

Argus Eyes for Victory!

That Bull's-Eye Flag

A careful check throughout the plant shows the following statistics relative to war bond sales based on payroll figures: Plant 1, factory workers, 9.5%; office, 8.5%; Plant 2, factory, 9.5%; office, 6.1%; or a general average of 9.3% for the whole of International Industries.

To win the bull's-eye flag for the entire plant, it will be necessary to attain an average of 10% of the total payroll. In case either plant reaches the 10% figure, a bull's-eye flag will be flown by that individual plant, regardless of the factory average.

It has also been arranged to award small bull's-eye flags to individual departments which attain an average of 10% of their own payroll. The above statistics will show what has to be done throughout the factory to reach the goal, but in plants and in departments. See your bond captains and arrange to increase your bond purchases to 10% or more if possible.

The Minute Man flag for 90% participation of employees in war bond purchases has been awarded to both plants and should be flying by the time this issue of Argus Eyes is off the press.

The captains wish to thank everyone for their loyal co-operation in purchase of war bonds and ask their further support in increasing sales throughout the plant.

Retribution

By M. I. Pitkin
(In Cosmopolitan's Better Way)

To men of loyalty and sense, 1941 will long be remembered as the most aggravating year in American history.

That was the year certain heroes, senators, paragraphers and plain traitors joined with the faint-hearted and the Axis press in telling America what she couldn't do.

Never during the blackest days of the depression were the nation's ears assailed by such a raucous and exasperating concatenation of can'ts.

You can't buck the wave of the future. You can't break the machine-tool bottleneck. You can't overtake the Axis lead in armament. You can't move an army past the Nazi submarines. You can't tool up heavy industry in time to win. You can't fight a two-ocean war with a one-ocean fleet.

Can't, can't, can't, the boys were marching... the bad, dangerous invincible Axis boys. Better throw in the sponge and save your necks. Better give up the dangerous dream of stopping this ghastly business. You can't.

It was terrible to hear, particularly for those who realized the gigantic power and genius of American industry. And next to sheer relief in seeing the world shed of brigands, our chief joy in victory will come from industry's having caught these shabby defeatists with their can'ts down.

Notice

To Argus Club Members

We would like all members of the Argus Recreation Club to know that the Argus Ladies' League paid for their own bowling banquet this year. The company paid for it last year and not the club.

There has been some discussion on this point. Most everyone thinks we have received too much money from the club. Considering the large amount of money the club has made this year, the \$150.00 we were allowed for our bowling shirts is a very small sum. We carried the name "Argus" on our shirts all year to advertise the club.

We understand the club was meant to sponsor all recreational groups or we would not have asked for the banquet.

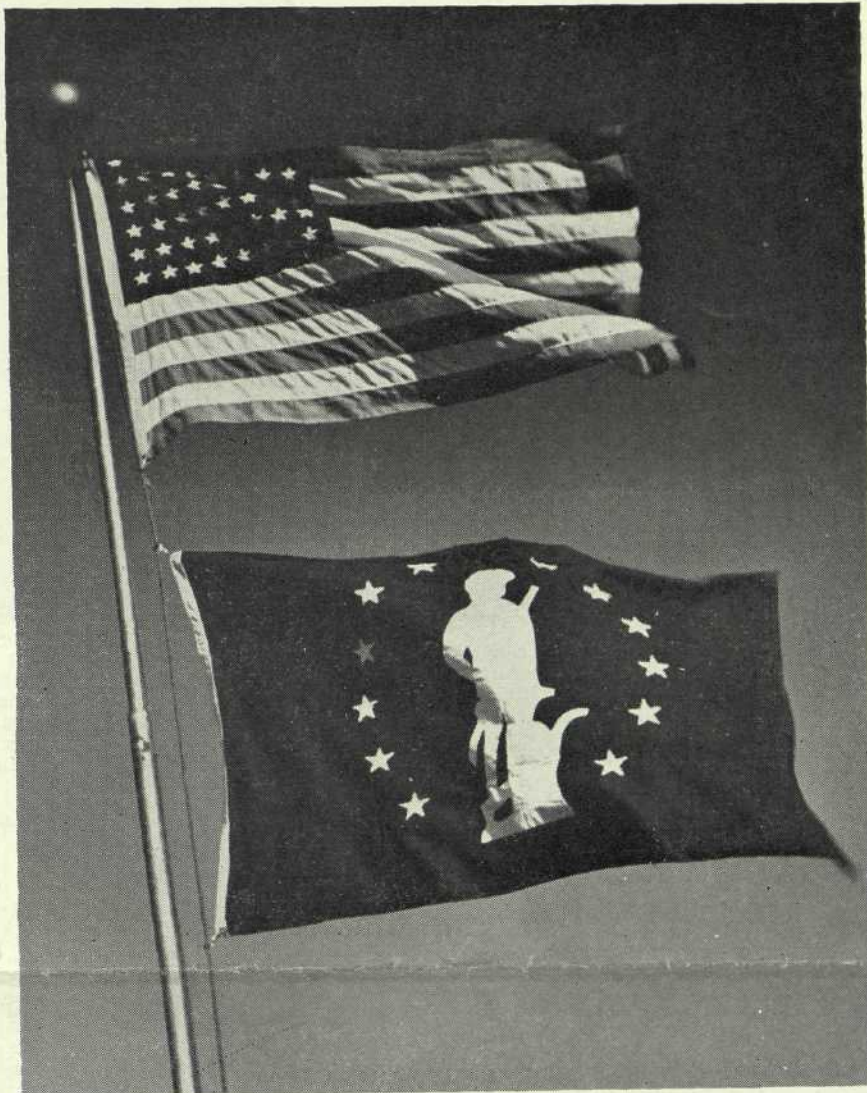
We expect to have a bowling league again next year, but if the club does not sponsor us we will not carry "Argus" on our shirts.

The Argus Ladies' Bowling League
Laura Egeler, Secretary.

Distinction

"Do you hyphenate headache?"
"Not unless it's a splitting headache."

Minute Man Flag Raised



One percent additional payroll deduction from each employee for bonds will give us the Bull's-eye flag. Can't we do it?

Although International Industries has been entitled to a Minute Man flag for some time, it has not been raised because we have been so close to a Bull's-eye flag. The deductions for bonds have been running about 9.3% per month or seven-tenths of one-percent short. Now the Minute Man flag has been hoisted and, due to the April drive, the ten percent flag will be up for at least one month.

In the April drive the two leaders are Frances Hill of plant two with \$1,875

and Harold Peterson of plant one with \$1,825. The total of extra bonds sold for April is about \$12,000 in the two plants. No definite quota has been set for our plant, but we would like to go about \$20,000.

The payroll deductions for March in both plants amounted to \$16,449.01. If each employee would raise his deduction one percent, we could keep the Bull's-eye flag flying all the time instead of for one month. Let's set our goal for that.

Dolorous Dan McHugh

(Verse with moral, written in pursuance of the current advertising trend of using fine poetry to get across a selling message.)

A bunch of GI's was scoopin' it up in a Malamute saloon,
With Corporal Cohen at the baby grand, banging a rag-time tune,
When out of the night, that was 50 below,
Dog-dour and loaded with woe,
Strode Sergeant Dolorous Dan McHugh, the terror of Company O.
Now, Dan was a sarge with a pan like a barge,
With hard little slits stead of eyes,
One look at his puss was enough to produce depression in 99 guys.
On the night of my tale they had just got the mail,
And a GI was handing it out.
When he gave Dan his mail, the frown disappeared
And in joy Dan gave vent to a shout.
And from then until now, old Dan's been a wow,
And they call him Big Brother McHugh,
And he's everybody's pal, which goes to prove
What a picture of home folks can do.
Yes, a picture from home some photographer sent,
Made Wild Dan McHugh very tame.
Now all is K. O. in Company O,
If you're a photog, do the same.

Sales Dept. Decides to Mail Argus Eyes to Its Key Dealers

April 5, 1943.
FROM: Homer Hilton

TO: Vern Heck, President
Argus Recreation Club

As you know, the Sales Department asked for a reprint of last month's issue of "Argus Eyes," so we could send a copy to our dealers. The reaction is so favorable, in that many dealers have expressed keen interest in this newsy and interesting paper, they want to remain on our list permanently, so they may be kept in touch with what is going on here at the plant.

We want to comply with the request of these dealers, so wish to have 1,000 copies each month hereafter, these to be mailed to our Number 1 dealers.

Inasmuch as this increased quantity is about half of the total number which will be printed each month, I suggest we pay 50% of the cost because I believe this added expense of the Sales Department is fully justified because of the value we will get in creating greater good-will for the Company among some of our dealers.

I am sending a copy of this note to Guy Core, so he will give proper instructions to be certain the Sales Department pays their proportion of the expense hereafter.

March 25, 1943.

To All Argus Dealers:

It's been almost a year since an Argus salesman has called on you. The reason is, of course, that Aviation Radios, Precision Optical and Fire Control Equipment for the Army and Navy are rolling off our production lines where the C3, the Model A and the Argoflex formerly held sway.

Although we still haven't anything to sell you, we think you'll be interested in the enclosed copy of "Argus Eyes," a monthly publication issued by our Employees' Association. The names and faces appearing in this lively little magazine will probably be strangers to you. But we want you to get acquainted with them because they're the folks who are going to build more and better Argus cameras for you after the war.

We don't know how soon this will be, but we want you to know that the sacrifices you have made in going without cameras have, at least in a small way, helped to hasten the day when we can resume civilian manufacturing.

Meanwhile, we hope your problems of doing business have not been too difficult, and we look forward with keen anticipation to the time when we will be seeing you again.

Until then—all good luck to you.

Sincerely yours,

ARGUS, Ann Arbor.

Homer Hilton, Sales Mgr.

Quite a few changes have taken place in our dealer organization during the past year. Won't you please help us bring our records up to date by filling out the enclosed post card (no stamp required). Mail it today so we can be sure your next copy of "Argus Eyes" reaches you.

Returns Being Tabulated For Club Election

Although all campaigning is over and all parties are resting up from their strenuous efforts to win the election, all returns are not yet in from all the various departments and no report can be made as yet on the outcome of the voting for representatives for the Argus Recreation Club.

Some ballots from the far northern reaches of plant one seem to have been held up by heavy snow, but we expect by the next issue to have a full report of the representatives elected and their choice of officers for the coming year.

Well Satisfied

"Erbert, you really shouldn't have kissed me like that, with all those people so close around us, even if it was in the dark."

"I didn't kiss you. I only wish I knew who it was—I'd teach him."

"Erbert, you couldn't teach 'im nothing."

argus eyes for Victory!

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

Elections

The election of April fifth was a feeble example of a great democracy in action. We do not mean this as any reflection upon the men who were chosen for the various offices because they are in all probability capable men for the jobs. We do believe, however, that the light vote in this election is an indication of the value that is placed on a privilege that men are fighting to retain.

We don't want to be accused of resorting to appeals to patriotism in this matter, because the history of the past few years is a more striking proof of the danger that confronts us. Hitler's rise was not based entirely on force but rather on the power of the ballot. He started out with a small political party, the National Socialists, who were originally regarded as a joke, but by electing a few members to the Reichstag, gradually exerted enough power to take over the entire government. In France the same thing happened. Laval was elected to office by the vote of the people.

We have groups in this country that could cause a lot of trouble if they could get representation in our government. The Huey Longs and the Gerald L. K. Smiths aren't as ridiculous as we think.

Inspection Dept. Fetes Ralph Rideneur

Ralph Rideneur was pleasantly surprised on his birthday, March 9th, when his inspection department held a party for him in the cleaning room. He was presented with a large birthday cake decorated with red roses and also a nice gift.

Everyone present, even the guards, enjoyed helping him sample the cake. The only disappointment was that he left us all guessing his age. Kinda mean, wasn't it?

Ordnance Department



Folks, meet the Ordnance Department of Plant 2. Left to right, front row, are: Alda Knight, Alyce Miresse, Marjorie O'Day and Eileen Davey. Left to right, back row, are: Arlene Satterthwaite, Lucille Miresse, Ervin Domzal, W. K. Cook, Ethel Wagner, Eileen Lay and Rodney Mast.

Homer Hilton Surprised on Birthday



The Sales Department took a little time out a couple of Thursdays ago to stage this surprise party for the Sales Manager—Homer Hilton. The brief ceremony included the presentation of a cake (only 3 candles?) decorated with a big blue ARGUS trade mark. In addition to his CENSORED birthday anniversary, the occasion celebrated Homer's third year with ARGUS. The staff also presented Mr. Hilton with a large leather traveling bag as a token of their regard for him. Pictured above, from left to right, are: Ted Humphreys, Jackie Schaffer, Thelma Faber, Elma Lundahl, Ginney Meyer, Bob Woolson and Wes Fuller. Seated at the desk—with the cake and bag before him—is, of course, Homer.

Announcement

An eight-pound boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jan A. Van den Broek on March 28, 1943. The following poem is dedicated to the Van den Brooks from Dept. 40:

Pacing the floor in our old goon cage,
 He soon had us all in a flaming rage.
 At three o'clock he left the plant,
 To see what ol' Uncle Stork had sent,
 'Twas a nice little eight-pound baby boy,
 To mama and Blondie, oh! What a joy.
 They're proud; as proud as they can be,
 To now have a family consisting of three.
 He has blue eyes and very blonde hair,
 So he and daddy make quite a pair!
 If Jan Van den Broek the third's his name,
 Then we all know he's headed for fame!
 Van came in at eight without any rest,
 And certainly tried hard to do his best.
 With puffed-up chest and big red eyes,
 He announced the news to all the guys.
 The best of luck, you fortunate three,
 We hope you continue to happy be!

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Because our most important job at present is making weapons of war, we don't often find time to enjoy things of a lighter nature. We do feel, however, that a short meeting of the workers in the Lens Department is justified at this time because of the importance of the occasion.

As you know, we have all been contributing to the Red Cross; we have all helped to wish "God Speed" to our boys

entering the "Service" and from time to time we have aided each other in distress.

But behind all these things has been a moving spirit, a spirit that has not only fostered these contributions, but one that has kept up the morale of the plant.

Therefore, in recognition of all the goofy horseplay, of all the blasted insolence and last, but by no means least, the insufferable insults that we have put up with because of a few measly scratches and holes, we celebrate this 99th birthday of Roy Hoyer.

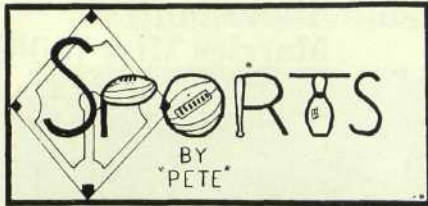
FINE AMERICAN CAMERAS
 PRECISION OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS
 AVIATION RADIO EQUIPMENT
 BUY WAR BONDS

MILITARY OPTICS BY **argus**

INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES, INC.

ANN ARBOR MICHIGAN

A recent ad in Fortune, Time, Newsweek, U. S. News, National Geographic and other publications.



BOWLING

The Argus League is in its final stages, but the winner of the title is yet very much in doubt. At the present time Office No. 1 and the Lens Tool Room are deadlocked in first place. After holding the lead for the entire season, the tool-makers finally succumbed to the combined pressure of their opponents and some "professional heckling." The Office team took over first place, winning three games from the tough Inspection five, while the Lens Tool Room was dropping three games to Lawhead and his Lens Machine team. On the following week the two teams met in a crucial series, but at the end of the evening each team had won two games, so the Office outfit maintained their one game margin. Jess Cope, captain and choir man for Office No. 1, was the big gun team and his opening 222 game gave them that game and provided the necessary pins for the point for total pins. Sinclair and Hartman furnished the spark for the toolmakers and their efforts fell short by two pins of winning the point for the total pin fall. This match was one of the best and most interesting of the bowling season. The one game lead was held by the Office team until the following week when the Lens Tool Room gave the cellar dwelling Machine No. 1 team another white-washing, and Office No. 1 was taking three games from Machine No. 2. Following closely on the heels of the two top teams are other fives that must be given an excellent chance of snagging the crown in the final weeks of bowling. The Inspection, Paint Shop, Lens Prisms, Lens Office, and the Office No. 2 teams are closely bunched and none is more than six games from the top. If any one of these teams should run into a "hot" streak it is very possible for one of them to carry off the highly desired first place. The winner of the title will most likely not be decided until the final evening's bowling.

The Bendix Wildcats who had been moving along in high gear were slowed down to walk by the unpredictable Material Control team. Going into the match, the Wildcats were the decided favorites to sweep all four games, but the controllers really poured it on the wild ones. The Wildcats were forced to accept four humiliating defeats to their opponents who won the games without the benefit of any "spot." For the Material Control it was the "Terrible Three" of Harrie, Harvey and Fisher who "dood" most of the doing. These defeats practically eliminated the Wildcat team as a contender for the Argus League Championship.

The real surprise of the league for this year has been the showing of the Office No. 2 team. This five started the year with only one experienced bowler, Glenn Hilge. "Lucky" Kogler, Hector Haas, Frank Ferrier and Gene Livesay were all bowling in league competition for the first time. Despite this fact this team has been no set-up for any of the other fives and have now gained a strong foothold in the first division and only six games in back of the leaders. The latest team to feel their sting was the Wildcat outfit who dropped three games to them despite the fact that "Lefty" Kendrovis rolled a pair of 200 games and a 580 total.

SOFTBALL

With the coming of nice weather many Argus "softballers" are anxious to get out and loosen up their arms getting ready for another season. The last two years the Argus teams have captured the title in the Industrial League, and there is reason to expect that they will again field a good team. Last year Manager Joe "Connie" O'Donnell led his team into the play-offs against a good King-Seeley nine. The King-Seeley team had gone through the season without once suffering a defeat. But in the play-offs the Argus team played inspired ball and won the title in two straight. Although many of the players who participated in those games have joined the Armed Services of the United States, there are some still here who are eager to make it three straight titles in the Industrial League. Bernie Fisher and Ed Keuhn who did all the twirling last year are again on hand to baffle their opponents with their assortments of stuff. "Sluggo" Sinelli, "Columbia Lou" Belleau, "Rifle-arm" Kelly, Shrimp Rayment, and Dick Towner are members of last year's team who will be playing again this year.

Formal Opening of Cafeteria



Judging by the crowd in this picture, the formal opening of the new cafeteria was a huge success. William Anderson vocalized and Gene Schumann played the accordion at the opening of the lunchroom. The pie counter's pretty well stocked, so it looks as though Russ Warren, champion pie eater, hasn't been past as yet.

GOLF

On any nice week-end many employees of International will be found chasing the elusive white pellet on the wide open spaces. With such a great deal of interest in the game it should be rather easy to form some kind of a club so the game could be played in a competitive manner. All scores could be turned in and a handicap could be arrived at in the same manner in which the bowling handicaps are figured. In this way matches and tournaments could be held with all players having an equal chance regardless of the kind of game they shoot. In the past seasons there have been numerous employees who have enjoyed their golf, but there has been no organization. It is the writer's opinion that a great deal of interest could be aroused if this were done.

Women's State Tournament News

The Argus Camera team did very well in the Women's State Tournament. They placed 13th position in class D, receiving \$16.00 for their 1998 series. The girls on the team were: Frances Hinton (captain), Mary Tucker, Ori Wetherbee, Ethel Jones and Mary Briggs. In class C singles three of the team played for prize money. Mary Tucker had 466, Frances Hinton had 460 and Mary Briggs 436. Stephanie Gala placed in class E singles with 380 and also in the doubles event, with Winnie Frazer taking 6th place. This was the girls' first state tournament and I think they did fine.

Other Argus girls winning prize money were Leola Stoner, Nettie Parks, Nellie Hecox, Joy Hartman and Laura Egeler. These girls did not bowl on Argus teams.

Championship Mixed Doubles News

Ori Wetherbee and Leigh Thomas won the Argus doubles championship with a fine score of 1345. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Hilge took a close second place when Glenn missed that fateful ten-pin in the last frame of the third game. They had 1341. Laura and Rube Egeler placed third with 1326. Eric Soderholm and the Mrs. followed close behind with 1325. Lauretta Egeler and Hank Klager took fifth place and Lucille Brezee and Dick Fredericks, finished in the cellar. This was one of the best mixed doubles we had this year, having twenty-eight couples bowling. They filled the twelve alleys at the Twentieth Century. This was the final mixed tournament unless some one is a bear for punishment and insists on another one. We have had a swell time this year and hope we can do the same next year. We hope to have the trophy on display soon so everyone can see it. Ori and Leigh will each have nice little medal to keep for their own. Thanks to Jule Eder at the Twentieth Century for such splendid co-operation and thanks to every one who took part in the mixed doubles till next year. Laura and Rube Egeler.

News From Dept. 41

We are all glad to see Lydia Coleman's smiling face back in our department. Lydia just returned from a vacation with her husband. Fred is in the Army now.

Speaking of birthday cakes. The one the girls in Departments 41 and 44 gave Ralph Rideneur tops them all. A good time was had by all. Ralph also received a pair of gloves and a billfold. "Good cake, wasn't it, Ralph?"

Ann Hartwig has a room with a view. From where she works, she can see her husband and give him the big eye all day long. Look out, Freddie. She has her eye on you. It's alright, Ann, we're just jealous.

Ask Viola Curtis how she liked her ride to Jackson Saturday afternoon. On the other hand, perhaps you hadn't better, because Hazel Dally had a flat tire on her Ford and Viola had to walk a mile for help. "Darn the retreads," says Hezel.

Wanted! A ride to the fortune teller's in Jackson. See Grace Bultman in department 41.

Edith Gerstler, where have you been the last couple of days? Is that Sergeant from North Africa on furlough?

Just a Little Leeway
 "Now, madam, I take it that you favor a straight-life policy?"
 "Don't make it too binding; I like to step out once in a while."

Ask Claude Ward why his face was so red the other day when he brought the oscillator girls a new jig.

Shutter-Tripper Photographed



If a man bites a dog, it's news. If a photographer has his picture taken, it's news. In this case the occasion was Dick Bill's birthday. We don't know how old he is, but judging by the cake, a fire drill should be in order.

Eddie Hamilton Marries Miss Willis



Wedding bells rang for Dorothy M. Willis of Second Street and Eddie Hamilton.

Eddie is presently employed by International Industries in the machine shop in plant number two. They have just returned from a short trip and are making their home in Ann Arbor.

All of plant two join Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's many friends in wishing them loads of luck and happiness in the future.

Problems of the Heart



By Lucretia Panzpress

Dear Lucretia:

I am a poor, defenseless girl working in a war plant. The wolves are plentiful and hard to cope with. Every night I find at least one on my doorstep. There's one in particular who is now on the road, A.W.O.L. (A wolf on the loose—from the picture of the same name). What shall I do about them? For myself, I have no particular objections, but my husband does. The other night he greeted me with my very best rolling pin. Now I'm in the infirmary with a cracked cranium and my hair parted on the wrong side. The question is, "Wolves and what to do about them?"

Signed,

Confused.

Dear Confused:

Your plight, I should say, would concern a disgruntled husband and a cracked cranium more than the wolves. The answer to your question, however, is to "wolf the wolves," and sooner or later they'll get fed up with their own tactics and you too, tuck their tails between their legs and run. Don't worry about your rolling pin,—someone must have a second-hand one that they're willing to part with.

Lucretia Panzpress.

Dear Lucretia:

I am a widower, thirty-seven years of age, with six children tied to my apron strings. I'm employed at present as a city streetsweeper. After a day's work I must return home to cook, clean, and etc. for my children. I've tried to hire a housekeeper, but help being what it is, I've been unsuccessful in obtaining anyone. My hands are red and rough from such chores. Please tell me what to do!

Signed,

"Dishpan Hands."

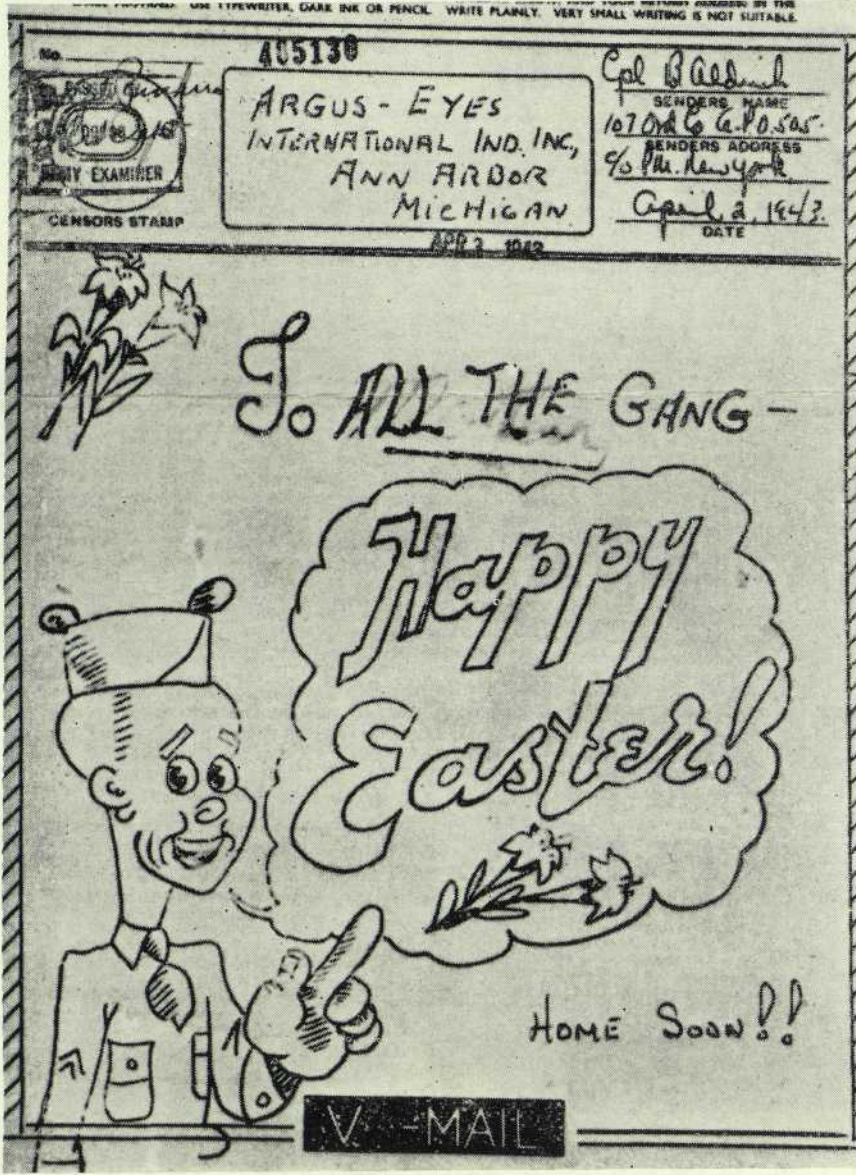
Dear Dishpan Hands:

The solution to your problem is a simple one. Get married! What with this excess of women today, you should be able to do rather well, especially if you're employed as a street-sweeper. You know how a uniform attracts women! As for your red, rough hands—get some hand-lotion. You'd be surprised how beautifully it works!

Lucretia Panzpress.

"Air-conditioned" socks of a self-ventilating weave have been developed for American desert troops.

V-Mail Letter From B. Aldrich



Here's an interesting item reprinted by "Letters," house organ of the Wolf Detroit Envelope Co. from Printer's Ink:

At the Richmond Golf Club, near London, England, these emergency ground rules are posted, in all seriousness, on the locker room bulletin board.

1. Players are asked to collect bomb and shrapnel splinters to save these causing damage to the mowing machines.
2. In competitions during gunfire or while bombs are falling, players may take over without penalty for ceasing play.
3. The positions of known delayed action bombs are marked by red flags at a reasonably, but not guaranteed, safe distance therefrom.
4. Shrapnel and/or bomb splinters on the fairways, or in bunkers within a club's length of a ball, may be moved

without penalty, and no penalty shall be incurred if a ball is thereby caused to move accidentally.

5. A ball moved by enemy action may be replaced, or if lost or destroyed, a ball may be dropped not nearer the hole without penalty.
6. A ball lying in a crater may be lifted and dropped not nearer the hole, preserving the line to the hole, without penalty.
7. A player whose stroke is affected by the simultaneous explosion of a bomb may play another ball from the same place. Penalty one stroke.

Reassuring

"Oh, doctor, I'm afraid I'm going to die."
"Nonsense, that's the last thing you'll do."

Wedding Congratulation



Esther Schaffer became the bride of William Phillips, March 19, at the Zion Lutheran Chapel, Ann Arbor.

Esther has been with International Industries for several years, starting in the Kadette Division, then camera, and is now in the mailing dept.

Bill also worked in the camera division repair dept.

Until his recent honorable discharge from the Army he was stationed at Sheppard Field, Texas.

Only men who have been in service really know how big the job is that we here at home have to do; until ours is done, the boys on all fronts won't be able to finish theirs.

So in his present job at Willow Run, Bill's still helping all his former buddies.

A very sincere note of thanks from Mr. and Mrs. Phillips to all International Industries employees for the beautiful wedding gift (a chest of silver and a table cloth).

Double thanks from Esther, because due to the increase of mailing it has become impossible for her to sell postage stamps, though she still has defense stamps and will be very glad to sell them to you.

Editor's Note: Just how handy it was to be able to buy all our stamps at Esther's we never knew. Hope that she will be able to resume sales soon. We miss that service just as much as you miss our smiling faces, probably more.

One Moment, PLEASE—Here's Why!



The above picture is not a "phony," it's the way our switchboard actually looks during a busy moment. Chief Operator Mayzo Klager, with her assistants, Louise Gerrard and Juanita Boyd, handle more than 1,500 calls per day—an average of one every eighteen seconds!

So if you delay answering your phone for only eighteen seconds, you have just doubled the time it should take to put your call through.

Although one small board and one operator formerly handled an average of 200 calls per day, International's war-time tempo has necessitated doubling the switchboard capacity and adding two additional operators. Of course, in addition to handling an average of one call every eighteen seconds throughout the day, the girls spend a surprising amount of time paging people on the P. A. System and handling telegrams on direct wires to Postal Telegraph and Western Union.

If you like to contribute to the war effort—without even leaving your desk—just follow the few simple requests outlined by Chief Operator Klager. They are listed in order of their importance, and if everyone will follow these rules the efficiency of the switchboard can be improved immeasurably.

1. Please dial your own number (when making outside calls) if you have a dial on your phone.
2. Please answer broadcasts promptly.

This saves the operators lots of time and also saves time of the party calling you.

3. Give the called party time to get to the telephone before hanging up.
4. Please answer your phones when they ring—other calls may be waiting.
5. In calling departments where there are several people on one phone, ask for the person you are calling, there are different rings for these people.
6. In flashing the operator, flash two or three times slowly, she will see your flash but may not be able to answer it immediately. Don't keep flashing six or seven times until the operator answers, because while you are flashing it is impossible to receive your call.

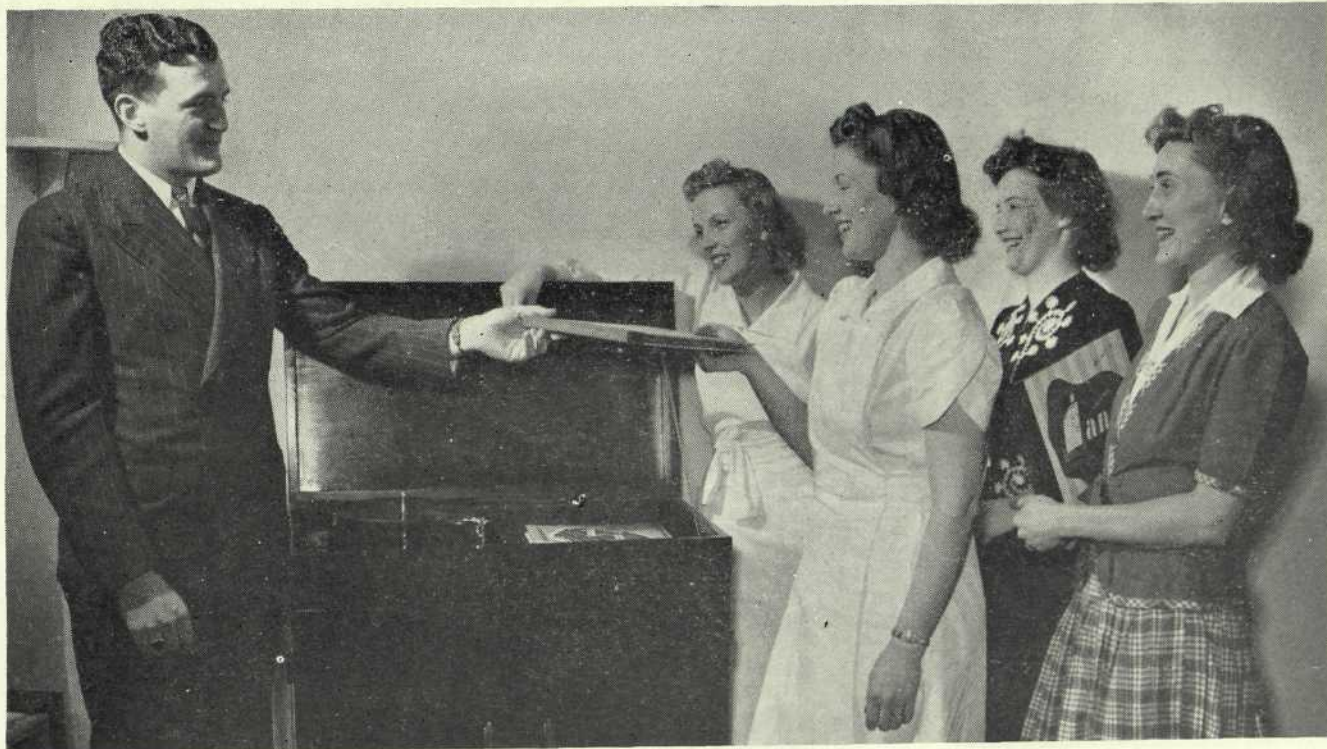
Engagement Announced

Announcing the engagement of Miss Helen Van Eyk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Van Eyk, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, to William Fischer, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William Fischer of Buf-fula, N. Y.

Miss Van Eyk is at present employed at the Willow Run Bomber plant. Bill Fischer is employed by Argus in the polishing department of Plant two. They were engaged March 13, 1943. The wedding date has not yet been set.

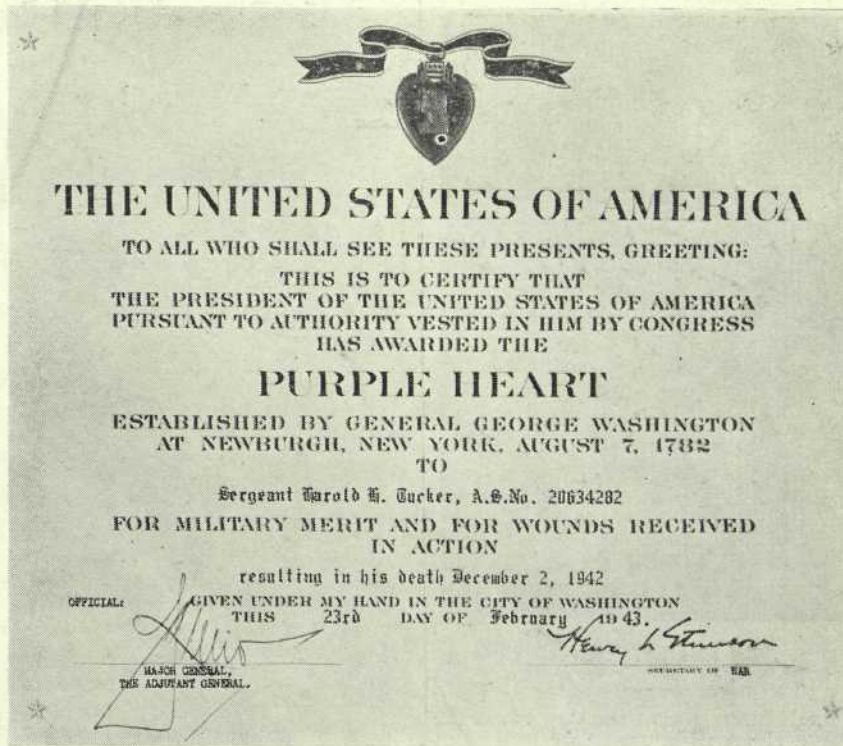
Congratulations and the best of luck to both of you from plant two.

Music Hath Charms



Say, the folks here really have a good taste for music. Pictured here are Verne Heck, Barbara McCalla, Lois Conkey, Helen Fraser and Doris Lyons. They are selecting some of the jive to be played over the P. A. system in plant two. Plant two appreciates the music that's played every day from 11:00 till 12:00 A. M. and 4:00 till 5:00 P. M. We kindly thank those who have made it possible. It's a great help during that last hour.

Awarded Medal and Citation



Mary Tucker holds the Medal of the Purple Heart awarded posthumously to her husband, Sergeant Harold H. Tucker, for military merit and for wounds received in action resulting in his death. This order, as the citation reads, was founded by General George Washington on August 7, 1782.



Relieved

A woman motorist swerved to a sudden stop before the county jail. "What's happening?" she asked excitedly. "We just had an earthquake," explained a deputy sheriff. "Oh, thank goodness! I thought I had a flat tire."

Argus Ladies' Bowling News

The bowling season has ended for the Argus Ladies' League. Everyone has had a swell time from the first place team to the last.

Raw Inspection pulled through the last few weeks and held first place position to the end. There was a battle for second place between Paint Shop and Purchasing. The last night of bowling told the tale when these two teams bowled each other. The Painters won three games from the Purchasers to cinch second place. Purchasing took third. Camera held fourth and Engineering took fifth.

Accounting ended in sixth place and there was a tie for seventh and eighth between Optical Two and Optical Three. Optical One took ninth and Sales were tenth.

My hat is off to the team that ended in the cellar. Those girls have been in there trying every night, but luck just wasn't with them. They will probably show us all up next year. These girls raised their team average 133 pins, which is a very good improvement. Clen Donner on this team raised her average the most of any girl in the league, which was 44 pins.

Other prizes were, high team three games, Paint Shop, 2110; high team single game, Engineering, 785; high individual three games, Clarice Lytle, 547; high single game, Laura Egeler, 212. Low game prize went to Frances Soderholm.

The League held their banquet on March 22, with a war on and a lot of other things that came up, I hope everyone had a good time.

There was an election of officers held at the banquet. The new officers are: President, Frances Hill; Vice-President, Salley Kneiper; Secretary, Laura Egeler, and Treasurer, Verald Adams.

The League presented Ginny Meyer, the past president, with a very lovely gift for holding her office so well.

Good luck to the new officers and we hope to have as good a League next year as this one has been.

Laura Egeler, League Secretary.

Beatrice McCallum Engaged

Announcing the engagement of Miss Beatrice McCallum, daughter of Mrs. Otto Graff of Saline, to Gregory Letsis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Letsis of Ann Arbor. Miss McCallum received a beautiful ring, in which is engraved, "To Pete from Greg." "Pete" is her nickname. It also bears the date of their engagement, March 27, 1943. Hearty congratulations to both of you from all and Greg's father are all employed by Argus.

Doctor's Orders

"I thought the doctor told you to stop all drinks." "Well, what of it? You don't see any gettin' past me, do you?"

Our Trip to America



By Heather Reeves

I shall never forget the day when the cable arrived from my American aunt inviting me to bring our three boys over here, and I knew that a momentous decision had to be made by my husband and myself.

When War was declared in 1939, we were on holiday in a tiny village on the southwest coast of England. My husband returned to London, but the children and I remained in the country and my husband paid us flying visits when he was able to do so. The Spring that France fell was indescribably beautiful and it was hard to believe that the terrible events happening such a short distance away across the Channel could possibly be true. Soldiers suddenly appeared one morning and caused quite a sensation in our little village. They covered our beach with barbed wire and brought Anti-Aircraft guns, but we still could not realize that our danger was real and imminent. Each time we turned on the radio we thought—this time France will have made a stand, this time it will be all right. But as you know, things went from bad to worse and we started going to bed each night wondering whether "it," the invasion, would have happened by the morning.

It was during this period that the cable came and we decided that the boys and I should come. The British Government was sending as many children as possible to the United States and Canada and we felt that if the worst should happen to England, our children would be needed. By the time we sailed the crisis seemed to have passed. Hitler for some unaccountable reason had not invaded England, our "back to the wall" position had put the whole country on its mettle and there was a spirit of grim determination everywhere. My husband still felt that it would be much better for the children to be in the United States, so we sailed in the middle of August, 1940.

I shall never regret our decision. I know that whatever the future may hold for us, our lives are the richer for having known and loved America. It is only by actually living among people that you really get to know them and the longer I live among Americans, the better I like them.

My husband feels that we have been away long enough and I quite agree with him and sincerely hope that the War will soon be over. When I mention going home to the boys, they say, "Well, how about Daddy coming over here?"

3 I Purchasing Department



As anyone can see, there are eight eyes here and though some may be limpid, with beautiful glinting tints, others can be as hard as if the price is not right. From left to right: Frances Carl, Peg Nelson, Mrs. Lucille Gillespie and Kay Castro.

UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT



For distinguished services rendered in behalf of the War Savings Program this citation is awarded to

Homer Hilton

Given under my hand and seal on April 1, 1943

Henry Morgenthau Jr.
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY



War Savings Staff

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

April 1, 1943

Mr. Homer Hilton
International Industries, Incorporated
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Dear Mr. Hilton:

It gives me great pleasure to transmit to you the enclosed citations signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, in recognition of your outstanding service to the War Bond campaign.

Very truly yours,

Thomas H. Lane

Thomas H. Lane
Chief, Advertising Section
War Savings Staff

NEW BANK SERVICE FOR FACTORY WORKERS

Starting Friday, April 2nd, 1943, all Ann Arbor banks will be open from 4:30 P. M. to 5:30 P. M. for the convenience of factory workers who have found it difficult to get pay checks cashed during regular banking hours. All bank services will be available. The banks will try this for two months. Bank patrons other than war industry workers are requested to bank as usual—otherwise the purpose of this courtesy may be defeated.

Cured

"The Smiths seem to be getting along better these days."

"Yes, he visited his old home town last month and saw the girl he was in love with twenty years ago."

Spring Comes to Plant Number Two

Thursday, March 25th, marked the official arrival of spring in plant two when "Chet" Wisner of the tool room blossomed out in gorgeous knitted suspenders and matching tie. Words fail us and adequate description is impossible to convey the real radiance of "Chet's" apparel. Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed in such as these. Flaming red with bands of vivid yellow was the color motif, and one had to look quickly, then glance away, as when viewing the setting sun. Truly, this splendor must have been seen to be appreciated, and only a color photograph could do justice to the ensemble.

In fact, our photographer did his best to record and pass on to those who were unfortunate enough to not have seen the resplendent Chet in person, a true picture of spring's arrival. He tried non-halation film, and the film turned gray and vague, like a ghostly lighthouse in a fog. He tried ortho-chromatic and, like the chameleon on a piece of plaid cloth, it just shriveled up and passed away. In desperation, he used fireproof, non-explosive, pan-chromatic; the film curled up, the lens melted, and the camera went up in smoke. So did our photographer.

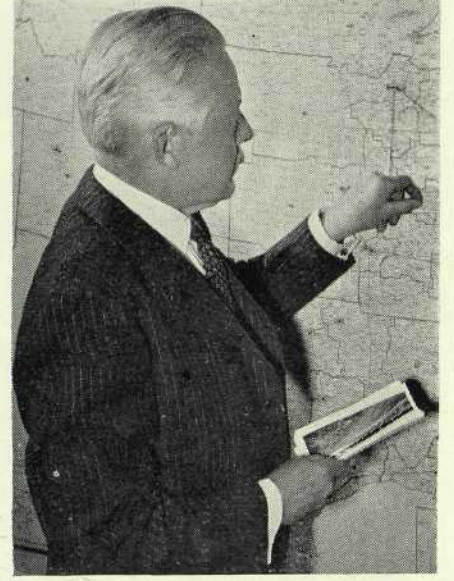
Many is the guess as to Chet's object in such a display of finery. One says it was a gift from a lady friend; another, that he won it in a poker game; and still another declares Chet must have lost a bet. At any rate, we all agree that Chet has what it takes; that good ol' intestinal fortitude. Spring has come to plant two.

A restaurant proprietor lately made this acknowledgment of bad service in his establishment:

Please be kind and respectful to our waiters. They are much harder to get than customers.

Citation Awarded to Hilton by Secretary of the U. S. Treasury

For distinguished service rendered in behalf of the War Saving Program, this citation is awarded to Homer Hilton by Henry Morgenthau, Jr. Secretary of the Treasury.



Mr. Hilton's connections with the United States Treasury Department go back to days of his organization of the National Photographic Contest, which was to be sponsored by the Treasury Department through the State Offices—and for which Argus had agreed to donate \$10,000 in prizes. This contest was accepted in the beginning of the National Drives of the War Saving Program, but was ultimately swamped under by the gathering force and impetus of the program which assured such tremendous proportions.

Mr. Hilton, however, has continued to give his advice and help as consultant to the Department, and has been of great assistance to the Treasury from that time.

International Industries was also selected for this award and honored by the United States Treasury Department, not only for their unreserved services to the Department in Bond Sales, but also for their allowing the unrestricted use at all times of the services of Mr. Homer Hilton.

International Industries is doubly proud of these awards, which gives new valor also to the flags which so proudly fly over the factories.

Wedding Shower Given For Erma Seeger

A shower was given for Erma Seeger of the machine shop by Alice Arment, Elsie Ludwick and Betty Howard at Alice's home on Green Street. Erma will become the bride of Don Stilts soon.

After the gifts were opened, games were played and a luncheon was served. Attending were Gladys Mueller, Gladys Butler, Rose Judson, Mrs. Harrie, Ethel Huffman, Mary Briggs, Wilma Bailey, Betty Schmitz, Olive Knowlson, Marian Thorpe, Leona Smith and Margaret Gault.

Herb's Best Girl



Madelyn Kay Oliver, Papa Herbie's pride and joy, is now nine months old and is wondering what it's all about, as expressed by the above picture.

Letters from Service Men



Pvt. Robert Haines (U.S.M.C.) tells us his gift box was more than welcome. We can't imagine a Marine transferring into the Navy, even to be in the Optics department. We aren't a bit surprised at your decision, though. We don't mean to imply that there's anything wrong with the Navy and we know that both branches will fight for the other, but there has to be that friendly battle between the two. Lots of luck in adding and subtracting "Zeros."

Pvt. Francis Wright, better known to us "Joe," writes to tell us that he's now stationed at Hawthorne, California, and that he's just passed his driving test and will do that type of work. He's not far from Hollywood and all the glamour gals. Not a bad place to learn the art of soldiering. We're glad that you passed your Army driving test. Just think, good tires and all the gas you need without a ration book.

Corporal Charles Poe writes that he has arrived in Africa after a stay in England. He says that he is experiencing a little difficulty with the money, the language and the drinks, but that he's in good health. He'd like to hear from someone in the shop, so get his address from the Argus Club and drop him a line.

Pvt. Dwight Gerstler wants everyone to know how much he enjoyed his gift box and the paper. He hopes to get a furlough soon and when he does, International Industries will be one of the places on his visiting list.

Pvt. Edward Sayre has a new address. He and Mark Luedi are in the same camp. Ed., who worked for Doc Benson in the service department, sends sincere thanks for his gift box.

Pvt. Wilber Salow thanks everyone for his gift box and the copies of Argus Eyes. He says that he misses all his friends, especially those in department 33, but that he is sure that if we here at home continue to send the supplies that the boys at all fronts won't let us down.

In Texas



Cpt. T/5 Harold Mangus

Harold Mangus, formerly of department 15, now is in a Tank Destroyer Training School somewhere in Texas. Harold's only been in service since December and already he's wearing two chevrons, so we know he'll be having some of those shiny little bars some of these days. Lots of luck!

Not So Romantic

"So you met your wife at a dance; wasn't that romantic?"
 "No, embarrassing. I thought she was home, taking care of the kids."

In Mississippi



Pvt. Olen Morris

Pvt. Olen Morris writes that it's plenty tough getting through the rookie stage, that he has blisters on his feet and that five-thirty is the middle of the night to him.

Corporal George Dragich, formerly a guard at Argus, writes that he is instructing at a camp in California, but that he'd much rather be in combat service.

Ensign John Strauss writes that his gift box was a complete surprise and therefore doubly welcome. He wonders where we were able to get such a selection of goodies. We'll let you in on the secret, John. All the supplies for the service boxes were purchased from Leigh Thomas before the shortage became so acute. We have shipped nearly one-hundred to date. We hope your leave comes up soon, John.

A second letter from Mitch Hopper states that Mrs. Roosevelt was at their service center and that he managed to get into a couple of pictures taken with her. We'll be looking for you in the papers and newsreels. Mitch, and hope you'll be in that top twenty percent.

Pvt. Charles Ceronki writes to thank the club for his gift box. He hopes to be sent into combat soon and he says he's sure that if we here at home keep the supplies coming, the boys over there will do their best to end it as soon as possible.

Pvt. Jack Reed sends a note of thanks for the gift box from himself and the boys in his barracks. Attention: Riveting department: He says he'd like very much to hear from all of you.

Sgt. Melvin Bahnmler writes from somewhere in North Africa to apologize for not writing before. We guess from what we've been reading in the papers that he's pretty busy. He says that he enjoys the paper and that unless one is in the same circumstances as he is they have no idea just how much papers and letters from home are appreciated. He likes all the news, but especially the pictures. He thinks his write-up was a bit overdone, with which we don't agree. Besides he's worrying about all the girls in department 36 and says for someone to kiss them all for him. We'd like to know who wins this honor. He could no doubt give our lovelorn editor some excellent advice after he completes the job.

Athol Ward thanks the club for the box and the paper. He's still in the hospital but expects to be released soon and might even be back looking at our badges and purses.

Pvt. Mark Luedi says he received his box and enjoyed it very much. He has only three more weeks of school at a weather station. Maybe he can do something about this Ann Arbor weather when he returns.

Pvt. Tony Rubas says that he and his own crew enjoyed the box very much. Like all good soldiers, he believes his crew to be the best one in the whole Army and we're sure that they are.

Pvt. Fred Bentz says to thank everyone for his gift box and paper. He says he would like to hear from all his old friends and co-workers. How about it; let's get out our pens and pencils and write a few lines.

In her school essay on "Parents," a little girl wrote: "We get our parents when they are so old that it is impossible to change their habits."

Marine's Letters Reveal Premonition

The following are two letters from Private H. Williams of the Marine Corps to his mother. Pvt. Williams was the brother of Sarah (Billy) Hamlet of Department 39 and Gerry Otts, formerly of International Industries.

Pvt. Williams was killed in action with the Raider Battalion in the Pacific war theater.

The First Letter

The October 2 letter follows:

"Pvt. H. Williams
 "U. S. Marine Corps
 "October 2, 1942.

"Dear Mom:

"Just a line or two to the best sweetheart, friend, or mother I ever had.

"We landed O. K. and I am safe and sound.

"The minute you receive this letter, write to Mrs. J. N. Shad, 4015 McGee street, Kansas City, Missouri, and tell her that Bill and I are still together, and both O. K. now. Don't forget to do that because Bill hasn't a chance to write. Also write to Jerry and Sarah and Herbie and tell them I didn't have a chance to write to them as much as I would like to. Tell them thanks for sending the package, but I never did get it. Also write to Grace and tell her that I didn't have a chance to write her, but I appreciate all of her letters.

"Mom, above all, keep this letter because when I get back home I want to read between the line for you.

"I haven't had any mail since the first of September, so I don't know the conditions at home, but I hope that you are all O. K.

"Mom, I have \$10,000 of insurance, so if anything happens to me, you will get a notice from the Veterans' Administration (U. S. A., Washington, D. C.). The insurance is arranged so that you will get \$55 a month for the rest of your life.

"Now, Mom, don't get all upset because I am telling you all this; but it has been on my mind for some time. I have no anticipation of what we call crapping out, but I just wanted you to know all this.

"Well, Mom, I must close, as it is very late and I have more letters to write.

"Your loving son,

Pvt. H. Williams."

So read the letter that was never mailed.

Wrote Another Letter

But there was another letter—never mailed either and written on same stationery: The death letter.

This letter, too, brings questions. If Hollis was already wounded when he wrote the first letter, then quite surely the death letter was written in the very presence of death. The mother so believes. But some wonder how Hollis could have written if his death was from a grenade explosion that fractured his skull—perhaps even tore away a hand. But it is very plain that this death letter was to go to a mother who would never see her son again. That is sure. It talks of facing eternity and the judgment and it expresses confidence that any sins he may have committed can be forgiven. And at the end the letter contains no slight hope of ever seeing his beloved mother again on this earth: "I shall look forward to our reunion in the next world."

It is a voice out of the grave—possibly out of a sea grave. Undated, it follows:

The Death Letter

"The the Best Mother in the World— This is my farewell letter, Mom. It is written in anticipation of my rendezvous with DEATH. I feel much the same as any other fellow feels toward death. I have no desire to die; but neither do I fear death.

"I know that I haven't lead a very religious life, Mom, but neither have I led a very sinful life. I think that my sins are not so numerous that they can't be forgiven.

"As I have said before, Mom, I have no desire to die; and if I must I had rather die for a cause. I can think of no death more pleasant than to die with my rifle hot and those yellow bellied devils stacked in heaps about me. Those raiders left behind at Makin all had a faint smile on their face; and I shall pass away the same way.

"I can remember you crying when I told you that I had joined the Marine Corps. I have never regretted my action. Mom, I never saw a better group of fighting men with such high morale and ideals. I know, Mom, that all of our armed forces are doing what they think is right but if the army had kept their word on a certain campaign, many Marine would not have been killed. But I guess jealousy is universal.

"I guess I need not tell you about the Marines. I guess everyone knows the true story about them by now. It's an (Continued on Page 8)

On Guadalcanal



The above pugnacious looking Marine is Private George Walker, son of Roy G. Walker, former Argus Sales Manager and now representing us in the optical field.

A former employee of Argus, George will be well remembered by folks in the Sales Department and Service Department.

Although he left the employ of Argus about three years ago, he continued in the photographic field until Pearl Harbor, enlisting in the Marines Monday, December 8. After his training, he was with the Marines in the first landing of Guadalcanal and spent five months there, later being evacuated to Australia.

Those who remember George as a strapping, husky youngster, well over six feet, will have no doubt that he gave good account of himself and caused the Japs plenty of worry during those five months.

In a recent cable to his dad, George said he was fully recovered from Malaria and was with the U. S. Fleet someplace in the Southern Pacific.

Although he is able to write only infrequently, the excerpt from his letter printed below is certainly worth reading and will give some of us here at home an idea of just how the boys feel about things.

(Excerpt from a letter of George Walker, U. S. Marine Corps, Oct. 12, '42.)

It's amazing how people get a different aspect on the United States and the word "home" in general, after we have come to be so far away, and for such a long time. To we out here on Guadalcanal, the United States has become a place where all people shall live freely and equally, even at the supreme sacrifice of some of us.

Her shores must never be touched by the maliciousness of a foreign power and by the help of God and the determination of the men in service, they never will be.

When I was back in America, I frequently heard people say that "home" was wherever they hung their hat. What a terrible delusion that is! Out here on the front, "home" has become something sacred to each of us. Its memory—and the promise that some day—however distant—we will return to it, serves to keep our spirits high. One might even say that it is all we live for! "Home" has become a symbol of peace and happiness, where one is free from strife—where each person can, within limitations, pursue his or her idea of happiness and self-comfort without restraint, in any way they see fit, providing that way is harmonious with that of the community. When it is all said and done, I guess that's why we're all fighting this war, and by God we'll not cease until every last menace is wiped from our doors.

I honestly believe that if every person in America were to spend just one hour on the war front, the period of the war would be cut in half. They would become so incensed with war's cruelties that each would treble his efforts for war production, and we would have no more pettiness and stupidity as shown by the strikes back home. If they could spend just one hour here, I am sure they would change their attitude promptly.

Don't misunderstand me now—we know that the troublesome group is small and that the great percentage of the population is doing wonderful work—as we all can see. And we know they will continue to do so.

Impasse

"When are you to be married, Nora?"
 "Indade, an' it's niver at all, I'm thinkin'."

"Really? Why, what is the trouble?"
 "'Tis this, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' he won't marry me when he's sober!"

Corp. and Mrs. Bird and Friend



Pictured here are Corporal Roy C. Bird; Mrs. Roy Bird, first-aid nurse in plant two; and Private Bill Bell. Mrs. Bird has been visiting her husband, who is with the armed forces stationed somewhere in Virginia. Corporal Bird was manager of the Inter-State Truck System before going into the Army.

He is doing just fine since he joined the Army. He teaches athletics to a large group of boys. May the best of luck be his forever.

Mrs. Bird met her husband in Newport News, Virginia, where they spent the week-end together, enjoying every minute they had. Mrs. Bird is now back at work.

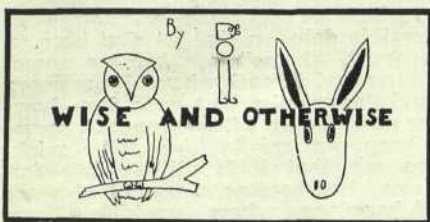
Optical Assembly News

We are very glad to have Mrs. Irene Walker back with us at the plant. She had been in her home town, Columbia, Ky., where she underwent an operation. We all hope you'll feel like your old self again very soon. Irene is employed in Optical Assembly in Plant two.

Mrs. Paul Gentry has left for Sault Ste. Marie, where she will join her husband, Corporal Paul Gentry. We wish both of them all the luck in the world.

We wish Mrs. Louise Denton a speedy recovery. Louise was formerly employed by International.

We are very sorry to hear that Charles Van Aken had pneumonia. We do hope that he'll be up and on his feet soon. Good luck, Charlie. All the gang in optical assembly wish you the speediest recovery.



According to the news coming out of North Africa it appears that Rommel just couldn't face the Sfax.

Marine's Letters Reveal Premonition

(Continued from Page 7)

honor to die with an outfit you know will always be recognized as the best fighting unit in the world. Their traditions shall never be forgotten nor marred in any way. The Marine's heroic stand at Wake Island should never be forgotten. As long as America has men like these, the American flag shall fly over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"As for the raider battalion, we are still Marines and are proud of it. We are trained for a certain type of fighting and each man volunteered for each raid he ever went on. Too much praise can never be given to those brave men who have never flinched in the face of death. I am proud to have been a member of an organization such as this.

"In closing, Mom, may I add that you have been an ideal mother to me, as well as a friend and a sweetheart. I will look forward to our reunion in the next world.

Lovingly yours,
Pvt. H. Williams."

Department 39 News

By Merna Patrick

Doris Sherman and Wilma Litteral left for Portsmouth, Ohio, to visit relatives and friends of Wilma's. We missed their cheery "good mornings" and "hello's." They returned on Sunday. Did you meet your sailor, Doris?

Billie Hamlet wishes to thank all the girls for the lovely gift she received when she was ill. Billie is back on the job now. Sorry you were ill, Billie.

Dorothy Elliott took a short jaunt to Illinois on March 27th. Wonder what the special attraction was.

Millie Williams seems to have an extra special friend in the Air Corps. We hear she just spent quite a bit of money on an extra special picture. Was that for him, Millie? Gosh!

Sorry to hear about Adeline Opheim's husband. We hear that he has been wounded. We hope it isn't too serious, Adeline, and that he'll be home soon.

We welcome to our department Dorothy Little, Lucille Havens, Eleanor Morey and Evelyn Barth. La Vita Shaw and Ann Nordman were transferred from our department to department 41. Be good girls now that you're away from us. Don't step out too many evenings.

March 2nd was a great day in our department. Our boss, Harry Sparks, had a birthday. He received a large cake beautifully decorated and also book-ends and ties. We all had lots of fun, which was climaxed with a telegram from "Moitle" wishing him a happy boithday.

We wonder if Greg Letsis has learned that there's a lock on the cementing room door. We also wonder how his nose is.

We wish to inform a certain member of the office force that the banks of Ann Arbor do not open until 10:00 A. M. If you don't understand, Sparky asks that you ask Ed Allman.

Mr. Peterson has been acting very cheerful these cold mornings. Must be his wife has returned from her vacation. How about that, Ward?

Armanda Dupper, a newcomer to our department, brought Sparky a genuine home-baked cake. In school we brought apples to our teacher, now it's cakes to the boss. We don't mind, Amanda. It was delicious.

We hope Eddie enjoyed Sparky's birthday cake. Sparky heard his was good.

We missed Virginia Buss the two days she was gone. She's back now fluttering about with a pair of golden wings.

Sparky is no longer called "Mr. Five-by-Five." It's "Double-breasted meat ball" now.

Wilma Litteral and Doris Sherman have a new recipe for whipped potatoes. They put "blinky" milk in them. It's supposed to improve the flavor. If you're wondering what blinky milk is, ask Wilma.

Department 10 News

Erma Seeger is wearing a new diamond. Don Stilts is the fellow with the big smile on his face. We understand that the big event will take place this month and that invitations are being sent out for a party celebrating the event.

Harold Bailey's name has just been added to our roll of honor. He left to help out Uncle Sam. Good luck, Harold!

Harold Forbes is back in the machine shop again. He received an honorable discharge from the army. He says he wanted to stay in the forces but that Uncle Sam thought that he was slightly over-age.

Al Spiro, who wrote the move tickets for department ten, left for Washington to take a job with the Navy department.

Marian Thorpe has returned to work after a stay in the hospital.

Gus Christ was back in the plant recently. He had a week's furlough from the Marine Corps. He says that he expects to go overseas shortly.

Fritz Reese Tells of Trip to U. S.



An Austrian's Story

I was born in Vienna, Austria, too many years ago. From this time I tried to develop into a human being, an awfully hard job when critically viewed. You see, the development is not so difficult, but the fixing. There is no hypo invented yet for fixing humanity. History shows that many epochs have developed their specific sorts of humanity, but every time the fixation failed to work and the bright, hopeful picture faded and got darker and darker. My life spans two bright and two dark periods: the gay nineties and thirties and the two world wars. Therefore it includes studying, traveling, fishing, hunting, running a big company and pushing a wheelbarrow, starving, being kicked and humiliated in the concentration camp. The first did not spoil me, the second did not kill me. I don't boast about the first and I don't complain about the second. Everything, even the worst, turned out good for me.

The prescription for such a calm philosophy is simple enough. Don't take the deep emotions and great events as important. Whether I left the old country with two dollars in my pocket (as I did) or with \$20,000 (as I wished to do) is absolutely unimportant now. The only important matter was that I emigrated with the great hope in my heart and will in my brain and that came from a very insignificant, though deeply symbolic, and therefore highly enlightening, experience. I tell you the story under the headline, "My first conception of America."

In the first World War I was ski instructor in the Austrian-Hungarian army. This army, as the whole monarchy, was the most venerable mess on earth; a bunch of ten different nations, each one using its own tongue and not understanding the language of any other nation. Traditions, ambitions, jealousy held them apart; a stubborn, but clever administration and common economic interests kept them together. It was like a jig-saw puzzle: each piece a nonsense and the picture as a whole wonderful. Among these nations were the Ruthenians. They belonged to the Russian branch, living in the farthest north, east of Austria. They represented the Cinderella in the quarrelsome family of nations, poor shepherds and lumberjacks on the lowest level of civilization. I was attached to a Ruthenian company and there we were, high up in the Tyrolian mountains in snow and sun. I could show them what to do, but not explain how to do it. The poor fellows did not understand a word of German. I, the sophisticated Viennese, not a word of Ruthenian. Helplessly I stared at them, obediently grinning they goggled back at me. It was the typical Austrian picture and it went on a few minutes. Then one of the soldiers stepped forward and asked me in faultless American whether I understood English: he would serve as an interpreter. He had been emigrated as a child with his parents and had lived all the time in the United States. On a visit in the old country, he was trapped in the sudden outbreak of war and, still an Austrian citizen, he had to serve. We Austrians were at war with the United States, but my new American friend enabled me to instruct Austrian soldiers. America provided understanding.

This evening in the smoky inn of the little Tyrolian village. I thought about the strange experience and tried to formulate my first conception of America. It must be a great country, reaching with an invisible arm across the ocean and half of Europe. A great country with a still greater destiny: wiping out with a kind, helpful smile mistrust, ig-

norance, jealousy, contempt which separate and disunite the nations of the old world. All that amid and in spite of war. A great country, indeed, that of America! I have never had to revise my first conception since.

Will They Repeat?



The cup above was purchased by the Argus Club for last year's softball team, twice winner of the Industrial League championship. Let's do it again, fellows!

FROM THE MOTION PICTURE, "MRS. MINIVER"

"This is not only a war of soldiers in uniform, it is a war of the people—of not only the battlefield, but in the cities all the people—and it must be fought, and in the villages, in the factories and on the farms, in the home and the heart of every man, woman and child who loves freedom! . . . This is the people's war! It is our war! We are the fighters! Fight it, then! Fight it with all that is in us! And may God defend the right."

Married at Fort Smith



Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Velnie Westerman to Corporal La Von Ball of Milan, Michigan, on Tuesday, March 2nd, at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Cpl. Ball is serving in the Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army.