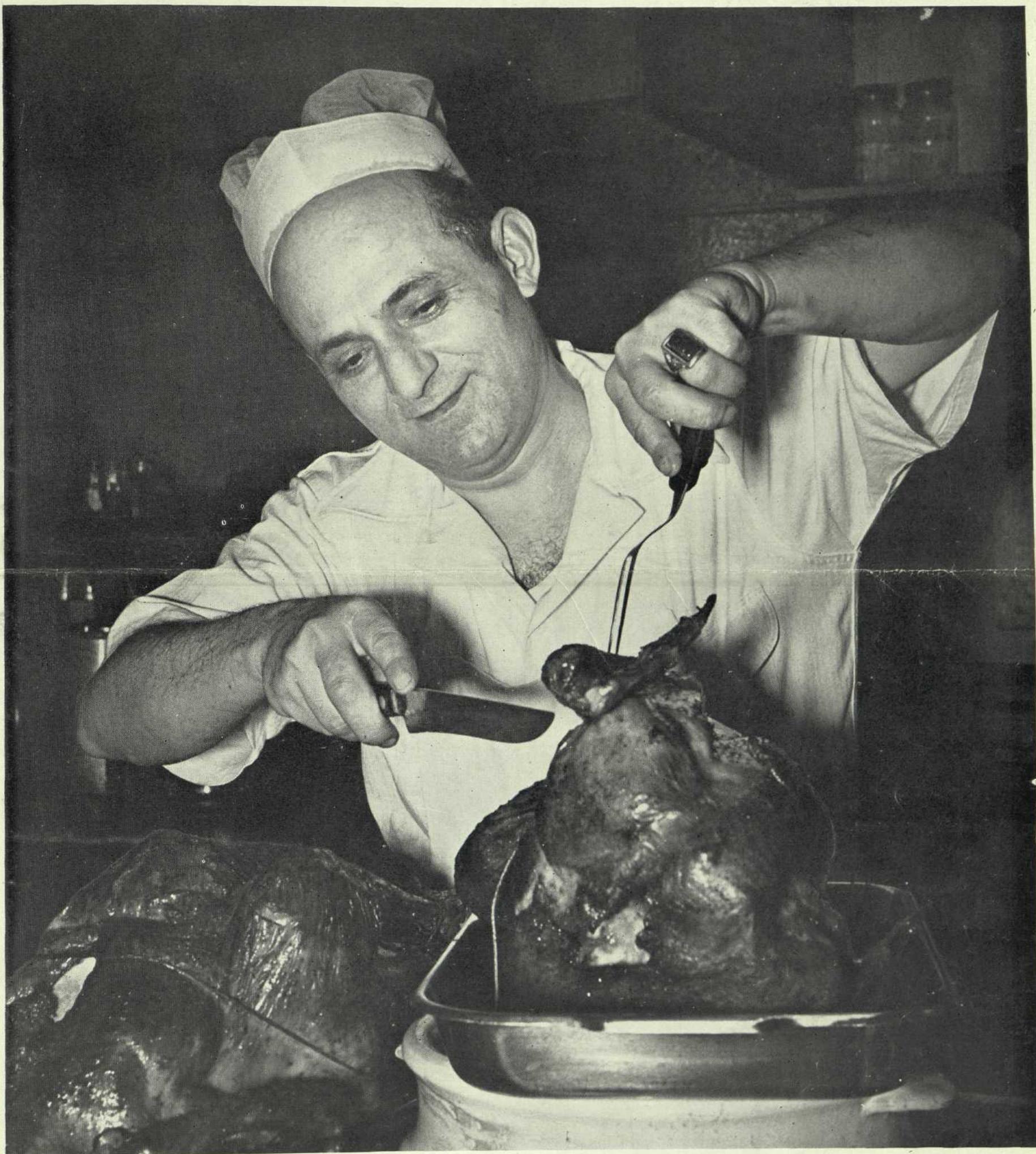


Argus eyes for Victory!

Vol. 1—No. 14

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

December, 1943



Thanksgiving Day 1943

America is Free—and the Cook is King

Once again on this 323rd Anniversary of the First Thanksgiving in 1620, we are able to dedicate our thoughts to the national holiday.

We give thanks for our unity and the strength of purpose that has enabled us to turn the tide of war in our favor.

We offer our prayers for all those in the battle lines, and we re-dedicate ourselves to the task of backing them with all our strength until Final 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

Editor.....Chas. A. Barker
Sports.....Harold Peterson
Circulation.....Naomi Knight
Photography.....Richard Bills

The Representatives of each Department are responsible that the news of these Departments reach the desk of the Editor in the Advertising Department, Plant 1.

Printed in U. S. A.

To the Defense Worker

I'm only a foolish youngster,
It doesn't matter what I say,
But I feel that I should tell you
One thought I have today.

To you, who have defense jobs
'To help to win this war';
What are you giving, comrades,
Are you giving what you are?

Is it the Victory you're after,
(Of course, that is the clue),
But be honest with your feeling,
Isn't there another reason, too.

Isn't it money the world is after,
Money—and a higher place,
The greedy-selfish feelings—
That's what destroys our race.

Anything for a dollar—
Politics—dishonesty—greed.
Loyalty, my comrades,
That's what our country needs.

Our boys, our friends, our brothers
Now die in dirt and grime—
While we strive "to make a million"
And harp on a trying time.

We gripe about the taxes,
And cry for better pay,
And yell, how bad we're treated.
Folks, we can't win this war that way.

We snatch at every penny—
(And goodness knows what for),
As little good it'll do us
If we don't win this war.

Examine your mind, oh comrades,
And turn it wrong-side out;
Find all that's hid inside it,
And see what you're about.

Our boys face death and danger
And suffer in the ditch,
While we seek more authority
And think we're getting rich.

We rent our rooms for a fortune
And let humans live like hogs,
What—are we money-crazy—
Or, are we going to the dogs?

Folks, you can "root" for pennies,
But I ask only this for me—
Give me a job—I'll do it,
To keep our country free.

Give me the strength and courage
That it takes to win a war—
With a heart sincere, and honest,
Worth what I'm fighting for.
—Vernice Perkins.

Vernice Perkins, who wrote the above poem, has been hounded by bad luck most of her life. Through a strange twist of fate she lost her home when a small youngster. She put herself through school and college. She is now 21. Handicapped with poor eyesight, she is unable to work in a defense plant. Miss Perkins is a native of Salyersville, Ky. Argus Eyes thanks Hazel Dally, Dept. 41, Plant 2, for submitting the poem. We feel that the poem has a great sincerity which speaks the sentiments of good Americans here and everywhere. The best of luck to Miss Perkins.

Deduction

"Is this a picture of your fiancee?"
"Yes."
"She must be very wealthy."

Dept. 27 News

Correction, please—In the last issue it was stated that Mrs. Breining's son is a Pfc. in the Navy. He is a Pfc. in the Army Air Corps, now stationed "somewhere in England."

Leona Eichel is a newcomer to the Dept., replacing Donna Bennett, who has gone to Fresno, California, to be with her husband.

You have heard about the "Ten Little Soldiers on a Ten-Day Leave." Well, one of them was Pvt. Joseph Exelby, who came calling on Petie instead of Genevieve. Petie took a leave, too.

John Shanahan is the lucky one. How's about a treat, John?

Eulala Miller is back after a two weeks' vacation.

Freda Thompson and Red Conway were glad to have saved some meat points. They each won a chicken at the party.

Helen Breining was out the latter part of the week with a cold.

QUESTION: "What has happened to the Gate on the stockroom door?" Does anyone know where Stokka can get a heating system for the warehouse?

WOMAN—She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction—
A woman's the greatest of all contradictions;
She's afraid of a cockroach; she'll scream at a mouse,
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.
She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse,
She'll split his head open, and then be his nurse,
And when he is well and can get out of bed,
She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.
She's faithful, deceitful, keen sighted and blind;
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down,
She'll make him her hero, her ruler, her clown,
You fancy she's this, but you find that she's that,
For she'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat.
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't,
And you're always expecting she will, but she won't.

Rumblings From the Blocking Room (Plt. 2)

It's too bad all of you did not meet Cpl. John Siebert from Camp Hood, Texas. He is Marian Fritts' fiance. We wonder if they got a "deer" while up north.

We understand Mel Fcarius is really making progress in the Seabees. There is at least one girl interested in those frequent reports from Camp Peary, Virginia. Nice going, Kay.

It might be better if Russ Wiedmeyer would go to bed earlier. Sure is sleepy these days. Maybe he's celebrating that "1A."

We are all glad to have a new member

Financial Statement of the Argus Club

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include Balance on hand June 1, 1943, Total income for following six months, Total expense for six months, and Total on hand.

ITEMIZED EXPENSE ACCOUNT

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Rows include Paid to Int. Ind. Inc., Picnics and Parties, Bowling (1942 season), Flowers, Softball (both men and women), Golf tournament, Miscellaneous, Bonds bought for door prizes at party, and TOTAL.

Argus Club Proposes to Sponsor a Camera Club

At a recent meeting of the Argus Club, the suggestion was made that the Club sponsor a camera club for employees in Plants 1 and 2 who are seriously interested in photography. The purpose of such an organization would be to assist those who would like to get started with photography as a hobby, and to further the endeavor of those who have already acquired some knowledge in this field. The proposal made was that the Argus Club furnish a meeting place for the camera organization, dark room space and dark room equipment. Supplies, as paper, developer, etc., of course, would be furnished by the members. Also, it is suggested that the equipment and space so furnished would be made available only to those who are seriously interested in photography. While the present film shortage would tend to discourage an organization of this sort, it was pointed out that there is some film available and those persons really wishing to take pictures usually manage to have film, and photographic paper and chemicals have been only slightly curtailed for civilian use. A club of this sort could do much to create employee interest in photographic equipment and its proper use—equipment made by many of them before the war, and will be made by them again after Victory. It would be of benefit to those employees to create an active interest in photography. They and their friends will be potential backers and buyers of the cameras and photographic equipment made here at International. If you are interested in the organization of such a club, give your name to your Argus Club representative.

join our small department. Hope you are here to stay, Evelyn.

What are these frequent trips to St. Louis and New York all about. Is it money, Roy—or?

Domenico Rocco will be glad to give a special rendition of "Pistol Packin' Mama" if anyone is interested.

Have you heard about the four one-way tickets to Texas that are being bought? Better check with the Army around San Antonio, if you haven't.

Holding Out

"Darling, haven't I always given you my salary check on the first of every month?"

"Yes, but you never told me you got paid twice a month, you embezzler."

One in very Port

Saleslady (at greeting card counter): "Here's one with a lovely bit of sentiment—'To the One and Only Girl I Ever Loved!'"

Sailor: "Fine. I'll take a dozen of them."

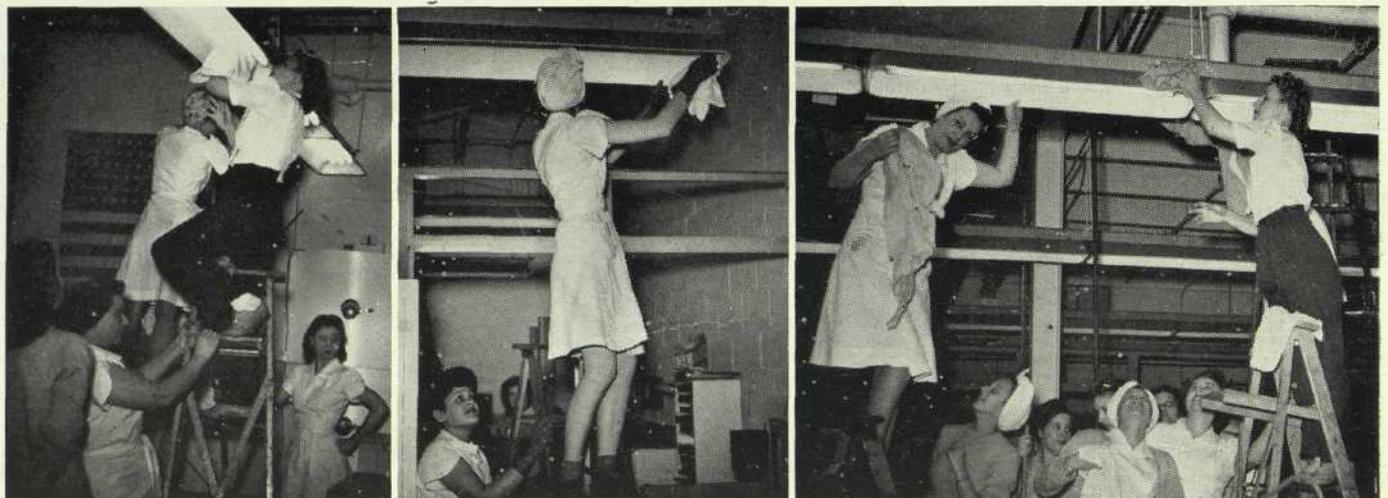
Hunter's Luck

What two big game hunters from the Paint Shop (Plant 1) had their mouths watering when they shot down a lovely big cock pheasant, but were sadly disappointed when they found their well-trained cheese hound laying in the field happily munching on said pheasant?

About a dozen girls from Dept. 40 went to the "Ivory Palace" on a roller-skating spree one evening last week. The patches on some of their knees are noticeable proof of the fact that the evening was not only enjoyable but strenuous. And don't let "Red" Conway kid you about how old he's getting. Not after the way we saw him get around on those roller skates.

... Have you seen those placards placed inside windows of parked cars: "Warning—Anyone changing tires on this car is NOT the owner. Call police." Good idea, but be sure to take card down before you fix that flat. ... —Quote.

CLEAN-UP SQUADS AT WORK Optical Assembly



Left to right: Andra Stotts, Irene Walker, Lyla Lange throwing a little light on the subject. (What a subject?) Left to right: Irene Varady and Lois Bush brighten up the corner where they are. Left to right: Dorothy Schallhorn and Irene Walker get plenty of free advice from the gang in the background, including Dorothy Waggott, Helen Bybee, Lucy Stierle, Katie Bauer, Andra Stotts and Roy Hartman.

Second Big Argus Party A Howling Success



Looks as if trumpeter Dean Wheeler and Sales Manager Homer Hilton were both right in the groove. Henry Millage seems to be having a good time, too, presiding over the drawing—sixty people were lucky enough to win chickens. Eugene Schumann's orchestra played for the dancing, and "Andy" Anderson sang several numbers. All in all, it was uite a success, and here's hoping it happens again and often.

Dept. 28 News

Molly Hooks had a pleasant surprise Thursday night. Her boy was home from the Navy Air Force on a forty-eight hour leave. Maybe Molly had a sore throat next morning from talking so much.

Earl Wilke was best man at his boy friend's wedding. We hope it won't put any ideas into your head, Earl.

Clara Schallhorn has a pretty nice record since she has been in the department. She has been here two years and four months and has never been late. She has missed only one day because of illness. Nice going, Clara. Keep up the good work.

We are wondering how Laura Egeler

will look in black. Rube is going to take flying lessons. Here is hoping you don't fly over Platt, Rube, as I don't carry too much insurance.

A birthday party was held for Marjorie Parke. A few gained on the cake and ice cream. Marjorie was presented with a gift. Hope you have many more happy birthdays, Marjorie.

Ann Letsis is on our sick list. Hope nothing serious, Ann, and hurry back.

Doris Layer is \$45.00 richer after the Wisconsin-Michigan game. Some people sure are lucky. Nice going, Doris.

Definitions

Parents are the folks who take over after the grandparents are through amusing themselves with the children.

Dept. 16 News

Eolah Bucholtz, Mae Bucholz, Margaret Cromby, Gladys Carter, Betty Reddeman, Mammy Fisher and Vina Daniels had a chicken supper and all the trimmings out at Vina's cottage at Horseshoe Lake. Eolah and Betty skipped out to the neighbors, while the rest of the girls got the supper—they came back with a pan of baked beans. There was dancing on the front porch to Bina's juke box. Everyone had a jolly old time.

The girls of the Dial Line have had several letters from Lucille Gasillo, who is spending some time with her husband in South Dakota. Lucille is having a lovely time, but the girls wish she would come back. We miss you, Lucille.

The Dials and Victors clashed on Wednesday with the Dials coming through with three games. We all had fun watching Eolah (Strike) Bucholz collecting all those pennies. Maybe next time the Victors will win.

The girls of the MR line entertained at Helen Williamson's house for a Hal-lowe'en supper. They were served spaghetti and meat balls. After supper there was dancing, games and refreshments. Leota Power's daughter, who does ballet, tap and acrobatic dancing, entertained. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

Just a Preliminary

"Sam, how long does you get in the jug for shootin' yo' wife?"
 "Two weeks."
 "Only two weeks for killin' yo' wife?"
 "Yeah, then I gets hung."

Cost Accounting and Payroll



Upper left: Alyce Taylor, Joe Clemens. Upper right (front): Grace Langstaff, Roy Craik. (Left to right) Myron Rickman, Wilmot Gray, June Goode, Marjorie John, Marie Smiley. Center left (left to right): Glen Harrie, Sid Weiner, Mary Zimmerman, Norman Tweed. Background: Mary Jane Roberts, Harriet

Hibbard. Center right (left to right): Louise Baker, Tom Argo, Ruth Howe, Katherine Pfeifle, Yvonne Shaw. Lower left: Bob Ward, Ruth Donaldson. Lower right: Mary Snell, Doris Hainen, Virginia Marsh.

Dept. 36 News

Irene Vettese, Rose Ganyou, Lena Bastionell, Irene Ramsey and Walter Root are new polishers in our department. Walter is continuing to do his bit for Uncle Sam, although he has a medical discharge from the Signal Corps attached to the Air Corps. As a Corporal he served as a Radar Maintenance man on convoy and patrol duty in a number of places. Unfortunately, he contracted rheumatic fever and was required to spend three months in service hospitals.

We are very glad to see Harold Audritch back on the job after several weeks' absence on account of illness.

Rose Briggs visited friends in Detroit recently.

Have you noticed how Betty Williams checks up on Ernie Billau every day?

If you have been disturbed by any strange tunes recently, consult Harry Sparks. He will solve your problem.

It's no wonder that cigars and candy are scarce nowadays. The reason—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clawson are the proud parents of a son, James Robert, born November 3. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ride-nour, a daughter, Ellen Karen, born November 9. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Taylor, a daughter, Ann Marie, born November 13.

Will someone please inform Ross Wilson of a short-cut to the polishing room without his having to loiter in the hallway?

This department extends its sincere sympathy to Jennie Lasky in her recent bereavement.

Dept. 39 News

We're sorry to hear that Luella McIntosh is leaving us to make her home in California. The best of luck to you, Luella.

We wonder what the glare is in the cleaning room these days. Could it be

the diamond Bernie gave Marguerite?

We understand that our sick friends, Blanche Ranson, Doris Sherman and Grace Bultman, are doing nicely now.

We bet the people on Brooks street wonder what all the commotion was about the other day. That's ok, Wilma. We know you're proud of your new car, especially when its horn sticks.

Edna Kappler and Virginia Buss spent a Saturday afternoon recently Christmas shopping in Detroit.

Barbara and Bob Bultman seem to be very happy these days fixing up that new house trailer they bought recently.

Dorothy Elliott took a week off to visit Peoria, Illinois, and help boost the morale of the Navy. Her boy friend was home on leave.

Pessimism is a bit of ugliness held so close to the eye as to hide all the beauty in the world.

Machine Shop—Plant 2

Irma Hillman, one of the oldest members of the Machine Shop, left last month for Boston to marry Ralph Wirth of the United States Navy. Good luck, Irma.

Who says the Machine Shop can't paint? Ask Ann Thayer and Dede Pittman—they'll charge union wages pretty soon.

The Machine Shop is signed up 100% for membership in the Argus Recreation Club. Is it because the treasurer works there?

Come, come, who's got the \$1.25?

Why does H. M. prefer blue-eyed brunettes?

To "Independent" bowlers—What happened to that 200 score?

Prejudice is a lazy person's substitute for thinking.

MEN'S BOWLING

The Office No. 1 team is stubbornly holding first place, but in the past few weeks this team has shown signs of weakening. Their margin over the second place Inspection team is three games, but with the Inspectors gunning for the leader's spot, the three-game advantage is not very much. The Inspection five moved into the challenging spot when the Cost Accounting and Argus Aces faltered after pressing the champs for the number one rating. Cost Accounting can trace their drop in the standings to their meeting with the Material Control five. With Captain G. B. Harrie and "Five-by-Five" Bob Ward closing the gates of mercy, the Accounting team had little chance and dropped four games to their arch rivals. "G. B." really had himself a picnic and posted games of 208, 220 and 154, for a 582 total. Bob, although not having as high a total, was tough when the chips were down. The Argus Aces, Plant 2's strongest entry, had moved into second place and was a definite threat to the leaders when they bumped into the up and coming Machine No. 2 team. The machine shoppers quickly dispelled any ideas that the Aces might have had and took all four games and dropped the Plant 2 team from second to fourth place. "Tex" Markham was the big noise for the machine shop team.

The Office No. 1 five started running into trouble when they met up with the Toolroom team. The tool-makers showed little respect for the top-notchers and when the smoke of battle had cleared, the leaders had taken it on the chin for the first time this year, losing three of the four games. For the upsetters it was Capt. Little Joe Lyons and Big Bill Zoellner who proved the biggest headaches to their opponents. A few weeks after this defeat the Office team was subjected to the most stinging defeat that they have taken in two years. Meeting the Lens Office five, the pace setters felt quite sure of increasing their lead in the title race. The Lens Office had been floundering around in the second division and had just been able to escape falling into the cellar. But the champs soon found out that their opponents were on fire and before the Office team could settle down, the Lens had walked off with the first two games. The leaders made a desperate effort to salvage the final game, but found out that their lightly taken opponents were even more determined to hand out a white-washing. Red Weid and E. Domzal were the two who furnished the spark for the winning team.

While the other teams were at one another's throats, the International Inspection has moved quietly into second place and the chances are that this will prove the most serious threat to the leaders. This team has always been near the top, but has not yet annexed any title. This year, however, this popular team must be given an excellent chance of copping the championship. Swede Soderholm, Irish Joe O'Donnell, Larry Jones and Jimmie Meldrum are hold-overs from last year's good team. The fast improving Lynn Dances is the new member of the five and he has already proved himself capable.

In the fight for the high individual average the battle has settled down to about five bowlers. At the present time the leading bowlers of the league are: Elmer Lawhead of Lens Paint, Fish Kuehn and Rube Egeler of Paint Shop, Jess Cope of Office No. 1, and Eric Soderholm of Inspection.

Ladies' Bowling News

Plant One

The Cafeteria team has surged ahead to tie first place position with Accounting team. Accounting has lost four games in the last two weeks, two to the Paint Shop and two to Inspection. One game lost from the Painters was a tie game, but they lost on the toss.

Inspection is only one game behind the leaders, with Engineering and Dials following close behind.

The lowly Riveting team took three whole games from the Machine Shop last week. I'll bet there was some celebrating after bowling that night.

Alma Fox would have had an all spare game if she hadn't missed that one pin in the last frame. She had a nice game of 175. There are five girls tied for consecutive strikes, which is four in a row.

The prize list was posted last week on the bulletin board at the alleys. Every team will try harder for that fifty dollars first place team money. Be sure and look at that list, girls, it's a honey.

LAURA EGELER,
League Secretary.

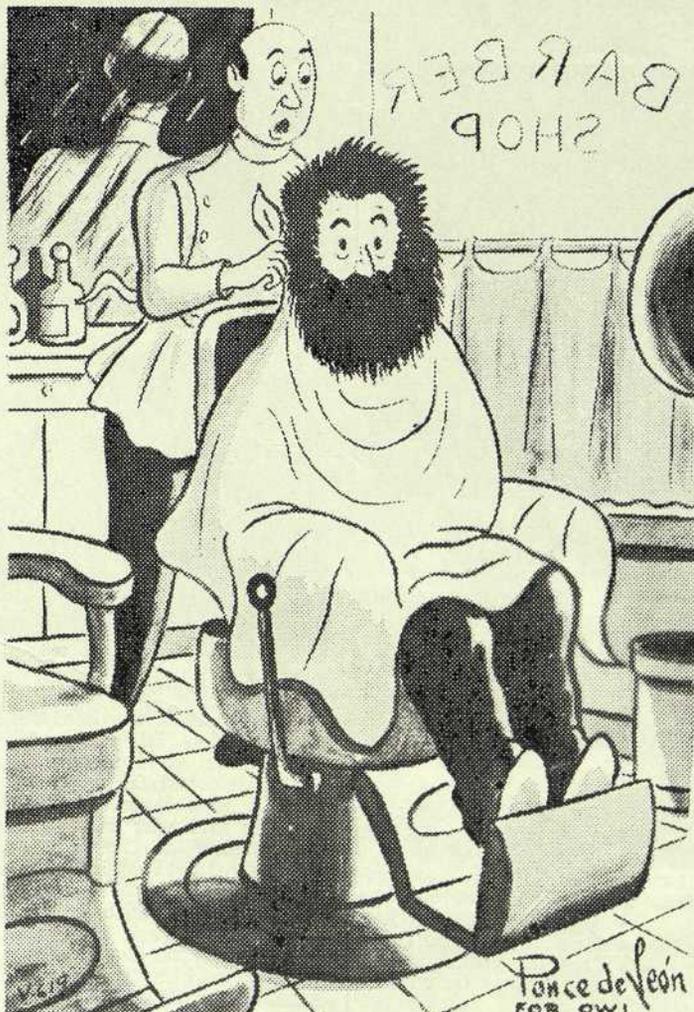
Stag Party at Schwaben Hall



These views of the party would indicate that 99.4% of the boys were having a good time. Your reporter was unable to learn any of the details, therefore, we refrain from comment lest we become libelous.

"This new model coach," said the salesman, "has just been reduced one hundred and fifty dollars."

"I don't care anything about the price," protested the prospective buyer, "How much is the first payment?"



"Been working much overtime lately, Mr. Schuster?"

Plant 2 Ladies' Bowling News

The girls are getting a lot of pleasure out of the Monday night bowling games. Many players who bowled mostly for the fun of it are beginning to take their games quite seriously. Competition is keen, yet all feel they have an equal chance of winning. The league is putting up occasional prizes for various achievements throughout the season. Ruby Gundeman of "Machine" won \$1.00 for the most consecutive bowling, her scores being 105-107-109. Opal Conley won the coveted \$1.00 November 22 by winning the prize offered the player who bowled highest over her average in the second game. Opal bowled 152. She out-did herself 41 pins over her 111 average. The teams' current standings are:

	Won	Lost
1. Office	31	13
2. Assembly No. 2	30	14
3. Polishing	29	15
4. Assembly No. 1	26	18
5. Assembly No. 3	24	20
6. Cementing	20	24
7. Assembly No. 7	19	25
8. Paint	19	25
9. Machine	18	26
10. Inspection	17	27
11. Assembly No. 5	16	28
12. Assembly No. 4	15	29

1st high single game—Assembly 1—736
2nd high single game—Office.. 710

1st high 3 games—Assembly 1— 1985
2nd high 3 games—Office— 1968

Individual Averages

1st high single game—H. Balhoff— 188
2nd high single game—A. Farmer—186

1st high 3 games—A. Farmer— 500
2nd high 3 games—D. Skelding— 494

Grace Isn't Needed

Now that I have read the opinions of both sexes on the subject of "Can a woman be a graceful bowler?" may I give my opinion, too?

I think this razzing of bowlers is needless. It doesn't take grace to become a good bowler. If you can take the splits and misses along with the marks you get, if you can lose a game like a good sport, if you don't laugh at the other fellow's misfortune, if you can make friends and keep them, if you can live up to the rules of the American Bowling Congress and the Women's International Bowling Congress, if you can have loads of fun doing these things, then you are a bowler.

Some of the world's best bowlers have what may look to you like an odd delivery and form, but they have all the other things it takes to make a champion.

So come on, boys and girls, give all our International bowlers, big and little all the credit they have coming to them for participating in the greatest of indoor sports.

Bowling is a game in which to make friends, not to lose them.

LAURA EGELER.

Try This on Your Piano

In league competition, Leola Stoner picked up the 3-7-8-10 split, which isn't an easy thing to do. It was a beautiful sight.

Well, I Can Dream, Can't I?

Just returned from my vacation,
Had a little recreation,
Toured the south and toured the east,
Drove three thousand miles at least.

Dined on two-inch steaks and chops,
Washed them down with beer and schnaps

Bought some shoes—a dozen pair,
Two radios and a Frigidaire.

I went to see an Auto Show,
Signed an order, paid my dough.
Got in a streamlined "44,"
Fell out of bed and on the floor.

Democracy at Work

An expensively dressed woman, looking slightly confused, boarded a bus. It was apparent that she was much more familiar with private cars and uniformed chauffeurs than with public transportation systems.

She handed the driver a \$10 bill. He returned it, assuring her he couldn't change it. Then, while people stood behind her, patiently waiting to get on, she dredged around in a large purse, finally locating a nickel.

"Wheah do I put this? You know, I've nevah been on these buses befoah."
"Well, lady, we ain't missed you none."

Letters From Soldiers



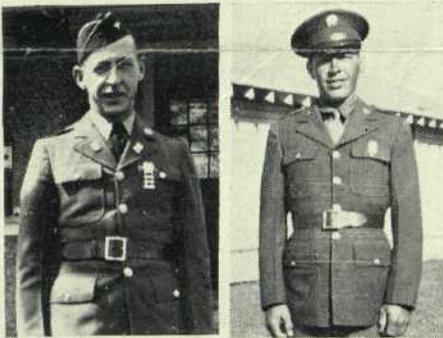
"ARGUS EYES AROUND THE WORLD"

Cpl. H. A. (Al) Stitt sends a V-mail from England. Maybe you'll run into some of the fellows from International. We hope so, Al. Quite a "picture" you write of the blue ocean with its white capped waves, and the old-fashioned towns of England. Good luck, Al, and here's hoping that you make that return crossing soon.

A letter from Cpl. A. R. (Al) Crabb gives us a new address, and his thanks for Argus Eyes. And thank you. You're lucky to be enjoying the Florida sunshine. We've had our first snow. We're sure you'll be one of the best as a rifleman and Air Corps soldier. Here at Argus we're mighty proud to know "our boys" and "our girls" are doing all right. Happy landings, Al.

A card from Pfc. Glenn Boettger gives a new address. Good luck, Glenn.

A V-mail from Pfc. Tony Rupas says that he's in England. The International bunch in England should get together. There's quite a flock of you over there now. Thanks for those nice things you say about Argus Eyes, and we'll do our best to see that it follows you wherever you may go.



Left to right: Pfc. Lester A. Bailey, formerly worked in our Buffing Dept. Lester is an Air Force bombardier, and now awaiting overseas assignment. Harold Bailey is now stationed in Attu. Formerly worked in the Machine Shop, Plant 1, where his wife works now. (See Letters from Soldiers column for more about the Baileys.)

A letter written by Pvt. Bailey to Mr. Donahue is loaned to us. (Many thanks, Mr. Donahue.) The letter doesn't say where he is, but we'd judge from the stationery that it's a bit too far to swim. We know your wife and friends here miss you, too, and we are all working for that happy day when all of you can return. Glad to hear about the good breaks you received, and trust there are many more in store for you.

Another letter loaned by Mr. Donahue is from Pfc. Lester Bailey. Lester is in a heavy bombardment group using B-24's and units made here at International, with excellent results. If space permitted, we would print your entire letter—if all the men in service have the same ideas you have, we're surely always going to be able to say, "America never lost a war."

Received a letter from Cpl. Ernest (Tiny) Eddy, now in Australia, giving his change of address. The food sounds wonderful, Tiny, and thanks for the Holiday greetings. We all wish you the very best of luck and a happy Holiday season. Keep writing, Tiny.

A letter from Pfc. Harold P. West informs us of his new address. Don't worry, Harold, you'll keep on receiving Argus Eyes. Glad you enjoy it, and write often.

A "hello" to all of his friends, and an expression of appreciation for the Christmas box was received from Pvt. Dave

Garrison, now in Iceland. Glad to hear you received the box, Dave, and also Argus Eyes. It's a pleasure to send them.

We print a V-mail from Pfc. Clifford C. Fowler:

October 19, 1943
"Somewhere in Italy"

Dear Friends:

I am writing to let you know that I received the copy of "Argus Eyes for Victory" you sent me. You don't know how much I appreciated it, because it came at one of those times when mail was scarce with the last bunch of mail received when we were relieved from the front—a "gift from heaven" I called it.

I see that most of my friends are now serving with Uncle Sam also. Good luck, fellows. Maybe we'll all be back with the gang soon.

I'm serving with the U. S. Rangers. Have seen quite a bit of excitement since I've been with them. It's not exactly the kind of excitement I like, but I don't have time for any other kind over here.

We were the first American troops in Sicily and the first in Italy. We were working with the British commandos for the first few days here. Jenny was throwing quite a bit of lead at us for a while, but he didn't last long. The party got too hot for him.

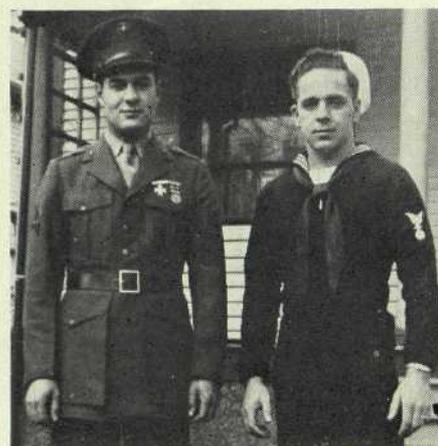
Lots of beautiful scenery here, if I only had time to enjoy it. That will have to wait. Will close now; if any of you have any extra time on your hands, I'd enjoy hearing from you.

Thanks for the paper, "Keep it coming."

As ever,
PFC. CLIFFORD C. FOWLER.



Pfc. W. C. Coon, Jr., son of Mrs. Bessie Coon of Dept. 44, has been home on a 12-day furlough following his graduation from Gunnery School in the Army Air Corps at Laredo, Texas. He now reports to Salt Lake City for further training. Carletons father, who is pictured above with him, formerly worked for International.



Left to right: Cpl. Gus Christ and Electrician 2/c Joe Dobransky.

Both worked for Si Harding in our Paint Shop, and both played on the same Argus softball team. Joe pitched his team to victory here and also did the same for his Navy team in Washington, D. C. Gus starred as a short-stop. Both are now working hard at pitching their respective teams on to victory.

Gus took his boot training in San Diego. In September, 1942, he entered the Marine Air Corps and was sent to Chicago. There he specialized in jujitsu training and was kept on as an instructor. Gus says he is due to leave Chicago soon, but doesn't know just where his next stop will be. One thing we know—when the time comes to get a stranglehold on the Axis, Gus will be ready.

Joe enlisted in August, 1942. He finished his boot training at Great Lakes five weeks later. Then he was sent to the University of Minnesota, where he

became an electrician's mate, third class. Upon completion of the 16-weeks' course he studied electrical interior communications in an advanced school in Washington, D. C. Last summer he was advanced to a second class Petty Officer's rating. Joe's now at Norfolk awaiting assignment to a destroyer for sea duty.

Joe writes sister Mary Dobransky that Norfolk is full of sailors and scarcely a girl in sight, but he finally managed "to talk to ONE girl, but had a hard time getting that far. I guess I'll just have to give up women for the duration."

Mary's other brother, Lieutenant Michael Dobransky, recently landed in India. Mike says each of the officers in his billet have a little native house-boy. The Lieutenant's native makes his bed, does the washing, shines his shoes, draws his "bawth," and keeps the quarters clean—all for twenty-two cents a day.

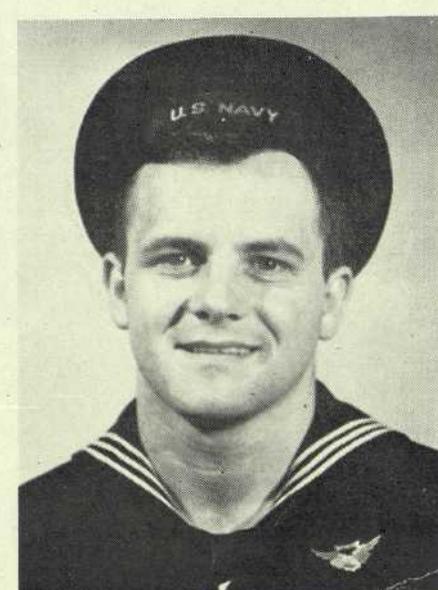
Brutal

"How do you like my gown? I got it for a ridiculous price."

"You mean you got it for an absurd figure."



Pvt. Francis V. Wright formerly worked in the third floor stockroom. He is now with the Michigan Police Escort Guard Battalion at Camp Custer. Francis had his basic training at Camp McCoy, Wis. Later he studied at Fort Riley, Kansas. He was transferred to Custer from Hawthorne, Calif., where he had been a driver in the 310th Coast Artillery (Barrage Balloon Battalion). He paid us a visit last Friday while on furlough from his new duties at Custer. Best of luck to you, Francis, and keep us informed of any changes of address.



GEORGE A. TESSMER, AM2/c

George took his boot training at Great Lakes, Ill., where he was selected for service school to study aviation metalsmithing. After graduation he became a 3rd class Petty Officer and was sent to the Naval Air Station at Norfolk, Va. He is now at the Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, N. Y., as an AM in a scout observation service unit. Since being there, he has been advanced to a second class Petty Officer. This will give him the job of leading metalsmith when he goes aboard ship. He is expecting sea duty on one of the new cruisers. George likes the Navy very much and says he would recommend it to anyone.

A Pilot Reports From the Front



Glenn Hilge, Plant 1 Engineering, passes on to Argus Eyes a swell letter from his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Arthur E. Ferguson, pilot of a fighter plane somewhere in the South Seas. The letter begins with, "there's nothing much to tell," and continues with descriptions of experiences every bit as thrilling as any that have ever sizzled across an AP wire.

The Lieutenant said that he was very disappointed because they had just missed a "hell of a good fight with 50 Zeros by only ten minutes. They bomb us almost every night, but very seldom hit anything of any importance. You can't imagine the thrill there is in hunting Japs. It is such a relief to be actually in the same war after so long a wait. You should be along on a strafing mission." . . . He adds that they have their island target "completely bottled up. We bomb and strafe them incessantly. It must be awful for them. There is no escape. They are compelled to sit there and take it." Ferguson says that "it may sound funny to you, but it is total war over here."

He describes a wily Jap trick that our infantry is wise to. At night in the jungle districts the heavily disguised Japs creep up close to our lines to pick up a few names. Later they'll yell, "Oh, Doc. Doc Goldberg (the doctor's name), I've been hit. Please, Doc, come quick." But this simple bait is so obvious that it has the opposite effect of the one intended, even though many of these Japs speak perfect English.

The Lieutenant says we can all "be thankful for any money we've given to missionaries. Their influence upon the natives has been a terrific help. You can depend upon most of these natives to look after any of our boys who go down in Jap-held territory."

He concludes the letter with, "the thing I like best is hunting Japs. The only time they will come down (they are always above us) is when they have us unbelievably outnumbered. Over 50 of them came down on four P-40's the other day, but they don't stand a chance because of their stupid tactics . . . when they hit, they simply go to powder." Since this letter, Ferguson writes that he's shot down his first dive bomber, a Nakajima 97. "I was on the left wing of my leader when a Zero took a head-on pass at us. My leader, Capt. T. B. Jennings, flamed him and while I was looking back I lost sight of the Captain. At the same time a dive bomber came up in front of me dead ahead, so I started firing. He made a 180 degree turn to the left and disappeared. By the time I turned around, he was already in the water burning. It was murder. There were about 12 Zeros and 12 dive bombers. None of them got away."

Argus Eyes wants to thank Glenn and Marie Hilge for letting us see these letters. And to Lieutenant Ferguson—God speed and a safe return. We're all rooting for you here at Argus.

Dept. 24 News

Pat Wright is now in our Dept. Everyone remembers her brother, "Joe," now in the armed forces. Hope you like it here, Pat.

Lillian Laidlow has been keeping pretty quiet the last few days. She had two teeth extracted. That is enough to close up anyone's mouth. Hope you feel up to par soon, Lillian.

Horriying

Two young ladies were walking. Suddenly one cut loose with a piercing shriek. "Look," she cried in amazement. "What is so terrible?" asked her friend. "They are only midgets." "Thank goodness, I thought for a minute they were rationing men."

Yank Strafes Powder Train



MRS. AND LT. JOHN H. HEGEMAN

Lt. John H. Hegeman, Ann Arbor dive bomber pilot with an A-36 Invader squadron in Italy, returned to his base recently with the story of how one of his fellow pilots sacrificed his life to make sure of the destruction of a ten-car enemy ammunition train.

Lt. Hegeman was one of four pilots assigned recently to a low level strafing mission north of Rome. After hitting their first objective—a convoy of 12 trucks, they followed a railroad along the Tevere river, strafing box cars en-route. Then they spotted a 12-car troop train with about 1,300 men aboard, followed by a 10-car ammunition train. Lt. Hegeman and his partner, Lt. Col. Tarrant, were going so fast they couldn't get their guns on the target, so the job was left to the plane following them. Suddenly a terrific explosion was touched off. The flash of the blast reached over 3,000 feet. It was apparent then that their buddy in the plane following them had risked his neck to bomb the powder train. Lt. Col. Tarrant reported that the force of the blast was such that he thought the whole side of his plane was blown out. The siding panel over the cockpit had been blown in, and it fouled the stick. They were fighting to keep the plane out of a spin, when they noticed the plane behind them on its back in a steep dive. In a moment it was gone. (The pilot's name is being withheld until the next of kin are notified.)

Lt. Hegeman formerly worked here, and Mrs. Hegeman works for John Kenne in Dept. 16. The Lieutenant enlisted in the RCAF a few days after Pearl Harbor. He was a student in the School of Journalism here, with but three hours necessary to graduate, when he enlisted. When our pilots in the Canadian Air Force were transferred, he was sent to an air base near San Antonio. His exploits as a dive bomber pilot should make excellent material for that book every student of journalism wants to write some day.

Mrs. Hegeman kindly consented to let Argus Eyes quote from the Lieutenant's latest letter to her. He writes, "I don't think this war will be over by Christmas or in the next very few months. I'm sure you realize that such unfounded talk is liable to be dangerous in view of the fact that it probably had its origin in the propaganda offices of the Nazis. . . . I am taking an active part in this war, which I consider my own fight and the fight of ordinary men all over the world. If you were to ask me, would I rather fight here or be home with you, I'd answer without hesitation that I'd rather be home with you, but in these times there is something that must surpass all personal wishes for comfort. And that is the need for the security of our own later lives and for the lives of those to follow us. We have to win if we expect to ward off slavery for ourselves in endless years."

To the Point

Lawyer: "Now, sir, did you, or did you not, on the date in question, or at any other time, previously or subsequently say or even intimate to the defendant or anyone else, alone or with anyone, whether a friend or a mere acquaintance, or in fact, a stranger, that the statement imputed to you, whether just or unjust, and denied by the plaintiff, was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer me, yes or no."
Witness: "Yes or no what?"

Card of Thanks

Dear Club Members:
I wish to thank you for the flowers sent to me during my recent illness. I'm back now and going strong as ever.
Yours truly,
MARY TUCKER.

Ann Harris is lonesome these days. Her husband has gone north deer hunting. Take it easy, Ann, he won't be gone long.

Dear Miss Hartman and Members of the Argus Recreation Club:
I was so surprised and pleased to have your lovely flowers. They have helped so much to cheer my homecoming and ease the "getting well."
Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness.
Most sincerely,
ELOISE S. HOWSE.

To the Argus Recreation Club Members:
Thank you. Thank you
That's said TWICE
Just because
You've been so nice.
... for those flowers.
HAROLD L. AUDRITSH.

George Stoll wishes to express his deep appreciation to his fellow workers in Dept. 16 for their gift of money during his recent illness, and to the Argus Recreation Club for the lovely flowers. George is back on the job and feeling fine again.

A card was received from Doris Strite thanking us for the flowers she received while in the hospital. Glad to hear you and the baby are doing so well, and wish to extend our sincerest congratulations.

Competition

"Why did the foreman fire you?"
"Well, you know, the foreman is the man who stands around and watches the others work."
"Yes, anyone knows that. But why did he fire you?"
"He got jealous of me. A lot of the fellows thought I was the foreman!"

Orchids to the Service Department

Every other person here at Argus likes to take "snaps" with their Argus cameras, and all of us are looking forward to the day when we can buy a new Argus and plenty of film to go along with it. Naturally enough, we who earn our livelihood through the sale of cameras are keenly interested in our post-war plans. And so we are particularly pleased when a letter such as the following comes to our attention. We quote important parts of this letter:

Wendmere Farms, New Jersey.

Dear Mr. Benson:

I should like first to say that I am deeply appreciative of your personal interest in the satisfaction of an Argus camera owner. I feel that your efforts in my behalf have been far beyond that which would be the minimum expected and that I shall in every way see that my feelings in this matter are passed along to all and sundry who are interested in purchasing a camera now or henceforward. Such interest is a rare and satisfying thing today when the "rule of thumb" that seems to be most applied is, "Take it or leave it." For this then, to "Argus" in general and to yourself in particular, my thanks.

I would also like to say that if Argus should ever deem it wise to manufacture a higher priced reflex camera with some of the refinements common in the late lamented imported jobs that I would be among the first to purchase same.

Thank you once again for your courtesy and interest.

Yours very truly,
Alfred J. Sturhann.

Dept. 15 News

Dan Kagay wishes to be referred to as "Joe College." What a bow tie he's been flashing.

Sid Spannuth has taken a brief leave of absence. We miss you, "Sid," so hurry back.

Sadie Stepp always furnishes Dept. 15 with the latest dope on movies.

Louise Thomas showed us she could dance at the last party. (I thought Dancer was the best dancer.)

We really think that Gladys Carter and Hazel Wilson should put on a feed for Dept. 15. They say their husbands are handy with deer rifles.

"Rabbit Foot" Dancer says "the average bowler should have a better average than my average was last Friday night."



PFC. ROBERT HAINES

Bob has been through the fighting in the Solomons and at Guadalcanal. Word has come through recently that he is now in a Base hospital somewhere in Australia, but it is believed that his condition is not too serious. Mrs. Haines works in Eddie Girvan's department, Plant 2. Let us hear from you, Bob, and best wishes for a speedy recovery.

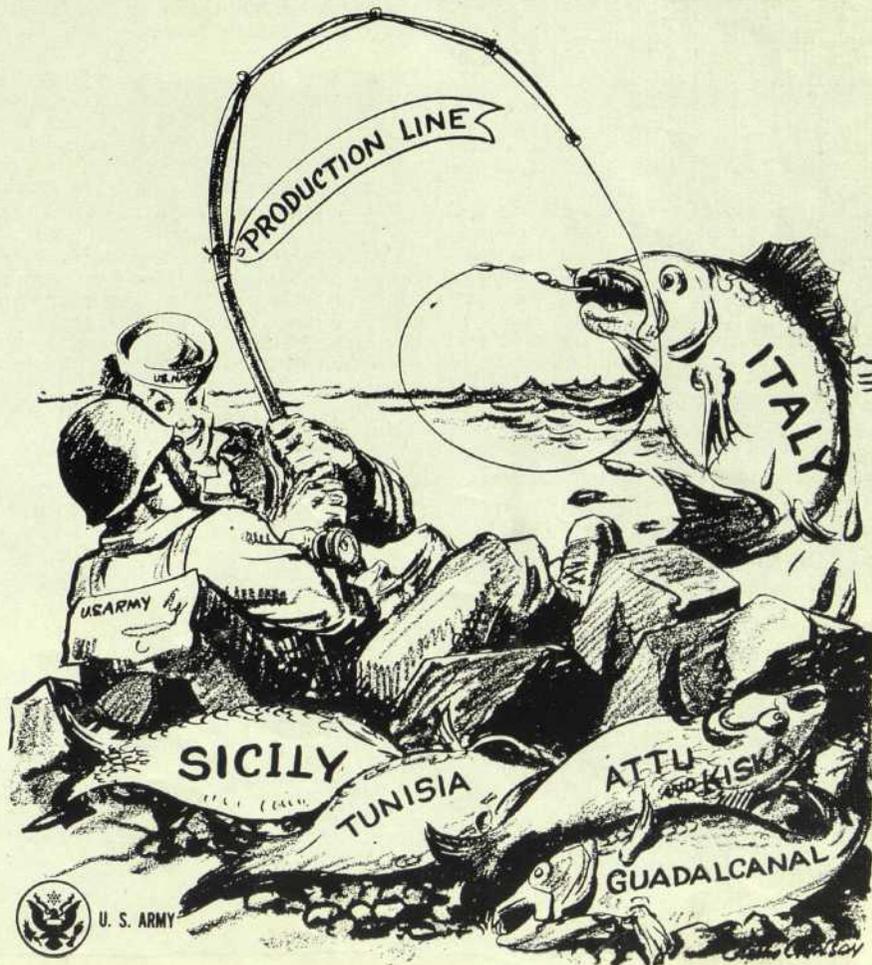
The Stilts Give Dinner

Mrs. Don Stilts invited the girls of the Machine Shop out for a chicken dinner on Sunday, October 31. The husbands were also invited, but because of so many being in the service, only Mr. Huffman was able to attend. However, Harold Forbes and Doc Johnston, because they like chicken so much, decided to escort the "war widows" to the dinner. Harold blossomed out in a new suit, so there might have been some other reason.

Mrs. Wilma Bailey and three of the girls went out to help Mrs. Stilts with the dinner. The foursome had quite a time before they were able to find the Stilts' place. Each one thought the others knew the way, but it was left up to a kind-hearted farmer to direct them. All had a very nice time and a really delicious dinner. The Stilts really know how to put things over with a "Dang." Erna and Don have invited us to come out a sleigh ride party, so we are now waiting for a good snow.

Those present at the dinner were: Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mueller and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Doc Johnston and son, Mr. and Mrs. Huffman, Mrs. Effie Harris, Mrs. Wilma Bailey, Mrs. Elsie Ludwick, Miss Mary Briggs, Miss Alice Armet and Harold Forbes.

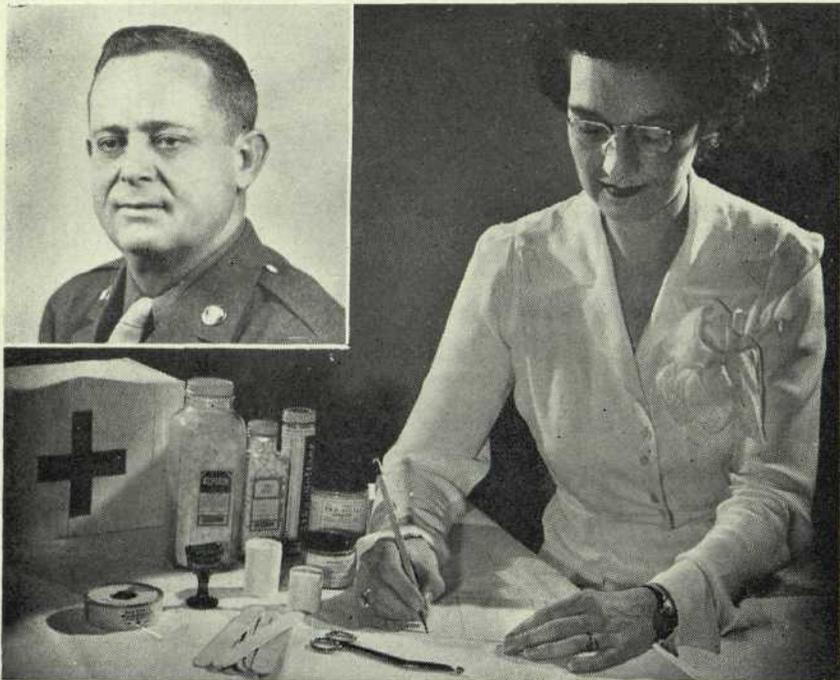
LET'S CATCH MORE OF THIS KIND OF FISH!



1st LIEUT. WILLIAM H. WRATHELL

Lieutenant Wrathell is the son of Mrs. Elizabeth Wrathell, Plant 1. He is a graduate of Ann Arbor High School and the U. of D. Law School. Prior to his enlistment in March of last year, he worked with the Detroit Police department. He took his basic work at Camp Wolters, Texas, and officer's candidate training at Fort Benning, Ga. He is now an instructor in the Infantry school at Camp Breckenridge, Ky.

The "Volunteeringest" Family



Sgt. and Mrs. Roy C. Bird

About a year ago, the Government asked for men experienced in the transport business to enlist for work overseas. The age limit was 45, the physical requirements were tough, and the pay was the standard stipend for a dough-boy in the Quartermaster's Division. Roy Bird talked it over with his family. He wanted to volunteer, but like most men with a growing family, and a good job, he had to think twice before making the plunge. Roy's 46th birthday loomed just around the corner, so not much time could be wasted over the decision. But no "everybody must do their part" argument was necessary with the Bird clan. Like good Americans everywhere, they were proud, even happy that their "Daddy" wanted to go. Of course, there was plenty of sadness, too, at the thought of a long separation, but they (Mrs. Bird and daughters, Pat and Jackie) all said it was "swell" and they'd "get by somehow." So two days before Christmas, 1942, Roy Bird left for three months' intensive training in a Quartermaster's school, and then a 54-day convoy trip to Iran. (The overseas journey in normal times would not take more than 5 days by boat, a day and a half by plane.)

Today, Sgt. Bird is somewhere on the old caravan route between Iran and the Russian border. But the camel caravans have given way to modern roads and U. S. trucks that make round-the-clock trips carrying lend-lease to the embattled Russians. In a recent letter to Mrs. Bird, Roy states that part of his job is the instruction of natives in crane operation. There are no child labor laws in Iran, and many of his students are not over 12 years old. He reports that one child of ten is doing a "first rate job" as a crane operator.

Roy's family on the home front are doing first rate jobs, too. Mrs. Bird's kindness and sympathy do much to mend the aches and pains of the folks who visit her in the First Aid office of Plant 2. And around Mack school, 11-year old Jackie was known as the young lady who voluntarily worked in the nurse's school all last year. When sister Pat was ill in St. Joseph's hospital recently, young Jackie interviewed the Superintendent of Nurses, offering her services as a nurse's aid. Jackie's age was against her, but when the Superintendent learned that she had won her share of Girl Scout merit badges, and a scholarship to camp for her work at Mack, Jackie got the job. Big sister Pat recently left International for the U. of M. Junior Cadet's Nursing Corps. Upon graduation, she'll be Ensign Patricia Bird, Navy nurse.

Dept. 17R News

Why is Ed Nimke continuously singing, "Give Me a Horse, a Big, Big Horse"? Is he thinking of riding it because of the gas shortage? Or is he contemplating a black market?

Paul Eugene is thinking of changing the words of "They're either too young or too old" to "They're never too young or too old." "Wolf."

The Riveting Dept. came up out of the cellar last Wednesday by defeating the Machine Shop three games. We can bowl if we really want to, you see. No wonder we were all so dry after the game.

Mary Loy made a hurried exit this week when she left to see the one and only, who is leaving for overseas duty.

Comes word from Larry Dieterle that he is now attending Mechanics school at Chanute Field, Ill. We all wish Larry luck, and know that he will do well in any work Uncle Sam chooses for him. By the way, Larry is getting very impatient about not receiving Argus Eyes. Won't someone please see that he gets a paper. (Editor's note: Many thanks, 17R reporter. Larry will get his paper from now on. We wish everyone who knows of any of our boys who aren't getting Argus Eyes would tell us about it.)

Mary Mikelson did the honors last week by posing for Dick Bills, who was photographing the riveters that are doing the speedy job on the BC434s, MN28s and MR9s chassis. Many improvements have been accomplished on this line to increase production, due to Ed. Nimke's efforts and "Mike's" speed.

With his furlough approaching the zero hour, Joe Drobronsky, brother of Mary Drobronsky, left Ann Arbor for a port of embarkation after spending a year in the Naval Electrician's school. Lieutenant Mike Drobronsky is serving in the Infantry overseas.

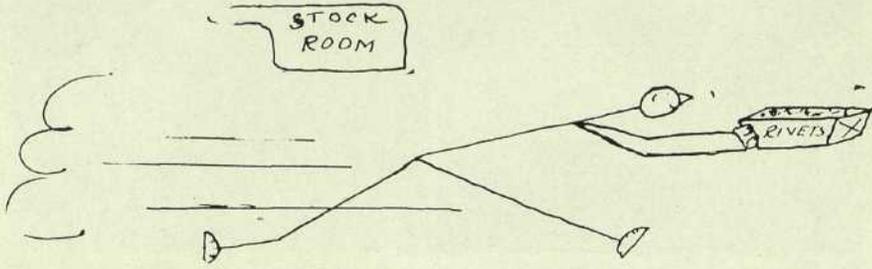
You're wrong—that was not a member of the House of David whom Ed. Nimke escorted through the plant this week. It was none other than Carrie Behnke's brother. He is wearing that beard to win a bet of five dollars from a sailor on board his ship. We might add that he has seen action in the North Atlantic.

He Touched Up Purgatory and Restored Lost Souls

Maybe it is because every now and then some client asks for an itemized bill covering art work that we got such a chuckle from the story about the artist who was employed to renovate some oil paintings in an old church. He sent in his bill for \$31.99 and was then told that an itemized bill was required. Whereupon the following was duly presented:

For correcting the Ten Commandments.....	\$ 5.12
For renewing heaven and adjusting the stars.....	7.12
For brightening up the flames of hell, putting a new tail on the devil and doing odd jobs for the damned.....	7.14
For touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls.....	3.09
For putting a new stone in David's sling and arranging Goliath's head.....	6.13
For mending the shirt on the Prodigal Son.....	3.39

Total\$31.99



Service Department Gets Their Man

December 7, 1941, RAF Aircraftman Norman A. Hough, of the British radio station at Ponggol Point, Singapore, wrote our service department, asking for some information about the operation of his Argus Model K. The letter was received here after Singapore had fallen. But the fact that the Japs were swarming all over the island, and that Hough was probably more dead than alive, didn't deter the Service department. Many attempts were made to get a letter through. Finally, after some nine months had elapsed, a response came from the British Air Ministry. (Incidentally, Britain is just as anxious to reach their

soldiers as Argus is to help their customers, for the response came in a sealed diplomatic pouch and was opened at the British embassy in Washington, D. C., and forwarded here.) The letter advised that Aircraftman Hough was a prisoner of the Japs, but it was suggested that we communicate with his father in England. So once again, after nearly two years of dogged persistence, the Service department "got their man."

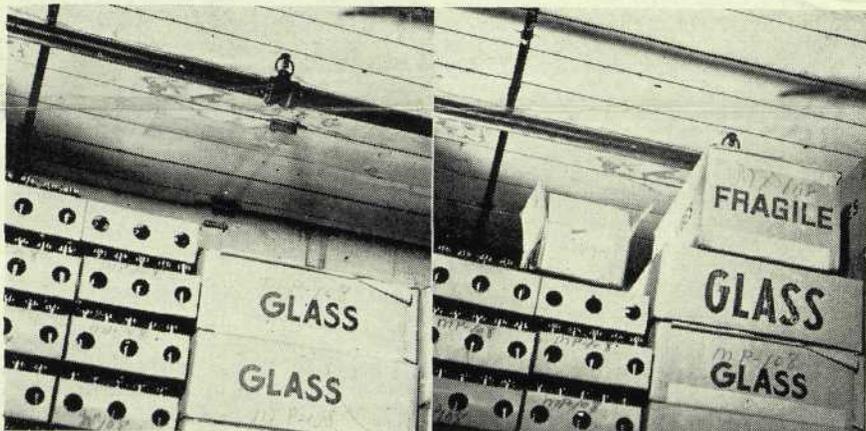
Customer: "My, you drink a lot of coffee."

Gas Station Attendant: "Yep, about 15 cups a day."

Customer: "Doesn't it keep you awake?"

G. S. A.: "Well, it helps."

HAP HAZARD SAYS:



Right

Wrong

A fire breaks out in a remote corner of the third floor of Plant No. 1. No one is nearby. The fire burns unseen, slowly gathering strength. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of war materials are endangered. Then what happens?

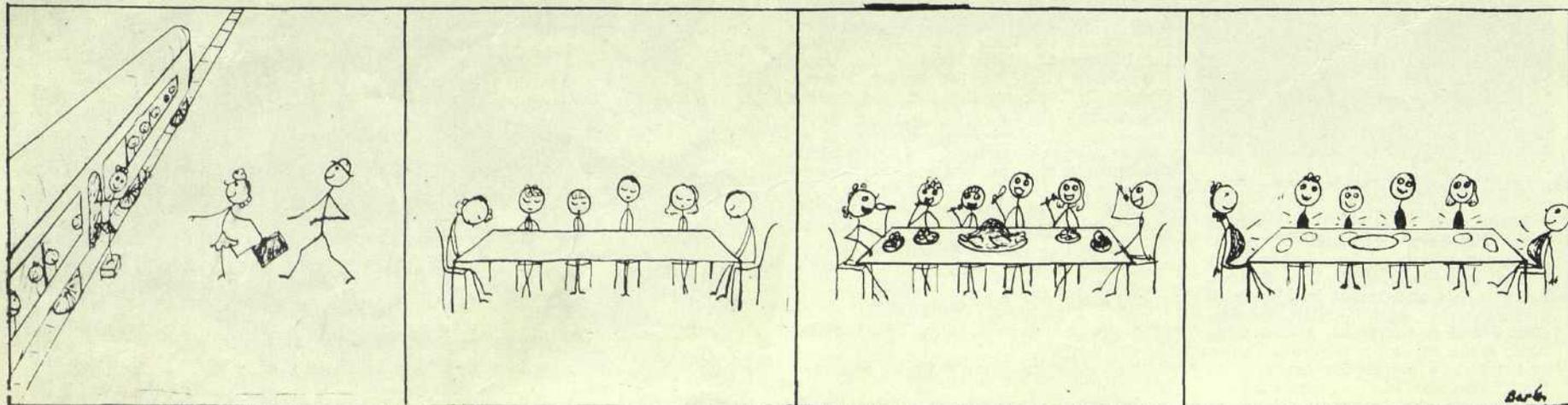
Directly over the fire an automatic sprinkler opens. Water covers the fire with a drenching downpour. The fire subsides, and either goes out altogether, or continues to smolder harmlessly—until employees reach the scene and put out the smoldering remains with a small hose stream or extinguishers.

Note what the automatic sprinkler has done. It has detected the fire at the start. It has gone into action automatically. It has remained in operation directly over the fire, despite heat and smoke. And it has absolutely prevented the spread of a fire which might have meant the loss of your job or life.

This little drama—with variations—is being enacted thousands of times a year in industrial plants throughout the United States.

YOU can either help or hinder the efficiency of that automatic sprinkler! The piling of material, boxes and stock material above, around and beneath the automatic sprinkler decreases its efficiency by at least 85%. The automatic sprinkler can do its work properly only when it has sufficient space in which to operate. The law states that nothing can be placed within 18 inches of an automatic sprinkler.

Check your storage shelves and stockrooms NOW. Rearrange or remove any material which is within the 18-inch limit!



Argus Recreation Club Opens The Party Season



Joy Hartman, Argus Club President, talks over the program with the two MC's, Ted Humphreys (left) and Eddie Girvan.



House warming at M. S. (Smitty) Smith's new Elmwood Avenue home. Pictured above, left to right: Mrs. Verne Heck, Verne, Mrs. Dick Bills and Dick. Below, left to right: E. K. Mathews, Mrs. Mathews, Smitty, Mrs. Frank Ferrier, Frank. We see that they are playing fiddle-diwinks and enjoying bottled sarsaparilla and cider. (?)



These pictures show part of the crowd of more than 600 that helped to make the Argus Club's Hallowe'en party a rousing success. The Masonic Temple's big ballroom was all dressed up for the occasion. The dancers enjoyed the music of Ralph Wilson's orchestra. About eleven, the dancing was interrupted by a floor show and a bond drawing. The show featured the amiable heckling—with each other and the crowd—of the two MC's, Ted Humphreys and Eddie Girvan, the tap dancing of Madge Starr and Rae Nita Larson, a Hungarian dance by

Mary Jean Webber, a brother and sister acrobatic act by Katherine and Dean Figg, and the wizardry of magician E. K. Mathews. The lucky bond winners were: Mary K. Summers, Lois Conkey, Esther Allen, Elvin Richardson, Ethel Soli and Glendon Hilge. Each of them walked away with a \$50 War Bond. After the bond drawing the gang adjourned to the basement to consume thirty gallons of cider and fifty dozen doughnuts. No sick headaches were reported Monday, in fact, the consensus of opinion was, "Let's have another party, and soon."

Gerrard Addition



Mrs. Stuart A. Gerrard with Sue Ann, born August 17 in University Hospital. Her mother will be remembered as Louise Loy, formerly switchboard operator here. Her daddy is Sergeant Stuart A. Gerrard of Fort Monmouth, N. J. Their many friends here extend congratulations and best wishes.



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leeman's youngster, Stephen, age 9 months. The world is just a bowl of porridge, and he likes it. That's what happens when you're young and healthy. Good luck to you, youngster.



Gail Ann Peterson, 9-month-old daughter of Harold Peterson. Young Gail looks as if she might make a good golfer someday, and were sure Harold won't be disappointed in this husky youngster's promise of being a first rate athlete someday.

Witticisms

Said the scarf: "Go on ahead, I want to neck."
Said one eye to the other: "Just between us there's something that smells."
Big rose to the little rose: "Hiya, bud!"
Executioner as he pulled the switch: "This'll kill you."
Ceiling to the wall: "Hold me up. I'm plastered."
Dentist sang to his patient: "The Yanks Are Coming."
Robber as he jumped on the scales: "Here's where I get a weigh."
One stocking to another: "So long! I gotta run."
Salmon as he took the hook: "I'll likely get canned for this."
Cub to north wind: "Don't blow so hard! I'm a little bear."

Strictly FOR THE GIRLS!



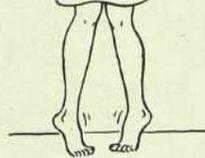
When you're absent, you work for the Axis. When you're on the job, you work for yourself and Victory.



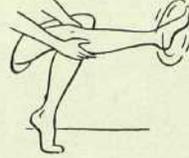
ON YOUR TOES! These are days when we need to practice on our foot-work. Walking to save tires, standing on the job, all add up to a lot of wear and tear. Here are some special foot gymnastics, worked out by Peggy Sage's foot-care expert.



1. Hot water dunking. It's important first to get feet thoroughly relaxed. Fill two pans, one with water as hot as you can stand, the other with cold. Place a foot in each and keep it there three minutes. Then switch.



2. Swing shift. For this, hold the back of a chair for support. Rise to toes, swing heels to sides as far as they will go. Drop heels to floor, swing them together, and repeat. Fine for ankles and arches both.



3. The twister-medicine for weak ankles: Stretch leg out straight and hold it by clasping hands beneath the knee. Rotate foot ten times.

Finish off by massaging with hand cream, and add a touch of polish to your toes. No, this isn't the fashion department. It's a tip on smoothing off rough edges—stocking-saver item number two!



You only have one face! So, if the job's a greasy one, or if you work in dust-laden air, plan a skin protection program—and be true to it!

Smooth on a cream protective before you go to work. Your vanishing or dry skin cream is good for this. Cover face completely, clear up to the hair-line, eyelids, corners of the nose. The idea is to spread a thorough film between you and those air-borne beauty hazards.

Because you swing sisters have to go in for extra scrubbing, see that your face gets special lubrication at night. Homogenized dry skin cream's good for this, and be sure there's lanolin in it if you're in the dry-skin class. You have more in common with those baby lambs (yes, that's where lanolin comes from!) than you think.



SAVE YOUR KNUCKLES! There's less time for you to do your laundry and in many critical areas very little fuel oil for the commercial laundries. So save yourself trouble and worry by eliminating tablecloths even for company meals. Get some inexpensive table mats that can be wiped with a damp cloth after each using, one for each place and several for your serving dishes. Their gay patterns and colors can complement your dishes or be a contrast to them.



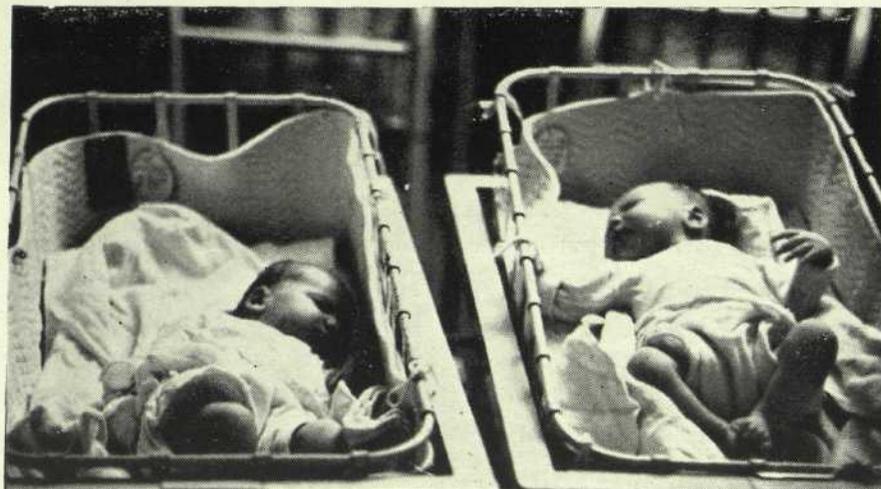
Stingy? No, just frugal! Like Mactavish make every penny, ration coupon and food scrap stretch and stretch. Plan for a week—not just meal to meal—and slip leftovers into "non-priority" dishes. A top-of-the-list wartime treat is Molasses Bread Pudding, fitting climax to any meal and easy on those precious coupons. Stamina building too—vitamins in enriched bread, calcium in milk, iron for good red blood in New Orleans molasses.

MOLASSES BREAD PUDDING

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 10 slices enriched bread, cubed | 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |
| 2 eggs | 1/2 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1/4 cup pure New Orleans molasses | 2 cups scalded milk |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons butter |

Arrange bread cubes in well-greased baking dish. Beat eggs. Add molasses, salt, cinnamon and vanilla. Add butter to scalded milk, stir until melted, then combine with egg mixture. Pour over bread and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) one hour or until firm. Serves six.

Guess Who?



(Two new Argus babies.)

Dept. 10 News

The Machine Shop has been honored recently by several visits from former employees now in the service of their country. Cpl. Gus Christ of the Marines was in for a brief visit. Gus is an instructor in Judo, and was granted a 3-day leave before returning to Chicago after giving exhibitions in various camps. Sgt. Sam Miller, who is now located in California, spent an afternoon in the shop seeing his many friends. Sam has been married since entering the Army and his wife is also living in "sunny California." George Tessmer of the Navy, son of Al Tessmer, had some interesting Navy talk. Although George was not employed here, he is well remembered by many Argus fans because of his hitting ability when he played softball with King-Seeley.

Leona Smith has almost decided to quit betting on the results of her bowling. Being just a little on the wrong side of the ledger, Leona decided to double up on her bet when the Machine Shop bowled the cellar dwelling Riveters. Her face was just a wee bit red when all three games were lost.

Harold Sweet of the Toolroom must have felt that the starting time of seven was not early enough for him. Harold punched in and then proceeded to get ready for work. He noticed that the place was quite deserted, so he decided to check on the time. It was just 5 A. M. (Does anyone have a good alarm clock for Harold?)

Machine No. 1 team finally moved out of the cellar, but it was necessary to call on the Marines to do it. Gus Christ furnished the spark that enabled them to crawl out of a very bad hole.

Ted Doman, the little round man, is quite elated about his progress as a bowler. In one of the games Ted was high man for the team, and he felt so elated about it that he is now planning publishing a book on the finer points of bowling.

Our foreman, Mr. Donahue, spent the week-end in Chicago visiting his son, Patrick, who is taking his boot training at Great Lakes.

Bernice Wubbena was a welcome visitor to Dept. 10. Bernice was in Ann Arbor to attend a football game.

At the Hallowe'en party, "Shorty" Richardson had difficulty keeping out of the corn shocks. Shorty was so tired that he just had to get some shut-eye.

We understand that "Mutt" Tirrel is planning on moving to Ann Arbor. "Mutt" was quite a polished basketballer in his day, so perhaps the big fellow can be induced to try out for the Argus team.

Clyde Melton attended the Michigan-Wisconsin game and decided that he can't take it any more. Clyde was ready to leave at the half, but his wife was comfortable, so he shivered through the entire game. It was a week before he thawed out.

"Mo" Howe seems to have found a new supply of energy. Is it the new "comfy" slippers or have you been taking vitamin pills to enable you to run around so much.

George Kline has returned from the North woods and his luck was much better than he had been having the last few years. George bagged an eight-point, 185-pound buck.

Hazel Rossister (?) has just returned to work after spending two weeks in Chicago. Hazel has a ring to dress up that certain finger, but she will give no information about it. Anyway, best wishes.

The Right Attitude

A certain newspaper editor had cause to admonish his son on account of his reluctance to attend school.

"You must go regularly and learn to be a great scholar," said the fond father encouragingly, "otherwise you can never be an editor, you know. What would you do, for instance, if your paper came out full of mistakes?"

"Father," was the reply, "I'd blame 'em on the printer."

And then the father fell on his son's neck and wept for joy. He knew he had a worthy successor for the editorial chair.

Not Distinctive Enough

"It surely took you a long time to find me. Didn't your employer tell you how to recognize me?"

"Yassuh, he done tole me, but dey wuz sev'al gemmen wid big stummicks an' red noses."

Argus Hallowe'en Party

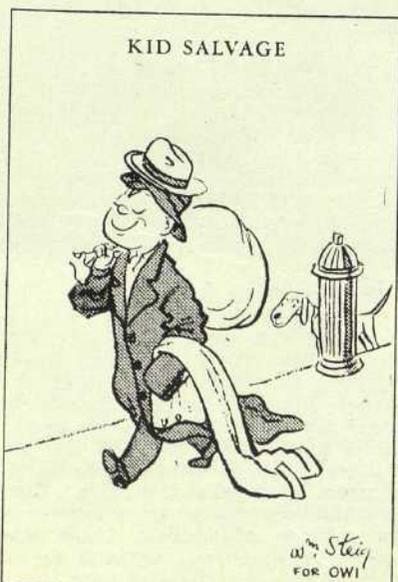


Front row, left to right: Leona Harvey, Leona Colton, Marion O'Donnell, Mary Temple, Rose Temple. Back row, left to right: Rhea McLaughlin, Margaret Rogers, Em Streeter, Barbara Seibert, Irene Crippen, Eolah Bucholz, Dorothy Andress, Grace Hintz.

River, Keep Away From My Door



This is Schlenker's favorite song these days. Add a spring thaw to the pond we have in our backyard now, and we can all enjoy the advantages of living at the seashore. How about some nice pond-fed trout, Lee? And think of the fun the guards can have perched on the roof of the "dog house," angling for suckers.



Among the festivities which were held to celebrate Hallowe'en was a party held at Rose Temple's home for a group of friends. On entering the house the guests were greeted in a dimly lighted hall by the devil and a skeleton, which was only the beginning of a whole evening of surprises, among which was an impromptu Hawaiian dance by Grace Hintz.

Games and dancing comprised the major entertainment, with Mary Temple giving tap dancing during the evening. Prizes were given for the best costumes, with Eolah Bucholtz winning first prize for her Spanish costume and Dorothy Andress second prize for her "Mammy" costume.

The evening was not without its touch of tragedy, however, for Irene C. lost her pipe, tho' she contends "someone borrowed" it. Has anyone found Irene's pipe?

No story of a party would be complete without mentioning the delicious lunch that was served as a climax of an evening of fun.

His wife was a "WAVE" and he waved at a "WAAC,"

The "WAAC" was in front, but his "WAVE" was in back!

Instead of a wave from the "WAAC," be it said,

He won but a whack from the "WAVE" he had wed!

Double Talk

"Wish we had a fifth for bridge."

"You don't need a fifth for bridge, you dope."

"Well, make it a point, then."

Just Think

Just think of it: steak only 20 cents a pound, eggs 15 cents a dozen, chickens 10 cents a pound and milk five cents a quart."

"Where?"

"Oh, nowhere, but just think of it."

Promoted



Pvt. Lawrence E. Dieterle, Chanute Field, Ill. Larry took his basic training at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., where he passed a test for Aviation Mechanic with a very high score. He is now studying sheet metal work, drafting and blueprint reading. Upon completion of this course he will go into advanced training as a non-commissioned officer. His old pals here wish him the very best. Larry's father is Edward Dieterle, Plant 1, Packing Department.



Mrs. Juanita Boyd, formerly of our switchboard, has joined her husband, Harry Boyd, in New Orleans. Harry is taking his basic training for the Transport Service there. Juanita writes that she's "seeing the sights, and it's all that you said it would be. Banana trees, poinsettias in bloom, and a wide open city with slot machines in every store." (Enjoy the poinsettias, Juanita, but stay away from those roulette wheels.)

Chang Eoyang Remembers China

For more than seven years China has put up a gallant fight against Japanese aggression. All China has become a battleground. Her dead are numbered in the millions, yet even now, with the enemy in control of most of her lifelines, her ports and the friendly islands to the south, China fights on. China's English-speaking allies are doing all they can to help, and with a mounting tide of production on the home front to back them, there is inevitably a happier day ahead. We sometimes think that we're suffering when we find some of our favorite staples rationed, but in comparison to the suffering of China we are all "living the life of Reilly."

The war came to Chang Eoyang in 1937 when the Japs first bombed Shanghai. The following year she brought three of her four children to America. A daughter, Mary, is now a student at Huntington College. Peter, a son, is in Citadel Military High School here. And the baby, Ruth, whom Chang kept with her during all her troubles in China, is now attending school here in Ann Arbor.

When Chang returned to China in 1939, she found that her husband, Keh Eoya, a member of the Chinese National Assembly and military attache in the legation at Nanking, had joined Chiang Kai Shek's army on the Hankow front. Chang was with him in Hankow until the Chinese lines began to crumble. Before the surrender she and the baby fled to the comparative safety of neutral territory in the Hunan province. In the Chinese retreat of August, 1939, Keh Eoya was killed. Conditions in Hunan became increasingly dangerous, so once again Chang and little Ruth moved on. This time to Chiang Kai Shek's capitol, Chungking, the Chinese Washington, D. C. But even in far inland Chungking there was no peace for Chang. In 1940 the capitol was subjected to intermittent but nevertheless deadly bombing and



strafing attacks. After many days of bombing, living by night in caves around the city, suffering on a starvation diet, Chang and three friends tried to escape by plane. With the reticence of her people, she states simply that the "plane shot down by enemy," but the pilot somehow managed to bring the plane down near the Burma Road. After three days of walking through a snake-infested jungle, the survivors found the Burma Road and the prospect of a good long hike to Rangoon 800 miles away. But for a change, luck was with them. After a few hours of walking, they were picked up by a passing truck, which carried them safely into Burma. From Rangoon Chang and Ruth made the risky boat trip to Hongkong in order to get the liner President Taylor back to the United States. They arrived in San Francisco July, 1941. Chang says that the happiest moment of her life was when she realized that she had returned safely to her children, and that the lights of America would shine over all of them once again.

Stealing a kiss may be petty larceny, but sometimes it's grand.

Turf Manicurist

"What was your last job?"

"Diamond cutter."

"In the jewelry business, huh?"

"No, I trimmed the lawn at the ball park."

Difference

"What is the difference between a girl and a traffic cop?"

"When a traffic cop says 'stop,' he means it."

BARGAIN BASEMENT

This Is Your Column
—Use It!

If you have a household appliance, an article of furniture, an automobile or other useful item to sell, or a room or apartment to rent, send a brief description with your address or telephone number to the Bargain Basement. This service is offered without charge to any International employee.

About a dozen requests have come in for alarm clocks. Buyers will take any old clock that will ring insistently about 6 A. M., 6 days a week. Will pay top prices.

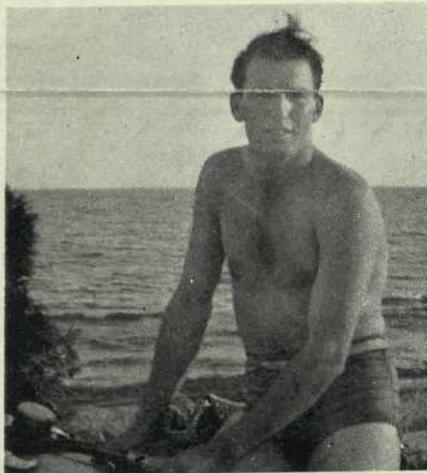
WANTED: Anyone knowing of apartments and rooms to rent PLEASE notify Mrs. Radford.

WANTED: Lionel "0" gauge electric train parts and accessories. Call By Aldrich.

BARGAIN: Woman's winter coat. Size 16. Blue with black fur collar. New in March. Worn six times. \$45 coat for \$25. Call Miss Gilbert, Ext. 3.

YOU MUST HAVE A
BARGAIN—
USE THIS SPACE

Getting Tanned



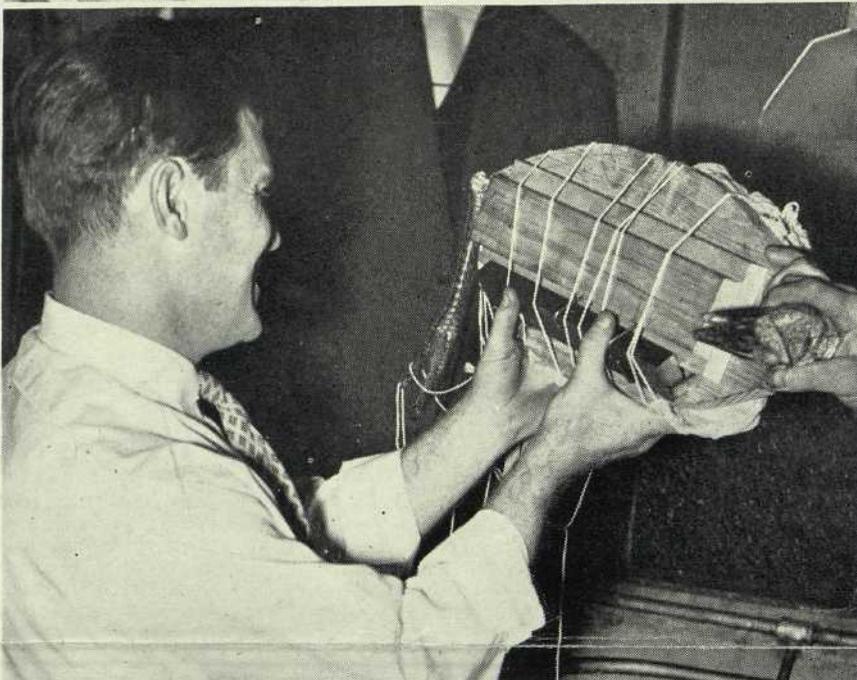
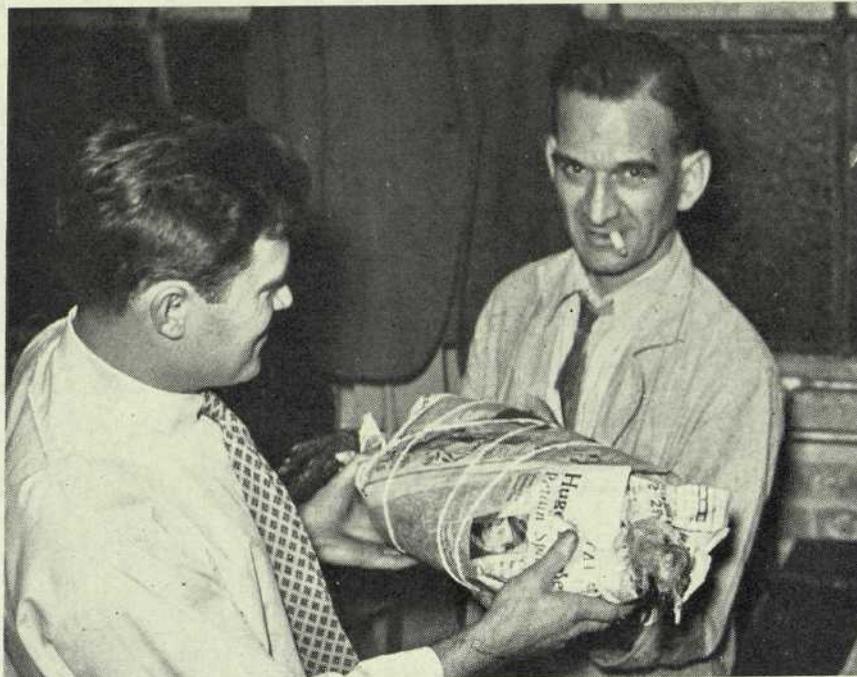
"Sun Kist Harry" Crist on a little outing at Munising near Lake Superior. What, no fish?



PVT. LLOYD V. NEWMAN

Pvt. Newman is the son of Mrs. Elverna Newman, Plant 1, Raw Inspection. Lloyd is a technical instructor in plane recognition at Hondo Navigation Air Base, Hondo, Texas. In civilian life, Lloyd was a student in the University of Michigan Engineering school.

Thanksgiving Surprise



Left to right: Karl Seitz, "Red" Weid. The "boid" shows its nationality.

Once upon a time, Karl Seitz, Plant 2, was bragging about his extraordinary, magnificent, sumptuous turkeys. One of the boys suggested that he give a few away. The names of some of his friends were placed in a box, the box thoroughly shaken, and the lucky name drawn. The winner—"Red" Weid.

The facts that "Red" didn't know were that Karl had no turkeys, and that every slip in the drawing had "Red" Weid on it. So how could he lose? So the boys all congratulated him, and while waiting for the presentation of the turkey, "Red" became known as "Lucky" Weid.

When the big day finally arrived, "Red" was called to the tool room, where a few choice words were said, and the package handed over. With shaky fingers "Red" opened the package to dis-

cover that the turkey was really a TURKEY. Its body was wooden (all white pine meat) and of special construction. Lee Thomas added certain items (see cut) to give reality to the picture.

Red took the ribbing in such good nature that the boys got together and gave him two plump chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. So we still call him "Lucky," for who else around here has two real, honest-to-goodness chickens for nothing?

No Pleasing Him

"Your husband is too fond of strong coffee. You must not let him have it. He gets too excited."

"But, doctor, you should see how excited he gets when I give him weak coffee."

Bond Winners



Joy Hartman, Argus Club President, presents \$50 War Bonds to each of the lucky winners at the Argus Club party. Left to right: Joy Hartman, Elvin Richardson, Lois Conkey, Ethel Soli, Esther Allen, Glenn Hilge, Mary K. Summers.

Dept. 40 News

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Watson celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary October 14 with dinner at Weber's Inn and cocktails at home. Isabel works in Optical Assembly and "Scotty" in the Machine Shop.

We're glad to have Della Duible back at work after having been out two weeks with pneumonia.

A telegram was received by Dagney Larson from her former roommate, Irma Hillman, that she was married November 9 to Seaman Ralph Wirth of Boston, Mass. Irma formerly worked in the Machine Shop.

A stag party was given by Doris Lyons, November 12, for Dagney Larson. The Ouija board proved great entertainment until Lois (Zombie) Bush came along with palmistry. We're now waiting to see who is right, Zombie or the Ouija.

Among the deer hunters from Plant 2 were Mr. and Mrs. Watson, who spent the week-end of November 13 at Mio. Reports were, "you should have seen the one that got away."

Lois Conkey was hostess at a personal shower honoring Dagney Larson, November 19. The party was held in the Hussey room of the Women's League, and refreshments were served in the Soda Bar during the course of the evening. Over forty guests attended. Bingo was played and prizes awarded. Dagney received many lovely gifts and loads of good wishes from her friends.

We've finally discovered the reason for the sparkle in Viola Bemis' eyes all last week. Bob Whitmore dropped in Friday night on furlough.

Dorothy Haines is in the hospital with a bad cold and to have her tonsils removed. Get well soon, Dotty.

Lorraine Derbin has been off two weeks to be with her husband, who home from Camp Forrest, Tennessee.

Birthday congratulations were in order November 3 for Ruth Wackenhut. She was pleasantly surprised during rest period with a birthday cake, complete with lighted candles, and ice cream. Those who enjoyed the impromptu party were Viola Bemis, Doris Lyons, Virginia Lupke, Helen Fraser, Katie Bauer and Helen Ebright.

Dorothy Schalhorn, Clara Dickinson and Beulah Conway were voted Plant Representatives of Dept. 40. Dorothy was elected the speaker of the group.

Helen Fraser was the recipient of cards and gifts during the day of November 18, her birthday.

Thinking Out Loud

Someone says, courteously, "Don't throw your mouth into high gear until you are sure your brain is turning over."

Recent Visitor



Pvt. Louis E. Betke called on his friends at Argus while on a fifteen-day furlough from his duties with the Medical Corps at Miami Beach Station Hospital. Louis likes the Army life, but says, "there's no place like home." Since his enlistment in August, 1942, he has acquired the Good Conduct Medal for a year of excellent service. Congratulations. Keep us informed of any change of address, Louis, and we'll see that you continue to receive the paper. Best of luck.