. A stream of air rushing past the open end of a tube causes a partial vacuum which forces the steel grits in the tube up into the air nozzle, which in turn directs the air-borne grits onto the desired spot. The plate parts to be

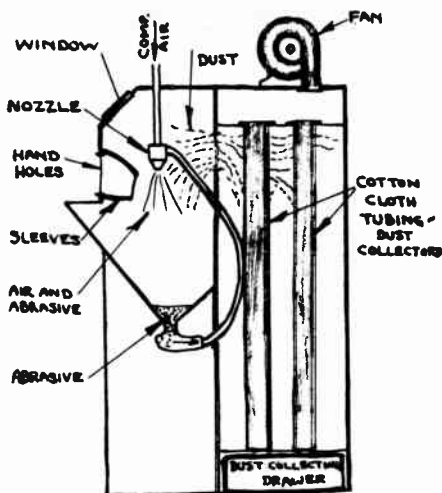
(Continued on page 7)



Looking down and into a sandblaster



Side-view of the sandblaster



MORE ABOUT SAND BLASTER

blasted are held under the stream on a mandrel. Heavy rubber gloves protect the operator's hands as she holds and turns the mandrel.

As the diagram illustrates, a hopper below the nozzle catches the grits after they leave the nozzle, and feeds them into a control device which prevents the grits from packing in the tube.

The grits, incidentally, are made from steel shot which has been crushed and screened. Because the grits are so fine, they are apt to produce a harmful dust. To protect the operator from this dust, a vacuum-cleaner attachment in the rear panel of the blasting chamber sucks out the air, filters it through cotton packing.

Perfection in sandblasting depends on the skill of the operator in determining by eye the amount of time each part requires under the blast. The difference between "not enough," "enough" and "too much" in sandblasting is imperceptible to the layman, but it is a critical difference in the finished product.

Chem Column Has New Author

After a year and a half as author of the Chemical department column, "Kem Kitties," Lorraine DeMartini has requested a substitute. Replacing her as Chem correspondent will be Leona Moser, well-known social committee personality.

Larry began writing with another girl, was soon handling it alone. Her epistle on the cigarette situation in Chem was worthy of considerable comment.

Leona's writing experience consists of her write-ups of social matters, and that which she learned while studying English in high school.

Pump Prevarications

Quoting Ginne:

Flash!—By the time this is in print the Don Mastersons will have moved into their house in Menlo Park. At last, huh, Jan?

It will not be news to anyone in the Pump department to know the reason for the big smile Don Fisher has been wearing for awhile now. Yes, Don will become a papa in February.

Chatter:

I wish I'd had a camera Sunday. Did anyone else see Elmer Bushell walking around in that long apron with his pants legs rolled up? . . . If you were to ask Ruth Marsh what her little nephew calls her, she'd tell you, "Shiftless." That's hardly appropriate for the energetic Ruth . . . Jim Kelso won last week's check pool. Lucky fella!

My cousin A/S Don Webber came back from Farragut the other day. He is also "B" Walzberg's brother-in-law. Don was at Farragut with two Eimackers—Bud Stuart and Rog Walrod.

My humble apologies to Jim Malcuit. It seems last week I stated that Mrs. Ray Hefner had dinner with Jim's family. I was wrong, she came after dinner. Anyway, Jim says they had a nice visit.

by Ginne & Shorty

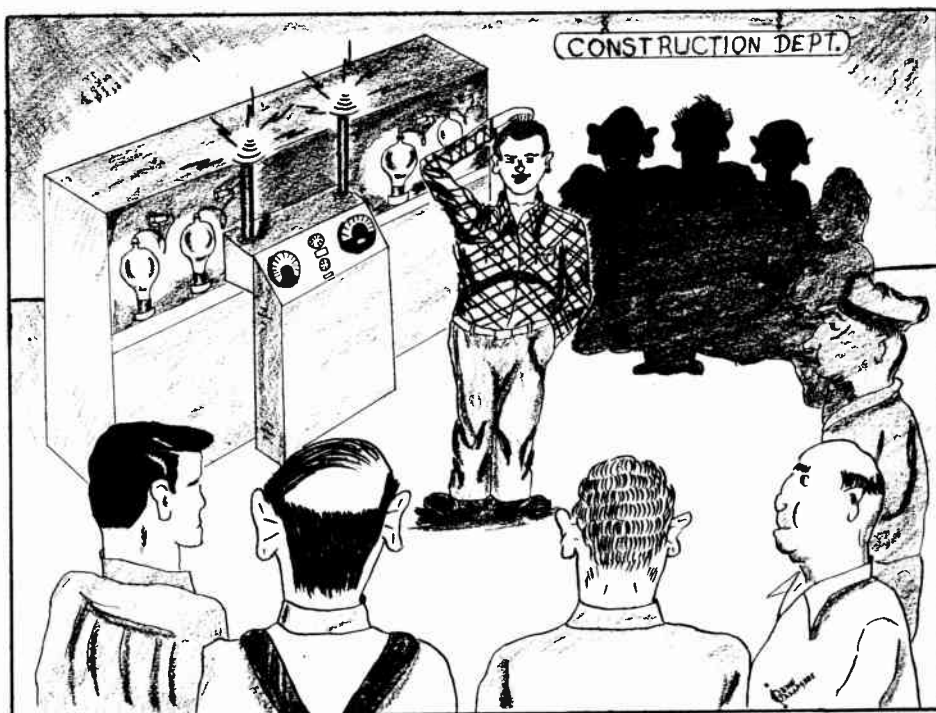
According to Mr. Walrod:

Bill (Charlie) Fenton was happy for awhile last week and then he was a "sad sack" and we do mean sad. He said it was the Chinese food that made him that way, but personally I don't believe it and neither does O. P. Taylor, Dan Owen, Bill Tallmon, Marie Cayssials and "Pop."

His most smashing triumph started when he hauled a "splitting" 116 and beat three of the above bowlers (I don't think they really were; they just called themselves bowlers). Ah, but we got even with him! Yep, somebody persuaded him to try a new drink with a pre-war potency. P.S. Did anybody see Bill Fenton last Friday?

"Stew" McCosh, the originator of the bowling phrase, "I was robbed," is out on vacation this week and from what we hear, he is spending it at the bowling alley.

Minnie Anderson, that quiet little gal in carbonizing, was far from living up to her reputation last Friday morning, when she was called out to the guard house and found her husband, "Red" Anderson, formerly of Grid, there. He has been at sea for five months and Minnie is certainly happy that he is home for awhile and also lucky that he's home so soon.



Well, fellas, we've got it built. What'll we use it for?

TRAFFIC HOLDS XMAS PARTY EARLY

Getting off to an early start this year, the Traffic department office can claim the first Christmas party of season. Last week members of that office gathered at the home of Jack James and it might be proper to say they "launched December off on a fine start in November."

While the record player furnished the jive, everyone got hep to jitterbugging



Betty Reamer, Jerry Parsons, Billie Parsons, Nadine Petty, Florence James, Gladys Souza, Addie Guilmette and Jack Petty (the tall guy) were at the Traffic party

before the evening was concluded and Florence and Jack James were acclaimed the best combination.

For variety, Paul Citraro gave forth with his inimitable interpretations of "Boogie-Woogie" and "Jump For Joy." The evening was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Those attending were: Florence and Jack James, Nadine and Jack Petty, Irene and Jack Perry, Billie and Jerry Parsons, Addie Guilmette, Gladys Souza, Frances Leoni, Betty Reamer, Paul Citraro and Jim Juracich.

Social Committee Sponsors War Loan Drawing

Since the Sixth War Loan Drive will last until the 16th of December, the Eimac Social Committee has planned a bond-affle to take place on the 15th of this month.

Although it is a small step toward the national quota of five billion dollars which is to be met by individuals, this raffie is just a side-line to those many "extra" bonds Eimackers are buying outright.

Tickets for the raffie may be obtained from Social Committee representatives, from the Service Bureau or from the Cafeteria for 25c each.

Bonds to be raffled off will consist of a \$100 bond as first prize, \$75 in bonds for second prize and a \$25 bond apiece for the next four winners.

KEM KITTIES by Leona

With the ohs and ahs of life, a not so bright world faces our "4-0" Eleanor Cunha as she awakes to start her day's work on the graveyard shift these days. This is an explanation to youse that've wondered why it's so quiet on days recently.

Ho-hum, such a life! Nothing to do but go a-galavantin' around—visiting friends and such—is a summary of Albina Volkman's vacation doings.

A chalk-mark goes down for an ex-Eimacker, Jean Warner, who recently became the mother of a little girl.

I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't of seen it, but I was trying to "savvy" why on earth John Iverson decided to swab the deck of the nitriting section early Monday morning. Occasion? Oh, nothing special—John's just a clean-minded guy. (Oh, yes, on further investigation it was noted that a few pieces of broken glass were artistically placed around John's feet.) Someone mentioned that maybe it was a broken water-jug. There's always someone trying to take the glamour out of a story!

Those who can hardly wait 'til Christmas (but keep it under your hat): Irene

Bianchina and Bruna Pera, so that they can put mistletoe up and around. Oh happy day!

A "bingo" session on a Saturday night, with Helen Clark as a winner of 20 cents, was the high-lite of the week end for the Mr. and Mrs. of the same name.

It was an exciting day at the Duhamel home last Tuesday when Garry, Howard's son, celebrated his sixth birthday—cake 'n candles 'n ice-cream 'n everythin' and Howard gave up a chance to play football to be there, too.

Marge Lage didn't dream at the time she visited the Zoo the other day that it would affect her character for the rest of the week. Marge's been hopping around like a kangaroo. She's such a busy person these days! I guess she's another one who'll welcome the "back-to-day-shift Cunha" movement.

And speaking of kangaroos, a better example is Isabelle Corrigan, who's been taking a try at all the three shifts and can't seem to make up her mind—Or is it that your work keeps you hopping around to those unmentionable hours, Isie?

Stan Johnson is back from his vacation with a glad-to-get-back smile. We tried hard to find out where he spent his week and why, but he won't talk. The little birds that usually tell are silent too—uh huh, silence is golden but two and two makes four and we think we know. What's it worth to you, Stan, to keep mum?

—○—

Looks like Ozzie Osborne is completely off the sick list and we're all glad. Keep up the good work Ozzie by staying on the "feel like a million" list.

We see where Karl Krohn has a little gadget that will roll cigarettes to almost look tailor-made. Now we're keeping our fingers crossed that there won't be a paper or tobacco shortage because in a pinch we will try anything—even to rolling with Karl's little machine. Better set up your prices, Karl—so much rent for so much time—because it looks as though you are going to have a waiting list.

—○—

Flash! Flash! Flash! Don't know when I was ever so flushed and hot under the

collar as last Tuesday when the Construction bowling team came into the office (or fox hole as some prefer to call it) en masse and handed its heckling cashier a package. The irony of the whole thing is that I was just proof-reading an item for the column on their ill-treatment and was trying to tell the world about it. The nicely done up package contained a beautiful compact for yours truly with my name engraved on it, and from whom came the token of appreciation was engraved on the back. Not being good at speeches or nuthin', all that I can say is that it is one of the nicest gifts and one of the nicest surprises that this gal has ever had. Golly gee, fellows, thanks loads and I'm sorry for all those nasty things I said and the schemes I was planning.

—○—

Ray Smith left the Construction department last Saturday to go into business for himself. Lots of luck, Ray, and if you can find time to break away from your newly purchased service station, come in to see us and tell us all about it.



The Medical department is coming along inside even though the exterior hasn't indicated such

The Dog Knew What The Score Was

POINT (5) (Hunting) To indicate the presence and place of game by a fixed look and position—said of setters or pointers. — Webster's Dictionary.

—

The trouble with Tommy Hall is, he ain't got faith, or else he needs to read a dictionary.

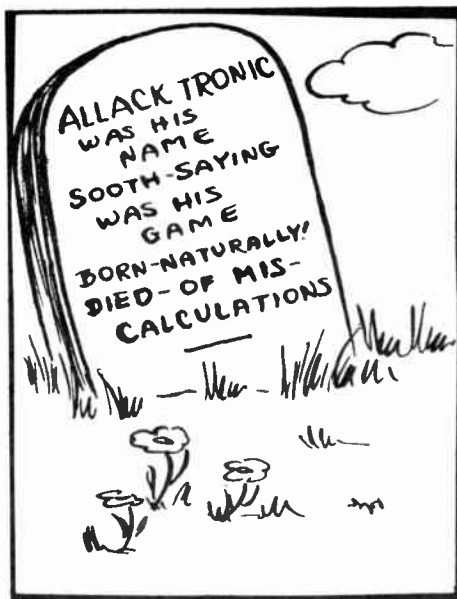
You could ask Carmel Faia, or Tommy himself might tell you, about how Tommy and Carmel went a-hunting pheasants with Tommy's dog, Rusty.

Tommy tells it with gestures, as only Tommy can, about how the darned dog kept stopping and sniffing instead of hunting. Every time they went to cross a field, that dog stopped not once but half a dozen times.

Now Tommy isn't one to use the boot, but he did push and holler and throw clods trying to get that dog to hunting.

The last couple of times, Tommy got tired. The dog stopped with his nose practically in a bush, and when Tommy came up close, a big buck pheasant blasted out of the bush. Tommy didn't even have time to get his thumb out of the gun barrel, let alone shoot.

Right away the dog stopped again, sort of whimpering and whining, with his nose



quivering in the direction of Mother Earth. Tommy said any fool could see there wasn't anything feathered there in the grass, but just to keep the dog happy, he went stamping around in front of the dog, and wound up with a tremendous kick at a clump of weeds.

Well, he kicked a hen pheasant out of that clump in a cloud of feathers. He kicked her into a flying start 50 feet in the air.

That really shook Tommy, almost as much as it shook the bird. He quit and went home, and it wasn't until they were halfway back that Carmel was able to



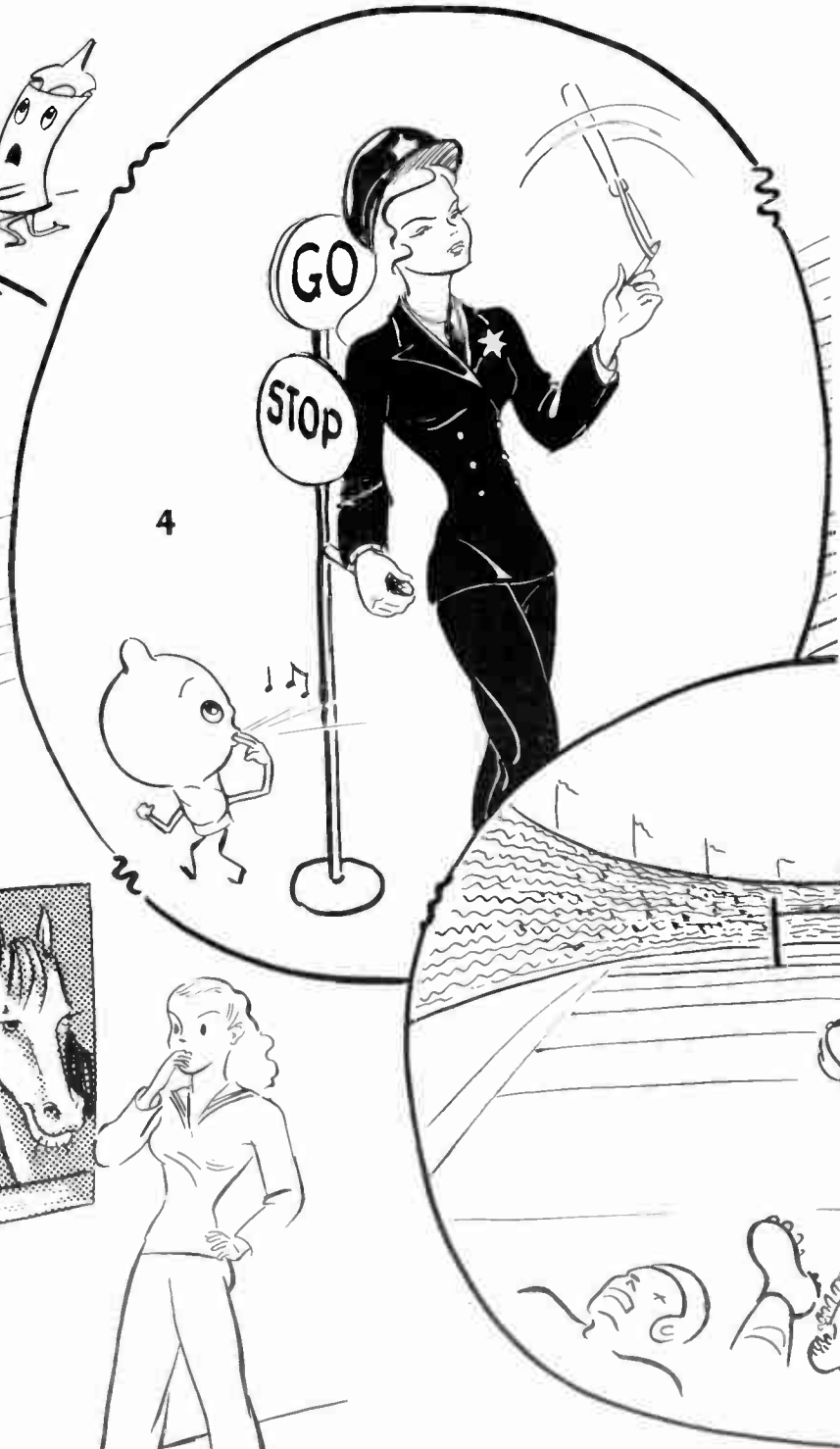
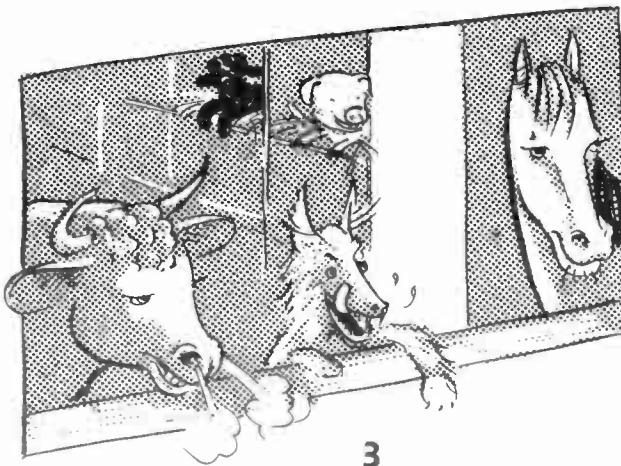
Presenting Cleo! 'Though not a person (as many believe) Cleo is a personality—definitely. She's a runner's helper and Dagmar Rosewood and Adele Stewart claim they "wouldn't be able to get along without her."

A mere spring chicken, just eighteen months old, Cleo has lost track of the many loads placed on her back. A tribute, herewith, to one of Eimac's faithful but silent employees—Cleo.

get him to listen to what he had been trying to tell Tommy all along—that Rusty was pointing all those times he stopped. Pointing—you know—like pointers and setters do when there's game in the offing?

Department Names +

See if you can figure out wh
then turn to p



Sometimes Misconstrued

What each cartoon represents,
the revelation



RECLAMATION CUT UPS . by Bette & Al

Gladys Davis looked mighty fine in her new brown with lime-trim slack suit. It was the first time she has ever worn a slack suit since she came to Eimac two years ago. What's up, Gladys? Do your legs get too cold these nippy mornings?

Alice Motto, her sailor escort and two friends dined and danced at Uncle Tom's Cabin last Saturday night. Later they took in a few night spots on the Peninsula. What was the occasion, Chickie?

Marie Dold attended a banquet Saturday night given by the Druids' Lodge at San Remos. It was only a small get-together attended by a few—say about one hundred thirty women!

Bill Gust very good naturedly celebrated a "fifth" birthday Monday when one of the Reclamation girls presented him with a toy wooden giraffe to reciprocate for the jokes he has played on the girls. When will you be six, Bill?

Last Friday we observed Hazel Hayter's birthday. In her honor we had a beautifully decorated chocolate cake. Was it delicious! Here's hoping you have many more happy ones. (Birthdays, not cakes.)

Our most ever-present gremlin, Mr. Cold, has proven to be an uninvited guest in our midst. He now is temporarily residing with Ella Jorgenson, Ina Burns, Dee Galbraith and Bob Nourse.

"A promise is a promise," thinks Donna Eccles. She proved it while en route to her home in North Dakota by sending us not one but five actual autographs of new acquaintances. They were most interesting, too!

Scientists have proven that California hens lay more eggs when the wind blows harder on the West Coast. If you don't believe it, ask Bob Nourse. His thirty chickens laid twenty-four eggs in one day. Can you top that? (Correction: Can yours top that?)

Ella Jorgensen went Christmas shopping Saturday night with the rest of the San Francisco folks. One consolation, you don't get lonesome on a shopping tour.

Betty, you shouldn't scare us like that! One would have thought Betty Marin was "after a Jap" the other night. A loud shot came from her gas jet while she was annealing leads. In reality, the gas was cut off.

ON THE BEAM

By Bonnijean and Willi

Margie Britten is spending a rather dral vacation where she spends most of the time the rest of the year—at home.

He's happy over the whole thing. Yes sir, Chick Goodrich turned out a perfect rack the other day, and we offer our hearty congratulations to you for a hard job well done, Chick.

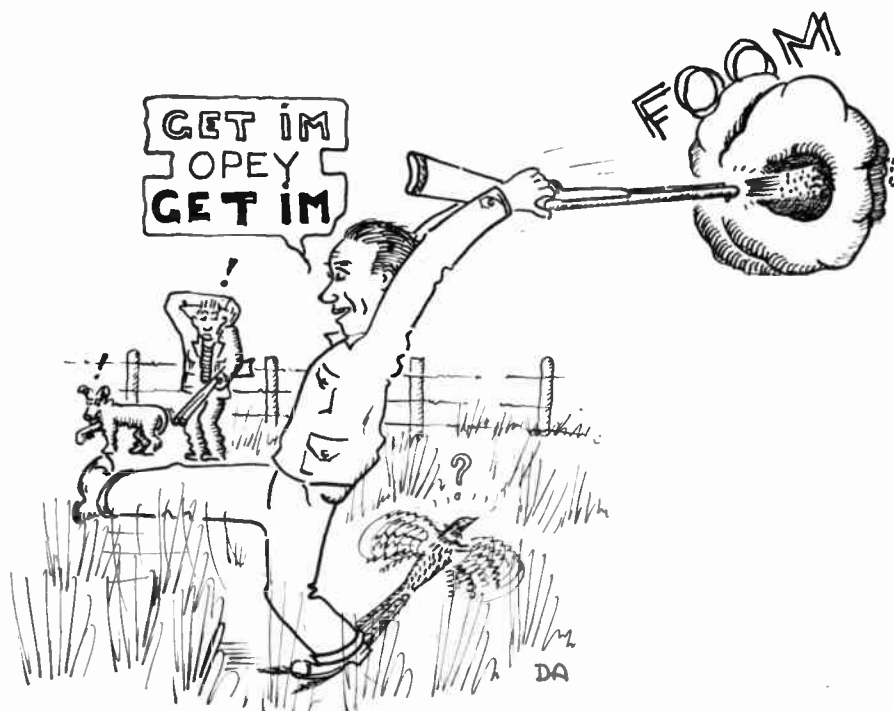
It was our own Jeannie Montreville who won that \$50 on the pool for the Army-Navy game. With that much cash on hand she should hire a body guard.

A great big "Welcome Back" goes to Larry Bottai who, after serving five months in Uncle Sam's Army, is back at a lathe on swing again. There are some girls who can now start whistling again. They really missed you while you were gone, Larry.

ABOUT THOSE DEPARTMENTS:

The misconstrued departments are meant to represent (1) Inspection; (2) Glass; (3) the Stockroom; (4) Traffic; (5) Grid; (6) Pump; (7) Plate; (8) Punch Press and (9) Drafting. Obviously the cartoons are not indicative of the operations performed in those departments, but did you know it?

A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK



Gladys Deaton was among the many interviewed by Art Linkletter on his "Who's Dancing Tonight" program on Sunday nights. Gladys' height—4' 7" caused comment from M. C. Linkletter. She received a bottle of wine for her performance over the air.

Plans had been made by the day shift social committee for the New Year's Eve dance at the Fairmont Hotel.

Members of the S.W.A.C. announced that plant employees had contributed \$160 for Christmas presents which were to be distributed to servicemen at the S.W.A.C. Christmas party at the U.S.O. in San Bruno on December 22. Most gratifying was the fact that contributions were given without solicitation.

Eimac casabans took the Bel-Air shipyard quintet for a 35-24 victory on the Burlingame basketball court.

In the Day Shift Bowling League, three teams were fighting for the top spot, with Assembly leading by one game. Right behind were the Glass Men and Machine Shop.

(Cartoon: Dave Atkins ably portrayed one of the more exciting moments of a recent pheasant hunting expedition. Rad Leonard and O.P. Taylor are the characters.)

AN EIMAC PERSONALITY

CARL BERG

By Dagmar Rosewood

Fugitive from the bounding main and adventurer extraordinary is a fitting introduction for Carl Berg, whose life story reads like something out of a pulp thriller.

From the "Land of the Midnight Sun," Carl was born in Trondheim, Norway, in 1902. His father, an exporter, was the owner of a large fishing fleet there. Carl finished grammar school before the "call of the running tide" sounded in his ears. He signed on a ship of the Norwegian Merchant Marine as deck boy and he was just 12 when he ran away to sea.

Carl's first voyages were not the safest ventures possible, for they were in 1914, the year of the outbreak of European hostilities. He shuttled between Norway, England and France for two years before returning to his books—Carl might justifiably claim that fate took a hand in his pursuit of higher education, for in 1916 a German torpedo struck his ship and sank it. The crew, forced to take to the life boats was tossed about on choppy seas for eight hours before they were picked up. Set ashore at Newcastle, the survivors were hospitalized for a few days and then sent back to Norway.

Back home, a veteran of two years sailing at the age of 14, Carl started high school and finished one year of it before returning to the seaman's life. On approximately the same route he traveled the first time, a German U-boat caught up with the youthful adventurer again.

"We drifted on a life raft for two days and nights. It was in February, the coldest time of the year and a gale was howling all the time," relates Carl. After a little less than 72 hours in the open water, the six survivors of a crew originally numbering 38 were picked up by an English troller. Hospitalized, this time for three weeks, Carl once more returned home and to school.

Graduating from high school a year later, just after the Armistice was signed he shipped out once more, this time starting a trek that was to take him all over the world. There are few important ports that Carl hasn't seen. He has transported wheat from Australia, been 'round the Horn, and has touched most of the ports in South America.

"I always tried to see as much as I could of the interior of any country at which we docked," states Carl.

When he was in Egypt, Carl managed to see the Sphinx, took a trip up the Nile and rode a couple of camels, "Just to see what it was like," he said.

According to this globe-trotter, his most nerve wracking experience occurred some-



Carl Berg—has seen the seven seas and then some

where in the South Pacific. It was the habit of the crew members to take a swim whenever they were becalmed. (This was on one of his trips on a sailing ship.) A fair distance from the ship, Carl was paralyzed by the cry of "sharks!"

"I think I broke all past, present, and future records getting on board," he says. "After we got over the side, I asked to have the sharks I had so narrowly escaped pointed out to me." To make a long story short, there weren't any. According to Carl, the lookout was saved from being tossed into the drink only by the fact that he was in the crow's nest.

In 1920, just after his eighteenth birthday, Carl signed on a five masted topsail schooner as second mate. It sailed from Portland, Oregon with China as it's destination. The "Levi W. Olander" made one trip to Shanghai and two along the China coast when river pirates cut short further sailing. Just off Foochow, a band of pirates appeared, seemingly from nowhere. Fighting the pirates wasn't enough; the crew, consisting of 12 natives, upon the appearance of the marauders began to mutiny. The four lone officers held the pirates on one side and the crew on the other at bay for six hours before being forced to leave the ship.

"With the captain and first mate both badly wounded, we escaped in the power launch out to sea. Twelve hours out, we were picked up by an English steamer on it's way to Shanghai. I guess that was the narrowest escape I ever had and I know that it's one I wouldn't want to re-live."

Carl remained in Shanghai until 1923, when he shipped out on a one-way trip to the States.

The versatility of Carl Berg is obvious in that he: has been a wrestler, was a member of the Coast Geodetic Survey, helped map the coast of California and Oregon, became a carpenter-millwright, opened and operated a garage and service station for three years, and began building houses and boats.

From 1936 to 1941, Carl engaged in boat building, but gave it up when the girl who is now Mrs. Carl Berg, changed Carl's idea about the sea and he returned to San Francisco as a carpenter foreman on an extensive industrial housing project.

It was in 1943 that he began working in Eimac's Glass department, where he now works on swing shift.

Universal mark of the sea-farrin' man are the tattoo marks which he sports on both forearms. He sheepishly admits that

(Continued on page 14)



S2/c Owen Cowdell and his wife, Lou, were in the plant visiting old friends this week while Owen was home on a post-boot training leave from Farragut, Idaho. After the leave Owen will report back to Farragut for further assignment. Owen was employed in the Spiral Filament department before he entered the Navy.

Swing Shift Inspection . by Helen and Ginny

As we write this article we are very happy girls, but not as happy as Joanne Stumbaugh when her Marine husband, Cpl. Kenneth Stumbaugh, returned home

this week after two and a half years in the South Pacific. In the near future all of Joanne's friends will get to meet Ken when he pays the plant a visit. Watch out girls—and hang onto your hearts, for he's a tough, handsome marine.

MORE ABOUT CARL BERG

he wasn't completely sober when he was tattooed at the age of 14.

"I almost had a full-rigged ship tattooed on my chest, but time was short and my buddy and I had to return to our ship." Carl says that anyone who considers being tattooed will be sorry in the future.

Of all the places Carl has seen, Norway is the country he would like most to see again. "It's one of the most beautiful countries in the world to me," he says, "and I would like to return again for a visit."

Even more important to Carl, is to return to Norway to find his mother and three sisters, who haven't been heard from since the Germans invaded Norway. He has already received word that his brother was shot as a hostage by the Germans and his other brother, a sailor, was lost when a convoy was sunk somewhere between Canada and England.

It is generally supposed that, 'once a sailor, always a sailor,' but Carl says with a grin, "I guess I've shaken the seaweed out of my hair and the salt from my ears. When I first left the sea it was sometimes pretty hard to resist going back, but that old feeling hasn't come back for a long time, so I guess I'm a landlubber now!"

What's Cookin'

By Verna and Irene

"It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Recipe of the Week

Quince Mince Meat Pies

1 cup chopped apple	½ cup seeded raisins
½ cup currants	chopped
1 tablespoon molasses	¼ cup butter
1 cup sugar	1 tablespoon boiled cider
½ teaspoon powdered cloves	1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon mace	½ teaspoon nutmeg
Stock to moisten	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped cooked meat	2 tablespoons fruit jelly

Method

Mix ingredients except meat and jelly and simmer 1 hour. Add meat and jelly and cook 15 minutes. Bake in double crust.

Rosa Barnett gave a house-warming party for her daughter and son-in-law, Wilhelmina and Art Richardson, in their new home in San Mateo. According to reports "a good time was had by all."

Most of the news this week is about service sons and daughters. Walter DeLong, son of Vivian DeLong, returned to his post after his furlough and so did Albert, son of Mildred Wirdzek. Irene Webber's son, Don, came home from Farragut to spend his leave and her daughter, Frances, is expected home from Kelly Field soon. Meda Young is expecting her son S/Sgt. Edwin Young home from New Guinea after being down there almost three years. Alma Kaasa is also expecting her son home from the Philippines where he was wounded.

Short Orders

Minnie Stube spent the week end in Oakland at the home of a friend Irene Rich has had quite a time. She has been off for some time ill. Sorry, Irene Helen Tipton has returned from Los Angeles where she spent a week Emil Grosso won the pool for graveyard shift. Guess he needs it to help pay for his new home in Woodside. Lots of luck to you in your new home, Emil Mary Gilchrist was off suffering from a terrible cold. She is back now but she sounds a little like a lady frog in the pool Bill Symons spent some day last Saturday. He waxed all the floors, worked in the garden, took the kids to the show and received a letter from the East telling of the cold weather. He is glad that he is in "Sunny California."

Week Events

Myrtle Merkel is enjoying her vacation visiting her folks in Los Angeles Ethel Dunbar spent her vacation at home living a life of leisure LaDonna Dienstberger and sister, Irma, were escorted by Don Daniels and Ralph Conant to a swell luncheon at Santa Cruz and a dinner at the Hawaiian Gardens in San Jose last Saturday Mary Allison is entertaining her nephew, S 1/c Lee Wiggins of the Coast Guard, while he is on leave Mel Tracey had a nice luncheon for Mary Allison, LaDonna Dienstberger and Roberta Blowers, a former Eimacker Wanda Batinovich is now a full-fledged member of the Holy Bowlers.

PUMP'S SCRIBE HANKERS TO SING

By Dagmar Rosewood

Pumpsters read about what they did last week, as seen through the eyes of Ginny Oldershaw, one of Eimac's more recent staff additions. Strictly a "wished-in" proposition, Virginia graduated from typing "Pump Patter" for her predecessor, co-authoring same, now written under the heading, "Pump Prevarications." Incidentally, she thinks it's fun.

Virginia is a California girl—Bakersfield

ing to warble a few notes at anyone's request, Ginny has sung with amateur groups and shows all her life. On many of these occasions, her listeners have suggested that she should make music in general and singing in particular "her game." "I guess that's where the idea started," she said with a laugh.

With her musical aspirations, Ginny's hobby of learning all the words and music of popular songs is apropos. Not exactly a

Grid Gossip

By Dot and Hazel

Mary Harper and Julie Boskey enjoyed dinner at O'Briens and later had their fortunes told through the "crystal ball" in San Jose Tuesday evening.

We've heard a lot about the delicious dinner Jane Sanford and her husband enjoyed at "The Manger" in San Francisco last week.

Shorter Than Somewhat

Jean Lish is back with us after a two week leave of absence . . . Thelma Drennon is feeling like herself again after having a wisdom tooth removed . . . Lorraine Reynolds is back after her vacation . . . Alma Mazzola and Dorothy Pires were both confined by "Mr. Flu" for a few days. . . . Lola Venturi celebrated her birthday and the department came forth with a large cake . . . Marian Hayes spent the week end at El Cerrito visiting relatives.

Florence Allen was a happy girl last Friday when her husband called her from San Francisco. He had been in Australia and New Guinea for the past year and was really glad to be back in the States, even though he will be in the hospital for the time-being.

Ann Pavek and Jean Lewis received cards from Rose and Gladys Kalbakdalen who are in North Dakota on their vacations. We are wondering how they like snow and ice after seeing nothing but sunshine and rain (yes, rain!) for the past year.

Myrtle Burnett chose Southern California and Phoenix, Arizona, as her vacation spots. She is visiting her brother, Kenneth, who is stationed at a Phoenix Army Air Field.

Inez Molick received mail from her husband, Bob, who is now stationed in the Philippine Islands. He has acquired a new pal—a small monkey—and he has promised Inez some pictures of it.



Ginne Oldershaw—hobbies include collecting practically everything

to be exact. Her first 18 years were spent in or around her birthplace. Three years ago, after completing six months of college, Ginny tried out her wings in the wide, wide world when she applied for her first job at "some radio place." She left the employ of Eitel-McCullough six months after starting in the Pump department and returned to the fold in May of the following year to her old job on swing.

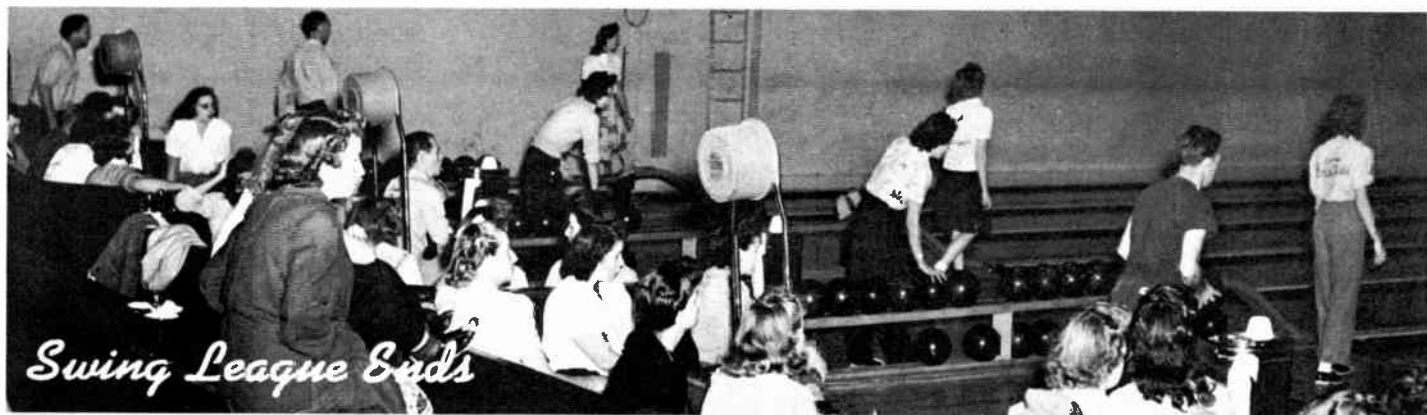
Radio is her ambition but as a performer, not as a technician. Always will-

hobby is the desire to own as many different perfumes and colognes as she can buy. The whole thing started with collecting perfume bottles. "But," says Ginny, "I always wanted the bottles that cost the most, and got 'way ahead of my paycheck."

Some individuals might consider her avid purchasing of odd-colored sweaters a practical hobby. But, the total number of her collection has dwindled to a mere half dozen or so, because a knitted gar-

ment is not the most comfortable thing a girl can wear in the Pump department. In concluding a discussion of her hobbies, Ginny says, "I'd like to collect phonograph records, if I had a phonograph."

Talkative and friendly, Virginia Oldershaw is a "natural" for Pump's scribe. With nary a previous thought to writing for publication, Ginny assumed her extra-curricular activities last September with many misgivings, but has kept reporting with the whole department's blessings.



Hit The Head Pin

By Sheldon Norris

The last games of the Swing Shift League were rolled last Friday. While there were no team prizes awarded, the enjoyment and good fellowship was in itself reward enough for everyone.

Last week there was still a mathematical chance for the Grid Kids to lose top place, but their one game win over the Fillies gave the Grid Kids undisputed possession of the swing shift championship.

After losing the first game 706 to 705, the Kids came back in the second with a smashing game to cinch the title. With the title safely clasped in their hands, it was altogether fitting and proper for the Kids to relax just enough to permit the Fillies to come through for another win.

A battle royal raged between the Vac-a-teers and the Eimac Rebels. Although the Vacs were a cinch for second place, the bad men known to all Swingsters as the "Rebels" put up a tough battle and took two games from the Vacs.

Elmer Bushell saved the day with a 168 in the second which gave the Vacs just enough of an edge to cop that game by a few pins.

Last week was an upset day of days. Glass, predicted to take the Zombies, lacked the marks to win the first and second games, and barely tallied sufficient points in the third to defeat their opponents.

Little "Ginny" Damberger, with a rousing 461 series, was largely responsible for the Holy Bowlers winning three games from Chem-Tones. Not only that, but that thar gal was high roller on her team.

The Chem Tones were off the "maples" last Friday. Either that, or "Highball" Moses tried to live up to his reputation.

"Slow Ball" Cleta (you know the "gal" who is seen so much with Cy) had reason to stomp her size 4 in disgust at the inaccuracy of her ball.

Kenny Drew, who finished the league with high individual average of 164, is accepting congratulations for that feat.



They're set to go against the Grid Kids tomorrow

Carpenters vs. Grid Kids Tomorrow for Trophy

For the championship!

That's what will be at stake in the bowling match which will take place between the Carpenters and the Grid Kids tomorrow morning at 11 a.m. at the Burlingame Bowl.

Each team won the title in its league, the Carpenters in the Day Shift League, the Grid Kids in the Swing League.

Tomorrow's roll-off will be a two out of three match with the winner to be proclaimed Eimac's champs. The team name and the names of the players composing the team will be engraved upon the bowling trophy which now rests in the Service Bureau.

The Grid Kids will go into the match with an average less than that of the Carpenters, but any bets will be placed on an even-money basis. The Grid Kids average 723, compared to the 761 of the Carpenters.

Kenny's Plate team, however, was knocked for two loops by the Stargazers' whirlwind finish.

Wanda Batinovich, Larry Headricks and Clarence Disney (the latter two subbing) earned special recognition for their splendid bowling. Clarence with a 532 series took top honors.

New Swing Rules Drawn And Okehec

Members of the Swing Shift Bowling League Rules Committee met last week at the home of Carl Berg, a member of the committee, and after a three-hour confab had drafted the rules which will govern the new league. At the same time a tentative prize list was drawn up.

On Tuesday night, the rules and prize list were upheld when the Rules Committee submitted them to the captains of the twelve teams entered in the league for approval. Each rule was discussed, the prize list presented, and the captains sanctioned them all.

Sheldon Norris, Ella Mae Chandler and Carl Berg compose the committee, with Norris acting as chairman. In drafting the rules the day shift rules were followed fairly closely. However, they did not concur on the day shift handicap rule and drew up one of their own. Whereas day shift uses a straight percentage rule, swing has adopted what is called "the maximum advantage rule."

It works this way: When the difference in team averages is computed, 25 pins will be deducted from that difference if it is 85 pins or more, and that will be the handicap for each game. If the difference is less than 85 pins, 70 per cent of the difference will be the handicap.

Bowling captains sanctioned the list of prizes, the cost of which will be covered by a small fee which will be collected from each bowler. Prizes will be given to members of the teams finishing in the first three places and other awards will be presented to individuals for high games and high series. To make it more possible for low-average bowlers to win an individual prize, handicap allowances will be included in determining high scores.

The league will get underway Wednesday at noon. Wednesday bowling will continue until the first of the year at which time Friday bowling will be resumed, unless a vote of the bowlers indicates that Wednesday is preferable.

Meet The Grid Kids! Swing Champions!

FINAL SWING LEAGUE STANDINGS

Grid Kids	40	17	.702
Vac-a-teers	37	20	.649
Eimac Rebels	36	21	.632
Plate	31	24	.564
Chem Tones	30	27	.526
Holy Bowlers	29	28	.509
Stargazers	27	30	.474
Glass	23	34	.404
Fillies	21	36	.368
Zombies	15	42	.263

Ella Mae "Happy"
Chandler

Mae "Lefty"
Jordheim

The Second-place Vac-a-teers

Bushell

Norris

Masterson

Fisher

Mussio

Ralph "Soulful
Eyes" Downey

Ena "Porkie"
Amberg

Lee "Sleepy"
Bartoli

On the Bowling Front

By Beau Linalli

Well, the Day Shift Bowling League standings are in such a "first they're on top, then somebody else is" condition that it is impossible for anyone to diagnose what will ultimately result.

Once again only three teams were able to knock off three wins, but those three teams did some jumping up the standings. The Platers, Traffic Koppettes and Pump did the triple-dealing and rest, for this week at least, in the first division.

The Platers hung a goose egg on the Stack-a-hots record and moved into a tie for first place. None of the games could be considered very close, except maybe for the second which was 687-673. Birdie Smith had the scores that proved the Hots' un-doing, a 429 being the count. Art Lustig had a high game of 187 in the match and a 507 series.



Shirley Laurenz continues to flip a "pin-busting" ball at the maples, but in spite of her efforts, the Office quintet lost all to Purchasing.

Because the result slip is not available

Shirley Lawrenz at this time, I can't tell you who starred for Purchasing, but the wins did move them closer to the middle of the pack.

Mac's Outlaws and Pump were to provide the interest insofar as closeness is concerned, but Pump didn't want to play close—or to be more accurate, the Outlaws were somewhat off their games. Pump won three and moved into a tie for fourth place, one game out of first.

Stew McCosh connected for a 184 and a 197 to come under the wire with high series of 523. No other scores were outstanding. It's good that tickets weren't sold on the match 'cause people would demand their money back.

Two close ones and a sound thrashing were the means by which the Traffic Koppettes won a trio. Punch Press, in first place last week, was the victim. The games were 710-698, 733-715 and 745-693. "Oh, well," say Punch Press bowlers, "we'll get three next week." Such optimism!

Deeper down the standings are three teams, all one game ahead of the cellar-dwelling Stack-a-hots team. Lab, although winning a pair from the First Nighters, has a 2-7 record, the same as its victims. The other lowly team is Assembly. The poor guys on that team, as well as the First Nighters, have yet to thrill to the winning of a match. How times have changed!

(Continued on page 19)

B&B'S PASSING BEATS PICK-UP TEAM 14-0

By Ed Wilkes

Although the Pump department sextet had to cancel their game because of a personnel shortage, a "pick-up" team was rounded up and gave the Black & Blues quite a tussle Tuesday at Ray Park. The B&B's finally came out with a 14-0 win but had to bear down all the way to do it.

Larry "Twinkle-toes" Headrick, flashy left half, proved to be the star of the game for the Black & Blues, but alas, he was performing, supposedly for the "Pick-ups."

James' outfit received the opening kickoff and immediately drove to the 15-yard line when the alert Headrick intercepted a pass behind his own goal line. Larry elected to run the ball out and started wide to the right, saw he was trapped, reversed his field and ran almost the width of the field trying to get out from under. Suddenly he saw an opening and cut sharply, but the slippery turf betrayed him and he went down on the back of his lap to give the B&B's a 2-0 lead. The payoff was when he went down, he landed on a pocketful of loose matches and gave a "matchless" impersonation of an adagio dancer. Larry's face was burned beyond recognition during the conflagration, too. (He had his plant badge in the same pocket as the matches.)

For the remainder of the half, the teams see-sawed back and forth and finally just before the half ended Bob Griffin pulled one of Jack James' long ones down in the end zone for a touchdown.

The Pick-ups spent most of the second

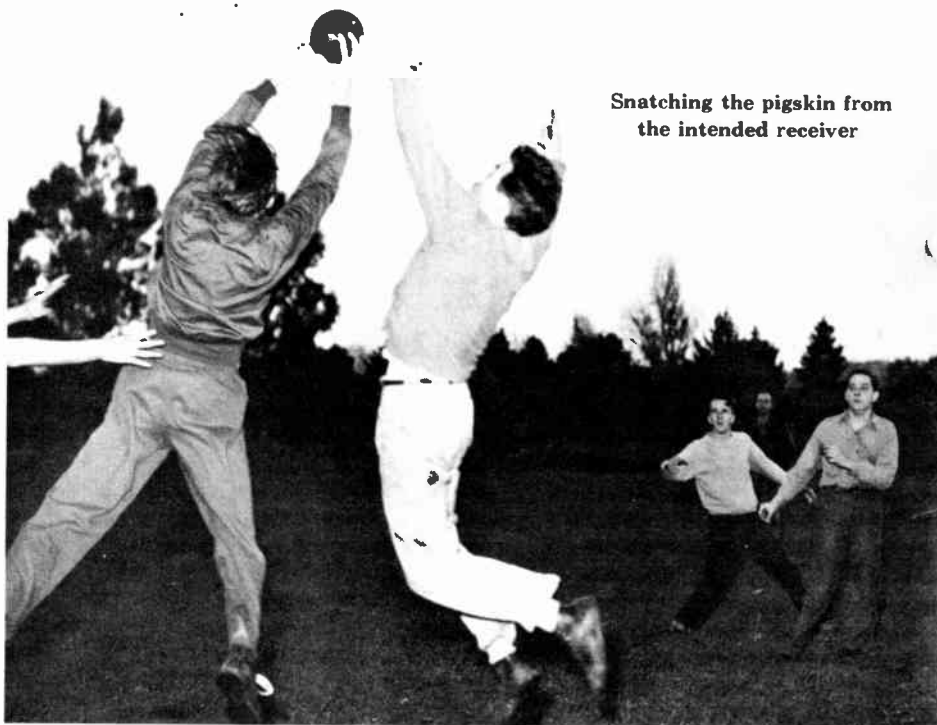
half fighting off repeated threats 'til wit but a few minutes left to play Headrick again came into the picture.

The B&B's had been stalled on the 2 yard line and Johnnie Nelin tossed to Larry for a neat 25-yard gain to get to the 35. Sensing a combination that would click, Nelin again tossed to Headrick for 10 but Larry was surrounded by defenders and when someone hollered, "latera Larry!" he spun around and flipped the ball to Bob Griffin, who, of course, was on the other team. Two plays later James spiraled a 40-yard heave into the south east corner of the gridiron where Fran Migge was waiting to take it for the score.

For the winners, Bob Griffin, hard-blocking back, did some outstanding passing as did Fran Migge, glue-fingered left end and Jack James and Bob Young did some classy pitching.

In spite of his miscues, Larry Headrick was the outstanding player for the Pick-ups displaying some fancy broken field running. Larry was more successful than anyone at keeping his feet, for after his three-point landing at the outset, he played Hawaiian style, in his bare feet. Al Bertetta also did an outstanding job for the losers and had the distinction of carrying the pigskin in the only running play of the game.

Fran Migge also handed the crowd (?) a laugh when he landed on his external anode and rolled over one of Charlie Dole's discarded flash bulbs. Players of both teams thought it was the half-time gun and began leaving the field.



Snatching the pigskin from the intended receiver



Upset both physically and mentally
s Mel Provancha, headed earthward



Shorty Walrod snares a pass
seemingly unmolested

ON THE BOWLING FRONT (Continued)

Johnny Woerner was the top man of the Lab team as he rolled a 426 series in the Lab's 2-1 win over the Nighters. Aldene Shook rolled a 364 for the Dilly Fillies and between her and Ann Silva, who bowled a 363, Assembly receipted for another loss.

Outstanding bowler for the week was Louie Bruggisser, the stocky Cafeteria chef, who knocks the pins over for the Pill Rollers. He was mainly responsible for the Rollers 2-1 win over the league-leading 450's. His opening game was a 210, followed by a 196. He fell down to a 144 in the last game, but managed to total 550, high for the week.

The Cream Puffs finally came through to win a match, a 2-1 decision over Hyper-100. Bill Strassburger had a 517 to top the scores turned in for the match, followed by Gordon Shepherd with a 504.

Seven teams now have records of five wins and four losses. The other teams are close and it's safe to wager that the standings will see-saw back and forth throughout the season. It'll be just like a poker game. Only guys who are ahead when the league's over will win it. Such logic!



Mel Provancha put his mitt to the
ball and knocked it from Fran
Migge's hands

B'DAYS COMING UP

SUN.	Mary Deaton	Office
MON.	Vic Harden	Glass
	Harry Stoddard	Inspection
TUES.	Al Stoddard	Punch Press
	Gladys Souza	Plate
	Marian Hayes	Grid
	Fred Burnett	Glass
	Dorothy Ensign	Punch Press & Grid Of.
WED.	Amelia Hunt	Cafeteria
THURS.	Angela Zitelli	Grid
	Mary Bandy	Cafeteria



DAY SHIFT BOWLING STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost	Team	Won	Lost
450's	7	2	Stockroom	5	4
Fog Cutters	7	2	Punch Press	5	4
Platers	7	2	Hyper-100	4	5
B. B. B.'s	6	3	Carpenters	4	5
Pump	6	3	Mac's Outlaws	4	5
Construction	6	3	Office	3	6
Traffic Koppettes	5	4	Cream Puffs	3	6
Purchasing	5	4	First Nighters	2	7
Pill Rollers	5	4	Lab	2	7
Pushovers	5	4	Assembly	2	7
Dilly Fillies	5	4	Stack-a-hots	1	8

Plate Tattler

By Tiff

Marge Corum and Marge Hoff wish to thank the gang for the cakes given them on their birthdays. Marge Corum's birthday was celebrated November 22 and Marge Hoff's on December 4.

Recently Henry Rideout and George Currier went duck hunting near Sacramento. We have to admit they're pretty good shots since they brought us a sample of duck on Monday.

All Bertie Smith has been talking about lately is her 187 bowling score. We admit that's plenty good, Bertie, but quit rubbing it in.

If Glen Olives thinks his Christmas gift for Bobbie Stetson is bad, just wait until he receives his package!!

Ruby Lawton is not only a "cover girl," but a "pin-up girl" as well. Our foreman, like ourselves, thought the picture on the back cover of the Eimac News last week was swell and pinned it up on our bulletin board for all to see.

Mary Bulmer received a speeding ticket and as a result had to appear in court Wednesday. That will teach you, Mary, not to go over 35 m. p. h.

Vacations

Seems late in the year for vacations but three of our girls chose this time to take them. Bobbie Stetson, Ida Wooley and Phyllis Boardman. All three stayed close to home and just took it easy.

Did you see Gladys Souza using the high chair to reach the welder Monday? Gladys' legs look long enough in pictures, but apparently she's shorter than photos photo.

Almost a Touchdown! Fran Migge strains to clutch the football as it whizzes downward only to have it slip from the tips of his fingers

