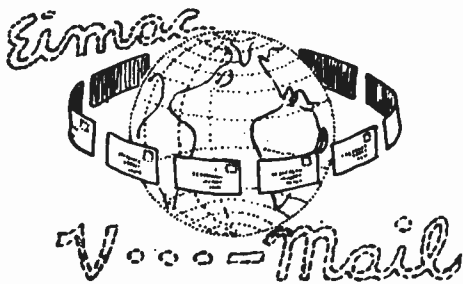


Eimac News



April 14, 1945
Vol. 3 ● No. 25



Bernie Reed's brother, George Esh, CM 1/C, is serving with the Seabees in the Mariannas. The following are excerpts from some of his recent letters:

The Eimac News comes through in good time and a couple of San Bruno kids have them spotted. It's about like a letter from home to them, because they know a lot of the folks who work in the plant.

The old war news sounds pretty good tonight. Maybe this won't be a two year stretch after all. At least we all have hopes.

Tokio must be a hell of a mess after that fire shower they got the other night. It's a great deal of satisfaction to be able to see the B-29's load up and take off and then a few hours later see them come back. I've met a bunch of the boys that fly them—ground crews to pilots and they are a swell bunch.

This group is in a busy spot—all kinds of planes work out of here, and there are very few minutes of the day that you can't see almost any kind of plane you can think of. It is funny to see one of those big boys come in with a fighter escort. Looks like an old hen with a bunch of chicks.

We used to think the P-38 was something. It was! But the P-51 is really a sight in the air—that is if you can keep up with them. The pilots buzz over the camp now and then and come over just above the tents . . . the damn things are ahead of the sound of the motor. As long as we can produce machines like that we don't have to worry about what some other country wants to do.

I'm in the censor office. Not a bad deal so far. We have five officers working with us. The rules tightened up a ways so we can't mention where we are. I live right in the office so I don't see a lot of the old bunch.

We have a nice camp set-up now with two galleys—a shorter chow line and fairly good food. The ship's store is open every day with a good stock of gum, candy and stuff like that. We get one carton of cigarettes a week and two bars of soap per week, but we get two cans of suds (beer). every night either before or after chow. Heck, we're right on main street.

Page two

EIMAC NEWS

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

San Bruno, Calif., December 11, 1944

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

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It was like "old home week" when Roy Micheli, Dick Pattisson and George Guisti visited the plant last Wednesday. It looks as though Bruna Pera and Flo Cox, like other plant employees, were glad to see them. (See next page.)

On The Cover

This week's cover is dedicated to the Fire Crew members of both Eimac plants as this month marks the third anniversary of the formation of an Eimac fire crew (see page 7). Art Lustig, chief of the San Bruno crew, posed for the photograph. He is shown pretending to extinguish a shelf fire, the shelf being a little out of camera range.

Attention: S. L. Keglers!

After we received such a beating from you in the recent bowling match, we feel a re-match is in order. Please consider this the official challenge.

We'd like to bowl on a Saturday or Sunday so our swing shift bowlers may participate. We await your reply.

—San Bruno Bowlers



Will Suttan collects bond pledge cards for 7th War Loan from Filamentals Mary Kulinick, Olivia Bettencourt, Jimmie Mae Bowen and Betty Jensen

"IT'S LIKE OLD HOME WEEK"

"It looks like old home week," stated a Glass Department employee last Tuesday when three former glass lathe operators were visiting here at the plant. Later in the day, a former Pump Department employee stopped in.

George Guisti, well-known to most Eimackers, and Roy Micheli, about whom a story was printed a few weeks ago, arrived late Tuesday morning. While Guisti and Micheli were visiting, in walked Dick Pattisson, who was surprised to see the aforementioned pair. Later, on swing shift, Roger Walrod, former basing supervisor, said hello to his friends in Pump.

George Guisti, a private in the Service

Command, is home on a furlough from a camp in Texas. When his furlough is up, he will return there to continue his duties.

Dick Pattisson was home on a furlough after receiving his commission as a bombardier in the Air Corps, as announced in last week's issue of the Eimac News. Dick stated that he believes he will instruct for awhile in Texas, then go to the South Pacific theatre to perform his bombing missions in a B-29.

Rog Walrod, now awaiting assignment to a ship at Treasure Island in San Francisco, is a radar operator. He received his boot training at Farragut, Idaho, and his radar training in San Diego. He was sent to Treasure Island directly from San Diego.

STAFF 3RD ANNIVERSARY DINNER NEXT WEEK

San Bruno members of the Eimac News staff will gather at the Crystal Springs Country Club next Saturday evening for the annual staff dinner. It marks the third anniversary of the publication, the first issue having "hit the streets" on April 24, 1942.

Arrangements for the dinner will be quite similar to those held last year at the same place. Because of curfew regulations, dinner is scheduled for 7 p.m.

Entertainment of the staff and by the staff will follow the dinner. If time permits dancing will also be part of the program.

Staff members may remember the dinner held last year, at which time the famous "Casey at the Bat" recitation was heard. Rumor has it that a little poem about the pitcher who struck Casey out will take up a few minutes. Mulvaney, or something similar, is the pitcher's name.

Gene Gallagher is slated to perform. However, his contribution (some people call it torture) is unknown. Others who have been asked "what will or can you do" have countered with varied remarks. Therefore, staff members may come expecting to see 'most anything, and in many cases, do 'most anything.

Start Made on 7th War Loan

First indication of activity for the Seventh War Loan Drive at Eimac began Monday when "extra" payroll deduction cards were distributed to all employees.

Reports from the Accounting Department, through which the deduction cards must pass, sound encouraging. The majority of the cards have been returned, most of which are marked with figures that will aid considerably in putting Eimac "over the top" in the drive to meet the \$114,000 quota in Series E war bond purchases through the next three months.

An Accounting Department member stated that "if the cards not yet received are similar to those we have already collected, we'll not have too much difficulty in meeting the quota. Of course, we must have a fair number of cash purchases in order to offset the deductions of employees who cannot meet the \$150 per employee average."

If the quota is to be met, the average purchase per employee must be \$150 worth of bonds during the three month period. The sum is cash value, not maturity value.

Employees will be kept informed of the progress of the drive at Eimac by the bond thermometers which have been placed in the courtyard. The rise of the thermometers will be registered each Wednesday, according to the amount of bonds purchased during the week.

Bonds may be purchased for cash in the Office, between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Coyle Collins Writes From India

Coyle Collins, an employee of the Eimac Laboratory prior to his induction into the Army in April, 1943, is now stationed in India. A letter, received early this week, tells of his new location.

Upon entering the Army, Coyle became a member of the Signal Corps, attending radio and radar school. He graduated from both schools and then, because of his athletic ability, was made a physical training instructor. Later, in the early part of December, 1944, he was shipped overseas as a radio operator.

"India," writes Coyle, "is a land of strange customs and religions. A white man from newer civilizations can't comprehend the Indians, nor their inability to progress."

His comments regarding Eimac products were very complimentary. He says, "Wherever I've been I have seen Eimac tubes at work, and praise for their ability to 'take it' seems to be the theme song."

Special salutations from Coyle were directed to the Lab gang in particular, Eimac in general.

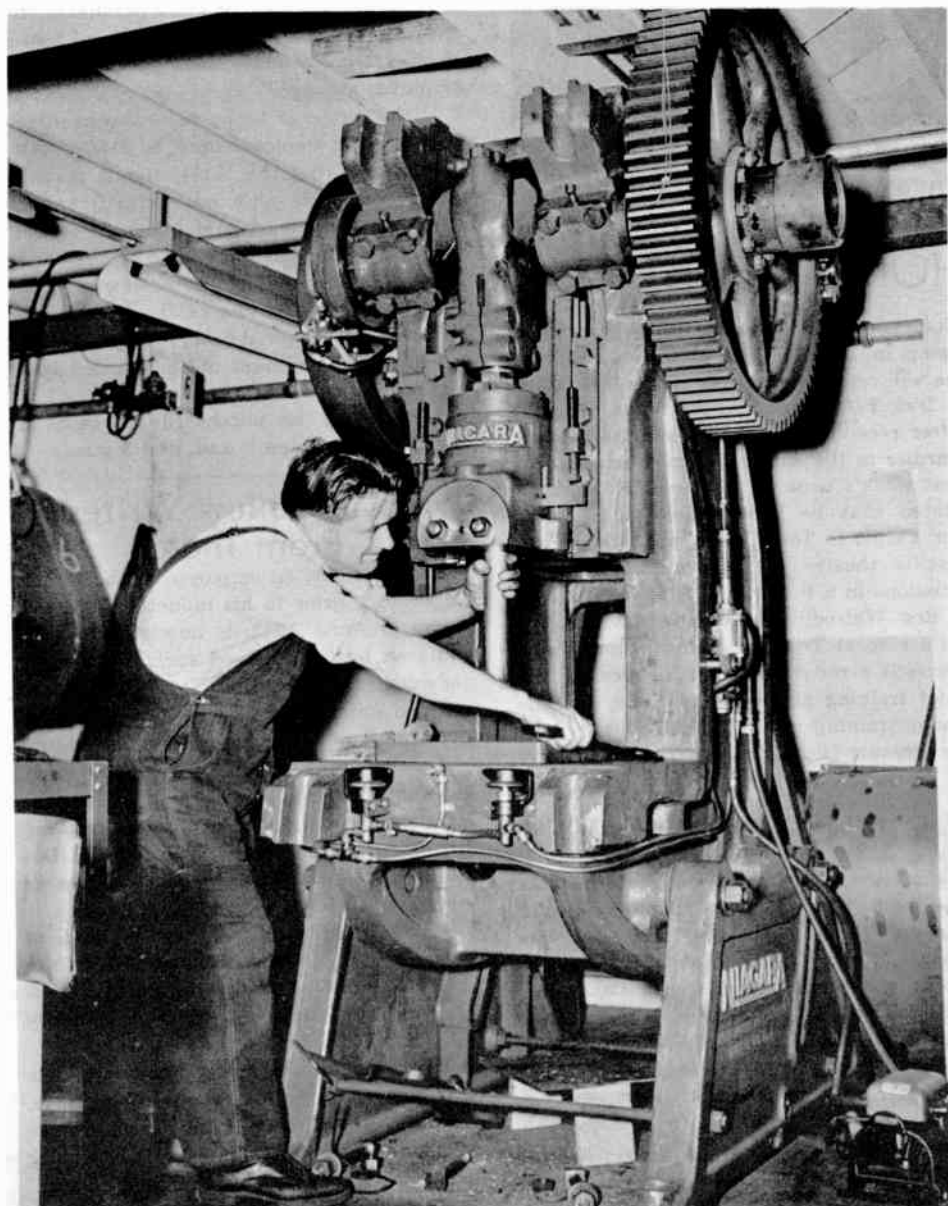
San Bruno Plant

IT'S A BIG THING— THAT NEW PRESS!

Recent tube development and design have made necessary the addition of heavier drawing and forming operations to the long list of Punch Press Department operations, thus prompting the purchase of a new press which is now being installed in that department.

Late last week the new piece of equipment arrived and it has been in the process of being equipped throughout this week.

The new press stands out like a sore thumb, as it dwarfs the standard presses completely, in both size and pressure. It is approximately four times the size of the standard presses and will perform in one operation certain jobs that required two or three operations on the regular presses.



The enormity of the new press which is being installed in the Punch Press Department becomes obvious as Leonard Gilchrist works on it

San Bruno Plant

GIL BYRNE TO BE MERCHANT MARINER

Gil Byrne of the Glass Department handed in his badge early this week and left to go into the Merchant Marine. He departed so quietly that no picture was taken and the adjoining picture from his identification badge is used—with apologies.



Gil Byrne

Gil has been an Eimacker since February 10, '41 and during most of the time he was a glass lathe operator. Prior to his coming to Eimac, he worked for his father, who owned a hardware store in San Jose.

Just what Gil will do in the Merchant Marine is not yet known, but he is reporting to Catalina for training. With this comparatively old timer, go the good wishes of his fellow workers.

Grid Gossip

By Angela

The "Five Spares" never say die. They faced the Grid Kids again at the Burlingame Bowl last Wednesday for another exciting and noisy game. This time it looked as though they would walk off with two wins—that is, until Ralph Downey in the very last play of the game scored a strike. Not even the threats of a "work strike" by the "Five Spares" would stop him, so 10 points and Ralph Downey did the trick for the Grid Kids. We must also give honorable mention to Lee Bartoli who, along with Ralph, bowled a 200 game.



Last Saturday, "Dude Martin" came to town (San Mateo) and the Grid Kids turned out to the "hillbilly jump. Before the "ball" the Lloyd Sloan's held open house. Those of our department who sampled Lloyd's

punch were: Jeanne Lewis, Mayme Chyle, Rose Kalbakdalen, and Mae Jordheim. The girls tell us that the punch was indeed good.

For the rest of us, Saturday was another day with nothing out of the ordinary taking place. For instance, Lovine Fisher attended the movies. . . . Florence Allen went to the City and to a show. . . . Mary Pacheco scrubbed floors. . . . Lois Bancroft claims she just relaxed. . . . Ralph Downey was up until 4 a.m.—painting the kitchen!

A Couple of Proud Cookies Are They!

There's an epidemic around here folks, but don't be alarmed—it isn't catching. It's only a baby barrage perpetrated by Bill Gust and Don McMillan.

For the past couple of weeks as Don McMillan strolled into the Stockroom at seven in the morning, the question that greeted him was, "Anything happen yet?" Don's reply was always a slow sleepy shake of his head. The reason for the red sleepless eyes that accompanied Don was that he had been on the alert since the middle of March. Then the great day, April 5, 1945, Michael Dwain McMillan made his appearance.

Now the scene changes to the Reclamation Department where Bill Gust is stationed. Here we have a different story with a similar ending. Bill was getting his full quota of sleep because the little Gust wasn't supposed to blow in until the middle of April. But due to the stork-power shortage, William Edward Gust III arrived about two weeks early, April 5, 1945—probably by the same bird that brought little McMillan. This left "Pop" Gust in a total frenzy, but with the strong recuperative power of the Gust clan, William E. Gust II was back at the old stand the next day.

"Look! That's Me!"

Plant Sees Eimac Pic

Many Eimackers saw themselves at work in the color sound movie of the San Bruno plant, shown in the Cafeteria this week.

Via the 800 feet of the film, "Eimac," taken by Buck Rogers and narrated by Russ Higby, Eimackers were taken on a complete tour of the plant, all in 20 minutes.

The camera took the audience from the Training Center where new employees were being trained at the time, through the guardhouse and then into every production department. The tour also included short jaunts into the Office, Lab, Machine Shop, Service Bureau and Medical Department.

Not only did the watchers see themselves as others must see them at work, but they gained a good overall picture of how the entire plant works as a whole. They saw how, from a multitude of operations, a completed tube does grow. In conclusion, Eimac tubes were shown in operation in equipment of a few of the many companies using Eimac products.

Everyone who saw the film spent a very enjoyable and informative 20 minutes and felt considerable pride at being a member of an organization that is tops in its line.

—By Lou Nichols



Beaming like a couple of proud poppas that they are, Bill Gust and Don McMillan exchange congratulations and cigars on the birth of their sons

WHAT'S COOKIN' . . . by Verna & Irene

The G.I. definition of a plutocrat is one who can afford to shave before payday.

Recipe of The Week

Sour Milk Devil's Food Cake

½ cup shortening	2 cups flour
3 eggs (save whites for icing)	1¼ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla	½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda	1/3 cup cocoa
	1 cup buttermilk

Method

Blend shortening, sugar, eggs, salt and vanilla together. Sift flour with cocoa and soda and add alternately with sour milk. Bake in two 8-inch layers in a 350 degree oven, 30 to 35 minutes. Make boiled icing with the two egg whites. Spread between layers and on top of cake.

Joe Barrios has left us and the swing shift presented him with a tie and clasp as a farewell gift. Sorry to see you leave, Joe. We'll miss you.

Alma Kaasa's son, Maurice, is home from a trip with the Merchant Marine. He is a third officer. He will be home for awhile and will go to school. Alma's other son, Laurel, is improving greatly at

a hospital in Santa Barbara. He has had at least 37 blood transfusions. That's something to think about, especially the folks who have been holding back going to the blood bank.

The swing shift has a new lady, Beatrice Matheson, who is replacing Catherine Plush. Catherine is away on sick leave.



Chris Campbell

Others off for sickness were Elizabeth Bandy, who really wasn't sick but who just got a check up, and Chris Campbell. There have been some colds, but nothing serious. Oh, yes, Ray Sands was off too. His cold really did get him down.

Emil Grosso has transferred from cooking at night to the swing shift and a new cook, Leonard Spencer, is on the graveyard shift. Welcome to your new shifts, boys.

San Bruno Plant

A PAIR OF PARALLELS FROM PUMP

By Ann Clark

Mildred Wood



Ronnie Shehab



Introducing Mildred Wood and Ronnie Shehab—two girls who may be found in a far corner of the Pump Department. Although these workers are not heard of very often, they have been doing a vital part in their department since January, 1944.

It is interesting to note how the lives of these two girls have paralleled due to wartime conditions. Both girls have a small child to care for, a husband overseas, and a mutual boyfriend, who at present is the mailman. Each has an avid interest in bowling and belongs to a plant team, and finds her work at Eimac to be most interesting.

Mildred Wood, a quiet and conscientious worker, does pre-inspection work, and really likes it. This job includes the checking of the tubes as they come off the grinders and as they come from the rotary and basing. After carefully inspecting the tubes, she removes the faulty ones and sends the others on their way to the 72-hour test.

Mildred's life is typical of the average Eimac girl. Since her husband's home is now with the Army Air Corps, she spends her day taking care of her two and one-half year old son and doing her routine chores before coming to work on swing shift. Before Mildred moved to California she was a native of Iowa, where she was brought up on a farm.

Somehow or other, Mildred finds time to be an active member of the Vac-a-teer bowling team, but she only wishes she had time for even more sports, for she loves them all.

Dancing rates as one of her favorite pastimes, but for the present she keeps up with all the latest tunes and really has a good record collection.

Speaking of collecting, she has about 125 miniature dogs (of the shelf - variety) — any breed you can name.

Thus, Mildred keeps active and busy, and by working is helping to bring the war's end nearer.

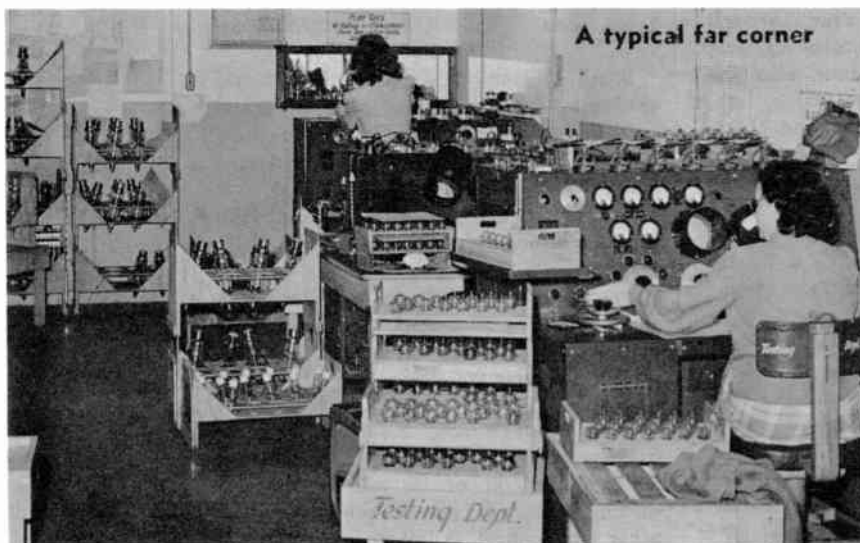
Like Mildred Wood, arriving at 4:30, 'way back in the Electrical Testing Section of the Pump Department is vivacious and likeable Ronnie Shehab. Ronnie receives the tubes after they have undergone the 72-hour test and after she conducts a thorough electrical testing she sends them on to the Inspection Department for their final inspection. Ronnie says, adding that she is probably prejudiced, that she wouldn't trade her job for any other in the plant. She handles a variety of tubes and her job requires concentration which keeps her right on her toes.

Although she considers herself now to be a native Californian, Ronnie was brought up in Brooklyn, New York—but her future residence will be in San Leandro, California, where she and her husband own a home.

Similar to Mildred, Ronnie also states that her life is rather dull and routine at present, but at least it's a busy one—for a two-year old baby girl, a Victory garden and housework all have to be attended to before working hours.

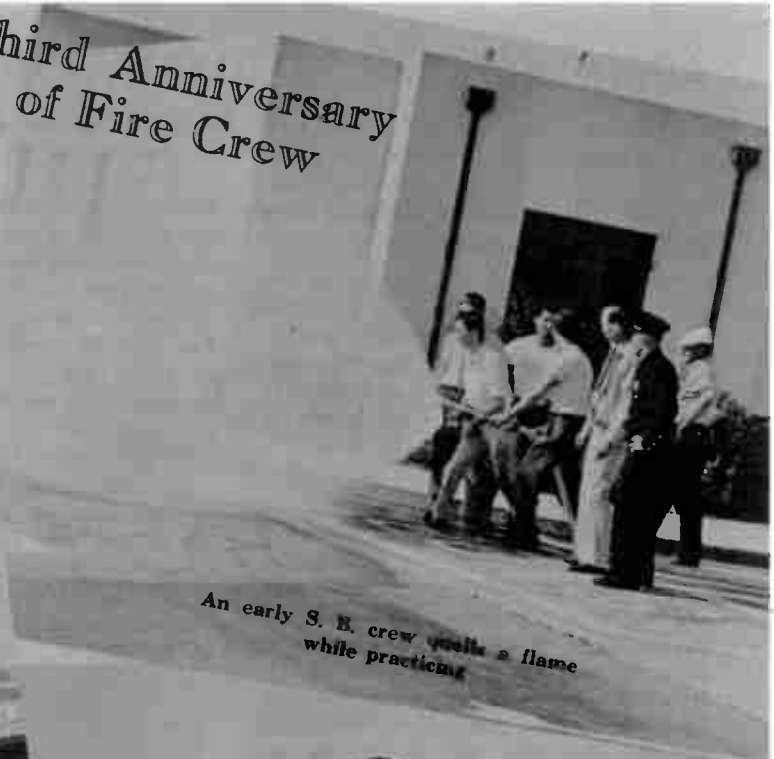
She is crazy about all sports, with swimming rating high upon the list. However bowling with the Lucky Strikers' team is getting most of her attention now.

Since her husband is overseas with the Army, any odd moments are used for letter writing as she carries on a terrific correspondence.



Resuscitator

Third Anniversary of Fire Crew



An early S. B. crew melts a flame while practicing



S. B. fire crew in the old days—
learning to fight fire, first hand



Bert Snyder of S. L. uses a carbon
dioxide extinguisher



S. L. crewmen brush up on
artificial respiration

Three years ago this month the Fire Crew came into being in the San Bruno plant. A few months later, in December '42, the Salt Lake Fire Crew was organized.

Jack Senger, building superintendent, was San Bruno's first fire chief. When he went to Salt Lake he was replaced by George Bird. Membership to the crew then, as now, was voluntary.

The Salt Lake Fire Crew was organized by Fire Chief Pres Dehlin and coordinator George Maxwell. Both are still serving in the same capacity. S.L.'s crew is composed of 20 members, not including the guards who are automatically members. They are divided into four squads, each in charge of a quarter section of the plant.

Art Lustig replaced George Bird in July of last year as fire chief at San Bruno. The S.B. crew now totals 14 and meets once each week. The members on swing and day shift are responsible for the entire plant on their shift.

The two crews differ slightly in makeup but the functions of each are identical. They alone are responsible for the care and use of all fire fighting equipment. It is up to the Fire Crews to make the other employees fire prevention conscious and to carry out preventative measures necessary to eliminate fire hazards. Both S. L. and S. B. crews are constantly learning more about fire fighting and how to coordinate the Fire Crew with the Medical Department in the event of accidents.

APPROACHING GERMANY WITH A SEVENTH ARMY MAN

(Editor's Note: The following story was written by our overseas correspondent, 2nd Lt. Waldo Hunt, now with General Patch's Seventh Army, driving toward the Bavarian Alps.)

The Seventh Army was striking for the complete conquest of the Alsation Plain and an early foothold in Germany proper. Our main objective was a large Alsation industrial town only a few kilometers from the Rhine River and the border of the German Reich.

A tremendous artillery barrage at 5:00 a.m. on the third day of our drive was our signal to dismount from our halftrack troop carriers and press the attack. The roar of the cautiously moving tank columns and the boom of American big guns was almost deafening as we plodded through mire of late fall. Occasionally "Kraut" anti-tank guns and harrassing machine guns turned their fire on our avenue of approach, but there was no stopping the assembled armored might of our force. By 7:30 a.m. the town was secured.

The engineers went to work with mine sweeping devices and bulldozers and all was ready by 3:30 p.m. to continue the pursuit.

We were upon the first village almost before we realized it, because it was only a hamlet populated by less than 100 people. The column continued up the road and soon we were passing through a massive



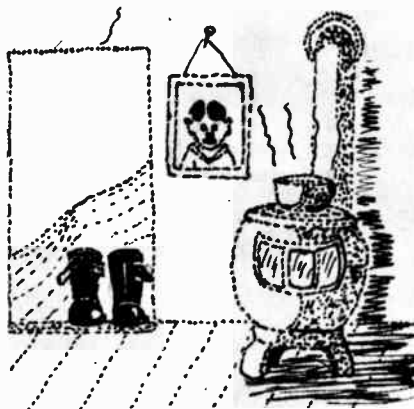
portal that spanned the road and announced to disbelievers that this was it—this was the German border and we were one of the first units of the Seventh Army to reach German territory.

Yes, it all seemed far too easy as we rolled on through two more small towns, and we weren't the least bit surprised when enemy 88 shells began to whistle over our heads and land several hundred yards away. Men spilled from the half-tracks and took cover along the road as German automatic pistol fire added to the confusion.

It was then that our battalion commander signalled for all men to seek cover

in a great fortress-like chateau that could be seen high on the crest of a hill a quarter of a mile to the right of the road. Our entire company of infantry plodded across the newly plowed field as fast as they were able. One of our tanks, affording overhead fire, dropped a couple of 75 shells into the chateau and three little supermen, wearing long German overcoats were seen taking off across the field behind. Just as our squad entered the main portal, shells began landing on the roof and showering us with tile shingles.

We couldn't help but laugh at the sight that met our eyes as we entered the building to seek defensive machine gun positions. One of the "Jerries" had been so startled by the blast from our tank shells that he ran off without his boots. They were drying in front of a stove on which

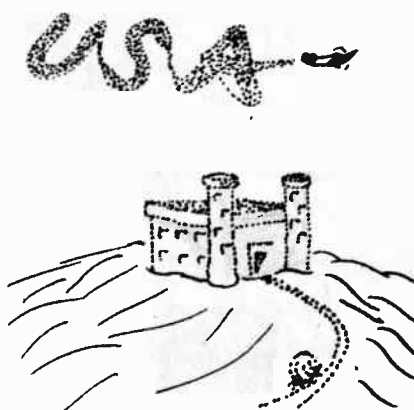


sat a large kettle of warm applesauce.

We were isolated from our main unit and virtually surrounded by unfriendly troops. The halftracks, which had beaten off the attacking Nazis, withdrew to the last town through which we had passed, and the tanks joined us at the chateau where they were placed in vantage points where supporting fire could be given in case of further enemy attack. With machine gun and lookout posts placed throughout the chateau, we were prepared to face what proved to be one of the longest nights of our lives.

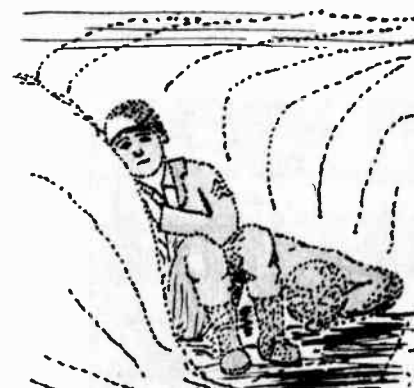
Soon the big guns began to get our range. All men but those manning guard posts soon retired to the spacious cellars as holes began to appear in the roof and walls of the chateau's three story structure.

The prospect of daylight brought new fears. Due to inability to make radio contact, our "castle on the Rhine" was destined to be shelled by tanks of another American task force that had been driving into Germany several miles to the right of our position. The chateau would prove a poor position during the day because it could be readily seen for five miles in any direction.



Daylight came. And with it came a blazing sun and clear sky that heralded great allied aerial activity over the front. We really sweated it out as the first P-47 fighter planes roared overhead, but soon, radio communications informed them of our position, our lack of contact with other outfits, and fear of shelling by allied artillery and tanks. That did it! In letters a mile wide, an American pilot sky wrote "U. S." in the blue sky high above us. Since that day, the Air Force has been held in high esteem by the armored infantry boys of B company.

Just as everyone was settling down for a peaceful relieved nap "Jerry" machine gun fire began to play a tattoo on our fortress walls. A squad of riflemen headed up to the top story in an attempt to pick



up their position and made a startling discovery. There, far across the fields to their front were the formidable dragons' teeth of the Siegfried Line. Little wonder big guns had given us little rest during the night.

At 3:30 p.m. in the afternoon we withdrew from the chateau and wended our way through protective gulleys until we reached our halftracks. Harrassing machine gun fire and poorly aimed mortar shells dogged our footsteps but soon we were on our way to a well-earned rest. Twenty-four hours in Germany had cost us not one serious casualty, but many men boasted of newly added gray hairs.

Pump Prevarications

By Ginne & Shorty

Ah yes, the Eimac Spring Dance. From our department, we saw Jane Howard and her hubby Al, really having a swell time Ronnie Shebab was there also cutting a few rugs Last but not least was Don Fisher, and looking "oh so cute" was Helen (Mrs. Don Fisher to you mugs!).



Chit-Chat

Our own Ruth Marsh is back with us after being ill for several days We hear tell Opal Avants is going horse-back riding. But she can't tell us with whom, except the horse, of course

Opal Avants Mildred Wood and Eve Foianini were seen cutting a mean rug at a dance over the week end For some very cute drinking straws made out of glass, see Sally Brower and



Eve Foianini

Al Mussio. You ought to go into business, kids Thelma Gregory won our last check pool. Lucky Thelma, I I have almost given up Jim Malcuit is taking Cy Cy Moses' place on the Vac-a-teers bowling team.

I knew something was missing. Yes, it's



Cuttin' the cake, or—
Bonnie Page gets her cut



In order to keep the records straight, Palmer Evarts checks the grass growth. The leading blade is now $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch in height! Such a monstrosity!

Cy Moses. Cy, who always had a smile for everyone and who made so much fun, left Friday. Here's lots of luck to a really swell fella! Boo hoo! We miss you like the dickens, Cy!

A Shortie by Shorty:

Well, here it is Tuesday—news day. Some people have a name for some of the other days of the week, such as: Gloomy Sunday and blue Monday. How about some name for the Eimac News contributors' day such as "Snoop Day"—the day on which everyone closes up like a clam. On Monday everybody returns

bursting with gossip about what somebody else did over the week end or what they did, but try to get some dirt out of them for the mag and see how far you get.

Oh phooey! What I'm really trying to do is make up a good excuse for not having a column Oh boy, oh boy! I just thought of a good excuse. If you have noticed the last couple of weeks, there hasn't been room in the paper for Beau Linalli's bowling column, and I'm sure most people would enjoy his column more than mine, so I'll hush and let him have my space this week for the bowling news.



"I can't eat it all—have a piece," says S. Sanderson



Bob Davis' expression says, "It sure looks good!"

San Bruno Plant



"Spring Sparsely"

With another successful of those Eimackers who attended "Swing" are now satisfied to re the dance floor was sparsely po of the evening, Art Weidner hair down, hepped-up for the i tore loose with the beat—bot

It was the social commiti location, the Gold Room of Francisco, would be just the because it is situated in the he a few blocks from the bus believed that those conditions portation problem.

The solution as to what homes" from the "Swing" stil baffled.

But, regardless of the con Eimackers, those who attende a sociable and fun-seeking cr Room red.



"Spring" ended

a thing of the past,
day night's "Spring"
ne event. Although
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ic-makers let their
of swinging fun, and
it and hot.

assumption that the
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to hold the event
the town and is just
in depots. It was
not cause a trans-

so many "stay-at-
ne social committee

is absence of many
explain that it was
it painted the Gold



HIT PARADE

1. There I've Said It Again—Vaughn Monroe.
2. Dreams—Pied Pipers.
3. A Little on the Lonely Side—Guy Lombardo.
4. My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time—Les Brown.
5. Opus No. 1—Tommy Dorsey.
6. My Heart Sings—Tommy Tucker.
7. I'm Beginning to See the Light—Duke Ellington.
8. Boogie Woogie—Tommy Dorsey
9. I Wish We Didn't Have to Say Good-night—Perry Como
10. Sleigh Ride in July—Bing Crosby.

Birthdays Coming Up

AT SALT LAKE

April 15	Jess Drury	Glass
April 17	Elvon Astle	Plate
April 18	Mary George	Stem
April 19	Judy Soelberg	Spiral Filament
April 20	Lucy Jones	Stem
April 21	Marjorie Carlson	Stem
	Wendell Harward	Cafeteria

AT SAN BRUNO

April 15	Lola Michelis	Pump
	Gerry Manly	Shipping
	Beryle Larson	Office
April 16	Elsie Peterson	Office
April 17	John Koski	Glass
April 18	Betty Reamer	Office
	Alice Vogel	Plate
	Katherine Bottimore	Pump
April 19	April Wright	Reclamation
	Rose Demergasso	Grid
	Nadine Scott	Inspection
	Byron Ballou	Lab
April 20	Doris Katsaros	Office
	Mary Harper	Grid
	Mary Keating	Glass
	Lawrence Herrera	Janitor
April 21	Borje Boklund	Cafeteria
	Elsie Cacace	Glass
	Tom Breland	Janitor
	Irene Webber	Cafeteria
	Dorothy Donaldson	Stem

JANE SMITH - NET QUEEN



DOUBLES CHAMP IN
PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS
1936-37

-1939-

JANE WON SAN MATEO J.C.
DOUBLES AND SINGLES CROWN.



CONSTRUCTION SCRAPS . . . by Kay

How could we ever forget to mention Earl Eustace's last assignment in the Erl business. Strong tummys were in order when he was doing some sort of something with castor oil—poor Erl, he was insulted and abused by all of his fellow workers but kept on the beam with his "erl" business and won't they regret the day he wins acclaim as an outstanding "erl expert."

A sight to have witnessed was the day Harry Penn came to work after having his pre-induction physical. The boys really gave him a "military" welcome and how!! All stood at attention, saluting, while Don Miller played reveille on a bugle fashioned from a funnel and some coil. Although very much surprised, Harry couldn't help but smile at such a reception.

It's here today and just about completed and when you come in the next morning to see what the thingamajig is going to work like—it's gone!! Golly gee, when they rush around here—they mean business. Well anyway, it would have made a swell cake mixer and we had our eye on it and maybe that's why the "swish" action.

See where the bowling team really went to town and took three from the Lab. It seems that all you have to do is call them "ysuol" and the next time they go out, they do something to be proud of. Too bad, too bad, the league is just about over and they get hep—well, here's hoping that next time they'll be in the pent-house position from start to finish!

Maury Martin and Gil Ornbaun are now working on something that looks like punishment in the 17th Century. Of course, the opening isn't large enough for a human's head, but a person's nose could easily be pinched, but good. That's the way it goes—or is it a vivid imagination?

RECLAMATION CUT UPS . . . by Bette

A little Gust blew into the Children's Hospital last Thursday afternoon, walked up to daddy, Bill Gust, who was chewing his nails off and said, "I'm a boy!" For which, congratulations, Bill and Rita! Many thanks for the delicious candy and cigars you passed around to everyone, Bill. We're happy to hear William Edward, the third, is doing so well.



Ruth Anderst mom there. Later, they all took Ruth to enjoy a Chinese

San Bruno Plant

dinner, but methinks Ruth took along a cushion to sit on!

Marie Dold is so fond of olives. That was exactly what she got for her birthday, Saturday. Someone gave her four jars and we helped her celebrate by eating one of them. The olives, I mean, not the jar!

Seen having a "jivy" time at the day shift dance at the Legion Hall were Marie Dold, Mary Nissen and yours truly (Bette) Incidentally, April and Don Wright attended the Spring Swing dance at the Palace Hotel. April looked chic with her new up-sweep hair-do.

Mel Provancha has left us to spend some time temporarily in the Lab. We all wish you lotsa luck in your new surroundings, Mel.

What's What Up Front

By Bette Lou

Egad, people are starting on their vacations a mite early this year, it seems. The wet pavement no sooner dries than everyone is packing and ready to depart for their respective vacations. Take Fern Floyd for instance; she left bag and baggage Monday for Salt Lake to visit a week or so. Also on her way to the Beehive state is Pat Woolley for some rest and quiet. Ah yes, and they are but two of the many people leaving this time of the month. Added to the list are Agnes Unterein, Dorothy Arana and Kay Jacobson who will leave today for the warm (yes, I said warm) weather of Palm Springs. These gals will really get early tans. I try to concentrate on a tan and what do I get—a sunburn! (There's no justice!)

I might say that Mike Stack and Ray Howe are both trying to keep up the girls' morale. Both the boys blossomed out in new sports clothes, and even went as far as to put on neck ties. Yep, there's no getting around it—they looked rather sharp upon thorough inspection.

So far the sick list has been more or less empty, but, of course, there is always an exception to everything. We have both Muriel Cronin and Vernelda Knuth back with us after short illnesses. Also back at her usual post is Jeanne Bost with some pretty red medicine.

If I hadn't heard it with my own ears I wouldn't have believed it. Jane Smith finally admitted that she "didn't know anything" and Edna Granstrom topped this by saying, "My mind is a complete blank." Both Evelyn Gutzmer and Ruth Duncan were smart when they kept quiet.

You might also be interested to know that Jane will keep her nose dry from now on 'cause Edie Stenson willled her coffee cup to Jane. (I think a mustache cup might be of some help.)

Something a little out of the ordinary happened last Saturday when Gertrude Connelly brought her little daughter, Ellen Clare, to lunch and a birthday party. The party was for Ellen and she was very thrilled by it all.

We might say that spring is really here now. Fred Barber has shed his winter suit (both of them) and popped up with a snappy grey gabardine that would put your eyes out. Fred's two changes occur on April 1 and November 1.

While on the subject of Mr. Barber I would like to tell you that he can bake. It's a fact!



While bowling with the Platers, this pic of George Currier was taken

Lab Notes

By Grace and Ursula

Bonnie Page celebrated her birthday with a beautiful cake, Monday. We tried to get her to model the cute midriff P.J.'s she received, but to no avail! Bonnie wishes to thank everyone for remembering her.

It was decided by a group of Lab gals that tall, blond and handsome Charlie Dole makes an awfully cute "bottle-baby." Wonder just what caused such a decision?

Ursula Koepf found out that a taxi-ride can be more entertaining than a floor-show. Her new motto is, "Next time try the street-car."

Spring is here. A young man's fancy turns, soooo, Marty Wolfe went out and invested in a new car. The beautiful yellow paint job is its outstanding feature. It has been named the "Wolfe Special."

Harold Sorg, John Woerner, Don Drieschman, and Grace Forrest represented the Laboratory at the Eimac dance held at the Palace Hotel last Saturday night. That reminds us, was that Buck Rogers out on the dance floor, or just a visiting "Whirling-Dervish?"



A member of the Straight Shooters, Sally Gullingsrud, tries to shoot one straight

Eimac Bowls Tonight!

Eimac's bowling quintet will step onto the alleys tonight at the Burlingame Bowl at 8:00 o'clock for its fourth match-game, the second against the Courthouse Creamery.

The team, composed of Shorty Walrod, Russ Sperry, Louis Bruggisser, Russ Luckhardt and Charlie DeLong, has won one of its three matches, having lost to the Courthouse Creamery and the Eimac Salt Lake plant after winning its first match from the Burlingame Bowl team.

Inspection Notes

By Helen, Ginny and Stella

Seen dining at Monaco's last Saturday night were Babe Spediacci and hubby. The occasion was Babe's birthday. Many happy returns, Babe!

Southern fried chicken and roast duck topped the menu when a group of gals decided to go out. The evening started out with cocktails and dinner at the "Southern" and from there they went to the city to see Mickey Rooney's latest picture. The party included Ruth Thill, Evelyn Brazil, Ellen Mock and Lorene Villanueva.

Unless my eyes deceive me I believe I saw Ida Cebalo going the rounds with a gorgeous hunk of Navy man. Let us in on the deal, Ida—where do you find such good looking men?

The Red Cross drive going over the top can be traced back to the fact that Kenny, Alice Waldo's 7-year-old son, did his part and then some. It seems Alice gave him 40 cents to go to the show and get some candy, but Kenny looked at it differently. Instead of candy, he gave all his change to the Red Cross because the lady on the screen said not to give a dime but a dollar. Nice going, Kenny!

San Bruno Plant

On The Bowling Front . . by Beau Linalli

Well, Pump finally cinched the Day Bowling League title, but did so in a very inauspicious manner. Of course, with Stockroom losing two to Punch Press, the Pump team probably figured it could coast. Anyway, Pump lost two to Traffic Koppettes.

Pump didn't look like the Pump team of mid-season, 'cause the scores were somewhat less than Pump is expected to register. O. P. Taylor and Stu McCosh had series of 512 and 482, the only ones worth mentioning.

Frances Leoni and Dottie Arana were the reasons that the Koppettes won two games from the champs. Frances had a 400 series, Dottie a 416.

Had the Stockroom won three from Punch Press, it would be three games behind Pump, meaning the league would not be finally decided until next week, but— Jack James' 513 was the only series for Stock that amounted to a great deal, while Don Masterson was kegling a 533 series for P. P.

Three game winners of the week were: 450's over Fog Cutters, Construction over Lab, Assembly over Platers and Pumpettes over Pushovers.

Howard Duhamel found the situation to his liking and led the 450's to victory over the Fog Cutters with a nice 533. Jack Siemens gave ample help in rolling 513.

Construction, after receiving a terrific heckling job from a local columnist, rapped the Lab five for three games. Art Arigoni flipped his ball pinward and into the 1-3 pocket for a 567 series, featured by a 203 game. He wasn't far ahead of Dave Snyder, also of Construction, whose 546 series and 206 game must come into print.

Hot team of the week was Assembly in trouncing the Platers for three. Games of 908, 913 and 805 were posted by this "late moving" team, for a total series of 2626. I have been told that this 2626 is the highest scratch total for the league, but like a guy from Missouri, I've got to be shown!

Highlight of the Assembly win was the second game, a 913, in which Johnnie Nelin started off with eight straight strikes to register a 263 game, tops for this league. His total series for the night was 633.

Ed Hoetzel and Fran Migge were also bowling on the beam for Assembly with totals of 535 and 530. Migge's 212 was his top single game. For the Platers, Vi Smith was the leader, her games of 111, 147 and 169 totaling 427.

Continuing their way down the standings, the Pushovers took a 3-0 shellacking from the Pumpettes. To mention the total series of any of the Pushovers would embarrass them, so—! Doris Malstrom rolled 432 to lead the Pumpettes. Zee Gregory was well above her average in knocking over 363 pins for the night.

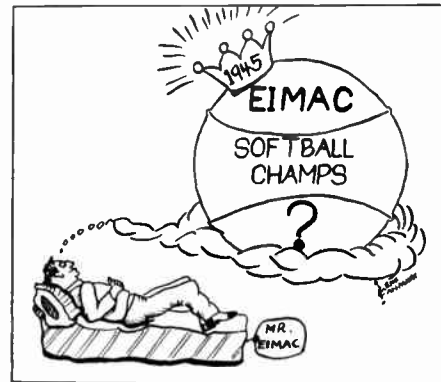
Considering the scores for the week, it was a comparatively warm one. Fifteen series better than 500 were shot, those not mentioned previously being; Charlie Schreckengast, 512; Gordon Shepherd, 506; Loyd Harbin, 510; Charlie DeLong, 529; Walt Gillingham, 516.

On the "200-game list" were nine. O. P. Taylor had a 212, Harry Penn 202, Loyd Harbin 216, Charlie DeLong 212 and second highest individual game of the night, 234 for Walt Gillingham.

One more week remains in the league, but it's now a battle to see who'll win second place!

FLEAS WIN OPENER

It's the same old story—the Eimac Fleas are still the "hitless wonders." Eimac's first softball game of the season ended in a 4-1 triumph for the hustling but un-hitting Fleas when they garnered a win from Pan-American Airways last Tuesday night at the San Mateo City Park. Eimac connected for one hit in the seven inning contest.



Hit The Head Pin

By Beau Linalli

No, the by-line's not incorrect! Because Sheldon Norris, former author of the stuff that takes up this space, has left Eimac, the editor asked me to pinch-hit. I don't know a thing about swing bowling, so I'll tell you all I know!

Unless something pretty drastic occurs during the remaining five weeks of the Swing Bowling League, the Eimac Rebels are a cinch to annex the title. Whereas the league was a close deal for the first 15 or 14 weeks, the Rebels now have extended their lead to a seven-game margin. Three teams are tied for second, and three are tied for fifth.

Last week's result slips show that Chem Tones, Fillies and Five Spares took three games from their respective opponents, Spiral, Vac-a-teers, and Plate Swingers.

Bob Nourse paved the way for the Chem team, while Ray Sands was trying something terrific to hold up the Spiral quintet. Mirka Zanetti produced a 464 series to lead the Fillies in a three-win jaunt.

Donna Eccles was tops for the Five Spares with a 384. Plate Swingers Marge Bonnette and Ken Drew were not up to their usual form and the Swingers could not overcome a 106 pin handicap.

I'm sorry I can't tell you more, but I must write "On the Bowling Front" now or it won't meet the old deadline.

Oh, as a parting shot, swingsters are now clamoring for a match with the Salt Lake plant and claim they can take them. I've heard that the Service Bureau is working on the deal.



DAY BOWLING STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost
Pump	42	18
450's	37	23
Stockroom	37	23
Pill Rollers	36	24
Punch Press	34	26
Platers	33	27
Cream Puffs	33	27
Carpenters	33	27
Lab	31	29
Office	31	29
Dilly Fillies	29	28
Mac's Outlaws	30	30
Traffic Koppettes	28	32
B.B.B.'s	26	31
Hyper-100	27	33
Assembly	27	33
Purchasing	25	32
Construction	24	33

SWING BOWLING STANDINGS

Team	Won	Lost
Eimac Rebels	35	16
Plate Swingers	28	23
Five Spares	28	23
Grid Kids	28	23
Krums	26	25
Holy Bowlers	26	25
Fillies	26	25
Chem Tones	25	26
Lucky Strikers	24	27
Vac-a-teers	23	28
Spiral	22	29
Straight Shooters	16	35
Pushovers	25	35
Pumpettes	23	34
Fog Cutters	24	36
Stack-a-hots	16	31



Chief Three Feathers Hunter proves his heritage



GLASS
BLO-INGS

By Max

As the dawn of a beautiful April Fool's Day arose across over the horizon, two dopes, excuse me, fishermen, made their way to the crystal clear (?) waters of Utah Lake.

Dashing out of their car, gathering their gear together, they zipped down to the lake—carrying a boat, of course! Getting into the boat with high enthusiasm, they attached the motor and pushed out toward the fishes' lair. Rope in hand, one of them whirled the motor—hummm, "Better choke it a bit." Another whirl—hummm, "Must have flooded it." A pause, another whirl . . . "Well, I'll be darned; guess I'd better check the connections. Ah, everything is in shape now." Another brisk whirl . . . "Why you dirty little lowdown, chewed up, blankety blank.*?-&\$?"

And so a beautiful day of fishing ended with Buss Williams and Les Strong controlling themselves (you can imagine how much) and happily beating the motor to bits, swearing never again to challenge the tradition of April Fool's Day.

We are glad to see Haddy Colbert up and around and that no ill effects have occurred from his operation last week, but we must say that is a heck of a way to spend a vacation.

Speaking of vacations, we think that Leroy Roach certainly needed one after that "new arrival" ordeal he went through.

THINGS WE LIKE TO SEE AND HEAR

Les Strong's sweet smelling presence, and his smooth line of gab.

Frank Williams' inevitable bowling excuses.

Gail Jensen's make's-you-want-to-follow walk.

Jess Bird's swearing to reform (hangovers).

Beth Smith's trying-to-keep-away-from-Pierce attitude.

Karl Vegnar's Kink-Klank-Klunk talk. Nephi Yates' ever ceasing silence.

Harold Fisher always running back and forth, but never getting there.

Troy Fisher's muscles—whistle!

Gwer Parr—Hm-mm, that's enough fellows!

—O—

Glass Department post-war planning has created some novel jobs. I overheard Les Strong and Freddie Shaffer discussing one, and they think that raising Angora cats and dwarf rats is the pure stuff. They will raise the rats to feed the cats, skin the cats for the fur and sell it. Then, so as no loss will be taken, feed the cat remains back to the rats. But they tell me the only difficult part of the situation is the skinning of the cats. But does that stop them? I'll say not! In eliminating this difficulty, they are going to cross the cats with snakes; so the crossbreed will shed its skin! S-S-S-S-S

LAB ANALYSIS

By Hans and Bollinger

One day we found the Chemical Department in dire need of a special kind of basket, but no basket weaving talent could be uncovered.

Ah, but finally the hunt found its way to the Laboratory. Chief "Three Feathers" Hunter called forth his last iota of North American Ubangi blood (and his other corpuscle, too).

Sweeping himself free of his acquired social polish, he called for his pipe, he called for his robe, and he called for his feathers three.

Two moons dissolved before his blood shot eyes (not caused by what you're thinking). Toiling three full shifts a day, with nothing more for sustenance than a portion of unground corn, furnished by Van Welch and Lowell Woodbury, he slaved with the perseverance of a tax collector.

Then, one sunrise we found him sitting in a trance (see photograph), the completed basket in his lap, his joints rigid, his pulse slow, his hair receding. Alas and alack, some joker had hooked a vac pump to his peace pipe.

Obviously, resuscitation was needed. First, the vac pump was disconnected, his face fanned slightly, and two shots of "chemi" were administered. He was brought up to temperature with a bunsen burner. Circulation was restored by pumping his left arm, bringing his color up to a light violet. Life was again in evidence when he whistled softly and pawed the floor as an attractive blonde passed by.

Thus, a woven basket was woven for the Chemical Department.

Quota Set for Eimac In Seventh War Loan

The 7th War Loan will be one of two great war loans planned for 1945. More money than ever before will have to be raised in this drive. The Series E bond quota set for individuals in Utah, is \$20,000,000 as compared to \$12,000,000 in the 6th War Loan. The Salt Lake plant quota is \$42,000.

This 7th Loan campaign officially started on April 9 and will continue through April, May, and June. All payroll deductions, plus buying for cash or increased allotments, will be credited toward Eimac's quota.

Under this plan, payments won't hit the pocketbook all at one time and Eimackers can do the best job they've ever done. Extending the drive over a 12 week period should make it easier for Eimackers to reach the quota.

Salt Lake Plant

SHIPPING ANNOTATIONS

By Johanna Taylor

Since this is the Shipping Department's first column in the combined S.L.-S.B. Eimac News, we would like to say "hello" to our San Bruno friends by introducing ourselves. The head of our department is



Frank Derrick. His right hand man is Junius Gillette and then there is Howard Mackay, the other right hand man.

Catherine Biele has been Frank's secretary for almost three years but she will



not be with us much longer. The Accounting Department has coaxed her away

from us. We are really sorry to see her go. The Shipping Department just won't be the same without her.

In Construction

By Ray Young

Recently, Construction Department members found themselves in a hilarious situation involving some children's toys, supposedly. Glen Watson was busy with some wire rods and welding torch constructing a large number of small articles that resembled, more than anything else, something that baby sister used to play with. Plant Superintendent James Cathey entered the department at this suspicious moment and upon viewing the peculiar operation assumed an air of amazement and with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "Don't you know, Glen, that you shouldn't make 'doll beds' for your kids right here on the job?"

James looked questioningly at Jim and then with amusement he said, "Oh, you're just kidding, Jim." At which everyone laughed, for although the articles appeared to look like "doll beds," they were really racks for processing Eimac tubes.

Days later, Pump Department Head Russell Scott conferred with Wade Langley, Construction Department head, and concluded that several carriages of a certain description were needed to transport certain Pump equipment about the department. Whereupon Wade sent through an order using words and names which had come into common use throughout the plant. This order asked the approval on the construction of "nine dollies for buggies."

Soon after the order had been dispatched by carrier pigeon (i.e., girl mes-

Four blondes and four brunettes make up the rest of the Shipping crew. They are Phyllis Kane, Elva Hale, Rose Singleton, Lois Purdy, Florence Maddox, Ethel Hamlin, Mary Marcroft and yours truly. Now that we have been introduced, we will tell more about ourselves in future chats. . . . Until then, toodle-loo.

P.S. Mary Marcroft says that a letter was received this week from Winnie Steinett who is now residing in Rio Linda, California. Winnie wished to be remembered to her many Eimac friends.

We said good-bye to another member of our Shipping gang, the former Phillipa Jensen, who is now Mrs. Howard Ray. Phil has journeyed to Martinez, California, to become acquainted with all her new "in-laws."

Gayle Davids, who was recently home on furlough, is once again back at her post in Washington, D. C. She enjoyed her visit at Eimac immensely and informed us of the fact in one of her weekly letters.



Jim Cathey—"Hmm, an eighth of an inch off."

senger), to the front office, Wade's phone rang, and a feminine voice queried, "Don't you mean nine buggies for dolls?"

"No, not doll buggies, a buggy is a nickname for a particular piece of Pump Department equipment," explained Wade.

Later the phone rang again and a masculine voice boomed, "Do you want us to send uptown to a toy store and get nine dolls for those buggies you're going to make?"

"No, not dolls, a dolly is a sort of carriage to haul equipment around."

"Oh!" said the voice and the receiver clicked.

Shortly the phone jingled again and a voice, obviously that of the superintendent taunted, "What's this I hear about you guys wanting some dolls to go with those doll beds you were making?"

Boys and Beauty

By Bill

The Salt Lake gang was glad to see Jack Senger, former building superintendent, last week. Just up from San Bruno, Jack spent most of his time prowling around his old haunts and greeting his ol' pals. It was good to see you again, Jack. Come back again soon.

I think I speak for most Salt Lake Eimackers when I say Salt Lake is not only proud but surprised at the results of the inter-plant bowling match. In fact, from the close scores, it is easy to understand why San Bruno is interested in a return engagement. Nice going boys and gals—naturally we can't give Lady Luck all the credit for your winning, even if it looks like she had a small hand in it.

Latest happenings and general stuff: Bill Hawkins of Microstat left for California thus reducing our male population one more; Shirley Debenham has been generally acclaimed the biggest eater of the plant; this may be disputed by some, but you should see the dinner he tucks away each day—and for a mere two bits; Rolan Werrett respondent in his new upstairs office is basking in the company of his newly acquired help—female, of course; Percy Pratt left Eimac last week to enter into private enterprise. Good luck Percy and don't forget the Eimac gang.

That is about all for now except—no doubt, you gentle wolves of the plant have observed the two new lovelies recently added to the Messenger Service and the Microstat Room; in fact, I imagine you even know more about them than I do, but for the sake of the more timid whelps let me say their names are Leola Gunder-son and Arlene Walk.

SPIRALS

By Judy Soelberg

Happy Easter? Well, we don't know about Ann Thomas and Julia Brooks. They arose at 4 a.m. after retiring at 2 the same a.m., and went to a sunrise service at the Masonic Temple. Cleo Hobbs and her 15-month-old offspring, Tani, joined them later for breakfast at Hotel Utah. Tired, girls?

Madelyn Leappes was given a lovely gardenia corsage and I'll add right here that I did, too. Madelyn also received a box of carnations, sweet peas, and daffodils wired from Berkeley, Calif.

Poor Ed Lee has the worst time trying to keep us comfortable and the air ventilator working right, but "you can't please all the people all the time."

(Continued on next page)

Eimac Nuptials

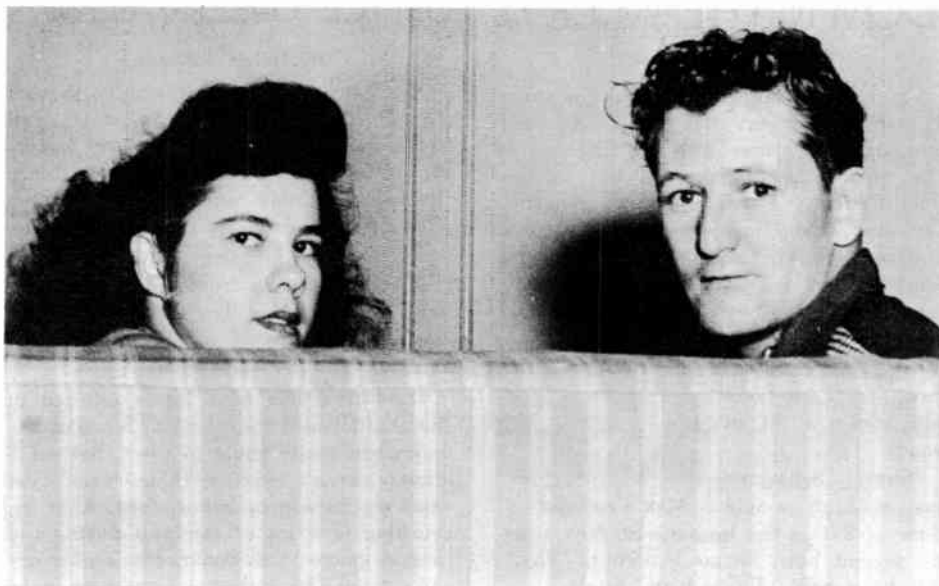
By Virginia Robbins

April 6, 1945, will always be a very important date for Marie Erskine, for that was the day she changed her name to Mrs. Frank Dixon. The wedding ceremony was performed on a beautiful spring morning in Los Vegas, Nevada.

They motored to Las Vegas, accompanied by Troy Fisher, who stood as best man, and his wife, who was matron of honor.

The pretty bride chose as her wedding ensemble, a very chic, baby pink suit with black accessories.

Marie has been employed in the Spiral Filament Department for the past two and a half years and Frank, the department head in the Stem Department, has been with Eimac for the past three years.



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dixon—married in Las Vegas

As Inspection Sees It BY DOROTHY GREGERSON

Sunday was not what you would call an ideal Easter day and those who had planned to fare forth in traditional Easter finery were destined to be disappointed; however, since it was April 1 and the day when anything can happen, no one was too much surprised.

Easter seemed to be a family day at home for most of the Inspection Department, though on further investigation we find there were a few who ventured out.

Pearl Smith spent the day with her brother and family in Spanish Fork.

Erma and Joe Doyle were seen standing in that long, long, line at the Centre Theater, where one stands in line for hours but it's well worth it, we'd say.

Edyth Paladori and family attended

mass at the Saint Patrick's church.

Dorothy Wimmer was seen ascending the steps of the L.D.S. church in the Harvard Ward with her small son, Pete. Dorothy has been a happy girl lately because of a visit from David H. Clark, a friend who has been serving in the South Pacific for the past two years.

I imagine, but won't say for sure, that Fred Perry and Larry Posselli spent Sunday sleeping and who could say we blame them? That Morpheus fellow is by far my favorite person.

Agnes Erickson and husband motored to Union, Utah, to visit relatives.

Louise Healy was given a surprise birthday party Saturday by the gals in

Filament Stem Inspection. Ice cream, coffee and cake were consumed.

Oh and by the way, they're fixing that door again—the one between Inspection and Pump. Its magic eye refuses to wink, the door refuses to open and so off it goes for repairs, but we keep hoping.

We are welcoming back to our department three special people: Irene Hellstrom, Eleanor Stillings and Fay Burnside.

SPIRALS (Continued)

Keene, alias Dead-Eye, Stevens is most anxious to know who Curly (Ken) Stayner's barber is. He's worked patiently with his locks but cannot seem to achieve the effect that appeared overnight for Ken.

Helen McDermaid (Tiny) went pale when she was called long distance. She dropped her cutters and rushed to the phone to discover she was talking to someone in Magna. Ah, gee!

On March 27, Marjorie Black, former Eimac employee, had a six-pound, 10-ounce boy (special order) at her home in Midway, Utah. Before her husband, Ray, received the word that he was a father, he had returned to the States. It's our guess that it will be a happy reunion. The new member will be named David Ray.

The most astounding remark I've heard was, "My teeth itch" by Gravel Gertie. By the way, she cut her flaming (and I do mean red) locks, but Cleo Hobbs is still Gravel Gertie to us.



'Twas Jim Cathey's birthday so the Pump Department gang got together for happy birthday wishes, fun and food

DOWN THE ALLEY

By "Brig" and Lucy

The team standings are about the same as last week except that the Woodchucks now have a firmer grip on first place. The second place Scorpions lost to the Holy Rollers. Paced by Max "Sinatra" Crosland, the Holy Rollers dumped the Scorpions by taking three points. Max had a high game of 247. Total pins for his three games were 559 and that's a lot of wood!



"Shy" Schaerrer has a high single game of 251 in the league with Max scoring second best. Better look out, "Shy," pins have been "flying high" lately.

Speaking about high, John Johnston rolled a 246 against San Bruno. Salt Lake's male contestants won three games from them. Incidentally, it could have been done without the 32-pin handicap San Bruno gave us. Everyone on our Salt Lake team was really on the beam.

Individual series for the contest follow.

Doug Wood	555
Gene Fisher	555
Shy Schaerrer	554
John Johnston	526
Frank Williams	514

The average per man was 180. Considering that most of these fellows developed their talent in bowling since coming to Eimac, that is darn good bowling. Not many teams get better than a 2704 series from scratch.

We enjoyed this match very much, San Brunoans, and hope that you had as much fun as we did.

Outstanding bowlers of the week in the regular league at the Salt Lake plant were as follows.

Doug Wood	587
Gene Fisher	536
Frank Williams	573
Ken Bollinger	507

The fun and excitement of the bowling season is fast coming to an end. The girls in both "A" and "B" leagues are bowling with added energy and determination, helping to put their teams on top.



A fine game of 220 was bowled on March 30 by Ruby Shippen of the Stem Department. This is the highest single game bowled in either of the girls' leagues during this season.

In the "A" League, the Gridettes are in the lead with 46 points won and 10 lost, giving them a percentage of .821.

Salt Lake Plant

OFFICE OBSERVATIONS

By Helen Johnson

The Accounting Department celebrated three birthdays-in-one on Tuesday, April 3. The guests of honor were Hazel Anderson, Mildred Wonnacott, and Henry Grether's birthday, and greeted all three with best wishes and ice cream and cake.

Bill Holt is back from his recent vacation, but we'll bet Logan will never be the same again.

The Office has nine teams entered in the shuffleboard tournament. Some of the teams are really going to town, but some others haven't reached their "peak" yet (and we have good alibis, too). Anyway, shuffling is a lot of fun and during the league games the comments are many and varied. For instance, you may have heard:

Jo Allred: "She gave me the crooked stick."

Lynn Alkire: "Now you tell me."

Maxine Grubb: "Kick him on the shins, Virginia."

Beverly Andrus: "Oh, agony!"

Virginia Robbins: "Well, that's Life (then there's Look)."

Note: Those of you who are suffering from "shuffleboard leg," see the girls in Payroll. They have a sure cure.

Welcome to Catherine Biele who is now a member of the Accounting family. Kay has been transferred from the Shipping Department to General Accounting.

Our new messenger is Arlene Walk. Arlene is a former Eimacker. We are glad to have her back again.

The P. B. Delites head the "B" League, with a .954 average, having won 42 points and lost two. Tied in second place are the Timberwolves and the Lucky Strikes with an .863 percentage. They both have 38-6.

Incidentally, both the Gridettes and the Timberwolves are from the Grid Department. Apparently these girls not only know the art of Grid making, but of bowling too.

Much fun was shared by both players and spectators on April 3 when the Salt Lake plant bowlers rolled against San Bruno. Luck was no the side of the Salt Lake girls' team when it took the first game by only two pins. Salt Lake won the second game by a comfortable margin, but dropped the third to the San Bruno girl keggers.

It was great fun and we are looking forward to another match with San Bruno in the near future.

Girls Upset Men In Shuffle Tourney

By Mel Denhalter

It all started last Friday, March 30. Beverly Andrus and Shurlee Thomas were playing Fred Perry and Larry Posselli in the shuffleboard tournament. Fred and Larry thought that they had the match in the bag and were coasting along with but two points to go to take the match, when Fred put his last puck in the 10-off space and Shurlee scored 14 points. From there on out, the crowd that had assembled to watch the match cheered Beverly and Shurlee until, lo and behold, they beat Fred and Larry. Fred is now known as "10-off" Perry.

The highlight of this week's matches was the twin win of Mid Hanson and Gwen Parr, two department production clerks, over the pre-tournament favorites, Ed Novotny and Vaughn Jones, by one point.

As the tournament progresses day after day, the teams are getting a little stronger and playing better. A team that wins two or three games one day, may lose the next day. Maxine Grubb and Virginia Ross gave John Boud and Pres Dehlin a nice lesson in how to play shuffleboard to the tune of 43-2.

Vern Nielson and Karl Vejnar outplayed LeGrande Dowdle and Harold Marcroft 41-3, while the team of Fred Perry and Larry Posselli took a close 20-17 game from Frank Williams and Mel Pierce.

A score sheet has been posted opposite the playing court where teams may check their standings day by day.



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