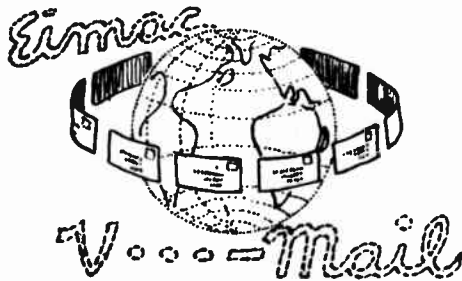


Eimac News



March 24, 1945
Vol. 3 • No. 22



Pvt. Jim Lowrie, a former Eimacker who is reported to be in Germany now, wrote the following letter to Midge Romani, Straight Filament Department supervisor at the San Bruno plant:

Dear Midge:

Still looking for a fight? Put up your dukes 'cause here goes. To date we have



Jim Lowrie

In making the above charges, I am leaving myself open to your "Sunday punch."

At the present time we are living in vacated houses, after we patch the holes in walls and repair and replace the doors and windows. We eat first class chow, so everything is "ok" in that respect. Entertainment is at times rather sketchy. Two weeks ago though we had the pleasure of witnessing Marlene Dietrich's (time out until the wolf howls die out) U.S.O. show—very entertaining and she is very dazzling.

I will have to end this letter now; so long 'til later.

Yours sincerely,
Jim

Hew Wilson was on the receiving end of the following letter from Don Heaps, S1/c, son of Joe Heaps, Eimac guard at the Salt Lake plant.

NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL (RADIO MATERIEL)

TREASURE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA

Dear Mr. Wilson,

I have been receiving the Eimac News regularly, and I feel it my duty to take time to express my thanks to you

and Eitel-McCullough.

Before entering the service, I had the privilege of visiting the Salt Lake plant. The impression it had upon me, reinforced by my father's and Frank Derrick's commendable remarks, caused me to wish that all our country's defense plants could op-

San Bruno Plant

EIMAC NEWS

Entered as third-class matter at U. S. Post Office

San Bruno, Calif., December 11, 1944

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Published every Saturday by the employees of

Eitel-McCullough, Inc., San Bruno, Calif. and Salt Lake City, Utah

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erate under such fine management. The fine cooperative family spirit, which is brought forth in the Eimac News editions, has, in all probability, resulted in the excellent growth of your production records.

Being in a radio technician school here at Treasure Island, I've had the opportunity to see Eimac tubes in operation. I can say that all those with whom I've talked cannot speak highly enough of their outstanding operation in high frequency electronics.

Thanks again for the Eimac News and may the top records in production be Eimac's.

Respectfully yours,
J. Don Heaps

Former Supervisor of Carbonizers, Julius Noorda, now a Fireman 1/c in the Navy, sent the following letter to Russell Scott, Pump Department head at the Salt Lake plant.

Dear Scotty, Paul, and the Gang:

Hello to all of you Pump guys and gals. Here's a few words from a lonesome sailor who wishes he were back at dear old Eimac now with all the gang.

Well, after sailing and sailing, I finally

reached my destination—the Philippines. Personally, I'll take Salt Lake any time. It's kinda warm here during the day but it's not bad at night—that is except for those P-38's they call mosquitoes.



I wasn't in the States very long after I left Salt Lake, so I didn't get a chance to look up Doug Swartz, Gene Craner or any of the others. Have you heard from any of them lately? I was just wondering if

any of them are in this neck of the woods.

They keep us quite busy out here which I don't mind at all as it sure makes the days go by a lot faster. There's not much I can tell you now, but when it's over and I see you again I'll be able to let you know all about it then.

Well, gang, time is running short so I had better be off to work. How about a letter from all of you?

Hoping I hear from you soon.

Navy 3149—Box 6

c/o F.P.O.

San Francisco, Calif.

As ever, Julie

On The Cover

This week's cover shows Red Boulton and George Bratzel planning a cut on the large 36" band-saw located "down at the mill." The saw, which is one of the many pieces of equipment at the mill, can cut wood 12" thick and to the center of a three-foot circle.



Wounded in Action



Whitey Klevesahl

Carl Klevesahl, better known to Eimac employees as "Whitey," is now recuperating in a hospital in England as a result of leg injuries received while fighting in Germany, according to word received late last week.

"Whitey," a former supervisor in the Glass Department, was with Eimac from September, 1940 to May, 1944, when he entered the Army. He left for overseas duty in October last year to serve with an armored division of the Infantry. He has been in action in France and Germany.

It is the hope of his Eimac friends that his injuries are not serious and that his recovery will be complete and speedy.

From One Extreme -- To The Other

Ray Howe and Jim Pollard never say die! Two weeks ago on Sunday night, they bravely set out for Washington, D. C. once more—this time by train.

Contrary to their last attempted trip to Washington that ended up as a week end jaunt to Salt Lake, from the time they left San Bruno until they reached their destination, nary a cloud did they see in the sky. Not only did the weather smile upon them, but they reached their destination without discomfort or delay, without loss of meals and absolutely minus trials or tribulations of any description. If they drank, they were not driven to it.

Arriving in Washington on Wednesday, they went to their hotel, later met Bert Eaves who was also in town, and proceeded to do what they had come to do,

(visited all the available government agencies) in the warmest weather Washington has ever seen in March.

By Saturday of the same week, they had completed, with dispatch, all they had set out to do and reversing things, they hopped a plane and headed for home. They had a beautiful flight, smooth, with wonderful weather—entirely without mishap.

On the next night, Sunday, they were safe at home, after enduring no hardships. Having departed by train, returned by plane, they had done all this and completed their job, all in one week's time!

If at first they didn't succeed in reaching Washington, D.C., they certainly did this time! Their confidence in their ability to reach the Capitol has been restored completely!

LET'S STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN

(Editorial)

We saw death at the railroad crossing in front of the plant last week, heard of another two weeks previous, and received a report from an Eimacker that he missed being hit by a train four days ago by only a second or two.

It is common knowledge that the railroad intersections in San Bruno are dangerous. The safest way to cross the tracks—any tracks—is to "stop, look and listen!"

So, let's "stop, look and listen," huh?

You might say an automatic signal should be installed, that an underpass should be built, that the street crosses the track at a bad angle, that the station blocks a driver's view, and you might say that the gates don't always work.

Until some steps are taken to remove these rather obvious hazards, the situation must be taken into consideration each time we cross the tracks.

Some of us saw, others read, of the tragedy that occurred last week. Let's "stop, look and listen," huh?

THERE'S GOING TO BE A MOVIE!

Mmmm—Imagine, Clark Gable, and in color too! Yep, starting next Tuesday, March 27, Clark himself will be at Eimac in the color-sound picture "Clark Gable's Combat Mission." The movie will be shown upstairs in the Cafeteria at various times in order to accommodate all employees on all shifts who wish to see it.

Already, all employees have received, and no doubt have returned the questionnaire which was sent out the middle of this week. The questionnaire will make it possible to schedule various groups at certain times to prevent overcrowding at some times and lack of attendance at others.

Because the picture lasts 1¼ hours, and that length of time cannot be spared from work, the movie will be shown on em-

ployee time, not company time. An announcement will be made later as to the day and time the various groups are scheduled to view the movie—so watch the Daily Bulletin and listen for PA announcements!

Within a month another movie session will be held—the picture to be the color motion pictures taken of the San Bruno plant.

Gilchrist Visits



Jim Gilchrist, now 2/c Fireman, visited the plant while on leave this week. It was the first his friends have seen of him since he left for the Navy three months ago. Jim received his training in San Diego, where he is to report following his leave for further orders.

San Bruno Plant

"DOWN AT THE MILL"

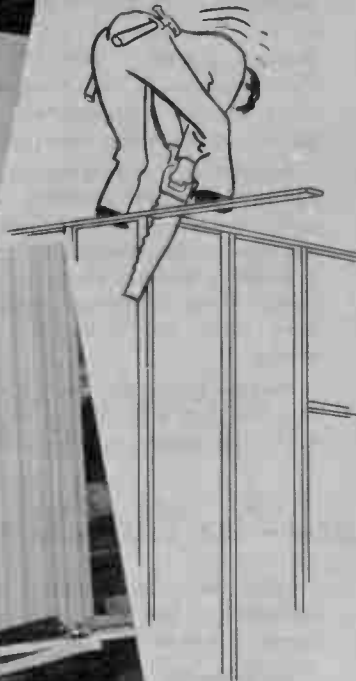
Two years ago, Charlie Chase and the carpenters outgrew the mill then located in limited quarters in the plant, and the old McNulty mill on Mastick and Angus Avenues was rented by Eimac to house them and their assorted equipment.

The crew averages about 10 to 12 men and they can build almost anything out of wood! In addition to making all the cases and racks needed for the shipping of Eimac tubes all over the world, all the maintenance carpentry and building is done by the mill crew. The Lab, oxy-house and the medical building are all fine examples of what they can do with their hammers.

Nowadays, a large quantity of cases are turned out each day by the carpenters. Big sheets of three-ply plywood are received at the mill and cut to size. The parts for cases to go overseas are then dunked in a fungus sealing solvent as specified by the Army and Navy. They are then fitted together, glued, nailed and metal strapped and the completed cases are whisked by truck to either the Shipping Department or to the Training Center where the re-packing program is in progress.



Charlie Schreckengast
nails cleats



Jim Richter
rips plywood



Si Hays
assembles boxes



Phil Heglin, Chas. Schreckengast,
Ernest Carlson and Earl Carlson at
nailing bench



Kem Kitties

By Leona Moser

Methinks a columnist is a person who works harder than any other lazy person.

Wonder what the big secret is? A common thing amongst the day shifters the past week was that everybody was going around whispering. Eleanor Cunha soon got in the boat and was whispering her instructions. . . . Johnnie Nelin came over for just a second and then bounced over to First Aid and was whispering in a nurse's ear. . . . Howard Duhamel got in the habit of whispering sweet nothings to the truck-drivers, and they in turn, would whisper to the guards. SO, your snoopy reporter wanted to find out what she was missing out on, and everyone she'd ask, wouldn't tell what they were whispering. (They claimed they didn't even know why—and then, had the nerve to whisper back and forth and ask each other why they were! Imagine. . . .) So with a pout, your reporter went into her corner and sulked and waited for someone to come and apologize for not having let her in on the big secret, when Ed Wilkes came in and with his hoarse whisper, asked where the boss was. In a weak whisper, I answered. Then I knew! What Ed had, was catching. (And they let that little hoarse go running around without a saddle.)



Cleta Moses

Bouquets to the Moses! Cleta and Cy had two soldier boys, who were in the Italian campaign and now receiving treatment at the Dibble Hospital, over for Sunday dinner. Here's to more people like you people!

Remember that man Rose Strackbein used to visit at his filling station. . . . (I'm talking about her dentist! Did I fool ya on that one?) Well, Rose is all set and rarin' to go now, for she's through with him for another six months. Could mention here, that Rose baked the swingsters a St. Patrick's Day cake—any occasion to celebrate.

Welcome, Welcome! Welcome to those newcomers: Walter Thompson on the day shift, Mildred Garrison and Viola Rush on swing shift, and Mary Diana on graveyard. Quadruplets—they all came on the same day!

Probably Something You Know Already, But Here It Is Again!

John Iverson thinks his shift is getting congested as heck, with the six of 'em on the graveyard now. . . . Lu Finch has a

PLATE TATTLER

by Tiff

We had three girls added to our department lately. They are: Virginia Noe, Ada Lacey and Fay Sanchez. I know I speak for everyone when I say we're glad to have you with us. And don't let our crazy ways scare you, we're a harmless lot.

There's another (ahem) "character" running loose in our department, who an-



swers to the name of Ida Wooley. Using a walnut shell for an eye and a set of ragged paper teeth to complete her disguise, she really is something. Ida performs during rest periods if you are interested in seeing the act.

Speaking of Crazy Ways

Did you see the classy chain (I should say string, that George Currier has on his

pipe these days. Seems our boss was constantly forgetting the whereabouts of his fine pipe (my true opinions would be censored). Getting mighty tired of helping George track down the above, Glen Olives tied one end of a string to the pipe and the other around George's neck. Thanks to Glen, everyone is happy again.

Another forgetful person is Bobbie Stetson. She was always losing her pencil until a certain gent did something about it. She always knows where her pencil is now, for you see, it is securely tied to her welder.

Question of the week: Why is everyone calling Ken Drew, "Sir?"

Answer: Ken is a member of the Coast Guard home front and came to work in his uniform one day. He looked mighty good all decked out in Navy blues.

A Little On the Short Side:

Another birthday was celebrated with a nice cake when Ann Eckhart became a year older.

Millie Larson left work recently at which time the gang on swing shift presented her with a lovely cake and a beautiful gown.

Ruth Garcia is on our sick list, her ailment being a case of mumps.

Marge Hoff returned to work recently and as much as we hate to admit it, we really did miss Marge and are glad to have her back.

Over the Stock Counter

by Gene

Last Tuesday night a few of the boys from the Stockroom went to the rasslin' matches. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all except the unlucky gent who sat next to Don "Crusher" McMillan. The way I heard it and sometimes felt it, Don would try to help the wrestler of his choice. Now anyone knows that a person sitting 107 rows from the ringside can't do the wrestlers a bit of good, but nobody ever told Don that. When Don's favorite got himself in a bad fix, Don helped him out of it by pushing whoever happened to be sitting next to him—unconsciously, of course.

In this case it was George Parks who took the beating. The next time the fel-

low pooch called "Irish," because they got him on St. Patrick's Day. . . . Polly Thimgan and her Davey are still steppin' high what with Sunday dinner at the Oyster Loaf, something else at the Twin Dragon—and there's still another week end this week. . . .

lows go to the matches it is stipulated that Don will buy two seats. One for himself and the other to be left vacant so that he won't be pushing anyone around but himself.

Shure an' begorra 'twas a foin' day fer the Irish in the Stockroom last Saturday. We had the office painted. The color? Shure an' what else would it be on St. Patrick's Day but a Kelly green?

It'll be a happy reunion Monday morning when we get the Stock gang together again. Adele Stewart, who has been missing for sometime, will be back on the job Monday morning.

I see that I was mentioned in one of the columns last week, namely Kem Kitties. If the scribbler of that column would take time to notice I spell my name Gallagher. In her column, Leoser Mona knocked the H out of Gallagher.

San Bruno Plant

BARBER "WRITES OFF" COLLECTOR

TO: "A fellow collector"
c/o Editor, The Eimac News
San Bruno, California

A recent letter addressed to the undersigned through the pages of the Eimac News, contains so many mis-statements that the undersigned hastens to answer and to correct not only the historical dates mentioned, but also to challenge the unwarranted slur cast on the O'Malley family name.

That the authenticity of the Kaiser suspenders was subsequently questioned becomes understandable after a full reading of your letter. There are, no doubt, those who would question the authenticity of the Liberty Bell—belittle the historical significance of the discovery of King City by the great Gonzales in 1717 A.D. or make light of the dollar that George Washington threw across the Hudson River in his youth.

Enough to say, my friend, that the great Chicago fire, occurred in the year 1871, October, to be exact, and was caused by the upsetting of a lantern in the O'Leary barn. The O'Malley family

They lived in a flat over what was then lived two blocks away and had no cow. Shmaltz's Delicatessen store and had seven children, all girls. As it is common knowledge that in those days girls did not wear pants, the fiction that the O'Malley boy concealed the proceedings, which you now wish to barter, is neatly stripped of fact.

The Kaiser suspenders were snatched—not at a church rummage sale, although they are often a prolific source for the true collector, but at the Children's Hospital Bazaar, and are truly a find. The present owner fully intends to hold on to them and while it is true that Mr. Atkins now realizes that he acted hastily, I feel that to be quite beside the point.

As I am not interested in birds eggs, clutches or Terre Haute in 1904, your offer to trade the Proceedings (circa '04) is declined.

Yours truly,
Fred Barber

P.S. I have an oak dowel recovered from the sailing ship "Niantic," which was sunk at what is now Battery Street, San Francisco, in 1850. What have you?

So Now It's Known As Filastrand

Many moons ago, Eimac came up with a new filament lead wire, necessitated by the lack of kulgrid, the wire being used at that time. After many attempts without success, a new system of making the wire was devised. This was done by filling



Mildred King named it

nickel tubing with copper, drawing it out, and then stranding and annealing it—thus, the new wire without a name came about.

Many may recall the contest, back in March 1943, when Mildred King, then of the Grid Department, now of the Lab, won a \$25 war bond for suggesting the best name for the new wire. It was neck and neck between a name submitted from Salt Lake and the one submitted by Mildred at the San Bruno plant. The final selection between the two names was decided by drawing one of the names from a hat. That is how Filastrand, Mildred King's suggestion, became and still is the patented name for Eimac's filament lead wires.

Birthdays Coming Up

AT SALT LAKE

Monday	Mary Stillman	Office
Tuesday	Joe Heaps	Guard
Wednesday	Beth Smith	Glass
	Mildred Wonnacott	Office
	Leona Larsen	Chemical
	Paul Rose	Spiral Filament
Saturday	Jean Monsen	Snack Bar
	Louise Healey	Inspection

AT SAN BRUNO

Monday	Carmen Gellerman	Filament
	Jack Petty	Stock
	Verna Keegan	Cafeteria
Tuesday	Marjorie Smith	Filament
Wednesday	Josephine Rossi	Glass
Thursday	Irene Boda	Grid
Friday	Hazel Burnham	Filament
	Marjorie Britten	Glass
	Bonnie Jean Railsback	Glass
	Dagmar Rosewood	Sdts. Control
	Olene Brugger	Matron
Friday	Lavon George	Sdts. Control
	Jack Strother	Glass
	Agnes Unterein	Office

Goodrich in New Job

After two years at a glass lathe, sealing filaments on swing shift, Chick Goodrich has been imported into the Materials Control Office where he is now learning from



the ground up about his new duties in the materials flow section.

Office work is not new to Chick. Prior to coming to Eimac back in February of 1943, Chick was advertising manager for the Nason Paint Company for almost five years. His experience also includes such things as being a deck yeoman aboard an Army transport. He also once worked in the office of the Western Electric Company.

From sea-going to advertising and now from filament sealing to materials flow, adds another job to Chick's already very varied career.

San Bruno Plant

Grid Gossip

By Angela



Myrtle Burnett

Myrtle Burnett broke her perfect attendance record last week when she called in with the news, "I won't be in today." Illness, of course, was the reason. It's really a shame you had to break your three year record, Myrtle, but even a bigger shame you had to be ill. Now that you are well again, we're looking forward to another even bigger record.

St. Patrick's Day could not be ignored. No sir, so Jeanne Lewis, Mayme Chyle and b.f. sought out the New Deal Club in Redwood City to dance the evening through in his honor.

What did Lee Bartoli and Inez Molick do over the week end? Don't ask Lee 'cause she will say "not much." However, Inez confesses they went to the City and painted the town red.

Ann Pavek had dinner at the Kalbakdalen's where she helped "Rosie" with the cooking. Gladys, I'm told was the dishwasher. Evidently the dinner was good because Ann went out stepping afterwards. Joe DiMaggio's was her destination.



If a fire crew member were to find a fire fighting unit in the condition shown in the above pictures at the time the use of such equipment was urgent, the difference between a "little fire" and a "blazing inferno" could result. There are specific places for coats and such to be hung, while racks and other materials should never be placed in front of a fire fighting unit. In other words, keep the extinguishers and stretchers free to be used without delay when necessary.

You, Too May Help Write a Peace

An opportunity for every Eimacker (every American for that matter) to write a practical peace treaty which can be applied to the world at the end of the war has been arranged.

Through the National Peace Treaty Contest it will be possible for anyone to write a treaty of 1000 words or less, which will be judged by a group of distinguished Americans. Prizes amount to \$10,000 in war bonds, first prize to be a \$2,500 bond. Altogether there will be 100 prizes.

"The aim of the contest," said Joseph W. Frazer, chairman of the judges committee, "is to seek out from the minds of the millions of plain Americans, the best

practical plans and ideas for a just and durable peace, so that when our delegates sit around the peace table, they will know what the people want."

The rules provide that entrants must be legal residents of the United States or its possessions, that their views for the organization of world peace must not exceed 1,000 words, that entries must be postmarked before midnight, April 15, 195, and that the submitted treaties be the work of the author.

Any Eimackers who are interested may call the Service Bureau for booklets regarding the contest, which have been sent for this week.

HAROLD NATION OF SALT LAKE DIES

From Salt Lake City came sad news Thursday morning. It was learned that Harold Nation, head of the Cost Accounting Department there, died of a heart attack at his home early Thursday morning.

Harold, better known to his friends as "Had," was a Salt Lake man from birth. He was born there, received his education there and worked there as well. He came to Eimac's Accounting Department in August, 1942.

He died at the age of 41.

"Had" attended Salt Lake City's East High School, then went to the University of Utah after graduating. While at U. U. he was an outstanding athlete and was a member of the Rocky Mountain championship football team of 1920. He belonged to the Beta Pi fraternity and was a member of the L.D.S. Church. He graduated from the university with a B.S. degree.

Besides his wife, "Had" is survived by his son, Richard 17, and daughter, Barbara, 11.

Beaders' Buzz

By Beth and Leila

What's Up This Week?

We all miss Beth Ludwig, who is on vacation this week. We hope you had a good time, Beth, and that you come back full of pep . . . Jean Morris spent last week end trying to get a sun tan and did pretty well, too, on one side. Gee whizz, Jean, why didn't you turn over? . . . Loy and Leila Mingleddorff celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary this week.

On The Not Too Bright Side

Velma Shoemaker's little boy, Larry, is in the hospital. It is our hope that he will be home soon . . . Well, well, bet you can't guess what Lela Watkins has at her house, now—the mumps! Her little girls keep life quite exciting for her.

Thanks to Jean Payseno for helping write this column this week. Your aid is appreciated very much by your truly, (Leila).

Sure—and St. Patrick's Day went over big in the Beading room except for our only true Irishman (namely Joe Curran) who came to work wearing nary a bit of green. Sure—and what kind of an Irishman would ye be callin' yourself, Joe? Forgetting the wearin' o' the green—for shame!

Salt Lake Plant—San Bruno Plant

Sugggestion Winners

Thinking Did It!



Jane
Sanford

Wesley Webster, Sr.

Mahlon
Kehler

Doris Malstrom

Shorty
Walrod

Six names were added to the rapidly growing list of suggestion winners of 1945 early this week. Once again the Pump Department was well represented with three of the total number.

Jane Sanford, Wesley Webster, Sr., Doris Malstrom, Lloyd Sloan, Shorty Walrod and Mahlon Kehler were the six winners. The suggestions they submitted were awarded to the tune of \$92.50.

Top sum of \$30 went to Jane Sanford who works in the Grid Department on day shift. She came up with a welding jig used in her department that has increased the efficiency and quality of the operation.

A "quick grid cutter" was the idea of Wesley Webster, Sr. of the Machine Shop, who was in receipt of a check for \$25 this week. Two characteristics, all-important in the industry, were the mainpoints of the suggestion. It makes for positive and practical grid cutting.

Doris Malstrom, one of the three Pump Department winners, received a check for \$12.50. Both time and material savings are the result of her idea.

Lloyd Sloan, who was among a list of winners not very long ago, came up with check for \$12.50, the amount sent to him. His idea concerned a jig to be used in manufacturing plates.

De-basing had Shorty Walrod of the Pump Department wondering some time ago, so he sent in a suggestion. His idea has made it possible to remove bases and use them again, something that could not be done before.

Third Pump Department name on the winners list is Mahlon Kehler, swing shift employee. He submitted an idea which was a safety measure. A check for \$5 was his award.



Grace Mattox is shown counting some small parts on one of the counter scales

Whose Face Was Red?

A bunch of the boys were sitting around the Stockroom—pardon, working around the Stockroom, when William Brogden ("Speed" to his friends), who is one of our truck drivers, came ambling in. For the past month Bill had been on a trip to his native land—Texas.

After the usual greetings were said, Bill showed the boys the new wristwatch that he had purchased in Texas. It was a beautiful time-piece with a shining stainless steel case. The shining case was not its only attribute, because it was also shock-proof, water-proof and 100 per cent proof. (Oops, that was something else he brought from Texas.)

(One of the members of the welcoming group was George Parks, a watch con-

THEN--THERE ARE SCALES THAT COUNT

One of the many pieces of equipment that aid in keeping production rolling is a counting scale, of which there are two in the San Bruno plant—one in the Stockroom, another for general use, located just outside the Chemical Department.

The many parts that make up a tube must be counted each time they enter the Stockroom. To count them one-by-one would take hours, especially the small parts. The counting scale cuts counting time to a minimum. It is simple to use and very accurate.

noisseur from 'way back. To qualify for that statement, George is the sole owner of an Ingersol and co-owner with his daughter, of a Mickey Mouse watch.

Now, George, being a curious sort, wanted to examine the watch at a closer angle.

"Mind if I test this shock-proof part, Bill," questioned George.

Before Mr. Brogden could utter a word of protest, George had run a powerful magnet across the face of the watch. The hands started going in the opposite direction, gears clashed loudly—and then—deadly silence. The shock-proof watch was no more.

Incidentally, Experimenter Parks never did find out if the watch was water-proof.

By Gene Gallagher

The scale has an indicator, with the word "over" to the right of the center, the word "under" to the left. To the far right of the indicator is a scoop. In front of the indicator are two metal cups, one slightly to the right, the other to the left. The one on the right indicates hundreds, the other tens.

The first step is to place the parts to be counted (they must all be the same weight) in the large scoop. The indicator then moves far into the "over" section. Parts are then taken from the large scoop and placed into the "hundreds cup" until the indicator gets as close to the center as possible without going into the "under" section.

Then parts, still being taken from the large scoop, are placed into the "tens cup" and the same procedure is carried out.

Parts are then removed, held in the counter's hand, until the indicator registers right on the center mark.

The counter then counts the number of parts in the "hundreds cup," the "tens cup" and those in the hand and the total number of parts is known.

For example, if the total number of parts were 685, the counter would find six parts in the "hundreds cup," eight in the "tens cup," and five in his hand.





AN EIMAC PERSONALITY

(RUSS SPERRY)

Eimac's mighty saw and hammer wielding mite, Shorty Sperry, began living on February 13, 1915, in Castleton, North Carolina. Memories of Castleton, however, are rather on the vague side, because, Shorty's folks were in the throes of that ol' moving fever, migrating to Idaho in time for their son to attend first grade, then, pushing west to Seattle, Washington where they finally settled down.

Shorty attended Coleman Grade School, Alexander Hamilton Jr. High, and Lincoln High, all in Seattle. At Lincoln, he attained his letter in tennis, foregoing other sports, but not because of his stature. He had a job all through school, an impressive one at that, as circulation manager for one district of the Seattle Star.

Ambition is not, and never was, lacking in Shorty.

At the tender age of 19, the hosses, fame, and fortune beckoned and the J. A. Parson's Stables of California engaged a promising apprentice rider. For six years, Shorty rode racing horses at the various tracks, up and down the Coast. Summer in the north, winter in the south. Some will recall such noted steeds as Seth's Hope, Seth's Pride, and Wee Santa. Wee Santa is Shorty's pride and joy, for he raised him from a colt, broke him, schooled him, and then rode him to win 13 straight races.

Shorty's best season was in 1935. He achieved riding fame by becoming the leading money winner jockey on the Pacific Coast that year. It was also the year



"Shorty" Sperry—a top bowler



Palliation was the horse that financed the birth of Sperry's son

San Bruno Plant

which caused his downfall as a jockey due to a downfall. The irony of it all was that he was riding a mount gratis to help a friend out, when the horse stumbled over another horse that had fallen. Shorty's attention was distracted because he was trailing the pack, and was busily making a wager with another rider who was neck and neck with him, bringing up the rear.

Shorty met his wife, the former Eleanor Buehler, in South San Francisco and right away thought she was pretty nice. Then, he met her again in Los Angeles and was snared when he decided his first impression was a certainty. The Sperrys were married in 1936 and have two children, an ideal combination, Russell, a seven year old boy and a girl, Sherryl Ann, 20 months.

Right after Russell was born, Shorty was riding a horse named Palliation who was a 15-1 shot. He felt certain his mount was going to win and advised a friend

(Continued on Next Page)

A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

Twenty-three Eimac friends gathered at Gypsy's in San Bruno for a going-away party in honor of Jiggs Clatt, foreman of the Punch Press Department. Steaks were the featured entree, followed by musical renditions by Vern Vincent and Jack Petty at the piano, and Rudy Uribe and his "gitarr." (Pic shows Fran Migge asking for a chunk of steak.)

Owen Rogers left his job as foreman in the Spiral Filament Department to become a member of the Navy. He stated upon leaving he wanted to get into radio work, which he has done.

The Eimac Blues lost to the Tanforan quintet 47-31 in a game that found Eimac giving a good account of itself in the second half, staying even with the strong Navy quintet in the latter stanza.

Members of the Rod and Gun Club witnessed movies in the Cafeteria after which a coffee and bull session was held.



Warehouse Wanderings

By Sig

Harry Palmer, our warehouse janitor, is still on the missing list. Everyone in Pre-Inspection hopes that his recovery will be rapid and he will be back on the job soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Sig Johnson were seen dining, etc. at the Monaco Theater Restaurant in San Francisco. They had as their guests Captain and Mrs. Richard Child of Portland, Oregon.

George MacKender had a pleasant surprise when he arrived home the other evening. His son, who is attached to the Marine Air Base at Santa Ana, arrived home unexpectedly on a seventeen-day furlough.



Elizabeth Kimball was probably out looking over the surrounding country.

Mamie Bohn has been reading in the newspapers that the President sent his dog to the country. He has nothing on Mamie as she informs us she did likewise.

Gladys Cody was seen doing a little work in her victory garden. That's right Gladys.

as we have been informed that vegetables are going to be scarce. As long as we can't eat meat, we may as well become vegetarians.



Shorty Sperry (CONTINUED)

who risked a goodly amount of money on Palliation to win. When the horse came in, Shorty's friend, in gratitude, gave him \$1000, which as Shorty puts it, "helped pay for our first baby."

For hobbies, Shorty has several. Most widely known at Eimac is his bowling. He has the third highest bowling average in the plant, sporting a 173 average. He likes dancing, tennis and baseball but can't find time for them all. Anyone who has been bowling for but two years and has a 173 average must not have much time for anything but ball rolling.

The future holds a comfortable promise for the mighty mite, as he intends to stick with carpentry, hoping that in the distant future, he can have a cabinet shop of his own.



Irene Willumsen, Bob Davis, and Dagmar Rosewood got Thelma Fox of Standards Control a cake for her birthday and helped her eat it—Beryl Larsen helped, too

San Bruno Plant

What's Cookin'

By Verna and Irene

"A naturalist is a guy who always throws sevens."

Recipe of the Week

Boston Cream Pie

1/3 cup butter or 1/2 tsp. salt
shortening 1/2 tsp. vanilla
1 cup sugar 2 tps. baking
1/2 cup milk powder
1 3/4 cup flour

Method

Sift and measure flour, add salt and baking powder. Cream shortening, add sugar, reserving 1 tablespoon for each egg white used. If eggs are added whole, beat thoroughly and add reserved sugar. If eggs are separated, beat egg whites stiff but not dry and beat in sugar reserved for eggs. Beat yolks thoroughly with same beater. Add beaten eggs or yolks to butter and sugar mixture. Add dry ingredients and liquid alternately. Beat but do not stir. Fold in egg whites if eggs were separated. Pour into round layer cake pans. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven (375°F).

Split to make two layers. Put together with whipped cream, cream filling, chocolate filling, french cream filling or banana cream filling. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar.



They must be made of stern stuff up Salt Lake City way if they push their way through snow and such to go for a swim at the U.U. pool

Cream filling will be printed next week.

Short Orders

Not much news this time. Rosa Barnett was called to Reno because of the illness of her father . . . Tillie Hendry is back at work again after being off a few days to be with her boy . . . Jim Gilchrist, our latest sailor boy, was home on leave from San Diego and visited us Saturday. Sure

glad to see you looking so well, Jimmie. Navy life seems to agree with you . . . Gertrude and John Galvin had a party at their home last Saturday. Harry Muehlman and his wife, Ernie and Grace Ludwig, and Della Jacobs were guests. We're not supposed to say it was a poker party but Gertie did win and also won the check pools on both day and swing shifts last week.

Filament Fancies . . . by Marjorie & Barbara

We welcome back. . . .

Art Arrigoni: from a business trip east.
Barbara Campbell: from a vacation.

Mary Ann Wilson: from a week's sick leave.

Jimmie Mae Bowen: who has been gone for way too long a time. It is so good to have you with us again, Jimmie.



Ann Silva

Ann Silva accompanied her husband south to Los Angeles this week. We wonder what kind of weather they are having down there. Ann said she hoped it didn't rain and we hope so for their sake.

Izzy Cummings and Irene Meltzer stopped in at The Southern on the way home from San Francisco the other night. They had fried chicken that melted in their mouths . . . and as they talked of it we got hungrier and hungrier. Fresh mint juleps were listed on the menu. We asked what they tasted like. "Oh, we didn't

order any," they replied. The only reason they could give was that they just didn't think of it. Oh, honey chillun, don' yo' have no curiosity, or was yo' jus' too hungry fo' thet chicken?

Marjorie Dusto glanced at the bus boys while dinner-dancing at Beresford Country Club last Saturday night. Then she looked again to see if her eyes were deceiving her. Sure enough, they did wear bell-bottom trousers. Sailor bus-boys. It is getting so the old adage . . . we learn something new every day . . . is changing to . . . we see something new day by day.

Bill Leonard is on his vacation. The first in a long while. Hope you have a really good time, Bill.

To Mary Shea go everyone's thanks for bringing the delicious cup-cakes in celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

Aldene Shook rode her motorcycle over the week end but we didn't find out where she went. If she can ride that thing in this weather (cold, isn't it?) then where won't she go when summer comes along?

ON THE BEAM

By Bonniejean and Willi

Short Subjects

Ruby Irish had glad news when her brother-in-law, wounded in action, arrived home Sunday . . . The telephone woke Florence Shoenwald at six Sunday morning, but she didn't mind because it was long distance from her husband who just returned to the states, after having been wounded in action also . . . Frank Redmond spent a week's vacation close to "home sweet home" . . . We're glad to see Carl Berg back and looking chipper as ever. We hope he never, ever becomes ill again.

A belated welcome to Artice Burns, Jean Helm and Dorothy Donaldson, who recently joined the ranks of the swing shift "Balmy Beaders," and to Laura Kohler and Ruth Pastor, who now work in the cracking room.

Birthday greetings to Muriel Klevesahl who was presented with a cake on last Tuesday by the gang in stem and cracking; to Mirka Zanetti who was given a birthday cake by the Beaders on Wednesday, and to Jack Leonard who passed another milestone on Friday.



"What's up?" Elinore Rockwell wonders, while Ruth Duncan, Bernie Reed, Shirley Lawrenz and her husband roar



Elmer Bushell prepares to bowl 'em over!

HIT THE HEAD PIN . . . By S. NORRIS

It's true that most of the top teams in the Swing Bowling League were knocked for a loop last week by lower placed teams—that is, all the top teams except the Eimac Rebels.

For the first time practically since the opening of the league, a team now holds a decisive lead over the field, the Rebels are now leading by three games. Plate Swingers, while losing a pair to the Krums maintained the second place position.

The Rebels unleashed an attack upon the Vac-a-teers that ended in a triple victory. The first game was fairly close, but the second two were shoo-ins for the winners.

Harold Latham had a soaring afternoon as he whipped out a sensational 563 series to cinch the wins for his team. Considering that his average is not what some fellows would like it to be, he was really pounding the maples. "Hank" Eichman was also in there pitching, his 461 aided considerably.

Cy Moses was high for the losers with a 447 series.

The Five Spares could not keep up with the Rebels, merely because the Holy Bowlers wanted to win a couple of games, which they did. Helen Langer again topped her teammates, this time with a 445 series.

In a match that found two middle-standing teams meeting, the Spiral quintet took a 2-1 decision from the Lucky Strikers. Elzo Holt found the 1-3 pocket for a 442 series, one pin better than Johnny Edgar's 441. Willi Wardrobe was tops for the Strikers with a 407 series, a total that is well above her average.

The Fillies didn't care to see the Grid

Kids get too far up in the standings, so between Edith Gullingsrud and Mirka Zanetti, with considerable support from Georgia Savini, the Grid Kids found a 3-0 mark chalked against their record.



The Fillies didn't move up in the standings, but it brought their record closer to the .500 mark.

The Plate Swingers had a chance to stay in the running with the Eimac Rebels but the Krums took two very decisive wins from them and the result is that the Platers are now three steps away from the top of the ladder, and the Krums now have an even-even record, 21 and 21.



Georgia Savini sends a good one alleyward

San Bruno Plant

Softball Season To Commence Next Week

S.L.-S.B. Bowling Lineups Announced

The Salt Lake plant lineups for the Salt Lake vs. San Bruno bowling match which will be held Tuesday, April 3, at the Burlingame Bowl and the Temple Bowl have been received.

In comparing the S. L. teams with those of San Bruno, it appears that the S. L. girls' team will be a favorite, while the San Bruno men's team will be favored.

The Eimac team that has been bowling a match series with a San Rafael team will make up the male opposition to the Salt Lake plant and, if past performances of the San Bruno team can be considered a basis, the California team should win out. But, the S. L. female averages run higher than those at S. B.

San Bruno's male team totals 863, compared to the 816 of the S. L. team. However, the S. L. female quintet total 699 to the S. B. 685.

A two-thirds handicap will offset somewhat the male team difference, while the girls' teams averages are so close that a handicap is almost incidental.

Here are the lineups for the matches:

The Femmes Match

Salt Lake Plant		San Bruno Plant	
M. Hansen	142	L. Johnson	130
M. Erskine	143	L. Auld	130
T. Carter	140	M. Goodrich	146
L. Johnson	138	L. Watkins	137
O. Sudweeks	136	F. Floyd	142

The Male Match

S. Schaerrer	159	C. DeLong	174
G. Fisher	162	R. Sperry	171
J. Johnston	164	L. Bruggisser	168
D. Wood	165	A. Walrod	174
F. Williams	166	R. Luckhardt	176



Shurlee Thomas will not bowl against the San Bruno girls, but she is from the Salt Lake plant

TONIGHT AT SAN RAFAEL!

Eimac vs.
Courthouse Creamery
Re-match Later at Burlingame

Space limitations prevent the publication of Beau Linalli's column.
"On the Bowling Front," this week!

LARGE TURNOUT EXPECTED AT S.M. CITY PARK TUESDAY

Eimac's first softball practice, scheduled for last Tuesday, had to be postponed because of good old California sunshine—buckets of it.

Sixteen hardies turned out to answer the call for softball aspirants and a number of others have announced their intention to participate.

Returning veterans from last year's club who hope to retain their positions include Pat Warrington, catcher; Johnnie Nelin, shortstop; "Shorty" Walrod, short-field; "Opie" Taylor, left field; Dave Jackson, centerfield; Doug Munholand, reserve outfielder and Jim Roddy, reserve catcher—thus giving a good nucleus to build around.

Ralph Downey, who led the team in hitting last year, has announced he will be among the retired this season due to his duties as swing shift foreman in the Grid Department. Al Stoddard, reserve pitcher and outfielder, finds too many other things will keep him out of softball, too. Another who will be sorely missed is Johnny Ranahan, southpaw first sacker who is stopped by transportation problems. Ed Hoetzel, slugging infielder, at this writing has announced he will "hang up his spikes," but everyone has heard of the old fire horse who heard the bell.

Newcomers to the 1945 edition of the Fleas include Al Huebner who dropped out last year after starring on the 1943 Commandos, Carl Tietz, who is of an unknown quantity but has been recommended highly by one of Eimac's "scouts," Bill Strassburger, a "has been" trying to make a comeback and Charlie Dole, who also lists photography as one of his accomplishments.

A number of other ball players are more or less "on the fence" about playing or not playing. In the group are Rad Leonard, Carl Magnuson, Lou Pierri, Lloyd Harbin, Fran Migge, Al Enoch, Jack Senger and probably a few more.

Barring more inclement weather, the boys hoped to hold their initial workout last Thursday at the San Mateo City Park diamond at 7 p.m. and another is scheduled for Tuesday night.



John Ranahan—lost to Fleas

DAY BOWLING STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost
Pump	36	15
Stockroom	31	20
Pill Rollers	30	21
450's	30	21
Punch Press	30	21
Dilly Fillies	28	20
Platers	28	23
Carpenters	28	23
Office	28	23
Cream Puffs	27	24
Mac's Outlaws	27	24
Lab	26	26
Pushovers	25	26
Purchasing	23	28
Traffic Koppettes	23	28
Construction	21	27
B.B.B.'s	21	27
Fog Cutters	21	30

San Bruno Plant

SWING BOWLING STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost
Eimac Rebels	28	14
Plate Swingers	25	17
Five Spares	23	19
Grid Kids	23	19
Holy Bowlers	22	20
Vac-a-teers	21	21
Spiral	21	21
Krums	21	21
Chem Tones	20	22
Fillies	20	22
Lucky Strikers	18	24
Straight Shooters	11	31
Hyper-100	21	30
Assembly	19	32
Pumpettes	17	31
Stack-a-hots	15	36

A Glimpse of Barber In Salt Lake

To put it mildly and according to good friend Fred Barber (it was anything but mild), friendship is a very, very much misunderstood word, indeed. It's a sad story (or a glad one, depending on your point of view), that must be related here. Anyway, this is Fred's version of it:

"I arrived in Salt Lake, after a pleasant but unprofitable trip via the streamliner, and the one thing that impressed me most was the genuine pleasure with which all of my friends in Salt Lake greeted me after my long absence. Folks were really glad to see me, sincerely solicitous of my general health and well-being. Fellowship, love and friendliness were in abundance everywhere I turned. Nothing was too good for me.

"It was, 'Fred, can I make you comfortable? Can I buy your lunch? Would you like a cup of coffee with me? I can get you buttermilk without a license, how about it?,' and similar evidences of a sincere desire on their part to make my stay one of nothing but joy and pleasure.

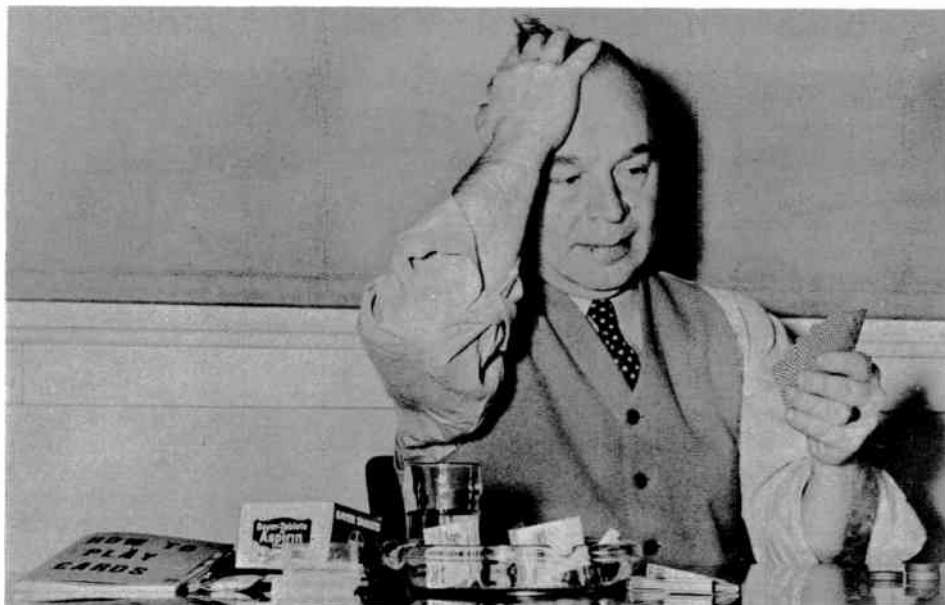
"People I had not seen for months shook my hand with tears of gladness in their eyes, not only in the Purchasing Department, but throughout the entire plant, everywhere I went. Truly, I felt that, at long last, I had achieved that great pinnacle of success where a person can honestly say 'I am a friend of mankind, I have no enemies, everyone loves me.'

"I basked in the comfortable glow of this induced peace and contentment until the fatal night when I accepted an invitation to play a certain card game at the home of one of my dearest friends in Salt Lake. Serene and unafraid, I innocently presented myself at my gracious host's house at the appointed hour, armed with a bottle of buttermilk, as is the Utah custom, and filled with a pleasant sense of anticipation of a delightful evening spent in the company of my loving friends.

"Other guests had arrived before me, so after greetings all the way around, we toasted our several friendships with the sparkling buttermilk. By now all of the players had arrived, so it was moved and seconded that we get the game going.

"This was to be only a friendly game, with a very nominal value on the counters and I confidently expected that, under the conditions prevailing, I would have no difficulty in holding my own. I felt as safe a cup of hot chocolate at an Elk's stag party.

"Then the first of several blows fell. Imagine my surprise and consternation to see the other guests lay their guns and knives on the table, as the game began. From that moment, friendship ceased; the



Fred Barber seems to have gotten himself a handful of trouble on his recent visit to Salt Lake, but appears to be well fortified

lovelight in their eyes turned to glints of steely lightning; the gentle, but firm hands which had shaken, mine but a moment before, turned to hooks and claws as they raked in pot after pot and even though I held fairly good cards myself, I was usually second best and my efforts to win just one ittie-bittie pot were of no avail.

"As time wore on, I realized more and more the utter futility of my desperate situation; yet I could not quit. My fighting blood was aroused. The honor of the whole great sovereign state of California was at stake, but I was just one among many, alone in a world which had just tumbled down about my feet. At long last, the game ended. I was clean and even though I had sacrificed my last farthing to stem the tide, I had failed. One of the kinder hearted of the bandits generously offered to take me to my hotel and so I betook my torn and bleeding body to my room, where I wrung what solace and comfort I could from licking my wounds.

"The next day everything was changed. Gone were the smiles of joy as I walked around the plant. Vanished like the Dodo bird were the so-called friends who greeted me so profusely on my arrival. They looked at me as if I were something that had crawled out of the woodwork. Never have I been more alone."

This ended Fred's narrative and as the great tears fell from his oft-twinkling eyes, I felt that our spirits were in absolute communion, for I, too, was at the party and my only regret was that I, too, had lost. We made a mistake, Fred, we played the first team!

—Had Nation

Now It Can Be Told!

Doecy-doe to your left and swing your partner 'round and 'round! The Newhouse Hotel "Livery Stable and Barn" will be the meetin' place for all you fun-minded folks this comin' April 14 at 8:30 p.m.

"Down on the Farm" is the theme chosen by those wizards of gaiety, the social committee, composed of Mary Oppe, Ralph Burnside, Violet Miller, Bettie Heffernan, Elvon Astle, Ruth Johnson, Max Rasmussen, Russell Scott, John Boud and Glenna Me-Quiston. Your full indulgence in the merriment will more than gratify their well-pooled efforts.

Bring your bonnets, and come dressed in levis and gingham dresses ready for a rip-roaring good time. No one will be admitted to this Sat-id'dy dance dressed in his Sunday best, so don't be a social outcast at Eimac's biggest, best'st get-together.



Salt Lake Plant

Ensign Sutton Visits Eimac



Louie Poma & Wally MacLaughlen greet Larry & Mrs. Sutton

Many Eimackers saw the familiar face of Ensign Larry W. Sutton around the plant last week. Larry dropped in to say "hello" on his way to a Pacific Coast port where he will embark for overseas duty.

Eimac's former personnel director joined Uncle Sam's Navy in June of 1944 and was sent directly from Salt Lake to Harvard University in Cambridge.

Larry's next stop was Charleston, South Carolina, where he waited for a time for assignment overseas, but was transferred to the Radio Supply Division at Camp Perry, Williamsburg, Virginia, instead.

Mrs. Sutton and Stanton, the Sutton's son, will make their home in Centerfield, Utah.

BOYS AND BEAUTY

By Bill

Spring is here, even if it is snowing here in Salt Lake. How do I know it's spring? If you should go out to the guardhouse, the boiler room, or any of a number of places in the plant during lunch or rest period, you would see many of the male population busily engaged in the making of flies. Yes, the fishermen are at it again. We happened to find Pres Dehlin and Wayne Rokes engrossed in this occupation last week, but they say they are only beginners at this sort of thing. The flies looked good to us nevertheless, if that means anything.

With summer just around the corner, we hope, the only worry the boys have is that all the fish won't have been all fished

out by the time they get a hook after them. From the talk I have heard around the plant this winter, about the one that is just waiting to be caught at such-and-such a lake, they are all as good as gone. Incidentally, they say spring arrives on the 21st of March—if so, it had better hurry since it is already three days late.

It seems like George "Safety" Maxwell zipped when he should have zagged—in fact, judging from that shiner, George had better play with boys that are a little more "docile." The moral of the story is, never throw your face at someone else's fist, even if you are just kidding.

We are sorry to hear about Wendell Fay's lil' mishap in Sardine Canyon. Wen-



Salt Lake Plant



Pump Parade

By Lydia Peterson

Have you ever heard of a Neo-Zany. Well, Neo-Zany is a new kind of gremlin and he has really been raising ned in the Pump Department—especially last week. First, he started on the number five rotary and got the whole thing out of order. It took Bill Freeman and Ray Young two hours to get it going again. Then, Neo-Zany worked on Buggy 13-B and that buggy never did pull a hard vac. But that's how things go!

Spring was here for a few days—anyway Bob Worthen, Ray Miller and George Cullus thought so a Sunday-or-so ago when they had a wonderful time at Forest Dale playing golf.

Grace Kirk was very surprised and thrilled last week when her Navy husband came home after two years on the seas.

We have missed seeing Grace Kirk and Irene Riddle in Basing since they transferred to Spiral Filament.

Chem Chatter

By Joyce Bird

Caught in the act was "Mac" McLaughlen as he broke open his glass bank, and after counting his savings found he had saved enough to pay his income tax. He even had some left over—a clever idea, don't you think?

Ethel Potts has been beaming all over for the past few days and who wouldn't? Her brother, who is a Merchant Marine, came home from overseas by surprise and she hadn't seen him for quite some time.

Welcomed to the Chemical Department are three new helpers, Eva Boynton, Dorothy Newby and Hollis Gorringe. You are three swell gals and we're glad to have you.

Golly, you should have seen Oneita Sudweeks knock the pins down at the Temple Bowling Alleys. She had the pin-boy all fagged out by winding up with a score of 224. Some bowling!

dell says, "If you think I look bad you should see the car."

A fitting caption for the picture at left would be "Sunshine through the snow" or "If that's what comes with the snow, I'll take more snow." With Salt Lake's blizzard just over, Smitty Washburn, Salt Lake's super-snooper, discovered Beverly Andrus, Shurlee Thomas and Gwen Bruderer, joyously cavorting in the new-fallen snow. At left is the view he got which he generously passes on to the rest of us.

Eimac Characters

By Emm Gee Doubleyou



As you thumb feverishly through the pages of the Eimac the only thoughts that run through your minds are: Is my picture or name in the paper? Second, where are the jokes? Third, who is the Eimac Character this week? The latter, I will herewith elucidate upon. By the time you reach "Eimac Characters" you are sitting on the edge of your chair like a convict about to receive 2000 volts at the expense of the state (or one of the boys in Testing is about to apply the well-known "tesla coil"). Your suspense will now be relieved.

The fatal day was January 23, 1925, at 28 seconds past 3 o'clock (Bulova watch time)—a day long to be remembered by the millions of ardent Robbins fans.

This lil' bundle of pep and vitality has, among other commendable characteristics, a delightful sense of humor. Virginia has an unlimited supply of moron jokes, puns, and some real corn. The only thing is, it takes a lot of food points to be among her crowd, for after a humorous story someone always retorts, "Pass the butter, I smell corn."

A typical favorite of Miss Robbin's is about the actor who said "Bread, bread, give me bread," so the curtain came down with a roll. (Slight pause for uproarious laughter.)

V.R. pursues her hobbies with great vigor: namely, the classical art of jitter-bugging, skiing, and collecting beaus—ah-er—bows. This East Midvalian and graduate of Jordan High is now a clerk in the office of Production Control. For further information, consult your telephone directory or phone 6-5993. We shall now leave Virginia staring out of the window with a look that is as vacant as a cigarette machine.

Plate Welds

By Gert and Myrt

Familiar Expressions Heard in the Plate Department

Eldon Partidge—"I'll never tell."

Johnny Johnston—"O-oh, well-a-a, oh-a-ah."

Dora Squires—"Oh yeah?"

Naomi Otterstrom—"Kid, don't do that."

Darlene Griffiths—"Yeah, that's right."

Elvon Astle—"I had to laugh."

Florence Plott—"Oh, kid!"

Virginia Johnson—"Golly."

Glen Holland—"What do you know? They ought to pickle that."

Luella Simpson—"Oh Pshaw!"

Pauline Bishoff—"You're not just a clicking your teeth."



Eimac Hit Parade

Listen for the Eimac parade of hits each week as announced and played over the PA system on Friday nights for swing shift, and on Saturday afternoons for day shift. You choose 'em by your requests and the PBX gals play 'em. This week's choices are as follows:

1. My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time—Les Brown
2. I'm Beginning To See The Light—Duke Ellington
3. Like Someone In Love—Bing Crosby
4. My Heart Sings—Johnnie Johnston
5. Dreams—Pied Pipers
6. Candy—Johnny Mercer
7. There Goes That Song Again—Billy Butterfield
8. Don't Fence Me In—Bing Crosby
9. Boogie Woogie—Tommy Dorsey
10. Goodnight Wherever You Are—

OFFICE OBSERVATIONS

By Helen Johnson

It will probably be a cold day in the winter of '46 before Ethel Christenson goes skiing again. She is still paying for her latest leap into that soft (?), white stuff. Ethel, Shurlee Thomas and Beverly Andrus planned to spend the entire day Sunday, March 11, at Alta pursuing their favorite sport. According to her fellow skiers, on her first trip down the hill, Ethel landed smack in the middle of a "bathtub," coming up with a broken ankle. (Mighty peculiar place to find a bathtub, I thought, but Shurlee assures me that in ski-talk a "bathtub" is a hole in the snow made by someone who has fallen down.) Hope you will be able to discard those crutches soon, Ethel.

(Continued on next page)

Lab Member Lectures on Electronics

Lowell A. Woodbury of the Eimac Lab staff recently delivered talks to two Salt Lake City organizations. One talk was given to the Electrical League, composed of executives of the local electrical and electronic industries; the other to the Advertising Club, a group of advertising managers from local firms.

His lectures were based on Eimac tubes—their manufacture and their use. Lowell told how Eimac tubes are being used extensively in radio, frequency modulation radio, in television and especially in airways communication systems. He also said that Eimac tubes are used by industrialists as well as by those in the medical profession.

At the close of his talks, Lowell was asked numerous questions by the audience indicating a large interest in the subject of electronics and Eimac's part in the ever-growing field.



Professor Woodbury

Salt Lake Plant

Office Observations

(Continued)

There was fun galore at Mildred Wonacott's home Tuesday, March 13, when Maxine Grubb, Virginia Ross, Ellen Ford and Millie met for another lesson in bridge. Ellen answered the whys and wherefores of the game.



Those who took advantage of the leisure swimming hour at the University gym Wednesday, March 14, really had a good time. Don't be misled by the word leisure in this case, however. I don't believe any of us who participated in the game of water polo (with variations) had much time to take it easy. George Maxwell, Ellen Ford, Ken Lawson and Helen Johnson tried to keep the ball away from Irma Murdock, Chauncey Murdock, Ed Novotny and Russell Scott, and the result was—well, a one-hour scramble. How about the rest of you swimmers, and you who enjoy a good time, coming out for an evening of fun? If you are afraid of the water and don't know how to swim, come to the beginners' class. George Maxwell guarantees he will change your fear to love of water, and will teach you the fundamentals of good swimming.



Reverse lend-lease is responsible for the return of Irene Goodman to the Cost Accounting Department.



Cost Accounting received a post-card from Pvt. Bill Kapp which read:

"Hi Gang,

Been on a train for two days. Now in Newton, Kansas and still on our way. Don't know where to yet. Everything swell so far. Only 15-minute stop so will write more next time. Tell all hello for me."



Salt Lake Plant



Tension and interest is evident in the faces of these bowlers—it was the night the unpredictable Illegals upset the Scorpions

Down The Alleys

by Wayne Haslam

The Woodchucks managed to stay in first place with a win over Angels, but the Scorpions are right at their heels. The teams are more evenly matched since the 12 teams were juggled about and we now have a league.

From here on out, the top teams are going to find the going tough. For example, watch the Illegals and the Grem-lins 'cause they are hot.

Shy Schearrer's team, "Just Us," has skidded a little but Shy is still among the top five bowlers. Frank Williams, league president, and Doug Wood, vice president, both lead the league with a 166 average. They're a couple of guys it'd be nice to look up, don't you think? There's not

much time to write and not much to write about, s-o-o . . .

MONDAY BOWLING LEAGUE STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Woodchucks	47	9	.839
Scorpions	45	11	.803
Angels	40	16	.714
Holy Rollers	39	17	.696
Grem-lins	35	21	.589
Unknown Five	26	30	.464
Just Us	25	31	.446
100-T's	24	32	.428
Super-Shots	17	39	.303
Block Busters	14	42	.250
Alley Gaters	8	48	.142

GIRLS "A" AND "B" LEAGUE STANDINGS OF MARCH 21

"A" League

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Gridettes	37	7	.840
Holy Rollers	29	15	.659
Rejecterettes	21	23	.477
Lazy Gates	20	24	.454
Royal Rowdies	15	29	.340
Hits & Mrs.	10	34	.227

"B" League

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
P.B. Delites	37	3	.925
Timber Wolves	34	6	.850
Lucky Strikes	27	13	.675
Boomerangs	18	22	.450
Sleepers	14	26	.350
Mothballs	9	31	.225
Pumpettes	9	31	.225
Tom's Pin Ups	8	32	.200



Phyllis Turner's smile is proof that swimming is great sport

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January 9,
1945

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Robert F. Six
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Remember the Dance on April 7th

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