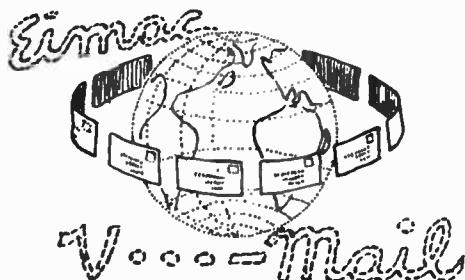


Eimac News

SAN FRANCISCO PLANT

World Radio History

February 24, 1945
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E I M A C N E W S

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The following is a letter Jackie Stringer of the Filament department received from her husband, Private Jerry Stringer, who is in the Philippines at present:

It has been almost three weeks since I last found time to write. I am O.K. and in good health. Things were a lot tougher than we have been used to, but all in all, the beach-head we helped establish was successful and not as hard or as tough so far as we expected. That is the beach I am on now. As far as the others are concerned, we have less news than you people back home—strange as that may sound.

When I was back at Ataipe, New Guinea, I hated the South Pacific, but I like it here in the Philippines. The climate so far has been wonderful.

You may be curious to know how I made out on this invasion, what I saw, did—if so, here goes. When we left New Guinea, we boarded a special type of naval boat. We were part of one of the largest convoys ever assembled here in the Pacific. The trip up was quite eventful at times. The ship I was on was attacked by a sub and we were fortunate enough to be missed by a torpedo. Our destroyers took care of the sub right away. The day following that, a Jap dive bomber was shot down as it tried to crash dive one of our ships.

Near the end of the voyage we saw a bit of what the Navy can do. Our de-



Private Bob Rose of the Air Corps paid his old friends a visit last Saturday. Bob was foreman of the Glass department before he departed for the service about nine months ago. Since his induction he has been going to radio school—most recently in Illinois. After his furlough, he will report to Shepherd Field in Texas where he will be a radio instructor. The girl is Bonniejean Railsback.



Japanese invasion money

This Week's Cover

This week's cover photograph shows a portion of the many hundred fuse boxes located in the plant.

stroyers ran into some Jap ships of the same type and sank them in no time at all. Needless to say, none of our ships were hit, and it was a safe trip, all things considered.

The beach where we landed showed the work of our naval and bombing arms. On "D" day just before "H" hour we laid off shore and watched the bombardment. As soon as it stopped, the troops started in. I was in one of the first units ashore.

We worked pretty hard for the first few days and are still going strong. The first night or so we were shelled by enemy artillery, but they have been just about knocked out now. Our air force certainly

has taken care of the Jap planes that were around here. Since we landed I have only seen a couple in the air, and on the beach are several that were shot down.

The people here were very glad to see us. Some of them came down to the beach and volunteered to help unload the ships. They are actually in rags since the Japs stole all of their clothing, blankets and food. The Army, of course, is taking care of them now and everything possible is being done to relieve the situation. The Filipinos were badly treated, and as I said before, everything they had has been stolen.

(Continued on page 10)

Who's Who At Eimac

HERB BECKER

Herb Becker, weaver of tales with illustrations—drawn with waves of his expressive and lengthy arms—is one of Eimac's traveling-est men.

In his life thus far, Herb has been very enthusiastic about three hobbies—ham radio, stage craft and boating. During his high school days he was "nuts" about stage work—he even cut out "silly subjects" like English and history in order to have more time for his special love. Although his interest in stagecraft outweighed his love for ham radio in high school, he still found time enough to become a ham long before he graduated.

Following his graduation from high school, after members of a drama club in Los Angeles to which Herb belonged scattered to the several winds, he turned once more "hellbent" for radio. He built himself a high-powered ham station a block from the beach which turned out to be quite a mecca for visiting hams and foreign amateurs on the world-wide tours.

Many Eimac hams—Hank Brown, Tom Hall, Eddie Hoetzl, Bill Eitel, Leigh Norton, Jack McCullough and others—partook of the "beach house" hospitality in the old days, dividing their time between swimming and ham radio.

In recent years, what with amateurs being "off the air" because of the war, Herb, his wife, Alberta, and their two daughters spend most of their spare hours cruising on the bay in their boat "Gadabout."

In the struggle to find his vocational niche Herb, was in and out of a variety of jobs. First he did accounting work, but accounting and Herb never made a happy twosome. Before long he was going to night school, brushing up on art work and advertising. He also took a correspondence course and as his self-confidence grew, he tried his wings in the commercial art business. He worked alone, sharing an office with a printer. Things were humming along very satisfactorily when the depression hit. Since he'd scarcely had time to dig his heels deeply into the ad-

vertising field, he was forced out of business and went to work for a legal advertising newspaper in Los Angeles.

Herb's radio knowledge came in handy, too. For more than six years he wrote a monthly column "DX" (long dis-



Herb Becker—explains with the aid of his arms

tance) for the magazine, "Radio," as well as an occasional technical article for the same magazine. He later became a salesman in the amateur department of a radio wholesale supply house, also located in Los Angeles.

As far as memorable days are concerned, Herb will never forget April 17, 1940. In the 24 hours of that day he became a manufacturers' representative with Eimac as one of his accounts, handled the details and arrangements for a ham radio convention being held that night, met Bill Eitel, who was coming to the convention, at one airport and another visiting amateur at another airport. In between meetings, arrangements, and rushing in general, he made frequent and anxious calls to the hospital—for his wife, Alberta, was having a baby, their first! If there's ever been a busier or more eventful day, Herb doesn't want to see it!

It was in May of 1942 that Herb and his family came to San Bruno where Herb acted as liaison engineer for Eimac until the first of this year when he chose to return to the field as Eimac's field engineer for California and the west. Now that Herb is back at his old game of selling, he will be adding even more mileage to his already amazing travel record.



Eimac "Hit Parade" To Start Next Week

Various radio programs have what are called the "Hit Parade," usually to learn the musical delights of the listeners. Eimac's "Hit Parade" will go on the air via the plant P. A. system on March 2, when swingsters will hear the 10 favorite tunes of Eimackers.

Under the present "you request 'em, we'll play 'em" system used in the P. A. room, an accurate check can be made on the likes and dislikes of Eimackers.

Effective Sunday, February 25, a record will be kept of employee requests and on Friday night, for swingsters, the 10 top tunes of the week will be played. Day shifters will hear the program in two parts; tenth place to sixth to be played at 1:15 p.m., fifth to first at 2:15 p.m.

In order to have an accurate check on the musical desires of employees and to make the program a true pulse of Eimac, each Eimacker is urged to fill out a request, a form for which can be found near the entrance to the Cafeteria.

Altar Echoes

By Kaye Anderson

Pat Woolley of the Office recently surprised her friends when she announced her engagement to Signalman 2/c William Hill of the U. S. Navy.

Pat and Bill were introduced three weeks ago by Bill's brother and after a whirlwind courtship they became engaged and are now dreaming up plans for the future.

Pat has been a member of the Office force for the past two years. Her home town is Salt Lake City, Utah.

Bill is a San Fernando boy and recently returned home for a 30-day leave after seeing duty in the Pacific area for 33 months. His leave is now over and he is awaiting further orders.

No definite plans for the future are underway because of uncertainty of present conditions.

Oh! Yes! Pat received a neat gold wrist-watch as an engagement present.



Pat Woolley and Signalman Bill Hill—engaged after a short courtship

"Squish," Where'd That Word Come From?

Try telling someone, who's not an Eimacker, that all you do the live long day is "Squish," and then watch his expression. You see, "Squish" is the descriptive word, strictly Eimac, covering the incandescing of filament wires, in a hydrogen atmosphere, to reveal the hidden strains in the wires.

The word has a unique yet extremely simple origin. In order to obtain a hydrogen atmosphere, the hydrogen gas is

forced through a rubber hose, into the top part of a jar, which resembles an inverted water glass. The hydrogen flowing in from the top, forces its way downward, displacing all the oxygen. By pinching the hose, shutting the flow of hydrogen off and on, a series of abrupt hisses are audible. The hisses make a squish squishing sound indicating that the hydrogen is flowing into the jar properly. Hence the word.

OWEN ROGERS IS SEEING THE COUNTRY

Owen Rogers, RM 3/c, former foreman in the Spiral Filament department, has been going to various schools since his induction into the Navy in April '44. A recent letter from Owen gave the latest dope on his career thus far in the Navy.

His friends will recall his visit to the plant in October. He had just finished radio school in Los Angeles at that time and was on leave before going on to Texas A & M for another course. In his letter he describes the three-month course completed at Texas A & M as "pretty stiff."

"Upon completion, I was shoved farther East to the high-power radio station at Annapolis for a period of two weeks. Two weeks following that found me at still another radio station at Cheltenham, Washington, D. C. At the present time I am just completing the first week of a two month course at Hicksville, Long Island. The school is at a factory which makes various types of radio equipment, so we are getting some very fine practical experience. We are to be sent out to California when this course is over; so I am look-

ing forward to seeing all the gang once more.

"I have had the good fortune to be with my wife most of the time and we have seen some grand sights on our journey across the United States."



Owen Rogers, RM 3/c

Over the Stock Counter

By Gene

Anyone wishing to get in the good graces of Georgia Young this week would not mention races, hobbies or radishes. Through the association of ideas this would bring Georgia to the thought of horses. Now a horse is a very gentle animal, especially the kind that pull vegetable carts, but to Georgia a horse is a monster that isn't good for anything—not even steaks. (Many of us can verify this last statement.) It seems that last Sunday Georgia went horseback riding. Her horse got a little frisky and Georgia, in a quavering voice said, "Listen horse, if you want to get on I'll get off." Before she knew what happened, she was off. Monday Georgia did her typing standing up.



The Glass stockroom is back to normal with Helen Cardoza and Bob Griffin patrolling their usual beats. Did we say normal? Well, almost normal. Griff got himself another one of those haircuts. Please, has anyone an old hat he can wear? The poor boy is freezing.



The Stockroom quarterback this season will be Olga Fetbroth. The added duties of part time runner combined with the usual clerking has worried Olga. She says that bucking the crowds upstairs is no cinch. In the future Olga will probably be adorned with shoulder pads and helmet.

Construction Scraps

By Kay Jacobson

Ahhh, the desired effect—my eighth reader almost in a coma!!! All that can be said is that by reading this column a few more times, he'll have to quit and then we can go back to lucky "7."

Yap, yap, yap, heckle, heckle, heckle and then what happens—nothing. "Casanova" Kassebaum was guilty of the above when we mentioned bringing a luscious chocolate cake. "Cassie" downed his serving and even licked his fingers. Soooo, the next cake we bring in will be decorated with "all the boys, except 'Cassie'" and no foolin' either.

I've failed to mention the Construction bowling team on account of which they have been so "ysuol," but I decided that maybe if we shame them in public they will get "hep" and at it. It's hard to believe that they are in the basement position after starting out with a bang. Even by putting big goose-eggs on their schedules when they report "not a single win in three games," they have gone all out to do better the next time. Gonna have to dig way down deep in the barrel to think of something that will change their luck—any suggestions??

One came back and one had to be sent home—that's the way it goes. Tom Hall is back on the job after a siege of eye trouble—both eyes at that. If he felt as badly as he looked, our ounce of sympathy was not in vain—he really deserved it. Don Miller may have appeared 100 years old but it was a bad back that sent him home for a spell. Here's hoping T.C. is back to stay for awhile and that Don will be back before long as good as new.

Oh, oh, oh, how could we forget to mention the reception accorded yours truly upon returning from a short illness. Of course, the blonde in question would be proud to display a certain snap-out that somehow didn't materialize. An elephant doesn't forget and neither do we so come a day and the score will be evened. The only thing that stumps us is the fact that the blonde wasn't initiated in the proper manner by being locked up in the paint room. Can it be that the boys were a little bit "skeered" all of a sudden.

That's about it for this time. Being off for a couple of days made the week a short one for news but before signing off must say that the new office is still paradise and every so often have to do a little pinching to make sure it's real.

MORALE BUILDER



Most civilians never get the opportunity to cast their glims on the popular G. I. Joe dedicated paper, "The Three Cities Home Front News." Once in a blue moon, however, one of the copies will find its way into the hands of a Serviceman's relative and in most cases, interesting articles are uncovered.

Marge Dusto, photogenic Spiral Filament spot-welder, is duly recognized around these parts for her good looks as well as her appealing personality. Therefore, it was no surprise to discover her face and figure occupying the front page of the "Three Cities Home Front News." As a morale builder-upper it's a cinch she's tops, while her ability as a spot-welder was recognized long ago.

Caption under the small picture as printed in the HFN read: "About the Girl on the Cover: She's Marge Dusto, just as pretty as she looks in the picture, and a former student at San Mateo high and JC. Marge is a spot-welder at a local war plant now. We can't decide whether her picture or her welding does more for morale . . . what do you think?"

Birthdays Coming Up

SUNDAY—

Carmel Faia	Machine Shop
Lucille Allison	Shipping

MONDAY—

Clara Wooley	Punch Press
Gladys Davis	Reclamation
Harry Palmer	Janitor
Pat Warrington	Office

TUESDAY—

John Galvin	Glass
John Anderson	Machine Shop
Jack James	Traffic

WEDNESDAY—

Dale Bost	Grid
Glenna Felts	Filament

THURSDAY—

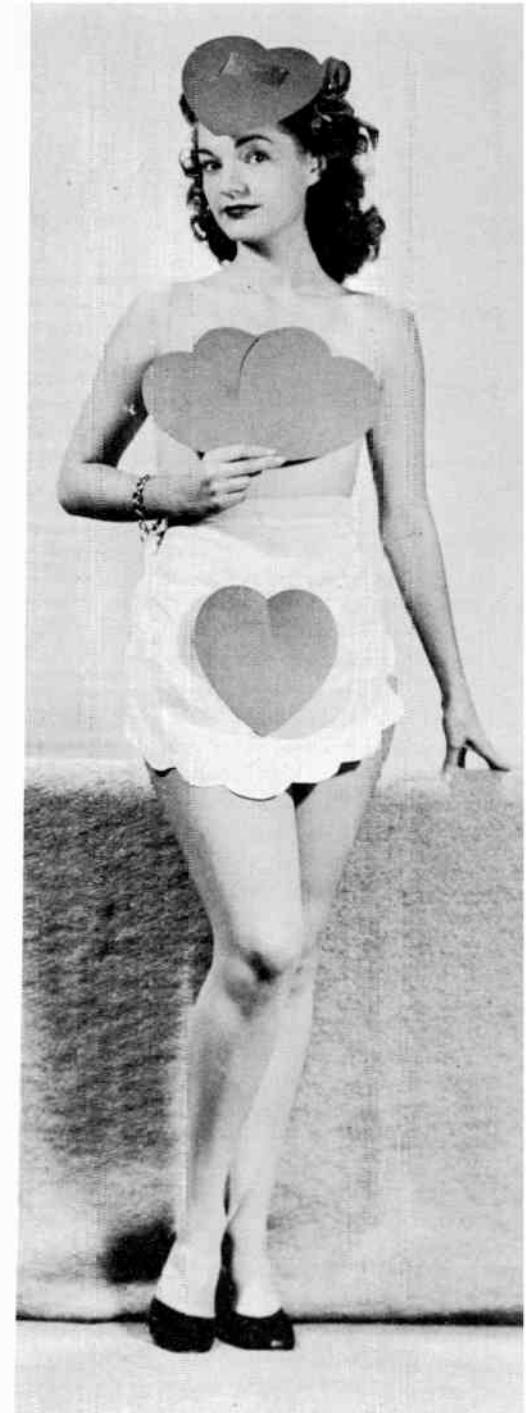
Florence Riley	Punch Press
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FRIDAY—

Jean Lish	Grid
Irene Meltzer	Filament

SATURDAY—

Glen Olives	Plate
Al Wilmes	Glass
Miriam Sessions	Pump
Mildred Henderson	Chem



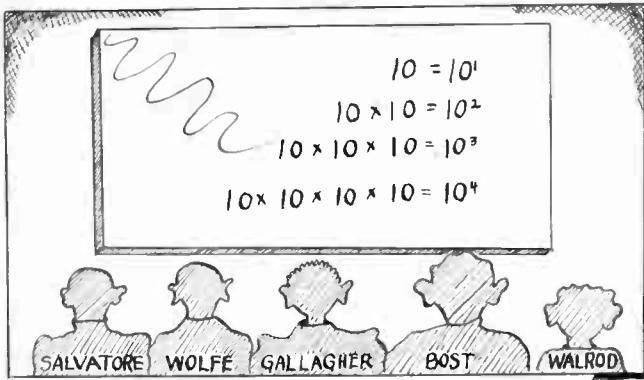
Valentine Girl Marge Dusto

SIX AID EMPLOYEE

A number of Eimackers have aided in supplying blood needed by Paul Maser, who works in the Machine Shop.

Paul, in the hospital and in need of blood transfusions, was given blood by Vernon Lee and Perry Borden early this week. Marion Krause and Charlie DeLong also donated in case Paul will need additional blood.

As a sort of safeguard, Ronnie Gordon and Frank Bouret have volunteered to give a pint, should Paul require more than is on hand at present.



What Power!!

Eighteen Eimackers sat themselves down last Friday at a class conducted by the San Mateo Junior College Adult Center. Basic electricity was the subject on which the boys proceeded to learn a thing or two.

They learned about powers—as the illustration above hints; they learned that ohm stands for resistance and its opposite is conductance which is mho or ohm backwards; and they found out about electrons? (That question mark is no misprint.)

The instructor carefully explained that

Pump Prevarications

You all remember Bobbe Walzberg (formerly Webber)—Well, it seems her sister-in-law had a surprise shower for her. Yes, she was surprised and the laugh of the evening was when a youngster of about five, seeing a small tub with a washboard in it, asked when they were going to give Bobbe a shower and calmly asked, "Who's going to scrub her?"

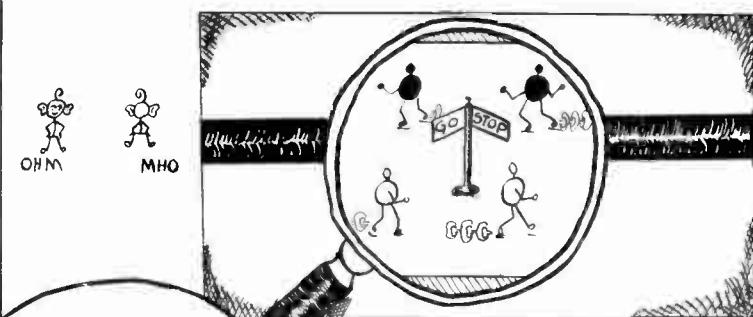
Myrtle Enos and her husband spent their vacation at Ferndale, which is in the northern part of the State. Myrt says they really had a perfect time seeing old friends and just being lazy.

Mildred Wood spent the week end talking over old times with a girl friend whom she hadn't seen in four years. They had dinner in the city and then went home and talked some more.

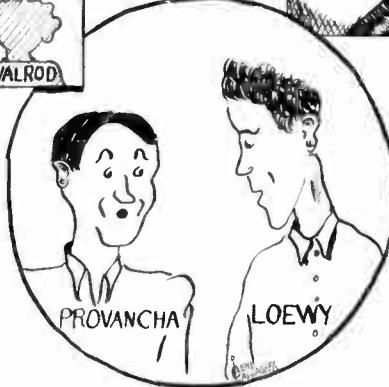
Chit-Chat

Thelma Gregory is on her vacation. Lucky girl. More details later . . . Ginne Oldershaw's mother is here to spend a few days with her . . . Gail Caine is busy shopping these days. Her husband, who is in the Navy is coming home soon.

We think it's about time something were said about those forgotten guys on graveyard shift. First there is, Moe



**The Wilke's Theory ---
two-way electrons**



"Hey, Mel, pay attention so you can explain it in the morning."

electrons travel from negative to positive, but in theory they go the opposite way because the theory was arrived at before

it was actually discovered which way they travelled. (Editor's Note: If you're confused by this paragraph you'll know how the fellows felt.)

Ed Wilkes, somewhat confused, blurted out, "Y'mean the electrons are going both ways!"

The class, which is being held in the new science building of the junior college every Friday evening from 7:15 to 9:15, will continue as long as Eimackers are interested. Anyone interested in learning more about electricity may join the class.

Warehouse Wanderings

By Sig

Nadine Scott and Doris Yola planned on having a crab feed at the Hotel Benjamin Franklin one evening last week, but wound up in a local creamery having a hamburger. Were you short of money girls, or did the beef, since it's harder to get, look better?

Harry Palmer, the warehouse janitor, has a way with the women. He was minus a button on his sweater and Gladys Cady was the girl who helped him out by sewing it on. Let's have your secret, Harry.

Mr. and Mrs. Sig Johnson had as their week end guest, Lowell Marquardt, a pharmacist's mate in Uncle Sam's navy, who is stationed at the Treasure Island hospital.

Quite a discussion occurred at the Warehouse regarding the closing at midnight of all night sports. The following were the comments heard:

Elizabeth Kimble: "It wouldn't hurt some of us to be moderated a little."

Mamie Bohn: "It doesn't affect me in any way."

Gladys Cady: "I go to bed too early to be affected by it."

THEY USED THEIR HEADS AND THE SUGGESTION BOX



Mae Wilson



Jack Stanton



Gene Bartholemey

Six Eimackers shared in an accumulated total of \$80 this week when ideas submitted by them were recognized by the suggestion group as production improvements. The submitters were rewarded accordingly.

Dave Jackson, Bill Brogden, George MacKender, Jack Stanton, Mae Wilson and Gene Bartholemey were the employees who received checks for their "improving production" thoughts.

Dave Jackson, foreman in the Grid department, was top winner. His suggestion regarding the designing of grid mandrels was worthy of a \$25 award. Its application to the production of grids has definitely improved the operation.

George MacKender and Bill Brogden, both of the Receiving department, got together to devise an apparatus for the breaking of rejected glass in Pre-Inspection. They came up with a device which has speeded up the job, as well as cut down the safety hazard of flying glass and

glass dust. They each received checks for \$10.

A specifications dial, a picture of which appeared in the industrial edition, was the brainstorm of Jack Stanton of Inspection. His idea, reminiscent of an enlarged telephone dial, netted him \$15 and is now used in many departments.

Mae Wilson of the Chemical department wasn't satisfied with some of the jigs that she used in nitrating 527 blanks. As a result she came up with the suggestion that a scissor-like holder be used in the operation. Net result: Her idea is in use; she received \$12.50.

Gene Bartholemey, a consistent suggestor, presented a thought regarding a jig to be used in basing operation. Its practicability was recognized and merited a check for \$7.50.



Dave Jackson



Bill Brogden and George MacKender

Cost gang in new home



Aileen Bennett moves, too



Fred Steffen helped move things along



Beryle Larson divvies up the cake while Billie Parsons, Shirley Lawrenz and Bill Dixon see that she does it right!

'TWAS A VERY MOVING WEEK

Spring has sprung
The grass has riz
Wonder where the flowers is?

There were flowers aplenty, and cakes too when the Cost Accounting department moved Monday to join Materials Control in the new enlarged office. It was a real gala occasion!

Spring and moving! Lots of other Eimackers have been at it, too. The empty gap left by the cost gang was taken over by the Billing and Credit department and the microfilming equipment and crew moved into the former Credit office.

To complete that one cycle of shifting, the partition in the Service Bureau which once separated the microfilming activities from the Service Bureau bedlam has been knocked down.

Another change came about during the week, also. The Photography department started hauling its equipment into the rooms formerly inhabited by the Medical department, and behind the main office some new things are going on—a new refuse disposal action is in the making!

What a week! What next?

In the foreground are Skeets Jones, Charlie Wallace, Frances Crocke and Olga Fethbroth, partaking of the cake 'n stuff served at the christening of the Materials Control office



What's Cookin'

By Verna and Irene



"Today when a man bites a dog it isn't news—it's lunch."

Recipe of the Week

Cheese Pie

1 1/3 cup milk	1 baked pie shell
1/4 cup flour	1 scant cup sugar
1 1/2 cup cottage cheese	2 eggs
1/3 cup lemon juice	1/4 cup butter or other shortening
1 tsp. gelatin dissolved in lemon juice	1 tsp. grated lemon rind

Method

Heat milk, add slowly to combined sugar and flour. Return to top of double boiler and cook mixture until thick, stirring constantly. Add egg yolks and cook until mixture thickens. Add cheese, lemon juice and rind and shortening. Pour into well-baked pie shell. Cover with meringue and brown in a slow oven.

—O—

There are still changes taking place in the Cafeteria. We have a brand new lady. She is Julia Willbanks who will have charge of the refreshment trucks. Tillie Hendry is to be in the downstairs dining room, Nina Gruenberg has been working on swing shift, Alma Kaasa on days, Ella Adams will alternate with Anna Kolte at the desserts, Tom Jacobs left and John Gastori worked swing last Sunday.

—O—

Chris Campbell was off work because of illness for a few days. Vivian De Long had to have a tooth pulled and it got her down. Verna Keegan got a call that her sister-in-law had fallen and broken her hip.

—O—

Tillie Hendry's son, Byron, is home from the South Pacific, so she took some time off to be with him. He is a staff sergeant and has been away for about three years. Glad you had this chance to be with him, Tillie. (See pic above.)

—O—

Several of us have been down to Redwood City to see "Mac" Charlie McBride at his new restaurant. It's a nice little place and the Macs are doing well.

GLASS CRACKS

by Estelle

What have the bears got on the Stem department? Nothin'—The Stemmers are in hibernation, too. No news, no scandal, no fun!

—O—

Gone is the little red Austin that so faithfully deposited Eileen Williams at the guard house every morning. What now for transportation? Bicycle, burro, piggy back or ye ole thumb system?

—O—

What is this power Carl Berg has over our poor little Pudgy Muller? Last month he made her help move his furniture and now he stands over her with a club to see that she folds those three cornered gadgets right for his new baby. He's lucky to have a sis-in-law like Pudgy, methinks.

—O—

Flowers from England, no less. Sylvia Harkins received a lovely bouquet from her husband on her birthday. Congratulations, Sylvia.

—O—

Vic De Piero, now has a legitimate excuse for haunting the nurse's office. He cut his finger! What's the attraction out there, Vic?

—O—

Lee Rogers presented his wife with a new piano on their eighth wedding anniversary. Now for a good piano teacher.

Mary Matulich simply hates Mondays. "Can't we just skip them," says she. Well who wouldn't like an extra day—remember the good old days?

—O—

"Man bites dog," or "the case of Dave Book versus the landlord." It seems Dave was given a week to vacate his apartment. However, through some strange quirk of fate several days after he was told to leave, there came a knock on the door. It was the landlord announcing that David didn't have to move after all—he would move instead. Amazing, what?

—O—

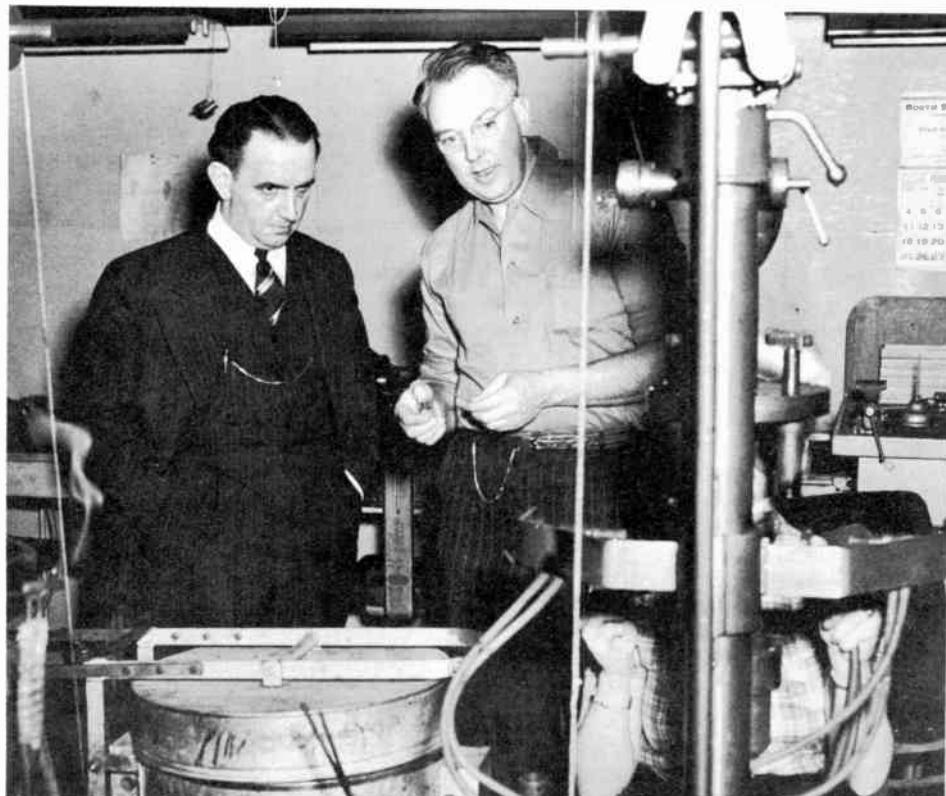
From radio tubes to the "mike"—our alumnae, Jack Carver has turned announcer. He broadcasts over a station from San Luis Obispo—and I thought he was the quiet type!

—O—

Most any afternoon you can see Al Bertetta beating the good earth to pieces, getting in form for the opening of the San Francisco golf tournament. We've got our dough on you, Al.

—O—

Overheard while passing through the guard house door last week—Reece Cruikshank talking Palmer Evarts into a round of golf. We understand they shot several greens in par, too.



Verner Jensen, Eimac's Pacific Northwest representative, was concentrating deeply on stem machine information Hank Brown probably was giving him



Bound copies of the Eimac News and their recipients were in the Service Bureau this week. Alice Waldo, Bernice Apple, Jean Tiffany, Shorty Walrod, Ann Clark, Lorraine DeMartini, Ernie Loewy (in background) and Al Stoddard are waiting as Lou Nichols passes 'em out and Vesta Latendorf checks a list.

RECLAMATION CUT UPS. . . by Bette & Marie

Due to lack of news-bits last week we were unable to submit a column but thanks to Marie Yoest, who is cooperating with me (Bette) we bring you the following—Things we enjoy in our department:

April Wright's dimples and school girl complexion.

V-Mail (CONTINUED)

The town near here—it had to be shelled—is in shambles. It is a pretty little town with churches, municipal buildings and even a railroad. It was our first sight of civilization in 14 months and it was a beautiful sight in our eyes. I have taken a few pictures which I'll send as soon as I can.

The people here speak good English—as good as we do. They have an accent, but they are easy to understand. They are the most polite people I ever saw and are always smiling and waving to the troops. Some of the girls are very nice looking, but very shy. We don't bother them as they might get the wrong impression and we are trying to make them forget how the enemy treated them.

My letters are going to be few for awhile since we are only off six hours in 24. Things will be like this for a couple of weeks. Guess that is all for now. Enclosed is a souvenir—Jap invasion money.

Pauline Cunha's friendliness and fine sense of humor.

Gladys Davis' always good disposition and waving to her children.

Rose Caccamo's pretty smile and rhumba dancing.

Ernie Loewy's wit and the way he wiggles his ears.

Bill Gust's casual "love" for us all.

Marie Yoest's love for Bing's records.

Gertrude Huggenberger's original "Are you having nose trouble?"

April and Don Wright celebrated five months of blissful marriage by having dinner at Auten's in Palo Alto last Saturday night.

Call it "movie struck" if you like, but yours truly (Bette) and Jean Dallas really set a record for attending shows last weekend—four—and all grand movies, too! I'm still sighing over Joe Cotten and Gary Cooper.

Marie Yoest was made quite happy when she got a long awaited letter from her brother, Master Sergeant Larry Riddel, somewhere in Germany. . . . Rose Caccamo was reading a letter from her brother, Sergeant Ralph Caccamo, who is in France when suddenly Flora Fumagalli shouted, "Look, your brother is a staff sergeant!" And sure 'nuff, Rose looked on the envelope and there it was. Ah, these modest boys!



By Stella

Has anyone noticed that Bill Tallmon does not chew gum anymore since he went to see the picture "Laura?" What made you change your mind, Bill?

The welcome mat is out for Harry Muehlman who came on day shift Monday. We are glad to have you.

Valentine's day was a very happy day for Ruth Walrod's two brothers. They are in the USN and had not seen each other for four years. On St. Valentine's day they met and of all places—in the middle of the South Pacific! Oh happy day, eh Ruth?

Phylis Davison has been entertaining her brother who has been out in the South Pacific for the past 18 months. He was awarded the Purple Heart.

A familiar face has been missing from this department for the past two weeks—the face of Ed Blanchard, who is working temporarily at the Training Center.

Well gang, I went snooping around this week for hobbies and this is what I found. Hope you won't mind:

Lorene Villanueva: Men—"Bless 'Em All")

Alice Waldo: Letter writing—"Wonder When My Baby's Coming Home?")

Ida Cebalo: Dancing—"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie")

Babe Spediacci: Baseball—"Take Me Out to The Ball Game")

Ruth Walrod: Baking—"Patty Cake Man")

Phylis Davison: Gardening—"Potatoes Are Cheaper")

Helen Van Ness: Sleeping—"Lazy Bones")

Ray Osborne: Guns—"Lay That Pistol Down")

Bill Tallmon: Radio—"Over the Waves")

Ed Blanchard: Music—"I Got Rhythm")

Ellen Mock: Flowers—"Tip Toe Thru The Tulips")

Ruth Thill: Sleeping on the bus—"Sleepy Time Gal")

Art Lustig: Gardening—"Don't Fence Me In")

Evelyn Brazil: Knitting—"Knit One Purl Two")

Harry Muehlman: Dogs—"Get Along Little Doggie") You know what we mean, Harry.

Plate Tattler

By Tiff

February 9 (she wouldn't give out the year), was the date Ida Wooley was born. Therefore, when the ninth rolled around the gang gave Ida a birthday cake. With the cake went our very best wishes for many happy returns.

—o—
Swing has had two birthdays so far this month—those of Betty Bonk and Fay Nourse. To celebrate the occasion, several of the girls went to Club Lido. Those enjoying the fun were: Vila Harris, Marie Garmen, Ann Kennedy, Betty Lieberknecht, Freda Brown, Betty and Fay.

—o—
Lloyd Walrath, who we hadn't seen since he left Eimac to join the Navy, visited the plant last week. He is now stationed at Treasure Island. We were both surprised and glad to see Lloyd, and hope he will be around for awhile.

—o—
Three lives were made happier this month. Willie Larson's and Maxine Korb's husbands returned home after nearly two years away in the service, and Vila Harris' son who was away 10 months, also came home.

—o—
"Baby Face" Bertie Smith, alias "Campbell Soup Kid," and Bobbie "Ambitious" Stetson, were taken Monday afternoon by Henry "Villain" Rideout, and Glen "Angel" Olives in a game of shuffleboard. Seems there was a big bet on (5c) and the fellows' pride at stake, so they really made fast play of the game. In fact, three minutes after the game started, it was over, and Henry and Glen were a nickel richer.

Weekly Eimac Merry-Go-Round

By Pere Drewson

(Minor Allen S. Robert on leave)

Eimac's swing shift employees were administered a stunning blow by War Mobilization Director Jimmy Byrnes when he announced the request that amusement establishments close at midnight.

Complete abolition of the swing social functions was not a consequence, although the edict did send the social committee to its knees for a nine count.

Under the latest innovation juke box dances are virtually out, unless they can be arranged on Saturday nights. Bowling, other than that done on Friday afternoons, which usually lasted far past midnight, is definitely concluded for the while, as the Bowling Proprietors Association issued a statement to the effect that it would conform to the mandate.

What's left for swing? Well, there's the regular once a month movies and the card parties. Consequently, with such a confined "after work" choice of leisure, swingsters presumably will get an abundance of sleep.

Representative Carl Berg of Glass, chairman of the swing social committee, stated to an agent that his committee will do its utmost to devise and make available additional "energy-expending" events.

The day shift social functions investigating committee had its dance at the Palace hotel all ready for April 6, but now things are in an uproar. Telephone wires are buzzing to find out what the hotel's stand on the curfew will be, as well as the orchestra's.

Offhand, it looks from here as though the dance will commence earlier, say about 8 or 8:30, and will break up at midnight.

On Tuesday of this week an announcement in the Daily Bulletin brought forth a volume of names of people interested in taking active part in the athletic program at the Burlingame gymnasium, now under the auspices and supervision of the S.M.J.C. Adult Center. A completely new program, with a variety of activities, has been arranged and female Eimackers are going to take advantage of it—or so it seems at this time.

Undercover agents have reported that "taking off the hips" is one of the major attractions at the adult center.

A bowling match was held between day and swing recently, and day emerged victorious, taking two games. Following the game, a party was held at the home of Jenny Dolezal. It's hard to say which

room held the most interest during the evening; the kitchen, with the game of matching nickels, and shooting "crap" or the living room where the "rug cutters" were going to town.

A Year Ago This Week

The Medical department and Service Bureau joined forces to try to find out how many Eimackers had been vaccinated, and how many employees would like to be vaccinated if such a free service were made available.

Hotel St. Francis' Gold Room was the location chosen for Eimac's St. Patrick's day dance. The usual time, dress and admission price were announced.

Eight Eimackers responded to an urgent call from the Red Cross to give blood at the South City donor unit.

Nearly 600 income tax returns were filed by the Income Tax service bureau during the three-week consultation period. (See pic.)

With four weeks to go in the day shift bowling league, Assembly was five games ahead of the second place team, Machine Shop.



A New And Versatile Character -- U.P.A.N. Atom



(Editor's Note: The following letter introduces diminutive Ulysses Patrick Anopheles Nicodemus Atom, a recent addition to the Production department. Because of his small stature he is serving in a specialist capacity and will aid various departments as his services are required. "Upan," as he is called, will write a letter every now and then about his activities here at the plant. The following letter was written to his married sister, Millie Ampere.)

Dear Millie:

Hey, remember that white building by the S. P. Depot in San Bruno that used to have the bomb shelter in the middle of the yard and we never knew what it was? Well, I know now—I'm working there effective immediately.

Lemme tell you the rigamarole I hadda go through to get hired here after the

WMC sent me. I thought I'd better phone first so's I'd be sure to have somebody see me.

Well, the first thing that happens is that they have me talk to the women's counselor, Jeanne Bost. Just because my voice is high pitched they think I'm a lousy female—no offense meant, sis, but it burns me up! I shoulda been crossed with a bull frog!

After she lets me tell her my whole story and I spell my names all out for her, she says, "Oh, you don't want me at all," and switches me over to somebody named Giddy or something. I go through the same routine for her and I'll be doggoned, this Bost dame didn't tell her I was a man of the male species and I again spell out all my handles before this one gets the drift of things and switches me over to a guy who finally gets things straight.

I had to come down to the guard house and it seems I didn't get his name right and the guard gets a big drive out of it when I ask for Al Skelton.

"Skelly," as they call him, takes down all the data, calls a few guys and finally gets me located in the Production department as a "trouble shooter" and takes me over to meet my new boss, Rad Leonard.

Just as we get to the Production office, the door flies open and all I see is two blurs and the wind from these blurs catches me in a sort of backwash and I get sucked into the Chemical department under a bunch of sinks and stuff. "Skelly" comes to my rescue and explains that the big hurricane was caused by a couple of "big shots"; George Wunderlich and Gordon Howes, and that they are always in a

hurry. I'll say that they sure are in the right business—vacuums.

Oh yes, first we went to the Service Bureau and they gave me some books, took my finger-prints and tried to take a picture for my badge, but because I'm so small they took me over to the Lab where "Buck" Rogers (not the one from the funny papers) gets me under a photomicrograph and gets a horrible reproduction of my puss.

Finally I get to meet Rad and he hardly says "how do" before he asks me if I can go to work right away. They are having some trouble in one of the departments and he wants me to help "take a reading" on it. (Whatever that means.)

Well sis, I gotta get some sleep now. I'll write again soon and tell you what a hectic time I had on that first job.

Your loving brother, Upan.



HOW NOT TO GO TO WASHINGTON

Sometimes life is more discouraging than somewhat!

Ray Howe and Jim Pollard hopped on a plane last Saturday night headed for a one-stop flight to Washington, D. C., where they were to meet Bill Eitel on Monday, and they flew right into a peck of trouble.

First off, the plane got off its course because of the weather. The regular route was closed in by the weather and the field where the plane was to land instead was also closed (same reason). There was only one alternative—Salt Lake City.

In Salt Lake at two o'clock Sunday morning, all flights were grounded, no hotels were available, and Jim and Ray had to sleep in the plane. They awoke at 8 a.m. expecting to get going, but the take-off was first postponed, then cancelled.

They called Hew Wilson, of the Salt Lake plant, who tried to get them reservations on a fast train headed East which would get them to Washington on time, but to no avail. The only reservation they succeeded in cornering was one for home on the 6:30 train Sunday night.

Having several hours to kill, they finally landed a hotel room and whiled away the time chewing on chicken sandwiches (the only food they could find in Salt Lake on Sunday) and partaking of a little comfort from a bottle they found in Ray's bag. They had been driven to drink!

As Ray put it, they just had a week end trip, covered a lot of miles, accomplished nothing, seriously damaged their dispositions and to add insult to injury—got back on Monday morning after missing but two hours' work!

Filament Fancies

By Marjorie and Barbara

"Never say die" . . . must be the slogan of Aldene Shook and Izzy Cummings. Last Tuesday they went to the S. F. beach on Aldene's motorcycle. They had such a good time that they decided that the far-off town of Hollister would be the next place to go and go they did on Sunday. They had wind, rain and hail in their hair. Everything went all right except that on the last lap of the stretch home, a stop signal stopped them—and the motor. By that time Aldene was too tired to give the starter the hard kick it had coming, as was Izzy. A soldier came to their rescue and at last they arrived home safe and sound. Monday morning saw two tired, windburned girls at work. We envy your stamina!

Vacation time for Barbara Campbell. Or
(See next page)

Lab Notes

By Grace and Ursula

Alice Bussell did it again! In case you haven't noticed the new sign, "Muggin' Area" in the enclosure adjacent the parking lot, Alice will glad to show you. She had quite an audience looking at it from the Chem room.



Marty "Take A Chance" Wolfe invested a nickel in one of those quaint little contraptions called a slot machine. Was he surprised when he hit the "Gold-Star Jack-pot." Ahhhh—that magic touch!!!!



Ben Dailey started out on a journey from San Francisco to his home in San Carlos. He was singing "Rum and Coca Cola" in that beautiful baritone voice when a tire protested with a loud "bang." Of course this would have to happen when he had loaned his jack to a neighbor. Ben hiked for miles (well, several blocks, anyway) and found help. He finally got the car in A-1 condition again. He then started rolling along airing his baritone voice when about half-hour later another tire blew out near the Belmont station. This was too much for Ben so he left the car for a more reliable form of transportation—took the train home. Result: Four new recap!



When Bert Eaves was showing a guest a new project, he was amazed (and so was the guest) to see the mercury roll out on the floor. His face is still red and we're sure Bert will always test for a "vac" after this.

(Continued)

so she thought. But somehow, somewhere, her little daughter acquired the mumps. Having no alternative, she had to postpone the vacation. Better luck next time, Barbara.



Tuesday was Connie Estes' birthday and we all enjoyed eating cake. Many happy returns of the day, Connie.



Madeline West, Connie Estes, Irene Meltzer and Esther Allman had a wonderful time dinner-dancing at the Backstage and Persian Room in San Francisco last Thursday night. They had a reunion celebration for Esther Allman, who used to be with us here at Eimac. She is now a member of the Women's Army Air Corps and is stationed at Salinas, California.



Hawaiian Gardens in San Jose . . . a beautiful and unique place for dinner-dancing. Marjorie Dusto had a grand time there last Saturday night.

Kem Kitties

By Leona

Income tax seems to be the topic of the month. The fact is, the only month we don't have income tax worries are those with an "x" in their spelling. Your income tax may cost you a lot of money gang, but think how it develops your brains!



Eleanor Cunha's new theme song is "Don't Fence Me In"—she's trying to live within the budget John Iverson worked out for her. Eleanor's saving so much money these days, that she's talked Larry DeMartini into budgeting, and now Larry's gotten Flo Cox interested. I can see where you gals are going to save your money! By the time you've got your budget system balanced, it'll be too late to go anywhere. Anyway, now you can tell your money where to go, instead of wondering where it went.



Did you hear the little gal that came into Chem with a bottle in her hand looking for the "spare room?" Ooooh, where she could have wound up, but one of our all-serious-and-no-play supervisors led her right—to the spray room.



Our teaser of the week, Marge Hunt, stationed herself at the end of the line of the Cafeteria the other day, waited 'til the gals took the swiss steak plate and headed for the cash register and then just like "Lil' Audrey" remarked that it was Ash Wednesday. What a sight to see the sad faces as they held up the line to exchange their steaks for the salad!



Back to one canned thing after another, is our Helen Hanson, who has left Eimac to go back to her household duties. Chief bakers, Rose Strakbein, Mabel Willbanks and Eleanor Drew, each made cakes to help celebrate her send-off and the gang presented Helen with a lil' gift.



It seems that we're using too much distilled water these days according to Tom Hall. He seems to think that Ralph Conant is drinking it on the swing shift (little laugh). 'Cause anybody knows that Ralph doesn't drink water!



DOIN'S AND STUFF: Parties and goin'-ons made up Naomi Wilmes week when she entertained her Navy nephew while on leave . . . Grace Mattox is getting tired of being both man and wife of the family now that her husband's been called out of town for a few days . . . Albina Volkman's husband is planning to buy himself an "oatsmobile," so now Albina's in the market for a pair o' boots 'n a saddle . . . Mildred Henderson was seen up Walnut Creek way visiting with

How Many Do You Know?

Here's a little quiz to test your up-to-suffness on the difference between Eimac tubes. Can you match up the following tube type names with the correct semi-silhouette pictured below?

VT127A

304T

35T

UH50

53A

4-125A

(Answers on Page 15)



1.....

2.....



3.....

4.....



5.....

6.....

her niece . . . Helen Clark and Isabelle Corrigan went to Dinah's Shack for a three-hour dinner. Guess it included lunch too! . . . Ethel Canole's son, Brent, has finally arrived home after a year's duty with the Marines in Hawaii . . . Lillian Brennan and Vel Rountree and friends spent their week end partying, which included the Elk's Valentine dance. . . . Gertrude Walker did her entertaining at the Allied Arts in Palo Alto . . . Irene Bianchina's birthday meant hitting the high spots for Irene, Larry De Martini, Flo Cox and Bruna Pera with cocktails and dinner. An orchid and sweater were presented to the guest of honor, Irene.



Offenders Please Observe!

By Beau Linalli

All in all, the bowlers of Eimac are quite polite at the bowling alleys, but it was suggested to me that I mention a few of the seemingly unimportant acts that do bother other bowlers.

First, all bowlers should make certain that they do not start forward at the same time another bowler is doing so. The bowler on the right should go first, if both sets of pins are down.

A few comments have arisen out of the habit some bowlers have of waiting at the foul line while their ball is being returned. The bowler on the next alley may easily be disturbed by this type bowler. Walk back after the pins have fallen (if they fell) and wait until your ball is returned instead of waiting at the foul line.

Don't wander onto an adjacent alley in trying to "help the pins fall." Another bowler might be moving forward.

I've just mentioned a few that were called to my attention, but if any others are on your mind, let me know.

On The Bowling Front . . . by Beau Linalli

It's beginning to be monotonous. Yeah, week after week, I have to write about something the Pump team did. I decided last week not to mention anything Pump did, but after what happened Monday, I must renege.

Pump didn't do anything different—won three games again—but the item that must be mentioned is the series produced by Shorty Walrod. The guy just rolled games of 228, 203 and 224. It totaled 655. It might be proper to mention—just casually mind you—that 655 is the Eimac high series record!

No more about Pump, except that the Fog Cutters were their victims this week!

The Platers and 450's were the only other teams to take clean sweeps. The Platers unleashed an attack on Mac's Outlaws, a contender for awhile, and the 450's had no mercy for the Pummettes.

In the Platers victory, Birdie (Tell me if that's spelled wrong) Smith knocked down 420 pins worth of lumber, and coupled with the 501 series of Hank

Rideout, the Outlaws were outclassed all the way. One game was close. The Platers only won it by about 75 pins.

Vic DePiero smashed the pins for a 207 second game, and had consistent support from his mates in the 450's triple-triumph over the "sweater girls" quintet.

Second place was maintained by the Stockroom as Assembly received for another defeat. Stock is now five games behind Pump. Assembly rolled near its average, but Stock was hot. Not one guy, but the whole team!

Other victorious teams this week were: Lab over Office, Purchasing over Dilly Fillies, Pill Rollers over Hyper-100, Cream Puffs over Punch Press, Carpenters over Pushovers and B.B.B.'s over Traffic Kopettes.

Hard-luck team of the week were the Pushovers. The team lost the first game to the Carpenters by six pins, then lost the second by seven. Scores like that really hurt. After the match, various Pushovers were saying, "If only I hadn't missed back in the third frame, we'd have taken three."

Take a deep breath now! That team called the Stack-a-hots won a match—the second during the league! Construction was the loser as the Hot team took two.

In the orchid department this week belong Shorty Walrod, naturally, Charlie DeLong, Georgia Young, Art Arrigoni and Jo Ann Ehmsen. DeLong had a high game, Georgia was well over her average, Arrigoni hit a 522 series and Ehmsen was well above her average.

I've mentioned orchids, now about the onions. Yeah, onions to a few people. F'rinstance, there's Bob Young's flashy 102 game, Carl Magnuson's stinking 97 count and Art Lustig's overwhelming 109.

Before I shut up for this week, I'll mention that the "As goes Bruggisser, so go the Pill Rollers" theory was blown sky high this week. Louis had a rather mediocre series, but his mates—wow! Ehmsen's stuff has been mentioned, and incidentally is secondary in importance. It was really Lee Woods who blew the lid as she splattered the pins between 40 and 45 pins better than her average in each game. If there's a department better than the orchid department, Lee is in it!



Inez Molick reaches to pay Ella Mae Chandler who seems to be collecting from Lloyd Sloan. No doubt a few strikes had something to do with the deal

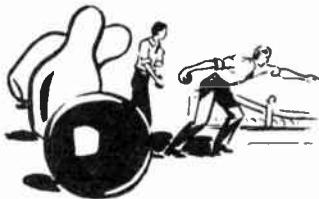


MONDAY'S THE DEADLINE

for you to enter the

"Eimac Doubles Tournament"

\$5.00 per entry



Handicaps for all

BOWLING WILL BE DONE ON SATURDAY & SUNDAY, March 3 & 4



GRID KIDS by Dot & Angela

Kaye Anderson, Mary Harper, Julie Boskey, and Rose Demergasso donned their best "bib and tucker" and attended the baby shower Toni Artal gave for Tivvy Garton in Sunnyvale last Saturday evening.

Toni proved herself to be a "good cook" as well as a good hostess. She served her extra special spaghetti dinner "a la Artal," and it was really delicious.

After dinner the gals gathered around and watched Tivvy open her large assortment of "little things."

The remainder of the evening was spent with the gang asking the Ouiqui board (Toni's favorite pastime) all sorts of questions. It's fascinating the way the board answers questions. I hope the answers were accurate, but one can never tell, can one?

We all said "goodbye" to Irene Einck last Friday. It was quite sudden, though truthfully speaking, we were not too surprised. Irene "ain't" talking about her plans for the immediate future, but we're giving odds it will be wedding bells very, very soon now. Our best wishes are all yours, Irene.

Those pig tails and bows much in evidence about the department last Monday were not a new fad but the result of the "kid party" Mayme Chyle threw before work to celebrate her birthday. Now we don't want any remarks about "you're

getting a little old for that, sis," 'cause it was loads of fun. Oh—to be a kid again!

Birthdays and more birthdays—Lois Bancroft's husband had one as did his cousin and another member of the family (we've forgotten who). Anyway, it gave Lois a good excuse to celebrate in her new home, which, of course, she did by having a dinner in honor of all.

Oh happy, happy day—Ella Mae Chandler and Virginia Davis did something exciting, for a change, over the week end, but please girls take it easy in the future or we will worry about you. Boating, after all, is a strenuous exercise and that water would be awfully cold if your boat should capsize.

Imagine 50 years of wedded bliss. That's quite a record and Florence Allen helped her mother and father-in-law celebrate. Well, Florence, we'll be looking for a golden wedding anniversary from you in some 40 years plus.

Olga Smith has a good reason to be happy. She recently received word that her husband, a corporal in the Army Engineers, is safe and now serving in the Philippines. Along with her letters, Olga received some Japanese souvenirs.

Chartreuse seems to be the dominating

Muriel Klevesahl and Clarence Disney both seem to be at ease during a swing bowling session

color in the Grid department. Practically the whole department turned out in Chartreuse sweaters Monday morning.

Ruth Lipe, a former grid gal, became the proud mother of a six pound baby boy on Valentine's Day in the South San Francisco hospital.

Five Months of Music

Eimac's record player has played 85,000 records since the plant music system was installed in 1943. As each record takes approximately 2 1/2 minutes, music has been fed off the record for 215,000 minutes, or 3,583 hours and 20 minutes, or 149 days, plus a few hours, or 21 weeks and two days, or about five months, or—

Yep, five solid months of music, not counting the music which was wired in from the outside. News-casts and other radio programs are not counted in this analysis of the plant P.A. system.

ANSWERS TO PHOTO QUIZ

No. 1—35T

No. 2—304T

No. 3—53A

No. 4—UH50

No. 5—4-125A

No. 6—VT127A

Sec. 562, P.L.&R.

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San Bruno, Calif.

Permit No. 6

A Navy Avenger takes off still in contact with the carrier by radio

