

# Eimac News

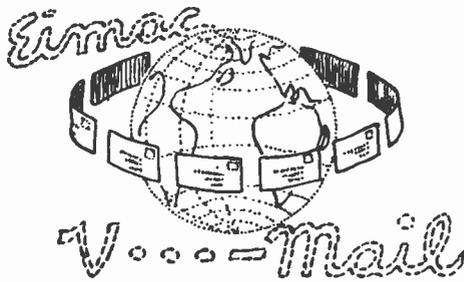
SAN BRUNO PLANT



*Here's An Idea*

(See pages 8 & 9)

March 3, 1945  
Vol. 3 ● No. 19



# EIMAC NEWS

Entered as third-class matter at U. S. Post Office  
San Bruno, Calif., December 11, 1944

RETURNED POSTAGE GUARANTEED

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

Editor	John Nelin
Staff Secretary	Lou Nichols
Associate Editor	Dagmar Rosewood
Feature Editor	Dave Jackson
Society Editor	Kaye Anderson
Sports Editor	Ed Wilkes
Feature Writer	Elinore Rockwell
Photographic Advisors	Dave Atkins and Bryant Rogers
Photographer	Charlie Dole
Cartoonists	Dick Chamberlain, Barbara Matthai, Estelle Jackson and Gene Gallagher
Special Contributors	Leona Moser, Helen Simpson
Reporters and Columnists—	Kay Jacobson, Jeanne Tiffany, Bonniejean Railsback, Sig Johnson, "Shorty" Walrod, Shirley Gurtler, Beth Ludwig, Ginne Oldershaw, Verna Keegan, Irene Webber, Gene Gallagher, Grace Forrest, Sheldon Norris, Stella English, Virginia Damberger, Bette Lewis, Leila Mingledorff, Betty Ferreira, Dot Pigott, Bruna Romani, Vicky Buch, Alice Underhill, Angela Zitelli, Marjorie Smith, Barbara Paine, Ursula Koepf, Estelle Jackson
Advisor	John Van Young

The following is a letter from Leo Mahoney, former Grid department foreman, who is now a private serving with the Army in the Marianas:

Dear Friends at Eimac:

We are now on one of the islands in the Mariana group. We arrived here with very little trouble. The only trouble I had occurred between Hawaii and the U. S. right after breakfast, about the second day out. It was a pretty rough sea and it had its effects. You can probably guess what happened to this landlubber.

We arrived in Hawaii none the worse for our experience. We were supposed to get passes so we could get down to Honolulu or Waikiki. As soon as we arrived we were placed in quarantine for three days, and we got some shots. We always get shots wherever we go. After the quarantine was lifted they told us we were on the alert. So we never left camp except to go down to Pearl Harbor to get on another ship. It was rather disappointing to me not to get downtown. I only hope when this war is over that they rush me home as fast as they have rushed me over here.

We have tents to accommodate eight men and we sleep on folding canvas cots. They are very comfortable compared to being cooped up in the ship for so many days. While we are here we will work at what we are best fitted. If a guy can drive a truck he will probably get to run a wheelbarrow.

Our next move will take us up pretty close to where the fightin' is going on. Some of us will probably go into combat, others may not. It all depends on what and how many are needed.

We see a lot of B-29s flying, headed in the direction of Japan which makes us very happy, because those babies are going to make it easier for us when we get ready to move in.

We can get all the candy and cigarettes

## This Week's Cover

Jack Stanton views his picture as shown in last week's Eimac. His was among those suggestions for improvements which merited being put into effect. See how an idea comes to life on pages 8 and 9.

Page two



Private Leo Mahoney

cigarettes we want, also grapefruit juice. We can get one can of beer per person per day, and on Sundays, too! It is real good beer, too.

We don't have very modern conveniences here as it is a rather new camp, but things are beginning to shape up, as everyone is busy doing something. Our mess hall here is new and clean and cool and the food is as good as any Army chow could be.

The climate here is wonderful. It doesn't get very hot or very cold—stays around 80 degrees with a variation of 10 degrees either way.

Well I guess I had better sign off for this time. Would one of youse guys see that they put me on the mailing list for the Eimac News?

So long for now,  
Leo

The Nazis, formerly full of fight, are now full of light; the Allies gave them "L."

## Birthdays Coming Up

MONDAY—	Anthony Brandtner	Janitor
TUESDAY—	Ann Eckhardt	Plate
	Alvin Christensen	Janitor
WEDNESDAY—	Irv Coutts	Pump
THURSDAY—	Earl Cardwell	Glass
FRIDAY—	Lloyd Sloan	Grid
	Mildred King	Lab
	Frieda Cady	Shipping
SATURDAY—	Ray Hardenbergh	Lab

## W. Mattier Here



Wade Mattier, formerly of Pump, was in the plant early this week while on furlough

# Plant Publications to Be Combined

News of the Salt Lake plant will become a regular diet for San Bruno Eimackers come the next issue of the Eimac News. Effective on that date, March 10, the two magazines will merge and continue as Eimac's employee publication, to be distributed at both plants.

The two magazines will be consolidated to make one magazine of 20 pages. It will be made up in two sections, one for Salt Lake material, the other for San Bruno news. A few of the pages may contain copy concerning both plants.

Both magazine staffs will remain intact, with Lila Harvatin, Salt Lake editor, making up the S. L. pages. Material from the Utah plant, to be mailed to San Bruno in time to meet deadlines, will be included in the magazine with a special fold in order that copies to be sent to S. L. will have S. L. pages in the front section of the publication. In the San Bruno copies, S. L. news will appear in the back pages of each issue.

In the past the Salt Lake issues have been published semi-monthly, whereas employees at that plant will receive copies every week in the future, including copies of the industrial edition.

By combining the publication it is expected that employees of each plant will become familiar with the goings-on and operations at both organizations.



Pictured above are members of the Salt Lake staff, whose "by-lines" will soon be familiar to Eimackers here. Standing are: Joyce Bird, Ray Young, Lila Harvatin, Wendell Emmertsen, Mary Marcroft, Bill Holt, Vera Morgan and John Boud. Seated are: Mary Koopman, Phyllis Turner, Virginia Robbins, Marva Weaver, Helen Johnson, Wayne Haslam, Maxine Brewer, Lydia Peterson and Mel Denhalter

## Beaders' Buzz

By Beth and Leila

The welcome mat is out to Helen Dulea who came to the day shift Beading room from swing. Tho' we know you'll miss your old friends we hope you will like us too.

Well, well, gambling again girls? And what were the bets about? It seems there were some differences of opinion over the date of arrival of Beth Ludwig's husband, Al. Some say soon, some say later. Anyway Beth we hope the "sooners" win.

Everyone is glad to have Delia Nerli back from the Shipping department. We all missed you Delia. Besides, we had an awful time remembering to go down after our coffee and roll in the morning and our juice in the afternoon since Delia always did that for us. Gee, Dee Dee, but you've spoiled us.

Wilma and Earl Reed are moved into their new home, and Wilma is tired but happy. You had better be ready to roll back the carpets at a minute's notice, Wilma, 'cause you have heard of those things called "house warmings," haven't you?

A good time was had by all the Beading room gang last Friday when we rushed Spring a little by going to the beach. They are all cute kids, including Pappy Curran, when they're riding the merry-go-round and checking the fun house.

## Plate Tattler

By Tiff

When day shift came to work Monday morning, they were greeted by Maxine Korb. Max, who is originally from swing, has been on vacation for three weeks and is working day shift temporarily.

Jenny Dolezahl of swing rates with Ida Wooley and Bobbie Stetson of day shift when it comes to talking about her chickens. We can't really blame them though, as we have had some of the eggs from their chickens.

Did you see the identification bracelets Glen Olives made from part of a Jap plane? They are silver with a link band and really nice looking. You're very clever, Glen, but don't go getting conceited!

The shuffleboard games at lunch time are still going on between Bertie Smith and Bobbie Stetson and the champions, Henry Rideout and Glen Olives. The results remain the same—the girls haven't won a game!

## Next Industrial Edition On March 17th

Publication of the March industrial edition of the Eimac News has been postponed from March 3 to March 17 to allow more time for the preparation of material. The regular weekly plant edition appears in its place today.



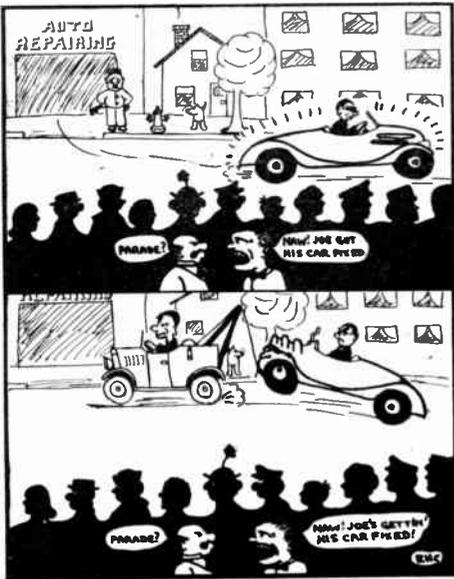
Here's a man who should know about marriage! Frank Edsell and his wife recently celebrated their 54th wedding anniversary

## WAS HIS FACE RED!

"Pride goeth before a fall," it has been said and Joe Curran moaned last week, "'tis true, 'tis true."

One day not long ago, Joe's car came back from a complete overhauling and paint job. All the scratches and dents gone, it was a beautiful sight to see. Joe was justly proud of its shining beauty.

When the following Sunday dawned bright and clear, Joe decided that this was the day to knock all the neighbors dead



in his new glory. Carefully indeed, Joe backed it out of the garage. It would be a crime, thought he, with a shudder, to mar such perfection.

Deciding that the best place to impress people was out at the home of his brother-in-law, George Parks, he made his way cautiously to Burlingame. Joe found, as he had hoped, that everyone was out doing the usual sunny Sunday chores.

With a sweep and a flourish, Joe drove his automobile up the street, accidentally giving the horn a couple of light taps. After covering the block thoroughly, bowing and nodding to all as he sped by, Joe turned, preparing to stop at George's house. While putting all his attention to showing off the car to best advantage, Joe failed to notice George's vehicle likewise parked in front of the house.

The next thing Joe knew, there was a heart-rending crash! When he—and the whole neighborhood looked, there was one fender lying pathetically crumpled in the street.

Consequently, Joe Curran may be seen every morning alighting from the street car—while his gray beauty is undergoing treatment.

Page four

## GRID GOSSIP . . .

Here comes the bride, Irene Einck; here comes the groom, Lloyd Sloan! Yes sir, they are Mr. and Mrs. now. Even as we wrote our predictions last week the Sloans were already wed. Really now, kids, you shouldn't have held out on us like that.

News is a bit scarce this week; however we did manage to pick up a bit over the week end. We must give Mayme Chyle a vote of thanks as she always manages to do somethin' interesting. She and her friend, Dennis, dined with friends in San Carlos, then attended the Crystal Springs Country Club dance.

It looks as though Jeanne Lewis is fast becoming the most popular girl in the department, judging from all those telephone calls our Jeanne received last Thursday. She insists it was only her "cousin," but we know better. Come on now, honey—tell us about it.

Endurance rewards should be issued to Ann Pavek, Rose and Gladys Kalbakdalen. After a day of battling the mobs in the "big city" the trio had the ambition and strength to go dancing in the evening. The girls could only talk about the good time they had at the dance, but we are all very much interested in learning what they brought home from their spring shopping tour.

Dinner and a show was the program

## BILL DIXON IS NOW AT SEA

He's here . . . he's there!

You have to be on your toes to keep up with things these days. Just last week one could have seen Bill Dixon at his new desk in the Traffic department and this week he is off sailing the high seas. His many friends at Eimac as well as his wife, Hilda, are left in a daze.

Bill has joined the Merchant Marine as an A-1 striped officer, acting as the ship's purser. After he completes his first trip he will go to Sheepshead Bay, Long Island for further training. Bill will not be out of place on the sea, as he is anything but a land-lubber. In fact, he built his own boat and his greatest pleasure of civilian days



Bill Dixon

by Dot & Angela

followed by Lee Bartoli on Saturday. Isn't it awful the way you have to wait in line for your dinner when you eat in San Francisco? Of course it does give one an excuse for a little refreshment, doesn't it, Lee?

Dale Bost and Jean Lish had birthdays this week and the department wished them a happy birthday with two beautiful cakes.

Rosalie Deaver, Jean Lish and Julie Boskey have been raving about the "super deluxe" turkey dinner with all the "trimmin's" they enjoyed at June Peterson's house Sunday evening. Say June, we'd all like your recipe for the fruit cocktail with the brandy and sherry—how about it!!!

Jane Sanford is entertaining her brother Lee Day and his family for a few days on their way to Los Angeles. Jane set her clock ahead a half hour before retiring Monday evening so she would be able to do a few things in the morning in preparation for her guests. Unknowingly, her husband did the same, so Jane arose about 4:00 a.m. Tuesday morning.

Rosalie Deaver is enjoying a visit from her father Emmet Deaver of Jemez Springs, New Mexico. This is his first visit to California so he and Rosalie are planning a lot of interesting things to do and see.

was to go deep-sea fishing at Half Moon Bay. Eimackers will remember the day he brought some of his fish to sell—many went home that night with a fish tucked under the arm.

Besides fishing, he greatly enjoyed just "puttering" around his home in Hidden Valley, set back in the San Carlos hills. He was either building a new fence, making a barbecue pit, or playing with his cocker spaniel "Tuffy."

Bill started at Eimac in January 1942 as a cost clerk in the Accounting department and in August 1944 became cost accountant of the cost accounting division.

He was well-liked by the people in the plant as well as by those in the office, and he could usually be found somewhere in the plant where he would be getting information from the various plant foremen and furthering his own knowledge. As a send-off gift, his office co-workers gave him a neat looking purser's folder to be used in his new work.

# Who's Who At Eimac

(Jack Petty)

And he doubles in brass too! Yeah man, Jack Petty, the long-legged guy in Traffic who knows the quickest way to get tube materials here, mans a trumpet when the shadows fall. More formally, Jackson, as he is affectionately known, is stock expeditor by day and head man of an eight piece band by night.

Music influenced Jackson's life early; to be exact, he claims to have taken his first piano lesson at the age of six. Tickling the ivories contented the lad for five years, but after faithfully practicing his scales for that time, other fields of endeavor looked more green. One propitious day he asked his father for a clarinet, and Pop agreed. Faithful to the promise made, the senior Petty went to the local music store and purchased a coronet, which wasn't exactly what the young musician had in mind. When the package was placed in his eager hands, and Jack realized that he hadn't received a clarinet after all, his high spirits dropped with a thud. Tact, practically unknown among ten-year olds, guided the lad however and he decided that his father must never know the horrible mistake. "What the heck," thought he, "Anything's better than the piano." And that is how Jack Petty became a trumpet man.

By the time Jack was 14 and in the first years of Santa Cruz high school he had been playing with local bands for several seasons. "It was a good deal," he reminisces, "I played all summer, made a little money and then had plenty of spending money while I went to school." However, music was still only a hobby



Jack Petty—blows a mean trumpet, yeah man!

with him by the time high school graduation had rolled around, and he decided he needed further education.

Enrolling at Cal, Jack planned a major in languages, with a little business training on the side.

Running his musical interests stiff competition were his abilities as a tennis player and swimmer. On the top swimming and tennis teams at the University, he entered so wholeheartedly in the latter sport that he developed blood poisoning of his feet and was forced to leave the halls of higher learning.

Since he had been playing with various professional orchestras since he was a mere stripling, it was natural to consider music as a full time occupation while he recovered. So—combining work and convalescence, Jack got a job playing with the ship's orchestra on the S. S. Sierra, enroute to Australia. It was a short trip with a lay-over of only eight days, but it whetted his appetite for more of the same, on a larger scale.

All plans were set and in a few days Jack was to embark on a journey around the world, encountering who knows what adventures, when fate or some guiding hand intervened. Interference was run by Jackson's one-time piano teacher, who had branched out into an orchestra of his own. The teacher, and friend, was playing an opening engagement at a large ballroom in Oakland and was stuck for a trumpet player. "Well you know what they say concerning the bird in the hand," says Jack with a smile, "I took

the job with the band and never did become a sea-going musician."

His own orchestra happened in 1935. Actually the formation of his band was the result of a split of Nick Morrissey's orchestra, with which he was playing. They had too much to do; on many occasions were offered more than one engagement an evening. Not wanting to let all these golden opportunities get away, Nick and Jack decided to split so that they could take advantage of them all.

In 1940 Jackson got right in step with the national trend and went to work at a bay region shipyard, continuing with his band at night. The struggle for transportation, however, was too difficult since he lived on the Peninsula and he found it necessary to change jobs.

In August of 1943, fate seemed to take a hand in the affairs of J. Petty by causing him to look out the window of his car as he passed the corner of San Bruno and San Mateo Avenues. Curious as to what the white building on the corner might house, Jack stopped and inquired at the guardhouse concerning employment. Directed inside to the personnel department, he was promptly signed on as a stockman.

One of the few and far-between eligibles at Eimac at one time, Jack paired off with Nadine Stapp of the Spiral Filament department and joined the ever-lengthening parade of Eimac two-somes. Culmination of their meeting was an Easter Sunday wedding, which was a surprise to no one.

(Continued on page 10)





## A Year Ago This Week

Waging an active campaign for donations of blood to the American Red Cross, the Eimac News featured a pictorial spread on the mechanics of blood donating. A group of Eimackers were taken in an official Red Cross station wagon to a mobile center set up in a South San Francisco school. This group was the first of many in the past year who have given their blood through the arrangements of the plant.

The cut adjoining shows the original group at the desk doing the preliminary signing in, before actually giving their blood.

The Crosby-Sinatra controversy reached a peak of excitement at Eimac, with the gathering of a poll on this subject. Highlighted by the now-famous remark, "Sinatra sends me," the pros and cons of the situation were thoroughly discussed.

The social committee was laying the groundwork for one of their hotel dances.

## Reclamation Cut-ups

By Bette

Once again, our Department is complete with the return of Mary Nissen, who was out on a sick leave. It sure is good to have you back, Mom!

—○—

Flora and S/Sgt. Frank Fumagalli spent their first wedding anniversary separated by oceans and miles, but that didn't stop Frank from wiring his anniversary greetings to Flora.

—○—

Gladys Davis has received news that her brother, Cpl. Herb Rideout has been moved to the Philippines. At the same time, Pauline Cunha's brother, T/Sgt. Victor Joseph, has broken that long silence and notified Polly that he is now in France. These boys certainly get around!

—○—

### Continuing—THINGS WE LIKE

Rudy Uribe's wavy hair.

Mary Fisher's blue eyes and her famous "Me-ow!"

Flora Fumagalli's speed and ableness to tell people off.

Evelyn Tunzi's palm reading.

Ruth Anderst's sweaters in all colors.

Mel Provancha's laugh and original stories.

Alice Underhill's unfinished symphony and ready smile.

Mary Nissen's "Our Guiding Light."

—○—

I wonder why Rose Caccamo is so suddenly interested in Pauline Cunha's coming visit to her home this Saturday? Could

## "Upan" Has His Ups and Downs

(Editor's Note: "Upan" Atom, new trouble shooter for all departments, tells more about life on his new job in the following letter to his sister, Millie.)

Dear Millie:

I believe I told you I was looking forward, with great enthusiasm, to my first hectic task as a trouble shooter for Eimac. Yi!! I sure didn't know what I was getting into. . . . These people, namely Rad Leonard and Skeets Jones, expect miracles; rabbits from hats and stuff like that.

Remember in my last letter, Rad wanted me to follow him into the Assembly? Well, I tagged along behind, running at full speed to keep him in sight and finally caught up with him in the Grid Department where he was conversing with Skeets. This is

where my trouble really started.

Here I am, a technical man of great repute, and they tell me my first job is concerned with "Fleas." Believe me, my feelings were plenty much hurt. But I was big about it, and offered to immediately solve their problem.

You see, they make little cages (out of platinum—no less) in the Grid department and after carefully examining one, I concluded that the bars were too far apart to hold any self-respecting flea. To top it off, the cages are wide open at both ends

Rad and Skeets were decidedly unappreciative of my efforts however, and began talking about "low Mu and high Mu." I was at a loss to explain this, as I couldn't see any cows. Just as I was about to remark about this when some big janitor named "Pop" Garrison swept me up into a refuse pile, disregarding my laments, which were screamed at the top of my lungs. Such humiliation, and also such pain. I got badly scratched on some coke-bottle caps and severely mauled, besides being almost tickled to death with the bristles on his brush. The unmitigated nerve of some people—even if he didn't see me.

What with cows and fleas on my first day, the future looks to be anything but dull in this purported vacuum tube industry. I will keep you posted, Sis, but you'll have to excuse me now so I can go change to First Aid and get some new bandages for my wounds.

Your loving brother,  
Upan



it be that Polly and Walter are bringing a tall, dark and handsome man to meet Rose? Well—could be!!

# GLASS CRACKS

SoisAystoDekiDs  
 dOyouoRdon'tyouwaNtdiScolumN  
 OhyeSsaysdEy  
 weLLoksaysSi  
 letShaveAlittlecOoperatioN  
 wiT'dedirTdisHingSEE

First suntan of the season belongs to Harold Boak. He was seen at Rockaway Beach, lying on his back, digging toes in the sand and glaring at the sea gulls.

Gene Pardi and wife spent the week-end in Redwood City at the Owen Cowdell home.

Jack Smith was seen dancing at Lera's 16 Mile House. Later in the evening he wandered over to another spot and lost his shirt on the 5, 10 and 25 cent slot machines.

Pansy Allen has put in a request for larger and softer pillows. It seems she has after-effects from hob-nobbing with the horsey set. S'matter, Pansy, was your horse one of those razor back cayuses?

Helen Rose was the matron of honor at her brother's wedding last Sunday. The groom has just returned from 13 months of overseas duty. The cereony took place at the bride's home in Palo Alto.

## Girls Scream as Battle Rages in Stockroom

What was cooking in the Stockroom and vicinity last Sunday evening—a game or something?

A passerby would have seen Pudge Gilbert and Bill Simons with a shuffleboard in hand, Bonniejean Railsback in there pitchin' with her shoes, and none other than Judge Edwards bedecked with a broom.

In the rooting sections were Dan Daniels, La Donna Dienstberger and Mel Tracey led by their cheer leaders, Fran Murray and Olga Fetbroth.

Now is that a nice way to treat plant visitors? From the descriptions these unwelcome guests were as big as St. Bernards, and as happy as though they had good sense.

When the exciting game came to an end, Pudge and Bill were declared the winnahs, the girls came down from their high perches—and ther, and there on the floor were two dead RATS!!!

by Estelle

# Red Cross Drive

## Begins This Month

DONATIONS WILL BE  
ACCEPTED IN THE S. B.

"If you want to give to the right place—give to the Red Cross." Everyone is familiar with many of these famous words of our fighting men.

March first is the day the Red Cross will open its appeal to the nation for \$200,000,000 to continue its world-wide operation with battle front troops, in hospitals and on the home front.

The Red Cross is expanding yearly. Over ten million pints of blood have been obtained since the war has started and the Red Cross has met Army and Navy requests for whole blood shipments to battle areas all over the world. Millions of surgical dressings have been prepared for front line and hospital use.

Besides training nurse's aides for our overcrowded hospitals, and sending packages to our prisoners in various lands, the Red Cross has met 200 disasters on the home front during the last year. These are only a few of the many services of the American Red Cross.

American men have been fighting throughout the world for a long time, and this year they will need all the moral support Americans can give them.

Eimackers may bring their Red Cross donations to the Service Bureau—and by so doing may bring a "little bit of home" to those boys out there.

Get well wishes are extended to Allen Howes. That goes for Johnny Koski and Gil Byrnes also. It's nice to see Irene Knill and George Bills around the department after their recent absence.

Lou Barnett was a very busy man this week. Having purchased a home in Burlingame, moving day was bound to come eventually. We know what it's like Lou, you have our deepest sympathy, but no help.

Happy day—Pudgy Muller was pleasantly surprised by her husband as he returned from overseas. Gee isn't it wonderful; our little redhead is walking on air and beaming from ear to ear.

Boss-Man Elmer Downey has been catching up on that sleep he lost while commuting from Sharps Park. Now he can catch 40 winks, because he has purchased a new home in Lomita Park, practically on Eimac's doorstep.

Don't blame woodpeckers for the hammering you hear at the Migge home. Fran is adding another room to his house.

IcAntgivebLoodtoDebankdiSweek  
 OnmytouRofneWsexTraction  
 IbEcameaNemic  
 dat'sellyousekids



A joint party, meaning Sandy Sanderson had an anniversary and Pat Warrington, a birthday. Joining the party were: Muriel Cronin, Marie Fiddler, Gert-rude Connelly, Marion Krause, Muriel Musante and Kay Jacobson

# HERE'S AN IDEA

... will help us give the armed forces MORE than enough to win the war.



Mary Harper gets an idea



Mary Bulmer puts the blank in the proper place



Mary Deaton starts the idea through the proper channels



As department head, George Carter wonders if it will work

Name

Dept

My idea submitted

DATE

Note: Keep this stub until notified that your

# HERE'S AN IDEA

that I think will help us give the armed forces MORE than enough to win the war.



Hal Sorg evaluates the approved idea



Edna Granstrom makes up a work order



Respectfully submitted:  
Al Huebner puts the idea into shape



9361

9361

Fran Murray accepts, with pleasure a check for the idea

My idea submitted

Note: keep this stub until notified that your

# Profile of An Eimacker

(ALMA MAZZOLO)

Playing the electric pipe organ may seem a far cry from making radio tubes, but one Eimacker has found that this ability has made her more adept at her war job. Alma Massolo discovered when she came to Eimac that operating a spot welder required a coordination of the hands and feet very similar to that required in playing the organ.

From her other peacetime hobbies Alma has acquired nimble fingers, an eye for fine detail and facility for executing it. She has worked three and a half years in Grid and now does a great deal of special work in that department.

Alma was born in South San Francisco, attended school and graduated from high school there. She pursued her musical bent while in high school, singing in the school chorus, playing the piano in the orchestra and learning to play the electric organ. Interest in art and interior decoration also claimed their share of her attention.

In the summer of 1939 she played the piano for the Milano Opera Company. For a time during the following year she sang classical numbers on the "Ale de Italia" program, broadcast from Oakland on Sunday afternoons. She was continually called upon to sing at weddings and at various entertainments.

When she finished high school, her cousin in Vienna urged her to come there to pursue her musical studies, but she is happy today that she declined the opportunity.

She was married last September and she and her husband are now making their



Wee Willie Stinkie  
Ran through the shop,  
Upstairs and downstairs  
And to the ladder's top.

When he slipped or stumbled,  
Gaily Stinkie winked.  
Stinkie was so carefree—  
Too bad he's now extinct!

—DON MOORE



Alma Massolo—sings, plays and tints photos

home in Millbrae. Turning her abilities to good use, she completely decorated their apartment herself.

Her musical activities at present consist of giving piano lessons, for which her 10 years of study have amply prepared her, and making occasional appearances for her friends. She finds little time or opportunity to play the organ, but she looks forward to owning an electric organ someday.

A recently added spare-time hobby is that of photo-tinting. She began experimenting with water colors on snapshots, studied books on the subject, and with further experimentation acquired her present ability at oil tinting photographs. Her work is so much in demand that she cannot find time for all she would like to do.

Alma is not only a skilled and conscientious worker, but is a popular member of the Grid department. Her fellow workers find her amiable and friendly. Possibly they find that the secret behind that sparkle in her eyes comes from an enthusiasm for life and a genuine interest in people.

—By Helen Simpson.

## WHO'S WHO AT EIMAC

(Continued)

Jack Petty's band has gone right on operating full speed during the time he has been working at Eimac. This, according to Jack, "Is no cinch." Not only does he play almost every night, but as leader he is also responsible for arrangements and scoring. Not many months ago Eimac's social committee recognized their home team talent and got Jack to come to his only plant dance by engaging his band for the evening.

Thus has a boyish hobby and a summer money-maker turned into, during peace-time conditions, a vocation. Jack plans to return to his full time musicianship in the post-duration days. Perhaps, the moral of the whole story might be, "You never can tell where piano lessons may lead."

---

## "JUKE DANCE"

TUESDAY NIGHT  
American Legion Hall

---

# What's What Up Front

By Bette Lou

With all of the moving last week I must have mislaid my column, but I'll try to catch up on some of the news of the past two weeks.

Some time ago Lola Greer, Aileen Weppner, Rita Lindley and Lorraine Overton visited San Francisco to see the stage play, "Fun Time." After viewing the play, the girls boarded a bus for San Bruno, planning to nourish themselves at Uncle Tom's Cabin. On the bus, a sailor asked Lola if she could tell him where to get off in order to find Chestnut Street. After looking at the address the fellow had in his hand, Lola turned to Aileen and said, "Isn't that your address?" It was! The sailor was a friend of Aileen's cousin in the South Pacific. Of all the people there were on the bus to ask, it was peculiar, indeed, that he should have asked them for directions.

Pat Woolley was cut to the quick last week when I didn't mention her trip to Los Angeles. She visited friends there and saw most of the night spots. I might also add that she got very little sleep.

Anne Clark's home was the scene of a baby shower for Anna "Mama" Mack. Many lovely gifts were received by Anna for her little nine week old daughter, Geraldine.

Our mighty mite of the Credit department, Lorraine Overton, left us last week for the wilds of the city.

"Another Indian bit the dust" the other day when Pat Nelson of Ditto fame shook the foundation of the Office by falling not once but twice in the same spot. I guess Pat's new wooden leg isn't as good as she thought it was.

Our editor, Johnnie Nelin, traveled back to Salt Lake on business for the Eimac. While Johnnie is there, he will probably have a chat with his former staff secretary, Glenna McQuiston, now going to the University of Utah.

Faye Smith received the happy news that her husband is back in the "States" after some 14 months of overseas duty. Faye left us last Saturday for Seattle where she will join her husband. Mary Deaton will now do the honors on the "Village Mail."

Lou Nichols is spending this week with her husband. One night last week, they

# Filament Fancies . . . by Marjorie & Barbara

Three cheers for La Vesta McKenzie for three years of service and only absent twice. That is really a record of which to be proud.

Swing shift bowling team blossomed out with nice new green shirts. White letters on the back read "Spiral Specials." We bet they are!

Girls here at Eimac can't seem to puff fast enough or long enough to keep them lit. And we mean pipes!

Once upon a time Aldene Shook arrived at a meeting for motorcyclers three hours late, because the lights on her motorcycle had burned out three times. But last Sunday she arrived at the designated place two hours late without an excuse. Nobody was there so little Aldene saw Golden Gate Park by herself. She still thinks that maybe she's the only one who showed up at all.

We celebrated George Washington's birthday by eating some delicious cherry tarts baked by Nora Brimhall. Thank you, Nora, for being so thoughtful. We also had cake on Saturday because Clara Cross

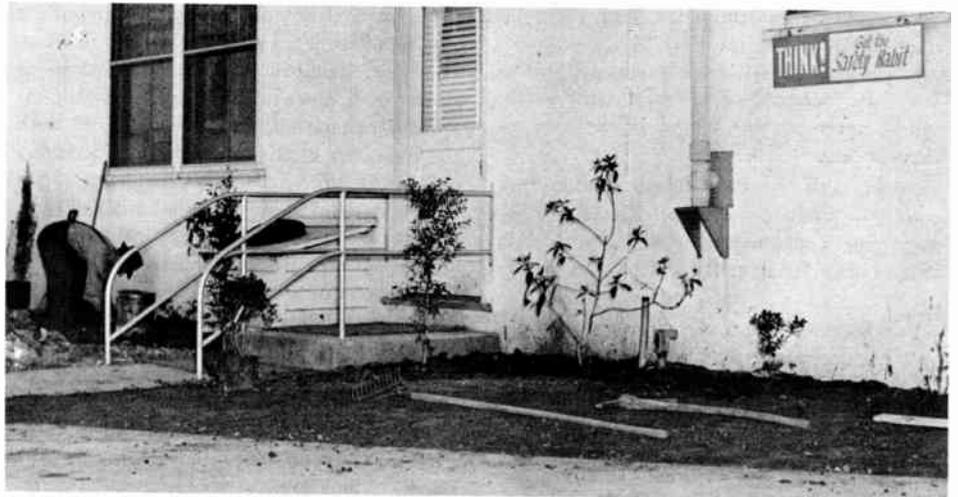
celebrated her birthday. We eat and eat around here.

Seen having fun at the juke box dance last week were Madeline West, Izzy Cummings and Irene Meltzer. The trio had so much fun, in fact, that they join in a concerted hope for a repeat—and soon.

Just because we write this column doesn't mean that things don't happen to us, too. So the next two items will be about us.

From the South Pacific came a letter from Barbara Paine's husband. He remembered their ninth wedding anniversary by sending a check for \$50. Does anyone know what one is supposed to buy for the ninth year? If so, please tell Barbara for she is trying to find out. Here's hoping he is home for their tenth.

Marjorie Smith had a nice visit with her husband, Bill, still in the San Francisco Marine Hospital. Hope he is well soon and that your little girl gets over the mumps in a hurry. It never rains but it pours, so they say. We hope that it rains pennies from heaven from now on.



It's only the beginning! Landscaping is now underway as is shown by the shrubs and lawn planted along the Office building

visited Jeanne and Dale Bost for dinner. Our chef, Dale, whipped up a beautiful platter of spaghetti to the delight of everyone present.

## Odds and Ends or the Leftovers

The St. Francis was the spot picked by Mary Duffy, Eleanor Geddes, Virginia Girard, Aileen Bennett, Jane Smith and Betty McRae for their tea last Saturday. . . . Bill Eitel was in New York and is expected home any day now . . . also Herb Becker is in the South . . . Bill Dixon left last Saturday for

the Merchant Marine. . . . Harold Nation is here from Salt Lake. . . . Microstating has moved from the Service Bureau to the Credit department office. . . . Mike Stack took my typewriter. . . . Beryle Larson is wearing a pug now. . . . Income tax forms are still being compiled. . . . Palmer Evarts is back to work after a bad case of eye trouble. . . . Jack James celebrated another birthday—16 summers and goodness knows how many winters. . . . Hank Brown couldn't think of any news for me, so I guess I'll close the column for this week.



Roberta McMahan explains to John Galvin, Don Fisher and Irv Coutts, swing fire crew, technical points of inhalator



Carl Berg practices, on Art Lustig, the proper method of using the inhalator

## Fire Crew Learns About Life Saving Device

In Eimac's new medical unit there reposes in a closet all ready for immediate use, equipment vital to the saving of lives. The responsibility of getting victims of shock to a place where the respirator-inhalator can be used has been placed with the members of the fire crews on both day and swing shift.

The crewmen met in the medical unit last week for instructions as to their duties at the time of such an emergency. "The importance of getting a person suffering from electrical or any other type shock to the medical unit," Roberta McMahan, head nurse, told the fire crew, "cannot be too greatly stressed."

The responsibilities do not end, however, with the patient under the care of a nurse. Their presence while artificial res-

piration is being administered is necessary. The assisting crewmen are to open and set up the compact black trunk which holds the life-saving equipment while the nurse on duty takes care of the patient.

Consisting essentially of two tanks, one of carbon-dioxide, the other of oxygen and a series of rubber tubes attached to a rubber suction headpiece, the equipment is absolutely foolproof. Crew members assisting are responsible for the changing of the tanks and the regulating of pressure, besides helping the nurse in any capacity she might designate.

Final instructions to the volunteers were for the most part a reminder that because in cases of emergency there is bound to be a certain amount of confusion, absolute team work is essential.

## INSPECTION NOTES

A big welcome to Bob Pearl who has transferred from day shift. We have never seen such a man! He starts at four o'clock with his favorite saying, "I'm hungry, when do we eat?"

—O—

Fran Murray, Elizabeth Piazza and your two reporters found out last Saturday how the Infantry feels after marching for six hours. That is just what we did in San Francisco—shopping. Finally after taking in a show and dinner at Maison-Paul, the evening added up to approxi-

by Helen & Ginny

mately five hours of sitting. That was really going from one extreme to the other. We ended up by going home and soaking our feet!

—O—

Ruby Erickson really looked chic last week when she appeared at work in a black suit that knocked our eyes out.

—O—

Joanne Stumbaugh has been a sick little girl for the last two weeks. We hope she will be well real soon and back with the old crowd again.



This Marine Corps communications unit stands by for orders at radio-telephone sets they have set up behind a low sea wall on the beach at Roi Island, where the Jap airport on Kwajalein Atoll of the Marshall Islands, was located. Tubes for such equipment are of major importance in maintaining contact with other units.

## ON THE BEAM

By Bonniejean & Willi

Helen Dullea, who left swing shift for days, was presented with a beautiful white slip by her former co-workers in the Beading department.

—○—

Nina and Sheldon Norris celebrated their twelfth wedding anniversary on February 23. Florence and Edgar Schoenwald were married nine years ago on the 28th of February.

—○—

There was hardly a person who didn't miss Frank Barnes who, because of a bad cold, missed his first day since being employed here at Eimac in September of '42.

—○—

We wish to thank the Eimac girls who responded to the "call" by attending our last dance and it is hoped that if there are any future dances we may depend upon your continued cooperation.

—○—

Muriel Klevesahl and Elsie Cacace spent the week end in San Jose with Bonniejean Railsback. Those train rides are really fun, huh, girls!

## Over the Stock Counter . . . . . by Gene

Last week was one of triumph for the Stock bowling team. Barney Flori had one of his best nights with the mineralite. Driving home, Barney was mentally calculating his averages and feeling happy with the world. Two blocks from his destination a sputter in the motor of his car told him the bad news—out of gas! The end of a perfect day. But that isn't all to my story. Barney can't figure it out. Someone must have siphoned his tank—he had at least a pint when he started.

—○—

The Stockroom had a visitor a couple of weeks ago in the person of Pvt. Tony Doolin. Tony is a charter member of the Stockroom gang, having worked here more than two years ago. Home on furlough from Camp Pine, New York, Tony is a radio technician for the Signal Corps there.

—○—

No one could decide what it was, so we asked Georgia Young. "It is a crocheted hat," stated Georgia firmly, "and no cracks." Some said it was a doily, others a

pot-holder, one said it looked like the other half of a bathroom set. Not the part you step on when you get out of the tub either. No matter what it was, Georgia is still going to use it for a hat.

—○—

Foiling my contemporary of the Construction department, I have come out of my coma with the aid of a few vitamin pills. We see that even she has noticed the lack of talent on her bowling team. It is a sad situation when they must pick on defenseless women to make a showing. The women, the Koppettes, have become social outcasts in this department. Oh well, I suppose someone has to let Construction win.

—○—

The hirsute adornment on Don McMillan caused quite a stir over here last week. Everyone thought it was dirt and wanted to feel his upper lip. Sure enough it was fuzz of a mustache. Unfortunately all the hair restorer, tonic and saddle soap would not improve its growth so Don washed it off with a piece of kleenex.

# Kem Kitties

By Leona

With spring right around the corner, a lot of our "fair-weather" gardeners take to the soil and "hoe-down." This is the time of the year when both our gardeners and golfers go out in the fields and start their plowing.

Some examples of our modern gardener of last week-end:

Eleanor Cunha, who came to work on Monday "stiff as a board"—from gardening. Eleanor had troubles distinguishing the weeds from the flowers, so put her brain to work and figured that if she cut them all down, those that come up again will be weeds. . . . (What corn!)

Vic Bruzzon decided to make his tasks a family affair because he's found out that a garden is something one can't live off without almost living in it.

Ethel Canole just pattered around in her flower bed.

Flo Cox planted "Four Roses" (to be opened when Riley comes home. Oops, wrong kind). Four rose bushes that she gave her mother for a birthday present and planted for her.

Isabelle Corrigan gardened too—complained that by the time her back was used to it, her enthusiasm was gone.

And Helen Clark, who trimmed everything in sight.

Vern Vincent spent seven hours at gardening—digging post holes for a fence—(search me, he said it was gardening).

Grace Mattox spent her Sunday a diggin' too—he-man stuff!

Lillian Miller's been calling a spade a spade, but plans to call it many more names before she'll get her back yard dug up.

The Moses' garden needed fixin' so Cleta sent Cy out to attend to it (some method!).

Marge Hunt gardened over the week-end too, but has decided that the best way to raise vegetables is with a knife and fork.

Rose Strackbein set her chickens out in her garden so that she could tell which were vegetables.

And in case any of Mother Nature's mysteries have you stumped, Ralph Conant, our No. 1 consultant about such things, will be glad to explain to you about the birds and bees.

With company from Sacramento for dinner, Lu Finch turned out the meal of meals, which was based around filet-mignon steaks. Now, red points spent for the next month, Lu's been trying to get hubby a badge here at Eimac so that they can come in for six o'clock dinner.

Just look what the winnings of a check-pool can do! Eleanor Drew bought herself a pair of shoes.

Page fourteen

# WHAT'S COOKIN'

by Verna & Irene

*"'Tis easy to be magnanimous when others' wealth is stolen."*

## Recipe of the Week

1 egg	1 pint oil
1 tblsp. paprika	1 tblsp. salt
tard	1 tblsp. worcester-
1 tblsp. dry mus-	shire sauce
1 cup catsup	1 tblsp. sugar.
½ pint vinegar	

## Method

Break egg into mixing bowl. Add half the oil very slowly. Start same as mayonnaise. When thick, add paprika, salt and mustard, beating constantly. Then add catsup, worcestershire, sugar and oil alternately until all the oil is used. Add vinegar last and beat until thick and creamy. Thorough beating is the secret of good French dressing.



Elzo Holt, a swing shift kegler, displays her bowling form

Hazel Berry's post-war plans have finally been let out! The Berrys have been looking over the country and have picked out a little valley up Russian River way, where they plan to spend their declining years "ranching."

Such turmoil when Cecelia Grener and family took to spring house-cleaning and decorating. Better take it easy, Cecelia, such a job can wind up taking days, months and even years.

Farewell and good luck to Marge Lage, who is leaving us today to become a lady of leisure. We'uns'll miss that familiar No. 1739 on the "cleaned by" tags.

We had a visitor last week—Virginia Atkinson, former assistant to Lee Woods. Glad to have seen you! Come again sometime.

Nina Gruenberg has gone back to being a housewife again. Sorry to see you leave, Nina. . . . The swing shifters received a card from Joe Barrios who is in old Mexico visiting his parents. Must be nice to see them again. . . . Swing also received a card of thanks from the McBrides for the flowers sent to their opening.

Chris Campbell, being Scotch, takes anything free going around. This time it was an eye infection so she had to stay home most of last week. . . . Alma Kaasa of swing was working days last week. . . . Tillie Hendry came back to work after being off to visit with her son, Byron.

Irene Webber's sister, Mrs. P. C. Oldershaw, was her visitor from Bakersfield. . . . Ada Starkey visited her sister in Salinas this week end. . . . Minnie Stube visited in Windsor, Calif. . . . Vivian DeLong's son, Stacey, was burned in the face when the oven exploded at home. Guess hthat's all of the newer news!

A year ago this column reopened with the present authors. Here is a short resume of the past year: The Cafeteria mothers monopolized the Mother's Day page in the Eimac. . . . Recipes of the Week became a feature. . . . One of the gang, Margaret Scheritz left to get married. . . . Two mothers had their daughters marry. . . . One of the gang was in her boat near Port Chicago at the time of the big explosion and was shaken up.

Candy and cigarettes are now sold in the Cafeteria (sometimes). . . . Meda Young's two sons returned home—one from Whitehorse, Canada and one from the South Pacific. Two of her other sons left for the wars. One is in Europe and one in Hawaii. . . . Tillie Hendry and Alma Kaasa also had sons return from the Pacific. . . . Mildred Wirdzek had one son return from the Pacific and another leave for there. Her youngest son, Albert, is at Iwo Jima. . . . Irene Webber had a son and a daughter leave for the services. . . .

There are 17 of the original gang left not including Lee Woods and Chef Louis. They are: Jennie Morrison, Cecelia and Irene Rich, Irene Webber, Verna Keegan, Ada Starkey, Ella Adams, Chris Campbell, Amelia Hunt, Virginia Zellers, Minnie Stube, Alma Kaasa, Catherine Plush, Vivian Hoyez, Arthur Lochman and Aldina Barbieri.

# Warehouse Wanderings

By Sig

Our congratulations go to George McKender and Bill Brogden on being awarded \$20 for their invention of the glass cracking device. The machine is swell but the 10 bucks apiece looked better, didn't it, boys?

Doris Yola and Nadine Scott went for their crab feed again. The restaurant hadn't opened yet so they wound up at the same creamery eating more hamburger sandwiches. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Last week I mentioned the fact that Gladys Cody sewed a button on Harry Palmer's sweater. If this statement has caused any trouble at home, your reporter is sorry. I didn't anticipate misunderstandings, but we couldn't let buttons run around loose, could we, Gladys?

Harry Palmer, the warehouse janitor, has been off for the past three days with an eye infection. Harry's greatest sorrow is the fact that his attendance record was broken. We hope that at this reading he is back on the job again.

Mamie Bohn is looking for a new home. Anyone who has any information leading to the solution of Mamie's problem, please contact her.

# On The Bowling Front . . . by Beau Linalli

Last week I mentioned a few courtesies which should be extended in bowling, and I must say I was surprised to learn how many readers I have. A number of people jumped down my throat because I forgot to mention one very glaring miscue practiced by many Eimackers—using someone else's ball.

If a person on the opposing team happens to be bowling with a ball you like, find another one! Don't use his. It not only throws the other fellow off his game but slows up the game. Also don't take a ball which someone else has reserved unless you are positive he isn't bowling.

Hmm, maybe I'd better get around to the bowling results.

Pump remains on top, with the same five game lead, by virtue of taking a pair from Hyper-100 while the Stockroom did the same to Mac's Outlaws. George Parks blasted out a 210 opener to pace the Stock

We have been making the rounds of the local butcher shops for ham or bacon without results. Along came Elizabeth Kimble announcing that her husband had picked up a half ham and a side of bacon. If we bring the eggs when can we come up for breakfast?

Ed Costa, out on loan to the Shipping department, is sporting a new car. Hope you have lots of luck with the new addition. It looks and sounds good.

team to a "red hot" 901. The Outlaws came back to take the second game and the boys went "mark for mark" through the last game which finally went to Stock by 10 pins on Ed Wilkes' tenth frame "turkey."

Bouncing back into contention after a three week slump, the 450's three-timed the Pushovers and took undisputed possession of the number three spot. Charlie Dole's 520 series was the clincher.

The Platers lost ground by dropping two to the hard working Pumpettes who seem to practice at every opportunity. Doris Malstrom's high game of 177 seemed to give the Pumpettes that extra "oomph."

Four other three game winners really jumbled up the standings as five teams moved into a tie for fifth place. Construction walloped the Koppettes for three, Office sunk Punch Press for the same, Lab shut the Pill Rollers out and the Cream Puffs took Assembly apart three times with three 800 games.

Now for that "same old names" section which finds Charlie DeLong and "Shorty" Walrod with the two high series, 593 and 586, respectively. Hal Boak, whose handle doesn't seem very familiar here, had himself a 565 series topped by a 203.

For the gals, Shirley Lawrenz took high series honors with 440, headed by a 169. Marian Goodrich knocking 'em over for the BBB's, reached a peak of 161 in rolling up a 427 total.

## DOUBLES PLAY BEGINS THIS EVENING

Eight entries of the 27 entered in the Eimac Doubles Tournament will toe the mark at 6:45 p.m. tonight at the Burlingame Bowl in an attempt to register the highest total, for which a cash prize will be awarded.

Throughout the past few weeks the tournament has been a topic of discussion with bowlers and by Sunday afternoon, at which time the last squads will bowl, it will be known which pair has copped the money.

When the first eight finish their lines tonight, another squad of eight will step onto the lanes to account for their tournament scores. Sunday, 11 entries will bowl, but because of the limited number which signed up for the four allotted times, some of the starting times have been changed.

Handicaps for all entered have been computed, notices stating the starting time and alleys on which to bowl have been distributed.

Eimackers who wish to see the matches may expect to see tournament play going on for three hours on Saturday and a similar number of hours on Sunday.



Jo Ann Ehmsen, a member of the Pill Rollers, checks the rack of pin busting ammunition to find one that will best aid her in knocking the pins about

Les Byrnes at work on the  
new Photography quarters



Sec. 562, P.L.&R.  
U. S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
San Bruno, Calif.  
Permit No. 6