



Argus eyes for Victory!

Vol. 1—No. 6

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

March 19, 1943

Cafeteria Moves Into Larger Quarters

With the moving of the cafeteria to its new location on the second floor, it has been a long step from the time that employees could purchase only sandwiches and hot coffee to the present modern lunchroom with up-to-date equipment to serve a variety of foods.

The new cafeteria occupies a space eighty-four by thirty-six feet, and has tables covered with tempered masonite with a white baked enamel finish, and benches to seat two hundred people. Additional equipment which has been purchased includes another steam table, dish-washer, and walk-in cooler. With the hiring of extra help, these facilities will allow a serving of an increased variety of foods.

Leigh Thomas, operator of the cafeteria, emphasized that if the employees will abide by the hours which have been designated, he will be able to give better service. The lunchroom will open at six o'clock in the morning, and everyone is expected to be out by eight o'clock. It will open again at nine twenty-five for morning rest period, and remain open until ten-thirty. The lunch hour starts at eleven-thirty, and the cafeteria is expected to be cleared by one o'clock. For the afternoon rest period refreshments may be bought from two twenty-five to three-thirty, and the dinner hour will be from four forty-five to six-thirty.

Mr. Thomas stated that due to the daily increasing food shortage, employees should realize that many items will be unobtainable; however, he will do his best to secure as much and as great a variety of food as possible.

"Juke Box Saturday Night"

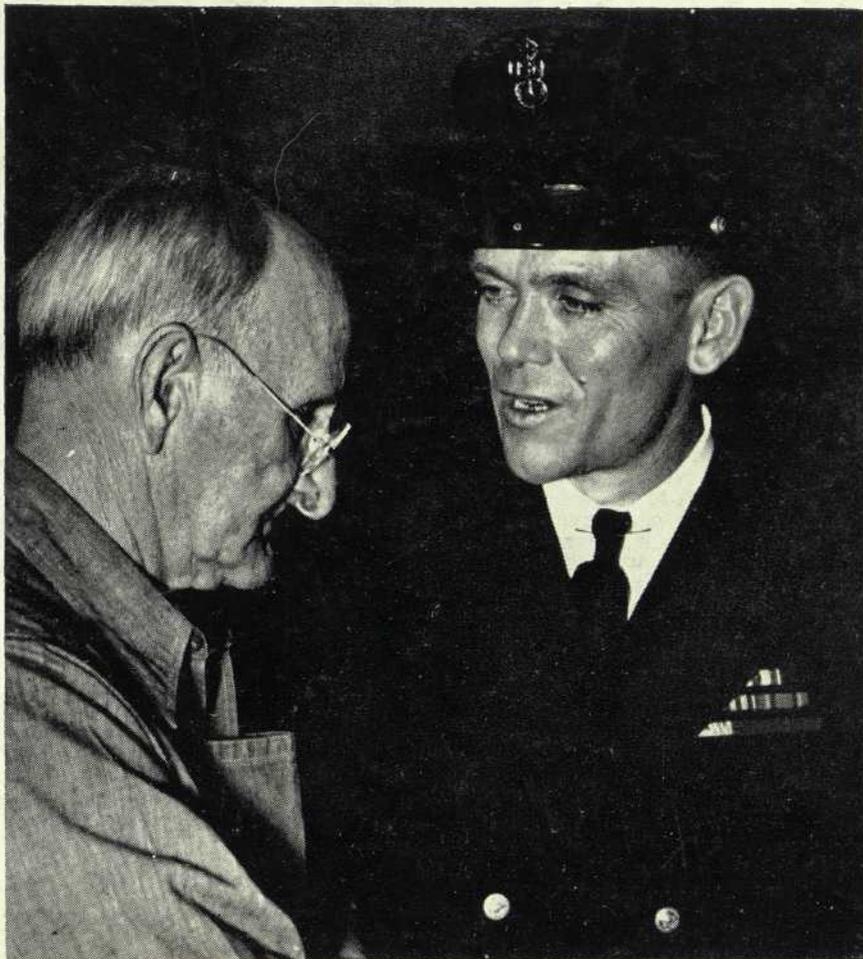
The Argus Recreation Club sponsored a party at Schwaben Hall, Saturday, February 20th, for club members and their guests.

Dancing was furnished by the best hands in the country—"Harry James, Tommy Dorsey," and many more, in the capacity of a juke box, as the committee was unable to secure a band of any kind under \$130.00, which they thought a little high.

But dancing proved to be secondary to the activities going on in the bar room, where cards were furnished for those that wished to play, beer for those that were thirsty and, according to "Lee" Thomas, everyone was hungry.

We wish to offer sincere thanks to "Joe" Lee Thomas, Mr. Hartman and his men for their help in making it a very pleasant evening.

Hero and Production Soldier



When Chief Petty Officer Nolan visited the plant, he stopped for a chat with Albert Miller, who works in the machine shop in plant one. "Dad" Miller has two sons in the service, Charles and Sam, both former employees of International Industries.

War Heroes Make Tour of Plant

During the last month we were honored by various visits of representatives of the armed forces of the United States. The first group included Chief Petty Officer Nolan, one of the heroes of the sinking of the U. S. aircraft carrier Yorktown. Nolan, whose rank is chief gunner's mate, was in charge of one of the anti-aircraft guns and on the first vicious attack by the Japanese dive bombers was one of the two remaining men of his craft left to fire the gun. In spite of wounds and the death of his comrades, he fought the gun until the order, "Abandon Ship," relieved him from duty.

He spoke in admiration over the public address system to the employees of International, thanking them for their part in the production of those vital instruments, "the eyes of the Navy," and called for continued aid to complete the destruction of our enemies and accelerated production to shorten the day when ultimate victory would bring peace.

Decorated by his government, he was proud too of the badges of honor that are worn by all Ann Arbor citizens who are contributing their share.

The second group were representatives of the services, including men from the Army, the Navy, the Tank Corps, the Air Corps and the Ordnance division. Their visit to Ann Arbor was a salute to the city for its production—a salute from outstanding fighting men to outstanding production soldiers—a bond of victory.

The names of these men are:

Sgt. John Bartek, the engineer on the same plane that carried Eddie Rickenbacker and came down in the Pacific. The crew were adrift in the three rubber boats for 22 days before being rescued and suffered from privation and exposure.

Sgt. Tony Traczyk, an American tank driver, whose duty called him to Egypt as an instructor to the British in the use of the American tank and who stayed to demonstrate their quality in combat, turning back an enemy attack by larger

Argus Mixed Doubles Champ Tournament

The mixed doubles tournaments have been such a success this winter that we have decided to have a final tournament to decide who the champions are for the season.

The entry fee will be \$1.50 per person, 66 cents for prize money and 84 cents for bowling. Entries must be in by April 4. The tournament will be held April 11 at the Twentieth Century Alleys.

If there are enough entries, there will be two shifts, one at seven and one at nine o'clock.

Averages will be taken from March 26, if you have one. If you have no average, girls will be given 100 and boys 125. Everyone will receive 100% handicap with 200 as scratch.

Anyone can enter. We will help you get a partner if you can't find one.

The champions will receive a trophy, to be held on display here in the factory and also a medal to keep for their own.

Let's all get into this and have some fun. The more entries we have, the more prize money there will be.

We will have entry blanks for you to fill out in the near future. Money must be turned in with the entry blank.

Laura and Rube Egeler.

Cafeteria Moves Into New Quarters



Here is the new lunchroom which has been built better to serve the employees of International Industries.

"THIS year...
I'm giving double!"



forces. He was bombed in that battle. Petty Officer Charles Albert Verant, gunner's mate, third class, was assigned to the gun crew of a merchant ship and drifted for seventeen days on a raft in the South Atlantic after his vessel was torpedoed.

Petty Officer Robert Brunner, a boatman's mate, second class, of the United States Coast Guard, was bombed at the evacuation of women from Singapore during that city's last days and was wounded during the invasion of French North Africa.

The third group of visitors was a detachment of a corporal and six men from the Army Ordnance. They were dressed in the battle dress of active troops in the field, and visited Argus to learn at first hand how their instruments are made. These fire instruments, made by skilled Ann Arbor workers, will acquire new values in the hands of these specialists from this visit. The contact will also be valuable to ourselves—seeing and visiting with the specialists who are trained to use the things we make.



This paper is an employees' publication. Its aims are:

1. To present news of individuals throughout the two plants.
2. To keep former employees now in the service informed as to what is going on at International Industries.
3. To present up-to-date information on all problems vital to employees which the war has brought about.
4. To give all employees an opportunity to express themselves.

No items will be used which will tend to ridicule or embarrass anyone. Humor and good-natured fun, however, are always acceptable.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editors... Maurice Doll, Jeanne Crandell
 Sports Editor... Harold Peterson
 Photographer... Richard Bills
 Circulation Manager... Naomi Knight
 For the Argus Club... Verne Heck

Chief Contributors:

Laura Egeler Sophia Franczyk

Argus Club Election to Be Held on April First

The terms of office of the present officers and department representatives of the Argus Recreation Club expire on March 30th and the annual election of the club will be held on April 1st. On that day two or more representatives will be selected from each department and these in turn will vote for a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer.

Committees will also be appointed to handle the activities of the club. One person will be given the duty of ordering flowers to be sent to all employees that are off work for more than three days because of illness or to wives of employees in case of a new arrival in the family. Funeral sprays will be sent in case of death in the immediate family of an employee, such as father, wife, husband or child. Reports of illness or death are to be given to a department representative.

Define Duties

A sports committee and another in charge of entertainment will also be appointed to hold office for one year. The servicemen's committee, to serve for the duration, will have charge of ordering all names for the honor rolls and see that they are put up in both buildings. This committee will also see that "Argus Eyes" is mailed to all former employees that are in service. The postage for this mailing will be paid for by the club upon receipt of an invoice from the company.

It was also decided that any gifts, such as candy or cigarettes, sent in the future must be voted on by the officers and representatives at a regular meeting.

The club paper, "Argus Eyes for Victory," although controlled by the club, has so far proved itself able to stand on its own feet. Its staff consists of an editor, co-editor, sports reporter, circulation manager and department reporters. These are the department representatives and it is up to them to secure all available items from the departments and turn it in to the editor. The sports reporter is expected to attend all ath-

letic events. The circulation manager takes care of getting the paper into the plant, distributing it to the employees and sending enough to the service committee to take care of its mailing list. One member of the club completes the staff of the paper. It was decided that the staff of the paper would be permanent, unless a member leaves the company or proves unsatisfactory.

Hey, Kids!

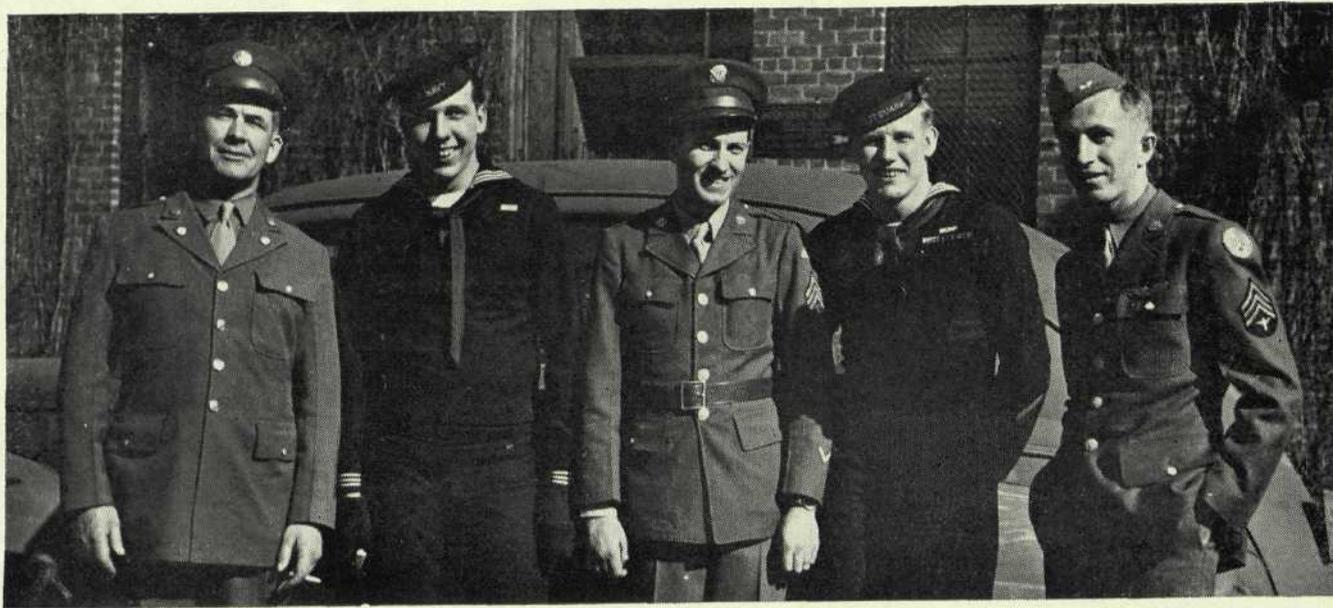
By Phil Youngerman

Now we're all needed to run machines.
 We come to work in denim jeans
 And not for pomp or dressing show,
 For someone's got to work, you know,
 To make the things to win this year,
 That brings us peace for evermore.
 So work, but have a little fun,
 To make those ten hours seem like one.
 That music helps—both sweet and hot—
 It lightens loads that weigh a lot;
 So keep on pitching, kids—its grand
 To know we got the needed sand
 To lick those Japs and start the rout
 And turn this world around about.
 Go back to making things we need,
 Like shoe and tires and cars, indeed,
 But don't just stand or sit and talk
 About your neighbor, please don't
 squawk
 About the little things each day.
 It might be Joe or Jean or Kay.
 It doesn't matter much the name,
 We've lots at stake—we're all the same
 For some day when that peace is won;
 And God's own will on earth be done,
 We'll picnic, joyride, maybe woo,
 But dogpatch style will never do,
 For goofy things just never last.
 We'll bury all them with our past;
 So in the ring toss your old hats,
 The game is on—so go to bat.

To judge wisely, I suppose we must know how things appear to the unwise.

There are five "I's" in individualistic. There is only one "I" in unity and there "U" comes ahead of "I."
 —Machinery Review.

Distinguished Service Men Visit Argus



From left to right: Sergeant Bonnewell, R. O. T. C., University of Michigan; Petty Officer Charles Albert Virrant, gunner's mate, 3rd class, U. S. Navy; Sergeant Tony Traczyk, American Tank Corps; Petty Officer Robert Brunner, Boatswain's Mate, 2nd class, U. S. Coast Guard, and Sergeant John F. Bartek, who was miraculously rescued after many days afloat in a small rubber coat with Captain Eddie Rickenbacker.



"Argy" Introduces "Argy's" Column

* * *

"THE PROS AND CONS"

The wise ones say: when you write an introduction, do it as you would a telegram you have to pay for yourself . . . with no honeysuckle between the lines, skin the meringue off the lemon pie. . . Take the moonlight out of the Sonata and then throw the Sonata away, make it

- Timely
- Speedy
- Vital
- Brief
- and Lively

So I'm on my way.

This column will be no Editorial Blueprint to limit the imagination.

"THE SKY'S THE LIMIT"

We want to stop the reader on the run, record the things he is thinking about, speak the language he is speaking and answer (if we can) the questions he is asking. We want to analyze the facts squarely but always on the upbeat.

Other columns will keep us posted with the Transitions, Births, Engagements, Marriages and Deaths . . . and Sports, Music, Books and absent friends. We hear also of a column to answer the age old problems of the love-lorn and the cures for Romance—which like all humanities are painful, unless we think of the fun we've had.

We are fighting a War and thinking of Peace. . . Will our experiences today help us tomorrow? We must analyze the present, compare it with the past.

WHAT WAS ARGUS FIVE YEARS AGO?

This question points to others—

- What will Argus be after the War?
- What will happen to me?
- What will happen to my job?
- Am I better or worse for War-wear?

These and many others are amongst the serious questions behind our thinking. Many standards have gone overboard and we are all concerned with what?—When the War goes overboard. There is no better rostrum for discussion of these problems than in the columns of our own Newspaper—to give us the opportunity to talk amongst ourselves, towards a clearer understanding and preparedness for the future.

In the meantime—Adolf may be 200 lbs. of dynamite, but he doesn't have any more between the ears than we have—and certainly not as much as 130 millions of us! So let's pool the brains and finish the job.

All communications and questions must be addressed to "Argy," care of the Editorial Staff, "Argus Eyes for Victory." No names will be published and all communications will be considered confidential.

Are We Having Fun!



The kids really had a hilarious time at the recent Huron Hills Toboggan Party given by Hilda and Ed Burns. Here we have Connie Ganzhorn, Pete McCollum, Katie Bauer, Ginny Smith, Charlie Van Aken, Ed Burns, But Roberts, Helen Fraser, Ruth Wackenhof, George Bayer and Hulda Burns. All but Ginny and George are employed in Plant 2. After the Toboggan Party, everyone did a little rug cutting at Ruth's apartment.

Old Lunchroom



Above is the cafeteria as it looked when it was on the first floor.

How We Started to the New World



By Paul Eugene

During the first World War, I was in Constantinople, which then was the capital city of Turkey. I was born and raised there up to the age of twenty. My father was a poultry merchant. Before World War I my two older brothers had left for the United States, one to study civil engineering and the other architecture.

At that time I was too young to join the Turkish armed forces. After the armistice, we received a number of letters from my brothers in the United States saying that they had no desire to return to Turkey and asking us to sell everything, even at a sacrifice, and come to the United States, where we could find a land of freedom, education and opportunity for everyone.

So, because we wanted to be together, we sold our belongings and, with the help of my brothers, we all came to New York, where we had a family reunion with joyful tears in our eyes to think that we had reached the United States after all the hardships we had experienced in Turkey.

We stayed in New York three weeks before we moved to Ann Arbor, where my brothers were studying at the University. We made this city our home and have lived at the same address ever since our arrival.

During our stay in New York we saw many places. Everything was so strange, so different from our homeland, and the sudden change in language made the old folks speechless. My father, with his rare sense of humor, used to make the remark that in this country the Turkish language is an antique. Another remark of his, after finding out that the American people are so polite and sociable, was that, if they could only understand the language, we could get along wonderfully.

The first year in this country was very hard for us, but after that we began to like it more and more all the time. We began to catch on to American jokes and soon we found, upon comparison with the Greek and Turkish jokes, that the American jokes and humor outdistances them all.

My other brother, James Eugene, and I, like many other Greeks, opened a restaurant near the campus, where he was going part-time to college, studying commercial art. Later he opened a sign shop, where he did considerable work for International Industries, then known as International Kadette Radio Corporation. When I tell some of my American friends that I am from Turkey, they think I am a Turk, but that is not true. Most Turks are Mohammedan and the majority of Greeks are Christian. If you have ever studied Greek history, you will recall that during the conquest of Alexander the Great a large number of Greeks settled in Turkey and for a number of centuries the Greeks lived in Turkey, partly in terror and partly in peace. The Greeks in Turkey are all Turkish subjects.

My father used to tell me, "Sonny, wherever you go and wherever you eat your bread, that is your country, and you must serve it in peace or wartime."

A year after my landing in this country, I applied for my first papers of citizenship and five years later I became a citizen of this country, where I am now serving my country in this hour of need in full spirit in one of Uncle Sam's defense shops, "TIL VICTORY IS OURS."

An aircraft carrier normally carries about 55 typewriters, a quota which lately has been cut by about half.



Problems of the Heart

By Lucretia Panzpress

Dear Miss Panzpress:

Having no facilities of mind for such a profound problem as my own, I'm beseeching your aid on grounds of mental distraction. I'm in love with one woman and yet am greatly attracted by another, thus causing a mental confusion which will not permit me to decide definitely with which one lies the strongest attraction. Although the woman I love is almost everything a man could desire, the other is an extremely wealthy widow with, shall we say, an extremely inviting income, which, explicitly, has no bearing on the case. I beg of you, Miss Panzpress, in which direction should I move?

Signed,
Distraught Professor.

Dear Distraught Professor:

Naturally, dear sir, I don't doubt your veracity in the least that money is the furthest from your mind in your objection. My advice is not to move in either direction. If you enter matrimony with the one you say you love, your mind will not be at ease in regards to the widow. If you marry the widow, attraction soon wears off, and you would, of course, have no use for her money. Seek elsewhere, my friend. Perhaps you'll find one woman you can love, and still be attracted by her. If she has a brother, look me up!!

Lucretia Panzpress.

Dear Lucretia:

I've married a man I can't live with or can't live without. Five times I've left him because of his cruelty and five times I've gone back to him. Three of those times I've had a child. I can't endure it any longer! What shall I do?

Signed,
Misery.

Dear Madam:

Your problem is indeed a difficult one. Your best bet is hibernation. If you can't live with or without your husband, you need a rest for your mind. Animals hibernate, why can't humans? Surely complete relaxation is far from being a bad decision. If you can't relax, send the kids to your mother and lay down and die. You might just as well.

Lucretia Panzpress.

Foreman "Blondie" Van den Broeck told one of his assembly girls that she was so slow that she moved like a turtle and inspector Mills was heard to say, "Yeah, but you can see a turtle move."

Co-Op Housees Offer Room and Board

Defense workers are welcome to apply for membership in student cooperative houses. This membership may be for room only, for board only or for room and board. The rates for board only in the men's houses is two to four dollars per week with three and a half to four hours kitchen work required per week, except in certain houses where adjustment for fewer hours of work may be made. In the women's houses the rates for board are three dollars and three hours of work per week.

The rates for room and board in the men's houses run from \$3.50 to \$5.50 per week with six to seven hours work per week and for room only, the rates are from \$2.25 up per week.

The cooperatives provide, in addition to low-cost room and board, the opportunity for democratic group living, fellowship and recreational and social facilities. The members do all the house and kitchen work themselves and all members have an equal voice in deciding any issues which may arise in the operation of the house.

Cooperatives do not recognize any difference because of race, color or creed. Women interested should call Patricia Cleary at the Alice Palmer Cooperative house, phone 2-2218, and men interested should call Leonard Tolmach at the Robert Owen Cooperative house, phone 7211.

Raw Inspection News

We hope Johnny Bandrofchak sees this issue of the Argus Eyes so he will know how much we miss him. We wish him all the luck in the world at his new job.

We miss the tool box full of handy gadgets he had on his desk, too.

Good luck, John, and come and see us once in a while.

A New Baby

Lillian Toney, who used to work in Raw Inspection, had a lovely six-pound baby girl January 21. She named her Mary Beth.

Team Work

During league competition, Eleanor and Dorothy Jacobus had identical games of 124, 134 and 144. They bowl on the Argus team in the Twentieth Century Ladies' City League.

Boys in the Service

Helen Breining's family is doing its part in a big way to help win the war. She has seven nephews, a cousin and a son in the service.

NOT FUNNY

Inspector Mills got a ticket for overtime parking and called his old friend, Bill Hitchingham, of the police force.

"How much will it cost me, Bill?"

"One dollar."

"Just an even dollar."

"Yeah, no amusement tax on this."

Professor: "Mr. Jones, what is your idea of perfect harmony?"

Music Student: "My idea of harmony, professor, is a freckled face girl, wearing a polka dot dress and leopard skin coat, leading a giraffe."

—Machinery Review.

Happy Birthday, Frank



A group from plant two gathered recently to celebrate Frank Andrews' birthday. Reading from left to right are: Agnes Thurston, John Perini, Viola Froehlich, Ruth Fowler, Maurine McDaniel, Helene Brazee, Bessie Coon, Vern Nelson, Maxine Wichman, Frank Andrews, Clyde Logan and Lillian Lukasiewicz.

Spring Fever



Ah! Spring is here at last! But it only lasted a few days. It seemed to have affected Connie Michelson and Doris Skelding. What's that they call it. Oh, yes—"Spring fever."



Dreaming

By Helen Ebright

When I am very lonely
And feeling kinda blue,
I take out your picture
And look at you.

You look at me and smile,
And somehow
My spirits rise,
As I gaze into your heavenly eyes.

My thoughts go back
To the day we parted,
When I left you all alone.
O! How I hated to leave,
But duty called me home.

But I am looking forward
To the day when we shall meet,
And you'll be mine forever,
It won't be long, my sweet.

So I'll just go on dreaming
These months that we're apart,
And when this work is finished,
I'll be back, sweetheart.

Less Milk and Butter

Well-fed Americans eat about 22 pounds of butter a year in normal times, but this year they will be lucky if they get 12 pounds, R. L. Van Boskirk says in Nation's Business magazine.

Butter, not bottled milk, will take the greater cut when the too-small production of the Nation's dairy herds is divided up to meet a greatly enlarged appetite, according to the writer.

There are several reasons for this. One is political—no government administrator will adopt a policy that might leave babies' bottles empty. Another is economic—farmers are paid most for milk that is bottled, least for milk churned into butter. And still another is demand—the Army feeds its men a pint of milk daily.

There won't be enough to go around this year, and if you are a civilian, you'll feel the effect of the shortage, the writer says.

John Bandrofchak Leaves Argus

After many years of service, John Bandrofchak has left International Industries to take a position as chief inspector at a plant in Dexter. We wish John all kinds of success on his new job. Eric Soderholm took over John's job as chief inspector.

These Days Are Over



It's a good thing that Eric took this well-earned rest, because he won't get much chance to sit down and take it easy on his new job as chief inspector.

A Soldier

A Soldier is a nobody,
We hear lots of people say.
He is an outcast in the world
And always in the way.

We admit there are some bad ones,
From the Army and Marines,
But you will find the majority
The most worthy ever seen.

Most folks condemn the Soldier
Who takes a drink or two,
But does the Soldier condemn you
When you take a few?

Now do not scorn the Soldier
But clasp him by the hand,
For he who wears the uniform
Means protection for your land.

When soldiers go to battle,
You cheer him on his way,
You say that they are Heroes
When in their graves they lay.

So with these lines I close, sir,
And hope they don't offend,
But when you meet a Soldier,
Just treat him like your friend.

Not Showing

"Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"
"Well, your face is clean, but I don't know about your imagination."



"See here, X29—you'll have to get yourself a priority and buy an Argus."

—From March issue of Minicam.

After Hours, I'm Scared

By Howard G. Sawyer,
Copy Chief, James Thomas Chirurg. Co.

The headlines are bad, and we who have congratulated ourselves on the magnificent job we have helped Industry to accomplish, wonder how much of the war materiel Industry has produced was deserted in the north of Africa, destroyed on the Russian front, sunk in the Atlantic. How many man-hours of work must be represented there! How much more Industry will have to produce before we see the end of this!

I remember when our town had an air raid test, and the people stayed out on their porches while the sirens screamed, for it was a mild evening and the raid was make-believe and those wearing the armbands were only their neighbors.

I remember that so far only 900 firms among our country's many thousands have responded to Donald Nelson's plea for labor-management committee to build up worker enthusiasm. I remember accounts of workers assuming that "B" stood for "bonus" instead of "Beat the Promise" and being mighty disappointed. I remember a labor leader assuring the plant manager he knew how production could be increased—with a pay raise.

I remember the lines of cars the other night trailing back from each of the few gas stations that were open . . . people's annoyance at not having enough sugar for both cereal and coffee while the warehouses were reportedly bulging . . . and the flop of the scrap rubber collection drive.

And I want now to tell you what all these impressions of mine add up to:

These cocky United States need to get afraid.

What we need most to get our people aroused, our management realistic, our workers fighting mad, is fear—fear of something pretty awful that is going to happen to us, right here, if we don't do better than we have been doing.

But our government won't let us have fear. Whether because of forthcoming elections or plain stupidity or a desire to have us believe their policies have not been unsuccessful, we are protected against fear. They laugh off the Aleutians, they hide the facts about Provincetown, they soft-pedal the casualties everywhere.

This government-sponsored false security must come to an end, regardless of politics, regardless of unhappy mothers, regardless of which kind of headlines sell more papers.

Unfortunately, the complacent and boasting advertising of firms on war work is no aid to a realistic attitude on this war. Sure, Industry is doing fine. Four thousand planes a month off the assembly lines, and the Nazis move across a continent with only a handful. Three bottoms a day from our shipyards, and they may be sinking four. Tons of tanks for the Russians.

Bad days are ahead for us until the Battle of Germany can begin. And that Battle waits for us.

Our people must be made afraid—the people in my neighborhood afraid of the moonlit night, workers in the plants afraid of slavery, management as afraid of Hitler as it is of Roosevelt.

Instead of congratulatory telegrams from Jimmy Doolittle, let's feed our War Production Drives with prayers from the Yanks in Jap prison camps. Instead of trick gags about hanging Hitler and Hirohito, let's show the workers what kind of a week (and what kind of overtime) they would get from Adolf. Instead of funny cartoons and cute slogans, let's give them the facts on how near we are to losing the war.

And let's, in our national advertising, drop our rosy confidence, let's talk tough instead of smug, let's not count a Victory won that's damned close to being lost.

Our people won't panic. America, too, can take it!

A dozen times, in Civilian Defense work, I have heard: "It's an awful thing to say, but if we could get just one bombing somewhere. . . ."

What we have most to fear is not fear itself, but the lack of fear.

—Reprinted from Printers' Ink.

SOUTHBOUND

"If Ah wins dis hand, Ah leaves for Flahidah tomorrow."

"Yes, and does yo' win it wid dem cards up, yo' sleeve, Ah'm gonna Tampa wid yo' tonite."

—Naval Stores Review.

TOURIST PHOTOS AID WAR

Tourist mementos of peace-time trips abroad, in the form of films, snapshots and postcards of places and scenes in what are now enemy-occupied countries and enemy lands already have been of great military value to Allied airmen.

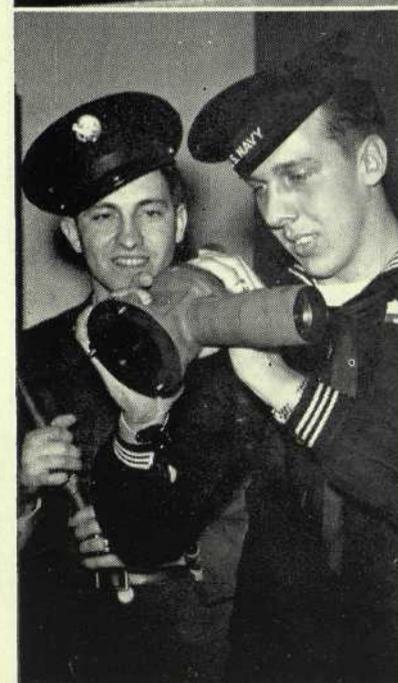
Visitors Inspect Methods



Take time to live. That is what time is for. Killing time is suicide.
Take time to work. It is the pride of success.
Take time to be friendly. It is the road to happiness.
Take time to dream. It is hitching your wagon to a star.
Take time to look around. It is too short a day to be selfish.
Take time to laugh. It is the music of the soul.

Take time to play with children. It is the joy of joys.
Take time to be courteous. It is the mark of a gentleman.
Take time to think. It is the source of power.
Take time to play. It is the fountain of wisdom.
—Santa Fe Magazine.

The homing instinct of pigeons is still a mystery.



Will You Pay the Cost of Production Battles Lost?

And if our Lines should form and break because of things YOU failed to make, The extra tank or gun or plane, For which we waited all in vain, And the supplies that never came, Will you then come and take the blame? For we, not you, will pay the cost Of battle You, not we, have lost.

Parked goggles can't protect you. Wear them at all times.

SAVE MANPOWER FOR WARPOWER

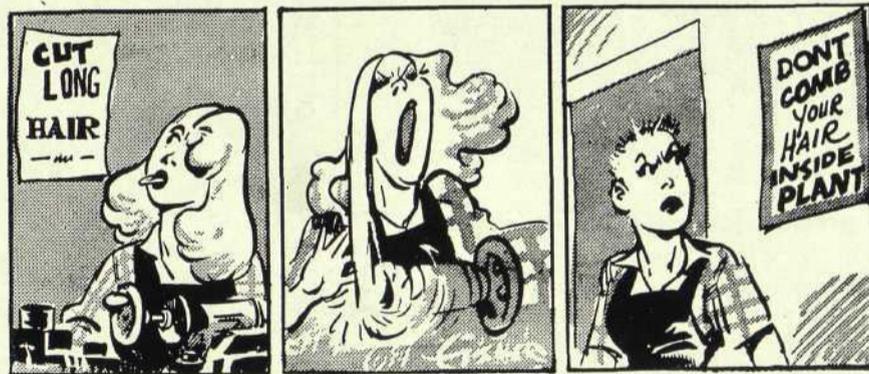
STEADY PRODUCTION WILL KEEP HIM ON TOP!



Marelyn and Jerry



Marelyn and Jerry Lawhead are the glamour kids of Jackson. Boy! Is pop ever proud of them. Pop is the foreman in the machine shop in plant two.



Tuck Up Hair, Women Advised

Wear safety caps when the job requires it, the United States Women's Bureau advises women war workers. Hair should be fully tucked under the cap, and so avoid scalping and other injuries as well as pain, costly medical care, permanent disfigurement.

This advice to women in war plants is given by Mary Anderson, Director of The Women's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, in a recent bulletin, the ninth in a series of pamphlets on standards for employment of women in war industries. It offers the following suggestion:

The feminine hairdo and machinery are a bad combination, if stray curls or wisps of hair are caught in moving parts. For machine operators the uncovered head should be taboo, also the popular bandana and turban as their loose ends may catch in the machine.

Eddie's Birthday Party



Eddie Girvan Feted on Birthday

When Eddie Girvan walked into optical assembly on March 4th about 2:30, he had a big surprise staring him right in the face. There on his desk was a beautiful large three-layer birthday cake with greetings on it that read, "Happy Birthday, Eddie," and there was also the number thirty-two. As any ol' Scotchman would say, "Aye, thir-r-rtly two year-r-r's old it 'tis, thut I yum!" He received a very nice gift from the gang.

The best part came when Clyde Logan, Chet Wisner and Irv Domzal walked in with that mischievous look in their eyes. All of a sudden the men flew at Eddie, down over someone's knees he was put and then "Wham!" down came a good thick piece of lumber on his—! Poor Eddie got up looking like the banty rooster that didn't win the fight. After all, look at whom he had to struggle with.

And now, lick your chops, 'cause here's where the luscious part comes in. With knife in one hand and plate in the other hand, Eddie took to the cake, while some of the girls passed refreshments.

We join Eddie Girvan's many friends in wishing him many friends in wishing him many happy returns and a lot more happy birthdays.

CARD OF THANKS

Eddie Girvan would like to thank those who made his birthday one of the happiest he ever had.

Happily Married

Mildred Pfizenmaier, Saline, became the bride of Clifford Olson during ceremonies at St. Paul's Evangelical church in Saline at 7:30 P. M., February 5th.

Rev. C. H. Wittbracht, pastor of St. Paul's church, read the service. Mrs. Lucille Henderson played the wedding music.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a white satin gown with a long, full skirt and train, three-quarters length sleeves and sweetheart neckline.

Her fingertip veil was held in place by a beaded tiara and she carried a white prayer book with a white orchid and white streamers.

Mrs. Caroline Quam, Ann Arbor, served as matron of honor, as Mrs. Raymond Buss, Ann Arbor, and Mrs. Norman Pfizenmaier, Saline, were bridesmaids. Norman Pfizenmaier, Saline, the bride's brother, acted as best man. Sidney Olson and Raymond Buss of Ann Arbor were ushers.

A reception followed the wedding ceremony.

A Vision in the Rain

By Helen Ebright

When the rain drops beat heavily Against my window pane, I start dreaming of someone I met in the rain.

Her eyes were midnight blue, But her face was very pale. Somehow she looked so helpless, Standing there so small and frail.

I asked if I could assist her, She smiled as if in pain, She thanked me very politely And started on in the rain.

I never did find her, I didn't even learn her name, But I'll still go on dreaming Of someone I met in the rain.

Soldier's Song

The "Parley Voo" song of this war is a ditty called "Hoity Gertie From Bizerte." The lyrics, our African scout reports, are just as ribald and numerous as were those of the famous "Made-moiselle" of the first A. E. F.

Candid Comment

First of the month bills descend like due-drops.

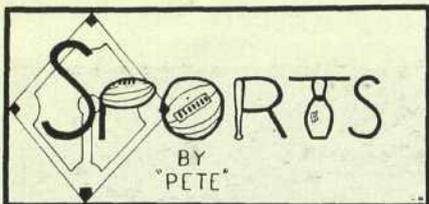
Life is described by a scientist as the metabolic activity of photoplasm. It often seems worse than that on a Monday morning.

—Rays of Sunshine.

Post Graduate

Daughter: "Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibli—"

Practical Mother: "Stop! I have arranged for you a thorough course in roastology, bakeology, stitchology, darnology, patchology, and general domestic hustleology."



BOWLING

The mighty ones have taken a tumble! After leading the league since the opening of the season, and never having their lead cut to less than ten games, the Lens Tool Room team has found the going rather tough and have dropped ten of their last twelve games. The rather safe lead that the toolmakers have enjoyed has now been cut to a rather shaky four game margin over the persistent veteran Office No. 1 team. The Machine Shop No. 2 five started the leaders on their slide. The machine shoppers took three of the four games, and only the clutch bowling of Norm Hartman kept the top team from a whitewashing. For the machine ship it was "Keller" Howe and Russ Conley who applied most of the pressure. The following week the Lens Tool Room tangled with the Paint Shop. This team had been waiting for this since the first round to avenge the defeats suffered in their first meeting. This time the results were reversed, and the leading team was forced to accept three not-too-welcome defeats. Smarting from these two successive set-backs the pace-setters were confident of getting back in stride the following week when they bowled the toolmakers of Plant 1. But "Little Joe" Lyons, "Big Bill" Zoellner, and company showed little regard for their opponents and took all four games. This was the first time the entire year that the leaders had to accept a zero in the win column for their evening's efforts. Big Bill was definitely on his game, and it was his bowling that was the main factor in the clean sweep. In the first game Bill posted a 210 game which provided the margin of victory. Bill coasted in the second game while the other members of his team were counting enough pins to give them that game. In the final game, Zoellner again came back to check in with a nice 195 total, and this was just enough to give his team that game and the four points. Hats off to the "Giant Killers."

The slump of the leaders has given encouragement to all of the other teams, and now there are quite a few teams that must be considered in the fight for the championship. The Office No. 1 team in second place and trailing by only four games feel quite sure that they are going to repeat their performance of last year and again capture the championship. But look out for the Wildcats! With "Lefty" Kendrovics setting the pace the Cats have been clawing all opponents, and they are all set to go in the stretch drive. The "wrong-armed" has had no series under 550 in the past eight weeks, and getting commendable help from the other members of his team have moved into third place. The Paint Shop and the International Inspection teams must not be counted out of the race either. Both of these teams are made up of veteran bowlers who really get tough in the last part of the season. It should be a swell race from here on in. The standings of the teams with their wins and losses at this date are:

BOWLING STANDINGS

	Won	Lost
Lens	66	34
Office No. 1	62	38
Inspection	58	42
Bendix Wildcats	57	43
Prism	57	43
Lens Office	56	44
Cost Accounting	55	45
Paint	55	45
Machine No. 2	52	48
Office No. 2	51	49
Lens Blocking	51	49
Tool Room	51	49
Lens Machine	45	55
Mat. Control	43	57
Army	42	58
Stock Room	34	66
Maintenance	33	67
Machine No. 1	32	68

BASKETBALL

The Argus basketball team has come through again this year and has captured the crown in the Red Division of the City League. The Argus five went through their entire schedule of nine games and were forced to accept defeat only once. This loss was to the Northside Club, but in the second meeting between these two the Northsiders were on the short end of a rather decisive score. The American Broach team afforded our boys with their strongest competition and with two games to be

In Marine Paratroops



Above is a picture of Charles Bahnmiller, formerly of Argus, which Ensign John Strauss found in a recent Boston paper. Charles is in the Marine Paratroops.

played were tied with our team for the lead. Meeting in a crucial game and each needing a win to stay in the race for the championship, Argus and Broach put on a real exhibition of basketball. Each team was at full strength and perhaps played its best games of the year. Coach Harding had his players up for this game and they went out and ran up 41 points, which was 9 more than the Broach five could count. "Slugger" Sinelli had his biggest night of the year and parted the meshes for seventeen points. He was given strong support from the other starters and each Argus player counted in the scoring of points. The Argus team still needed a win over the Demolay team to cinch the championship, just a bit on the over-confident side and almost had it cost them the undisputed championship, but in the final quarter the class of the Argus team showed and they were able to maintain a three-point advantage until the final whistle. In this contest it was one of the new recruits who proved his worth under fire. B. Huffman counted thirteen big points and really played himself a swell ball game.

The play-offs between the Blue and the Red divisions will decide the City Championship. The two teams in the Blue division who have earned the right to enter the championship games are The Ann Arbor Agency and the Dnubar Club. The Red division will be represented by our Argus team and the American Broach. The Agency team has had the pick of the best talent in Ann Arbor, and are the definite favorites. But regardless of the results in these final games, the Argus team has done a good job and deserves a lot of credit for the brand of ball that they have played this year. Congratulations to Coach Harding and all of his players. The members of the winning shop team for this year are: Jimmie Devlin, Kelly Goss, Mike Sinelli, Dick Richards, Bill Huffman, Norm Tweed, Creg Letsis, Duke Bertoni and Glenn Harrie.

Ladies' Bowling League News

When you read this, our ladies' bowling league will be a thing of the past, with pleasant memories of a lot of fun and competition.

Inspection nosed into first place a few weeks ago and hope to stay there with one more night to bowl.

Purchasing is just two games behind and can easily take champ position if they can take three games and Inspection lose three.

Paint Shop dropped to third place, and Engineering gave up fourth place to the Camera team.

The other five team are very close and are still in there pitching.

In the next issue of the paper we will have the finals of a swell league. Laura Egeler.

Ladies' City Tournament

Six teams from our ladies' bowling league have entered the city tournament, starting March 13.

I wish them all the luck in the world and hope they all place for prizes. Laura Egeler.

Ethel and Larry Jones took first place money, which was \$6.00, and Jule Eder also gave them a dollar.

Our final USO mixed doubles tournament was held February 28th at the Twentieth Century Alleys with sixteen couples taking part.

They had a nice total of 1362 pins. Ethel bowled 185 her first game and received a handicap of 85 pins, making her game 270.

The other prize winners were as follows:

2nd place, Laura and Rube Egeler with 1291—\$5.00; 3rd place, Verald and Curt Adams with 1270—\$4.00; 4th place, Opal and Gordon Stevens with 1251—\$3.00; 5th place, Doris and Joe Lyons with 1246—\$2.00; 6th place, Ori Wetherbee and Mr. Schlenker with 1236—\$1.12.

We want to thank everyone who took part in these Bowlers' Victory Legion tournaments. You have shown the real American spirit with your fine contributions to a worthy cause.

Laura and Rube Egeler.

Match Game

The rivalry between Plant No. 1 and Plant No. 2 has finally been settled by a hot match game held at the Twentieth Century Alleys on Sunday evening, March 7th.

The dark horse on Plant No. 1 team, John Kendrovics, pulled through with a total of 594 to beat his rival, Rumsey, who had 564.

Regardless of the fact that Rube Egeler threw two gutter balls on spares, Plant No. 1 was a little too good to beat.

I think the boys from Plant No. 2 were beat before they started. They must have been worrying about the five dollars each of them lost besides paying for all the lines.

That should be a mere drop in the bucket to them. I have seen some of the nice checks they get, at Lee's cash register.

They know now who the best team is, as they do not want a return match.

It was all in fun, anyway, and we spectators hope to see another such match game soon.

Here are the scores:

Plant No. 2				Total
Letsis	154	163	148	465
Lingel	116	133	132	381
Boyle	174	167	149	490
Rymsey	179	166	221	561
Hartman	151	193	116	460
	769	822	766	2357
Plant No. 1				Total
Schlenker	129	195	153	477
Egeler	151	139	163	453
Peterson	191	134	167	492
Kendrovics	189	201	204	594
Kuehn	182	149	154	485
	842	818	841	2501

Optical Assembly Gossip

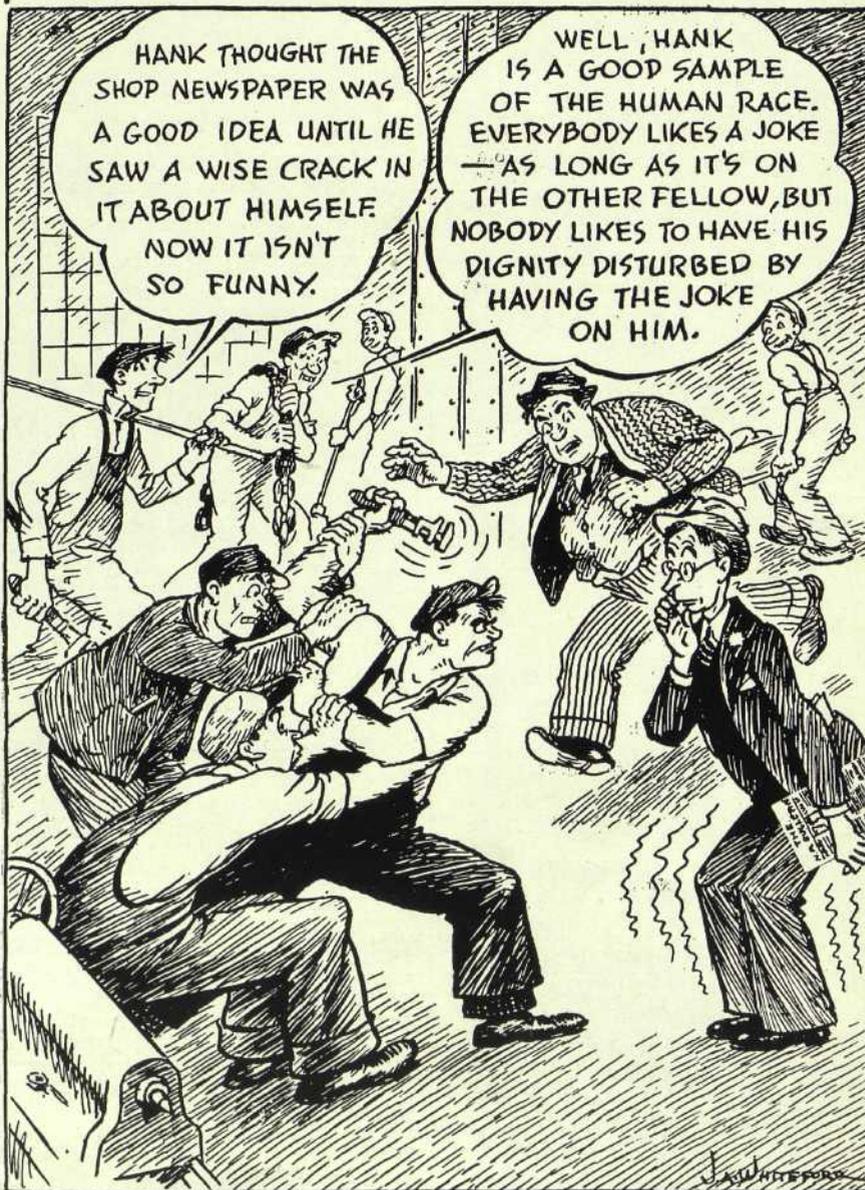
What's this we hear about "Babe" Peterson bowling a "596" series? Say, Babe, you must have a muscle like Pop-eye. That's good work. Keep it up!

Who's the gal that's so afraid to take a chance? She only missed out on a \$13.00 jackpot. Oh, well, "live and learn," don't we all!

The only successful substitute for brains is silence.

Perils of an Editor's Life

by Whiteford



Strictly FOR THE GIRLS!

Dedicated to all women in service on the war production front is a new nail polish shade, On Duty. It's a clean, light color especially designed for on duty wear, the woman at work who wants her hands looking smart and "ready to go."

On Duty is a pastel rose, just off natural when a single coat is used. In two coats it's soft rose-pastel. Its special feature is quicker drying time, a blessing on the busy-handed.



Fickle as ever—during the day we have our minds rigidly on our jobs, completely unconscious of ourselves. During the evening we revert to the eternal feminine with our minds on the impression we make. By day, we tie up our manes, step into slacks and sandals. By night, we fluff out our curls, don heels and a gay, pretty dress—a truly feminine dress the boys adore. Just the sort of bright, light print, freshly frilled crepe or low-throated pastel that the New York designers are creating in droves for today's dual-souled women.

* * *



Because a survey shows that some women don't know where to start looking for war jobs, you can be a Victory Scout and tell them. Make it your business to tell them how. Make it your business to tell at least one of your friends (fair sex, of course) that she can find war work through her local United States Employment Service office.

* * *

PULL 'EM DOWN Guess what has been found to be one of the easiest ways of saving fuel, a way discovered by brainy scientists working in modern scientific laboratories! That there is a 10% saving when you pull down the window shades in a house during the sixteen hours from winer's dusk to daylight. Think of it, this simple little trick may make the difference between shivering and cozy comfort.



* * *

No meat left by the time you get to the butcher? Then try this tasty cheese quickie that is crammed with nourishment. It's a meatless headliner, that will warrant many a repeat performance. Start the meal with a fruit juice. Serve beets or carrots, or both, and cole slaw with the Tomato Cheese-It. Finish off with an open-top fruit pie.

TOMATO CHEESE-IT

- ½ pound American cheese finely chopped
- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- dash of pepper

Put all ingredients in top of double-boiler and cook over gently boiling water until cheese is melted, stirring occasionally. In the meantime, cook either macaroni, spaghetti, noodles or rice, or make toast, on which to serve the Tomato Cheese-It.

* * *

KNOW YOUR ALPHABET?

- WOW —Woman Ordnance Worker
- WAAC —Women's Auxiliary Army Corps
- WAVES—Women Appointed for Voluntary Emergency Service
- WAFS —Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron
- SPARS —Semper Paratus, Always Ready (Coast Guard motto)

And now comes word that the stalwart Marines have bowed to the gals.

* * *



If you're too tired at the end of a long week's work to stage a big get-together, then arrange with your friends for a progressive dinner party so that everyone can chip in with a little work and cash in on a lot of fun. Here's how to do it: arrange a four-course menu with them and plan on having each course at a different house. If they end up at your place for dessert, they can stay for an evening of bridge or gin-rummy and dancing.

Distasteful

"I'm getting so I like that guy less and less."
 "Why?"
 "He's the kind of guy who, when he pours you a drink and you tell him to stop, stops."



"What! Ten points for that? I'll toss you double or nothing!"

1776 and 1943

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us—that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that give everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price on its goods, and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated."
 —The Crisis, 1776, by Tom Paine.

Attu Island in the Aleutians, now occupied by the Japs, is one of the rainiest spots on earth. Humidity averages 90%; there are over 250 rainy days a year, and sometimes only 8 days a year are wholly clear.

We Think We Have Troubles

Mr. Headquarters
 U. S. Army
 Dear Mr. Headquarters:
 My husband was induced into the surface long months ago and I ain't received no pay from him sense he was gone.

Please send me my elopement as I have four months baby and he is my only support and I need it every day to buy food and keep us enclosed.

I am a poor woman and both sides of my parents are very old and I can't suspect anything from them as my mother has been in bed for thirteen years with one doctor and she won't have another. My husband is in charge of the spittoon. Do I get more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child and please send me a wife form to fill out. I have already written to Mr. Roosevelt and get no answer and if I don't hear from you I will write to Uncle Sam about you and him.

My husband says he sits in the Y. M. C. A. every night with the piano playing in his uniform.

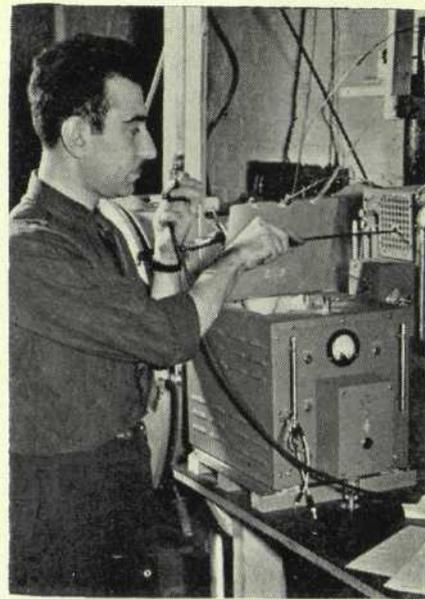
Think you can find him there.

Very truly,

Mrs. Shay.

Taken from the Racial Digest.

Tells His Story



My Story

By Jim Teofil

I was born in Istanbul, Turkey, in the early part of 1917. In college I majored in engineering and language, including English. Late in 1939 I left Europe for the United States, crossing Greece, Italy and France. I found that the Italians as well as the others, were very much against the war, for they had no desire to fight the Americans. They had too much admiration for the American way of living, working and general enjoyment of life.

I crossed the Atlantic on a British boat, partly escorted by their destroyers, partly by Canadian. As a matter of routine, we had daily practice in taking to lifeboats and in putting on life jackets. At night we had complete blackouts because of the U-boat menace. We arrived in New York City on a Friday morning, however, with nothing eventful to record.

In New York, the size of the harbor, the truly sky-dominating skyscrapers, the sobering grandeur of the Statue of Liberty impressed me and I was amazed at the huge crowds of people I saw everywhere about me and of the never-diminishing line of traffic, both wholly in contrast to anything I ever saw anywhere in Europe.

American language left me at a loss. I had heard almost none of it from my English instructors. Only now do I find that I am beginning to find my way through the maze of it. And how good are you at it? On how many of the following will you take the count? "Turn out the flickers, on the beam, cooking with gas, my popsicle, cut a rug, peach of a girl, hot tube, topsy-turvy, bang in and bang out, scoot around the corner, blow out the light, sober as a judge, okey-dokey, you are a super-duper."

"Here comes a friend of mine. He's a human dynamo."
 "Really?"
 "Yes, everything he has on is charged."

A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while he knows something.

Engagements

Jeanne Crandell (Dept. 22, Bendix Stock) to Cadet Harold E. Schoen, Navy Pre-Flight, Iowa City, Iowa.

Esther Schaeffer (Mailing Dept.) is wearing a beautiful diamond given to her by Pvt. William Phillips, Army Air Corps, better known as just "Bill," formerly of the Camera dept.

Bill returned home March 1st after 4 months at Sheppard Field, Texas, with an honorable discharge, so we wouldn't be surprised if Esther will be changing her name soon.

Though Bill left International some time ago, he is well remembered and liked here.

Congratulations to Esther and Bill.

In the Thick of It



Here is the crew of the Arkansas Traveler, who are making trouble for the Nazis in Africa. In case you don't recognize Mel Bahnmiller, formerly of International Industries, we've pointed him out for you.



Corporal John Benzler is in Mississippi attending an airplane mechanics school, taking a four-months course on cargo planes. He says that he has found a lot of soldiers with Argus cameras and that they have a lot of praise for them.

Dwight Gerstler sends us a few lines from a camp in New Jersey. He wants to say hello to everybody, including the boys in the buffing department. He says that he likes to receive the paper so that he can read what the people at home are doing.

Taking Radio Course



Pvt. Mitchell C. Hopper

Pvt. Mitchell Hopper sent us the above picture and says that he is taking an eighteen weeks' course in radio. He says that it's pretty cold in Chicago.

Pfc. Everett Teasley writes from North Carolina and encloses the following, which we believe may be interesting.

Mechanics' Twenty-third Psalm

Carefulness is my watchword. I shall not want another. It maketh me to remember to check each point before I put my O. K. on the plane, for otherwise my plane's pilot might crash into green pistures or dive out of control into still waters.

It restoreth my confidence in myself, for I know that by being careful I am keeping our planes in the air so that we can win the war. I do not feel with the ignition switch nor do I taxi the plane across the fields just for the thrill of it and those about me feel no such evil for my wrench and my screwdriver comfort me and I do my work well.

I prepareth the plane for the pilot in front of our enemies. I caress my plane with loving care and see that each part of it is ingood working order and anointeth its engine with until it has just enough and its not running over. Surely smooth flying and success will follow, I will follow my plane wherever it is and by being careful, I will be able to keep it flying forever.

A letter was received from Cpl. Byron Alrich, someplace in England. In "By's" last letter he offered an English shilling to the first person from whom he received a letter and a six pence to the second.

Naomi Kniper received the shilling and Betty Reddemon the six pence. "By" also stated that he's losing the waist line from hard work, then he confessed that he thought the real reason was the miles between him and Lee's lunch counter, but that he'd like to rest his elbows on it right now, even if there wasn't any pie.

A letter was received from Ens. John Strauss, U. S. N. R., in which he stated that he had received the "Argus Eyes" and enjoyed it very much; also that he'd like to hear from his old friends here at International.

John also sent the picture on page 6 from a Boston, Mass., paper. He thought the name Bahnmilller sounded familiar and wondered if he'd even worked here or if any of our employees from Chelsea knew him.

Commissioned



Lt. Max Hammond

All of us here at International wish to offer our most sincere congratulations to Max. He used to work on the camera line. He received his commission February 17th at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. We wish him the best of luck and continued success in his new job, wherever it may be.

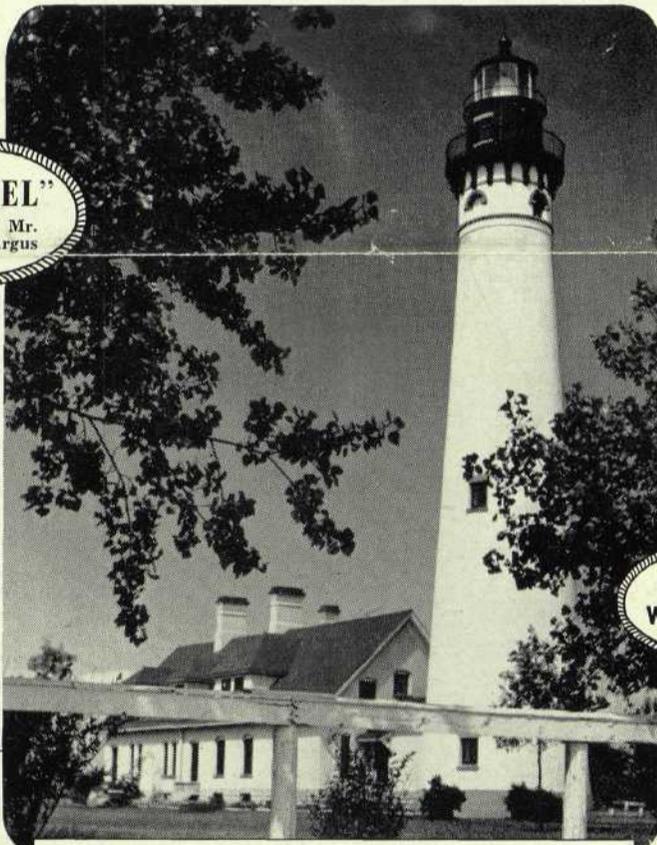
Operator! Operator!



The Radial Nerve Center of the Argus Eye

Miss Mayzo Klager and Miss Juanita Boyd—direct communications. Serene, unruffled by the maze of voices, cries, plugs, lights and all the Phantas maginia of the modern switchboard. Their job is to see that you talk to whom you want—when you want—and you do!

"SENTINEL"
from one of Mr. Pedersen's Argus negatives.



BUY WAR BONDS

"I always carry my Argus C2 to record places of interest," says Ed J. Pedersen of Preston, Minn.



IN a little over a year, Mr. Pedersen has made nearly a thousand pictures with his Argus, and says, in part, "I have no trouble obtaining good results in both black and white and Kodachrome, thanks to the accuracy of the Argus C2 shutter and coupled range finder." His Argus Cintar F 3.5 lens serves double duty, since it is easily removed from the camera for use on his enlarger.

Perhaps your Argus dealer can still show you this versatile picture-maker.

TECHNICAL DATA

- Camera: Argus C2
- Film: Plus X
- Aperture: F:11
- Exposure: 1/100
- Filter: 2X Yellow
- Developer: DK20

argus
ann arbor michigan
Fine American Made Cameras

Learn more about composition—lenses—film—and helpful hints for using any camera. Send 25c today for the 56-page book "Good Pictures."