



Argus Eyes for Victory!

Turkey! Turkey! Turkey!

Our last issue of Argus Eyes carried Mr. Howse's announcement of the Company's Christmas gift to each employee. Between that announcement and December 24, there ensued a mass evisceration, the largest that Ann Arbor has ever seen. In other words, close to a thousand beautiful fowl were cleaned and dressed for the formal presentation. Among the vital statistics of the event are the facts that the operations started on the Sunday before Christmas and were not completed until 10 P. M. on Wednesday night. Actually, Leigh Thomas reports that they were 400 man-hours involved in the project. We can well appreciate every minute of the time, especially since every cook knows how much of a job it is to pluck the feathers off even the smallest chicken. When the job was done, seven and a half tons of prime turkey meat had been put in shape for roasting.

Santa Claus was disguised as Sy Harding and arrived at Plant No. 1 on the dot of eleven. No reindeer were in evidence at that hour and even though his entrance was not made via the chimney and furnace door, it was nonetheless welcome. Plant No. 2 experienced their miracle at one o'clock. Since the task of handing out several tons of turkey is a heavy one. Santa's spirits were fortified by the strengthening spirits of a case of light lager.

Your editor had always enjoyed his turkey dinners at home with a goodly number of relatives. At most there were usually but two meals made of the noble bird ere the gleaming bones were entirely bare. This year things were different. True, there were two turkey dinners, but they were survived by turkey pie and finally turkey soup, all exceptionally delicious. Pass the cranberry sauce, please.

Argus Girls Play Santa Claus

The Argus bowling girls played Santa Claus to the little shut-in children at the University Hospital.

Monday night, December 21, each girl brought a gift all wrapped up with stickers and ribbons and stuff, to the bowling alley.

Rube Egeler painted a big box to put them in and our truck driver took them to the hospital.

It was really more fun than if we had had a party for the league.

Thanks to the boys at the Twentieth Century alleys for keeping the box over night for us.

Three Cheers

Esther Schaffer gets three cheers from the many people she served throughout the Christmas mailing rush. We really appreciated it.

Put up your money. Some people are putting up their lives!

329

During the month of December, 1942, the first aid staff treated 329 patients for accidents within the plant. Each of these accidents represents time lost from important war production. This number is especially appalling because most of the accidents could very easily have been avoided. In addition to this, remember many so-called "trifles" are not brought to the nurse for attention. Whenever you have an accident, your soldier, sailor or marine has to do with less of the weapons of war he needs to fight for you.

How to avoid accidents? Be Safety Conscious and watch the bulletin boards.

This Factory, Too, Is in the War



The Late Sgt. Harold Tucker and Mary Tucker

On December 26th, the day after Christmas, Mary Tucker of Department 16 received a telegram from the War Department, stating that her husband, Sgt. Harold Tucker, had been killed in action in New Guinea. Recent news flashes indicate a victory for our forces in the New Guinea theater, but not without cost. Mary was back at work in a few days. She has a big personal job to finish, for she has three brothers in the Army, and Harold's brother is in a hospital in Australia. He was wounded in New Guinea earlier.



Mary is back at her machine working to help beat the Axis.

Plant Two Patter

The Machine Shop staged a real hum-dinger of a Christmas party, with Christmas tree, Santa Claus, n'everything. Following a dinner of "Chicken in the Rough" (patented), there was a surprise for all of us. Two home-baked cakes, furnished by Mrs. Frank Andrews, ice cream, candy and cigars. Frank Andrews made a very impressive Santa, with false face and whiskers AND a regulation waistline. The gang presented Mr. Lawhead with a pen-and-pencil set, and clever presents were exchanged by all the members of the shop. It was one swell party.

THREAT

The biggest laugh in "This Is the Army," Irving Berlin's soldier show, is won by a private who, berated by his superior officer, points to his undecorated sleeve and says, "Go ahead and break me. Make me a civilian."

Gets Great Pleasure From Kadette Radio

December 4, 1942.

International Radio Corp.

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I have just been discussing our "Kadette" Radio and marveling at the excellent pleasure it has given us for the past seven years.

We were married seven years ago in November, when we purchased our "Kadette" and have played it day and night during that time and have yet to spend one penny on it.

I think that is well worth writing about.

We have received lots of compliments on the appearance and, of course, the durability of this little Model L, Serial A-3901.

Thanking you for many hours of enjoyment, I am,

Sincerely,
MRS. FRANK LUCIA,
1624 N. Edgewood St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

December 28, 1942.

Mrs. Frank J. Lucia,
1624 N. Edgewood St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Lucia:

It is most satisfying to receive a letter like your recent one because I know it comes from the heart. The workers who built the set you have enjoyed so much will get a great deal of satisfaction from knowing that a customer appreciates their work.

Today, these same people are making nothing but aircraft radios for our army and navy, but someday soon we are all hoping this will all be over so we can get back to our original business of making products that make people happy.

Thank you kindly for writing us.

Yours very truly,

International Industries, Inc.
Robert D. Howse, President.

Put Out Fire Department

With great difficulty we were able to obtain the box score of the first Argus basketball victory. The lads feel that good about putting out the Fire Department five that Manager Sy Harding has asked Vern Heck to order the basketball championship trophies before any further metal shortages interfere.

The score speaks for itself, but Kelly Goss would hardly speak at all after about five minutes of Class A play. His tongue hung out that far that he had to keep it covered to avoid its being rationed. Glenn Harrie did not go through the wall under the East basket, though for a painful moment or two the gym did rock. Murphy was the high scorer for our side, and the fire laddies found that he was one incendiary they couldn't put out. The office turn-out was especially surprising and well appreciated. We had always thought those guys were soft from excessive pencil-pushing.

ARGUS

	B	F	M	P	Pts.
Roberts, f.....	1	0	1	0	2
Devlin, f.....	3	0	1	1	6
Tweed, f.....	0	1	0	3	1
Tuck, f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Frederick, c.....	2	0	0	1	4
Senelli, c.....	0	1	2	0	1
Huffman, g.....	2	0	2	3	4
Murphy, g.....	3	1	1	0	7
Goss, g.....	0	0	0	2	0
Harrie, g.....	0	0	0	0	0
Bertoni, g.....	2	0	0	1	4
Towner, g.....	0	0	0	0	0
	13	3	8	11	29

FIRE DEPARTMENT

	B	F	M	P	Pts.
Williams, f.....	0	0	0	1	0
Ehns, f.....	0	0	0	3	0
Wenk, f.....	2	0	1	1	4
Stauch, f.....	1	1	2	1	3
Royce, c.....	4	2	2	1	10
Fisher, c.....	0	0	0	1	0
Robbins, g.....	0	0	1	3	0
Miller, g.....	0	3	1	1	3
	7	6	7	12	20

Club Christmas Dance Proves Big Evening

'Twas the night before Sunday,
And all through the club,
Every creature was stirring—
But definitely!!!

Yes, indeed! Saturday, December 12th found the Argus Recreation Club Christmas dance in full swing at Huron Valley Country Club. It was somebody's night to howl, but "somebody" wasn't there,—so everybody did it for him. In spite of the fact that the colored orchestra met with an unfortunate mishap on their way to the party and were unable to carry out the evening, it was beautifully carried out anyway by the guests and a juke box (out and up). The Christmas spirit flowed as freely as though "Sandy Claws" himself had attended. All kidding aside, everyone fully enjoyed themselves, thanks to the committee: Naomi Knight, Joe Wright, Hilda Donovan, Bernice Phillips, Verne Heck, Cecilia Birch, Herman Bauer, Jesse Cope and Jeanne Crandell. Many thanks also to the busiest men at the party, the bartenders: Glen Harrie, Al Clavelli, Norm Tweed and Les Swanbeck.

A Challenge

The Bendix Wildcats of the Argus League are feeling their oats these days. They've won a few games in their own class and are now looking for real opposition. Word has come to us that they are willing to play match games with any team composed of members of the Argus LADIES' League. They have the time on Saturday afternoons and the money on paydays. No weight class limitations. For further details, wagers, etc., communicate with Fireball Curt Adams, team representative and match-maker.

"Freedom is the possession of those alone who have the courage to defend it."
—Pericles.



The purpose of this publication is, in Samuel Johnson's words, "to keep our friendships in constant repair." ARGUS EYES for Victory is a friendly publication intended to interest, help and stimulate all employees of the International Industries, Inc. The co-operation of everyone is needed to make it the inspiration and constructive help it is hoped to be. It will be published monthly.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editors.....Hal Kroll, Jeanne Crandel, Maury Doll
 Circulation Manager.....Naomi Knight
 Assistant Newsboy.....Hal Kroll
 Chief Reporter....."Scoop" Doll
 Chief Photographer....."Flash" Bills
 Chief Contributor.....Laura Egeler
 Chief Sports Reporter....."Bake" Peterson
 For the Argus Club.....Verne Heck

Publishers:

THE ARGUS RECREATION CLUB

January Birthdays of Employees

Loren D. Bement, J. C. Copeland, William Covert, Ernest Darnell, Stuart Davis, Ed Dieterle, Lyle A. Dornan, Frank C. Graham, James B. Griffin, Maurice Howe, Eugen King, Lester Michael, Harry D. Mills, Robert Shaltis, John W. Shanahan, Vincent Swickerath, Roy Vogan, Clement Wisner, Warren G. Harding, Norman Edward Tweed, Edward C. Wasem, Tyyne K. Ahola, Alice Marie Arment, Christine B. Bezirium, Augusta Butts, Mary Dobransky, Dora Eichel, Annabel Farmer, Lois Greer, Stella Harpster, Ann E. DeLine, Irma Hillman, Elizabeth James, Elizabeth Jarvis, Anna Knieper, Olive Knowlson, Wilma Litteral, Doris Lyons, Theresa McCarthy, Monica McKernan, Mary Martin, Hazel Braman, Selma Rowe, Clara Schallhorn, Sylvia Spannath, Mary Tucker, Florence Whiteaker, Muriel G. Bradley, Katherine Casto, Margaret Fletcher, Bernice Phillips, Tillie Polish, Marie Smiley.

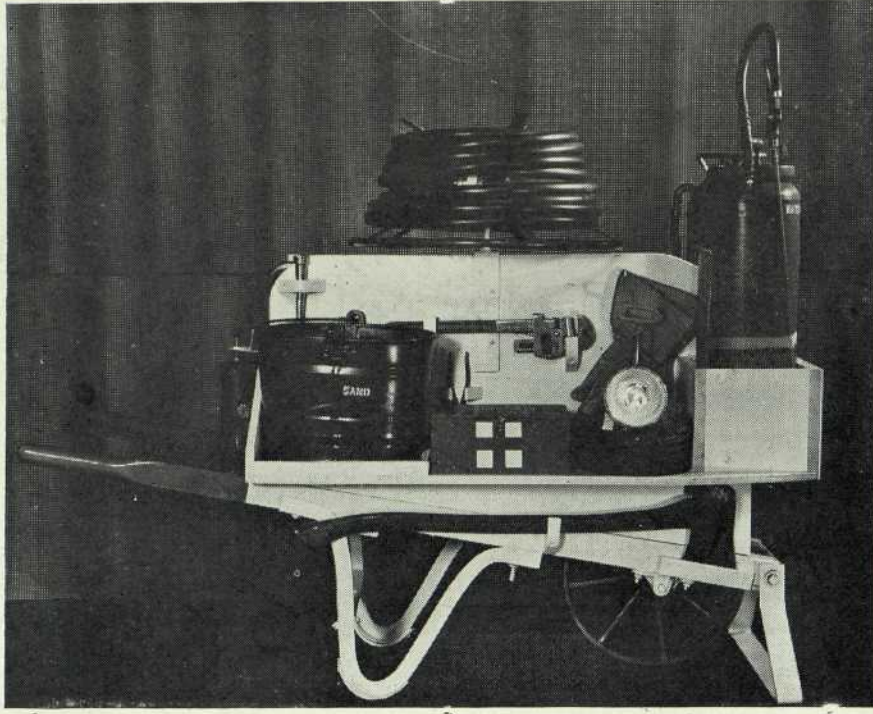
Letters From Soldiers

Laura and Rube Egeler.
 December 26, 1942
 Maxton Army Air Base

Argus Recreation Club:
 These few words express the sincerest thanks for your kind remembrance of me during this holiday season. Your card had a genuine effect on me, bringing to mind many memories of our short association. Things like this help a soldier's morale. Please keep me informed from time to time on your club's various activities. My belated greetings are sent you in this brief note.

Sincerely yours,
 PVT. E. B. TEASLEY.

Efficient Fire Wagon



TO THE EDITOR:

A short time ago I was called to visit one of our local factories to see some of the things they had done in regard to giving extra protection against fire. I was much pleased to see that they had taken a number of the recommendations we had made.

Mr. Earl C. Allmand, who is in charge of fire protection, showed me what he had rigged up to give still further protection to the plant. The pictures included herewith show their one-man equipment assembled on the frame of a wheelbarrow. Each unit holds the following equipment: one 2½-gallon foam extinguisher, one pump tank, two sand pails, fifty feet of garden hose, shovel, ax, hand lantern, electric lamp with ¼fty-foot extension cord, wrecking bar, pipe wrench, carbon tetrachloride extinguisher, first aid kit, and a coil of rope.

They have three floors to their factory and are planning to have one of these units on each floor.

Very sincerely yours,

BEN J. ZAHN, Chief
 Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A true copy taken from the July, 1942 issue of
 FIRE ENGINEERING—Vol. 95, No. 7

What Are You Doing About Writing to Argus Servicemen?

Get a load of this from the "Old Sarge" and then get busy. It's a copy of a V-mail letter.

Howdy, Gang!

Received the "Argus Eyes" today and was it welcome! Have been here in England for over three weeks, and mail from home is at a premium. About the best thing to keep up a man's morale is to receive mail. The "boys" eat and sleep, just to be able to answer "Mail Call." So-o-o if all "youse guys and all youse gals" want to do a large part of keeping up that morale, get out your pens and pencils and drop all the "gang" at least a letter a week. I'll guarantee they will all be answered and greatly appreciated. I'll send an English shilling, as a souvenir, for the first one I receive. I have written to a number of people at the International, and Earl Allmand is the only one who has answered. Until you are in our places will you appreciate what a comforting and feeling of security it gives a man to receive news from home folks. I am making this appeal in behalf of all of the former employees of Argus. Let's go, gang. I don't want my pen to get rusty. Use the "V" mail, it only takes 10-14 days to England. Give my best regards to all the gang, and a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to all.

By Aldrich, the "Old Sarge"!
 P. S. I don't want to miss any more of "Argus Eyes."

Hal Kroll has a new song for when it gets warmer 'round these parts—"Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride!" With the coming of winter, Hal gave up his regular equestrian schedule—the ground got too hard! In bowling, too, he figures it's much cheaper for him to wear his arm in a sling and pay someone to bowl in his place.

Robert McFarland of the prism department passed the cigars around when he became the excited papa of R. McF., Jr. The young champ weighed in at 8 lbs. even. Height, 21 inches.

Did you hear the story about the moron who chopped off his fingers—so he could play by ear?

A widow, whose husband had died some months previously also died and when she came to the pearly gate, asked to see her former husband.

"What's his name," said St. Peter.
 "Joe Smith," replied the widow.
 "You have to give me some better identification than that," said St. Peter kindly. "How about his last words? We classify new arrivals by their words on earth."

"Well," she replied, "just before he died Joe turned to me and said, 'Mary, if you ever kiss another man I'll turn over in my grave.'"

"Oh, sure, I know him," said St. Peter, "we call him 'Whirling Joe' up here!"

Weather Forecast

"I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day, I'll send you to jail."
 "That's what I expected."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Fine today—cooler tomorrow."



These candid shots were made at an Argus dance at the Masonic Temple just about a year ago or so.

Andrews Does the Honors



Xmas in the Plant 2 machine shop with Frank Andrews doing the honors as stand-in for Saint Nick himself. The gang had a special chicken dinner and then oohed-and-ahed as the gifts were opened.

Good Job Well Done



Esther Shaeffer did a swell job for our boys and the Club in the packing and mailing of the Xmas boxes to the boys in the Services. Esther helped relieve a serious congestion at the City Postoffices by facilitating the mailing of thousands of personal greetings and gift packages to loved ones all over the world.

Let's ALL Buy War Bonds

There are perhaps many who are wondering why we do not have a Minute man flag at International Industries. To be privileged to fly that flag, ninety per cent of all the employees must be purchasing war bonds through the payroll deduction plan. It is indeed a shame that we do not yet have that percentage. The buying of war bonds and stamps is not only the duty of EVERY American, but it is also a privilege. We are all given an opportunity to buy stock in the United States government, and are given a thirty-three and a third per cent return on our investment. To win this world struggle, the United Nations need equipment and materials. Part of that expense has to be met through the sales of bonds and stamps. All people should also realize that from the economic standpoint it is necessary for us to buy as many bonds as we possibly can. To keep inflation at a minimum and to maintain our level of purchasing power after the successful completion of this war, we must now place our money in secure investments. In order to purchase these bonds, it might mean that we would have to give up some of the things that we have thought were necessities. But the sacrifice will not be great, and the feeling that each one of us will have in knowing that he is doing a part in the winning of the war will more than compensate for that. Let each one of us ask ourselves this question, "What am I doing in the war effort and the hastening of an Allied victory?" If the answer is—very little or nothing, let us resolve to do something about it. If many of the persons who have been called into service can purchase bonds out of the small amount that they receive, there is no plausible reason why we, who are at home, cannot place at least ten per cent of our earnings into war bonds and stamps. Those men and women in the various branches of the armed forces are doing their job well. Let it not be said that we are failing in doing ours to the best of our abilities. LET'S ALL BUY WAR BONDS.

—Peterson.

Ed. Note: We've had the flags for two months. They'll be grounded until we have a sufficiently large purchase of bonds.

Paint Shop Christmas Party

The Paint Shop had their Christmas party at the La Gondola on the Tuesday night before Christmas.

Midst the steaks and spaghetti they found gifts for everyone.

The gang presented "Sy" with a very good looking gold band for his wrist watch.

They had a swell time, but missed the many boys from that department who are now in the service.

Due to travel restrictions, no doubt, Santa Claus and Dan'l Cupid came to town together during our Christmas holiday. Anyway, Helen Murray has a diamond ring for her finger and as pink a cheek as ever a bride-to-be blushed. Adolph Steinke, he don't know from nothing, just grins and grins from ear to ear. Our own congratulations and best wishes for the happy couple. What are P—e and F—k waiting for???

Was It Worth It?



Hitler, Hoering, and Hoebbels are muchly feared and respected in some lands across the sea. We are told that Hirvan, the Gauleiter of Glasgow enjoys a similar respect in one department across the street. Our photographer risked his very life getting this secret informal shot of the fuhrer.

And Still Talking Shop



Earl Allmand, Mr. Mear and Bob Miller must have been talking shop when the flash bulb popped during the party.

Gossip Around a Mistletoe

By Anna Thorsch, Dept. 16

December 23. Soon it's Xmas Day, Everywhere around gifts are given away. To everyone a turkey card, No one felt like working hard. A tiny little mistletoe branch Was carried in at noon by Blanche, To hang over Miss Dorothy's chair (The girl with the big, brown eyes and hair). Bing Bigham had the first chance for a kiss, But!—it seems, he is a big siss!!! However, being a mean man, He told the story to the rest of the clan. Walt creeps up, a sly grin on his face, To win the first place in the race. Leslie was second; a kiss rather rough. Everyone's watching—the going is tough. But when Dot saw the endless row, OFF she cut that mistletoe.

Before making any observations, we want to say the very first thing that we aren't very much interested in seeing any more turkey, roasted, in sandwiches or in hash for a long, long time. We do, however, want to take this opportunity to thank the company for our Christmas dinner.

Department 10 received quite a few Christmas cards and letters from former employees. Bernice Wubbena, who worked on a turret lathe last summer and who is now teaching school at Onekema, Michigan, sent us a card. We received letters from Harold Forbes and David Boomer, both in the service. Conley Graves, Walt Redies, Charles Ceroniski, Charles Miller, Wyman and Rhodes and Nellie Stalker sent Christmas cards. Bessie Butler, now Mrs. Steven Shapardon, sent a Christmas card.

We're smoking Havanas again in the Machine Shop. They're on Louis Belleau and Herman Bayer this time. Both are proud papas.

The Camera team has entered the State tournament to be held at Jackson, Michigan, in February. Frances Hinton is captain of this team. The rest of the team will be Ethel Jones, Mary Briggs, Mary Tucker and Ori Wetherbee. Good luck, girls!

Johnny Bandrofchak was really the lucky one when he received a real bowling ball from his associates. E. C. Schlenker and Eric Soderholm received money gifts for the same. Thus far, a canvass of local sources and hushed inquiries in a certain big city about two hundred and fifty miles away (by train-nogas) have produced vague hopes for the sixteen-pounders—but after the war is won! Fireball Curt Adams doesn't have to put his bowling ball in his pocket when he goes home at night because his lads made him happy with a beautiful top-grain cowhide bag. So it looks as if Schlenk and Eric are left holding the bag, if they bought the bag.

Math. Prof.: If there are forty-eight states in the Union, and superheated steam equals the accelerated distance between Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, what is my age?

Frosh: Forty-four, sir.
Prof.: Correct, and how can you prove that?

Frosh: Well, I have a brother who is twenty-two and he's only half nuts!



We received this Greeting Card just under the wire. The Girvans sent copies all over the world. The subject? Newsbaby Girvan, of course!

Charles Winans, ex-machine shopman, visited the ol' jern't a few days back when he had a day's liberty from his duties at the Naval Training Station at Ford's in Dearborn. Sam Miller was the busiest fellow, visiting his dad in the Machine Shop, his family at home, and somehow finding time to get married on New Year's Day, all on one furlough, Whattaman! Dick Gaaney dropped in and told the gang a few choice tales of Army life at Selfridge Field. All the lads are always welcome whenever they are in town. C'mon up!

The girls of Department 16 and 18 are pleased to announce the departure of Miss Josephine Kent for San Antonio, Texas. Miss Kent is to be married there to a Lieutenant in the Medical Corps. Her departure was so swift, we were unable to catch the name of the groom-to-be.

Recently, whenever Red Conway was heard to roll the ivories, he was only getting used to his new teeth.



Hal Kroll made a photographic greeting card, one copy of which was sent to his local db in New York.

Hokus Pokus

I arrived home from work one day last week to find a large box of boards in the hall. Upon first glance I thought someone had been kind enough to leave me some kindling. Luckily, I didn't throw it into the furnace, because my wife informed me that she had bought a cabinet for the kitchen. It was one of those things that the mail order catalog lists as "shipped unassembled—easy to put together." This is really a masterpiece of understatement, but throwing all caution aside, I looked through the box and found a box of nails, catches and hinges and a sheet of directions. The latter looked like a cross between the plans for the Willow Run plant and a map of the battle of Waterloo.

I carried the boards into the basement. Two or three fell off, but it didn't matter. I had some left over anyway. I inspected the box of hardware and found that it contained two kinds of nails—finishing nails and roofing nails. I never did find out what the latter were for; my wife intends to keep the cabinet inside so it doesn't need a roof on it.

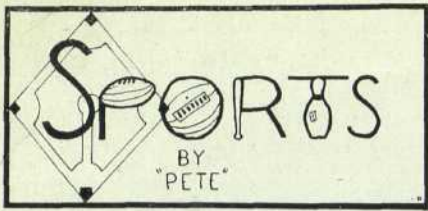
I decided to proceed just as the instructions stated. "First," they read, "stand upright 'B' straight upon the floor." I tried it, but it fell over. Finally I propped it against the wall. Then I read, "Place shelve boards in grooves in end boards with grooved edge down or if looking down from the top with grooves up or if cross-eyed with grooves sidewise." I compromised by throwing the shelf boards up in the air and picking them as they fell. "Then," said the instructions, "nail spreaders 'K' to outer edge of drawer guides 'X' with the nail heads on the inside." By that time the boards were dancing around me, shaking their fists and shouting, "Nah, nah, you can't catch me!" I took a stiff drink and the boards climbed back on a pile. When I was ready to put the doors on, I found that one was four inches longer than the other. I had four drawer pulls for five drawers—I guess they're rationed, too. The directions never did say anything about putting a top on the blamed thing, so I nailed them on from the inside too. I expect someone will come along and let me out soon. I guess I shouldn't have nailed myself in.

We'll close with this attempt at a rhyme.

Of all sad things,
The very worst—
Is an A-card for a car
With an X-card third.

How About an Euchre Tournament?

Because there are so many employees who are interested in Euchre, it seems that there should be some way of establishing the champions of International Industries. Each noon hour in the various departments, there are numerous Euchre battles going on. At all of these games there are as many kibitzers as there are players. It would be interesting to conduct a tournament where the players could prove their ability, and the kibitzers would be given an opportunity to play their own cards for a change. A series of games could be played with each day's results turned in and recorded. At the end of a given time those with the highest percentage of wins could be considered the company champions. To add to the interest and provide some material incentive to win, prizes would be given to those with the best average. Are there any ideas or suggestions as to such a tournament?



FOOTBALL

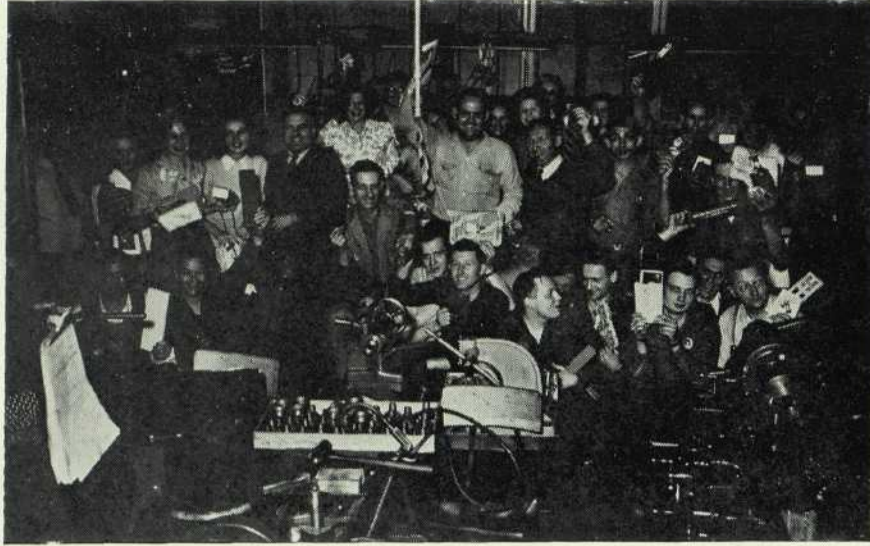
With the playing of the various bowl games on New Year's Day, the 1942 football season was officially closed. The Rose Bowl game at Pasadena, California, was billed as the top battle of the day. Despite the fact that All-American Frankie Sinkwich was far from his best due to an injured ankle, the Bulldogs of Georgia completely outplayed the Bruins of UCLA. The final score was 9-0, but this margin does not show the edge that Georgia had in the actual playing of the game. Only the great defensive play of the Uclans kept the score from being much higher. The Georgia team had many scoring opportunities, but on all but one of these the Californians put up goal-line stands and kept their opponents from scoring.

The best of the bowl games was played at Miami, Florida, where the Crimson Tide of Alabama defeated the Eagles of Boston College by a score of 37-21. This game furnished more scoring than all of the other games combined, and the first half was the wildest in the history of any bowl game. Running up fourteen points in the first quarter, the Eagles appeared on their way to a rout. But the boys from 'Bama found a weakness in the Boston line and soon had pounded over three touchdowns to take a 19-14 lead. Mike Holovak, the All-American from Boston College, came back to score his third touchdown of the game, giving his team a two-point advantage. But Alabama scored a field goal just before the half, thus gaining a one-point advantage at intermission. In the second half it was just a case of too many reserves for Alabama, and the Tide won going away. Scores of the other games played on New Year's Day were: Texas 14, Georgia Tech 7; Tennessees 14, Tulsa 7, and East All-Stars 13, West All-Stars 12. The games were all played before capacity crowds, and were a fitting climax to a successful football season.

BASKETBALL

Argus has again entered a team in the race for the Industrial League basketball title. And even though most of the regulars from last year's team have left for the service, Argus can be depended upon to furnish a good team and cause a lot of trouble in the fight for the championship. With Mike Sinnelli the only regular returning, Coach Harding plans on the star performer as the nucleus of a winning team. There will be many new face on the Argus roster this year, and these recruits are anxious to show their abilities on the hardwood. All of the

Lots of Fun



Some of the lads received neckties, but everybody was happy.

games will be played at Slauson High on West Washington Street and two or three games will be played each night. Let us support the team, and perhaps the basketball title can be added to the softball crown that was won by the Argus team last summer.

Bowling Blues

The Old Prognosticator was sorely grieved when he was told that the lads were scoffing at his original promulgations. You see, like Nostradamus of old, and the Daily Green Sheet on Huron Street, O. P.'s predictions are not of a nature to be immediately divined by the inexperienced eye. In order not to appear in the least bit biased, the Old Seer has made another group of selections. Much in the manner of cost accounting practice (when it don't look good, take a deep breath and start again in an opposite direction), the old lad delved deep in the mystic lore and came up with as staggering a brace of ballawoolas as have ever been allowed to be exposed to sunlight. Some gregarious gremlins must have jostled his elbow as he plucked them from thin air. With speechless amazement and not another word—

1. Stock Room, 2. Bendix Wildcats, 3. Material Control, 4. Maintainance, 5. Tool Room, 6. Lens—Blocking, 7. Bendix Inspection, 8. Lens—Prisms, 9. Office No. 2, 10. Lens—Office, 11. Machine No. 2, 12. Army, 13. Cost Accounting, 14. Machine No. 1, 15. Office No. 1, 16. Lens—Tool Room, 17. Lens—Machine, 18. Paint Shop.

A clue to the true and final standings may be found in the fact that the rank of teams in second, fifth, seventh, eighth and cellar places remain the same as in the original list. Try 2-5780.

BOWLING

For the first time this year, the Lens Tool Room was defeated three games to one, but their lead of ten games was maintained. On December 18th the tool-makers met the red-hot Lens Blocking team, and the pace-setters had their ears pinned back. This was the best match of the year, and the interest of the entire league was focused upon the outcome of the battle. The blockers have been going well of late, and they felt confident of being able to best the leaders. Their rivals, on the other hand, were just as confident that they would continue their winning average. Because of the intense rivalry between the teams, feeling ran high and the members of each team were rolling under pressure. In the first two games it appeared as if the blockers were to make good their boast of sweeping the four games. They easily won these, and had a pin margin that practically assured them of at least three games. But after being completely outclassed in the first two, the Lens Toolroom showed their fortitude by eking out a ten-pin victory in the final game. Now that the Lens Blocking five has proved that the first place team can be defeated, perhaps some of the other teams may start cutting into the ten-game lead that the toolmakers now enjoy. With all of the other teams in the league gunning for them each week, it is going to be a tremendous job for the number one outfit to maintain their present advantage. The pressure will increase as the season progresses, and if they are able to keep from tightening up and go on to win the championship, there should be no doubt as to their deserving the crown for 1942-43.

There are two teams in Plant No. 2

that are making serious bids for a spot up with the leaders. The Lens Office and Lens Prisms have been moving up steadily until now each is challenging Office No. 1 for second place. The Lens Office has been in the first division all year, but lately have stepped up their pace so that they are now but one game out of the runner-up position. The maintaining of this pace will prove a threat to the leaders. The move of the Prisms into a tie for third place has been the most encouraging. They were buried deep in the second division when they started their climb. Each week has found them moving up the ladder and into the first division so that they are now in a contending position. With the Lens Tool Room leading the league and getting their strongest opposition from other teams in Plant No. 2, the bowlers of Plant No. 1 are being shoved into the background. Come on, all you members of the teams representing the East plant, let's start spilling the maples and make it interesting for the fellows across the street!

Argus can well be proud of the part that their teams have played in the mixed doubles tournaments held for the benefit of the USO. The first of these was held in November, and the Argus leagues had the best representation of any in the city. Our bowlers were 200 per cent above the amount set for each bowler. The Twentieth Century alleys were eighth in the nation as to the amount turned over to the USO, and this was made possible because of the big turnout from our teams. On December 27th, the second tournament was held, and again our leagues led all others and made the tournament a success. Congratulations to all who participated. There are to be more tournaments held in the future. All who take part will not only spend a very enjoyable evening but will also be doing something for a worthy cause. It is the hope that we shall continue to make the USO tournaments successful.

Argus Ladies' Bowling News

The Paint Shop team is still holding first place. They have been there all but two nights of the season. One of the girls was unable to bowl any longer, so Leola Stoner replaced her. She has an average of 156. She has high three games of 527 and also a single game of 210. She topped Laura Egeler's high three games by one pin, but Laura still has high game of 212.

There has been some good games bowled by the girls. Here are some of the games over 160.

- Harriette Hibbard 185, Dagny Larson 174, 172, Viola Bemus 174, Clarice Lytle 185, 194, Thelma Livesay 180, 174, Clem Donner 161, Beulah Conway 173, 180, Doris Lyons 161, 166, Frances Hill 164, 161, Ethel Jones 165, Frances Hinton 184, 162, 173, Mary Tucker 168, 169, Leola Stoner 165, 170, 188, 180, 169, 170, 190, Sally Kneiper 180, Charlene Stagner 166, Ethel Soli 161, Helen Yanitsky 177, Ruth Wackennut 165, Hilda Burns 169, Julia Apple 169, 164, 168, Mary Briggs 182, 167, Laura Egeler 171, 163, 179, 178, 176, 172, 161, 199, 175, 163, 212, 178, Tillie Polish 192, Kay Casto 165, Nellie Hecox 170, 191, 169, 170, 165, 179, 181.

This is the first year of bowling for some of these girls.

There are a lot of games in the 150's, too.

Every girl in the league has raised her average. By next year we should have a top notch league. The Argus girls have the largest Industrial league in the city.

Other high scores are: Clarice Lytle 526 for three games, Paint Shop 756 for high team single game and Raw Inspection has high three games of 2075.

The Symbol of the Service Stars

Three stars I hold before me,
Three service stars of blue;
Two serve overseas,
The youngest called to the Colors, too.

They mean three loving sons to me,
They were really not mine,
God only lent them to me
For a certain length of time.

But our home was very happy,
For each loved each, you see,
Till I lent them to our country,
As God lent them to me.

Now He has them in His keeping,
And He loves them just as dear
As I could ever love them,
Were I to have them here.
And when the whole world honors
The God who is kind and true,
I'll take my sons and give them back
The gallant three service stars of blue.



There was a party in the photo-lab. for Xmas, 1940. It seems that Mr. Mead was the only one without a fork for his portion of cake. The happy group consisted of Eric Soderholm, Mr. Mead, Isabelle Nash, Eileen Adams, Naomi Knight, Bob Woolson and Cal Foster. We hope Cal had as good a time at his post in—



One cold morning in December found the Night Guard exhausted and this note on Ed Sleezer's desk, addressed to Santa Claus, North Pole:

Dear Old Uncle Santa Claus:

Please send some of the night guards some heavy winter underwear, for it will save at least two tons of coal every night.

Incidentally, the night guards can't really decide whether they are policemen or firemen, especially on Sundays.

The 1941 Argus Basketball Team



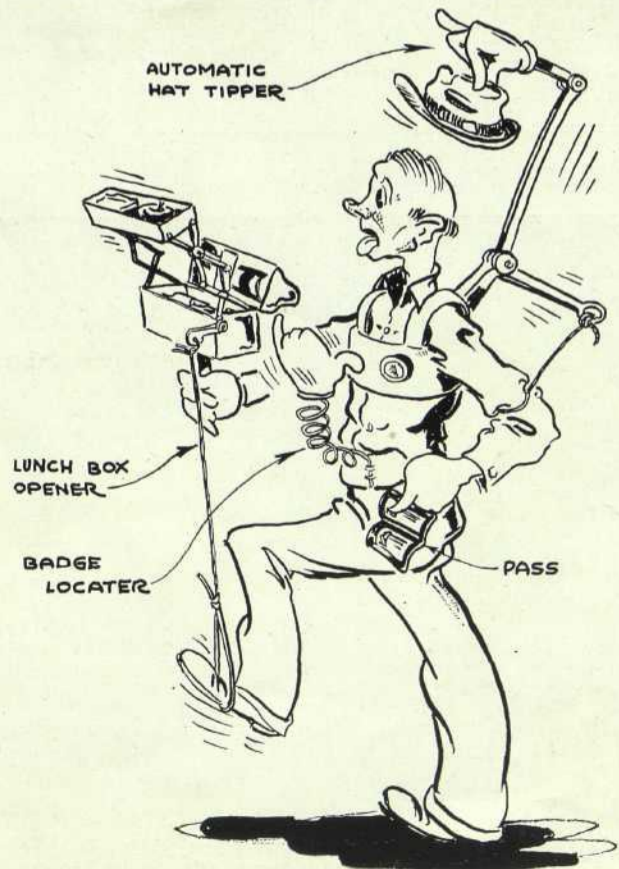
The 1943 Argus Basketball team has just been organized and, at this writing, has yet to lose a game. When the lads are all uniformed, we'll have their picture, too. Until then, and because we can't find a shot of the '42 bunch, here is a picture of the 1941 five. From left to right: Paul Haines, Joe Dobransky, Maynard Wirth, Jimmy Neumaier, Ed Murphy, Mike Sinelli, Sy Harding (Mgr.), Red Rocco and Don Strite.

Help Wanted!

Little Johnnie was trying to save pennies for War Stamps, but was finding the task extremely difficult. One night he was saying in his

prayers, when his mother overheard him, plead earnestly, "Lord, please help me save my money—and don't let the ice cream man come down this street."

Trials of Morning Gate Inspection



—Courtesy "The Stinsonair."

'Twas the Day Before Christmas in Inspection Department No. 44

Special to Argus Eyes by Maxine Wichman

With Christmas comes the feeling of good-will towards one's fellow workers and friends. And so it was in the warm spirit of the season that the inspection department celebrated the holiday.

In one corner of the room stood an appropriately-sized tree replete with decorations, a gift for each member of the gang under its boughs. Amid all this splendor, the first part of the regular lunch hour was spent with eating Chicken-in-the-Rough, to the immense satisfaction of all but the chickens. With this repast safely stowed away, Ol' Saint Nick Perini passed out—the presents. Everyone received a gift while chewing on candy (courtesy Chet Wisner, Kathryn Steinke and Mr. Perini).

Mr. Perini received a gorgeous Schaeffer pen-and-pencil set from the department. We know he was surprised and deeply touched—he was speechless! Kathryn Steinke received a beautiful plastic pin-and-earring set from the girls.

Climaxing this celebration was the session with Santa Harding, when each employee was the recipient of a super-duper turkey.

And so, with light hearts and heavy turkeys, everyone went home to spend the happy holidays with their loved ones.

War Bond Tournament

ARGUS SCORES AGAIN

Considering the weather and the Christmas holidays, Argus turned out in a big way for the War Bond Tournament on December 27 at the Twentieth Century Alleys.

Argus people won seven of the ten prizes paid. The prize winners were as follows:

First place: Laurretta Egeler and Hank Klager, 1369, \$14.00.

Third place: Opal and Gordon Stevens, 1349, \$10.00.

Fourth place: Clem Donner and Babe Peterson, 1339, \$9.00.

Fifth and sixth place tie: Ethel and Larry Jones, 1329, \$7.50.

Seventh place: Mary Briggs and Irv Braatz, 1316, \$6.00.

Eighth place: Ruth Wackenhut and Tony Rupas, 1305, \$5.00.

Tenth place: Kathryn Harrie and Harold Goldman, 1302, \$3.00.

All prizes were paid in defense stamps.

In this tournament Clem Donner bowled a better than perfect game. She bowled a 199 game and received a handicap of 102 pins, making her game 301 pins.

We feel that this tournament was a success and hope for more than this when the U. S. O. tournament is held in the near future.

Thanks to everyone who took part in helping to win this blasted war.

Dewett Brown and Kay "Paducah" Rudolph have enlisted in the Army Air Corps. Kay is staying at home in Paducah, Ky., until he is called up, but Brother Brown has returned to his old job in the Machine Shop, where he will continue to Hell Hitler by remote control until he can get a little closer.

Rex Guinan, far-famed as the Dexter Flash, has also enlisted, but in Uncle Sam's Navy. Charlie Smith is in the Marine Corps and Kenny "Fats" Byers is being inducted into "butter and meat and coffee for breakfast."

Mavis Carlson of Machine Shop in Plant 2, more familiarly known as "Blondie," is likewise sporting a brand new diamond ring. The lucky man is Frederick Garick of Ypsi, a worker in the Bomber Plant. They plan to be married on February 20th.

One of Gauleiter Girvan's friends went duck hunting a few weeks ago. Seeing a bird high in the sky, he took a single shot at it and down it came. Later he regretfully remarked: "I needn't have wasted that shot. The fall would have killed him."

Takes Care of Everything

Bill Thompson was proud papaing about his year-old son. The little feller would conscientiously replace tinsel he'd knocked off the Xmas tree. We marveled at the child's sagacity until the Great Girvan popped off with a story about his BABY. The newsboy slipped on the steps of the Girvan menage and hurt his leg. Forsaking his four o'clock bottle, Baby G. picked up the papers and finished the route for him. We hear that the Zoellner offspring (junior size) occupies himself in a gainful manner by keeping the walk clear of snow.

Guess Who?



The last "Guess Who?" juvenile picture we printed was that of one of the editors, of course. Specifically, had you gone around to the Kroll residence about twenty-five years ago, you could have seen the original and saved yourself some guessing.

For this first issue of the new year, a treasured portrait has been rediscovered. The photograph is THAT unique we are offering a cash prize of Twenty-five Dollars to the one person who correctly guesses the full name of the adult whose childhood grace was captured here. There is nothing to buy, no neighborhood grocers to send in, no box tops to collect. Follow the seven simple rules, and who knows, maybe YOU will win the Twenty-five Dollars.

THE RULES

1. Contest closes February 1, 1943.
2. Only one entry may be made by a contestant. Entries must be written and signed with your own name and department number.
3. Answers must be sent to CONTEST EDITOR—ARGUS EYES.
4. All entries become the property of Argus Eyes For Victory.
5. The decision of the judges is final.
6. This contest is open to all members of the Argus Recreation Club, except those presently or formerly employed by International Industries, Incorporated, or their friends or members of their families.
7. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

The Week Before Christmas

'Twas the week before Xmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The girls were all present and dressed up with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The presents were nestled all snug by the tree,
While the girls had visions of Sationery.
And you in your slimness and I in my fat,
Had just settled down for a program of that,
When out in the kitchen there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my chair to see what was the matter.
Away to the doorway I flew like the sands,
Tore open the door and threw up my hands.
The light in the kitchen across the hall
Showed a pan of chili, and that isn't all.
For there to my wandering eyes did appear
Some grand apple pie, "Oh dear! Oh dear!"
Mary's a good cook, so lively and quick.
I knew I'd eat so much it must make me sick.
Much faster than eagles, the girls, they came,
And we whistled and shouted and I called each by name.
"Now Ann! Now Ruby! Now Tyyne! and Zoretta!
"On Mary On Ethel! and on Oreitha!
Around the table and each have a chair.
Now don't eat it all, that wouldn't be fair."
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
As if by magic, the silverware flew,
With spoons full of Chili and Apple Pie, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard by the tree
The prancing and pawing of that little Ruby.
As I raised my head and was turning around,
Out of the front room Ruby came with a bound.
She was covered all over from her head to her foot
With snowflakes and cotton and other loot.
In her hand was a package just the same,
She had hunted all over 'til she'd found her name.
Zoretta's eyes how they twinkled! And Ann so merry!
Tyyne's cheeks were like roses; Mary's nose like a cherry!
Ora's cute little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And she laughed so hard that she gave a blow;
The stump of her thumb she held tight in her teeth.
And the snow on Ruby's head shone like a wreath.
Zoretta's broad face and little round belly
Shook when she laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
She was chubby and plump, a right jolly elf,
And I laughed when I saw her, in spite of myself.
A wink of Mary's eye and a twist of her head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
She spoke not a word, but went straight to her work,
And piled all the presents—then turned with a jerk.
And laying her finger alongside of her nose,
She handed me a gift, "Well, what do you suppose?"
I sprang to my feet, "Gee, I'm glad this is done,
Even if writing a poem is lots of fun.
Now let's all exclaim 'ere I sink out of sight,
Happy Xmas to all, and to all a good night!"

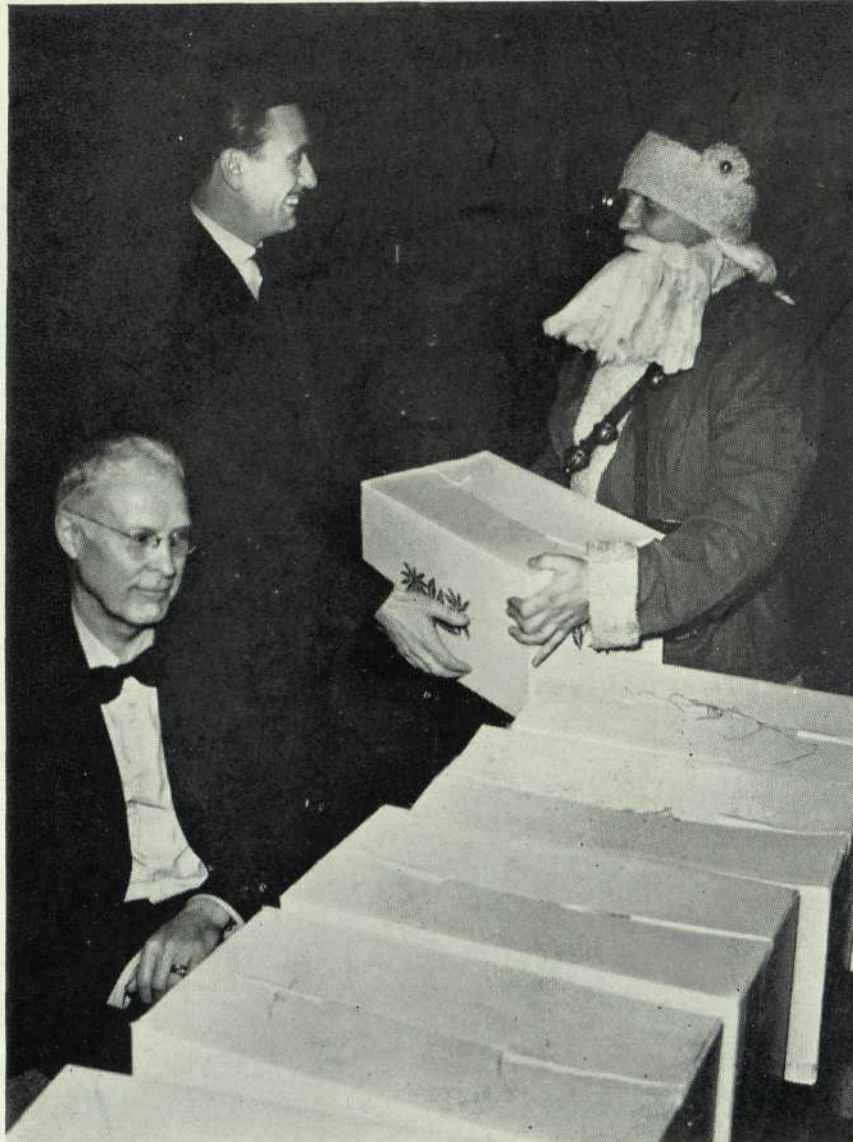
—By Susie Jones.

There Is a Santa Claus

Who says there ain't no Santa Claus?
I know there is.
And that's because
I saw him in our factory the other day,
A-givin' great, big turkeys away.
He was dressed all in red,
Quite jolly and fat.
Now what do you people
Think about that?
L. Powers, Inspection.

Did you hear about the rookie who reported aboard a mosquito boat with a Flit gun?

What Ya Mean, Getting the Bird?



Ted Humphries getting the bird from Santa Harding. Roy Hiscock made sure that every employee received a turkey.

Raw Inspection Christmas Party

Johnny Bandrofchak should really go to town on Friday nights now. The Raw Inspection gang presented him with a nice, new, shiny black bowling ball at their Christmas party.

Fourteen members of the department attended the party at the La Gondola.

Dinner was served about eight o'clock and after that Santa Claus Stoner distributed the gifts.

We were all surprised to find that our quiet and business-like Herman Koegler turned out to be the life of the party.

We were sorry that Harold Forbes couldn't be with us. He left a short while ago to serve our country, but every one of us thought of him.

Julia Apple was with us, too. She worked with us for quite some time and we were glad to see her to talk over old times.

A swell time was had by all and we hope to be able to do the same thing next year.

Don't Give Up

When you think the war is lost,
That's the time to begin.
Pitch right in, wear a grin,
We have a war to win.

Save your pennies, even a few,
Buy defense stamps, buy bonds, too.
Every bond that you are buying
Keeps our good old flag a-flying.

So, don't give up, we've just begun,
We'll keep it up till the war is won.

—Laura Egeler.

Soldier Sweetheart

Soldier boy, you're far away,
But in my heart you'll always stay.
I see your eyes so bright and blue,
And hear you whisper, "Dear, be true."
Just how could I be otherwise,
And look into your dear blue eyes?
Soldier boy, I'll wait forever
'Till days of peace bring us together.

—Laura Egeler.

Think Before You Talk!!!

The worker in a war plant has much information that the enemy would like to have, the Office of War Information pointed out this week, in urging workers to "Think Before You Talk!"

As a way of deciding what information about the war can and what cannot be discussed, the OWI suggested that every worker apply the following test:

1. If you heard it from someone—don't repeat it!

2. If you saw it yourself—don't tell about it!

3. But if you read it in a newspaper or magazine, or heard it over the radio, then it is public property—and you can talk about it as much as you want.

The last provision, of course, does not apply to what you read in letters, particularly letters from soldiers.

There obviously is not a spy behind every fence or post, but the arrests that have already been made by the Federal Bureau of Investigation leave no doubt that spies are operating in this country. And what do these spies want to find out?

They want to learn where our soldiers are stationed; how many and with what equipment.

They want to find out where our anti-aircraft defenses are, what plants are camouflaged, what our gun emplacements and harbor defense are like.

They want to know where our important war plants are located, what they are making, who they supply and how production is faring.

They want to know how good our tanks and planes and other munitions are—let's make them find out on the battlefronts.

They want to know when ships are leaving.

They want to know what you and your friends—the workers, the soldiers and the sailors—are doing.

They want to know so they can kill and sabotage and destroy.

If you say that your brother is a soldier and has been transferred from an inland camp to an Eastern port, that casual remark might easily be the cause of your brother and his comrades going down with their transport at sea. After all, Nazi submarine commanders have taunted survivors of torpedoed ships with their knowledge of the boat's sailing schedules.

If you discuss the war equipment you are making, it may be sabotaged before it reached the men who need it.

The OWI says everyone can still discuss the war, but reminds that the security of the nation—of each worker and his friends and relatives—depends upon our being careful of what we say. Let the spies work for their information. Why help them? THINK BEFORE YOU TALK!

Remote Control Inspection

Lucille Rise, who works on the "dial drive" line in Dept. 16, was married January 2, 1943, to Henry Gasidlo of Willis, Mich. Speshul Xmas parties highlighted the holiday period. The BC line had a whipper-dipper at Grace Hinz' house, while the inspectors held an exclusive luncheon fete for Eric Soderholm in Leigh's Lunchroom. The gang already miss Joe Wright, Al Stitt and Harold Mangus—all having lunch with Uncle Sam these days.

By JimMMMMM.

It All Started at the Red Hen



THE ARGUS CAMERA CLUB was the immediate predecessor of our own Recreation Club. The first of our big parties was this Christmas affair at the Red Hen. There have been many parties since, but you will recognize many of the faces at our present-day dances, too. What was Rube Egeler looking at?

Letters From Soldiers



Following is a letter from Harold Forbes:

Dear Don and Machine Shop:

Do I have a couple of sore arms. Every time you turn around, you get a shot and I don't mean Calvert's. Rode down from Camp Grant with Bob. He was selected for the Signal Corps. Nice going. I did K. P. on the convoy all the way. Fourteen Pullman cars—two kitchen cars. Colored porters to make the berths. Two other boys and myself had a compartment. Excellent food—a lunch served between meals and before going to bed. Every minute is interesting. Sixteen men to a barracks. Each company has their own mess hall. Boy, you should see the hair cuts. Show this card to Johnny B.

HAROLD.

Here is a letter from David Boomer: Dear Mr. Donahue:

Well, it's been quite some time since I last wrote you, so thought I would write again. How's everything there in the machine shop? I hear most of the young fellows that worked there have gone to the Army.

I'm at present in the Bushnell General Hospital. They have been giving me a check-over. Haven't been able to take the fast, strenuous exercises. They talk as though they're going to discharge me as unfit for the Army life. I really hate to be discharged, not that I like the Army, for I don't, but it's my duty to do what I can in winning this war. But they say I could do more working outside of the Army in some defense plant or at farm work, as workers are getting scarce in lots of places.

I have been getting letters from home telling how cold it is back there. It hasn't been so very cold here, not lower than 20 degrees above at any time, I don't believe. We haven't any snow down here, some on the mountains, which are all around us. We have had two or three light snow storms, but soon melted after the sun came up.

I like the mountains out here. They're really beautiful. The sun doesn't shine here on the hospital until about 10:00 o'clock because of the high mountains east of here, and being so close by.

Say hello to everybody for me. Good-bye and good luck and a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

DAVID BOOMER.

As secretary of the Argus Recreation Club, Naomi receives lots of the Club's mail from the men in the services. Here are two. The first comes from somewhere somewhere. The author, Pvt. George R. Gillen.

December 11, 1942.

Hello, Naomi:

I received the two Xmas boxes that were sent me. I would like to thank each and every one that sent their best wishes, but I find that it is impossible for me to do so. I trust that you will do it for me.

Say hello to Eric, Bud, Jones, Joe, Irene, Bennie, Forbes, and the rest of the kids. Tell them to save a place somewhere, because I hope to be back some day. Soon, I hope.

The country over here is all right, but there is no place like the States. Not much more to say. I have a job to do in a few minutes. So long.

GEORGE.

And from J. Lavelle McCoy and Florida's sunny climes:

December 30, 1942.

Naomi Knight,
Sec. Argus Recreation Club,
Argus, Ann Arbor.

Dear Naomi:

Here are my official Thanks to you in your official capacity for the swell box the club sent me for Xmas. It came at just the right time, as I am in the Navy Hospital here recovering from a slight case of pneumonia.

It seems that this part of Florida is really Alabama and full of germs of all sorts, so, starting with the Navy's own special "Cat Fever," I managed to work my way into something better so as to

get a couple of weeks of rest.

I know I can count on you to pass my thanks along. The box was most welcome.

The thought has occurred to me that you might be able to give me the addresses of Cal Foster, By Aldrich and any other of my friends in service, so I can drop them a few lines. After seeing how the boys here look forward to even a post card, I'm sure they'd like to have another letter or so.

I'm a little behind in my correspondence to some of my friends there at Argus, but with a few more days of convalescence I'll get up to date. These have been busy days!

Thanks again for the box and my very best to all my good friends at Argus.

Cordially,
MAC McCOY.

P. S. This was written in bed, so overlook the bad writing.

PPS (re-write Argus Eyes). This was copied while under the table, so overlook the bad typing.

As I know all the boys in the service get a copy of our Argus Eyes, I hope Dick Gainey won't mind seeing these letters in the paper. I think they should inspire everyone of us to try to do our job a little bit better than we are now doing.

LAURA EGELER.
Baer Field,
Fort Wayne, Indiana
October 21, 1942.

Hi Laura:

Well, thanks for the Argus paper. It sure was a surprise and a good one, too. Thank the old gang for me—sure would like to see them again, but I have a job to do.

I am an expert radio man now, working on and risking my neck on some of the Bendix radios. Some of them might have come from good old International. I like to think they did, anyway, because I know everyone of the old gang is really doing the best he or she can do. I know when one set leaves the plant, it is right. No loose nuts or wires that could cause the life of all the crew, just because the radio went dead. So keep up the good work and one of these days we will all be back in the old groove.

Remember the good old days? I'll never forget 'em and the super bunch of people I worked with. Be sure to give my best to everyone.

I am now at Baer Field, Indiana, and working twenty-four hours a day, both in the air and on the ground. I am here on special duty and can't get into town (through the gate). So I just eat, sleep and,—oh say! How is Mary? Same old Dick, don't think I'll ever change. If the girls don't stop getting married, I am going to be in a heck of a mess.

I am having a good time with my C-3 and have some good shots but you know how they like cameras around here. Darn the M. P.'s.

Tell Peck Stott I almost got over to see his team play football, but we took off for a four-hour flight about noon and so that's the way it goes.

Barth and Sinelli are both down here with me. They were both at the plant. I think you must know Mike Sinelli in the paint shop—it's his brother, and Barth worked up in Bendix for Adams quite some time ago, I guess.

That is about all the news I can put on paper—so I'll sign off.—Z-P-X.

Best of luck,
"DICK."

Selfridge Field, Michigan
December 11, 1942

Dear Laura:

Well, here I am again, and this time I think I will be in the Squadron for quite some time. At least I hope so. This idea of moving around isn't what it is cracked up to be. But I have little to say about such things. Ha! ha!

How is the old gang? That takes in Pop Egeler, too.

I now have two stripes, but hope to get more soon. It took a heck of a lot of schooling to get into this control tower, but I dood it, and am I glad!

I received the paper, but it was addressed to Hangar No. 8, so if you will, give whoever sends them out my new address. It is short and sweet—just 6th Airdome Squadron.

I hope to get a ten-day furlough on or about the first of January. I have pay coming from way back in September, so I'll get it all at the end of the month. Oh, boy! I have been broke so long that I don't know if I'll even remember what money looks like. (But it won't take long to find out.)

I would like to hear from some of the gang if they can find time to drop me a line.

Things are going along fine here, but I don't get home as often as I used to. It's too hard to get a ride.

But I'll see you all again—very soon—I hope.

Give my best to everyone.
CPL. DICK GAINEY.

To John Kenne and Department came this message from Virgil Wilt.

January 4, 1943.

Hi Kids:

I will try and scrawl a few lines to thank you all for the nice Xmas cards and everything. I sure was surprized when I received all the cards. Thank the Argus Club for me for the swell things I got from them. I am sticking around Oxford here, going to school, maybe slightly code-crazy, but not forgetting any of you. I got the paper today and saw Oliver's address, so I'll have to send him my regards when I have the time. We sure are rushed here, practically all day and night. How are things going around the shop now? I sure would like to see you all and I might before too long, as I think I'll get a short leave sometime this month. I'll be around if I have time. I hope you all can read this, as I am in an awful hurry to get into a little game of draw poker in my room here. That's about all we do in our spare time around here. Well, if some of you are not too tired from making bonus and would like to see my scrawl more often, drop me a line and I'll answer or try awfully hard to. So long for now and good luck to you all

VIRGIL.

Gus Christ is in the Marine Corps. His letter, postmarked U. S. Navy, arrived here just the other day.

December 29, 1942.

To Argus Club Members:

First of all, I'd like to thank the Argus Recreation Club for the swell Xmas present. I know it's hard to pick a suitable gift for a man in the service and the committee that made the selections did an excellent job. Being away from home on Xmas is pretty tough and you can all be sure I appreciate what you have done for me. I'd also like to thank the club for sending me the Argus paper. I enjoy it very much. I let some of the boys read the paper and they like it, too. So far I've just done routine work, but I hope to be sent to aviation school within the next week or so. One thing I've learned in the Marines and that is that you don't know where you'll be from one day to the next.

I only hope that this terrible business ends so that everyone can go back to normal living again.

Sincerely,
GUS.

Lester Bailey is in Texas, from whence this letter:

December 25, 1942.

Dear Fellow Workers:

Thanks loads for the Christmas gift. It was greatly appreciated. A soldier always likes to hear from home again. The V-mail stationery will come in handy when I go across. I am looking forward to the day when I can come back and work again in your organization. I wouldn't give up the Army Air Force life for anything right now. We have a swell bunch of fellows to work with here. When I leave here, I don't know where I will go. It might be by way of either the East coast or the West coast. Well, you keep us boys in materials and us boys will hurry and end all of this strife. Well, thanks a million, again, for the remembrance.

Your Fellow Worker,
CADET LESTER A. BAILEY.



JOHN CARVER

John Carver claps this note to Vern Heck from deep in the heart of —

December 24, 1942.

Dear Vern:

I received the swell box sent me from the Argus Club and I wish you would thank the ones responsible. It was sure swell and had many things that I could use.

It sure doesn't seem much like Xmas here, the day before. It's about 85 de-

grees here now and that's just about right after you get used to it.

After I came down here, I took the tests for the Cadets. I passed them all and now I'm waiting for my appointment. It's going to be pretty swell. While I'm waiting, I am going to the Armament School here on the post. And, boy, it is tough! But I don't have much else to do. The food fills you up anyway. Will write more later.

Sincerely,
JOHNNY.

P. S. Would you put my address in the Argus Eyes and ask people to write? Ed. Note: We dood it!

From California's sunshine to Michigan's snowshine from Orviel Harrison.
December 27, 1942.

Dear Friends:

Just a line to let you know that I have received your Christmas package (and thanks a million for it). We soldiers had a nice time Xmas and received some very nice presents. But Christmas didn't compare with the holiday at home, because there wasn't any snow to go with it. Otherwise, it was a green Xmas. I hope we will all be home for the next one, so we can all be together again. Thanks again, so long, and the best of health to everyone from

PFC ORVIEL HARRISON,
Box 426, Costa Mesa, Calif.

December 30, 1942.

Dear Friends:

Here is a short note to thank you for making a soldier's Christmas a lot happier. The parcel I received certainly was nice and contained a little bit of everything that a soldier needs and uses. Thanks a lot.

I also want to take this opportunity to thank you for sending me your paper, "The Argus Eyes." It's a swell paper and sort of reminds me of the time when I worked in the plant. Seeing the pictures and reading of the activities of many of my old friends certainly is swell.

I have seen quite a few Argus cameras since I entered the army and all the owners said they were swell. I know you are not making cameras now and are one hundred per cent on war work, which is helping to win this war as much as anything I know.

I have been in the Army for about five months now, going to school, trying my best to become a motor mechanic. There is a lot to learn, but I am coming along pretty well in it now.

Well, I'll close now, again saying thanks a lot and wishing you a lot of luck in the coming New Year.

Yours,
PATRICK DONNELLY.

January 2, 1943.

I received your Christmas box last week. It sure was nice. The boys liked the candy and the gum. I want to thank you for the box. I didn't have time to write last week. I can't tell you where I am, but I spend most of my free time in New York. I wish you a Happy New Year.

Good-bye from
JOHN D. MURNINGHAM.

We received a postcard from Charles Ceronki, who is down souf in Louisiana. He says: Received the package and am thanking all of you for the many things you sent me. I enjoyed Xmas very much.

Sincerely yours,
PVT. CHARLES CERONSKI.

Colorful Christmas cards were received from our "Ol' Sarge" By Aldrich, from Eliot Smith and Richard Lyons. Tiny Eddy sent greetings, too, and a message: Thanks a lot, gang, for the swell box. And from Joseph Juergens a "thank-you" card with best wishes for our happy new year.

Letter from Pvt. Charles P. Miller to the Argus Recreation Club:

Dear Friends:

This is just a note to express my sincere thanks and deep appreciation to my friends and fellow members of the Argus Club for their lovely gift. It was really swell.

It was doubly appreciated due to the fact that it came as a total surprise. One of the nicest gifts I have received since my enlistment. It certainly has brought back to mind certain friends and acquaintances, and little incidents that happened between us. These are the kind of memories that a man in the service likes to keep fresh, and it is generous gifts like yours that enable him to do so. A soldier sort of looks forward to gifts and mail from home and is disappointed if he doesn't receive any. But it is the unexpected gift that makes him realize that folks at home haven't forgotten him. So I sincerely thank you for your kind thought and generosity at this holiday season.

Your sincere friend and soldier,
PVT. CHARLES P. MILLER.

Letters From Soldiers

Our representative at the Naval Training Station located at "Co-Ed Corners," University of Wisconsin, reports:

January 4, 1943.

I thought I would write a line or so. I want to thank you for the lovely Xmas package. It will be of great value to me. And thanks again for the paper. It is of great interest to me. With the help of the Honor Roll in the Argus Eyes I have been able to locate some of my old pals.

Sincerely yours,
HOWARD OLIVER.

A bottle was washed up on the California coast with this air mail message for all of us:

December 8, 1942.

To the Argus Recreation Club:

There are probably many of you that never knew or heard of me, but I feel I know you almost as well as those who did. I received the first issue of ARGUS EYES FOR VICTORY the other day and it was just like a visit to the factory for me. I didn't miss an item and recognized quite a few names and faces. Recreation is one of the best morale builders there is, not only in the Army but for you civilians at home who are now working harder than you ever did. We can tell from the good results that the fellows who are lucky enough to be in combat against the enemy are having. We're glad that you folks in the States are doing your job of furnishing us with the equipment so that we can get our job done that much sooner. . . . A few days have passed since I started writing this letter, but I will try to get it done today. I received your Christmas package today and it sure was swell of you folks to think of me. Thanks a lot and I hope some day soon to be able to say that I have shot you each a Jap or so in return. Following is a little experience I had a while back that you might get a kick out of. If any of you find time to drop me a line, please do so.

Your friend in the service.
BILL HECK.

Through the good efforts of the local USO, a group of entertainers (native) were obtained to lighten the lives of a certain company of our fighting men. They consisted of a man and his wife, their four daughters, an aunt and two uncles. They were all excellent singers and the daughters were perfect in their native art of dancing. The stage consisted of a tent floor set on wooden boxes standing about two feet off the ground. It had chairs along the back for the entertainers to sit on. Behind the stage, conveniently located for the occasion, serving as a dressing room, was the cook's tent. The audience was seated in our most modern theater chairs such as packing boxes, mess table benches and lush growths of the native grasses. The four girls went out into the audience, each picking a man. The poor soldiers were then led up to the stage, not knowing what was in store for them. I happened to be sitting in the front row and before I really knew what happened, one of the dusky maidens took me by the hand and led me up to the stage. I pleaded with the girl all the way up to the stage, but she took me along anyway. The girls each took a lei from around their necks and placed them around ours. Then they kissed us on the cheek and told us to do exactly as they did. That sounded easy, but when my girl started swinging, swaying and turning, it became difficult for me to follow. I made up my mind to at least try to keep up with her. We were facing each other; she, calmly doing her dance, not even exerting herself. I had a determined look on my face, the sweat rolling off my brow—trying to imitate her motions. But my coordination was bad and when she was wiggling, I was wagging, and that's how I introduced a new light into the art of the hula dance. I received compliments from most of my buddies. They said I was doing best of the four men on the stage. The main thing was the fact that the fellows got a big kick out of it. I got a lei and a kiss.

In a place like this where entertainment isn't so plentiful, these people really worked wonders in breaking up the monotony of the routine life we are living.

A Visitor From the Navy

I hope you all saw Charlie Winans when he walked through the shop with his Navy uniform on.

If the Navy changed my looks that much, I would be tempted to enlist myself. He sure looks great.

In a letter to one of the boys, his first line was, "Gosh! Meat and potatoes for breakfast."

Charlie used to work in our machine shop.

In this latest edition of our Honor Roll those members of the group who did not leave directly from the employ of III are denoted by a *. They are well known at the plant and we are sure their whereabouts and welfare are of great interest to their friends.

Pvt. Joseph Allison
Plat. 888 R.D.
Marine Corps Base
San Diego, Calif.

Corp. Byron Aldrich, 20633045
107th Ordnance
A.P.O. 3364
% Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Pvt. David K. Boomer
788th M.P. Bn. Co. A
Boise Barracks
Boise, Idaho

*Pvt. John Benzler
56th Air Base Sqdn.
Goodfellow Field
San Angelo, Texas

Pvt. Glenn F. Boettger
Med. Det. A.A.F.T.T.C.
Nautilus Hospital
Miami Beach, Fla.

Pvt. Louis Betke
Med. Det. A.A.F.T.T.C.
Nautilus Hospital
Miami Beach, Fla.

Cadet Lester Bailey, 36522290
315th T.S. Sqdn.
Brks. 760
Sheppard Field, Texas

Pvt. Louis Birch
1st Sqdn. Troop C
C.R.T.C. Brks. 2045
Fort Riley, Kansas

Sgt. Melvin C. Bahnmler
341st Sqdn.
A.P.O. 875
% Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Pvt. Gus Christ
Plat. 888 R.D.
Marine Corps Base
San Diego, Calif.

*Pvt. Robert Crackel
3310 Wrightwood Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Home address, other not available

Pvt. John Carver
85th B. and A. B. Sqdn.
Moore Field, Mission, Texas

Pvt. Charles J. Ceroni
36410606-1610 RRC
Area F (T 180)
Camp Grant, Ill.

Pvt. Pierce L. Crisswell
U.S.N.T.C.
Btry. 45, Plt. 4, Co. A
Camp Allen, Norfolk, Va.

Pvt. Vinton Donner
A.A.S.D. Btry. D
Camp Davis, North Carolina

Pvt. Patrick Donnelly
3rd Provisional Co.
Pamona Ordnance Co.
Pamona, Calif.

Pvt. Harlan L. Dicks
348th Engrs., Co. E
% Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Corp. George M. Dragich
125th Infantry, Co. M
Gilroy, Calif.

Pvt. Norman Egeler, 36108926
Casual Group T.U.P.
A.P.O. 1295
% Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Pvt. Ernest E. Eddy
A.A.F.T.D.—C.S.A.I.
2200 W. Lawrence Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Pvt. Hazen Figg, Jr.
S.C.R.T.C., Co. B
Camp Crowder, Mo.

Pvt. Gordon Fleming, 36522441
78th C.A. (A.A.)
HQ. Btry. 2nd Bn.
Long Beach, Calif.

Pvt. Harold B. Forbes, C 6410595
411th Infantry, HQ Co. 2nd Bn.
A.P.O. 103
Camp Claiborne, La.

Corp. Conely Graves
Army Air Forces
323rd Sch. Sqdn. Sp.
Cochran Field, Macon, Ga.

Pvt. George R. Gillen, 136172035
HQ. and HQ. Sqdn.
A.P.O. 634
% Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

*Lt. James P. Gilligen
23rd Obsn. Sqdn.
76th Obsn. Group
Pope Field, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Honor Roll

*Pvt. Jerry Gilbert
783rd Tech. Sch. Sqdn. (Sp.)
Army Air Forces
Brks. 307
Lincoln Air Base, Lincoln, Neb.

Pvt. Howard Geyer
30th Sig. Bn. Co. A
M.S.R.T.C.
Camp Crowder, Mo.

Corp. Richard M. Gainey
6th Airdrome Sqdn.
Selfridge Field, Mich.

Pfc. Francis W. Heck, 35161752
160th Inftry. HQ. Co.
A.P.O. 1288
% Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Jack Hentz
Class 43-D, A.A.F.F.T.D.
Brayton Flying Serv., Cuero, Texas

Pfc. Finis Hooper, 36114159
127th Infantry, Co. M.
A.P.O. 32
% Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Pfc. Orviel Harrison
Box 426
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Sgt. Max Hammond
Class No. 50, O.C.S.
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Pvt. Robert Haines
Plt. 1053, Recruit Depot
Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.

Pvt. Joseph Juergens, Jr.
14th C.A. Med. Det.
Fort Worden, Wash.

Pvt. Paul Klager, 16111530
863rd B.T.S.
San Angelo Army Air Field
San Angelo, Texas

*Andy Kendrovics A/S
U.N.S.A.S.
Kodiak, Alaska

Pvt. Owen A. Kaufman
A.A.F.B.S. Rect. Det.
Big Spring, Texas

Sgt. Richard Lyons
Station Hospital
Pendleton Air Field, Pendleton, Ore.

Pvt. John D. Murningham
1920 Truck Co. Service
Aviation Pain-Field
Everett, Wash.

Lt. J. L. McCoy, Jr.
A-V (P) U.S.N.R.
Photo School N.A.S.
Pensacola, Fla.

Pfc. Samuel P. Miller
66th Medical Regt. Co. A
Camp Barkely, Texas

Pvt. Charles P. Miller
11th Air Base Sqdn.
Brks. 33, Kelly Field, Texas

*Pvt. Jimmie E. Newmaier
M.A.O.T. Sqdn. 8
Brks. 58, Class 3M 5E
N. A. S., Jacksonville, Fla.

Sgt. Wesely Osborn
41st Air Base
Geiger Field, Spokane, Wash.

Howard Reed Oliver
Div. 9, Sec. C, U.S.N.T.S.
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Pvt. Francis B. O'Donnell
438th C.A.A.A. Bn., Btry C
Fort Jackson, S. C.

Pvt. Charles Poe
396th Post Bn. 5C Co. D
Brks. 622, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

Pvt. Arnold Peterson
908th Q. M. Det., Avn. Service
Brooks Field, Texas

Billy W. Proffer
14th Btry, 12th Regt.
Co. 1429, U.S.N.T.S.
Great Lakes, Ill.

*Pvt. William D. Phillips, 36538571
62nd B. HQ. and A.B.S.Q.
Brks. 860, Sheppard Field, Texas

Pvt. Phillip Rothenbecker, 36162366
186th Infantry, A.P.O. 41
% Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Pvt. Clare W. Rhoads
HQ. Btry. 2nd Bn.
168th Field Artillery
East Garrison, Camp Roberts, Calif.

Pvt. Walter Reddis
740th M.P. Bn. Co. C
Camp Skakie, Glenview, Ill.

Warren Ross A/C
Sqdn. D-3, A.A.F.C.C.
Nashville, Tenn.

*Lt. Carl Swickrath
8th Infantry
Camp Gordon, Ga.

John P. Strauss
804 Springcrest Ave.,
Jackson, Mich.

Pvt. Charles Stotts
S.C.R.T.C. 30th Brks., Co. B
Camp Crowder, Mo.

*Aux. Nellie M. Stalker
3rd Regt. 2nd Co.
Army Post Branch,
Des Moines, Iowa

Pvt. Harold A. Skinner, 36410575-1610
RRC
Area F (T180)
Camp Grant, Ill.

Pfc. Donald I. Strite
HQ. and HQ. Btry
601st F.A. Bn.
Camp Hole, Colo.

A/C Eilot H. Smith
Sqdn. F-4 Brks. 1
A.A.F.C.C.
Nashville, Tenn.

Pvt. Allen F. Smith, 36531200
HQ. Btry F.A. Bn.
A.P.O. 33, Fort Lewis, Wash.

Pvt. Everett B. Teasley
49th T.C. Sqdn.
313th T.C. Group
Maxton Army Air Base, N. C.

Pvt. Howard White
31st Tech. Sch. Sqdn. Sp.
Flight A
Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Pvt. Maynard Wirth
Plt. 950, Recruit Depot
Marine Corps Base
San Diego, Calif.

Virgil D. Wilt, A/C
Sec. 2, Div. 18, Bldg. 127
U.S.N.T.S. (Radio)
Oxford, Ohio

Charles B. Winans, A/S
Naval Training Station
Brks. A, Upper West
Dearborn, Michigan

These new addresses are the latest corrections of the Honor Roll. The honor roll will be run complete again in the next issue.

Pvt. Gus Christ
A.B.G.-2, Sqdn. 23, U.S.N.A.S.
San Diego, Calif.

Pvt. John Carver
85B HQ and A.B. Sqdn.
Moore Field, Mission, Texas

Cadet Lester Bailey, 36522290
315th T. S. Sqdn., Brks. 768
Sheppard Field, Texas

Pfc. Patrick Donnelly
3rd Provisional, Co. B, M-214
Pamona Ordnance M. B.
Pamona, Calif.

Pvt. Charles Ceroni
409th Infantry, Co. D
A.P.O. 103
Camp Claiborne, La.

A/C Eliot H. Smith
Sqdn. F, Group 8
Maxwell Field, Ala.

Corp. B. Aldrich, 20633045
107th Ord. Co., A.P.O. 505
% Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

POSSIBLE

Recently, in Cleveland, this sign was noticed on the marquee of the Stork Theater:

"It Could Happen to You."

—Naval Stores Review.



Johnny Bandrofchak made an unintentional V for Victory while skiing down the speed slope in front of his house. He'll be all right in a few days.