



Argus Eyes for Victory!

New Girl President Charts Ambitions of Argus Recreation Club

Joy Hartman

The Argus Recreation Club was formed for the purpose of promoting the social activities of the employees of International Industries. The requirement for becoming a member of the club is to be an employee of the company. Representatives are elected from each department by popular vote. In turn, officers are nominated from the representatives. Meetings for the representative group will be held once a month to discuss matters which will further the purpose of the club.

Sponsors Many Activities

As a club we now act as sponsors for several different enterprises. We have "Argus Eyes," our shop paper, which is published once a month. In the paper we publish things of interest to people in the different departments. We are sponsoring softball teams for both men and women, bowling leagues, and at different intervals parties are planned for the entire membership. We have a group of people who have formed a chorus, which is under the leadership of Arnold Blackburn, who works in Plant 2. Mrs. Radford is the accompanist for the group. At Christmas time we sent boxes to our boys in the service. We buy name plates to be added to our honor roll for the boys who leave the employ of the company to enter service of our country. The club has a fund for flowers, which are sent to members who are absent because of illness over three days. Our new committee is Frances Hill for Plant 2 and Maxine Pierce for Plant 1.

Open to Suggestions

It is our ambition to make this year an interesting one; we want everyone to feel that this is his organization and that he has a responsibility. We are open to suggestions which would make things more interesting. So let's put our shoulders together and boost, show people that we are awake to achieve the goal of perfection not only as a 100% Defense factory, but as a co-operating social group.

Employee Dies

George C. Isabelle, born February 17, 1909, Ishpeming, Mich., died May 14, 1943, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Attended grade school and graduated from high school at Ishpeming, Mich.

Attended Northern State Teachers' College at Marquette, Mich., for two years, then Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., where he received his B. S. degree in Commerce.

Followed the teaching profession for six years: from 1931-35 at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, high school, where he met and married Mary Helen Van de Bogert; then from 1935-37 at Austin high school.

Entered the business world in 1937 as business manager for the Milwaukee Coca-Cola Co., where he remained from 1937-40.

Then salesman and district representative for the Schlitz Brewing Co. from 1940-42.

Came to Ann Arbor and International August 1st, 1942.

Worked as bookkeeper in Robert Miller's office (general accounting) until his illness forced him to enter St. Joseph's Hospital.

Surviving are his wife and daughter, parents, three sisters and one brother.

We of International Industries, Inc., extend sincere sympathy to his family and many friends.

Cpl. Louis (Bud) Farrell, a former employee of the Service Dept., is apparently plugging for "Argus" while working for "Uncle Sam."

This morning we received a registration card for an Argus camera, purchased in Kansas City, by a sergeant in the armed forces. A note on the bottom of the card indicated that the camera had been purchased on the recommendation of Cpl. Farrell.

New Argus Recreation Club Officers



At a meeting of nearly all of the clubs' new representatives, held April 30, the trio above was elected as officers for the year of 1943-1944. They are, from left to right: President, Joy Hartman; Vice-President, John Steinke; Secretary and Treasurer, Maxine Pierce.

A man 35 years old adopts a little girl 5 years old. He is 7 times her age. Five years later he is 40 and she is 10; he is 4 times her age. Five years later the man is 45 years old, while the girl is only 15 years old; he is 3 times her age. Fifteen years later finds him 60 years old and the girl 30 years old; he is now only twice her age. In how many years will he be her age?

Tom O. Ball Dies in Action



Hospital Apprentice With Commando Unit Killed in South Pacific

Tom O. Ball, hospital apprentice, first class, in the Naval Reserve, who had been assigned to duty with a Marine Corps commando unit, was killed in action on April 6, his mother, Mrs. Eve M. Ball, 216 S. Ingalls St., was notified by the Navy recently.

The Navy telegram did not give the place of death, but Mrs. Ball had received word previously from her son that he was somewhere in the South Pacific area. He would have been 23 years old April 29.

The Ann Arbor youth, the message said, had died "while in the performance of his duty," which for a medical corpsman often means treating men wounded in front-line action and getting them back of the lines. He was buried near the place of his death.

He is mourned by his many friends at International, where he was formerly employed in the Lens Department.

DREAM GIRL

"Is this candy good?"
"As pure as the girl of your dreams, my lad."
"I'll have a package of gum."

Argus Nurse Explains Physical Examination and Health Service

Dear Fellow Employees:

Now that we are all working longer hours and more or less under a strain of the War, everyone's physical fitness is most important.

Health habits are always important and especially so when we work under the conditions we are now. If one is not physically well, we are more susceptible to colds and infections, which we all want to avoid.

Illness means lost time and wages to you—besides the discomfort and unpleasantness of being sick.

It means even more to our boys who are on the job fighting for us—and depending on us 100%. They certainly are not letting us down—so the least we can do is to give our best to them.

To give our best—we have to be our best—and that is why we want to have our health program.

We hope to start in the very near future with our physical examinations and we hope every employee will feel this is an opportunity of which he will take full advantage. You are the one we are interested in.

Your Nurse is very much interested in your welfare and has taken steps to provide a service for you, which I hope each and every employee will feel a privilege to use.

I have set up a health program that is to be financed entirely by the Company—and you are in no way obligated financially.

This program includes a complete physical examination for every employee and a chest X-ray.

If anyone has any questions or any further information is desired, I will be more than glad to have you come into the First Aid room and see me.

Yours for better health,
F. WATTERWORTH.

In a letter from Sgt. Aldrich, he says we've no idea how hungry the pictures of Sy. Harding's birthday party made him. He hasn't seen any ice cream since leaving New York. (Just so you won't feel too bad, it isn't all ice cream anymore, about half ices, but we'll buy you a big dish full at Lee's Recess the first day you're back, O. K.?) You said that "Argus Eyes" gets better and better, but longer and longer between issues. (We are glad about the first part, and we'll try to better on the latter.)

PROFITABLE BUSINESS

"Why did you go out of the business of raising chickens?"
"I thought I could make more money raising chicken feed."

Lt. Straube Back After 11 Months in Solomons

His business was to see the enemy—and then run away. But it wasn't through cowardice that Air Force Lt. William G. (Glen) Straube, son of Mr. and Mrs. William N. Straube of 1113 Michigan Ave., always ran away during 11 months in the Solomon Islands, but because he was a reconnaissance cameraman and his job was to get a picture of enemy positions and return it to the U. S. Command base.

And now Lt. Straube is stopping off in Ann Arbor on his way from the South Pacific to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, to continue his researches in the use of stereopticon moving pictures for Air Force use. He also took time to visit his many friends at International, where he was formerly employed in the photography department.

Born in Cass City

Lt. Straube, 32, was born in Cass City and has lived in Ann Arbor since 1924. He attended the University and studied photography in New York. He was drafted from here in May, 1941, and reported to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. Straube was sent to New Caledonia in July, 1942, as a sergeant and became a second lieutenant last February.

Reconnaissance photography in the clear-skied south Pacific presents some challenging problems for the cameraman, according to Lt. Straube. The brilliant sun and heavy vegetation give a super-abundance of light, but good cover



Lt. William G. Straube

for enemy forces. Heavy shadows and broad-leaved trees make it difficult for the photographer to picture Jap movements on the islands and the color of the sea and coral beaches and odd light reflections make shore feature identification a real problem.

Also Cleared Pictures

Lt. Straube worked much with public relations in photo-intelligence, clearing pictures for civilian publications, as well as taking them. In this work he observed troops under all conditions and is particularly impressed by the amazing spirit of our wounded soldiers and sailors who, even the badly injured, are anxious to get another crack at the Japs. Straube is a great admirer of Lt. Gen. Millard H. Harmon, commander in the south Pacific, who, he says, is doing an outstanding job under maddeningly difficult conditions.

Straube's flight back to this country provided thrills as great as picture-making had when he was on active duty. The trip was made in an unarmed Army transport. The Japs were active over the route and the tired pilots were in no mood to encounter enemy fighters. Landing at a small island which boasts the presence of a single tree, the weary crew and military passengers had hardly refueled their ship and laid down for a rest when Jap attackers were reported. Rushing to the plane, the personnel got away before hostile craft appeared, but soon after they were out of sight the radio reported the attack. They never heard the result of the battle.

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

Feared Drowned



MARGARET (Ellie) KERSHNER
 Age 19
 Charleston, West Virginia

Ellie and her companion are missing and believed drowned while canoeing on the Huron River on Saturday, May 8th.

We of International Industries, Inc., extend our sincere sympathy to her family and friends.

What's Cookin'?



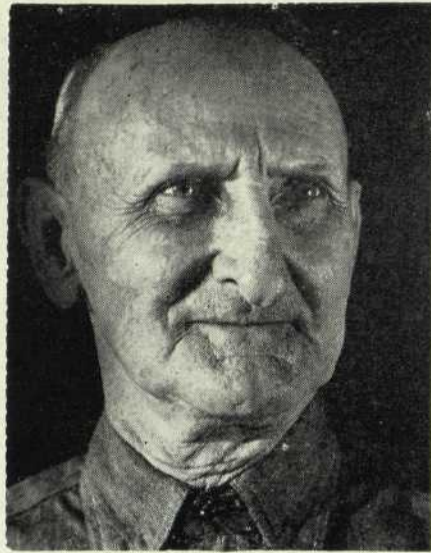
Eugene Livesay, Dept. 15

When this picture was taken, Gene was either worried or surprised about something.

Three slightly deaf men were motoring from the north to London in an old, noisy car, and hearing was difficult. As they were nearing the city, one asked: "Is this Wembly?"
 "No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."
 "So am I," put in the third. "Let's stop and have one."

Department No. 10 News

"Dad" Miller was grinning from ear to ear Monday morning, May 3rd, when he came to work. The reason for this was that his son, Pfc. Chas. Miller, called



him from Miami, Florida, Sunday night. He stated he had finished his training as a mechanic and is going to enter officer's training school at once. Chas. was a former worker of the machine shop. His brother, Cpl. Sam, is in Santa Barbara, California. He is attending medical school. He also was a worker of the machine shop before entering the Army. Good luck, boys!

Margaret Gault is back to work again after being out for several days. She had an operation.

Lucille Riddle, a former employee of the Machine Shop, has joined the WAAC's. She is now awaiting her call.

There are several new faces in Department No. 10 during the last month. We welcome you to our department.

"Babe" Peterson was a very busy man the last few weeks. He has donned a shield for the face and is our new welder.

Aux. Nellie M. Stalker, WAAC, formerly of Dept. 10, is now stationed at Boston, Mass.

In a letter received by Mr. Hilton from Henry (Red) Hall, Sr., we learn that the former member of our sales force is now working for "Uncle Sam," having enlisted last March. His wife



Henry W. Hall, Sr.

and daughter are staying at Orlando, Fla., for the duration.

Red tells us he hopes to make Signal Corps; but at basic training camp he's just a plain foot soldier. Assures us, though, that if he had to stay one, he's going to be a darn good one.

(We know that you will, Red. Good luck!)

"Every time you hate a man your handicap is heavier. You cannot hate others and at the same time help yourself. Your mind is not strong enough to be spiteful and successful at the same time. Revenge ruins your reasoning faculties and one must be able to reason in order to achieve."

"One fault of your own discovered by you, improves you more than finding a dozen faults in your neighbor."

"Judge no one by what he has, judge him by what he does and how he does it."

"When we help our brother row his boat across the stream, we, ourselves, get across at the same time."

Jewels of To-day



MILITARY OPTICS BY

argus

INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES, INC.



ANN ARBOR MICHIGAN

FINE AMERICAN CAMERAS

PRECISION OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS

AVIATION RADIO EQUIPMENT

One of a new series of International ads appearing in an impressive list of publications.

New Mugging Department



The Photographic Laboratory has been remodeled under the supervision of Dick Bills, and many improvements have been made in both equipment and facilities.

"The eyes, hopes and prayers of free men everywhere are on American industry in this world crisis. All who oppose the scourge of oppression sweeping out of central Europe today look to our factories—to American industrial management and

American labor—to produce the bombing planes, the guns and tanks, and other weapons of modern war which may once more turn the tide in favor of democracy, peace, and freedom."—Thomas Roy Jones, President, American Type Founders, Inc.

Old Carpenter Shop



You should see it today!

Story of a Missionary Educator



By William C. Booth

I went to China immediately upon being graduated from Northwestern University in June, 1903. Including four furloughs in the United States of a year each, I had on the 29th of June, 1942, lacking a few days, served under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions a total of thirty-nine years.

On the date just mentioned, I went aboard the Italian Liner Conte Verde, along with about six hundred Americans and Canadians, and sailed for Lorenzo Marques, Mozambique, Portuguese East Africa. From here with about nine hundred more Americans and Canadians who had arrived on the Japanese Liner Asama Maru, we sailed down past the southern point of Africa and across the South Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, then north to the "Land of the Free," and arrived in New York harbor on the 25th of August, having been aboard ship for nearly two months.

In Educational Work

I was in educational work in Chefoo, Shantung, North China, throughout all these years in what came to be the Yih Wen Commercial College. This institution started as an Anglo-Chinese school with only six pupils, but in due course grew to be a Junior-Senior high school with an added course of two years in business subjects. The average enrollment was about 450 students.

Our graduates have become clerks, accountants, stenographers and compradors in such companies as the Standard Oil Company, The Texas Company, the Imperial Chemical Industries and in such government offices as the Chinese Postal Service, the Chinese Maritime Customs, the Salt Revenue Administration, etc., and in the various foreign consulates. Many have in time set up their own export and import businesses.

Yih Wen former students are now found in all important business centers throughout China and a scattered few are established in businesses in the Philippine Islands, in Australia, New Zealand, South America, Africa, India, Europe, England, and the United States. I know of two, one a Chinese and one a Jewish Russian, who are now serving in our own U. S. Army.

Was President

My position in Yih Wen Commercial College was that of President until 1929, when, following the policy of our Mission, I resigned in favor of engaging a Chinese to fill that position. I continued in the school as adviser and teacher; but, in 1937, upon the invasion of China by Japan, I was asked by the College Board of Directors to serve as dean, in order that through holding this office and through my extra-territorial rights as an American and as a representative of the Board of Foreign Missions, property owners of the College, I might act as "buffer" for the Chinese president.

This and other relationships, such as serving as Honorary General Secretary of the Chinese Y. M. C. A., and as chairman of our Mission Station and Vice-Chairman of Shantung Mission, led to my having to oppose the Japanese on a number of occasions. First among these was when the Japanese demanded our giving over, to be shot, three wounded Chinese whom we had received into our mission hospital. We resisted this demand, even against the advice of the American consul, and appealed to the State Department in Washington. Our hospital was picketed by Japanese soldiers, and patients, Chinese doctors, nurses and attendants were subjected to very unpleasant treatment as they came and went. Advice from Washington came to our relief, and we praised God that the lives of three men had been saved.

TEN SUPERLATIVES

1. The best day—today.
2. The greatest need—common sense.
3. The worst bankrupt—the soul that has lost its enthusiasm.
4. The greatest comfort—the knowledge that you have done your work well.
5. The most expensive indulgence—hate.
6. The greatest stumbling block—egotism.
7. The best work—what you like.
8. The greatest mistake—giving up.
9. The easiest thing to do—finding fault.
10. The greatest trouble-maker—talking too much.

"Half the Legislature Are Crooks!" ran a glaring headline.

A retraction in full was demanded of the editor.

Next afternoon the headline read: "Half the Legislature Are Not Crooks."

Unreasonable Demands

Very unreasonable demands were sometimes made. Among the last were the demands that the property of the Y. M. C. A. be given over for use as a girls' school and that our own mission schools should be taken over by the Municipality to be made into public schools. We resisted these demands to the last, failed in the first case because the property was Chinese owned, but succeeded in the case of our American owned property.

When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, how did I fare? It happened that, just the day before that fateful event, I boarded a Japanese freighter for Tsingtao, a day's journey south from Chefoo, in order to attend our Mission mid-winter Executive Committee Meeting to be held in Tsingtao. Needless to say, the meeting never came off, for I was the only member to arrive in Tsingtao, and I was arrested immediately on arrival.

Here I wish to testify to the worthwhileness of Christian friendliness and courtesy. Though I had to oppose the Japanese all along, yet I always sought to be friendly and courteous. So, on board that Japanese steamer, I mingled among the passengers and Japanese officers as a friend. I was introduced to the captain by a former student, not as his old teacher, but as his friend. I slept in third class alongside of a Japanese gendarme, and, finding that he knew Chinese, made friends with him. I ate Japanese food with the officers and shared foreign food with a German business man. In fact, I tried honestly to love those who might be counting me as an enemy. Result—though the fatal war was on, after being examined, first in the military police station and then at the Japanese Naval Headquarters, I was made only a "house prisoner" and had three hours liberty to go on the street each day, though not allowed to visit Chinese in their homes or to attend meeting of any kind. Those who were interned had no liberty and for small indiscretions were put in solitary confinement. However, friends and relatives were allowed to supply them with the food they ate. Much worse did those fare who were imprisoned in Chinese and Japanese jails along with the classes that would be found there, a little rice, sea weed, and occasional fish for meals morning, noon and night!

Secretly Visited

Space does not permit for telling at length of Chinese friendliness during those six months of suspense (from December 8, 1941, to June 8, 1942). Suffice it to say that, at great risk to themselves, we were often secretly visited, and eight different friends sought to help me out with money in sums of from one to five hundred dollars local currency. I accepted two hundred dollars from the wife of a former student and close friend and five hundred dollars from another former student and close friend. These were offered as gifts, but I accepted them as loans; and I returned them on arriving in Shanghai, where I was able to draw six months' belated salary.

The voyages home were pleasant and without apparent danger. From Rio de Janeiro north special precautions were taken, life boats were put in readiness and special drills required of all passengers and stewards and crew members. We saw one ship sail from Rio with many U. S. soldiers aboard, but the only other evidence of the grimness of war was the half of a burning ship still floating, but no sign of life aboard.

Japan, under the heel of her present predatory and revengeful leaders, is an outlaw nation, and we must be "all out" in our war effort until she, like Germany and Italy, are brought into subjection. But, like Madame Chiang Kai Shek, I believe that, if we would win the peace as well as the war, we should follow the Christ, who, though he hated the evil in man, still was able to love man.

An Apple For the Teacher



The employees and a few guests of the Stockroom, Plant No. 2, gave a party for their boss, Ward Peterson. Many happy returns, Ward!

Wonder What's the Crime?



After extensive investigation, the truth comes out. The above trio consisting of Neil Podewills, "Bud" Wheeler and Lester Michael have committed nothing heinous and are not even being held by the stern hand of the law. No, they were only entry officials at a model plane contest, where Gene had an entry. Maybe that explains the look. The flat-foot just happened to be sitting in when the picture was snapped.

A Swing Over to Production



New and Very Proud Fathers

L. R. Elmer Miller (son), Jim Devlin (daughter), Eugene Schuman (son).

To Argus Recreation Club Members

I wonder how many members of our Club know where their money goes that is contributed yearly?

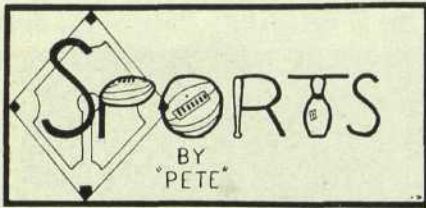
Our Club is responsible for sending flowers to all employees who are absent from work for more than three days because of illness. The monthly bill is approximately \$60.00. The International Chorus is supported by the Club. The piano cost us \$25.00 and music books amount to about \$3.00.

On April 30th, when the new officers took over their positions, there was exactly \$1,044.21 on hand. Approximately \$222.00 will be spent for new baseball uniforms for the boys in Plant 2, and about \$180.00 will be spent to replace uniforms for the girls' baseball teams.

Club members will be interested in knowing that there is to be scheduled a Men's and Women's banquet for Argus Bowlers. No definite date has been set for either banquet. The banquet will be paid for by the cashing in of a \$500.00 bond, which has been in the possession of the Argus Recreation Club. (As an unincorporated organization, we cannot own any property, such as a Bond.)

Seven per cent of the gross receipts made in the lunch room is credited to the Club by Mr. Thomas. This seven per cent and membership fees pays for the Club activities.

MAXINE PIERCE, Secretary.



BOWLING

The 1942-43 Argus League has come to a close and the Office No. 1 team has repeated its performance of last year by again winning the title. Since the League was first organized three years ago, the season just concluded has been the most interesting and successful of any. Last year the office team waltzed into first place when the pace-setting Camera team ran into a snag. After once gaining the top position, a lead was built up and the Champs won by a comfortable margin. This year, however, the title was not clinched until the final evening of bowling. The Lens Tool Room had led the league from the opening gong and had enjoyed leads up to twelve games. But after maintaining a torrid pace for over half the season, this team ran into a lot of trouble and dropped fifteen out of sixteen games. It was at this point that the office team made its move and pulled up even with the toolmakers. These two teams then battled on even terms until the next to the last week of the bowling season. It was on this night that the office team practically assured itself of the title, even though the clincher had to be put on the final night. The Office No. 1 five crossed alleys with the Stockroom, while the Lens Tool Room was battling Office No. 2. With Jess Cope leading the way, the Office took all four games from the stock chasers. It was Cope's sensational finish with six strikes in a row and a 224 total that gave his team a one-pin victory in the final game. The toolmakers on the next alleys were having their hands full with the Office No. 2 team and dropped three of the four games. Gene Livesay, Frank Ferrier, and Hec Haas were the big guns for the winners, and these three more than made up for the sparkling individual efforts of Wes Cook and Norm Hartman of the toolroom. On the final evening with a three-game lead and needing only one win to be assured of at least a tie, even if the Lens Toolroom were to win all of its games, the Champs lost no time and won their opening game from the Army. The Lens Toolroom had also won their first game from the Wildcats, so there was still a possibility of a tie, but in the second line the wild ones reversed the results of the first game winning by fifty pins and assuring the Office No. 1 five of the championship. With the title decided, each of the leading teams relaxed and as a result dropped three of the four games. During this fight over the number one spot the "heckling" Prism team had kept edging closer to the second spot and with a late rush and by winning three games the final night moved into a tie with the toolmakers for the runner-up spot.

This has been a most successful season and the entire League congratulates the Office No. 1 team on their winning the Argus title for the second year in a row. The final standings of the teams are as follows:

Team	Won	Lost
Office No. 1.....	85	51
Lens Toolroom.....	82	54
Lens Prisms.....	82	54
Paint Shop.....	78	58
International Inspection.....	76	60
Wildcats.....	74	62
Lens Office.....	73	63
Cost Accounting.....	72	64
Machine No. 2.....	71	65
Office No. 2.....	70	66
Lens Machine.....	70	66
Toolroom.....	65	71
Lens Blocking.....	65	71
Army.....	63	73
Material Control.....	57	79
Maintenance.....	54	82
Stockroom.....	50	86
Machine No. 1.....	37	99

In the fight for the individual honors Elmer Lawhead of the Lens Machine captured the high average with a very good 186 count. Following Lawhead were Rumsey of Blocking with 180, Fish Keuhn of Paint Shop with 178, Lefty Kendrovics of the Wildcats with 175, Rube Egeler of Paint Shop with 173, and Jess Cope of the Championship Office team with 170. These six were the only ones in the league who maintained averages of 170 or more over the entire season.

In the battle for the high team average the Paint Shop with Captain Egeler and Ed Keuhn providing the edge, walked off with that title. The high single game as well as the high three game total was rolled by the Lens

The Old Timers



Players: Orm Phillips, Merrill Rayment, Joe O'Donnell, Don Terry, Mike Sinelli, "Ole" Olson, Robert Phillips, Norman Egeler, Ed. Kuehn, Rube Egeler, Russ. Brewer, Mike D'Anjo.
Int. Ind. Inc. Softball Teams have been Ind. League champions for the last two years. Let's make it three!
'42 Champs—Captain: Joe O'Donnell; Players: E. Kuehn, G. Christ, C. Melton, B. Fisher, P. Reid, R. Towner, O. Poe, M. Rayment, L. Belleau, R. Rentchler, B. Kelly, H. Peterson, P. Haines, M. Sinelli.

Blocking team. Rumsey of this team also rolled the highest single game of the year with 269. He also captured the high three games with 658. Congratulations to all of the individual "champs."

SOFTBALL

This season Argus will be represented by two teams. Because of the great deal of interest it has been decided that each of the two plants is to have a team. Plant No. 2 has held frequent practices in the past few weeks and have had a very good turnout, and will most likely have a very strong representative. In Plant 1 not as many have turned out, but Manager Harding feels confident of getting the fellows out and again placing a team in the league that will try to win that third Industrial League championship.

Argus Bowlers Try Anyway

John Kendrovics and Rube Egeler went to Detroit a few weeks ago to see if they could win the \$3,000 prize in the Peterson Classic.

Eight consecutive games is no easy task, considering John's 1393 and Rube's

1322, which broke no records. They did gain a lot of experience, though, and got a big thrill out of the fact that John bowled with Cass Criege and Rube with Wayne Spaulding. Cass Criege is a member of the famous world's champion team, Detroit's Stroh's Bohemians, and Wayne Spaulding claims he will bowl any man for any amount of money. So even though the boys didn't bring home any prize money, they really got a big kick out of the whole thing and will try again next year.

Leola and Laura, watching from the balcony, were just as thrilled and excited as were the bowlers.

Department 41

By Hazel Dolly

It was a lucky day for Bud Roberts and Bill Huffman on March 25th, the morning they were told to work at cleaning prisms in Department 41. They grumbled and said they didn't want to work with a room filled with girls (not much). At 2:05 the same afternoon, with a dish of apple pie a la mode placed before them, they decided it was a good place to be. The occasion being the celebration of Vera Huffman's birthday anniversary. Vera also received a toy

rabbit, which both Bill and Vera called Jr.

Bernice Wilson is a newcomer to Department 41. We are glad to have you with us, Bernice. Hope you like us.

Viola Curtis has just returned to work after three days of measles.

Luella McIntosh has just returned from her vacation in Pittsburgh, Pa., where she attended a wedding, acting as bridesmaid for her girl friend.

Caroline Eppler is leaving the factory to go to her summer resort in Northern Michigan. If we can save enough gas coupons, we'll all be up there for a good time. So be watching for us, Caroline, and keep that cabin reserved.

The friends of Ann Nordman express their sympathy during her recent bereavement.

We are sorry to hear that Dilly Dolly will enter St. Joseph hospital for a nasal operation. Best of wishes, and get well soon, Hazel. It will be good to see you back to work again.

J. V. Donahue Surprised on Birthday



The employees of the Machine Shop sorta slipped up on the old boy May 4. He was called to the Machine Shop about 2:40 p. m. in a hurry and much to his surprise, he found the gang standing around a table which held a birthday cake, with greetings on it that read, "Happy Birthday, Don."

They sang, "Happy Birthday" for him, then presented him with a gift box which contained a shirt, tie, belt, hose and handkerchief.

He made a little speech and we were then served to coffee and cake. Here's hoping you have many more birthdays, Don.

Argus Recreation Club Representatives Elect New Officers



A meeting was held by Vern Heck, retiring president, April 30th, to elect from the representatives selected by each department, for the coming club year, club officers. They are: President, Joy Hartman, Time Study and Methods, Plant No. 1; Vice-President, John Steinke, Maintenance Department, Plant No. 1; Secretary and Treasurer, Maxine Pierce, Personnel Office, Plant No. 1. Pictures of the new officers appear on page 1.

Not all club representatives appear in the above picture. The complete group consists of:

PLANT 1 REPRESENTATIVES

Dept. 18, Vance Murray and Hazel Miller; Dept. 24 (Kelley), Jean Link and Chester Podgorney; Dept. 15, Jim Devlin and Lynn Dancer; Dept. 27, Eugene Schuman and Emma Exelby; Dept. 25 and 29, Joy Hartman and Glenn

Hilge; Dept. 23, Ken Holzhouer; Dept. 29, John Steinke; Dept. 17, Rube Egeler and Mary Lou; Dept. 11, Fred Leppins and Joe Lyons; Dept. 10, Harold Forbes and Alice Arment; Gen. Accl., Eileen Adams; Mat. Contr., Stephanie Gala; Dept. 12, Leona Ward and Florence Schwemmin; Dept. 53, Maxine Pierce; Dept. 28, Leola Stoner and Katherine Phabe; Planning, Daisy Harms and Ed Wasem; Sales and Switchboard, Mayzo Klager and Louise Gerrard.

PLANT 2 REPRESENTATIVES

Dept. 45, Clifford Coniway; Dept. 36, Velvie Ball; Dept. 34, Elmer Pfister; Dept. 39, Dorothy Elliot and Virginia Buss; Dept. 40, Hulda Burns; Dept. 33, Keith Tripp; Dept. 41, Maxine Wickman; Dept. 32, Evelyn Black; Dept. 43, Mildred Henson; Dept. 30, Irma Hillman; Dept. 31, Phillip Youngerman; Maintenance, Henry Millage.



By Mrs. Isabelle Watson

Having married my husband during World War No. 1, while he was in France, I eagerly awaited my trip to the U. S. A., of which I had heard many wonderful things.

When the Armistice was signed, I received word that I was to be prepared to sail on 24 hours' notice, so I was literally on pins and needles during the time I was waiting.

At last I received the news that I was to sail, and left Scotland April 23, 1919, and arrived in Quebec, May 2nd, which happened to be my birthday and I may say it is one of the happiest birthdays I recollect.

I sailed on a troop ship carrying returning soldiers and their wives and children, mostly French girls who had married their husbands in France during the war, and I may say they were a happy bunch, although I could not understand their language, I did pretty good on signs.

Our ship was the first to enter the Port of Quebec that spring, also the first with returning soldiers, so we had one big welcome, with bands playing, flags waving, and singing. However, there were many misty eyes as the band played "Home, Sweet Home."

As soon as we cleared the customs, we entrained for the U. S. A. and arrived in Windsor and boarded a ferry boat for Detroit. I arrived on a Sunday afternoon and it was sure crowded with all kinds of people. I was convinced then that it must be a very popular place.

America certainly is all and more than I had ever dreamed of.

I still wonder at, and appreciate, the opportunity that is open to every person, young and old, in this country.

I must say that the U. S. A. has been very kind to myself and family. We have found life-long friends and happiness, and to help re-pay such kindness, we each are trying to do our bit by working for our adopted country, to hasten the end of this war, and bring victory nearer, so that we may all live in peace and enjoy the four Freedoms such as no other country in the world offers.

Yours for a bigger and better world,
ISABEL WATSON.

By Alexander (Sandy) Watson

My trip to this country, and my first impressions of same. I sailed from Glasgow, Scotland, March 20, 1909. It was quite a thrill to go on an ocean liner. Well, we left at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, if I remember correctly. The trip

through the Irish Channel was fine. After we cleared the coast, things were quite different, the sea got rough. I heard a sailor holler, "Heave." I thought he meant me, so I obliged him, if you know what I mean; in fact, I heaved all the way to New York. The trip up the Hudson was wonderful. I remember seeing your splendid Statue of Liberty. It is well named and I hope it will continue through the ages to come. The houses all painted white and constructed of wood made a lasting impression on me. I said, here is a home away from home. The houses in Scotland are all made of stone or brick, so you see there was quite a contrast. The next thing was the bells on the railway engines. I was heading for Detroit, and every town we came to I could hear these bells. I thought they were church bells. I thought, boy, are the Americans real church people, they go morning, noon and night. I did not find out the difference until I got off the coach at Detroit. There I noticed the bell on the engine. Another thing on the train I saw—everyone chewing like as if their lives depended on it. I watched to see what they were eating, but did not see them put anything into their mouths. I later found out they were chewing gum. I went overseas with the Canadian Army in 1915 and came back with a wife. We got back to Windsor and Detroit May 2nd, 1919, on my wife's birthday. I really gave her a birthday present that time, we could hardly contain ourselves until we were on American soil. She loves this country as well as I do and we will never leave. Our son is a sergeant in the Army Air Corps. Mrs. Watson and I lost our youngest brothers in the last war. I also had a brother wounded and taken a prisoner to Germany. Mrs. Watson had a brother wounded severely five times; he was with the New Zealand forces. We are fortunate in this country that all are so far away from all this fighting and bombing. And I sincerely hope that never a Nazi or Jap bomb will fall on our beloved country.

Happy Birthday

I came to work on my ???? birthday with that old feeling, "Gosh, another year added on."

But after the PM recess I didn't mind it one bit. The gang from my department followed me up to the cafeteria and gently led me to a table all spread out with cake and ice cream and even presents.

It made me have a grand feeling towards a swell bunch of people.

Thanks loads, kids.

LAURA EGELER.

WHO KNOWS BEST

Jasper (phoning his father): "Hello, who is this?"

Father (recognizing Jasper's voice): "This is the smartest man in the world!"

Jasper: "Sorry, I've got the wrong number."

News From Dept. 28

Amanda Alber, Doris Laver and Maurine McDaniel spent Saturday, May 15, in Detroit shopping and otherwise. I'll bet that trio had a good time.

Marjorie Young of Raw Inspection has been on the sick list since she returned from Texas, but is back to work and feeling fine again.

The girls in Raw Inspection think the music we are hearing these days is fine, but we would like to hear more of it. Doris Laver has some very nice records she will volunteer the use of—but, not for keeps!

Doris, Amanda, Lillian, Henrietta, Maurine and Katherine took their old boss, John Bandrofchak, out to lunch on Friday, May 14th. It seems that John likes Chop Suey, so they all went up to the Chinese Restaurant and had a grand time.

If anyone from International had been out riding along the river Sunday afternoon, they would have noticed Earl Wilkie paddling his own canoe. Smart boy! He certainly doesn't need any gas for a canoe.

What little blond girls is wearing a very pretty diamond on her left hand? Yes, that's right—it's Myrtle Jones. After the war we will hear wedding bells. Lots of luck, Mert!

Our mascot, "Smoky," the black cat, had three kittens; only one of them survived. It was quite an attraction in Department 28. Eric Soderholm adopted it so his dog, Sanko, would have a companion. They get along very well with Eric as a trainer.

Silly, Isn't It?

The girls of Department 39 are all out for conserving vital war material for defense. We understand that if you rotate shoes the same as tires, you can save leather and rubber so the boys and girls in the armed forces can have double supplies. It seems peculiar, however, to see people going when they should be coming and coming when they should be going. From now on their slogan is, "Conserve, we must and will win the war."

What seems to be the matter with the ball from Plant 1? Working too hard, or are two championships in a row enough?

Let's see if you boys still have enough pep to get a team together, if even for one game to beat Plant 2.

Signed: PLANT 2.

How about it, Plant 1, are you going to take that challenge of Plant 2????

"Music was designed in Heaven to stimulate our frayed nerves."

"The International Chorus"



Early in March, the Argus Recreation Club bought a piano. Two nights later, a few hopeful and enthusiastic singers met in the cafeteria to discuss plans for a chorus. Wednesday night was selected as chorus night and the venture started. Arnold Blackburn very kindly offered his services as conductor and, through his efforts, arrangements were made to have a program broadcast on the University of Michigan "Hymns for Victory Hour" over WJR. After several rehearsals, which were often disappointing due to colds, bad weather and busy lives, the chorus broadcast on Sunday, May 2nd, at nine A. M.

Jack Suddarth, William Anderson, Rose Temple, Eileen Lay were soloists, and were ably assisted by the rest of the chorus, members of which are: Jack Suddarth, Ralph Ridenour, Earl Taylor, Ben Shobe, Jean Crandell, Dolores Wiederhoff, Maxine Pierce, Laura Egeler, Rose Temple, Eileen Lay, William Anderson, Wilmot Gray, George Isabelle, Bernice Kearney, Hilda Donovan, Grace Redford, pianist, Arnold Blackburn, conductor.

Rehearsals are in progress for a Stephen Foster Program. Plans are being discussed to present a real show in the fall. Roy Hoyer has enthusiastically voiced his willingness to put on a worthwhile production and the chorus hopes to have work laid out along this line very shortly.

More talent is desired. The only requirement is the ability to carry a tune. The next meeting will be Wednesday, May 19th, at 7:30 P. M., in Plant No. 1, and each Wednesday thereafter. All who are interested will be very welcome.

Department 39

By Merna Patrick

We are fortunate, indeed, to have in our department two new employees of Chinese ancestry. We wholeheartedly welcome them and sincerely hope they will enjoy working with us.

William Booth is helping them considerably to understand our mode of living. In this way they are getting to know us and we them.

I hear they are getting to know "Willie" quite well, too. In fact, a note was left for "Willie" the other morning, written in Chinese. "Willie" said the note, translated, would read, "I Love you." Well, Willie, you are doing fine, keep up the good work. You're a grand teacher.

May 8th was cleaning day for the girls in the Cementing Room. Edna Kappler, Billie Hamlet and Virginia Buss have house maid's knee from mopping. The rest of us worked hard, too, however.

We invite you to come to see our nice clean room, but you'll have to look in this time. It's too bad that all of you won't be able to enjoy the results of our house cleaning. New rules, you know.

Has everyone seen "Sparky's" new car? A Dodge, and maroon in color. He'll be glad to take anyone for a ride, providing he or she has a "C" card. Anyone interested call Mr. Sparks.

Doris Sherman, Wilma Litteral and with no exception to myself were walking rather stiff the other morning. I wonder if the roller skating had anything to do with it? Could be!

We are sorry to have lost Irene Swaney, but are glad to welcome Georgia Burton to the Cementing Room. Poor Georgia, she's going around with blistered fingers. You'll get used to the blisters, though, Georgia. After a while they become nice little playmates.

One of the brighter members of our category, when asked whom Alice Faye of the movies was married to, answered, "Phillip Morris." Wonder where Phil Harris comes in.

Opal Conley left May 8th for her vacation. Dorothy Elliott asks her to return soon, as production is getting out of control.

Alfred "Lucky" Sannes and Margaret Potter said "I do" at the West Side Methodist Church on April 17, 1943.

"Lucky" kicked in with a box of those good 5 cent cigars and Dept. 10 kicked right back with a beautiful set of dishes: service for eight.

That's a lot of dishes for two people, Lucky. Don't let them set in the china closet too long.

"SOOR PUSS"

"How are you this morning?"

"All right."

"Well, you ought to notify your face!"

No "E's" For Absentees

You can't win the "E" if you're an absentee! The Army-Navy Board for Production Awards gives the factor of absenteeism a high rating in considering the eligibility of war production plants for excellence in production.

Companies which are nominated for the award will be requested to furnish the Board with a statement of the percentage of absenteeism in their plants for each of the preceding months, so that

the Board will have data on the current situation and an indication of whether the problem of absenteeism is increasing or decreasing.

Unnecessary absenteeism is seriously curtailing production of war material. Labor organizations are cooperating with Management and the Government in a national drive to reduce absenteeism by eliminating such causes as illness, accidents, poor transportation and housing facilities, and the lack of appreciation by some workers of their importance in the war program.

The Stilts's



(Don and Erna)

To celebrate their recent marriage

"Roll Out the Barrel"

at Schwaben Hall, April 29th, 1943

There was fun and more fun. Potato chips, poker chips, good music by Vick Schuman and his dance band, Pretzels and presentation speeches by Doc. "Buffer" Johnston, M. C. (he once danced with Mrs. Vernon Castle). The ivories were kept hot and good cheer flowed freely. Dept. 10 gave Don and Erna a beautiful living room chair and doily set. Congratulations and thanks for a grand time. 723 S. Main is their home address.

"THE MAIL BAG"

LETTERS FROM "ARGUS" PEOPLE IN THE ARMED SERVICES

Sgt. Richard Gainey sent Easter wishes to all his friends at I. I. I.

Pvt. Francis Wright writes that things are going O. K. for him in California; that he's had a chance to get into L. A. and finds the country down there very beautiful. (Did we hear you say the girls, Joe?) He also sends congratulations to Esther Phillips on her marriage to Bill; hopes they will have many long years of happiness.

A/C Eliot H. Smith writes that he gets the A. E. regularly, though we haven't had his last two addresses and they have been forwarded from camp to camp; that he enjoys them very much, has been especially interested in the human interest stories by Paul Eugene, Jim Teofil. (We hope to have several more of the same kind, Eliot. Glad that you like them.) That he's flew his way through primary training and is now in basic training, flying B. T. 17 ships. Says he never knew just what a good airplane radio meant until now, that they were just parts to him when he worked in the riveting dept, but now they are the difference between life and death.

Pvt. Howard Geyer sent a note to tell us his new address, he's now in the Signal Air Warning attached to the Air Corps.

Pvt. George Gillen writes from somewhere in England that he receives the A. E. and enjoys it, especially the pictures. Wonders if all the people he knew here have broken their arms, if not, to be sure and tell them they still send mail to England. (How about it, you former Camera employees, and all the rest that knew Geo. Let's write!)

Pfc. Mitchell Hopper wrote that he expected to graduate from T. T. S. in Chicago on or about May 14th. (We are sending sincere congratulations, because we know he made it, and in that top 20%.) In his studies at Chicago the BC 434 and other Bendix radio units made by I. I. I. have played an important part.

Pfc. Robert Whitmore writes that he's now "Deep in the Heart of Texas" and that the song is much nicer than the country, he thinks. (Could it be the 90 in the shade and no shade, carrying water from a creek, candle light and all the rest of the little things, that have given you your feelings, Bob?) Glad that you enjoy the A. E.

Pfc. Harold McEntarfer writes to tell us that he spent the winter in Florida at his rich "Uncle's" expense. He thinks that Army life is tops, is sorry that he didn't enlist sooner. That he sees a lot of E4's and M1's, for Eddie (Ed. Garvin and Dept. 40) to keep up the good work. He enjoys the A. E. and all the old familiar faces bring back pleasant memories. He'd like to hear from his former co-workers.

Pierce Criswell tells us that the Argus Eyes is a good remedy for homesickness, that his mates enjoy it, too, even though they don't know any of the people here at Int. He wants us to say hello to all the old bunch on the Radio Line, and for them to drop him a line.

Is It Printable?



Marie Barbier of the blueprint department, Plant 1, conferring with Hector Haas.

Yes, We Have Bonds Today, Lots of Them!



As the result of a lot of hard work by Sophia Franczyk, Francis Hill of Plant No. 2 and Evelyn Clark, Plant No. 1, several people are the owners of extra War Bonds—Ed Kuehn, Plant No. 1, a \$500.00 bond; Roy Hiscock, Alex Watson, Al Richardson, Plant No. 1, and Martin Ball, Plant No. 2, \$100.00 bonds; Les. Schwanbeck, J. V. Donahue and Ed. Wasem, Plant No. 1, \$50.00 bonds; Beulah Hoyle, Bill Tripp, Doris Sherman, Plant No. 2, Marjorie Young, Eugene Schuman and Eric Soderholm, Plant No. 1, \$25.00 bonds.

In picture No. 1, Francis Hill is presenting Ed Kuehn with a \$500.00 War

Bond. No. 2 shows Evelyn Clark doing a bit of boosting on the drive. No. 3 shows Mrs. Radford (employees' welfare and social advisor) and Isabelle Watson of Plant No. 2, each of whom purchased more than \$1,000.00 worth of bonds from International Industries, Inc., during the April drive. No. 4 shows Hector Haas and Della Diuble of Plants 1 and 2 drawing the lucky numbers. In picture 5 (front row, left to right) are Francis Hill, Martin Ball, Beulah Hoyle, Ed. Kuehn, Al Richardson. (Back Row): Ed. Wasem, Eric Soderholm, Alex Watson, J. V. Donahue.

Helping Make Bond Drive Success



Top picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Ken Kaufman stirring up enthusiasm for War Bonds. Mr. Kaufman is supervisor in Plant 2. Below, Mrs. Kaufman in a motorized boat during the War Bond drive.

Words a little girl will never Hear

I remember the day you arrived in this big world . . . your mother's wan, brave smile, her joy that outshone pain.

I remember the rising glory of knowing all was really well with both of you . . . the laughter that finally came, the warm handclaps and gay good wishes of friends.

I remember you a little later, pink and round and smiling and waving your little fists in sheer ecstasy at being alive.

I remember you creeping . . . toddling . . . marching about on good steady legs; how early dawned that little-girl gravity that looks through every image I ever had of you.

And I remember, my sweet, how sure I was that you should have every good thing this world could provide.

* * *

My! that was a long time ago. That was before an infamous day in December. Before Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Bataan, the Solomons, Algeria.

That was before my own deep love of you left me no course but to go and fight for you and others like you.

That was when your country was still at peace. . . .

And when your Daddy was still alive.

* * *

Now, of course, I have done all I can.

No man can give more than his life.

I can't buy bonds to assure your future.

I can't built guns or planes or tanks to defend you.

I can't gather scrap or walk a warden's beat or do any of the many things that must be done.

I can only trust in others to work for you as they trusted me to fight for them.

It would have been a glorious thing to watch you grow up.

It would have been wonderful beyond words to see you bloom into womanhood, looking forward as scure as ever your mother and I did to a good life in a fine world.

But that isn't for me. Not now.

I'm one of those marked "Killed in action."

* * *

But I don't mind.

Not if those who take our places will, in what is given them to do, try as hard as we did.

Not if you, my little girl without a father, may grow up hopefully in a decent world.

Because that's what matters really.

Not we who die, but you who live.

Not we who have gone before but you who come after.

Not men, my dear, but the good things free men dare dream.

Courtesy Arthur Kudner, Inc.

Happily Married



D. Helen Murray, working in Dept. 30, and Adolph Louis Steinke, also of Dept. 30, were married May 1st, 1943, in the Bethlehem Chapel at 8:00 P. M. The happy couple will reside at 2121 Independence Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Wedding Vows Unite Ridge Road Girl, Man from Ann Arbor

Wedding vows uniting Miss Helen Murray, Ridge Road, and Adolph L. Steinke, Ann Arbor, were exchanged at the Bethlehem Evangelical church in Ann Arbor Saturday night, May 22. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murray and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Steinke.

Rev. Theodore Schmale read the single ring ceremony and the bride was given in marriage by her father. The ceremony was performed in the presence of immediate families.

For her wedding dress, Miss Murray chose a white satin gown with full skirt and tight, fitted shirred lace bodice and long sleeves. She wore a finger-tip net veil caught in a tiara of orange blossoms. Her shower bouquet was of Johanna Hill roses and fern tied with white tulle. A string of pearls was the bride's only ornament.

Mrs. Kenneth White, the bride's sister, served as matron of honor and Bruce Hale, Ann Arbor, acted as best man. Ushers were Donald Murray and Jack Gable.

A reception for the wedding guests followed the ceremony and was held at the bride's home.

Mrs. Steinke is a graduate of Milan High school and has been employed as a rural school teacher. The couple will live in Ann Arbor, where both Mr. and Mrs. Steinke are currently employed at the International Industries factory.

Miss Wilson Speaks Vows in Church

The wedding of Jean Barbara Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred R. Wilson, of Monterey Ave., to William Robert Patton, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Patton, of Department 45, was solemnized at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon in St. Alban's Episcopal Church. The Rev. G. Paul Musselman officiated, a reception following the wedding held at the Detroit Golf Club.

The bride's dress was of white net and lace over satin fashioned with a slight hoop skirt, a lace midriff and lace sleeves pointed at the wrist. The net bodice was gathered into a high neckline and net ruffles were at the shoulders. The finger tip veil was held by a matching lace tiara. Her colonial bouquet was of white roses and stephanotis.

The bride was attended by Mrs. William W. Peattie, her sister, whose gown was of apricot marquisette with a sweetheart neckline and three-quarter length sleeves trimmed in scallops of the same material. She wore a matching pom-pom hat of net.

Bridesmaids were Mrs. Hugh C. Bailey and Virginia Sink, wearing blue chiffon gowns of identical design; Mrs. D. D. Ewing and Mary Fry, wearing the same style gowns in Hawaiian rose. All four attendants wore pom-pom hats of matching colors and carried shower bouquets in spring colors.

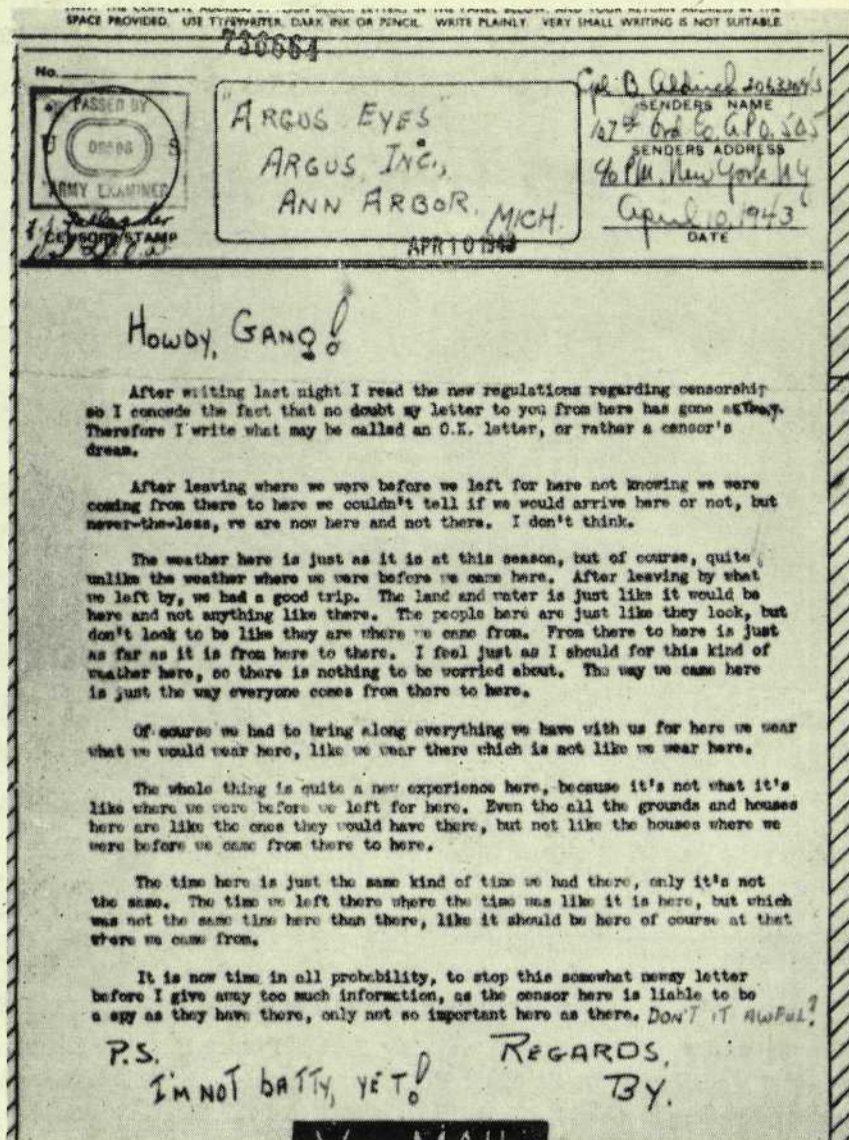
Janet Peattie, niece of the bride, was flower girl, wearing a dress of yellow marquisette with white rick-rack trim and carrying a small bouquet of spring flowers.

Army and Bendix Inspectors



Army Ordnance Inspectors and Bendix Inspection Representative of Plant 1—Left to right, back row: Bernice Phillips (secretary), Verlie D. Wilson, Stanley H. Rich, Harold E. Cockrell. Left to right, front row: Mary K. Summers, John I. McCombs (Bendix), Thomas E. Langlots (Army chief inspector).

Sarge Uses V-Mail



Flying Fortress

By the banks of the Duwamish,
So the tribal legends say,
The proud Thunderbird lay sleeping
When the red men went away.

Years he slumbered midst the fir trees,
New men came and dreamt of wings
Dreamt the age-old dream of flying
And of freedom that it brings.

Thus they dreamt, and thus they builded
And a nation shared their dream,
While the clatter of the rivets
Echoed where the sea gulls scream.

Men by thousands, wives and daughters,
Gave their hearts and minds and sweat,
And the mighty planes they fashioned
There has not been equalled yet.

Phoenix-like the bird has risen
From the flats by Puget Sound,
And the thunder of his engines
Now is heard the world around.

Flying Fortress, Flying Fortress,
Flagging hearts are bold again,
As you wing your way so surely
Far above the haunts of men.

What of those who build the Fortress?
History may not know each name,
But each builder buildeth knowing
There are more rewards than fame.

For our children shall remember,
"As the nation's danger grew,
All the people pulled together
And they pulled our country through."

Something of this builder's spirit
Is enshrined in every part.
So their planes are somehow living
With a mind and soul and heart.

By the banks of the Duwamish
Wings are once again unfurled
And the Thunderbirds are winging
On their way across the world.

Bill Huston, a nephew of Nort Brotherton, and a member of the cast of the patriotic war revue, "You Can Defend America," wrote this poem as a tribute to the Boeing workers. It originally appeared in the Aero Mechanic, published in Seattle, Washington.

UNCLE SAM NEEDS YOU!

Lieutenant (to one-armed soldier sitting in truck): "Can you drive?"
Soldier: "No, sir."
Lieut.: "See those men over there digging a ditch?"
Soldier: "Yes, sir."
Lieut.: "Well, you go and tell them where to throw the dirt, they're blind."

For Women Only -



That grand and glorious feeling
When you look down and
find it isn't a run after all!

Industrial Fifth Column

Secretary of the Navy Knox has reported that one and one-half billion man-hours were lost last year through work accidents.

These were enough to build:
45 battleships
375 destroyers
450 submarines
195,000 light tanks
12,500 trainer planes
75,000 fighter planes
30,000 medium bombers

Accidents have heavily impaired the effectiveness of the Arsenal of Democracy.

Reduction of 8% in the accident rate in Navy Yards and Shore establishments have been effected so far this year.

Statistics show that only 18% of all industrial eye accidents occur in hazardous occupations; 72% of the eye accidents occur in occupations where supposedly there are few risks.