

Ryan

Flying Reporter



(Official Photograph, U. S. Navy)

Vol. 6 No. 1

M A Y

28TH

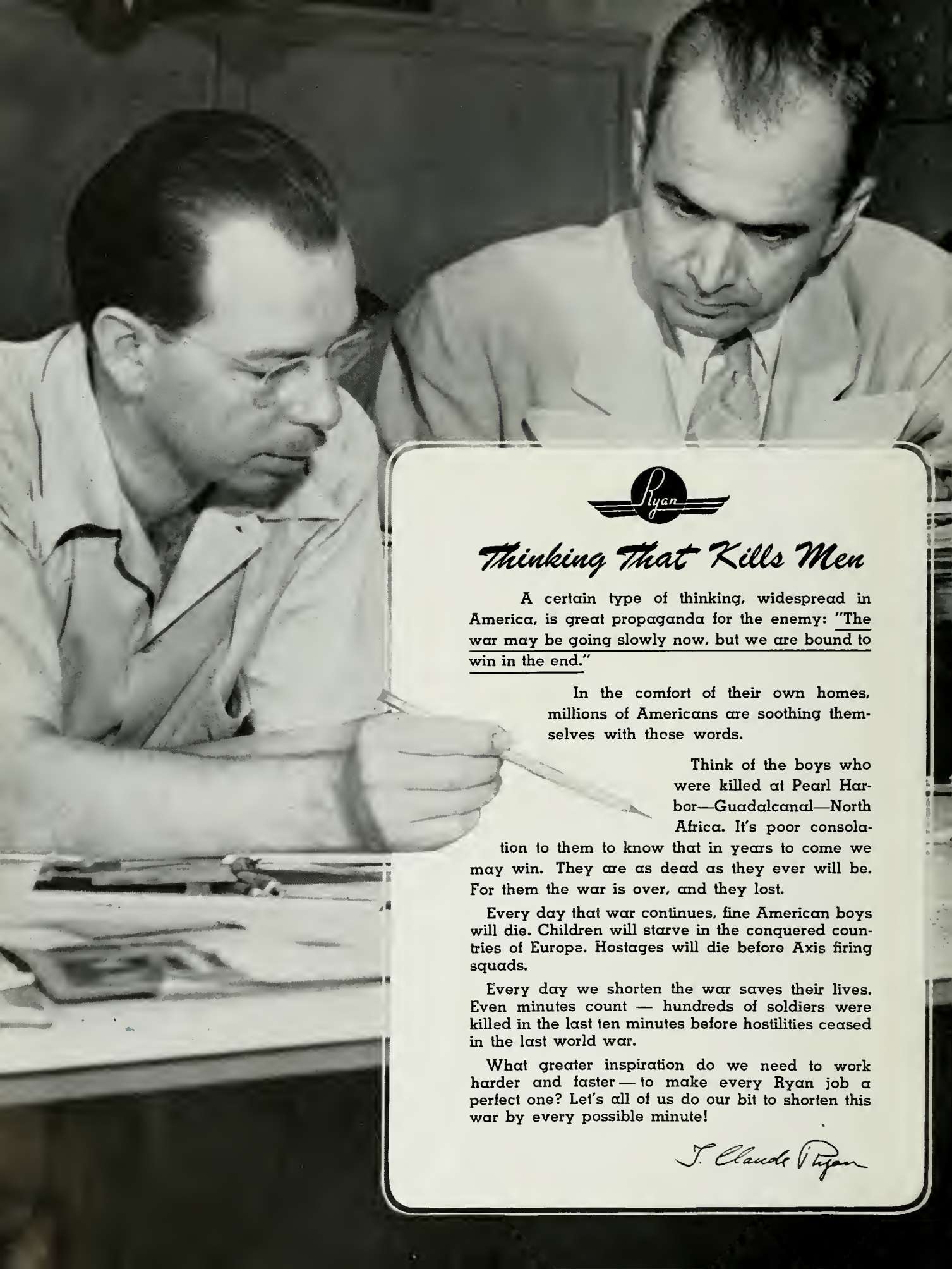
1943

HOW THE NAVY USES RYAN PLANES

★ ★ ★ ★

PARKING LOT PURGATORY

39273



Thinking That Kills Men

A certain type of thinking, widespread in America, is great propaganda for the enemy: "The war may be going slowly now, but we are bound to win in the end."

In the comfort of their own homes, millions of Americans are soothing themselves with those words.

Think of the boys who were killed at Pearl Harbor—Guadalcanal—North Africa. It's poor consolation to them to know that in years to come we may win. They are as dead as they ever will be. For them the war is over, and they lost.

Every day that war continues, fine American boys will die. Children will starve in the conquered countries of Europe. Hostages will die before Axis firing squads.

Every day we shorten the war saves their lives. Even minutes count — hundreds of soldiers were killed in the last ten minutes before hostilities ceased in the last world war.

What greater inspiration do we need to work harder and faster — to make every Ryan job a perfect one? Let's all of us do our bit to shorten this war by every possible minute!

J. Claude Ryan

Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

Why Navy Fliers Like Ryan Training Planes

By BOB PAINE

Sleek Ryan NR-1 Navy training planes are fighting a full share of the war at the new Naval Air Station at Millington. At this big primary training school just north of Memphis on the Mississippi, the Navy is concentrating many of its Ryan trainers.

Memphis was captured by the United States Navy in 1862, but between that time and last September the midsouth city 400 miles from salt water saw so little Navy its people stared when a sailor walked its streets. Little wonder, then, that Memphians developed a bad case of strained necks when the first formation of Ryan NR-1 trainers with Navy insignia on their shiny wings roared overhead in a very neat V. But nowadays they don't even bother to look up. Ryans have been filling their skies almost daily for the past year.

Millington is a primary flight training school, one of the largest the Navy has and one whose graduates rank high in the basic and advanced training classes at Pensacola. It uses Ryan trainers for a slightly different purpose than do the many Army primary schools which give flight instruction in Ryans.

We've often heard rumors about the work Ryan-built Navy training planes are doing at the big Naval flight school at Millington, Tenn. Finally we asked the ace newspaper reporter of Memphis to go out there and dig up the facts. Here's his story.

Instead of teaching its fledglings all the rudiments of flying in Ryans, as the Army does, the Navy uses its Ryans for the specialized job of teaching the basic elements of formation flying.

The future Butch O'Hares, and the fliers who will fill the cockpits of the immortal Navy Torpedo Squadron Eight, which made the supreme sacrifice in the great Midway victory, get their first taste of flying monoplanes in the trim Ryan NR-1s.

The Navy cadets are given their rudimentary instruction and early solo work in biplanes. Then they climb into Ryans for formation flying. The Ryans serve as transition ships between the biplane primary trainers and the higher-powered monoplanes they'll be flying in ad-

vanced work. This job was assigned to the Ryans because they handle well in formation and afford better vision to the young fliers getting chummy with their brother cadets in the air for the first time.

The cadets have had a sound education and several hours of solo flying in biplane trainers before Major Birney Truitt, officer in charge of flight training, posts their names for formation work. An instructor then flies with them for an hour in a Ryan so they get the feel of the new ship. For the next hour and a half, the instructor takes the cadet aloft with two other ships and they fly formation. Then comes solo formation.

First take-offs, then V's, line flying, right and left echelons, V-of-V's and other maneuvers to teach the cadets the fundamentals of teamwork in the air. It's teamwork that will mean success or failure, life or death, to them not so many months later when their flight roars off the deck of a carrier in the Pacific or Atlantic to challenge a skyful of Zeros or Messerschmitts.

The average cadet is 19 to 21 years old when he arrives at Millington for primary training. He has

(Continued on page 25)



1923



1925



1926



1935



1937



1940



1942

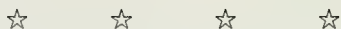
May 28
1943

Vol. 6
No. 1



Flying Reporter

Published every third Friday for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department



EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
Editor.....Keith Monroe
Associate Editor.....Sue Zinn Gunthorp
Staff Artists.....Michael Brush; Joe Thein
George Duncon; Paul Hoffman
Staff Photographers.....Tommy Hixson; Frank Martin

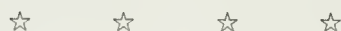


Special Features

An Airplane Is Barn.....Palmer Wentworth

Staff Contributors

Drop-Hammer.....Lynn Harrington, Dick Gillam
Engineering.....Victor Odin
Experimental.....Bob Jahnstan, R. N. Wollin
Fashions & Furbelows.....Frances Statler
Final Assembly.....Enid Larsen
Finishing.....George and Lil
From the Beam.....Pat Kelly
Humor.....Will Cameron
Industrial Training.....L. E. Plummer
Inspection.....Irene Travis
Laboratory.....Sally and Sue
Lafing.....Gilbert Cusey
Machine Shop.....Bette Landan; Win Alderson
A. G. Harris
Maintenance.....John Rodgers
Manifold.....G. "Bob" Harris
George Duncan, Dick Ribley
Manifold Small Parts.....Josephine R. Viall
Modeling.....Mel Minar
Plant Engineering.....Rabt. E. Christy
Flonnie Freeman, F. Gardan Mossap
Plant Personalities.....Jack Graham
Production Planning.....Maynard Lovell
Purchasing.....Pat Eden
Ryanettes.....Gerry Wright; Margaret Walker
Marion Key
Safety.....M. M. Clancy
Sheet Metal.....Emil Magdick
Special Correspondent.....Mrs. Betty Bird
Sports.....A. S. Billings; George Sinclair
Ed Sly; Fred Osenburg; Betty Phillips
Time Study.....Dortha Dunstan
Tooling.....Chas. B. Anderson
Wing Assembly.....Chuck Kellagg, R. F. Hersey



Copy deadline for the next issue is June 7th

The Walking Reporter

By Ye Ed

That current Lucky Strike cigarette slogan, "So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed," might easily apply to some of the slacks you see worn by gals downtown.

Things we never knew till lately: That ERNIE MOORE used to stage fashion shows. . . . That BILL BATZLOFF of the Lab is a member of the Bottom-Scratchers Club, exclusive he-man organization which you're not eligible to join unless you've caught a live shark bare-handed (no fooling!) . . . That columnist SLIM COATS left this month planning to join the Marines. . . . That JACK COGGINS, current contender for the world's light-heavyweight fisticuffs crown, works here in Manifold. . . . That FRANK PERSONS, our new Director of Industrial Relations, has been in President Roosevelt's private office several times. He used to be top man of the USES. . . . That Ryan apparently has the greatest collection of ex-rodeo stors to be found in any factory in America. If you don't believe it, look on page 3 of this issue.

We see by the papers that Roy F. Hendrickson, director of the Food Distribution Administration, says there's a serious shortage of fish this year. And so, naturally, every patriot should be willing to oil up his tackle and do his bit, regardless.

Our contender for the Ryan long-distance perfect attendance championship: FRED TOMRELL of Maintenance. He's worked here five and a half years without being late or absent. Anybody know of a better record? Step right this way, please. Don't crowd. . . . For further dope on Iron Man Tomrell, see page 22.

Some of the boys and girls out in Crib 4½ of Small Parts Inspection are getting a certain grim glee out of the mognifying glass they use to inspect plane parts. Reason: the parts may some day fly over Tokyo — which happens to be where the magnifying glass was made.

Have you noticed how fast that quiet, pleasant lad named HARLEY RUBISH is moving up the ladder? Not so long ago he was foreman of Drop-hammer. Then he was put in charge of the larger Stamping division, which includes all hydropress and crank press work as well as drop-hammer operations. And now Harley has been made general foreman of the whole huge Manifold division as well as Stamping! At that rate, in another two years he should be Governor of California.

As usual, there've been other promotions too. DICK HERSEY and HARRY SCHEIDLE have moved up to leadmen in Wing; BILL VAN DEN AKKER is now working on special assignments as staff assistant to the Production Superintendent; JIM SCURLOCK has replaced him as Acting Director of the Laboratory; ACE EDMISTON is now Tooling Superintendent. Always room at the top, gentlemen.

Ryan's Dream Round-up

Bronc busting and steer roping were simple as peelin' potatoes for these Ryan rough riders

by SUE ZINN GUNTROP

The flames from the campfire were sparkling when the last two riders came over the knoll and started down the slope to join the first Ryan chuck-wagon round-up. The rich aroma of broiling steaks wafted up on the breeze, and the far cry of a calf lost from its mother mingled with the laughter and song of the men and the crunch of their horses' hoofs on the ground.

Around the campfire, activity was gathering tempo. Carl Thomas, with an armload of wood, was presiding over the fire. Bill Kindall, Michael Brush and a bunch of the others were tackling the bedralls being tassed down off the chuck wagon. Slim Coats, getting the feel of the range in his roping arm again, was laying a succession of leaps over Bill Odom; and Frank Walsh, tossing aside the ten gallon hat which had all but buried him during the afternoon, was dishing out culinary advice.

The stage was set. The Ryan rough riders, veterans of rodeos and round-ups, were ready for an evening of yarns and experiences mixed with the song and cheer of a good old-fashioned chuck-wagon round-up. Joining them for the celebration were other expert Ryan horsemen—Maynard Lovell, Rex Seaton, Eddie Oberbauer, Dick Gillam, Jim Bunnell, Bill Wilkins, Al Gee, Erich Faulwetter, Frenchie Foushee, Chris Mueller, Sam Pinney, Andy Kerr, Walt Corley, Russ Frazer, Dave Bracken, Jim Jardine, Hugh Eldridge, Bill Cornett and Glenn McCrae.

As the strains of "Chisholm Trail" drifted off in the night, Slim, sitting cross-legged in front of the fire, leaned out to look around at Carl Thomas. "Remember the year we met in Cheyenne?" he asked. "You were riding there that year, weren't you?"

Carl was off on a chain of reminiscences. "Yeah, most of my riding I did up there in Wyoming—but that must've been in '22. I did fine the first couple of days of that rodeo. Then the third day I tangled with the sunfishin'est big black horse I've ever seen. He not only threw me, but he came down with one foot on my face and another on my chest. That finished me for the Cheyenne rodeo.

"I never'll forget the first time I went to Cheyenne, though. I was scared stiff so I just sat on the fence and watched. One day some of 'em came up and asked me which horse I wanted to ride. I assured them that I didn't want to ride at all—that's where I made my mistake. They tied me on a four-year-old white-face steer and believe me, steers and I have had a mutual dislike for each other ever since. But after that, when anybody asked me what I wanted to ride, I picked out something, but quick. Miller, there, he's another Cheyenne-er."

"Well," Glen drawled as he pulled himself up from a comfortable lean against a bed roll. "At Cheyenne I was mostly an 'also ran.' The biggest thrills I had came in Sioux City and Omaha. Back in 1910 I did a little bronc ridin' in Sioux City and won a trophy. Then when I got down to Omaha there was a \$100 purse at stake on one 'Black Pete' to be ridden to a finish. Folks had been tryin' it clear from Cheyenne. It took 48 minutes of torture, but I did it. The horse was ruined for bucking—and I was almost ruined too. I couldn't stand up for two hours afterward."

"Kindall should spin the yarn. He's been at Cheyenne, too," came from across the fire.

"My father was a horse buyer, so I got in the game early," Frank explained. "I picked up a \$250 saddle bronc ridin' at Garden City, Kansas, and also took a crack at Pendleton and Cheyenne. Then for 11 years I trailed cattle from Mexico to Colorado. Once my employers—a couple of brothers—tossed a coin to see whether or not we'd try to take our 5000 head across a swollen river. We tried—but the current was strong and the water 20 feet deep in spots and three-quarters of a mile across. I went over on a blue roan that took to water like an Olympic champ, but of the 5000 cattle that went in, only 4000 came out."

"Here's another Cheyenne star," Carl broke in, "but I can't pry him loose." Practically submerged under that super-duper



hat again, Frank Walsh was making an unsuccessful attempt to appear inconspicuous.

"Cheyenne? Oh, that was about 1905. I did a little roping in a contest—placed second was all," Walsh explained modestly to the veteran riders who know that merely to enter at Cheyenne you have to be an artist of first rank. "When I was a kid I used to follow the round-up wagons from spring to fall. Then I joined up with the 'I Bar I' outfit and later worked on the Diamond Horse Ranch—the largest horse ranch in the country at that time. I did some round-up work on the 101 Ranch where Tam Mix and Buck Jones got their start, and I rode with Buffalo Bill and his outfit from New York to Kansas City. Got to know a lot of interesting people in the round-up business—everybody from such homely cowboy comedians as Will Rogers, to expert horsemen like Charlie Tipton and Harry Brennan and an down through some of the most notorious gunmen in the country. Did a little bronc peelin' up in Wyoming, but when it comes to breakin' horses, Ralph has probably done more than all the rest—"

"Nat too fast, Frank," interrupted Ralph Gattschalk. "About all the horse breakin' I did was during the first World War when the French army was needing horses. We brought in 265 head of wild horses right off the range and broke them to ride. When we pranced them past the judges' stand, some of them had only been ridden a couple of saddles—we often wondered how some of the Parisian lads made out."

"Why don't we hear from Slim Coats? Somebody give him prod," came a voice from the other side of the fire.

"Oh gee, I did a little ridin', but it didn't amount to much—won a doorstep once," drawled Slim, whose haire is perhaps the

(Continued on page 15)



Parking Lot Purgatory!

How to keep friends and solve parking problems is the dilemma of Ryan guards

"Nobody loves a traffic cop," one of the Ryan plant policemen said gloomily. "Especially when he's telling people where they can't park."

The policeman spoke the truth. Ryan's auto parking troubles—minor compared to the difficulties of some other factories—are enough of an irritant to keep the cops in hot water every day. "You fellows are always playing favorites—if he can park there, why can't I?" is a question hurled at the Ryan guards almost daily. "You let me park here yesterday; now you won't. Why don't you make up your mind?" . . . "Who do you think you are, the Lane Ranger? You can't tell me where to go. I'll park wherever I please!"

If you don't know the inside story, the chances are you might get riled at the Ryan cops once in awhile, even though they're always diplomatic and courteous. It's only human nature, perhaps, for you to get hot under the neckband when a company guard issues seemingly senseless instructions that prevent you from parking where you'd like to park.

But when you know the score, the guard's instructions always make sense. He's acting under orders—not just maneuvering you around for the fun of watching you drive. His orders are part of a carefully-planned program to get everyone in and out of the parking areas as smoothly and speedily as possible.

Captain F. K. Pierson of the Ryan plant police has spent hours studying Ryan's parking problems at first hand. He's been out late at night and early in the morning, watching the stream of cars coming and going from the plant. Together with Chief M. J. Peter and Al Gee, head of Plant Protection, he has worked out a parking system that requires less than 12 minutes to get Ryan's hundreds of cars out at the change of shifts.

"We figure it's our responsibility to see that nobody is late to work because of delay in parking," Pierson says. "So far we've been able to do it. Most of the time even though very few people drive onto the lot until 15 minutes before the starting whistle blows, we've got everyone parked before it's time for the shift to start."

In order to keep the endless line moving smoothly without jams, plant police must direct each automobile speedily to the right

parking place. They can't stop to argue with an irate driver, nor explain why he must park in the spot they've picked out for him. If they paused to explain why and wherefore, within ten seconds there'd be a long line of hanking cars jammed up behind him. That's why a Ryan cop groans inwardly whenever some driver sticks his head out the window and bawls "Why?"

"Most Ryanites know our guards are doing their best," Al Gee says, "and trust them to decide where cars should go. But there's a small minority who can't understand why parking privileges given to others shouldn't be given to them too. We can sympathize with these people in disliking to park their car farther from their office than seems necessary, but we wish they'd sympathize with us, too, and understand that we can't let everybody park by the gate or in front of the plant. It's only 600 feet from the farthest car on the parking lot to the factory entrance. Surely that isn't too far for any able-bodied person to walk, especially when he realizes that at some other plants, workers' cars are parked three and four deep as far as five blocks from the factory."

It happens at least once or twice every month: Some Ryanite drives through the parking lot gate, is waved farther an into

the lot by the cap, yet at the same time sees another car being permitted to park right by the gate. He sees that the other driver is just one of the factory rank and file. "Why can't I park there too?" he demands hotly. "Is he any better than me?"

"Sorry, can't stop to explain," the cop says and shoos him out into the distant regions of the lot. The Ryanite drives on, feeling much abused and wondering why those blankety-blankety cops don't learn their business.

What he doesn't know is that the area near the gate is specially reserved for workers who are physically handicapped. Ryan's crippled workers are a pretty game bunch, but the management doesn't believe they should be asked to make their way through and around long lines of cars to get to the factory. So the plant police have been instructed to give them preferential parking. And the guards faithfully carry out these instructions—in spite of a good many black looks from those who don't understand why or for whom that parking space is reserved.

Not long ago a Ryanite drove up the highway and parked his car near the front of the factory. A plant policeman hurried up to him. "Sorry," he said. "Can't let you park here. Will you move farther down, please?"

"You cops park here, don't you?" the driver snapped. "What's good enough for you is good enough for me."

Chief Peter, noticing the argument, moved to the guard's assistance. "We have to keep this space for plant police cars because they'd need them in a hurry in case of an emergency," he explained. "I'll have to ask you to move your car."

"Nuts to you," the driver said. He set the brake, got out and locked his car. "I'm parked here. What are you going to do about it?" He strode on into the plant.

Chief Peter did nothing about it, except to report the incident to the man's department head—who promptly called the individual in. "Move your car at once," he said, "and just remember that I don't want anyone in my department who won't follow instructions from the plant guard." So the Ryanite moved his car. One doesn't say "Nuts to you" to one's department head.

(Continued on page 15)



They're Backing Them Up

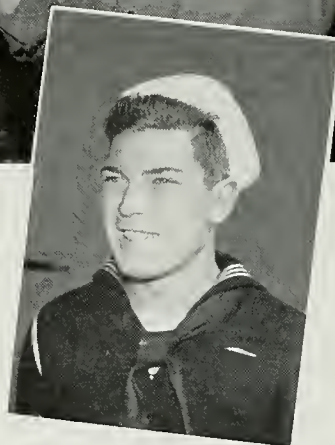
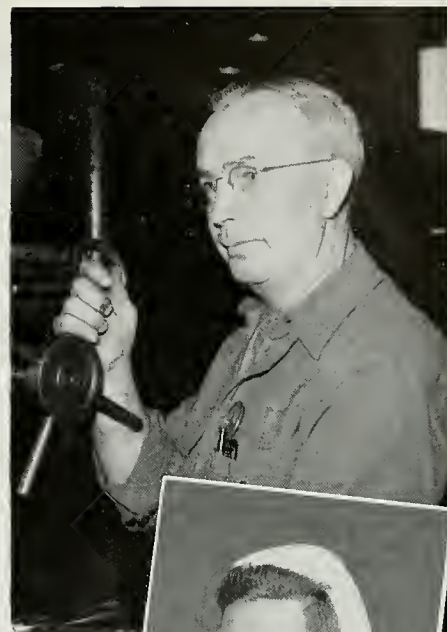
A former Ryanite and his father have gone into collaboration on winning this war. C. E. JEFFREY of Final Assembly is going to see it through on the production front while stepson Glen, until a few months ago a member of Ryan's Manifold department, has joined the Navy. Young Jeffrey at present is stationed at San Pedro.

Another Ryan family that is in it " 'til the boys come home" are Mrs. Fair Firth of Personnel and her father, Ivan Porter of Manifold Dispatching. Three and possibly four members of their family are now overseas.

Scheduled to come home on furlough the latter part of December, 1941, Howard Firth (CMM), Mrs. Firth's husband, was in Manila aboard the submarine Sea Lion at the outbreak of war. Later, when the Sea Lion had to be scuttled, Howard remained at Corregidor awaiting orders to join another sub. The orders came. He was to use a small boat to cross the Jap-infested waters and rendezvous at a designated hour and place with an American sub on the night of May 5th. But during the day of May 5th Corregidor fell.

For the first few months of the war, Mrs. Firth and their son, born after Howard left for Manila 2½ years ago, had very little information. Then on May 13th, 1942, came word from the Navy that Howard Firth was missing — followed by months of silence. Ten months later to the day, on March 13th of this year, a telegram came from Washington that the Japanese Red Cross listed him a prisoner. The final chapters of how nearly Howard came to escaping the fate of Corregidor were supplied by his friends from other boats who have recently returned to the States.

According to latest word received by their father, Ivan Porter, two and possibly all three of Mrs. Firth's brothers are now overseas. Staff Sgt. Sidney Porter was at the front in North Africa. Alan Porter, Fireman First Class, who served on the Iceland Patrol before the war and has since participated in both the Midway and Coral Sea battles, is somewhere in the South Pacific. Sgt. Bruce Porter, a gunnery instructor, reported in his last letter, received some time ago, that he expected to go overseas very soon.



Top: C. E. Jeffrey, Final Assembly, and his son Glen, now in the Navy.

Below: Mrs. Fair Firth of Personnel and her father, Ivan Porter of Manifold Dispatching, with their service family: left to right; Howard Firth (CMM), a prisoner of the Japs; Alan Porter (F 1/c) in the South Pacific; Sgt. Bruce Porter, gunnery instructor; Staff Sgt. Sidney Porter, in North Africa.





Meet—W. Frank Persons

At the beginning of his career Frank Persons came to New York by hopping a freight train. Within the next forty years he was to become one of the world's major Red Cross officials, a nationally-known crusader against loan shorks, and an influential figure in Washington during the early days of the New Deal. He was to head the United States Employment Service, and help shape the basic character of the Civilian Conservation Corps; then turn his back on public life and become one of private industry's leading experts on industrial relations. That's the sort of man Ryan got when it signed up W. Frank Persons as head of its new Department of Industrial Relations.

Persons started his career in typical American fashion by being barn in a lag house on an Iowa farm. He graduated from a small country high school at 15, worked for a carpenter for a year and then took a job as a rural school teacher. The big boys in the school had thrown out several pre-

vious teachers—but Persons was big and husky enough so that he thought he could hold the position.

For two days Persons ran the classroom without any trouble, but on the third day mischief began. The ringleader was the son of the school district supervisor—a brawny young man who, though 23 years old, was still a pupil. Persons promptly yanked him out of his seat, took him outside, and administered a thrashing. "He put up some opposition, but I can't remember that I had any difficulty," Persons says.

The next day the district supervisor came to school with his son. "You get an inside," the official told his son, then turned to Persons. "I don't think you'll have any more trouble with my boy," he said quietly. "He's as scared of you as he is of a rattlesnake." From then on, young Frank kept his flack under control without difficulty.

But school teaching at \$30 a month didn't seem an attractive career to a boy as am-

bitious as Persons was. He decided he wanted to go to college. But college entrance examinations included Greek—of which he knew not a syllable. Undaunted, he bought Greek textbooks and spent his nights studying them—without a teacher and without the faintest idea how to pronounce the words. A year later, he passed an examination in first year college Greek and was admitted to Cornell College, Iowa. He put himself through by doing janitor work night and morning and studying whenever he wasn't attending classes. In 1900 he was graduated with a Bachelor's degree in Philosophy.

It was during his college days that Persons made his memorable freight train journey to New York, thereby laying the foundation for his career. It happened this way:

In those days the great sport at small mid-western colleges was debating. Students took as fierce an interest in it as they do now in football. During his senior year, Persons was captain of the debating team

Helping other people has been his life-long interest— now he finds another opportunity in Ryan's newest department

which was to tackle Grinnell College in the big debate of the year. That year Cornell had the choice of subject, with Grinnell getting the choice of side.

Persons' team named as subject: "Resolved: That an educational qualification should be required of immigrants to the United States." To his dismay, Grinnell chose the affirmative side of the question. Persons and his team had taken the affirmative of that question earlier in the year and had won handily. They couldn't see much hope for the negative side of the proposition.

Persons combed the college library and the libraries of neighboring towns. His research produced facts which added up to a profoundly unimpressive case. Finally he decided the only way to get the kind of material that would win the debate was to go to New York and study the immigration situation first hand.

He had little money, so he simply hopped a freight train and traveled to Manhattan without cost. There he spent three weeks talking to immigrants and immigration officers and others with practical facts—hearing the true life stories of foreigners who came to America unable to read or write, yet became solid and successful citizens in America's land of opportunity. Frank rode the freights back to Iowa, and his team won the big debate by unanimous verdict.

His close-up view of New York tenement districts and Ellis Island aliens gave Frank Persons an interest in alleviating human misery that has stayed with him all his life. When an influential Cornell alumnus wrote to the college president asking him to recommend a young man interested in social work who could take a position in the great Charity Organizations Society of New York, the president promptly recommended Persons. So Frank returned to New York, this time via Pullman.

After two years with the C.O.S., Persons worked his way through Harvard Law School, practiced law for a year in Sioux City, Iowa, and then returned to the C.O.S. This time he stayed eleven years and rose to be one of New York's best-known experts in the administration of social work.

When the Titanic sank and its survivors were landed in New York, Persons and his wife were asked by the American Red Cross to take charge of their relief. This was a mountainous job, because among the survivors were hundreds of steerage immigrants. These people had lost every possession they brought with them—their life savings, their passports, their railway tickets to destinations in America, and the addresses of their relatives. Many were widows who had lost their husbands in the disaster. Some were small children orphaned by the sinking. To these stricken people, homeless and penniless, unable to speak English, and dazed with grief, the help given by Persons and his staff symbolized the mercy and hospitality of the great nation to which they had come. He and his wife put in a year

of painstaking work getting these unfortunates settled and untangling their snarled affairs. It was a masterly piece of relief administration and helped to make a national reputation for Persons.

In 1917 Persons left the C.O.S. to become Director General of Civilian Relief for the American Red Cross. In January, 1919, he was sent to Europe to become Director of the Department of Organization of the League of Red Cross Societies. Until this time each country's Red Cross had been independent and autonomous. With Persons' help they were linked into the world-wide association which now serves their common programs in time of peace.

Returning to America, Persons became National Vice Chairman of the American Red Cross, and was given the assignment of reorganizing its staff and program to serve peace-time needs. He was the early sponsor of these continuous activities of the magnificent chapter organization, reaching into every country village, which the Red Cross has maintained ever since as its peace-time program.

Completing this job, Persons looked around and wondered what to do next. He was then 45 and at the top of the social-work profession. He wanted new fields to explore. So he resigned from the Red Cross and took a job as an industrial relations director for a public utility firm. He stayed in public utility work for seven years.

During these seven years of employee counseling, he saw case after case of gouging by loan sharks who preyed on helpless workers. In those days such money-lenders charged 300% to 600% interest a year. Many an unwary borrower was wrung dry of his very lifeblood by the merciless squeezing of such creditors. Persons had been a stern opponent of the loan sharks since 1906. Finally he began agitating strenuously for legislation to curb their activities in his state. He had earlier helped to get attention to the necessity for state laws of that kind.

The ethical personal finance companies, which wanted to see the small-loan business put on a plane of honesty and integrity, offered him a big salary to serve as administrator of a national association of the legitimate personal finance companies—a post from which he could exert pressure in cleaning up the small loan racket, and restoring finance companies to the good graces of the public. He accepted the job and held it for three years—but then came the depression, the New Deal election, the bank closings and a hurry-up call for Persons from Washington.

Frances Perkins, the new Secretary of Labor, wanted Persons to take the job of selecting the hundreds of thousands of men who were to be enrolled in the new Civilian Conservation Corps, legislation for which had just been enacted by Congress.

The CCC might have been a vastly different organization if Miss Perkins hadn't called Persons in. Labor organizations were opposed to the CCC plan as it had been

drafted, because it permitted taking family men who had been earning good wages and sending them to camps at low pay, away from their homes and their chances of re-employment. Persons agreed with these views of the labor leaders. "I won't be a party to separating men from their wives and children," Persons told the Secretary of Labor. "I think the CCC should be for boys between 18 and 25 who are single, have no work, and whose parents are unemployed. If this new organization can be set up on that basis, I'd be glad to tackle the job."

Miss Perkins and Robert Fechner, director of the CCC, accepted this suggestion. So Persons went to work for the New Deal, and in the next nine years supervised the selection of three million young men for the camps.

Shortly after he joined the CCC, an even bigger governmental job was offered Persons. The New Deal's tremendous public works program was just getting under way. Men must be found to fill millions of public-works jobs—men who were unemployed yet fully qualified for the jobs to be done. Would Persons take on the assignment of organizing a nation-wide free employment service?

He agreed, with the proviso that he be allowed to continue his work with the CCC without pay. This was satisfactory, and the new United States Employment Service was organized with Persons at its head. He spent six years building it up, but resigned in 1939 after friendly but fundamental disagreements on policy, and returned to full-time work with the CCC.

In 1942 he did something he'd never done before—asked for a job. The problem of handling industrial relations in one of America's booming war plants appealed to him. Hearing that an officer of Consolidated Aircraft Corporation was in Washington, he called him up and announced that he would like to be considered for the position of Director of Industrial Relations. A few weeks later, after conferences on the coast with the company's San Diego executives, Persons moved in.

A year afterward, he resigned. Within a week after his resignation, he was offered two important jobs—one with the government and one with Ryan. After several conferences with Claude Ryan and Eddie Molloy he accepted their offer, moving into an office here this month as head of Ryan's newly-organized Industrial Relations department.

At 66 Persons still looks burly and vigorous, with all the drive that once enabled him to write a 280-page book in longhand within the space of three weeks. Since his wife died two years ago, he has devoted himself more energetically than ever to work. Persons has two sons in war work (one in uniform), and is proud of them—but he feels that by helping the Ryan Company look after the well-being of its thousands of war workers, he too is making an important contribution to the war effort.



He gets good cooperation because his workers know and like him

was attending Texas Tech after a boyhood spent moving with his family from one oil town to another. When his brother took the Western Air Lines job, Joe decided to come with him to San Diego and see what California was like. Applying for work at one or two of the aircraft factories, he was told that he needed more technical training, so he enrolled at a technical school in Glendale.

After a little more education he went job hunting again, and this time landed a berth at Consolidated. "When the big lay-off came in the summer of '38, I went out along with all the rest," Joe recalls with a smile. "Shortly afterward I went to work for Ryon and I've never regretted it."

At Ryon he was put to work at fitting and line-up work on manifolds. But he soon began to move ahead. His superiors liked the thorough conscientious work of this quiet young man. He followed orders meticulously, watched over workers to learn what he could from them, and contributed occasional suggestions that helped improve shop methods. Before long he found himself a leadman in the Manifold department. Then he was moved to third shift and made a leadman there—which carried more responsibility since there's less supervision from above on the graveyard trick. Two and a half years ago he became assistant foreman in charge of the third shift manifold workers, and three months ago he was made foreman of manifold assembly. Joe Love is immensely popular among all his workers. "I believe it's a foreman's responsibility to get personally acquainted with every man and woman in his department," Love says. "I have known factories in which workers don't have even a speaking acquaintance with their foremen—but that's not the way we work at Ryon. My department is so big now that I haven't had a chance to get to know all my gong well—but I intend to. I already know everybody's name, and as time goes on, I hope to build up real friendship with everybody in the department.

In his time Joe has worked under some superiors who were hard to get along with—but he's always managed to get smooth cooperation from all of them. "If you take things easy and never lose your temper and make requests when they're in a good

(Continued on page 11)

Joe Love

Manifold Assembly



The rise of Joe Love has been rapid but not spectacular. Joe Love always seems to do things quietly—even moving up from an unknown, rank-and-file worker to foreman in less than five years.

This brown, good-natured Texan takes even the most hair-raising experiences in easy-going, matter-of-fact style. Years ago he was working in the Texas oil fields atop a 50 foot tower with another worker. Each man was standing on one end of a board, so when the other fellow stepped off, Joe started down. He saved his life by catching a rung of the tower 10 feet farther down. In looking back on the experience, however, Joe doesn't seem to regard it as anything exciting. "When I started to fall, I dropped the hammer I had in my hand," he recalls

calmly. "My dad was working on the ground and he was mad because the hammer nearly hit him."

Another time, when Joe was a youngster working in an icehouse in Lubbock, Texas, he lost the toes of one foot in a freezing machine, but he shrugged the accident off philosophically. "It's never bothered me any," Love says. "I played football in high school, and nowadays I go in for bowling, golf, riding and every other sport that comes along. I'm only sorry about the accident because it wrecked my chances to be a flier."

Joe's brother was for years a pilot for Western Air Lines and is now in the Ferry Command. It was through this brother, incidentally, that Joe came to California. Joe



Time Study Observations

by Dortha Dunston

Now get this straight—no poet am I
But sketches from Methods I'm going to try.
Months have flown by since last you have heard
Our gossip and stories of what has occurred.
The force has decreased, but work we get done.
"Eligibles" left?—we have almost none.
Of our Chief M. M. CLANCY we all are mast proud;
His safety ideas are praised long and loud.
Our spare time in Time Study COLVIN fills
Packing aspirin tablets or soda mint pills.
Those packages stationed down in the shop
Kept the Methods "spare timers" all on the hop.
MAJORS, poor fellow, on one of his sprees
Smashed up his car when it wouldn't climb trees.
Now, poor Maj. is walking or begging a ride;
He was lucky at that—just minus some hide.
Now TAYLOR, I take it, has plenty of know,
And there's "SMITTIE" and "JERRY" he keeps on
the go.
Jerry hustles away with his stop-watch to use;
Smittie hurriedly follows, to find timing clues.
I'd miss a "good morning" from DRAPER at four,
Just beginning his shift for eight hours or more.
His cheery good humor, with action and fun
Makes me realize I'm tired now that work is done.
Ryan's Dan Cupid's been playing "I spy";
He flew into Methods and made a bull's eye!
Wedding bells rang for our THELMA and WALT;
Now, Cupid, 'nuf said—let's just call a halt.
Master of manifold routings, PARNELL,
Is swamped with new contracts and working like
—everything.
We lent him ELIZABETH 'til THELMA got back
So he wasn't left just holding the sack.
"Romeo" OLSEN is helping 'him too
To write up those routings that aren't just a few.
ARLINE returned after several days off,
Minus her tansils and minus her cough.
Then BRASS saw his dentist—now some teeth are
gone,
But he didn't work with an "ether jag" on.
His Bonus Department is working for fair
Since the new acquisition, IRENE, is there.
She heckles the leadmen and trails down reports
On wrong numbers listed and times of all sorts.
BESSIE, the florist with those posies fair
Brings our supply for our vases and hair.
CORCORAN and TELLER and BESSIE were firm
In fighting and conq'ring a nasty cold germ.
Teller will bring forth his moron a while
In jokes that can make the soberest smile.
We seldom see JACK during all of the day;
He's down at the warehouse. Come home, Jack, to
stay!
BETTY'S a card if there ever was one;
She's all out for sport and she's all out for fun.
She does like to work and she's mast fond of play
Providing of course, it's Bernardini way.

'Way Back When



Yes, it's way back in 1915 and Eddie Malloy is seated in a "Sturtevant Steel Battleplane," a vanadium steel ship powered with a 140 horsepower engine. Many of the ideas which Malloy helped to incorporate in this old-time plane are now featured in the most modern fighting craft.

The "Battleplane" was the object of much interest when it was new and its test flight with Lieut. Byron Q. Jones of the U. S. Army at the throttle drew national attention. This account of the flight appeared the following day in the Boston Herald:

"Lieut. Jones went up about half a dozen times, and remained fully half an hour each time. He purposely stalled his engine when at a considerable height and volplaned safely. He made a succession of sharp dives, always with the machine under complete control, and astonished the spectators by the ease with which he was able to 'bank' the craft, turning far over to one side, and to bring her again to an even keel.

"At last he fairly electrified even the experienced aviators in the group of witnesses by looping the loop with the machine thus banked. The feat resembled that of an acrobat who turns his body around on its vertical axis while performing a somersault. His performance set a new mark in daring in the air."

Note folks—McDANIELS, by his very presence
Advocates "strawberries for all the peasants."

We'll not ask for cream, we'll take them as are;
Should his campaign succeed, just present him a star.
Assuming that SCHNEIDER disposed of the mumps
Let's play cards with him, but mumps won't be trumps.
We drink to the health of all those who've been
sick

May good health be theirs throughout thin and thick.
COLVIN starts throwing, comes the end of the day;
His desk he cleans aff and stuff comes my way.

For an orderly desk there's no need to try
'Cause when he starts cleaning, brother, things fly.
Now I've mentioned each one in our Methods group
Working together as one army troop.

We work in accordance without a pause,
For we know, in the end, it's for one common cause.

They're In The Service Too

Before she donned the uniform of the WAACS, Kathryn Cummings, left, was a familiar sight to Ryan factory workers. Aboard her Chare Boy, below, she delivered material from Ryan's Receiving department to other parts of the factory. Private Cummings has now completed her training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, and has been assigned to the motor transport school, also in Des Moines, for further training.

Below: Evelyn Sharpe, formerly of the Engineering department, left this month to join the WAVES and is now in training in New York.

Lower Left: Ample proof that ex-Ryonettes may still be closely connected with Ryan products is this picture of WAVES at a Naval Air Technical Training Center learning the fundamentals of airplane mechanics on a Ryan. (Official U. S. Navy photo.)

Lower Right: Attached to WAAC Headquarters at Fort Mason, California, as a chauffeur is Corporal Annie E. Kuchik, formerly of the Ryan Inspection department. (Official U. S. Signal Corps photo.)



Public Library Adds New Books

Tool Design: by Cyril Donaldson and George H. LeCain.

General methods of tool design which enable the student to develop ideas into practical specifications for modern manufacturing methods form the basis of this volume.

Aircraft Sheet Metal Construction and Repairs: by M. P. Harrold.

Entirely devoted to aircraft work and although not too technical, it is of interest to the experienced sheet metal worker as well as the beginner.

Aircraft Inspection: by Ernest E. Wissman.

Based on the author's extensive aircraft factory experience, including 8 years of specialization in inspection of aircraft and its components. Covers every step in inspection routine from fabrication and sub-assembly to pre-flight and delivery inspection of the complete airplane.

Flying Squadrons: a Graphic History of the U. S. Army Air Forces: by S. Paul Johnston.

Thanks to the men who piloted our embryonic air force through difficult years of maturity, we have today a firm foundation for the rapidly growing structure of American air power. This book tells the story of these men and the machines they built and flew.

He's in the Air Corps Now: by Frederick P. Graham and Harold W. Kulick.

The exciting record of 9 months training of a pilot. Each phase of his activities is illustrated by action photographs taken at various fields and training points, many of which are published for the first time. "Paratroops" training is minutely outlined together with an explanation of the use of gliders in troop movements.

Visibility Unlimited: by Ernest G. Vetter.

Introduction to the science of weather and the art of practical flying. A handbook designed to help the reader understand the weather and how it will affect the air age now dawning.

Is Your Policy Correctly Drawn?

Have you reviewed your group insurance certificate recently? Are you sure the correct beneficiary is named? We strongly urge that you check and see that the person whom you wish to receive the proceeds, in the event of your death, is correctly recorded with the insurance company which carries your group insurance.

An unfortunate situation arose recently wherein one of the Ryan employees had named as his beneficiary his wife. Subsequently they were divorced and his wife remarried. Through oversight, the beneficiary was not changed. He died recently and even though he made the statement that he would like his parents to receive the proceeds, the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company had no choice except to pay the proceeds to the beneficiary designated by him.

If any changes are needed, a form for that purpose may be obtained from the Insurance Desk in the Personnel Department.

Maintenance

by John Rodgers

Mr. BILL DURANT is in the hospital undergoing a major operation. We wish him an early recovery. The latest report is that he is doing very well.

Mrs. SUE SMITH is a new employee in Welding.

Mr. BILL BOURLAND has been appointed assistant foreman on the third shift. Good luck, and smooth sailing, Bill.

KUTESCHE the mechanic's family paid him a visit last week. No wonder he's so full of smiles.

ROY COLE, of the Hat Shat bowling team, doesn't say much lately. I wonder if SPARE CUNDIFF has slipped one over on him.

CORNELIUS, RAPER, KNIGHT and BROWN of the Welding department certainly have calmed down since they have two nice ladies as their helpers.

GILLON, the village blacksmith, has a nice shady spot. The feathers fly all over him, rain or shine.

Mr. WEST, the mechanic, certainly does a wonderful job in keeping the machine moving. He certainly knows his business.

Mr. ALEXANDER'S wife has gone home on a vacation to see her mother and father, and he seems a little dazed—or is it loneliness.

The softball team seems to be on the losing end at this writing. What's wrong, boys?

Mr. BILL KINDALL, the old saw hand, is certainly an artist with the sledge hammer—so says GILA, the blacksmith.

Mrs. HELEN RENOIS is a new member of the Tool Crib.

MORE ABOUT

JOE LOVE

(Continued from page 8)

mood instead of a bad one, you can usually manage to keep things running very nicely," Love says.

This new foreman is a great believer in cooperation as the basis of all factory success. "If I cooperate with other foremen, right up to the hilt, they'll give me the same kind of help when I need it," he says. "If I treat the workers under me as I'd like to be treated, then they'll give me swell support. I try to see that every worker gets full credit for any suggestion he makes, by having him write it up and send it through the shop suggestion system. I try to make sure that everyone in my department really enjoys working here, and so far that policy is paying dividends."

Joe has been married since shortly after he went to work for Consolidated. As soon as he got the job he wired his Texas sweetheart, met and married her in Yuma, and brought her back to San Diego to establish a home here. Today the Loves have two young sons and a daughter, and Joe looks forward to a life-time career with Ryan. "I think this company's manifold business is going to be booming as big as ever after the war," he says. "There'll be plenty of planes flying and they'll all need manifolds. They'll buy their manifolds from the company that makes them best. With the manifold business we've got now, there's no reason why we can't continue to make big sales after the war. I hope to be right here to see it."

* * *

Famous last words: "I didn't know the machine was running."

WANTED...

Mechanical Draftsmen with 2 years or more training and some practical experience to draft designs of machinery, cranes, machine foundations, factory equipment such as benches, racks, parts trucks, etc.

* * *

Mechanical Engineers with 3 years or more college training in Mechanical Engineering and 1 year or more experience in Mechanical Engineering to design machinery and attachments, cranes, machinery foundations. Also to stress and design racks, cranes and such.

* * *

If you qualify for either of these positions, see D. H. Palmer or R. E. Christy in Plant Engineering.



by ?

Well-Wisher Praises Work of Ryan and Other Members of Aircraft War Production Council

4707 North Capitol Street
 Washington, D. C.
 March 27, 1943.

MR. JOHN C. LEE, General Manager
 The Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.
 7046 Hollywood Blvd.
 Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I ran across the booklet, "More Airpower per Hour," and read every word with delight. I want to congratulate the Council and all the industries connected with it.

I'm just a little nobody, but I am an American and I love democracy. Hitler said o democracy couldn't organize to fight a war. I admit he had me a little worried there. But your Council — and who knows how many others? — has given Hitler the lie? Thank God —and thank you! I sincerely appreciate all that such cooperation means.

At first glance it seems too bad that after the war competition between the companies will be resumed, but rivalry IS a healthy spur to steady achievement. However, it is simply wonderful that, like a loyal family, individual competition can be laid aside in times of threat from without and taken up again in times of peaceful progress.

Indeed, your Council's story is the greatest propoganda yet far democracy. I would that every individual in the world knew it by heart!

Enthusiastically yours,

CATHERINE B. INGALLS.

This is NOT a printer's error! We need another column for Flying Reporter — in fact, we need several. If you'd like to be a columnist, write up a contribution and drop it in the Flying Reporter box just inside the main factory entrance. Deadline for the next issue is Monday, June 7.

Mo Loft Sez

by Gilbert Cusey



By the time this reaches the public the loft will be practically a memory. It may be just as well, but those of us who have sort of gotten used to the sensations of hot feet and cold backs and bottoms will miss the pranks and friendly rivalry that has always characterized the loft. Here's hoping it will some day be returned to its former glory.

This outburst was brought about by the transfer of loftsmen to other departments. Even though it may accelerate the work of the loft, we all hate to lose contact with those we have worked with during the past year or so.

Getting around to the news and happenings of the past few weeks, let me add a word of warning to the unwary that DUKE is in the middle of a "hot" streak and should be approached with caution. He shows no pity once he is started.

I would like to apologize to two members of the loft, namely NOBLE and SPANKY, for leaving their names off the roll call for special awards for production.

BOB WALL started something when he found a new use for the paper cup, but EDDIE topped him when he introduced the Mexican dollar that also made its appearance in several other departments. I take pleasure in announcing that Bob was the first to view its beautiful designs. Regret to say I had two chances at JOE COTTEN and missed both times.

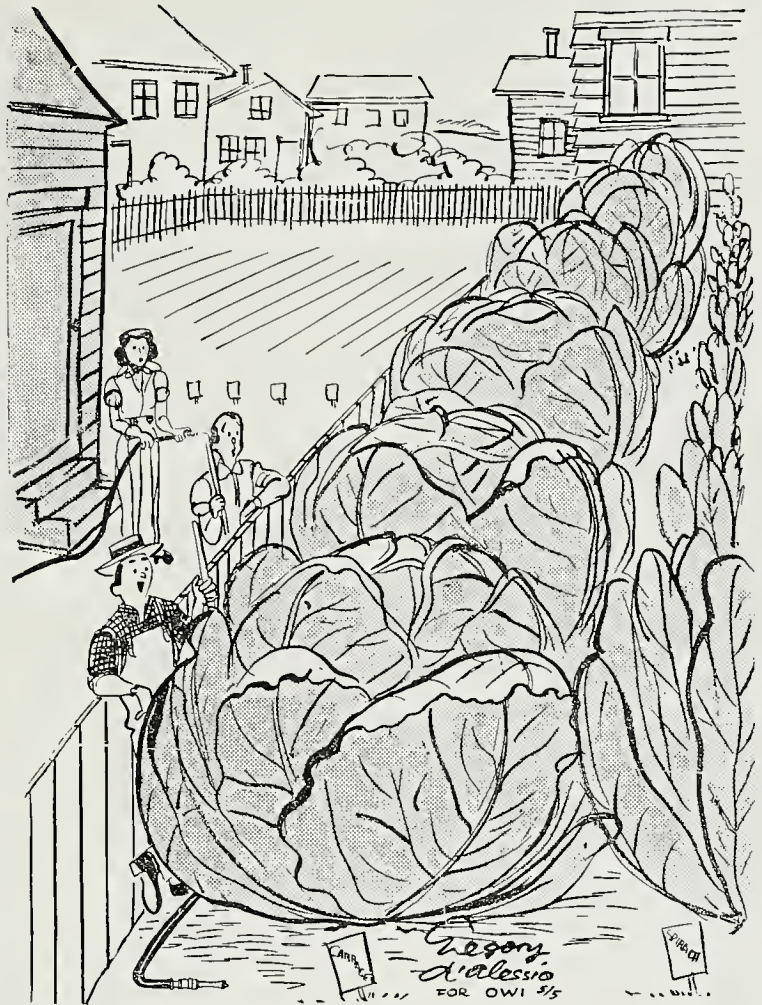
KOSKE was surprised the other day to find that a cup of water had been placed in his coat pocket, but the boys made it right by him by hanging his coat up to dry. It is needless to report he was well pleased by their thoughtfulness.

Now for a few notes that have been handed in during the past few days.

A few evenings ago BOB ANDREWS and HERB CROUCH were guests at a Snipe dinner at the expense of Commodore PATRICK CARTER. The Snipe being Mr. Carter's venerable barque Lulu II, which was out-winged by the newer and more fleet Cinder II. That's all right, Pat, don't feel too bad because after BOB BLAKENEY gets through beating you with his dinghy you'll be in a class all by yourself, and then you can win every race the Lulu will be able to float through. Be sure to have a stirrup pump along, as it really saves a lot of bailing.

The Great Lover BRUNOLD has not been up to par lately. His luscious little gal has gone home for a visit. She'd better hurry back soon as LUKE is sure pining away.

The whole department is behind me in



"Great Stuff Those Plant Vitamins!"

this wish for a speedy recovery of HOWARD CROMWELL'S wife.

The Great Brain of the department, HERB CROUCH, has really been living high these last few weeks. We understand she isn't bad to look at. Just leave it to Herb, he'll pick them, but, my, my, what complications. Every time he is pinned down he uses the excuse of seeing one of his cousins.

As a closing thought, anyone traveling the Julian - San Diego Highway might bring Herb a gallon of Wood's Grape Juice to make him feel at home through the week. That's O. K., Herb, don't get excited, remember this isn't the last issue. (The last remark belongs to one of the aides I have found necessary in getting the dope of the loft members.)

Inasmuch as this is to be my last article, I would like to take this opportunity to thank those who have helped me gather material and ideas for the column. In spite of the kidding some of the fellows have received at my hands, they all took it in good spirit. I hope the one who takes on the job of writing for the Reporter has as good luck in that respect as I have enjoyed.

With the suggestion to the new reporter to always be ready to run, I sign off.

20,000 Cigarettes In 40 Minutes

A whirlwind forty-minute drive produced 20,000 cigarettes for army hospital patients recently when "Pappy" Williams and Bill Truchan, both in the Tooling department, took up a collection during the lunch hour and rest periods one day this month.

It all began when Bill, Pappy and several of their cohorts in Tooling got to thinking that, in the general rush to bring good cheer to sick or wounded sailors and marines in this area, the army had been rather neglected. They decided to try to raise some money for cigarettes for the army's war casualties.

In a quick tour through as much of the factory as they could reach during the lunch recess and two ten-minute rest periods, they raised \$128.55—which was good for 1,000 packs of Old Golds at the rock-bottom price quoted by cigarette companies for gifts to service men. Each pack was imprinted "From Ryan Aeronautical Company Employees" and the entire 1,000 packs went to the Hoff General Hospital in Santa Barbara, which is the nearest hospital for army casualties of this war.

Wanna Swap?

Do you have something you want to buy, sell, or trade? Tell your fellow Ryonites about it in this column! Write your ad and send it to Keith Monroe, Flying Reporter, or drop in the Flying Reporter box just inside the main factory entrance. No charge, of course!

FOR SALE—Baby's ivory-enameled bed, six year size. In perfect condition. Also mattress. Been used only four weeks. Leaving the city and am forced to sell cheap at \$15.00. Mrs. Margoret Dawney, 3894, Sheet Metal.

LOST—Yellow gold ring, black ablang onyx stone with small diamond in center. Please return to George Rodgers, 1773, Small Parts Department, third shift, or call Woodcrest 1859. Reward!

WANTED—Small gasline motor 3 to 15 h.p., good condition, for cash. W. Kane, 3087, Inspection Crib 5, second shift.

FOR SALE—14-foot Tom Blake hollow surf board. Used very little and is water tight. Contact Manley Dean, Service Department, 133.

WANTED TO BUY—Outboard Motor—single or twin. G. F. Strickland, Mach. Shop, 1775.

WILL SWAP 38 police positive Colt revolver for 16mm moving picture projector. S. J. Long, Fuselage Inspection, 1562.

SELL OR SWAP—Complete Dietzen drafting set consisting of instruments, board, triangles, French curve, ink, paper, erasers, etc. In use only three weeks. Will swap for set of used golf clubs. S. Wilkinsan, 2531, Finishing Inspection, Crib 8.

SWAP—1941 4-door deluxe Oldsmobile sedan, fully equipped, will trade for equity in house or farm or good lot. Robert Vizzini, 680, Airplane Planning.

SWAP—Two 35-in- baseball bats for what have you. W. G. Taylor, 2253 Mechanical Maintenance, second shift.

WANTED—Outboard motor. George Brooks, 1259, Drop Hammer, third shift.

WANTED—Used radio not over 2 years old. Jack Wiltan, 25, Salvage.

WANTED—Washing machine. Will pay top price for late model in good condition. F. W. Reed, B13, Contract Administration.

SELL OR SWAP—Iver-Johnson Bicycle with new pre-war 28" tires for \$30.00 or a baby buggy. Bill Barry, 431, Contract Engineering. Home phone T-2771.

SWAP—Genuine English custom made Garland automatic record changer. Plays 10" or 12" records without changing and automatically shuts off after last record. Want boat, motor scooter, or rodia test equipment. Jack Graham, 287, Airplane Welding.

WANTED—Back issues of "Flying Reporter," as follows:
Volume 3, No. 10.
Volume 4, No. 5.
Volume 4, No. 9.
Volume 4, No. 10.
Please contact R. S. Cunningham, Production Control Superintendent, Phone 273.

RADIO REPAIRS—I am repairing radios for Ryan employees exclusively in my spare time at home. This way you can get good service from someone who is known to everybody and be assured of a good job. Will pick up and deliver at the back gate after work every night. Contact me during rest periods. No auto radios. L. E. Garrison (Pappy), 1532, Manifold Inspection.

WANTED TO TRADE—My one-bedroom furnished house for a two-bedroom furnished house. I have house with one bedroom, kitchen, living room, dinette and bath, furnished complete with linens, dishes, utensils. No garage. Walking distance to aircraft companies. On 2nd Avenue, \$40.00 per month. I want house with 2 bedrooms, dining room, kitchen and bath, furnished. \$40.00 or not over \$45.00 Dishes and linens not necessary; garage preferable. Near street car between 1st and 30th near University. Lt. G. R. Bills, Plant Protection Office.

FOR SALE—Daberman Pinscher pup. Carmack Berryman, 2615, Inspection, Crib 3.

WANTED—Red and green wing tip navigation lights, fabric and clear drape, compass, ball and bank meter, air speed indicator. R. L. Scott, 3841 Mechanical Maintenance.

FOR SALE—One pair of Brooks white figure skates, size 4½, \$9. Charles Lehton, 108, Electrical Maintenance.

SELL OR SWAP—"Flash-A-Call" intercommunication system capable of carrying up to 10 sub-stations. Consists of Master Control and one sub-station. New—used for demonstrations only. As many sub-stations as desired may be obtained. Ferd. Wolfram, 3053, Drop-Hammer, third shift.

WANTED—Light-weight English or American bicycle. Will pay top price. Earl Atkinson, 1241, Drop Hammer.

Plant Personalities

by Jack Graham

Meet genial BILL KELLER, manager of Ryan's company tool store. Bill has had an exciting career as an amateur explorer and miner, and has amassed a mighty fine collection of stones.

Bill spent 20 years traveling the deserts and mountains of western America. He's had many varied experiences. Once he called at a neighbor's cabin, found his car in front loaded with ammunition, tools and supplies for a long prospecting trip—but no neighbor. The man has never been seen since that day, and Bill has often wondered just what the true explanation is for that Nevado mystery.

He knows a place in Nevada where you can find volcanic pellets smooth and round as cannonballs, weighing many pounds, lying in the mountains more than fifteen miles from the volcano of their origin. He's seen beaches covered with moonstones, onyx and other sought-after stones. He can still find gold in sufficient quantities to make a good living, but he's settled down to city life now.

Then there's Mrs. KATE WEEKS, who has charge of the Ryan manifold jigs and dies room. She was a teacher for 15 years in the Passaic, N. J., public schools, where she pioneered in the teaching of subnormal children.

Her interest in their problems led to the development of metalwork and handicraft training for these retarded youngsters; she was able during her career to set many a discouraged boy right in his way of thinking and feeling.

Mrs. Weeks received widespread recognition for her work among foreign children, many of whom were looked down upon because of their nationality. Her students remained loyal to her and still correspond with her.

She has traveled extensively in Europe, and was in Germany shortly before the war broke out. She was amazed at the sight of German soldiers training everywhere.

One night in Nuremberg, while she was dining at her hotel, a large party of black-shirted Schutzstaffel—Hitler's elite storm troopers—swept in and announced that Hitler was about to arrive. She was forced to vacate her room to make space for the Fuehrer's entourage.

Mrs. Weeks remembers Hitler as a handsome, striking, perfectly dressed man, who is quiet and unassuming until he talks. Then he becomes violent and hysterical. She says he used to be tall and thin, but seems to have put on a lot of weight in recent years.

Mrs. Weeks now lives in La Jolla with a former vice-principal of Passaic schools. She has a beautiful collection of brass work and does both hand-hammering and soldering of brass articles. Her early art school training gave her the ability to do intricate and interesting designs in brass.



MORE ABOUT
**RYAN'S
DREAM
ROUND-UP**

(Continued from Page 3)

only one in San Diego boasting a silver trophy as a doorstop. "The first bucking contest I entered was up in Montana when I was 19 and I made myself \$150. Guess that musta started me off. After that I went from contest to contest and in 1926 was bucking champ at Pendleton, Oregon, for a purse of \$1500. Later I went to Hollywood and they were looking for someone's neck to risk. Mine volunteered and I began falling off horses for pictures like Wells Fargo, Northwest Passage and some of the others. All my bachelor days I'd thought that if ever I reached Hollywood, I'd surely fall—and then it had to be off a horse.

"The thing I remember most about round-ups is the cowboy coffee. Say, one drop of that stuff will waterproof a fence post. Pour a cup of it into a prairie dog village, and the rattlesnakes, owls and gophers will light out for high grounds. It's a sublimate corrosive of concentrated venom and is so bitter that it can be sweetened by steel filings, ground glass and plaster of Paris. It's stronger than the Atlantic cable, blacker than a mule's bedroom and hotter than a comet's tail.

"But getting off of coffee and back to round-ups, the guys who've been at the game most recently are Bill Kline and Michael Brush. Quit hiding your light under a barrel over there, fellos."

Bill Kline crossed his legs. "I roped at the 101 Ranch too, but not at the same time Walsh was there. Then I've done a good bit of rodeo roping at Fort Worth, and in various Oklahoma rodeos. Recently I've roped a little up at Burbank and I keep doing a lot of riding—I love to, I've got seven horses."

Attention had shifted to Brush, who was drawing something in the sand. "I was on a ranch for a couple of years over near Santa Fe adjoining Tex Austin's old ranch. Didn't really do any bronc bustin' but we were breaking in horses for the Army. Odom is the horse breakin' guy."

"That was in Texas," Odom took it up, "when there were plenty of wild horses floatin' around. We'd starve them for water, catch them when they came in after it, break as many as we could and sell the bad ones to the rodeos. We were 128 miles from the nearest railroad and sometimes I went as long as 3 years without seeing another American. They were all Mexican."

Way in the back someone had started humming "Old Sam Bass" and gradually the others were joining in. Then the still night air rang with a series of plaintive cowboy melodies, one after the other, punctuated only by short and lively discussions of dallies and rigging, of Charlie Irwin and Old Till Taylor and other familiar characters of cowboy lore.

—No, this round-up never really happened. But it could. Ryan has enough crack riders to put on a full-size rodeo right here at home!

Fumes From the Paint Shop

by George and Lil

Well, folks, here we are again. Spring is here and romance is in the air. Speaking of romance reminds me of a very serious, happy young spraysman at Ryans. One January evening he was very busy spraying away when along came Cupid with his little bow and arrow and zing. Poor CHAD will never be the same again. But after all, who would want to be, after meeting IRENE? So on May 17th they walked up the aisle and said "I do."

The bride wore a lovely dress of satin and lace. Her veil was of white lace with a halo of peach blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white roses. Her bridesmaid wore a pink lace dress with veil to match and carried a bouquet of pink roses and larkspur. What did the groom wear? Ah yes, now I remember. He wore a smile, something very unusual for a groom.

They are really a couple of swell kids, proof of which is the large number of friends they have at Ryan and the lovely gifts they received.

There is another wedding coming up in June. Who, you say? Well, I'll not tell. You guess.

So BILL BOWMAN doesn't like it because none of the day shift are mentioned in this article. What's wrong with the day shift, Bill? Let's have something written by them.

Please don't mention anything to the Finishing department about the center wing or they will be going around mumbling to themselves.

Sorry we have to leave you folks after just starting this column. But most of us are scattered around, so this is George and Lil signing off.

MORE ABOUT

PARKING LOT PURGATORY

(Continued from page 4)

Every now and then such cases arise, where some employee bluntly defies the company guards and parks wherever he pleases. The guards are instructed not to argue, but merely to take the case up with the proper department head. To the regret of everyone concerned, more than one belligerent worker has had to be dismissed because of continued refusal to cooperate with the company police.

"People can't seem to understand why we cops should be allowed to park our own cars at the curb," Chief Peter says. "They don't realize that Plant Protection has detailed plans laid out in case of fire, earthquake, explosion, air raid, invasion or any other conceivable emergency. Each of these plans calls for split-second action by every man on the force—and many of these plans require the men to use their cars. That's one reason why those cars are always kept close at hand. Another reason is that whenever any Ryan employee is taken sick, it's usually up to Plant Protection to take that individual home or to the hospital. We use our own cars because that's frequently faster than hunting up a company car."

Places are also reserved near the front of the factory for customers and salesmen. "Since those people are doing business with our company, and providing either the orders or the equipment on which every Ryanite's bread and butter depends, we think they're entitled to the courtesy of a parking space that is fairly convenient for them," Gee points out. "That's the way the company management feels about it, and that's the way I think the rest of the company will feel too, when they understand the reason."

"The police also try to solve a few places in front, or near the gate, for Ryan work-

ers who must make frequent trips during the day to other plants or to downtown offices. This is only common sense too, since production might be slowed down if these men were delayed."

The parking problem should be much eased when Ryan's new parking lot is finished. In the meantime, if you think you're entitled to a better place than you're getting, stop in and talk it over with Al Gee. He's a friendly, open-minded gent, and if you can show him that there's a real need for you to park closer to your work, he'll try to fix it up for you.

It costs the company extra money to assign plant policemen to parking supervision—because the parking rush hours come at the change of shifts and therefore involve overtime pay for the policemen. The company is paying this extra money just to make it easier for you to park, and the company knows its money is well spent, too. One day, as an experiment, the parking squad was pulled off and Ryanites left to get in and out of the parking lot without supervision. It took them more than 30 minutes to do it, as compared with the 12 minutes that's standard time with the cops on the job. And if you can remember back to the time when there were no policemen in the parking lot, you'll recall that cars were often parked five deep—so that anyone who suddenly had to leave the plant for any emergency was out of luck if his car happened to be in the middle.

The police admit that they've constantly made changes in the areas to which they assigned cars, but there's always a reason for the change. When cars were chased off certain roadway sections in front of the factory, it was because contractors were putting Harbor Drive through that section and threatened to have the cars dragged away if they were found parked in the way of the road gang. When drivers were suddenly refused permission to park in sections of the parking lot they'd used the day before, it was because that section was scheduled for camouflage painting or a new coating of oil or gravel. So don't think the cops are eccentric when they change their minds from day to day. They do it because they have to.

Do You Know Someone Who Should Be Working At Ryan?

Ryan needs men workers of all kinds. Do you know a high school boy, or a teacher, who could spend his summer vacation working here? Do you know a man in a non-essential occupation who could be persuaded to switch to essential war work with Ryan?

If you do — bring him in! We want to see him!

If you think Ryan is a swell place to work — as most Ryanites do — spread the good word to your friends. Urge them to work here too, if they're not already occupied in an essential war job. Remind them:

"Ryan needs you . . . but more important, your country needs you! When you work for Ryan, you're working for America and everything it means to you. If you can't fight, there's nothing more important you can do than this."

Ryan Aeronautical Company

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin



Now that VIRGINIA McCAIN, the Re-leaser, has up and got married, the season for gals named Virginia to get married draws to its official close, and the season for Louises opens. Leading off is LOUISE COOPER, who takes a husband and leaves the Service Department, thereby dealing it a stunning blow. Adieu, adieu. Thus the marriage of the issue.

Next item of note is the great ice-skating (or Schlittschuhfahren, as the Germans so inelegantly put it) party that was given between last issue and this. We would be glad to tell you all about it, but this column is in a fair way to becoming a McREYNOLDS Department, so we'll just gloss over it. It was very well attended, people had just simply loads of fun, and it developed that EDDIE OBERBAUER turns out to be one of the greatest horizontal skaters of our time. On the other hand (i.e., with respect to stable equilibrium), GUS OHLSON of Stress hereby and hereafter becomes known as the Sonja Henie of Engineering.

It must, of course, come as quite a shock to some Southern Californians to learn that a variant of skating is done on that commodity which they sometimes find in their refrigerators and highball glasses, so a word or two about ice would not be amiss.

Ice is the solid phase of water, and has a specific gravity somewhat less than that of the liquid phase, and a great deal more than that of the vapor phase. Now it sometimes happens that in less enlightened parts of the country the temperatures during the rainy season fall so low that great sheets of this substance are formed atop exposed bodies of water; and when sufficiently thick, it affords a medium for the sport of ice-skating. This is accomplished by attaching steel blades, generally hollow-ground, to shoes, and by standing thus equipped on the ice, great pressures are created which temporarily melt the ice under the blades and so provide a lubricating medium. This happy set of conditions results in a great many broken legs, cracked skulls and sprained backs, not to mention a great deal of merriment. Skating is also referred to, humorously of course, as a very healthy sport. A great many authors and poets have praised this pastime, but, significantly, neither the Greeks, Arabians, Carthaginians or Persians refer to it in the classics, possibly because of religious or ethical taboos.

* * *

All Ryanites interested in the burning issues of the day are urged to join in the great new controversy: Is a Hotfoot More Obnoxious Because of the Heat Or Because of Possible Damage to Shoes? Anyone with decided opinions on the subject is urged to write to HAL STEVENSON, in Engineering. Here is the beginning of a new crusade.

* * *

Having been traded out of Illustration (sic transit gloria artis) for two bush-league outfielders and a bagful of marbles, our unhappy lot has fallen to sitting

next to that talented (this looks good in print) cartoonist, MIKE BRUSH. This ah—person—is addicted to manufacturing jokes of the most odious and reprehensible sort, and we look forward to the completion of the new building, when probably the reshuffling will land us at a table next to some lovely tomato. Sample of a Brush joke:

Brush: "You know, I have a gem of a bathroom."

Odin (biting): "How so?"

Brush: "It has so many faucets."

If you wish an explanation of this jewel, send two bits in coins and stamps to this column and we will spend them on riotous living. To forget, to forget.

* * *

Speaking of Illustration (as we were a paragraph ago), may we introduce you to FRANK EIHOLTZ, new illustrator, who is ranked as one of the ten best archers in the realm. He can make William Tell (hero of the Lone Ranger's theme song) look like a novice, and will talk to you with enthusiasm about anything at all in the world of sports, so long as it is Archery. His ambition is to have two more sons, whom he can name Fletcher and Archer; he spends all his summers at Lake Arrowhead, and hopes to retire some day to Medicine Bow, Nebraska. Seriously, he makes all his own excellent bows (which bring fancy prices), and has invented an excellent sight for bows, and a three-piece center-shot bow. He is fond of (a) hunting game with bow-and-arrow, and (b) competing with firearm marksmen.

Are you listenin', Mr. SINCLAIR? How would it be if you put an apple on Frank's head and took a shot at it, and then vice-verso? You could toss a coin to see who goes first. And we do mean "goes."



Ryanite Sends Easter Greetings

Carl Huchting of the Shipping department is mighty popular with a battalion of soldiers somewhere overseas. They've never met him, but they'd like to.

Carl recently made up a large number of elaborate, beautifully-done Easter greeting cards and sent them to Captain Edward B. Rouse, commanding officer of an Army battalion at one of the fighting fronts. Captain Rouse wrote a letter of thanks which is one of Carl's most prized possessions.

"I don't know enough words to express my thanks, and the thanks of the men, for the cards you sent," the officer wrote. "It would have done your heart good to have heard the remarks and to have seen the expressions on some of their faces.

"Most people don't realize what or how these kids feel about holidays and about their homes. We work all day and late at night when necessary, but when we do get a chance to rest, the old brain cell starts thinking of home.

"As the time grows closer to the period where we will be exchanging shots, we think whether we'll be coming back, and wonder if there isn't something we have forgotten at home. . . . I'm looking forward to the time I can come to San Diego and meet you in person."

Hap Hazard Joins H. K. B. C. Brotherhood

by M. M. Clancy

"Whew," said Mr. Hazard, "kinda hot in here." He opened the door, not bothering to read the sign saying, "Leave every hope behind, ye who enter." Mr. Hap Hazard never bothered to read signs. For example, he never paid attention to "No Smoking" signs or such warnings as "Wear Goggles at the Grinder."

Hap was always careless. He had been mending a paper machine, when he slipped and fell between the rollers.

"Well," said Hap, "this is a nice chummy atmosphere," as a man with a spearhead tail and evening clothes approached.

"Welcome to our little circle," said the man as he took off his top hat, revealing his newly manicured horns, "we are most happy to have with us a member of the Hari-Kari-By-Carelessness Brotherhood."

He was followed by a cheering mob of men who stumbled and tripped clumsily at every step. They too were members of the H.K.B.C. Brotherhood.

"These," said our mephistophelean friend, "are all friends of yours. Mr. Sillipschodd here, for example, did not believe in using rubber gloves for handling electric wires.

Here is my own dear friend Mr. Droopidrorers. He was never awake on the job. Too much boozin'—not enough snoozin'.

He went through a punch press. And meet Mr. Seivebrain. He always mixes his orders. The last order he mixed, he put a six second fuse on a blast instead of a six minute one.

Mr. Dongivvawhoop was never careful with a knife. He cut himself so many times he looked like a statue of Venus de Milo.

And here is a seat reserved for the man who makes the biggest mistake of all. Every time you make a mistake you help him. But he is the only man we're glad to see make a mistake. His latest was attacking Stalingrad."



Visiting Nurse Joins Ryan Staff

Something new has been added—and this time it's MISS BETTY MILLS, registered nurse, who has joined the Personnel department staff to render what assistance she can to Ryanites absent because of illness or accident. Miss Mills, who trained and has been practicing at Mercy Hospital, plans to devote most of her time to employees absent three days or more. However, she's at the service of any Ryanite who needs to locate a doctor or procure a prescription in a hurry. Miss Mills can be reached at Extension 309 in the Personnel department.

SPORTS

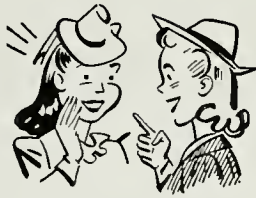
Are you interested in having any sport organized? Chess? Checkers? Horseshoes? Or some other sport? Fill out this blank and turn it in to Personnel.

Name

Address

Clock No. Sport

Smoke From A Test Tube



—by Sally and Sue—

Visitors in the Laboratory, not official visitors, but rather tiny little fellows that scampered out when they thought the all clear signal was on. Yes, we had more than one visitor lately—in fact, we had five in one afternoon—five baby mice who started out to see the world and discovered what makes a Laboratory tick.

They really were appealing little fellows—their heads were almost as large as their bodies, and they stood up like chipmunks and ate crumbs from between their paws. One little inquisitor wandered into the Inspection Department, and we found that MARION CONTRERAS immediately gave the typical female cry of "Mouse, where?" and immediately proceeded to climb upon her desk in horror and fright and look languishingly toward the chandeliers.

We finally discovered what was bringing our visitors. When Mr. VAN DEN AKKER left the Laboratory for the office of the Asst. Production Supt., he left behind some Braumeister cheese in the icebox. It must be mighty patent by now to draw five little visitors to the Lab.

What makes a ration card go farther? Why, victory gardens, of course, and almost every member of the Lab is gardening for victory, it seems: everything from corn, tomatoes, potatoes, beans, etc., to a few new vegetables we can't even pronounce, let alone spell. "BO" FLOERSCH is eating strawberries from a barrel,—it's not everyone who can pick a barrel of strawberries. We'll be right up, Ba. Then, we have a pair of share-croppers, "MAC" McINTYRE and BILL BATZLOFF, who have a cooperative garden that seems to be bringing in good returns. MARTY CHUDNOFF does not have one of his own, so he gardens for his friends on weekends. Will he be popular now that this secret is out? And he's the boy who claims raises in California aren't as fragrant as those "back home" in Pennsylvania, but our vegetables have just as many vitamins, and more, you notice, Marty. "HAL" HASENBECK has a garden to be proud of, and TOMMY BRANCH claims his squash are so-a-a-o-a big, he's almost willing to bet on them. Careful, Tammy. We've also heard our bachelors are "raising the dickens." Tsk, Tsk!!

Things have come to a pretty pass in the Hall of Science section of Ye Olde Laboratory—the he-man domain, unsullied by feminine influence, and all that sort of rot—when the boys borrow mirrors three times a day for two days in a row. We have our suspicions as to the purpose in mind. We think they were primping! Anyhow, when the mirrors were returned, the bearers were reported to have had neat parts in their toupees, rasy cheeks, and beauty

marks. Must be a new order among the machinists.

The public missed out on a great show when they missed seeing MARTY "GARTERS" CHUDNOFF and TOMMY "BEND DOWN SISTER" HIXSON in their leg beauty contest. The subject of the modern trend, insofar as garters are concerned, and the desirability of hair on the legs were the two main items of interest. It all started with a controversy as to who could bend over from the waist and touch his palms to the floor the most times (without bending the knees, of course). The contestants, hereafter known as "The Calisthenic Kids," emerged from the battle with red, triumphant faces, and demanded an immediate, unbiased verdict. The judges, however, were so convulsed that no definite champion has as yet been named. Stand by for further developments.

The Lab now has its long-awaited dark room, and believe me, it's really dark. We ought to know, because the two Super Snoopers snapped once too often and got lost in there the other day. Getting out is really a very complicated procedure, we discovered, as we fumbled our way around trying to get unraveled from the folds of the two heavy black curtains which guarantee absolute darkness. Seriously, this dark room is a welcome addition to the Laboratory, and it will be put to good use in connection with our new spectragraph and metallascope.

Congratulations and best wishes to our new Director of Laboratories—genial JIM SCURLOCK.

We understand that the Sheet Metal Dept. is taking up a collection for the very humanitarian purpose of buying BILL BROWN a snood. 'Nuff said!

Recap Your Tires When They Need It

Warning—if your tires need recapping and you don't have it done, you may be refused a renewal of your gasoline ration!

In an announcement to all San Diego car owners, Dennie Rault, the OPA'S district tire examiner, says:

"Employees who have passenger car tires on their cars that are smooth or worn to the point that they should be recapped, should not overlook this important fact. In most cases the tires you have on your car are better tires than any Grade III or Grade II tires you can replace them with.

"You don't need a certificate from a Ration Board to have your tires recapped. If you are negligent and let those tires run beyond the recapping point, you are causing ABUSE and when the time comes for you to get a renewal for gasoline, you will be disappointed as the tire you abuse will be checked and your employer will be notified.

"If your tire is not worth recapping, have your Tire Inspector write on your Tire Inspection Record these words: 'Continue to run out. No abuse.'"

Time lost in 1941 by accidents could have built 15,000 bombers.



This could easily be called "Old Home Week," or words to that effect, because the whole gang is back with us again. Surely seems well to have the Double R back on this side of the field. Final Assembly just isn't Final Assembly without him around. The only thing is, he keeps us all hungry by talking about the good, fresh vegetables he and his family are enjoying from their Victory garden. Something new has been added out in the north-west corner of the building. We now boast a second shift DICK "MAJOR" WILLIAMS is in charge. We miss him during the day, but he says he likes his new hours.

From listening to the conversations flying around these parts, I gather that the boys and girls are mighty glad to be back. They all say that they learned something while over there, namely: there is no place like Ryan's. They are all back on the beam again, this time for keeps.

Seems like Final Assembly is beginning to blossom out with "Champion" sportsmen. After boasting the winning team in the Winter Bowling League, we now possess the winner of the recent Ryan Golf Match,



RALPH FELIX. Congrats, and keep in there hacking away, and you will be a full-fledged duffer, as are the greater part of the Final Assembly males, and one other I could mention.

DAN OWEN and NORMAN KEIBER are enjoying their vacation this week. (I hope they are enjoying it, but from the last report, the gas situation was cramping their styles something terrific.) Speaking of vacations, and the good old summer time, have you noticed all the red faces and arms around the factory? Lots of the boys and girls have been nursing the result of a little too much sunshine. FLORENCE JOHNSTON was our first casualty. She was unable to work one day, and is still limping around with that "never again" look on her face. WANDA TREMBLY and her husband took a trip to L.A. over the week-end. Seems that there were just too many service men for Wanda to cope with. The conductor was saying, "All a-b-a-r-d," and she was still way back there in line someplace. Result: Arrived at work one day late.

Once again I am late, so this will have to do for this time.

PLANT ENGINEERING



Flannie Freeman

This column has at last gone to the dogs when BOB CHRISTY, our columnist, asked "yours truly" to take over. It seems as though the Engineering Room is knee deep in drawings right now; therefore, Bob asked me to pinch hit for him.

Those in the engineering room finally got tired of having to look thirty minutes or so for one drawing, so they are now trying to straighten it all out. We hear much about "Gremlins" getting into the drawings and messing them up, but we wonder. Bob, why don't you just get a large barrel and throw them all in, and then it would be much easier to go through that than having them scattered about. They would at least be in one spot. Personally, I think they have the spring cleaning fever.

I think this would be a good spot to say something about our regular columnist. Bob is Supervisor of Engineering, and even though he is short of help most of the time, what with losing men to Uncle Sam, and the difficulties nowadays of getting good engineers, he does a very nice job of getting the work done with his few but faithful. He is one of those few people we know who never get, or never seem to get, ruffled about anything, always has a smile and a snappy comeback, even at times when most of us would be ready to fly into a rage at anyone who looks our way. He is also responsible for getting the gang together for picnics, bowling games, or any of those after-working-hours "doings" that help to "keep Jack from being a dull boy." He can be depended on to do it up right. Bob, you may say this is "blarney," but we do appreciate you, even though we never tell you about it.

Speaking of bowling, our boys started the summer season with a bang, winning four games, and then that much talked-about "Gremlin" happened along. They say they have definitely "fizzled" and have won six and lost six. Well, we are still depending on all of you to make a big show tonight. They claim they will really have something to tell us about tomorrow. Luck to you.

We spoke in the last column of receiving a letter from BILL HOUSTON, one of our former employees, who is now one of Uncle Sam's chosen, so we must tell you about hearing from Miss HAYDEE HOOD, who joined the WAACS. In spite of all people say in regard to their not being able to take it, the women are doing a good job of being soldiers. She had quite a time writing us, for she was constantly interrupted by "All out! On the double!", but she gave us a very good idea of what the Women's Army is like. To quote her, "There's something very interesting about this Women's Army that holds one's interest, possibly the 'never know what's next,' that keeps us going." Haydee, we were really glad to hear

from you, and hats off to you and all those who are "joining up" with Uncle Sam.

We must say something about our new "papas" before we end this. B. R. McCLENDON and BILL DEAN are still very proud, in spite of the fact the baby keeps them awake at nights. Mr. McCleendon brags that his baby (one month old) has been known to "wiggle" out from under the cover that has been pinned down at the shoulders and get on top of it. We asked him if he were having dates as yet, and our answer was, "No, not yet, but I caught him out playing pool with the boys the other night."

We didn't have the opportunity of welcoming our newcomer in the last issue, so

right here we mention Mrs. LAURA SCHMICK, who comes from Omaha, Nebraska.

The word "vacation" is obsolete around this office, or that is, just forgotten, but GENE MARSH thought he was going to have a grand and glorious one when his wife went to L. A. to visit for a week. The first three days were fine, but now he has decided that to "live alone and like it" is no fun. We thought so, Gene.

In closing, we wish to tell the good news that the new Office Building is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy before very long, in spite of difficulties that have been experienced in getting materials and labor.

Wing Tips

by Chuck Kellogg

Another day, another dollar, another war bond, oh boy! How the Japs will holler. Remember the old days? I know the old times well. BUD BEERY, DOUG BEEBE, CARPENTER, EASY NORTH, FRED SIMONIDES, DENNY BLOUNT, EDDY BENNETT, BURKE and some others who were here when the Ryan Aeronautical Company was a small building down by the waterfront. A few of you can remember when it wasn't even a building, but part of the Ryan School. Some of you even went through the school as students. It is quite a bit different these days, isn't it, fellows? Building airplanes as large as one of the old departments—pretty girls on all sides—newcomers who have worked at all kinds of different jobs, some who even had their own businesses.

It is certainly a thrill to work in this new factory compared with the old. New jobs, new people, and new experiences. I think we are all glad of the chance to learn more about this type of work, besides helping on the production line of America. After all, with the experience we mechanics of the wing assembly have had

and are getting, we are of more use to the production army every day. We can also be sure that even if we never fight in this war, we certainly have helped to win it.

Well, that is all from me for this week. I have been promoted to editor of this column and you can now hear from our star reporter, Mr. R. F. HERSEY.

Again our Wing department will struggle through another picnic. Our last two were successful—it rained both times. But KELLOGG is taking all bets on fair weather for the 23rd of this month. P. S. He is backed by the Chamber of Commerce. Yes! Their finances are exhausted from the same type of bets.

We still have the same three fellows sponsoring our picnic—HERSEY, BLOUNT and SCHEIDLE. Their activities are, in name order, Broins, Beer and Brown.

Now a little about a swell set of riveters we have in our department. Their shop names are "BUCKING BURWELL" and "SNOOSE MUSE." Burwell weighs in at 90 pounds and Muse at 190 pounds. These two boys sure get along great together. When Muse hits a rivet, Burwell springs back about ten feet, but he always comes back for more. Keep up the good work, fellows, you're O.K. Adios,

R. F. HERSEY.



Purchasing Paragraphs



by Pat Eden

Excitement is certainly not lacking in the Purchasing Department. Outstanding is the contest over who gets the bond which is bought weekly by members of the department. So for HENRY PIPER and DREW SUTTON hold the honors. . . . MAX-INE'S latest hobby of modeling eye-leveling costumes—well, NOMA, the artist, captured the exact lines. Can you guess who the girl is who portrays the little blue neon light?—The surname is PEARSON. . . . There used to be Three Little Sisters, but this time it's the Three Little Room-ers (ELLEN, SARAH and ESTHER) who decided they needed Ocean Beach's vitamins and victory gardens. . . . JANE BRUSH is the one for hair-dos; her latest is the old-fashioned up-sweep, but look out for those modernistic comebacks she does in such unarming manner! . . . Who is OSCAR? Paging Oscar. Not Mrs. Miniver's Oscar, mind you. Must be he isn't deep in the heart of Texas—GLADYS should know. . . . EDIE KING is tip-toeing on top of the clouds because her WINN is not so far away. . . . Takes Doctors of Letters to satisfy some, but not these Mail-box-Grobbers: MARIE, LORRAINE, NOMA, CHRIS, ELEANOR, SARAH, ESTHER, ELLEN, ROSIE and GLADYS. **Home front soldiers.** . . . Mr. RIGLEY is the one—he even shoots trouble! . . . If a certain Englishman were to land on Lindbergh Field I wonder what would happen to BETTY EDWARDS? . . . Have you ever seen LOLITA pondering over what she was pondering or was it pondering over what she was pondering? . . . Mr. WILKINSON just "steals away" most of his time. Maybe Dr. CMP could give him a roedier diagnosis in his case or perhaps a very productive prescription? HILDA too is suffering with symptoms of CMP along with Mr. Wilkinson. . . . FLORA and JEAN never seem to catch up with the "C"'s. . . . I am wondering or is it wondering—my conscience? . . . BOB GROVE is so 90% perfect Uncle Sam just had to love him. . . . Mr. RIGLEY with his robotic manner—phone in left crook of neck, listening and telling them a thing or two—pen in left hand jotting down information. Wonder if he performs his gardening with such versatility? . . . If only we could read between the lines of JOHN O'NEILL'S

chuckles? . . . Mr. WILLIAMS with his "Never know when I'll upset your equilibrium." . . . HANK has such a susceptible grin we find we have to follow suit regardless of how we feel. . . .

First there's GROVE—BOB He's right on the job.
Then there's WILLIAMS; He's fine Folk Always ready for a joke.
JOHN O'NEILL'S department's fine He always odds his line.
Need we say that HANK Is a leader in our rank?
Mr. BECK old-timer, gee For he's seen most of the glee
That others may have missed Coming on a later list.
Mr. COX maintains Purchasing is the best Leading in with all the rest.
None can surpass the flore Which BOB STEVENSON has for being there
When and where he is needed most Cooperation is no boast.
Watch Mr. WILKINSON wade deep in steel But not in the manner of Achilles heel.
Just give him the rope He always comes in with the dope.
Mr. DREW SUTTON takes quite a cuffing Monifold meetings are no bluffing.
Ask the man who stands right in Until he comes out with smiles that win.
Mr. RIGLEY leads his crew Guiding them to things to do.
Keeping up with his pace, Makes production—a real race.
Now we'll close this little ditty Hoping that we've slighted none—
As it's only done in fun.



From the Beam

by Pat Kelly

We, too, have questioned ourselves as to the whereabouts of that hearty son of the sea, "Muster Glencannon." Now there's a genuine chip off the proverbial block; a "natural," if you please, who ordinarily griped at the hum-drum everyday life, but who played a four-quarter All-American game when called upon to do his part. So, as we take pen in hand, we can think of no advice more fitting to follow than that often given by Glencannon himself when preparing to pay strenuous attention to his machinery. Hence, we place a spot of "Duggon's Dew" at our elbow. Perhaps it will stimulate the imagination!

As we glance down from the beam we find a restaurateur in our midst. The service record of this handsome, clever chop reveals soldier, aviator, trick motorcycle rider, machinist, chef. Versatile, wot? When not enraptured with the spinning of his lothe, he concocts a rovishing goulash at the "Nip and Tuck" on the Causeway road. His friends know him as BOB SCOTT.

We have found that sliding down posts is most disconcerting to "SWEDE" HALS, so we always avail ourselves of an opportunity to drop into the tool crib and pay our respects. Suppose we consider, briefly, the type "Hols." He meets all comers with the sweet greeting of a typical army supply sergeant, "Now, we ain't puttin' out nuttin', buddy." His bark is most ferocious, but during the past three years we have no authentic evidence of a bite. On the other hand, with countless thousands of dollars

in tools as his responsibility, Hols is "Ho-Koy." That applies to his crew also.

Some time ago Lady Luck frowned upon two of the lads while in the performance of their duties. Both sustained serious injuries. It is with pleasure that we find "RUSTY" RUSTVOLD, of Drop Hammer, and TOM CRAYTON, electrician, on the job again. Incidentally, "Rusty" is about to take that fatal step through the portals of matrimony.



L. D. "BLACKIE" BLACKWELL, pickling maestro, calmly announces, of his own free will and accord, his intention to approach the altar with a charming bride on his arm. It's the old, old story retold—youth, spring, romance. Hoppy landing, kids!

We notice Mrs. MOLLY TWITCHELL, formerly of Mochine Shop, is now wearing the distinguishing arm bond of an inspector. Congratulations.

As a variation, which is rumored to be the spice of living, when we aren't on the beams, we usually are down under something. We recently spent many hours on our backs beneath the heating unit of the administration building. This turned out to be a "hot" job for all concerned. The switchboard operators will vouch for this.

We once had a serious tete-a-tete with "WHITY" LEHTON on the characteristics of electricity. "While electricity is invisible," spoke Lehton, "we have means of determining its presense." To "KID" KOPS, another wire-puller, who received a very fine singe while lighting a pilot, we might repeat the above quotation, substituting "gos" for "electricity." Aye, Kops, the nose knows.

TOM HAFFEY, new hand in Modeling, is an old hand at soldiering. He wears the campaign ribbons of the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection, and World War I. We understand that when Tom tightened up his belt and donned the uniform again in '17, the Kaiser was quoted as saying, "Mein Gott, I gif up."

S-a-a-y, have you noticed the hair-do on LOLA KRIEGER, queen of the East Yard? Very attractive and, for these sparkling California doys, very cool. So cool, in fact, that while we were innocently attempting to classify that particular type of coiffure, we received an extremely frosty glance!

The last note of tattoo has sounded. We must close. Adios.

As a special service to San Diego war workers, local ration boards will stay open from 6 to 10 p.m. on Wednesday evenings, it has been announced by the Price and Rationing Board. The boards will remain open as usual from 9:30 to 4:30 on Mondays through Fridays, and from 9:30 to 12:30 on Saturdays.

Second Thoughts

by Jo Viall



Haw we've grown here in Manifold Small Parts! We find ourselves nearly half again as large as we were three weeks ago, and not too awkward or out at the sleeves because of it either. The department is in the same state as San Diego: suddenly needing lots of new people and very suddenly getting them. Maybe you short-timers at Ryan can avoid the disappointment same of the new arrivals in the city had when they felt they weren't getting that well-advertised Southern California welcome. It's more than possible that the fellow you think ought to be more cordial just got here himself the day before yesterday and is wondering why you don't greet HIM.

New girls on the second shift usually are taken in hand by IRENE LOUTHERBACK, who is the friendliest somebody any nervous newcomer could hope to find. Irene, at four, probably picked up smaller children when they fell, brushed off their clothes and dried their tears. Big sister is away just now on a home visit to Texas, but those other old hands in G-3 like BEULAH MADISON, LILLIAN GORDON and RUBY DILLARD are being helpful and friendly to the ones just joined. ELSIE STEINRUCK, woman pioneer of the group, has moved up from callar assembly bench to a machine where she works with only one of the newcomers, VIRGINIA LAKE, but she'll lend a hand or give advice to the beginners.

On the day shift, BRITTIE LA PAZE has first aid for that lost look and takes especially good care of her three proteges at tubes. One, FRANCES GIOLZETTI, came to the factory a few weeks after her husband was inducted into the Army. She says Bill, who had lived here all his life and driven a bus for the San Diego Electric Railway for several years, told her that if she got lonesome and wanted a job, Ryan was a better place to work. Another, DOROTHY BLACK, says she is an Oklahoma Indian without oil income. She wanted a job out here where her fourteen-months-old baby could be cared for by her mother-in-law. She came on to California ahead of her husband, who will be along later. Third of the group in Brittie's bunch is NAOMI LOVE. When her husband, who is a shipfitter third class, was called back to duty at the Naval Training Station here, Naomi came with him last January from Barstow. The Loves are still living in a hotel and house-hunting without much success. With John away so much of the time, Naomi wanted something to do. She says she is glad she followed the advice of a Ryanette and got a job here.

HELEN NEVES was acquainted with tools before she joined the second, but on a microscopic scale compared with those she uses at present. Until recently, she has been working on jewelry at Jessop's. Of Lillian's pupils, FLORENCE ALLEN had aircraft experience in the east, but KATHERINE GARDNER, with none, is getting on just

about as well. She lived on a ranch in Wyoming and was no stranger to files, wrenches and mallets. Katherine does a shift with her ten-months-old grandchild before she comes on second in Small Parts, then her son-in-law and daughter, who work day-times, take over the baby. FLORA PRICE, on first, was collecting congratulations May 10 for her new granddaughter.

Speaking of small fry, RED PAGE, of the plant police, now has a nicely balanced family. Beside the heir, aged two, he has daughter Donna Mae, who was born May 2. Red came off the Australian run of the merchant marine in plenty of time to see that she was launched properly.

CLAUDE COPPOCK is happy as a family man these days. His son is back from long months with the Navy in the South Pacific to take his thirty days home leave. IRA COTNER is hoping it will happen like that with his service son who has been nine months around those islands!

The whole department shared a thrill with ROMOLA GROW not long ago when her much-decorated brother, Lt. Jae Smith, dropped into the plant. He had been stationed at Corpus Cristi since his ship, the Lexington, was last.

Another nice surprise was the telephone call DELLA WELLER got a couple of weeks ago from her Army husband in El Paso. Della has made a hobby of avertine welding since she has been alone and in less than six months has earned sixteen War Bands. Even though Della is a vegetarian, that ain't hay.

Recently a brand new talent came to light. JACK STRUTHWOLF, of shift 2, does paper carving. When he was only six (which, he says, was fifty years ago) he started picking out designs on cards with a pocket knife. His stuff is startling, with the patterns standing out clearly on the white ablags he works in such delicate detail.

BENNNE MOLER didn't need much help when RUSTY SCHAEFER got him started on the flash welding machine, because he had been in production work in Los Angeles at Magnesium Products and earlier in Chicago. He grew up and went to school in Taylorville, Ill.



Everybody misses FRANK POLINSKY, who used to run the turret lathe daytimes. "Big Frank" and his wife have gone back to parents in Pennsylvania. VERN SCHELL, now pfc, gives our memories a nudge with a postcard from Chanute Field, Ill., where he is studying teletype. He says, "the Flying Reporter gives me the news about the gang" and does not say, "It's been a long time since I've had a letter from you."

SNOOK had a happy ending for his trip to Colorado, although he was plenty worried when he started last month. His father, seriously ill at the time, has made a nice recovery in spite of the fact that he is in his ninety-second year.

Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

by Noremac



"Would you like a lawyer to defend you?" asked the judge.

"I don't think so," the defendant answered. "But if you can find me a couple of good witnesses, I'd sure appreciate it."

* * *

I was in a butcher shop the other day, when I happened to see GENE MARSH looking languidly at a sign which read, "Give your fat to Uncle Sam." I said, "What's the matter, Gene?"

He replied, "Gee, I wish I could."

* * *

A clerk told the lady looking at a pillow that the price was up because down was higher.

* * *

A man was surprised when a good-looking young woman greeted him by saying, "Good evening." He could not remember having met her before. She evidently realized her mistake, for she explained, "Oh, I'm sorry. When I first saw you I thought you were the father of two of my children."

She walked on while the man stared after her. He did not know that she was a school teacher.

* * *

A guy from Kansas came to the coast and got a good job in one of our airplane plants. Shortly he sent this message back, "Wish you were here. Having wonderful time and a half."

* * *

O. F. RIGLEY sent the following letter to a certain vendor. "Will you kindly send us a copy of your most recent catalog."

The reply: "After reading your inquiry we are afraid you are thinking of sending us an order. It certainly looks suspicious to us. However, we are sending the catalog under separate cover. The only part of it that we are still certain about is the line that says 'Established - 1882.' All other information and prices have been withdrawn. Nevertheless, we will gladly meet you halfway and agree to help you in any way except—will you please send the order to someone else!"

* * *

I noticed in the last issue of Flying Reporter that ROY CUNNINGHAM had prevailed upon MAYNARD LOVELL to describe how he, Roy, intends in the future to help me get around the golf course. After due analysis of the article, it impresses me as a fine idea, for down through the ages, it has always been the superior beings who have done the riding. You never saw an elephant riding a man, nor a camel, nor a horse, nor even a—but why go on? Now please don't misunderstand me. I don't want to imply that Roy is really such an inferior being. I would not for money, morbles or chalk even think of such a thing, because I have a keen friendship with Roy (and besides I have a thorough knowledge of California libel laws).

5 years or more at Ryan

FRED TOMRELL

Five and a half years at Ryan, and five and a half years of perfect attendance—that's the record of Fred Tomrell of the Maintenance department!

Fred joined the firm on October 26, 1937, and since that time has been neither absent nor tardy—a record that so far as we know is unsurpassed at Ryan or any other aircraft plant in the country.

"When I came to Ryan in the fall of '37, things were looking up, but jobs were still pretty few and far between," Tomrell recalls. "I was plenty glad to get some part-time work." However, Fred's ability and punctuality were not long unnoticed, and in a very few weeks he was given a full-time job as watchman. Later he transferred into the Maintenance department, and has now become such a traditional part of the main office building that everybody from the top executives on down would feel something amiss if he were out for a single day.

"There've been times when everything from the weather to the kitchen sink have ganged up to try and make me late," admits Tomrell, "and there've been mornings when the bed clung to me like an octopus, but once you've got a record started there's a double incentive for keeping it up. If you miss a day your record's all washed up and you're right back where you started from. Only you're really BEHIND where you started from because by the time you catch up to where you were, you're still behind where you would have been if you hadn't stayed out that day. When I try to figure that one out in the few minutes after the alarm goes off, I decide I might as well get up, for I'm too confused to enjoy a good sleep anyway."

Tomrell has done his part on the factory front in two wars. Coming west from Kansas, he worked during the last war for the Hercules Powder Company's potash plant at Chula Vista helping make TNT out of sea



help. In this war, Tomrell's interest centers around a grandson in the Navy, Morgan Thompson, formerly of Ryan's Lofting department.

If history is any prophet, Fred Tomrell is only well started at Ryan. Outside of his powder factory experience in the first war, he's worked for only two other firms—15½ years for a local hardware store and another 20 years for a milling company in Kansas. When asked to what he attributed his long and perfect attendance records, Fred gave us a clue to at least one possible reason. He said, "I don't know. You better ask my wife."

In addition to his war-time job, Fred has turned his hobby of gardening into a Victory project, devoting most of his space to corn and head lettuce.

Ryanettes

by Tom, Gerry and Marion

Brides and Weddings Bells:

Two of the girls in Airplane Material Control are taking the fatal step soon: MARY STAUCH will become the bride of C. W. CHRISTOPHER of Inspection on Thursday, May 20th; and MARY ANN DONNELLY will be married within two weeks to one of the Consolidated boys. Congratulations and best wishes to you all.

Miscellaneous:

MURRAY LEONARD, Assistant Production Control Superintendent, has left the employ of Ryan to accept a commission in the Navy. All our good wishes go with you, Murray, and "Happy Landings."

FRANK DAVIS, of the Bill of Material Group of Airplane Production Control, is leaving this week. Good luck, Frank, we'll all miss you.

CLARK PULLEN and his wife are being optimistic and are taking an airplane to Dallas, Texas, for his vacation. Kind of risky these days, Clark, what with priorities, etc. When they put you off, just wire us via carrier pigeon!

Since GORDON KIESEL traded his reducing belt (last issue) he is taking his trade to the "Sherman woodpeckers" to really beat it out. How are you doing, MARGE?

JOE WILLIAMS, General Supervisor of Airplane Material Control has firmly established himself as a bird fancier. A poor little sparrow was lost out in the yard, Joe found it and brought it back to the office, where it has "cheeped" away all afternoon. He is turning it over to MARION KEY, who will take it home to her landlady in the hope that she will know what to do with it, as she raises birds of various kinds. It is a swell little bird, but what a racket! Will let you know how it survives.

'Bye now—

TOM & GERRY, also MARION.

What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG

CONSERVE MEAT

by proper handling

1. Place meat in coldest part of refrigerator.
2. Store uncooked meat uncovered or loosely covered.
3. Store cooked meat covered.
4. Store cured meat in dry, dark, cool place.
5. Don't let bacon stand out in warm air.
6. Utilize every bit of left-over meat.

How we store and use the MEAT that we are able to buy has become as much a family problem as the budget. Meat wasted through spoilage is practically sabotage! Therefore, we not only have to prepare our meats by proper cookery methods, but we must give them proper care BEFORE we cook them.

When meat is received from the market, it should be unwrapped and placed on a clean plate or shallow refrigerator dish. Some refrigerators have a meat storage compartment directly below the freezing unit, but if yours doesn't, place the meat as near as possible to the freezing unit. Uncooked meat should be stored uncovered, or only loosely covered, so that the surface will dry slightly. This discourages bacteria growth and increases its keeping qualities.

Cooked meat, on the other hand, should always be stored in a covered container to prevent drying. Chopped and sliced cooked meats spoil much more quickly than meat in the piece, so buy by the piece and slice it yourself if you're not going to use it at once.

Sometimes it is economical to buy a whole or half ham or slab of bacon. Leave the wrapping on the ham or bacon and other cured meat, and store it in a dark, cool, dry, airy place. Mildly cured meats should be stored the same as fresh meats. Poultry should be washed thoroughly inside and out, patted dry, and stored very cold until time to cook. Sea foods spoil very easily—in a few hours at room temperature. Cook them at once or wrap in wax paper to keep odor from other food, and store very cold. In preparing and serving bacon, much of the good flavor is often lost by leaving the package open on the kitchen table while the meal is served. When you've taken out as many slices as you need, return the rest to the refrigerator at once.

Trimming and Drippings... Lamb Chops...

Another way to extend meat is to throw none of it away. Bones, trimmings, and meat drippings, once carelessly tossed aside, are now treasured for the fine flavor they extend to other foods.

The bones may be simmered in water to make meat stock for soups, gravies or sauces. Bones which have bits of meat attached will season dried or fresh vegetables.

Meat trimmings add flavor to soup, vegetables and casserole dishes, such as potatoes, rice, spaghetti, macaroni and noodles. Tasty dressings and stuffings can also be made from scraps of meat. Green beans, Texas rice, lima beans, dried peas, dried corn, hominy, potatoes and onions have a new and interesting flavor when seasoned with meat drippings. Bacon fat or ham drippings may also be used as shortening in cakes, cookies, pastry, muffins, biscuits, breads and waffles.

Lamb Shanks...

When the selection of meat is so limited, we'll get tastier meals by fixing the available cuts in a variety of ways. Lamb shanks, which can often be found on the market these days, can be dressed up in a number of different dishes. Season them with salt and pepper. Brown well in hot lard. Add ½ cup hot water, cover tightly and cook slowly until done, adding more water as necessary. These require about two hours of cooking. If desired, transfer them to a casserole and cook in a moderate oven (350° F.)

OR brown shanks. Cover with potato and carrot halves and peas. Cover and cook in oven.

OR after browning, add diced apricots and prunes, add water, cover and cook.

OR after browning, cover with onion rings. Add 1 cup sour cream and cook in oven.

OR transfer browned shanks to a casserole. Make a gravy from fat in which they were browned. Season the gravy with 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour gravy over lamb shanks, cover and cook in moderate oven.

OR When done, remove shanks. Melt current jelly in remaining liquid and season with lemon juice. Serve over shanks with steamed rice.

Lamb chops and steaks have been fairly plentiful even during the worst of the meat shortage. Have them cut ¾ to 1 inch thick and broil them.

OR have 1-inch cubes cut from lamb shoulder or leg. Thread onto wooden skewer and broil. The cubes may be alternated with mushroom caps or tomato slices.

OR marinate chops or steaks in 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 finely minced onion and 1 teaspoon salt. Let stand for two hours before broiling.

OR mix ¼ cup butter with ½ cup finely chopped mint leaves. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Season with cayenne. Spread chops with this just before serving.

OR spread chops with current jelly while still sizzling hot.

OR roll chops or steaks in melted butter, then in a mixture of 1 cup sifted bread crumbs, and 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Broil.

OR cut a pocket in rib lamb chops from the side next to bone. Insert a tablespoon of savory bread dressing in each and broil.

Pork Chops...

Another fairly plentiful cut is the pork chop. Have them cut thick. Dredge with flour and brown on both sides in hot heavy frying-pan containing a little fat. Season with salt and pepper. Add 2 tablespoons water, cover tightly and cook slowly either on top of the stove or in a moderate oven (350° F.) until done, 30 to 40 minutes.

OR rub skillet with a cut clove of garlic before browning chops.

OR after browning, add ½ cup chili sauce spiced with 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

OR brown pork chops in skillet, then transfer to a casserole. Place them on top of scalloped potatoes, Spanish rice or baked beans in the casserole. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350° F.) until done, about 40 minutes.

OR brown chops, then remove to a greased baking dish. On each place half of an apple, cored and the center filled with brown sugar. Add ½ cup water, cover and cook in moderate oven (350° F.) about 40 minutes.

OR brown chops, transfer to a greased casserole. Place green pepper ring on top and fill with cooked rice. On top lay a slice of tomato. Rinse pan in which chops were browned with ½ cup hot water and pour over chops. Cover and cook in moderate oven for about 40 minutes.

OR slice onions over chops, using tomato juice as the liquid.

SPORTS

Edited by Fred Osenburg

Baseball

. . . by A. S. Billings, Sr.

The San Diego County Summer Baseball League opened their season with an eight-team league on Sunday, May 9. The Ryan Club opened at Camp Elliott, and, in, a well-played game, defeated the Marines by a score of 8-5. Camp Elliott has a good ball club and all members of the club are 6 ft. 2 in. or over. If you don't think so, see the writer and a couple of other guys for the explanation. These Marines are in shape, be assured of that.

On May 17 Ryan defeated Safeway Stores to roll up the largest score in a ball game in San Diego County, by a score of 37 to 1. Erv Marlatt hit 3 home runs and the rest of the boys had a field day.

Tam Downey of Inspection, Chief Scout for the Brooklyn Dodgers on the West Coast, has furnished a new set of uniforms for the club to use during the summer league.

Ice Skating

Because of the interest aroused in ice-skating by the Engineering Ice Skating party early in May, a Ryan Ice Skating Club is being organized. All classes of skaters are invited to join—figure skaters, racers, beginners, and sightseers who just come to watch the girls in their short skating costumes.

If enough people will sign up to attend regularly so that Glacier Gardens can be assured of a minimum attendance of fifty, a period between 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. every Friday will be set aside for the exclusive use of the Ryan Club. A special reduced price of fifty cents will cover both skates and admission.

Everyone interested is asked to hand his or her name in to Travis Hatfield of the Personnel department, or Gus Ohlson of the Stress department.

Softball

Softball, inter-department and Industrial league, is drawing a large number of contestants these days. At present ten teams are booking games, seven in the Department League, and a swing shift team, a day shift team, and a girls' team in inter-company games. The Department teams are composed of the following men:

Wing: G. A. Richardson, R. W. Phelan, R. F. Hersey, C. L. Yaegle, H. N. Scheidle, J. B. Nories, T. B. Shows, C. W. Killing, G. W. Holliday, H. C. Zook, Bill Henry, Bob Tibbetts, E. Beery.

Inspection: C. Berryman, O. F. Finn, C. F. Cole, Jim Padfield, Larry Gibson, Fred Walbrink, M. Seraton, W. R. Pedego, D. M. Hoffman, Ed Sly, Renner, Dan Schimmel, Chief Walker, Wilkenson.

Manifold Tigers: Luther French, Jack Chess, Leo Tirek, M. R. Sanchez, Newell Cortlon, A. G. Harris, W. H. Groy, F. J. Barson, W. L. Reese, R. D. Michie, Max Snipe, Lloyd McClain, Mario Sirigusa, L. Baum, F. E. Moran, Joe Aiello, R. M. Gonzalez.

Maintenance: Roy Cole, Clair West, Bob Scott, H. E. West, L. T. Larson, Charles Alexander, C. T. Knight, Floyd Englout, A. V. San Emeterio, I. L. Carnelius, Jack Taylor, Webb Treohy.

Swing Shift: R. K. Gird, F. Hill, Dick Gillan, Wes, Burroughs, Wayne Moore, Jim Jardine, W. Thompson, T. Kell, C. Sochs, E. Mogduk, R. Moss, J. L. Wogner.

Swimming

Entries are wanted to represent the Ryan Company in the Consolidated Vultee First Annual Mission Bay Fourth of July Swim. The course will be over one-half mile, starting from the Bay Bridge. Trophies will be given to individual winners in each of seven classes, and a special trophy will be awarded to the organization having the greatest number of contestants finishing the race. All contestants finishing will receive certificates. All swimmers are urged to sign up before Monday, June 28.

Seven divisions are open, although no contestant may enter more than one. The divisions are: 1. Aircrafters, Men. 2. Aircrafters, Women. 3. Open, Men. 4. Open, Women. 5. Service. 6. Junior, Boys. 7. Junior, Girls.

Golf

The Ryan-Consair Golf Tournament was held at Coronado Country Club Sunday, May 16th, with Ryan losing by a small margin.

Oakland, Ford and Clancy won their matches, but Finn, Smith, Whitcomb and Kister just weren't in their usual form. However, they will have an opportunity to redeem themselves in the near future, as weekly tournaments are being arranged between Salar, Rohr, Concrete Shipyards, Consair and ourselves. These promise to be very interesting matches.

Leading a record field of 84, the largest number of players yet to compete in a Ryan Golf tournament, Bernard Bills of Machine Shop took low gross honors with a 79, and Sidney Jacobson of Tooling took low net honors with a net of 65, on Sunday, May 2, at the San Diego Country Club. Of the 84 only six were newcomers, indicating that the regulars are showing no lack of interest in the monthly tournaments organized by Travis Hatfield of the Personnel Department.

Second low gross went to H. R. Kister of Accounting for his 83, and third low gross to H. C. Oakland for his 87. Second and third low net went to L. P. Schaffer of Manifold Assembly and Clayton Rice of Tool Design, respectively. Schaffer shot a 99, minus a 35 handicap, for 64 net, and Rice shot a 93, minus a 28 handicap, for a net of 65.

During the play Kister collected 10 pars and Bills 9.

Tennis and Badminton

Challenge tournaments have been started in tennis and badminton, according to Carmack Berryman, who is directing them. Tennis matches will be played on Sunday mornings and badminton matches on Tuesday evenings.

In a challenge tournament names are listed, and every player has the right to challenge anyone up to three names above his own. If he wins from a player whose name is higher, he exchanges places; if he loses to a lower player he drops. If he fails to accept the challenge within a specified time, it counts as a defeat.

Bowling

The Ryan All-Stars men team captained by Roy Cole lost to the Consolidated Kings in a team match Saturday evening at Tower Bowl. Score was 2642 to 2480. High scorer on the Ryan team was Ed Sly, whose 519 pins for the three games topped by one, the record of P. A. Wilkewich. Other members of the Ryan team were Love, Key and Baker.

The Ryan Girls defeated the Consair Girls team in their three-game match play by a score of 2065 to 2040. Enid Larsen took the honors on the Ryan team when her 195 game brought her up to a total of 476. Other team members were Mary Simmer, Wanda Webb, Madeline Cole and Beth Kelly.

Although everybody has to have a first time at everything, and almost everybody except Adam has had to have audiences, most people can't get used to the idea. As a result, many never get up courage to do some of the things they'd like to do. Particularly is this so with bowling, where it is much easier to look silly than it is in other sports. So, many boshful or sensitive people, rather than undergo the mortification of not being able to let go of the ball or throwing it down the wrong alley or falling on their faces, have foregone the pleasure of bowling.

Acting on a hunch that bowling wall-flowers could be interested in learning the sport if all their gaucheries were to be committed in front of other beginners, Personnel has instituted the first of what is expected to become a series of bowling classes for beginners. Thirty-six women signed up for the first meeting, which was held Thursday, May 20, at Tower Bowl. After a few minutes of general instruction by a local expert, the women were assigned four to an alley and told to cut loose, remembering especially not to throw the ball at people in the next alley, for they were beginners too. Results are reported to have been highly satisfactory. With the girls in the next alley dribbling their balls down to the pins, and the quartet in the other alley bouncing theirs down the gutters, everybody decided that at least they weren't the worst.

To pep things up for the beginners and give them competition in their own class, a series of beginners' bowling matches has been drawn up, all results of which, including statistics, are military secrets.

The girls who inaugurated the Beginners' Bowling Classes were:

Peggy Mack, Martha Groves, Barbara Guercie, Edith Pierce, Dortha Dunston, Elizabeth Radford, Arline Kruger, Eleanor Egolf, S. T. Pluta, G. Champ, C. A. Bretez, F. N. Rhoades, Esther Resnick, Dolla Jackson, Betty Landon, Esther DesCamps, Merveilla Hickey, Eda King, Helen McCown, Milly Merritt, Mrs. M. O. Campbell, L. L. Bruce, Mrs. A. M. Nugent, Mrs. J. O. Porter, Jane Wiley, Melba Moyberry, Ruth Martin, Pauline Yates, Wanda Tuenge, Susan Rowan, Marjorie Davis, Shirley Gatliff, Jane Dennis, Eva Gross, Millie Kiens and Louise Womack.

All women wishing to enter the next beginners' class are asked to hand in their names to Travis Hatfield of Personnel. In case enough men are interested in learning the game, a men's class will also be started.



"What time do I fly again?" Navy cadets scan the dispatcher's board to get their next flight assignments.

**MORE ABOUT
NAVY TRAINERS**

(Continued from page 1)

been to high school and perhaps has had a year or two of college plus his preflight study.

He is not at Millington because he has been drafted, nor because he just thought flying for the Navy would be better than being drafted. He must have flying for the Navy in his heart, or he won't make the flier the Navy wants.

"Competition has to be in a man's heart to make him a good Navy flier," says Lieut. Frank Wilton, former Stanford football and baseball star and a great competitive athlete himself. He is officer in charge of physical fitness. "When another fellow socks you, you've got to come right back at him—harder. You are tough and you know it.

That's the kind of spirit we're after."

The commanding officer at Millington is Captain Joseph C. Cronin, who was a flight instructor at the Naval Air Station on North Island, San Diego, from 1928 to 1930. The Skipper is known as a "tough guy," but there's not a mother's son at Millington who wouldn't give his right arm to please him. He has 21 years of service behind him, in Panama, Alaska, and the Pacific war zone. He's a fighting skipper who knows what it takes to make fighting Navy fliers out of cadets.

Just a short distance away at the Naval Air Technical Training Center, Ryans also are being used on another job. It seemingly isn't as important a job—but nevertheless it's a vital part of the war. The Ryans are used there by classes of WAVES, who are studying the fun-

damentals of plane and engine construction and learning how to maintain and repair ships under the toughest of conditions.

So both men and women of the U. S. Navy are learning about aviation with the help of Ryan NR-1s. Many of them will become heroes in the battle for a better world.

Glimpses like this into the actual embryo of the country's air power amply demonstrate the significant part that Ryan workers are playing in the all-out war effort of the nation. Though each individual workers part may have been small, put together they have turned out a group of trainers which form one of the strong links of our naval air strength today. The entire Ryan Aeronautical Company can be proud that it is playing such an important part in the training of a great Navy.

Joe Smith of Plainville Knows **RYAN BUILDS WELL!**

"JOE SMITH" typifies Americans in action on the production front. Joe knows he has far more than a job to hold down—he has a war to win. At Ryan he's learned that to win he must build well—and fast! Whether the product of Joe's craftsmanship is a Ryan airplane, an exhaust system or a major sub-assembly, he knows it must not, cannot fail his brothers-in-arms on the fighting fronts.




Tomorrow's Airplane Can Be Yours
Bought With Today's War Bonds

WILLIAM
MALRAE
GALLIES
25

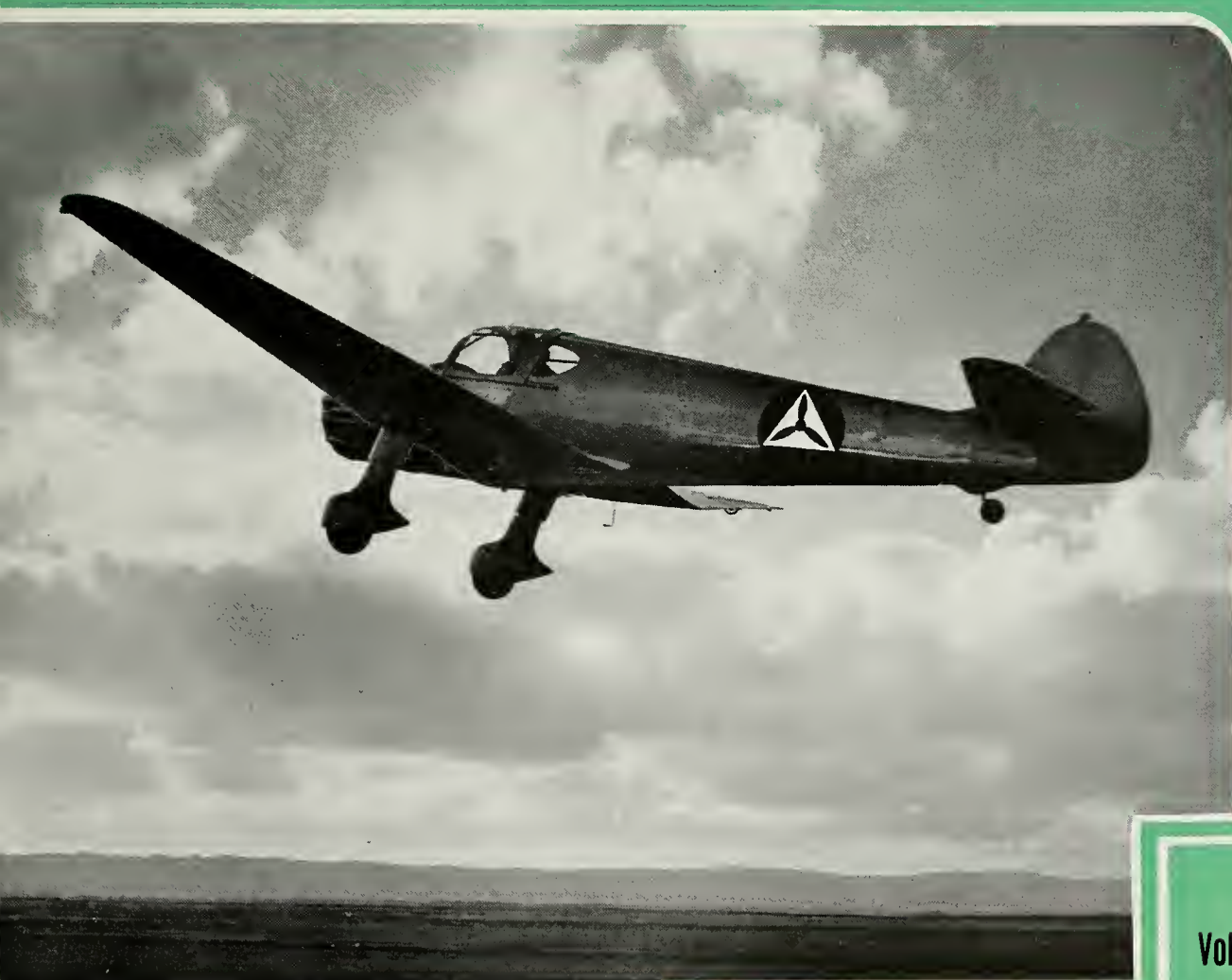
AT WAR'S END no one doubts the vital role of aviation in building the peace. Then, in a hundred "Plainvilles" every Joe Smith who can will be flying as owner or passenger in Ryan planes, because "during the war" Americans everywhere learned that Ryan Builds Well.



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, San Diego, Calif.  Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

Ryan Products: Army PT-22s, Navy NR-1s, Army PT-25s, Major Sub-Assemblies and Exhaust Manifold Systems for America's Most Distinguished Aircraft

Ryan
Flying Reporter



**LANDPLANES IN SEARCH
OF SUBMARINES**

★ ★ ★ ★

SLIM'S PICKIN'S

Vol. 6 No. 2

JUNE

18TH

1943

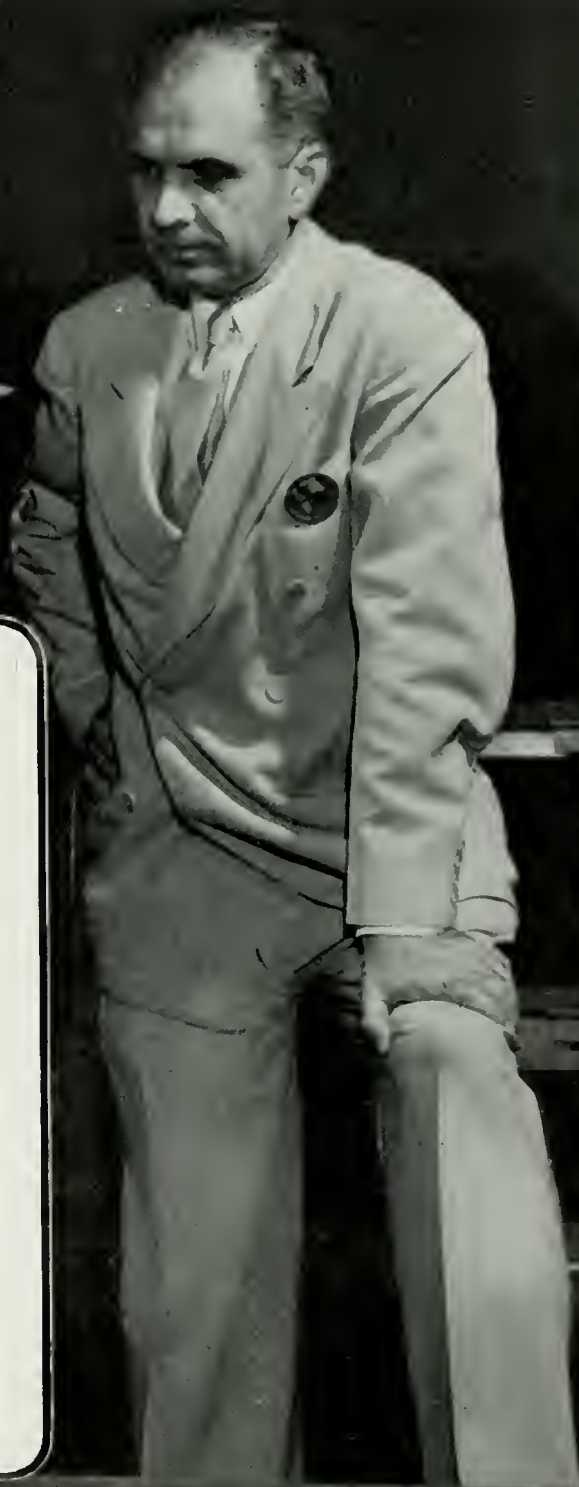


I think you'll be especially interested in the pictures on pages 8 and 9 of this issue of the Flying Reporter.

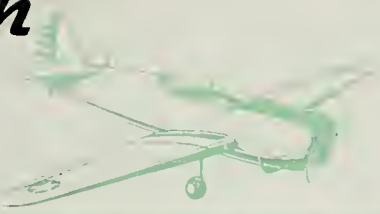
Those pictures give vivid illustration to a principle that has been one of my pet convictions for a long time — that there's an exact mathematical relation between what you accomplish here in the factory and how long the war will last.

Your job may seem small, but it's part of the total of things that have to be done to win the war. A bomber flying over Europe or the South Pacific islands may succeed or fail because of a piece of work you did well — or not so well. The war may end an hour or two earlier if you turn out a job a little faster — and who knows how many lives will be lost in the last hour of the war? That's why it's a matter of life or death to do your work well!

J. Claude Ryan



Ryan



FLYING REPORTER

Landplanes In Search Of Submarines

The personal stories of two daring civilian pilots
who fly Ryan landplanes to sea against U-boats

Behind a veil of Army censorship, privately-owned Ryan S-C landplanes still fly to sea on mysterious missions for the Civil Air Patrol.

They are part of a big fleet of sport planes flown by their owners—unpaid volunteer civilians—on anti-submarine duty, ocean rescue work, and other undisclosed coastal patrol assignments all along the shores of this continent. So far the CAP has lost 62 planes at sea; 20 of its fliers have been killed, 86 hurt.

Ryan owners now flying for the CAP can't tell us much about what they're doing. But they do write to us. And their letters give interesting sidelights on the life of a CAP pilot—as well as on the reputation our Ryan planes have won among these "flying minute men."

For example, Bob Silverman, a First Lieutenant and Supply Officer in the CAP, writes about his Ryan: "It's a mechanic's dream. Being a licensed mechanic, I've done most of my own maintenance and repair work on the ship, so I know what

I'm talking about. . . . And just about everyone at the Base is sold on its visibility, although some of the 'high-wing die-hards' had to be convinced. Then, too, whether my Ryan is leading the patrol or flying in second place, it really handles like a dream."

Silverman has been on active duty in the CAP since last May. He started on three hours' notice, as the result of a long distance phone call offering him the chance to get into the CAP's dangerous coastal patrol work if he could come at once. So he flew his Ryan to the coast base assigned him on a day which he describes as "very windy, with lack of visibility."

On that cross-country flight, Silverman and his navigator "were really sweating it out," he says. But he would have been reading a book on that kind of flight a couple of months later, he adds, after a few weeks of flying in the sort of weather that lay in wait for him on coastal patrol duty.

Silverman was a little dismayed when he arrived at the CAP's version of Shangri-la. "I found that as an airport it left much to be desired," he writes. "There was a two-plane hangar that had been raised on stilts and looked as though it were ready to go at the first north wind, chickens running around the place, and a farm house for headquarters. However, there wasn't much time to waste over reminiscences of 2500-foot runways and hangared ships, as we set out promptly the next morning on a familiarization tour of our area. I certainly thought we were never going to get home, after my navigator steered me about a mile off shore all the way up the coast a hundred miles."

Two days later Silverman and his observer headed the Ryan out to sea on their first patrol, accompanied by another plane. Bombs were snuggled up under the planes' bellies, and simple ring bombsights were hung outside their windows.

(Continued on page 16)



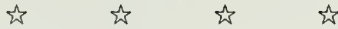
June 18
1943

Vol. 6
No. 2



Flying Reporter

Published every three weeks for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department



EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
Editor.....Keith Monroe
Associate Editor.....Sue Zinn Gunthorp
Sports Editor.....Fred Osenburg
Staff Artists.....Michael Brush; Joe Thein
Frances Stotler; George Duncan; Paul Hoffmann
Staff Photographers.....Tommy Hixson; Frank Mortin

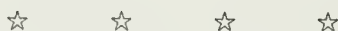


Special Features

Beauty Isn't Ratined.....Frances Stotler
Slim's Pickin's.....Slim Coots
What's Cookin'?.....Mrs. Esther T. Long

Staff Contributors

Dispatching.....Gerald Ryan
Drop-Hammer.....Lynn Horrington; Dick Gillam
Engineering.....Victor Odin
Experimental.....Bob Johnston, R. N. Wallin
Final Assembly.....Enid Larsen
Finishing.....George and Lil
From the Beam.....Pat Kelly
Gauze and Tape.....Ruth Gates
Humor.....Will Cameron
Industrial Training.....L. E. Plummer
Inspection.....Irene Travis
Laboratory.....Sally and Sue
Lofting.....Gilbert Cusey
Machine Shop.....Bette Landan; Win Alderson
A. G. Harris
Maintenance.....John Rodgers
Manifold.....G. "Bob" Harris
George Duncan, Dick Ribley
Manifold Small Parts.....Josephine R. Viall
Modeling.....Mel Minor
Plant Engineering.....Rabt. E. Christy
Flonnie Freeman, F. Gordon Massop
Plant Personalities.....Jack Graham
Production Planning.....Maynard Lovell
Purchasing.....Pat Eden
Ryanettes.....Gerry Wright; Morgaret Walker
Morian Key
Safety.....M. M. Clancy
Sheet Metal.....Emil Magdick
Special Correspondent.....Mrs. Betty Bird
Sports.....A. S. Billings; George Sinclair
Ed Sly; Fred Osenburg; Betty Phillips
Time Study.....Dortho Dunston
Tooling.....Chas. B. Anderson
Wing Assembly.....Chuck Kellogg, R. F. Hersey



Copy deadline for the next issue is June 28th



A Ryan drophammer addict for five years—that's the medical record of A. I. Park, a California product who joined Ryan in 1937. Any Ryanites who are dubious as to the advantages of third shift work need only listen to Park's eulogies to have their fears entirely allayed. According to Park there IS no other shift. "It's got the other shifts beat clear off the map," he says. Then when it comes to drophammers, Park admits that he's an incurable addict. "They're something like gambling," he says. "They get in your blood and you never get over them. Somehow you sort of drum up an affection for the great big clumsy brutes, and if you were transferred into some other department, you'd die of homesickness for their noise and power."

When Park joined Ryan, after graduating from Polytech High in Riverside, he went to work almost immediately in the Drophammer department. And he's been there ever since.

Park's hobby is his work, but he also has a yen for fishing. He and a friend have spent many pleasant days fooling the fish from a motor boat just off the coast. One particular time their luck was running exceptionally good. The barracuda were biting on every side and the haul for the day had grown to phenomenal proportions at a very early hour. Then the tide of luck changed; the boys fairly went to sleep while they waited for a nibble. In fact, they were so nearly asleep that they didn't notice when the bags of fish tied alongside of the boat came loose and slipped away.

When Park finally got a nibble and reached over to put the catch in one of the bags, his heart plopped right down through the bottom of the boat. Not a single bag was left tied to the side. The two lads stood aghast—then clear out at sea one of them spotted a small speck that slightly resembled a bag. "Nellie, you're goin' west," they shouted and gave her full speed ahead. The spot grew and they swung alongside and drew in one of their wayward bags of fish—the rest they never found. In fact, the dejected air with which they pulled into dock that afternoon was the only supporting evidence for their fish story of a fabulous barracuda catch. Nevertheless, they swear it happened, and there are many who believe them.

When he isn't fingering a fishing pole, Park can quite regularly be found in his own living room strumming away on a guitar or cutting a mean caper on his accordion. The appreciative audience for his musical numbers is none other than the little wife, a San Diego girl whom he met and married since he came to Ryan.

Slim's Pickin's

by Slim Coats

Slim had almost finished this column when he left Ryan. He sent it to us as a farewell gift.

You can't beat the Dutch. (Ask JOHNNIE VAN DER LINDE.) Certainly you can't beat them when it comes to thinking up novel ways to hinder and harass the enemy. From Holland via Switzerland came a report not so long ago that Dutch industrial workers have been urged by a day. It seems that some Nazi-hater with a flair for statistics had figured out that if thousands of Dutch workers took a minute or two off each day to blow their noses whether they wanted to or not, it would cost the Nazis countless thousands of man-hours of working time each year and seriously hamper the production of war material.

This set me to thinking, and out of my thinking came the conviction that we, right here in the United States, are wasting untold hours which could be devoted to our own war effort by yielding to such things as the sneeze, the cough, the yawn and the clearing of the throat.

Take, for example, the sneeze. A minimum of 14 battleships could be built in the time Americans waste sneezing each year. As patriots, we should either learn to sneeze in a hurry or to stifle the sneeze altogether. The average American takes a full minute to complete a sneeze.

There are numerous ways and means of stifling the sneeze, the most common, perhaps, being the business of pressing the upper lip with the fingers. Sometimes this works, and sometimes it does not.

I think I can say without fear of contradiction that a "trapped" sneeze is one of the most vicious things in the world. By "trapped" sneeze I mean one that, foiled in its efforts to escape, runs berserk in the nose, head, eyes, ears and throat of its owner. Personally, I would rather have a wolf loose in my head than a frustrated sneeze. It beats at your ear drums, claws at your nose, slides into your throat with its spikes up, and finally explodes somewhere in your head with a roar like ice breaking up in an Arctic sea.

I would advise that we Americans hurry our sneezes rather than stifle them. Now for the cough and the yawn. As Dr. Paltry B. Plumb K-k-k-k-er chooooo!

Who am I to talk about hurrying the sneeze? I should be ashamed of myself. That one took me a minute and 12 seconds.

It certainly is nice to see some of the old gang dropping in on us from time to time. We mean members of the armed forces. Saw BUDDY AMISS, now an Air Corps corporal; KENNY LOVELL of Navy Air Ordnance, FLOYD BRENNEN of Camp Callan, twenty-one pounds heavier. The gang is scattered over a lot of territory, and the letters we receive from them are very cheerful. Recently heard from Lieut. DON BRAZEE, former arc-welder, now first officer of a Flying Fortress in North Africa. Staff Sgt. GENE KULLMAN, now in New Guinea. Pvt. PERRY JONES, S. Dak. Pvt. WALT JUHL, in the Tank Corps, at Ft. Knox, Ky.

Well, now you can get into the Army without teeth, bald-headed, wearing spectacles, and so round-shouldered you can carry a hot stove without scorching your ears.

Three months in the army and you'll be a new man except for one thing: The Army doesn't guarantee to grow hair. When it comes to perfect posture and clearing the complexion there is no beauty expert like a tough top sergeant who has just lost his bank roll playing dice. And for working up an appetite there is nothing like a 20-mile stroll before breakfast with 60 pounds on your back.

Strange how events take charge of people. Right now things are in a worse shape than a sunburned oyster. Look at the college boys who will graduate this June. A fellow with a diploma stating he is a bachelor of letters will find the letters are U.S.A. That's good enough for any lad, and my advice is to get into that man's army. If I had my life to live all over again, I would start it as a Brigadier General.

Now a man doesn't have to graduate from college to have an Army mule kick him in the short ribs. But it helps. Do you know that the healthiest place to work in a cantonment camp is around the stables? I remember a college professor of mathematics (I'm surprised no end that I can spell it) who gained thirty-five pounds in a mule's boudoir and it wasn't algebra.

That fellow was the smartest man in college, and every day you could see him cranking a mule by the tail. He stayed in the Army after the war was over because he changed from a round-shouldered old man of 40 to a young man of the same age. He went from 135 pounds to 170 in ten easy installments. He learned a string of cuss words that would have blistered a blacksmith's apron.

It took him forty years to get outdoors, and he sure caught up. He went into the Army as an instructor in ballistics, but he traded his cap and gown for a broom and got the best of the bargain. At the start he was so round-shouldered he had to keep his epaulets in his pockets. At the finish he told me he never felt better in his life or had less. But he had finally graduated.

Well, I do not think I will bother this man's Army. Warfare is now mechanized. A board of strategy today consists of a boilermaker and his helper.



It was the day before Christmas—less than a month after the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor—and all along the West Coast the feeling was growing that the Japs might try to pull something on Christmas Day.

In the home of Mrs. Esther Long on a shady little street in Fullerton, California, the telephone rang. The chairman of the Fullerton Nutrition Committee of the civilian defense organization was on the line. "In case of an emergency up in the Los Angeles area, large numbers of evacuees might be brought to outlying small towns. We'll have to be prepared to take care of our share, and we need your help. Can you prepare menus, market orders and recipes for us sufficient to feed several thousand people for three days. I'll send you a typist and you can get the other home economics teachers to help, but I must have the entire material at the earliest possible moment, and it must be in such simple form that inexperienced buyers and cooks can easily follow the instructions. Will you do it?"

"That's a big assignment," Mrs. Long replied, "but I'll tackle it." And she set to work.

With the cooperation of the five home economics teachers in town, they should be able to divide the work to be done and finish easily by evening. It was not until she sat down to telephone the others that things began to look black. One after another she called them but every time the answer was the same—they had all left town for the holiday. Finally she did locate one teacher who agreed to give some assistance.

Planning a seven-course Christmas dinner for twelve is merely a drop in the bucket compared with planning food for several thousand for a period of three days. In order to make their meal plans adaptable to any number which might be on hand, menus, market orders and recipes were prepared for groups of 50 and 100. Plans were made, insofar as possible, to keep people from given communities together in these smaller groups, in order to make cooking and serving easier and to bolster morale. Church and school kitchens had all volunteered their equipment, and special centers were arranged for the sick and wounded, the aged and mothers with

Ryan's new Counselor of Women thrives on emergencies



Meet Mrs. Long

by

SUE ZINN GUNTHORP

tiny babies. The "home ec" teachers were delegated to take care of these latter groups because of the special nourishment problems that might be involved, and the cooking for the other groups was divided among volunteers.

Many perplexing factors entered into the selection of foods which would be best suited for large-crowd feeding. One of these was the emotional disturbance that would be unavoidable. Foods must be nourishing but very easily digested—nothing fried or greasy. Another consideration was the large percentage of children who would probably be present. Baby foods, and foods that children ordinarily like and can digest readily, must be included.

Then, when their well-planned and nourishing menus were almost complete, came the realization that in case of emergency, they must depend wholly upon the foods available in their own community! Transportation of food might be entirely out of the question at such a time. Out the window went the dreams of being able to serve interesting meals, and the two teachers settled down to the brass tacks of finding enough of any particular foods in the community to provide adequate nourishment for the group which might be thrust upon them. By adding here and subtracting there, they were able to strike a group of nourishing meals with all the necessary vitamin and caloric content. Working almost continuously, the two teachers and the typist had the material in first-class order and in the hands of the proper people by noon of Christmas day.

The emergency did not arise. But if it had, the city of Fullerton would have been one of the best equipped in the state to handle its share of the load, much of the thanks for which belonged to Mrs. Long.

The contemplation of such an emergency set the women of Fullerton to thinking—as it did also Mrs. Long. The result was that when the women became enthused over the Red Cross Nutrition and Canteen courses, Mrs. Long agreed to teach them. It was one of the first two classes begun in Orange County and the first one completed in all Southern California. When the course was started the regular Red Cross material was not yet available, so the

(Continued on page 25)

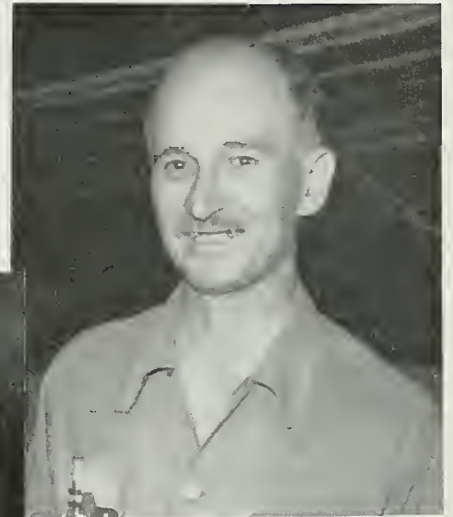
Ideas Are Ammunition



Left: Porter Bronscome, Modeling, who recently received a \$25 War Bond for developing a new method of costing punches that saves time and increases accuracy.

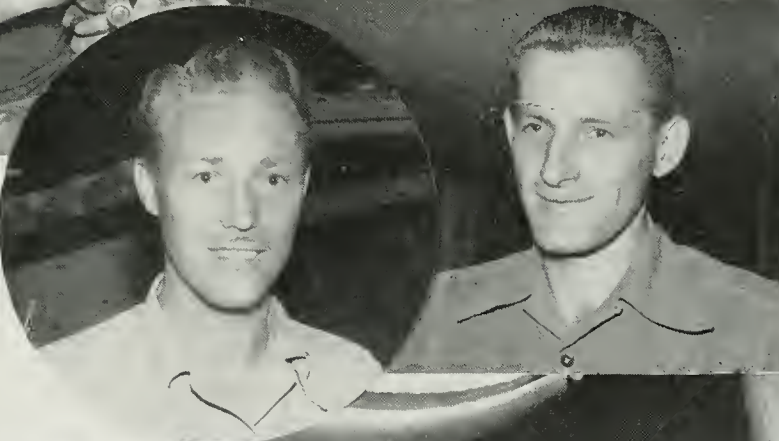
Right: C. C. Ryker, Manifold, received \$10 in War Stamps for developing a jig for stamping welded manifold sections.

Below: E. M. Magdick, Sheet Metal, richer by \$10 in War Stamps for a suggested revision of the jaws of a squeeze riveter.



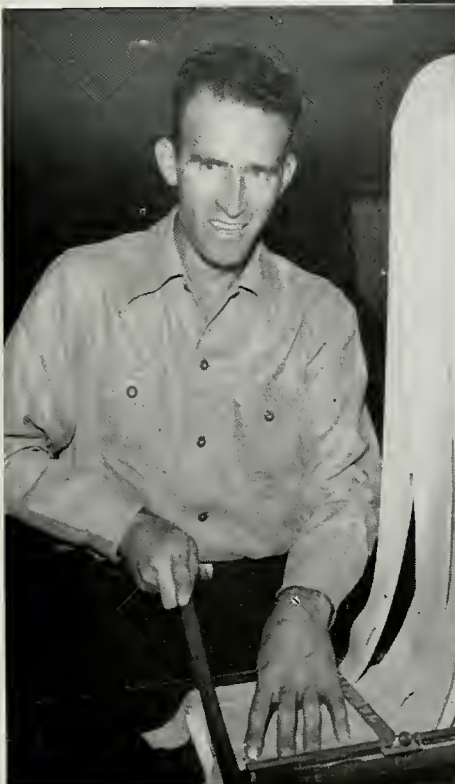
In the East when these pictures were taken was T. P. Lyle, Electrical Maintenance, whose ideas on splicing electrical wire earned him \$10 in War Stamps.

In circle: O. G. Johnson, Fuselage, won \$10 in War Stamps for idea of machine to make center-lines on ribs and formers.



Below: O. F. Finn, Inspection, earned \$20 in War Stamps for ideas on a multiple tape-cutter and on use of a new adhesive for flap and aileron cut-outs.

Below: Howard Johnson, Stainless Steel Welding, won \$15 in War Stamps for an improved production method in connection with intensifier tubes.



Above: Henry Hall, Drophammer, whose development of a dual-duty drop hammer die brought him a \$25 War Bond.



In circle: Ross F. Plumb, Inspection, won \$10 in War Stamps for developing a new type gang bar.



Clarence Harper

Sheet Metal Assembly

It was an airplane wreck that first suggested to Clarence Harper that aviation would be a good business for him to get into.

This odd conclusion was a natural one for Clarence. Several years of fixing wrecked automobiles in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, had conditioned him to cast an appraising and businesslike eye on wrecks of all kinds. When he saw movies of one of the first big airplane crashes, he thought to himself "Hmm . . . There's a wreck that is a wreck! Maybe I'm wasting my time on auto wrecks."

He got to thinking about aviation, and within the year had decided definitely that he wanted to get into it. He never got to fix any wrecked airplanes—and probably he never had any serious hopes of that—but he did get to help build them.

It was in 1936 that Harper and his wife and two sons left Iowa for California. All their lives they'd wanted to see the Golden State, and they came light-heartedly even though Clarence didn't know exactly where he was going to work. 1936 was a depression year, and Clarence

An airplane crash started this foreman on a career

had no job lined up, but he did have enough faith in his own ability to be sure he could find one.

He had corresponded with one of the larger aircraft companies, and it had held out some hope to him. But when he arrived, the company was rather indefinite. "Come back and see us again in a month or two," was all the satisfaction he could get.

He drove down to San Diego to visit friends, and incidentally try his luck with the aircraft companies here. He tried one company and got nowhere. Airplane manufacturers weren't hiring many men that year. Clarence decided maybe he'd better look around for some other kind of a job.

Since boyhood, he'd worked in a large automobile body shop in Cedar Rapids. He'd put in seven years painting cars, back in the days when a painting job was a three-week proposition on which every lick had to be done by hand. Then he'd helped build truck bodies, and later switched to repairing wrecked auto bodies. He knew a lot about sheet metal and about painting, and he'd done all his own welding. With that kind of background, Clarence figured he should be able to make himself useful in an aircraft factory—but if the factories didn't see it the way he did, he wasn't over to going back to automobile work.

He took a job in a San Diego garage, straightening bent fenders and doing other painting and repair work. That would tide him over temporarily, he thought, until he could break into aviation.

Clarence chuckles when he remembers that job. "It was the only job I ever got fired from in my life," he recalls. "There was an older man in the shop who seemed to

(Continued on page 14)





Four Englishmen visit Ryan as an important international program gets under way here

A new development in aeronautical engineering—one that has international significance—began to take shape this month with the visit of four top-flight British technicians to Ryan.

The Englishmen came here to confer with Ryan's standards engineer, Tom Hearne. Most of what they talked about must remain secret. But their general purpose can be told. They were helping set up international standardization of aircraft design.

International standardization,

when it becomes a fact instead of a dream, will mean that United Nations planes will have interchangeable parts and fittings. Such things as plugs, sockets and bearings for all will be designed in a few standard sizes, instead of several hundred miscellaneous varieties. Maintenance and repair work will be simplified by elimination of the infinite differences in design that now have to be borne in mind in servicing different planes.

At present, if a United Nations plane is hauled in for repairs at any front-line service base in Britain or North Africa or Asia, there's a pretty good chance that the needed replacement parts will not be available. Fittings from one make of plane won't fit another. So the harassed ground crew will patch

Left to right above: Flight Lieutenant D. G. Moffitt of the RAF; W. T. Gemmell of the British Ministry of Aircraft Production; H. W. Goodinge of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors; T. P. Hearne, Standards Engineer of the Ryan Company, study one of our exhaust manifolds.

up the plane with whatever is handy—and there's no telling how many planes have failed in action because they took the air with ill-fitting parts.

This will all be remedied when aircraft engineers reach international agreement on the sizes and shapes of the parts and fittings they'll call for in their designs. Even in such a simple thing as lubricating oil, international standardization is bringing about a tremendous

(Continued on page 17)

Something New Will Be Added

A Chain Is As Strong As Its Weakest Link

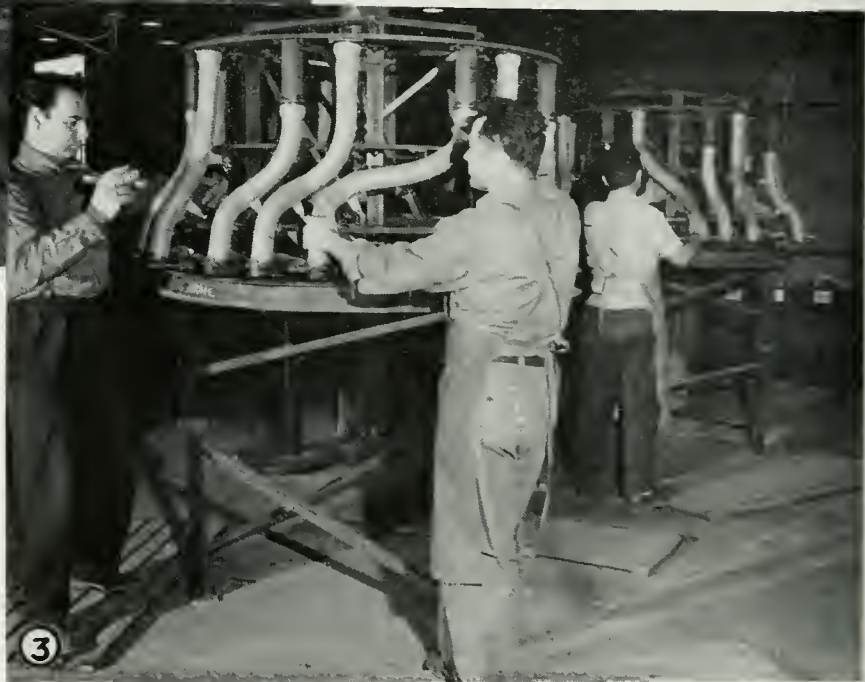
AS Ryan workers mold a shapeless piece of metal into a manifold, they're helping mold the success of bombing missions. Proper welding of manifold seams is one of the first links in a chain that stretches to Europe.

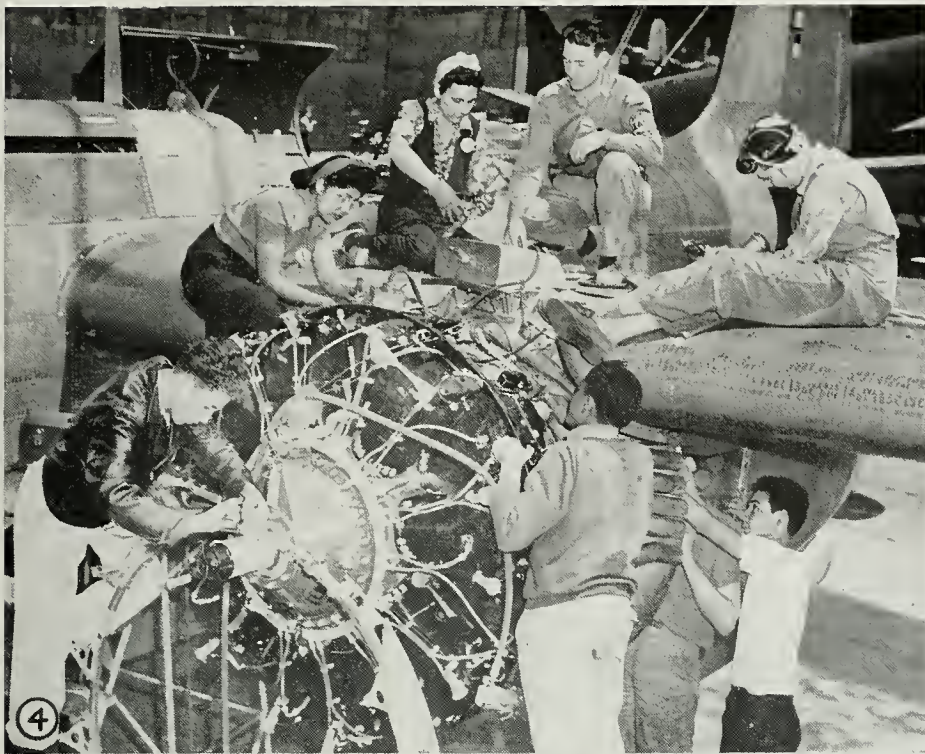


PREPARING the manifold for installation on a combat plane, adding brackets and reinforcements is another link in the chain that you help forge.



YOUR minute precision, checked and double-checked by Ryan inspectors, may make possible a quick interchange of parts so that a plane which would otherwise be grounded can proceed on its mission.





MANY of our manifolds go to Douglas, where they're installed in Douglas A-20 Boston and Havoc bombers. So when one of these big brutes starts for a fight over Europe, your work is in it!

BOSTON Bombers "somewhere in England." Without the manifold YOU'RE building, they can't take off with their loads of bombs for the enemy!



BOSTONS on a daylight raid over occupied Europe—a raid that you have a hand in! This is the final result of the work you do here—can any work be MORE important?

Inspection

by Irene Travis

DON'T FORGET: The Ryan Inspection department picnic June 27, 1943, at Big Stone Lodge near Escandido. Eat turkey and drink all the beer and soft drinks you can hold—and be entertained all day. Bring the new wife or husband, all the children—even the new baby; let's get acquainted with the whole family.

NEW: In receiving inspection crib 1 is Livia Manuel from Akron, Ohio; Radney Railsback, from Beechcraft in Wichita, Kans.; Bill Smith, who is almost a Californian but originally from Maine; Florence Irwin, of San Diego. Welcome to our happy family at Ryon's, and we hope you like working here and that you will all be at the picnic with your families to meet everyone.

AFTER 13 YEARS: Of married life, George Tiedman feels able to give Christopher and LaFleur some good husbandly advice.

CLEVELAND: Ohio was the destination of Ruthe Daugherty when she left for a three weeks' vacation to see all the home folks.

HAPPY: Well, they do look that way, after their honeymoon in Yosemite. Everyone wishes them a long and happy married life, "The Christophers."

LEAVING: Theda White is going back to her old job of housekeeping and taking care of her little daughter. We'll be missing you, Theda, from crib 1.

SHARED: That's Bob Southern's way of celebrating his birthday; he gave Harold LaFleur part of his cake May the 15th when he found out it was the birthday of both. Couldn't find out how old they were, but everyone said the cake was really good.

ARMY: Inspection has some new faces and they are women—the first women Army inspectors we have had. Glad to have them—namely, Beason, Nelson, Rainwater.

EXTRA SLEEP: Dorothy Trudersheim spent her two weeks' vacation house-cleaning and taking that extra nap after she got her hubby off to work.

VACATION: For Tammie Hickey of crib 4 is stretching out a long time. He had one week, came back to work and is taking his other this week. The first week he caught up on his golf while his wife was visiting in Tennessee. Now that Ann is home he is having this time with her. Ann will be remembered as Ann Carrall of Fabric.

GIRLS: Look in crib 3 and you will find a new boy—he is single. His name is Arthur J. Waledzich and he comes from Detroit.

YOUNG: Bill Crawford has his grandson with him for the summer and he says it sure makes him feel young to have a baby in the home. His son is in the Navy in Norfolk, Virginia.

MARRIED: On June 6th, Harold LaFleur of crib 3 was married in Pasadena. We hear they were Mexico bound on the honeymoon. Good luck, and bring the new Mrs. to the picnic.

GONE: Is Catherine Cooper of crib 1. Her husband is back in San Diego, so Catherine wants to be free to be with him.

SUN: If you don't think it's hot in San Diego, just ask Edna Farnsworth to let you see her nice sunburned back.

TEMPORARY: Leadmon of crib 3 is Cormack Berryman while George Tiedman is in Las Angeles on Company business.

ALL STAR: Factory ball team of Ryan, according to Speedy Cale, beat Rahr Aircraft 12 to 4 in just five innings. No telling what the score would have been if it hadn't got dark and they had to quit playing.

VACATION: Ruth Higgins is taking her vacation this week. Ruth works in crib 1.

IN OR OUT: Claude Nadeau, "The Swing-in' Door Kid," is either in or out with Janet. It's hard to tell which way he's swinging lately.

SETTLED: Is Marjorie Gray, now that she is all married and keeping her Bill happy. Best of luck.

RADIO REPAIR: That's where you will find Pappy Garrison, crib 4's self-styled "best radio repairman in the world." He still has a gleam in his eye for Beverly Moore.

BOSS: D. J. Dannelly has just celebrated his daughter's wedding day, and it certainly was a big day.

LOVE: For his boat—that is Elmer Broder-son's heart throb now.

BACK: Lucille Stone is back at work again. The blond whirlwind will be bowling the boys over again because she's looking and feeling better than ever.

ENOUGH: Folks for this time, and I hope you will forgive me for not getting out a column last time. I was absent an account of illness. Hope to see you all at the picnic—let's make this one the best we ever attended.

Mr. Gates Looks Us Over



Artemus L. Gates, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, visited the Ryan plant this month as part of a 27,000-mile inspection trip of American bases throughout the Pacific area. Mr. Gates is shown above with Claude Ryon.

In the lower picture are, left to right, Captain J. F. Bolger, Aide to Mr. Gates; Wolter O. Locke, Contract Administrator for the Ryan Company; Commander C. M. Huntington, Inspector of Naval Aircraft, San Diego.

Time Study Observations

by Dortha Dunston

Right on the dot with our Time Study news—

Prepare yourselves now for views and previews.

Listen, co-workers, and you will hear

What happened to us in May of this year.

Well wishes extended to COLVIN's wife,

Whose hospital bed seven days was her life.

She thanks us each one for the flowers we sent;

If it helped her get well, then it's money well spent.

When KENNY was out then things just weren't the same;

We all were subdued as a small dampened flame.

In his two days off we missed him quite some

And were happy and glad when to work he did come.

A hope and a promise at last has come true;

"MAJ's" car has returned, and he says it's like new.

A lesson or two from Majors we learn—

"No car should go straight when the road made a turn."

Muscles and bones long unused to such work

Were found by some girls who went slightly berserk.

They're trying to learn to be perfect or more

Shooting balls down an alley for a big bowling score.

Night-shift-DRAPER says things are implied—

When anything's missing he's first to be tried!

Don't ask him again if an orange he took

Or a flower, a pencil, or good story book.

The girls up in Methods have gone on o strike—

Stockingless days we're beginning to like.

With a sly glance each way when our shoes get too hot

We wiggle our toes, bare our feet on the spot

It's cooler and comfy, and no one must know

How our work speeds up when it's airy below.

Does anyone have an extra alarm?

IRENE needs one badly to keep her from harm.

Her husband leaves early—long story made short—

Poor Irene is late—her husband leaves port!

A test was made on "Wolf Protection"—

Just poke a finger in the wolf's rib section;

He's ticklish we've found, when we who know, near,

And his eyes reflect a ticklish man's fear.

Brash's beginner's ELIZABETH now;

With IRENE to teach her just when and how.

She no longer types our masters up here

But to numbers and symbols she now does adhere.

THELMA and WALT, we hold highest esteem—

Wish happiness for you to greatest extreme.

Congrats to the newlyweds deep from the heart;

May joy be outstanding from cupid's wee dart.

That dreamy look on BETTY's sweet face—

And letting thoughts wander out into space

Mean one thing to me—Heavens above!

Do you suppose Betty has fallen in love?

CHARLIE goes wild when he can't find a sheet,

And THELMA can't find it in "good" or "delete"!

An hour of hunting and he's really hot—

Then I drag it out from a swell hiding spot.

Typing away on the electric machine—

That constant peck is made by ARLINE.

OLSEN is working as never before

Over manifold routings poor "Olie" does pore.

For several days our TAYLOR was out

At the Consair plant just "timing about."

TAX TALK COMING

Your pay checks after July 1st will be affected by the new tax law just passed by Congress. This law provides for a withholding tax on all wages and salaries—popularly called the "Pay-as-You-Go" tax plan.

There are several complicated features of this plan. In order that you may understand the provisions of the new law—especially in regard to their effect on your income—James C. Noakes, Ryan's comptroller, has agreed to write a detailed explanation of it for the next Flying Reporter.

The Flying Reporter will be out nine days after the new deductions become effective. Before coming to the office with questions about the deductions, wait until you've read Noakes' article—it will probably answer all your questions!

A RYANITE THANKS HIS FRIENDS

TO MY FELLOW RYAN WORKERS:

There are no words to tell you of our thanks and deep appreciation of what you have done for me. It was through the giving of your blood that I am here today with a grand chance of getting well.

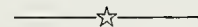
The financial gift was a wonderful help, and the flowers lovely.

Thanks also to the many of you who took the trouble to come to see me, or called up. Your interest added greatly to my desire to get well.

You can find me now at 2165 Second Avenue. I consider it now more than ever an honor to belong to the Ryan family. I hope I can soon be back on the job doing my share.

A. B. SKINNER.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Skinner, of Tooling, is one of Ryan's most popular employees. During his recent long illness dozens of Ryanites phoned or visited him, and there were countless contributions to a "kitty" to help him pay the big hospital bill that piled up during his sickness.



TELLER's quite handy with tools and his hands;

He's made us some nice identity bands.

ROSS came one week with a beautiful glow;

A deep shade of rose his whole face did show.

His ears were pink tipped, and his neck had a bloom

Like roses in May after Winter's deep gloom.

Then SCHNEIDER returned from a day's fishing trip,

Blistered and burned from his toenail to lip.

My vase is quite constantly filled with bouquets

Brought me by BESSIE to brighten the days.

We've no "sweater girls" and just two "sweater men"

Of the stripes in those sweaters at least I count ten.

They both have a "zoot suit"—thank goodness just two!

I'll not mention names, but I'll bet you guess who!

An unanswered question keeps floating around—

Not denied or admitted—DICK just stands his ground.

I know we've no business to pry a man's life—

But gee gosh golly whiz! Has Dick got a wife?

Purchasing Paragraphs

by Pat Eden

It is usually on event that occurs in everyday living that throws together a group of human lives. Each individual takes his stand on the stage to play a part. Each interpretation is different as the person is different.

There are of course the same possibilities in an office as there are in a family, a group making up a home.

When there is time to do other things besides work, with permission or without, then there is the time to enjoy the drama of people—office people, our office. If you can do it quietly you are lucky! Every move that is made or garment worn, new or torn, tight or loose, is scanned. Every word uttered is heard and repeated. Every look given is judged and judgment given. And strongly enough each word, each act and reaction touches every one of us.

Would you care to walk in?

Early in the morning the lock is unlocked and two windows opened and the door is re-shut, carefully. Carefully because one door has a sign that says: "Please use other door." It is very certain that the door with the sign will be opened because it shouldn't be, because it would cause a draft! Then up the steps runs a busy man with a toothpick in his mouth and the honking desire to "get busy." There's work to be done. Then a girl with a hat walks calmly in, it's too cold or too hot and there was no letter at home the night before. Follows another, a ride, too early to work, drowsy up a choir and talks to the girl with the hat and gradually the office room is filled, pencils sharpened, tobacco, oshes and cigar butts are dumped, typewriters are uncovered, desks dusted, windows opened and windows re-shut. It's too cold, too hot, too cold. Some arrive late for many reasons.

The actors are those to watch; they make the drama. What has gone by to make them "their type" is very seldom taken into consideration. The mere fact that they have been hired for their job and they acquired the role they wear is all in which most are interested.

There are those with nerves, nerves of steel, no nerves and just plain nerve.

There are those sassy, meek, honest, broggy, kind, unkind, considerate and inconsiderate.

There are those interested in doing good deeds, jobs well done, interested in working for advancement, interested in each person, and some plain "nosy."

There are some who laugh, real laughter, some squeal, cockle, giggle, snort, some actually smile!

There are some who cry, tears falling silently—tears never shed at all. There are some who think, some who think they think, and some who think too much and some who do not think at all.

There are those who work because they like it, because they have to, because they are waiting, because they don't have to, and those who just work.

Some like each other, others sneer and smile at the same time, and some like not to be liked and some are friends.

There are men and women and boys and "bobbies"—who dream and work and live together for eight long hours a day.



Three prominent members of the Foremen's Club with their ladies relaxing between dances at the recent Get-Acquainted Party given by the club. In the usual order, Erich Faulwetter and friend ("Guess who," Erich says), Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Edmiston and Mr. and Mrs. Harley Rubish.

There are Irish, Spanish, English, Dutch, Scotch, German, Welsh and French. They are mixtures of all and they are Americans, all.

They are together each in his way, contributing each in a way for one cause. Life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. Sorrow, grief, laughter, humor, are all portrayed by the actors of "our office." And all have goals to reach through one goal—Freedom without war—Freedom for a price. All must be added together, balanced and posted in the imprint of time, time spent here each day. One accomplishment ahead—by work, patience and understanding each for the other.

Anonymous Comment:

You want my reaction?
It's plain stupefaction
That Pat knows so much
Without getting in Dutch.

(But she'll get her retribution
In this little contribution!)

Frankly, however,
Miss Eden's quite clever,
And we'd never, never
Gainsoy it;

The sweet with the bitter,
The dull with the glitter,
There's no one kin bitter
Portroy it.

Mind you, this is no reflection
on Keller,
But his requisitions are my spec-
ter.

His writing is hieroglyphic,
His spelling is terrific.
Tell me, why this monogher
Hod to be on ex-gold miner.

Good Time Had At Ryan Dance

Five hundred Ryanites hoiled the first Foremen's Get-Acquainted Dance as a huge success and cried for more, as they swung a wicked hoof in the North Park Dance Hall the night of the gala event. Side feature of the evening was the grand performance put on by Eddie and Alice Corvojal, jitterbugs deluxe, whose dancing copers are always a highlight when Ryanites are around.

When's the next dance? The foremen know, but they won't tell—at least not yet. But keep your eyes open, 'cause there's going to be an announcement. And if you think you had fun at the first dance, watch out for this second one!

Room For More Tennis Players

Drawings for the Tennis Ladder Tournament have been completed and posted on the Main Activity Board. At present it contains 13 names, but as there is room for at least 20 more, tennis players are urged to report to Trovis Hatfield (Ext. 309) or Carmock Berryman (Ext. 343) to have their names added.

All play will be by challenge. Players may challenge up to the third name above their own, and in the event of a victory will have their name placed above that of their defeated opponent; other names dropping one place. According to Carmock Berryman, who is directing the Tennis Club activities, all games must be played on courts and with balls agreeable to both parties.

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin



THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF EUTHANASIOUS PILFER

We who draw and design and fabricate airplanes have perhaps lost contact with the human side of this field of endeavor; an airplane is to us just so many parts (Opp. Hand - 1); we give little thought to the Titans who nurtured this wisdom and who sow it flower; in short, we see the airplane and not the geniuses behind it.

There is a long line of such men. It begins with Leonardo da Vinci (whose native Italy now terribly feels the power of his dream); it goes on through Mantgalfier to Professor Langley; it incorporates the gospel of the brothers Wright; for our own time it culminates in Dr. Pilfer.

My public (i.e., JOE VIALL and Mrs. TED HACKER) will doubtless be glad to learn a little about this Colossus of our industry. For them I set down an everlasting paper something of the life and some of the opinions of Euthanasius Pilfer, onetime Coverston Professor of Aerodynamics at the San Diego College of Veterinary Medicine.

My employment at one time as skip tracer for various credit firms occasionally brought me into contact with his somewhat shy and self-effacing personality; as time went on we became better acquainted, and I was a visitor at each of his many residences. Then, going into war work, the thread of our acquaintance gradually stretched and broke. Until last week I saw little of him; then I phoned him and the severed ends were knotted again. I was asked to come for dinner to his ranch at Carmel, Sunday. Being very fond of Carmel Sundaes, I accepted with alacrity, and departed in a dither.

But first a word of introduction. Dr. Pilfer is an extremely old but robust man; of his 89 years, only the past ten have been spent in aeronautics; before that he was one of the most highly-paid and fashionable designers of magnetic and gravitational fields on the West coast. Then one evening, chancing to be in a night club—which he attended for reasons of health—he observed the performance of a pair of acrobatic dancers in which the male partner clung to the neck of the female while she whirled him around and around. Discovering that he had mentally computed the lift and drag coefficients of the soaring partner, he rushed immediately into the pursuit of aerodynamics, though not before paying his check.

After the publication of his first few papers, various universities clamored for his services, S.D.C.V.M. winning with a sealed bid. Here, until his retirement, he spent the most fruitful years of his life, publishing one paper after another on the College's rotary hand press. A bibliography of his works is beyond the scope of this column, but I might mention that his career culminates in the epochal "Seamy Side of Science" monographs published by the Psychosis Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.:

Vol. I: Notes On the Basic Fallacies in the Newton-Einstein Mechanics.

Vol. II: Planck's Constant, h , and the Reynolds Number, H-4-3883.

Vol. III: A Statistical Analysis of Win, Place and Show Entries at Agua Caliente.

Vol. IV: The Physical Chemistry of Foam Propagation in Malt-Type Beverages.

At present he is working on Vol. V: "A Lexicon of Translation from the Loft Language into English," which supplements the classical work in this field by McFarlane & Exley: "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom: Being a System of Translation of Engineering Data into Equivalent Loft Idioms."

Always a sensitive man, the Professor works in a stone tower overlooking the sea; this tower he built himself out of native stone, and it looks it, too. He insists on a background of music while he works; his favorite selection is Fats Waller's "Sa Much Meat and No Potatoes." His ranch, fittingly enough, is called Agua Hedionda. He loves poetry, and will read it aloud on the slightest pretext, which has been established by the Bureau of Standards as 8.2366 oz. of Mt. Vernon; his favorite poem is Edna St. Millay's sonnet beginning "Beauty alone has looked on Euclid bare." A close runner-up is Jeffers' sixteen-volume saga, "Rocks Last Longer Than Men, Eh Kid?"

Like all great men, the Professor is somewhat eccentric. An anecdote is told of him: It seems that Pilfer had never noticed the habit that seagulls have of flying about with one foot tucked away and one partly extended until one day early this spring. Seeing this phenomenon, the Professor became greatly upset, ran into the house, found an old chicken leg, and began to run about the beach, waving it at a seagull. When interrupted and questioned by the gendarmerie, he explained that he believed the seagull to be unaware of its landing gear, and wished, very humanely, to avoid a crash landing.

The Professor depends to a great extent on his faithful valet, BRUSH. All day long Pilfer can be heard shouting "Brush, my clothes!" or "Brush, my shoes!" or "Brush, my hair!" (The Professor wears a toupee) or, in his well-equipped workshop, "Mike, Brush!"

Anyway, I arrived at the ranch and was cordially greeted by Honeybunch, Pilfer's devoted wife. We went in to see the grand old man, whom we surprised in the conservatory matching pennies with his favorite pet, a monkey named Rhesus. We chatted about old times for a while, sipping the Professor's favorite cocktail, Death in the Afternoon:

1/3 Vodka
1/3 Applejack
1/3 Pernod.

Add a dollop of Nucoo, sprinkle with powdered rhinoceros horn, bake in a moderate oven until a straw will dissolve in it. Serve lukewarm.

At length the Professor took his cocktail back, finished it, and we went in to a dinner of lamb-chops and flap-jacks, both of which I loathe.

Then we got down to business. I explained to him that much as I revered him, I had come not for pleasure alone. In fact, I was engaged in assisting in a certain phase of airplane design, and would welcome his advice. He perked up immediately, cleaned off his shirt-front, and got down to brass tacks, which I could obtain only because of a very high priority rating. As I explained my problem, his expression became very morose and unfriendly. Momentarily I became afraid for his high blood pressure (76 cm. Hg at

sea level). When I had finished, he was visibly agitated. He rose and waved his hands.

"Bah!" he cried. "Novice! Tyro! Does our friendship mean nothing? Do all my teachings mean nothing? I am ashamed to know so stupid a person! Let me get this straight: this structure which you are contemplating, is it going into the ship normal to **Everything?**"

I mumbled Yes.

He shuddered. "You are striking, foolhardy, at the foundations of aeronautical engineering. Why, man, you must be mad. Do you mean to tell me that it would be of no advantage to skew the structure?"

I mumbled Yes.

He shook his head briskly, impatiently, as though I were a forward child. "And it would be of no advantage to cant it?"

None, I said.

"Or to tilt it, or tip it, or warp it, or bend it?"

None.

"You are hopeless. You are a kindhearted milksop who is trying to make the work of others easier, and they will repay you with malice and fury. Look at him, they will say, 'the fool had a chance to skew and cant and warp and deform his structure, and he passed it up.' Can you imagine their scorn?"

I sighed. I felt indeed a fool.

"Furthermore, you are betraying the others in your craft. Theraftsmen have given you figures accurate to the tenth decimal place, which is somewhere within the limits of the dimensioning of the molecule, and you are hacking them down to fractions of an inch. The draftsmen are looking forward to details which will take them weeks to contemplate, months to execute. The people in the plant want templates they can cry over bitterly, things they can ask the leadmen how it is possible for mere mortal to fit them into the scheme of things. Are you going to let them all down? Let down the checkers, who will understand the structure at a glance, the weights people who will estimate the weight without invoking non-Euclidean geometrics?"

I departed, a broken, bitter man, but with high resolve in my heart. I had seen the road to salvation, and would no more be waylaid. So, if you chance to pore over the drawings of the new model, and come upon an assembly that is not stolid and steadfast, but that runs like April through the ship, twisting and turning and laughing girlish laughter, the credit is not mine. No: say that Euthanasius Pilfer lives in that wing, the blessed immortal soul of him.



Production Awards To Be Made Soon

Employees who have submitted shop suggestions and who have been advised by notices posted on the suggestion bulletin board that they are to receive awards, are advised by the War Production Drive Committee that a date will be set in the near future for presentation of Certificates and Medals. Advance notice will be sent by mail to winners, and employees entitled to awards who have not yet turned in their stubs are urged to do so immediately so that the committee may have their names. Winners should write their name, badge number and department on the suggestion stubs they have retained, and place the stub in the suggestion box.

Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

by Noremac



Running after women never hurts anyone—it's catching them that does the damage.

* * *

Willie: Where did you all get dat black eye?

Rastus: Dat widaw we met last week ain't no widaw.

* * *

Bride to Hubby: Darling, the new maid has burned the bacon and eggs. Would you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?

Replied the husband: Sure, if she don't object.

* * *

An attorney, noted for his defense of the poor against the rich, attended a funeral of a millionaire. The clergyman had just started when a friend of the attorney's came in. "How are the services?" he whispered.

"The minister has just opened the argument for the defense," answered the attorney.

* * *

A man's voice called the insane ward at the hospital: "Have any of your men got away lately?" he asked.

"No," the keeper replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I just wandered," the man said. "Someone has just run away with my wife."

* * *

Italy can't bluff very long holding just a king and a duce.

* * *

A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once.

* * *

Two Italians were conversing in Africa when another seedy-looking Italian came along and after greeting one of the two, asked, "Could you lend me 50 Lire?"

The fellow gave the man the money and when they were alone again his friend asked, "Who was that guy?"

"Oh, that's Mussolini."

"Mussolini! Do you think he will give you back your maney?"

"Oh sure, he'll give it back. Didn't he give back Ethiopia and Bengasi?"

* * *

A woman had saved up her money from a factory job and decided to splurge on a fur coat. She picked out the one she liked, but a thought occurred to her. "But if there is a shower, won't the rain spoil it?"

"Madam," the clerk asked rather severely, "did you ever hear of a skunk using an umbrella?"

"Sure," answered the woman. "My husband always carries an umbrella."

* * *

You guys better begin hoarding War Bonds. Get in early and avoid the rush—but don't hoard anything else. The boys over there aren't hoarding their ammunition.

Carol Landis: "I surely don't want to wind up on old moid."

Groucho Marx: "Well, bring her in and let me wind her up."

* * *

FRANK SAYE looked over the references of the nervous little chap and said, "I'm afraid you're the wrong man for this job. We want a single man."

"When I applied yesterday you said you wanted a married mon."

"I'm sorry. Must be a mistake."

"Mistake nothing," groaned the guy. "What am I going to do? I went out last night and got married."

* * *

An old tightwad died and went to heaven. St. Peter met him at the gate and told him he would have to tell of the best good deed he had done on earth. The old guy thought for a moment and said, "Well, one rainy night in San Diego I was walking down Broadway and I met a newsboy who was crying very bitterly. I asked him what was wrong and he told me he had sold no papers all evening, so I bought a paper."

St. Peter looked at him for a minute and then said, "Just a minute." He went inside and got the Angel Gabriel and together they looked over the record book.

"Yes," said Gabriel, "that's right."

"What will we do with him?" asked St. Peter.

Gabriel thought a minute and then slammed the book shut and said, "Give him back his nickel and tell him to go to hell."

* * *

A drunk watched a man enter a revalving door. As the door swung around, a pretty girl stepped out. "Dorned good trick," he muttered, "but I don't see how that guy changed his clothes so fast."

* * *

What the average man likes most about the average girl is his arms.

* * *

Sign in a shoe repair shop: If your shoes are not ready, don't blame us. Two of our employees have gone after a heel to save your sales.

* * *

EDDIE OBERBAUER was about to take off when he stopped to ask a lady friend if she would like to go up. "Are you sure you can bring me back?" she asked cautiously.

"Have no fear. I've never left anyone up there yet," answered Eddie.

* * *

A grocer's lad was ascending the finely-carpeted staircase with his arms full of packages. "Boy," cried the housewife somewhat sharply, "are your feet clean?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy, "it's only my shoes that's dirty."

* * *

The man came into a barber shop and a manicurist started to work on him as he sat in the barber chair. "How about a date, honey?" he asked the girl.

"That wouldn't be right," she answered.

"Aw, let's just have dinner," he pleaded.

"I'm afraid not. My husband wouldn't like it."

"He wouldn't mind."

"Maybe not," she said. "Why don't you ask him? He's shaving you."

MORE ABOUT

CLARENCE HARPER

(Continued from page 6)

think I was trying to undermine him. He wasn't very good at repair work, which made him feel insecure in his job anyway. He and I often worked on the same car, and when we'd finished straightening a pair of fenders his fender would be a different shape than mine. He finally went to the boss privately and complained that I was a bum worker. The next morning the boss was waiting for me with a pay-off check."

It took Harper only about an hour to find another job. He took his tools and walked down the street to a nearby garage, where they were glad to put him to work at once.

He stayed there for about two months. Then he heard that Ryan was looking for an experienced sheet-metal man. He stopped in to see about it, and a few days later he was a member of Ryan's fifteen-man sheet metal department.

This quiet, stubby little man with the friendly smile soon began to attract attention in Sheet Metal. He was set to work bumping out parts by hand—Ryan had no drophammer in those days—and did such a good job of it that his superiors sat up and took notice. Dan Burnett remarked that Harper was the only man who could turn out wing leading edges the way he wanted them. Erich Faulwetter liked his work on cowlings, fairings and wheel pants. Before long, as the department expanded, Harper was supervising other men, instead of working himself; in four years he was a night foreman; and this year when Sheet Metal was split into several divisions under the general foremanship of Faulwetter, the job of foreman of Sheet Metal Assembly went to Harper.

Some of the old-timers at Ryan still call Harper "Flosch" because of an electrical display he once set off unintentionally. During construction of the Ryan factory building, a builder's electrician carelessly left an untaped wire dangling from the ceiling for a short time. Harper walked by, and the wire tickled his bald head; 440 volts of electricity made contact.

"It was as if a ball of fire exploded in front of my eyes," he says. "I slumped down onto a bench, and for

a few minutes I didn't take much interest in my surroundings. But I finally meandered over to First Aid, and I felt all right after they fixed me up. However, I still have the scars from those burns on my head."

After seven years with Ryan, Clarence has no desire to go elsewhere. "If the company treats me as well in the future as it always has in the past, I'll be here from now on," he says. He owns his home, in which he gives free rein to his old-time habit of swinging paint and varnish brushes; he has completely refinished the house in four years, and is starting on the second round now.

Like most men who have made their own way in life, Clarence had a hard row to hoe in boyhood. Even during his school days he was working part time. "Seems like the main thing I remember as a youngster is that when the other kids were out playing ball or having a good time, I had to be working my head off," he recalls.

However, Clarence now finds time for more recreation. He likes to bowl, and is also a horseshoe pitcher of note. When he lived in Cedar Rapids he was an expert fisherman, catching many prize bass in the lakes and streams of Iowa and Wisconsin. Naturally, the fish he recalls with the greatest pride is one that got away—a huge muskie, well over the 30-inch limit, which pulled loose from his hook.

Clarence's older son Ray worked in Ryan's Manifold department for a time, but is now a cadet in the Army Air Forces. At present he's at the Training Center at Santa Ana awaiting assignment to a primary school. By the time this reaches print, Ray may be a dodo—learning to fly in one of the Ryan trainers his dad helped to build.

Waldman Goes To Dayton

Appointment of Paul Hugh Waldman as Ryan's liaison representative at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, was announced this month by the Ryan company. Waldman will establish an office in Dayton to keep close contact with Army Air Forces officers on all service problems and contract negotiations affecting Ryan military planes.

Waldman has been automotive service manager of the company, and was later a Ryan field service representative. Before joining Ryan he operated a La Jolla automobile agency.

Ready To Drive His Psyche Over Cliff?



Police Nab Prominent Ryan Engineer; Innocent Victim of Weird Frame-Up

by the Prying Reporter

A man in the Plant Engineering department whose initials are D. H. P. (H. for ha-ha-ha as in "Saw Mill Villain") is going to be mighty sorry for failing to heed the plea laid before him for 4 square inches of Douglas Fir.

When this plea was presented to him, his only response was a sinister ha-ha-ha. In retaliation for this cruel indifference to the needs of others, a plan was developed to get D. H. P. into the hands of the police, who know well enough how to handle this type of character.

First, it was necessary to get D. H. P. to buy a motorcycle. This was easy, because he loves to run down women and children—a difficult thing for him to do now that his car is gathering lichens and moss.

The next step was to lure Mr. P. out to Pacific Beach on his contraption. He was invited to a friend's house (an accomplice to this plot) and asked in for a few snorts of sour milk.

While D. H. P. was indoors gargling himself, his host took the motorcycle for a ride. Motor open wide, he roared around and around the block. The din sounded like

a combination of a Chicago gangland gun battle and an air raid over Dieppe.

Not being equipped with earplugs, the upright citizens of the neighborhood promptly took other steps to rid themselves of the racket. They phoned the police.

By the time the gendarmes arrived, the host had returned to the house and D. H. P. had staggered out to give his little two-wheeler a fond pat on the rear fender.

The officers promptly cornered D. H. P. and proceeded to give him the tongue-lashing of a lifetime. The Anti-Noise Section of the Local Law Code was reviewed in great detail and considerable volume. Having committed no greater sin than guzzling milk, our hero was understandably dismayed—nay, nonplussed or even exasperated. By the time the police got through with him, Mr. P. was ready to drive his psyche over a cliff.

There is no greater joy than to hear someone else get the devil for an act which you have committed. Now that we have drug the skeleton out of the closet, let's leave it there.

S-Cs IN SEARCH OF SUBS

(Continued from page 1)

Sixty-five miles out to sea, Silverman spotted two big silver streaks plowing through the water fast enough to send his heart into his mouth. Periscope feathers sure, he thought. He sent his Ryan down on them in a screaming dive, his fingers ready on the bomb release. "We were just ready to let them have it," Silverman says, "when a couple of whales broke surface and blew." The incident was not reported on the official log of the trip.

"Came June, and the S-C was really putting on the hours," he writes. "But the gas tank sprang a leak—and before I got that thing out, welded, and back in again, I was ready to trade it for a good 1902 Stanley Steamer! However, this annoyance soon wore off, and I was soon back again patrolling further and further out. As a matter of fact, the single tank has meant considerable mental relief to me, as we unfortunately lost a ship due to what we believe was an air lock produced by one tank draining faster than the other. The pilot was about 400 feet above the water when this happened, so he didn't have a chance to do much about it."

Silverman doesn't write about whatever narrow escapes and important adventures he may have had. Instead he confines his letters to minor thrills he's run into. He merely mentions casually that he's picked up everything from a life raft to floating wreckage and an inbound convoy of 45 ships. One flight that gave him a lot of satisfaction, he says, was when he sighted a speck on the horizon, flew out to it, and found it was a Navy destroyer. "Turning back with a new course, we hit our original buoy on the nose," he says. "It was a mighty fine piece of navigating on my buddy's part, but due credit must certainly go to the S-C for its stability in that 240 miles without sight of land or buoy."

Walt Nicolai, another CAP pilot who flies a Ryan S-C, is also close-mouthed about his experiences on patrol duty. But his letters are en-

thusiastic about his plane, which he has christened the Tin Duck. "We're sorry we don't have more S-C's," he writes. "A hundred thousand miles of ocean flying for the Tin Duck have proven that the folks at Ryan sure know how to build the right kind. Too much can't be said for the way Ryans have stood up in the coastal patrol work, where sand, salt air, blazing sunshine and dampness are present at all times. Hangars are a long-forgotten pleasure of the past."

Nicolai is glad that he's flying a low-wing plane. "The accuracy required in bombing proves that a low-wing plane is more advantageous," he writes. "The visibility of the Ryan is tops. Carrying the bomb load is no problem, and it looks very much in place beneath the fuselage on the S-C. Then, too, the sliding hatch on the Ryan is one of its greatest safety factors. Squirming out of a conventional door is not easy in a rough sea. Having a hatch makes it possible just to stand up and—you're out."

To the horror of the Army, the average age of the CAP pilots is nearly 38 years. Yet these oldsters fly their landplanes on long missions out of sight of land, under conditions calling for skill and stamina, where they've only a slim chance of coming back alive if either pilot or plane shows a flaw. Nicolai, like his brother volunteers, is very matter-of-fact about his flights.

"Once the Tin Duck blew a cylinder head at sea," he writes, "but made it back. The lack of emergency landing fields out there is a factor worth consideration. But at least, the size and type tire on the S-C makes it possible for me to land in the softest sand in an emergency. Also, my gasoline consumption seems to be about a gallon less per hour than other similar powered planes, due to the fact that the engine will turn approximately 2150 RPM's and fly throttled back to 1450. That 700 RPM range gives me an extra margin of safety that's mighty welcome on a long sea flight.

The Ryan S-Cs being flown by the CAP are the type of planes which our factory was producing just before we switched to military trainers for the Army and Navy. Since 1937 they've been known all over America as one of the hottest

Dispatching

by Gerald Ryan

MILDRED CUSEY minds the noise more than the slacks occasioned by the new location of RALPH FLANDERS' office. . . . CLAIRE and HOWARD WEBB have discovered there is much they miss in the Miami weather. . . . BILL HOTCHKISS finds manifold parts quite a contrast to coal mine operation in Burlingame, Osage County, Kansas. "Mining is a tough job," says Bill, who claims it has been especially so for small operators who had to pay more in taxes than they were getting from the diggings. . . . BEN SMITH, whose home-spun Texas yarns bring endless stomach-laughs to listeners during the lunch and rest periods, has been comparing range notes with Philadelphian WING HOWARD these past few days. . . . VIRGINIA GULLIXSON and IRENE WENDT happily helping NORMAN SEELY deliver the Merlin goods on the second shift. . . . JOHNNY DEFRAIN, whose sideline is a dance orchestra which specializes in genuine old-timers along with the new, was an enthusiast for a baseball career before a shoulder injury wrote finis. . . . Another who can come in on the hot licks is MERLE CARLSON's drummer-Dispatcher, JIMMY WHITFIELD.

Arrival on the world scene of seven-and-a-quarter-pound Dennis George has added to the mellowness of C. H. (HAP) ATHERTON's smile. Born May 25th, the youngster. Inauguration of necessary household floor-walking on top of his already extensive factory routine will give Hap rather active hours.



JIMMY EDGIL picking up some Spanish on his own hook to facilitate conversations with the Good Neighbors later. . . . AD-DITH LUCILE McCURDY has a big farm back in Hobart, Oklahoma, but she is most recently from Fort Worth, Texas, and has been answering to the name TEX. . . . SARAH HASTINGS becoming particularly fond of the spaghetti after helping JIM MATHIS get a load of Merlin ready for shipment. . . . WILLIAM BOYD HARPER insists it's neither a marcel nor a permanent. . . . and GENE BROWN has purchased all his summer fishing equipment, which reminds me that it's about time to drag anchor.

private-owner planes in the air. Unique among aircraft in the same general field, the S-C is an all-metal three-place cabin monoplane, powered with a 145-horsepower Warner radial engine. All Ryan workers can be proud that these planes, like the later military craft produced here, are doing plenty to help win the war!

Smoke From A Test Tube

by Sally and Sue

In the spring a young man's fancy turns—now don't get excited and don't start to hold your breath—you surely know where a young Aeronautical Engineer's fancy turns. Why, to writing specifications, of course. And if the model (did we hear a whistle?) is as beautiful and has as many promising features as the coming model is whispered to have, no wonder they delve into matters thoroughly and completely before the final a.k. is placed on specifications by all and sundry interested parties concerned. So goes spring in the Lab.

Just when we think the Engineering Department has gotten completely settled, just when we have memorized a mile-long list of telephone numbers, just when we know how and where to locate another list of people in the twinkling of an eye, another building is completed and another door is opened as the Ryan Company expands. First you see 'em and then you don't see 'em—we mean Engineering personnel; so say we, as we attach our pedometers and set out to find them in their new domain.

Speaking of moving, may we say that we were the first to congratulate our friends in the Purchasing Department upon their arrival back at this side of the field. Of course we had to climb over requisitions and boxes, but we greeted them just the same.

"DOC" WHITCOMB has hit upon a brand new fad. He figures that as long as women can change their hair styles every week or so, why can't men? After all, the superior species can't be outdone. Sa-a-a-a, we were pleasantly surprised one day this week when he shyly entered the door with his hair newly parted on the left and a perfectly glamorous-looking wave down over one eye. (Just another Veronica Lake.) It really did things to his face—and that new sweater of his serves to bring out the blue in his eyes, too. Yes, siree, there is definitely a new order in the Laboratory.

A stranger, entering the Lab for the first time, might hear fragments of conversation such as the following and might get the idea that this part of the plant was an institution restricted for a far different reason than was originally planned. We did a little listening instead of talking for a change, and here is what we heard: "Just dip it in and then take it out." "Hey, it's hot in here!" "Please, can you get this scotch tape off my dress? I just simply stick to everything!" "Where's Bo?" "Will somebody please answer the phone!" "Give me the fly swatter—I'm going mad." "Oops—missed it. That darn wastepaper basket." "Your shirt-tail's out, Lipsey." "What day is this?" "What's Pachl's phone number?" "Oh, gum! Thanks, Ford." "Hurry up. Today's the deadline!" See what we mean? We're just warning you—we wouldn't want you to get the wrong impression when you visit the "Hall of Science" or the "Monkey Cage" (whichever title you prefer).

Have you noticed those flashy ties that HIXSON has been wearing lately? We thought we were suffering from eye strain or hallucinations or something at first, but

it finally dawned on us that it was just someone's conception of a sunrise and/or volcano.

Nothing halfway about Tommy—he goes whole hog or none at all, we've discovered. (I'm glad T. H. doesn't know which one of the Super Snoopers is responsible for the above paragraph. We've found it necessary to have an agreement not to tell anyone who writes what in this column [so-called column] in order to insure our safety from Laboratory personnel.)

Hey, we're lonesome for somebody over here in the Lab whom we haven't seen for ages. FRANK MARTIN, assistant photographer, has been out for some time, but we hear he expects to be back at work soon. When you do get back, Frank, don't forget you owe us a visit at your earliest possible opportunity. It's a date! You won't have so far to come any more, seeing as how you and Tommy are established in your fancy new darkroom now.



Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry, also Marion

Ah!!!! Spring, Beautiful Spring. (What are we saying? What with our liquid sunshine.) But enough of that, after all our lovely California weather.

Romances and more romances. Wish I could say all I know about them, but mum's the word. But anyway saw in the paper the other day WILBEA JACKSON, formerly of Purchasing, has become engaged. To a Marine Lieutenant, no less. Well, the Marines have done it again. Also RUTH DOUGHERTY. (Ho! I'll bet you thought we were going to say that a Marine had gotten her also, but no.) She is going back home for a month's vacation. Hi ho, Ruth, have a good time, and try to write us a card.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to MARJORIE KOENIG in the loss of her brother overseas. She received word last week.

DOROTHY ARMENTROUT, formerly of Paymaster's Office, and her two children are back in San Diego again. Her husband has gone overseas. She wants to say "hello" to all her friends at Ryan.

How come ERNIE MOORE came to work Monday morning with a sprained back and a sunburn—all in one short Sunday? It is rumored that a surfboard was involved.

BETTIE HINES, of Manifold Production Control, is leaving to join her husband, Lt. Commander Eade of the Naval Medical Corps. They will spend the next year or so in Pensacola, Florida. We're awfully glad for you, Bettie, but will miss you like everything!

Also, BETTIE LOU FLEISSNER, also of Manifold Production Control, has left the employ of Ryan. Lots of luck to you.

JEANNE STUTZ, of Airplane Production Control, is back to work after a week's bout with a bad throat. Glad to see you back and looking so well. Hope you are feeling fine now—and take care of that throat; strep is no fun.

MARIE DiFONZO, of Airplane Production Control, has just returned from a two weeks' vacation with her husband—all the way to Pennsylvania to visit the family, and to New York. She reports they had a grand trip, and we're certainly glad to have her back again.

Gauze and Tape

by Ruth Gates

We wish to extend a vote of thanks to the blood donors for Mr. SKINNER. Officer F. J. BEARE, BOB GARDNER and ETHEL MAJOR were the contributors, and several others stood by ready at a moment's notice. CHARLOTTE FISHER is a regular donor to the Red Cross, and she offered to help Mr. Skinner, but her blood is a rare type and could not be used for him. When the hospital heard of her type they asked her to contribute her blood to another patient badly in need of her type, which she gladly did.

The police department cooperated to the fullest degree in taking the donors to and from the hospital whenever needed.

All the members of the tool crib showed their true colors in their whole-hearted support.

Mrs. WALKER passed the "collection box" to the tune of \$113.55, which was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Skinner to help with the "little" (?) hospital bill.



MORE ABOUT

STANDARDIZATION

(Continued from page 7)

saving. There used to be more than 200 varieties of lubricating oil which were needed for different makes of British and American planes. This has been reduced to about 6 or 8, Hearne says, by international standardization.

Hearne is one of the leading figures in this drive for simplification. He is national chairman of the new group which is working for standardization—the International Standards Project of the National Aircraft Standards Committee. Twenty-nine major American plane manufacturers have empowered him to act for them in consultation with the British committee.

The British technicians who came here to meet with Hearne are W. T. Gemmell, deputy director of standardization of the Ministry of Aircraft Production in London; H. W. Goodinge, technical secretary and director of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors in London; H. B. Howard, chief of the technical information section of the British Air Commission in Washington; and Flight Lieutenant D. G. Moffitt of the Royal Air Force, assigned to duty in Washington with the British Air Commission. Together with Tom Hearne of Ryan, these men may play a potent role in the new international drive for standardization.



CHRISTY'S IDEA WINS \$100 BOND

Robert E. Christy of Plant Engineering was awarded a \$100 War Bond this month by Aero Digest magazine for the movable furnace-loading fork he worked out for Ryan. Bob's device won the magazine's monthly prize for the best production idea by a war worker—and deservedly, too, for it saves 385 pounds of steel a day and cuts in half the time needed to load and unload the Ryan heat-treat furnace.

Clem Smith Wins Golf Tournament

Clem Smith, of Wing Assembly, shot a 78 to win the May 23 Ryan Golf Tournament at the La Jolla Country Club over a field of 77 players. Bernard Bills, of Machine Shop, whose name occurs with monotonous regularity in first or second place, took second with a 79. Other low gross scores were turned in by Keith Whitcomb, of Engineering Lab, with an 80, O. F. Finn, of Inspection, with an 84, and W. G. Hubbell of Engineering Lab, with an 86.

Low net honors went to T. F. Hickey, of Inspection, gross 96 minus handicap 35, for a net of 61. Clarence Putman, of Statistical, with a gross 90 minus handicap of 28, took second low net with a 62.

Smith collected twelve pars, followed by Bills with eight pars and two birdies, and Finn with nine pars.

More box score:

Hand mashies—none detected.

Foot mashies—"We don't discuss that!" (McReynolds).

Hit by pitched ball—Mass by Orban.

Struck out—Orban.

Library Has Vacation Club

The Vacation Reading Club, sponsored by the Children's Department of the San Diego Public Library, will be open as usual this year to all children between third and ninth grades. The club encourages the reading of a variety of selected books from the library shelves and awards certificates to the

children completing 8 books or more during the summer. It affords wholesome recreation for children and will be of particular advantage this year with many parents working. Children may join the club by signing up as club members at their nearest branch library after June 25th.

More Ryanites Go Up

Hardly a week goes by that there aren't more promotions announced at Ryan. As the company's work expands, more and more employees move up from the ranks to take leadmen's jobs.

This month's crop of promotions to leadman includes: JACK H. EDDY, Wing, sec-

ond shift; C. L. BOWEN, Manifold Tailpipe, second shift; G. M. LANE, Manifold Welding, third shift; O. W. SCHAEFER and E. S. MAZZUCHI, Manifold Small Parts, first and second shift respectively; G. T. BELL and D. O. COVERY, Manifold Assembly, second shift.

Beware The Sun On Cloudy Days

If you're at the beach on a cloudy day—beware! That's just the kind of day on which you're likely to get a really serious sunburn—one that could keep you in bed for several days and might even send you to the hospital.

Clouds or a high fog which hide the sun don't shut off its rays. They intensify its burning qualities. So if you feel tempted to lie on the warm sand some cloudy Sun-

day, watch yourself mighty carefully! Slather on lots of olive oil or other anti-sunburn preparation, and don't stay in the sun too long.

Last summer so many newcomers to California were fooled by its warm, cloudy days that the San Diego hospitals had more sunburn cases than they could handle. Yes, believe it or not, so many people were **hospitalized** for sunburn that the hospitals had to turn cases away!

Wanna Swap?

The success of the Swap Column depends on you. So for returns on the ads run have been very good—but we don't have enough new ads coming in. Is there something you'd like to sell, trade or buy? If so, write it out and drop it in the Flying Reporter box just inside the main factory entrance.

WANTED—Small gasoline motor 3 to 15 h.p., good condition, for cash. W. Kane, 3087, Inspection Crib 5, second shift.

WANTED TO BUY—Outboard Motor—single or twin. G. F. Strickland, Mach. Shop, 1775.

WILL SWAP 38 police positive Colt revolver for 16mm moving picture projector. S. J. Long, Fuselage Inspection, 1562.

SWAP—1941 4-door deluxe Oldsmobile sedan, fully equipped, will trade for equity in house or farm or good lot. Robert Vizzini, 680, Airplane Planning.

WANTED—Outboard motor. George Brooks, 1259, Drop Hammer, third shift.

WANTED—Washing machine. Will pay top price for late model in good condition. F. W. Reed, 813, Contract Administration.

SELL OR SWAP—Refrigeration and air conditioning correspondence course costing \$208.00. Will sell or trade. Make offer. G. P. Dedmon, 2548, Electric Crib, Second Shift.

SWAP—Who wants a drafting set and what have you to trade for it? S. M. Wilkinson, 2531, Finishing Inspection, Crib 8, Second Shift.

FOR SALE—Man's or boy's Excelsior bicycle for \$25.00. Like new. R. T. Mueller, 2671, Planishing.

FOR SALE—One .38 Colt Police Positive, belt and holster, \$40.00. Call Conde, Ext. 231, M-2, 1st Shift.

SELL OR SWAP—Iver-Johnson Bicycle with new pre-war 28" tires for \$30.00 or a baby buggy. Bill Berry, 431, Contract Engineering. Home phone T-2771.

FOR SALE—22-ft. trailer house. Table top stove, two beds, two big closets. Very roomy. A. L. McCurdy, 4507, Transportation.

WANTED—Back issues of "Flying Reporter," as follows:
Volume 3, No. 10.
Volume 4, No. 5.
Volume 4, No. 9.
Volume 4, No. 10.

Please contact R. S. Cunningham, Production Control Superintendent, Phone 273.

RADIO REPAIRS—I am repairing radios for Ryon employees exclusively in my spare time at home. This way you can get good service from someone who is known to everybody and be assured of a good job. Will pick up and deliver at the back gate after work every night. Contact me during rest periods. No auto radios. L. E. Garrison (Poppy), 1532, Manifold Inspection.

FOR SALE—One pair of Brooks white figure skates, size 4½, \$9. Charles Lehton, 108, Electrical Maintenance.

SELL OR SWAP—"Flash-A-Coll" intercommunication system capable of carrying up to 10 sub-stations. Consists of Master Control and one sub-station. New—used for demonstrations only. As many sub-stations as desired may be obtained. Ferd. Wolfram, 3053, Drop-Hammer, third shift.

WANTED—Light-weight English or American bicycle. Will pay top price. Earl Atkinson, 1241, Drop Hammer.

SELL OR SWAP—Radio Air Line, 8 tube, 3 bands, console for \$40. Philco console for \$25. Three-way portable, \$12.50. Also have a few auto radios to swap for what have you. Home and auto radios repaired. G. P. Dedmon, 2548, Electric Crib, Second Shift.

FOR SALE—24-ft. cabin cruiser. Good condition throughout. Completely equipped with 6-cylinder Pontiac engine converted with fresh-water cooling system. Sleeps two. Galley. 30-gallon fresh water capacity. Equipped for live-bait fishing with separate pump motor. Completely refinished throughout. See W. M. Sarsfield, 1052, Stock Room, B-2.

SELL OR SWAP—Doberman Pinscher pup. Cormack Berryman, 2615, Inspection, Crib 3.

WILL PAY CASH FOR MODELS OF RYAN PLANES. The company has received several recent requests from the Army and Navy for accurate scale models of the PT-22 trainers and cannot supply them as we are unable to locate model builders. If you can make scale models or have a model of a Ryan PT-22, please contact BILL WAGNER, Public Relations Department, Ryan Aeronautical Company.

WANTED—The following back issues of Flying Reporter are wanted by **The Library of Congress**:

- Any issues of Volume 1.
- Any issues of Volume 2.
- Numbers 1 through 6 of Volume 3.

Any Ryanite having one or more of these back numbers who would like to donate them to the official files of the Library of Congress, send them by inter-office mail to Bill Wagner, Public Relations.

Production Control

by Maynard Lovell

I did not believe that when I wrote the conversation between Mr. CUNNINGHAM and myself that Mr. CAMERON would take it so seriously. His answer in the last issue would imply that "beasts of burden" were on the less intelligent side. This could be, Mr. CAMERON, but I ask you: Did you ever see a horse worrying about a man getting something to eat? Did you ever see a horse worrying about keeping up with the Joneses? Last but not least, did you ever hear of a horse wearing shoes that are too small just to make his feet look tiny?

Think it over, BILL, and when you can prove that a horse, elephant, camel or any other animal is DUMB I'd like to hear from you. They don't have war, don't get into debt, and, BILL, did you ever hear of any of these animals getting married?

CHARLES HAROLD ATHERTON is walking on air these days. Yes, it is partly because there is a new arrival at his house. A boy, Dennis George, and he arrived May 24th. (I talked with HAP Sunday and he is quite elated about the baby, of course, and also the fact that with him they got a "Ration Book" and he won't be able to wear shoes for some time—to say nothing about taking sugar with his meals.)

CHRIS MUELLER was telling me Saturday night that he is one up on me now. By the time this is in print he will have two sons in the Navy and one working for Ryan. Good for you, Chris, and no one can say that the Mueller family aren't doing their share.

Things have been slow in the News Department. I thought that we had a romance started last week, but then she stopped calling Byron up and that is the end of that.



Wing Tips

R. F. Hersey

Well, folks, our Wing picnic was a great success. But HERSEY and KELLOGG stood out like a sore thumb—both were sober. As per usual TOMMY SHOWS and DENNY BLOUNT were the aristocrats of the seasoned hops.

The great AL JUESCHKE arrived with a beautiful maiden in white. Later in the day her white slacks were striped. This was not due to a wet pork bench, but from the stoves of a barrel.

A certain Person named IRENE was in very bad shape, as was her mate, from a sudden blow on the head. That's a very good story "E. E. B."—but that's not the way I heard it.

We were glad to see Mr. and Mrs. REX SEATON at our picnic and hope they had a good time.

ED HALL has been looking rather happy these last few days. He tells us his son is back from overseas combat duty. We all wish your son speedy recovery, Ed.

Well, folks, between reporting this column, training women and high school students, it keeps us very busy in the Wing department. I'll have to sign off until our next issue.

Adios,

R. F. HERSEY,



Plant Personalities

by Jack Graham

ROY J. TAYLOR . . .

Introducing ROY J. TAYLOR, tooling inspector, assigned to modeling, who has the hobby of collecting oddities.

Roy has been a collector of all sorts of odd things since a boy in grammar school. He used to bring home odd-shaped rocks, queer-looking insects, snakes and butterflies until his parents persuaded him to devote more time to his stamp and coin collections. For years he maintained a fine set of stamps of all types and an equally fine group of coins.

In later years he has switched to collection of newspapers with interesting historical notes, magazines, and tropical fish. Recently one of his brothers-in-law called and said that he had a real find for Roy. Due to the housing shortage in Oceanside, they were going to open and modernize the old abandoned "ghost-mansion" of the Johnson family, who were one of the pioneer families of that city. This house had been untouched since the last of the family had passed on years ago, and was full of odd relics and antique furniture the family had accumulated since Civil War days.

On the second floor, Roy found a lot of interesting newspapers, dated in March of 1908, that had been used as padding underneath an expensive grass and rattan rug that had been imported from Java.

After scanning through the papers, Roy came upon an interesting article that will settle more than one recent discussion in the factory as to where and when the first public flight of an aeroplane took place in America. (The editor decided to print the whole article because of the interest and historical significance.)

American Aeroplane Makes Short Flight

(By direct wire to the Los Angeles Times) Hammondsport, N. Y., March 11, 1908.—President Alexander Graham Bell's new aeroplane, the Red Wing, had its first test flight on Lake Keuka today. The machine was built by the Aerial Experimental Association for Lieut. Thomas Selfridge, U.S.A., to fly.

The aeroplane after gliding on the ice-covered surface of Lake Keuka for 200 feet rose to a height of 10 feet and sailed at that elevation for a distance of 319 feet, at the rate of 25 to 30 miles per hour.

After having covered this distance a portion of the "tail" gave way, and the aeroplane was brought down for repairs. This was declared to be the first public successful flight of a heavier-than-air flying machine in America.

The machine was propelled by a 40-horsepower, eight-cylinder, air-cooled gasoline motor weighing 145 pounds. The propeller was made of two blades of steel measuring six feet two inches in diameter, having a pitch of four feet and weighing 19 pounds. The aeroplane proper weighs 196 pounds, the engine and the apparatus about 200 pounds, and the operator about 175 pounds, a total of 560 pounds.

Roy also raised tropical fish and found that they were not only interesting to watch, but that they have brilliant colors and nature-endowed camouflage to protect them from larger fish. Some are only a fraction of an inch in length. Others have the ability to become practically the same color as the water they are in, making it virtually impossible to see them.

JACQUES WESTLER . . .

Jacques Westler, genial leadman of Manifold, had his self-esteem lowered recently. It all came about when his better half, Mrs. Lotus Westler, who bowled anchor position for the Ryan Wives' team in the winter league, decided to show her husband who was the top bowler in the family. The final score showed her superiority in no uncertain terms and poor Jacques has been having a hard time keeping the results a secret.

One of the best-liked men in the Manifold department, Jacques has been responsible for many short-cuts and innovations. He is one of the few there who can trace the manufacture of parts that comprise the different assemblies, and he has a rare knack of remembering old assemblies and parts numbers of the early days of Ryan manifold production.

WILLIAM R. CUNDIFF . . .

Did you ever wonder who that impressive-looking gentleman was that always wears a neat shop-coat and manages to keep it clean despite his daily contact with machinery? His name is William R. Cundiff. He is in Maintenance department and he has been at Ryan since 1940.



From The Beam

by Pat Kelly

Superstition has a great bearing on our lives. Its form and power probably depend on childhood environment. It has much to do with the planting of crops and the handling of animals. It is familiar to all of us in minor instances such as four-leaf clovers, certain numbers, horseshoes, black cats, walking under ladders, etc. I bumped into a new one the other day, and it came about in this way.

I was putting away my tools, preparing to shut down, when "ADMIRAL" GOTTSCHALK, of M-2, barged in and insisted on minutely examining each item, carefully noting that my name was indelibly inscribed on every article. Finally a knife caught his eye and, having found the thing, I told him he could have it, hoping he would accept it and allow me to go my way.

"No, no," sez Ralph, "I'm superstitious. I'll give you two-bits for it, but I can't permit you to give me anything that has a point." As far as I was concerned, the point was to get shut of Gottschalk; also, the Scotch in me noted an opportunity for quick profit, so I sez, "Okay, decorate the mahogany." He picked up the knife and I picked up a lousy dime!

Can you imagine "ANDY" ANDREWS, debonaire anodizer, as an ordinary brick-layer? Though Andy walks with the ungainly duck-like wobble of a ballet dancer, the development of his arms cautions us to be diplomatic. Suffice it to say that we were more than astonished to find him busily re-bricking the large heat treat oven on a Sunday morning. With the near-by drop hammers knocking out the mortar almost as fast as it is placed by the profusely sweating artificer, the marvel of it is that any of the brick long remain in position,

"Sweet William," as the boys have named him, keeps the intricate machinery of the huge hydraulic presses in good condition, as well as a multitude of other pieces of machinery.

He is another of Ryan's active bowlers, carrying a high 165 average and participating in all the tournaments and league play. He was a member of the team that took prize money in the City Tournament this year.

Cundiff has one of the finest home photograph studios in the vicinity and possesses a professional 4x5 Graflex camera, a large-size movie camera and projector and a complete home enlarger and finishing apparatus. He takes a lot of action pictures and has a rare collection of fight pictures, crash views, and some beautiful rodeo shots.

In between shots—??—he finds time to cultivate all types of tomatoes and other middle-west style of vegetables, and flowers, in his fine Victory garden. He has inaugurated numerous helpful ideas and safety devices in his department and is always on the look-out for better ways of servicing and getting additional wear out of Ryan equipment.

so perhaps we should slightly modify the term "ordinary brick-layer" and call Andy a mason.

Miss MARIE BRUNOLD has quite suddenly become Mrs. HAROLD BLOMQUIST. Cupid shot his arrow long ago in Chicago; the recent wedding is the culmination of a school-day romance. While Pvt. Blomquist learns commando tactics at Camp Roberts, Marie keeps the Fuselage Department ahead of production schedule. Our sincere congratulations to all concerned.

Carrying out that theme, we wish to throw a bouquet to WILSON "EASY" NORTH, of Wing Assembly, for his splendid cooperation. We had a job to do in his department that required considerable moving equipment. His pleasant smile remained, though his ears reddened and he mumbled unintelligibles to himself, as he skidded jigs fore and aft. Great guy, Easy.

Said BILL STEWART, of Pickling, on receiving the new form of pay check, "Makes ya feel impo'tant. Shows ya hidden taxes an' un-hidden taxes, what's due an' what ain't due, profit an' loss, everything right there in front of ya. But it sure messed up the check pool."

Ever heard "ZEEK" WANGLER, of Drop Hammer, burst into song? He chirps a mean ditty when he gets a strong whiff of acid. His favorite aria, sans accompaniment, sounds this-a-way:

"I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have eyes than a nose,

And as for my hair, I'm damned glad it's all there,

And I'll sure look like hell when it goes."

We had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. DON HULBERT recently. Both of the Hulberts are former Ryanites. Don will be remembered as a chap who entertained most definite opinions. At present he is in Honolulu, T. H. Mrs. Hulbert is leaving shortly to join him. Our regards to Don, and luck to you, ANN.

Mrs. LIN DRAKE, the Belle of M-2, will have placed a service flag in her window ere this is published. Her husband will be in Norfolk, Virginia, doing his bit with the C. B's.

Mah Jong!



Beauty isn't Rationed

By Frances Staller

● Of course, you've been spending at least part of Sunday at the beach, and by this time you must have acquired at least the beginnings of a delectable tan. You save money that way too, for if you are a "without-hose" addict like myself, you won't have to bother applying those liquid stockings. However, if you're not fortunate enough to have time for the beach on your precious Sundays, there are several good liquid hose products on the market. A favorite of mine is Elizabeth Arden's Velva Leg Film, which I find is applied much easier if diluted with water. However, don't get too much water, or it won't work.

● For you gals who have trouble with your finger nails breaking (of course, not due to the fact that you keep them longer than your type of work will stand) if you would like to strengthen them try applying white iodine before putting on your first coat of nail polish. Even if you use colorless polish, no one will be the wiser, at least until they begin asking how you keep your nails so nice.

● Do you, too, hanker after long swoopy eyelashes? Well, it's a simple matter if you'll devote just 5 minutes a night brushing on warm castor oil. It's the brushing that counts, so why not start tonight with a vengeance?

● Lydia O'Leary, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., has for many years sold a cream called "Covermark" for concealing birthmarks, X-ray burns, bruises and what not. It's really a life-saver for those of us who need something of this kind. Lydia sells a convenient purse-size spot-stick for only \$1.25 in light, medium, and dark. This is carried by most drug and department stores, or you can obtain it by writing direct to her.

● Are you one of those shy young things that's afraid to use eye make-up? Well, you're better off without it—until you've practiced at home at considerable length. Unless it's done in a subtle manner it looks ghastly. One important caution when applying mascara: don't have your brush too wet to start with and do use it sparingly—it's powerful stuff. Of course, when you go out in the evening, you can get away with more make-up, for the subdued lighting in most of the places you'll probably go to will definitely absorb much of your coloring. It is wise to use a rouge and lipstick with some blue in it rather than orange, for it doesn't fade as readily under artificial lighting.

● Do you have trouble with your lipstick running and getting smeary? A favorite brand of mine, Coty's "Sub-Deb," is lustrous but not greasy, and really stays put, especially if applied with a lipstick brush.

● You've naturally heard of the Powers models—well here's a break for us common people. John Robert Powers has just recently inaugurated the Powers Home Course—in which for a moderate price he trains you right in your own home in figure perfection, fitness, make-up, hair styling, voice training, and how to be "best dressed." If you're really interested in self-improvement, just write to the John Robert Powers Home Course, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., and they'll send you all the details.

● Do you have some old seersucker dresses that are worn out around the top? Why not make some nifty aprons out of the skirts? You can do one when you're cooking up something for your favorite man. Another timesaver here—you don't have to iron them.

● Here's a tip for you typewriter pounders. When you do happen to make one of those infrequent typographical errors in a very important letter that just has to go out in the next mail, and want to make a neat correction, after using your eraser just rub some good old-fashioned white chalk like you used in school over the erased spot and then type over it several times—it's a life-saver. I know.

● You've heard about the shortage of leather, no doubt. This also applies to leather for belts, so you might make your own belt out of multi-colored strips of ribbon sewed together to make a wide band, leaving enough of the ends separated to tie each color in a separate bow.

● For you gals who have decided to tie up with the WAVES or the WAACS, Elizabeth Arden has a gabardine beauty kit what am a kit! Navy or olive drab with pink moire lining. It holds twelve articles which lady soldiers and sailors need to keep looking up to snuff—including Redwood lipstick for WAVES, Burnt Sugar for WAACS. Maybe you can inveigle someone into giving it to you as a going-away present. It sells for the small price of \$10.

● If your grandmother likes to make piece-work quilts, why not have her take time out to make you a piece-work camisole top for your shorts? It's sure to prove a conversation piece. You might even distribute a few patches on your shirts.

● If you happen to have your favorite bathing suit left over from last season only to find that the moths got there before you did, applique exotic flowers cut from a piece of chintz. Then listen to the raves!

● To my way of thinking, nothing can beat a basic black dress—summer or winter. Have at least one black dress in your summer wardrobe and there's no end of changes you can make to fool your public—a frilly feminine collar bubbling over

your shoulders, or in the evening remove the collar and add a pair of luminous flower clips and earrings to match. Perfect for the dim-out evenings. Of course, it pays in the long run to pay a pretty penny for your black dress so you can get one that will wear and wear. Also a warning to those who plan on buying one of those oh-sa-low necked dresses. Don't forget to give your neck a good creaming at night along with your face.

● If you agree with the majority of men that you just don't like long red talans, you can keep yours short and use the new unobtrusive shade Cutex has for war-workers called "On Duty."

● Are you planning on a church wedding? You might have a white tulle dress made like a ballet dancer's with tiny pink rosebuds strewn all over the bodice, and then carry a bouquet of pink rosebuds with a white lace ruffle around them. A nicer bit of confection you couldn't ask for.

● So you don't like to wear hats either—well, there are times especially in the evening when a hat is imperative. Why don't you try the new trick of topping your pretty crown with a spray of flowers, with a wisp of tulle tucked under your chin? Please don't use this with a large floral printed dress, however. It works best with a simple black dress. In fact it's just about all the trimming you'll need, except maybe a pair of long jersey gloves of one of the predominating colors of your top-knot bouquet. Here's what I mean:



SPORTS

Edited by Fred Osenburg

Tribulations of a Sports Editor

In spite of what the public thinks, every newspaper man knows that "names are news" and that names must be spelled right. What the public doesn't realize is how difficult it is to get names spelled correctly.

The Sports Editor was busily writing a story on a club that had just been formed and had come to the list of names, all of which had been signed in person by their owners, who presumably knew how to spell them.

The first name looked like "Jahu Bibble." But that didn't make sense, so the Sports Editor called the Stress department in for a conference.

Byrnes: Looks like Iolu Ribdel or something.

Allen: Must be Lulu—I knew a girl named Lulu ance.

Dickens: Na, it's Jaln—that's a fency way of spelling Jahn or Jae or something.

Burgeson: The last name looks like Dribble or something.

Corl (his last name is harder to spell than Jahu Bibble): It looks like Lala something.

O'Brien: I think it's a girl I used to know or something.

As you can see, the only thing they all agreed on was that it looked like "something," but you can't just write "something" in a list of names—or can you?

The Score Board

by A. S. Billings, Sr.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Erv Marlett and Jack Marlett of Manifold Department form one of the best second base and shortstop combinations in San Diego Sunday baseball and are responsible for keeping the Ryan club on top in the Summer League. Del Ballinger is working the Graveyard and playing with the Padres at home; watch this guy hit for the Padres when Durst leaves him in there three or four games in a row. Bob Ballinger has turned in some fine performances for Ryan from a pitching standpoint. Luther French, Sacramento player, is the club's most valuable man to date and it sure looks like making those manifolds keeps a guy in shape. Our catcher, Art Spahr, former Ryan employee, has received his appointment to Annapolis. Nice going, Art, and good luck to you for the future. Travis Hatfield, our Athletic Director, pitched Class AA ball for Seattle before retiring with a bad arm, and he was really a good chucker. Mase Martin, Navy Inspector, is going to be a real ball player in the near future; he has everything except experience. Three Ryan Stars opened the season for Olean, New York, a Brooklyn farm—namely, Kellagg, White and Don Schmitz. They're all hitting over 300. Kellagg goes into the Army June 15th. This Robert Kellagg, former Ryan employee, is the best prospect out of San Diego since Ted Williams. He has only to survive the war to prove his ability. The Ryan Club defeated ABC-2 on Sunday, May 6th, 8-7 to stay on top in the Summer League.

Rifle

The Ryan Employees Rifle Club is developing to the point where some good competition is stepping up the interest of all members. Shoots are held every Wednesday evening at the Stanley Andrews range at 7:00. The fourth Sunday of this month there'll be a shoot at the San Diego Police range. See your bulletin board for the time.

Riding

Some people get their exercise by chasing little balls around. Others combine exercise with their Saturday night bath by swimming. Still others like to climb on a horse and let him do the work. For the benefit of the latter group a Riding Club is being formed, and all horse-men, horse-women, and horse-children interested are asked to sign up with Travis Hatfield in the Personnel department.

For the benefit of horse-minded employees who don't have a horse of their own, the riding will start from some riding club, a different one each time. The meetings will be held in the evenings and on Sunday afternoons.

Plans are being drawn up for a horse show with trophies and all the trimmings. To the uninitiated, a horse-show is usually a place where everybody goes all dressed up to show everybody else their new clothes while hard-working horses go through their maneuvers so their owners can get applauded.

Perhaps this writer is unsympathetic to equestrianism because his last two dismounts were via the bow and the stern respectively and quite involuntary. But perhaps it was only because his saddle glue was old and worn out.

Table Tennis

Four tables for the Ping Pong Club's sand and rubber paddle championship have been opened in private homes for the benefit of table tennis addicts who haven't tables of their own.

The people who have contributed their tables are as follows:

A. G. Dew, 3510 Alabama St.

O. F. Finn, 4925 Canterbury Drive, Kensington.

R. S. Cunningham, 860 Wreilton, Pacific Beach.

F. Ford, Dehesa Road, El Cajon (Box 2157).

The usual rules will hold; equipment to be supplied by each player, minimum of five minutes warm-up before actual play, tables not to be used for picnics, windows broken by beer battles to be paid for.

Softball

Ryan's all-star softball team trounced Consolidated last week, 6-1, as Speedy Cole, Ryan's regular pitcher, set down the Consolidated men with four hits. Ryan's batting star was Kenner, who got three hits out of three trips to the plate. A fine catching performance was turned in by Frank Vall, the regular third baseman who filled in as Cole's battery mate.

Women's Bowling

This is the best we could do on women beginners' bowling, which they all say is a great success:

Sparts Editor: How about some stuff on your last meeting for the Flying Reporter?

First Woman Beginner Bowler: Oh, just say we had a swell time.

S. E.: You can't make much of a story out of that. Anything happen?

F. W. B. B.: (Giggle, giggle.)

Second Woman Beginner Bowler: Oh, you can say we all enjoyed it.

S. E.: Well, how about scores? Anyone break 100?

F. W. B. B.: (Giggle, giggle.)

S. W. B. B.: (Titter, titter.)

S. E.: Then, did **anyone** do **anything** I can write about except have a good time?

F. W. B. B. to Third Woman Beginner Bowler who had just arrived: This man wants to write a story on our Bowling Club for the Flying Reporter.

T. W. B. B.: (Giggle—and then very helpfully:) Oh, he can say we all just had a wonderful time!

Bowling

Even though it is somewhat ancient history, the Ryan Winter Bowling League deserves some mention, partly because it was one of the most successful leagues held yet, and partly because the Flying Reporter, not being a daily newspaper, can engage in reminiscences from time to time.

During most of the winter season the Thunderbolts, captained by Jack Westler, led the league, just ahead of the Hot Shots, captained by Ed Sly. But on the next to the last night the Office team, which had been threatening all season, climbed suddenly into first place. Then, just as they were about to wrap up the trophy, Claude Nadeau's Seven-Ten team came up with a rush and tied them on the last night of play. In the play-off a few nights later, before a packed gallery, the Seven-Ten team nased out the Office team by the close score of 2578 to 2517 to win the title. This was a title which wasn't decided until the last pin had toppled over.

The men who won the first prize money, gold medals, and the 1942-43 Championship Trophy were: Claude Nadeau, captain; J. O. Berry, M. W. Hutchinson, Gerry Jackson and Glenn Humphry.

In view of the fact that they came within 61 pins of the title as well as helped stage a whirlwind finish that sounded like a movie script, the men of the Office team deserve mention. They were: M. M. Clancy, captain; George Dew, A. S. Billings, Rudy Riesz, Charlie Le Clare and Clayton Rice.

Second Thoughts

by Jo Viall



To ARKIE, TED, JOHNNY, VERN and the rest of you: Because we think of you often, and are happy over the notes from you that come back to the department, maybe you'd like to know what goes on around here.

Things look different from the way they did when you were around. There are lots of new people, buildings and stuff. With the coming of summer, all the folks have moved outdoors for the lunch hour. Day-times they soak in sun and watch the construction job alongside us. Night-times they take on a moon-tan while doing the same thing.

Styles have changed, too. Clothes are more of the resort type, and overalls and slacks are worn midway between the knee and ankle. Don't ask why, because there is no explanation unless turning up the trousers is a habit left over from the wading we did a few months ago.

The foremen's dance last month was all we had hoped for, with most of us there, surprised and pleased as we saw each other dressed up and with clean faces. We came away feeling that we were not only solid people, but a by no means repulsive-looking bunch. A good many of us met outside the plant again when we attended noon services Memorial Day Monday. It was in another mood that we saw the Coast Guardsmen pay their tribute to members who rest in the sea, but we were together in the more serious time, too.

You say you like hearing about the old and new bunch, so here goes for some of the late comers. Most of the new hands are women. Several of them are setting jigs for WOODY YOUNG to arc, and seem to have a most congenial group over by that booth. ALICE LAMPART has lived in San Diego many years and has two of the best-looking grandsons anywhere. CECILIA ROBINSON has a home here, too, and was an experienced aircrafter before she came to Ryan last month. Not so EARLENE VARDEMAN, who is young but learning fast. RUTH WILKINSON, remaining fitter, has been with us since the first part of May, when she transferred from Manifold.

The night crew has the same arrangement, with MIKE WHALEY as the un-boothed arc-welder. PEARL BROWN, who has long been his trusted assistant, now has IRENE with her and two new girls. They are HENRIETTA PRATT, who claims to be a Sioux from South Dakota, and GLADYS LILLARD.

WOODY was laid off for a week while he had his tonsils taken out, and it was no fun, he says. JOHNNY SCHICHT, not to be outdone, also had a tonsillectomy and stayed out two weeks. ERMA LONGMIRE is getting treatment for her strep throat. Too soon after her sick leave, she moved leadman L. and their two babies out to Linda Vista and got all settled. Our only other throat casualty was second hand. BOB FIRQUAIN stayed out the day his six-year-old son had a tonsil operation.

MARIE MARTINEZ, who came from Manifold as a new number with the welders of the Second last month, has been away for more than two weeks on leave of absence. We'll find out why later.

JERRY CAMPBELL joined FRANK WALSH's bunch over a month ago when she took over tack-welding from LUTHER O'HANLON. (He has gone up to the line for a while.) Our JERRY of the first shift is J. RYKER, who ties up the loose ends at collar assembly bench as though she might be an old hand instead of the green one she was when she started in mid-April.

CHARLOTTE GOODMAN, now doing clerical work along with JENNY SHINAFELT, has previous experience with typing and bookkeeping. She got production training during the five months she worked in plastics at Consolidated.

Speaking of practice, JERRY STATEN says it's what he does hardly any of these days, but when we heard him try out some new pieces on his piano accordion, it was as though the young maestro had never left his pupils and came to cut tubes at Ryan. BETTY LINCOLN, listening, was resolved to send for the oil paints and pastels she left behind in Oregon and get back to her landscapes. Since her husband left last month with a Naval Air unit, Betty has taken up the new accomplishments of bowling and horseback riding during the evenings.

ELAINE WILSON, bride of the Second's FRANK ditto, now punches in each 4 p.m. along with the senior gas welder of G-3's line-up. She is an exceptionally pretty inspector. LINNIE CHESTNUT is another newly armbanded, who looks both good and well. Her passion for accuracy and fine workmanship while she handled the tubes out on the floor make her a natural for the check and double check routine.

EVELYN LEWIS is missing from the inspection cage. She said her goodbyes very sadly about a month ago and started for home and Red River, New Mexico. She wouldn't answer the question about when we'd hear of her marriage. There's another for our vital statistics that wouldn't come through for this issue.

That's what happened last time with the promotion of RUSTY SCHAEFER to leadman on the first and ED MAZZUCHI on the second shift at Manifold Small Parts. They kept putting it off until this magazine was in print.

ED HOCKETT should have hurried his recovery a little so that we could carry the good news that he is back again after a long, serious illness. As it is, the latest word is that he is hospitalized still in Los Angeles. His bench-mate, DOC HAEUSER, spent a week's vacation on his ranch and came back a few days ago looking much healthier. His livestock and vegetable farm is located on 22nd Street, just off Broadway.

"POP" SAYRE stayed right on the job until the last two days of his son's home leave, then he took a forty-eight himself. Lt. Fred Sayre, of the Army Air Force, paid Ryan a visit while he was in town and spent much of it in our department. Both Sayre gentlemen were most pleased over the courteous reception from foreman FLOYD BENNETT.

He sends his best to you, and the rest of us wish you all sorts of good luck, too.

Plant Engineering

by Flonnie Freeman

There was quite a furore in the office the other day, and Mr. B. R. McCLENDON was fast getting a terrible headache, as a most important paper had been misplaced. Everyone searched and searched, and files were combed. A conspiracy to get Mr. PALMER out of his office in order to search his desk was our last resort, but to no avail. At last it was found, for Mrs. GUILLA McCLARY hit upon the brilliant idea that it might have become clipped to a stack of papers that went to another department. Sure enough, she became our "shero" of the day. Needless to say, Mr. McClendon was in the best of spirits the rest of the day and in the pink of health. The headache never developed.

Mr. PAYNE, our Assistant Plant Engineer, has moved his desk over to the engineering room, where he will act as head of engineering, and Mr. O. A. SCHULTE is occupying Mr. Payne's former office. We welcome Otto Schulte to our department as assistant to Mr. Palmer. Also, we welcome GORDON McNITT, new draftsman and Mr. PHILIP PRATT, new clerk. Right here, too, we extend our congratulations to BOB CHRISTY on his being awarded a \$100 War Bond for designing a Furnace Loading Table. This prize was awarded Bob by the "Aero Digest."

Well, at last outsiders are relieved to see that the two large "fences" they saw from Pacific Highway are developing into a large building, our new Final Assembly Building. Yes, it is a known fact that certain Ryan employees were asked by others what those two "big fences" were in the vicinity of Ryan. Over half the trusses are now up and it appears as though completion is not too far off. Our office building is rapidly nearing completion, the second floor having been released for occupancy the first of June. We are sure Mr. Palmer and Mr. Bortzmeyer, not to speak of yours truly, are happy that it is in its final stages of construction. It has probably caused much anxiety, as well as headaches and sleepless nights, with the difficulties of getting labor and materials now, but the finished product will be something to be very proud of. We take our hats off to all those who have had anything to do with it, particularly Mr. Palmer and Mr. Bortzmeyer of our department.

Plant Engineering does have its troubles, it seems, for we are the "Fixit" Department, fixing everything from repairing heavy machinery, down to dusting a desk or getting waste baskets in their proper places. But the worst tragedy happened the other day when at 4:05 p.m. the factory bell had not yet rung. A very distressed voice reported it so excitedly over the telephone that "yours truly" had to ask her to speak English.

Yes, we do have our troubles, but we also have our fun, for we find Plant Engineering a very pleasant place to work, mainly because of the good nature of all our personnel and our very much admired "Big Boss," Mr. D. H. Palmer.

What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG



With Victory gardens flourishing and with women looking forward to planning varied and healthful diets for their families during next year in spite of rationing, CANNING is in its heyday this summer.

The amount of canning that each individual family will need depends upon the number of persons in the family—no more than is needed should be canned. Also to be considered is the length of time the fruit or vegetable is off the market, together with the appetite of the family for that particular food.

The success of canning naturally depends upon how well the foods keep. But before we take up how to keep them from spoiling, it might be well to say a word about what makes them spoil. One of the culprits is the enzyme. Up to a certain point, their presence is desirable, but if unchecked, they'll cause the food to spoil. If you follow the rule "two hours from garden to can" you'll not have to worry about enzymes. However, if you have to keep fresh fruits or vegetables longer than that, as often is the case, store them in a cool, well-ventilated place.

The yeasts and molds which may be present are destroyed by the heat of canning, but the bacteria may be more persistent. The spore-forming bacteria found in non-acid foods such as meat, corn, peas and practically all vegetables except tomatoes, are very resistant to heat. It takes six hours at the boiling point (212°) to kill them—but only 30 minutes at 240°. Which all points to the fact that these foods can be safely preserved only at the high temperature obtainable in a steam pressure canner. If these bacteria are not destroyed in the canning process, they may grow and produce a toxin in the food that, if eaten, will prove fatal in about 65% of the cases. On the other hand, let me repeat, these foods may be safely canned in a pressure cooker.

The bacteria found in acid foods such as tomatoes and fruits are killed within rea-

sonable time in boiling water and thus do not need the pressure cooker method.

You can make your own equipment for the water bath method of canning (used only for tomatoes and fruit) from a wash boiler, a bucket, or any vessel that has a tight cover and is large enough to hold a convenient number of cans of food and to permit covering them with one to two inches of water. The vessel should be fitted with a rack to hold the jars so arranged that water can circulate freely under and around the jars. The necessary equipment can also be purchased—galvanized containers of about seven quart capacity will be available in local stores.

Another process suitable for fruits and tomatoes is known as the open kettle method. The food is cooked directly in an open vessel to kill bacteria, then put into sterilized jars and sealed immediately. When using this method, jars should be filled clear to the top to drive out the air. There is still the possibility that the jars and caps may become contaminated in the few minutes between their sterilization and the time they are sealed.

Oven canning may be used for some acid products such as small fruits, but it is not recommended for most canning.

The method required for processing meats and all vegetables except tomatoes is the steam pressure cooker method. In using the pressure cooker, the manufacturer's directions for canning should be followed. Pressure cookers are going to be scarce—only some 325 (seven quart capacity) will be available in San Diego County. Application for one of these may be made to the Pressure Cooker Ration Committee of the Agricultural War Board, second floor, Chamber of Commerce Building. I am very anxious to hear from all Ryan women who own pressure cookers and would be willing to share them with some other Ryanite. If you want to enlist your cooker in the war effort, see that it gives all the service it can during the canning season. My office will serve as a clearing house, so let me know if you have a cooker or would like to use one.

Local merchants say that there will be three types of jars available for canning this year: One with a glass top and rubber ring that fits between the glass cap and the jar top and is held in place by a metal screw band. The self-sealing or vacuum type using a metal disk with a rubber gasket held on by a metal screw band. The bale type (no longer being manufactured but some still on the shelves) having a glass top held in place by a wire clamp.

The jars may be used repeatedly, but a careful check should be made on every rubber and cap used. Test for cracks, chips and dents and be sure the jar rims are smooth. Lids and rings must fit tightly.

The rubber rings used must be of good quality if the food is to keep. To test, double the ring together and press the fold with your fingers. When released the rubber should show no sign of cracking. It should

stretch twice its length and return without changing shape. If a ring that has been used before withstands these tests and bears no impression from contact with the jar or lid, it may be used again.

If using screw bands, buy only as many as are needed and use them again and again. Do not remove the screw bands from canned food until the jar has completely cooled. But on the other hand, don't put away any canned food with the screw band still on it.

If you are canning liquids use crown caps and a capping device which may be obtained at small cost. Bottles should be sterilized, but caps should be only dipped into boiling water just before they're fixed on the bottles. Boiling the caps may prevent a tight seal. Leave a two inch space at the top to permit expansion.

One other important thing to remember in canning is that final caution against some slip-up which may have occurred. Inspect your canned food before you eat it. There should be no signs of leakage or bulging of the rubber ring. When you open it, there should be no sudden outrush of air or spurting of liquid. And there should be no "strange odor." At any evidence of spoilage, discard the food. (If it's meat, burn it.) NEVER TASTE to determine whether or not the food is spoiled. When spoilage has occurred in non-acid foods, there is always a possibility that even a taste may cause death (Botulinus poisoning). **Boil all home canned non-acid foods for 15 minutes before tasting or serving.**

In addition to canning, there are other methods of preserving food. Freezing and dehydrating are probably most popular. Drying foods for home consumption is a very important means of preserving in war time. It requires no sugar, no metal and no rubber. Instructions for making your own dehydrator may be obtained from the University of California or commercially made ones may be purchased locally.

To help in your own particular canning problems, the following free circulars are available from the Farm Advisor's office of the Agricultural Extension Service, Room 404, U. S. Customs Building. Send a postcard asking for the ones you desire.

Home Canning, by Hilda Faust.

Freezing Storage, by Vera Greaves and M. A. Joslyn.

Drying of Vegetables and Fruits in the Home, by W. V. Cruess, Hilda Faust and Vera D. Greaves.

Home Bottling and Canning of Fruit Juice (includes tomato juice), by Hilda Faust and M. A. Joslyn.

Preservation of Eggs in Water Glass.

Home Cheese Making, by Katherine Bennett.

From the Superintendent of Documents in Washington, D. C., these may be obtained: U.S.D.A. Farmers Bulletin No. 1762—*Home Canning of Fruits, Vegetables and Meats*—10c. U.S.D.A. Farmers Bulletin No. 1800—*Home Made Jellies, Jams and Preserves*. U.S.D.A. Farmers Bulletin No. 1918—*Drying Foods for Victory Meals*—10c.

FIVE "DO'S" ON HOME CANNING

1. **Have fruits and vegetables as fresh as possible when you can.**
2. **Test jars, lids and rubber rings before starting.**
3. **Give adequate processing — use pressure cooker method for all non-acid foods.**
4. **Store canned foods in a cool place.**
5. **Boil all meat and non-acid vegetables for 15 minutes before eating.**



MORE ABOUT

MRS. LONG

(Continued from page 4)

teachers in the district made up a comprehensive course of study. The 56 women who went through the 40 hours of training met all the Red Cross qualifications for the Nutrition and Canteen certificates. Now this group has divided into sections which, in case of emergency, have prearranged duties to perform in feeding and caring for the people.

Mrs. Long's ability to handle emergency situations like these had been evidenced in her sixteen years as a home economics teacher in the Fullerton Union High School and Fullerton Junior College. In addition to such courses as food preparation, she taught classes in nutrition study, newest methods of taking care of household equipment, family finance, home management and family relations. One of her most enthusiastic classes was made up of girls studying to be nurses. The information they gathered they knew they would put into use—and soon. In addition to teaching, Mrs. Long acted as counselor and adviser for the girls in the Home Economics department.

"One of the most interesting classes I've ever had," Mrs. Long recalls, "was the cooking class for boys I conducted for six or seven years. It was an elective course and the boys just loved it. At the end of each semester, the class members would prepare one meal all by themselves and each invite a guest—their best girl or their mother, or

maybe a member of the faculty. Invariably, just a few minutes before dinner was scheduled to be served, one of these big youngsters with perspiration just running down his face, would come up to me and say, 'And now I understand what Mother goes through every day.'

"One time I set the student body president and senior class president to the job of cleaning the stove, instructing them, as I turned to another section of the classroom, that I didn't want any half-way job done. They must have taken me seriously for when I again noticed them, the body of the stove was resting on chairs and the boys were scrubbing the legs in the dishpan.

"One of the biggest thrills I've had come recently when one of these high school boys, now an Army cook at March Field, came back to me for some more pointers on cooking and all the information on nutrition that I could give him. I've heard rumors that several others out of those classes have also turned to cooking in the Army."

Esther Long's decision to devote her time and talents to counseling and nutritional guidance came after the last war when she was suddenly faced with the necessity of providing a livelihood for herself and her infant daughter. "I decided then," Mrs. Long relates, "that the thing I was most interested in was helping other people become better homemakers." Then a graduate of Ohio State, Esther Long came west and obtained her Master's degree in Home Economics from Oregon

Mrs. Long has a friendly chat with every new woman employee. She's shown at left giving some advice on menu planning.

Picture at right shows her in action during a factory lunch period—each day she spends hours in the plant striking up new acquaintances.

State. Later she took additional work in counseling and guidance at her alma mater in Ohio.

After this war broke out, she began to toy with the idea of getting into work that was more actively tied up with the war effort. The field of women's counseling was just beginning to come into its own as factories were starting to hire women by the hundreds. The idea fascinated her. The job of easing the transition of women from the home to the factory was at the same time challenging and interesting.

So, when she walked into the office of the superintendent in Fullerton one morning and found that he held requests for her release from both Ryan and the Red Cross, the time seemed ripe to decide in favor of counseling. She joined Ryan in March of this year and since that time her beautiful gray hair and sparkling eyes have become a familiar sight to Ryan men and women alike as she bustles blithely about the factory. Her job is to do the myriad little things that will ease the burden of the hundreds of Ryan women who now carry the double responsibility of war work and homemaking, too.

The Air Transport Command Knows

RYAN BUILDS WELL!

TO THE FAR CORNERS of the earth men and material are flying on regular schedules to hasten the day of victory. All hail the Army Transport Command and our Airlines for this greatest transportation job of all time! Important in this global service are mighty four-engine Douglas C-54 "Skymasters" for which

Ryan supplies the exhaust systems. And they're good—they have to be good to meet extreme service conditions of Arctic wastes or steaming jungles. So, wherever the many military planes equipped with Ryan exhaust manifolds pause in their flight, maintenance men have learned to know and appreciate that Ryan Builds Well.



TODAY'S NETWORK of world air routes will to morrow become peaceways over which you may fly. When that day comes, remember your trip will be made in greater speed, safety and comfort because Ryan Builds Well.



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, San Diego, Calif.  **Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.**

Ryan Products: Army PT-22s, Navy NR-1s, Army PT-25s, Major Sub-Assemblies and Exhaust Manifold Systems for America's Most Distinguished Aircraft

Ryan

Flying Reporter



EMERLY KETTERSON
WORLD TRAVEL EDITOR
RYAN TRAINED AAF MAN

Vol. 6 No. 3

JULY
9TH

1943

PAY AS YOU GO

★ ★ ★ ★

HOW THE NEW TAX LAW AFFECTS YOUR PAY ROLL



During my recent business trip to Washington I met an old friend — a high officer of the Army Air Forces, formerly stationed in California — who told me some interesting things.

His position in Washington puts him in close contact with all Army fliers on their way to or from aerial battle-fronts. He told me he was surprised to see that an amazingly high percentage of the men who had made records of outstanding service in overseas duty were those who had originally learned to fly in Ryan trainers!

As you probably remember, our Ryans were the first low-winged monoplanes ever used by the Army for primary flight training. They're doing their job well on a very large scale today, training the men who are going out there fighting and winning for us.

From what the AAF officer told me, we can all take plenty of pride in the part we've been privileged to play in producing the planes that train such men!

J. Claude Ryan



Blood, Sweat, and Glory

A Ryan military training plane . . . the ship many combat pilots call "the hottest trainer in America."

America's flying heroes never forget
the plane in which they first learned to fly.
Chesley Peterson and many other brilliant
fliers prepared for combat
glory in Ryan trainers.

by Keith Monroe

"All right, mister, I'm tired of riding with you," the instructor says as he climbs out of the front cockpit. "Take her up yourself."

This is the moment every cadet has waited for and dreamed about. It's a moment he'll remember all his life—the moment of his first solo.

He guns the ship, the field falls away beneath him, and all of a sudden he's alone. More alone than he's ever been in his life.

For weeks and months he's been

learning, always with the instructor in the other cockpit to give him advice and help. But now he's actually flying—flying all alone! That take-off was all right; it was perfect. Who said he couldn't fly? Look at the way the ship responds. Slick as satin, he grins. Just relax, that's all you have to do.

This Ryan PT-22 trainer might as well be a Thunderbolt. He's diving at 400 miles an hour into a flock of Zeros, mowing them down, swooping into a chandelle and letting

them have it again. He looks around to see if anybody else has dared to come into his sky. He's boss of this thing now. Boss of the air. Boss of the earth that's getting smaller and smaller below him. Fall away, earth! Roll back, clouds! Get ready, sun! Here I come. . . .

Far, far below him, a tiny figure is still standing at the edge of the strip, shading his eyes with his hand. The instructor is grinning as he watches his "pigeon" frolic away from the nest, on its own for the first time.

Every AAF cadet feels the same, on that memorable first solo. Chesley Gordon Peterson felt that way, when he first found himself alone in his Ryan trainer far above earth-bound mortals. And he's never forgotten that first moment of exultation in all the flying he's done since.

He remembered it when he was

(Continued on page 11)

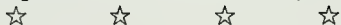
July 9
1943

Vol. 6
No. 3



Flying Reporter

Published every three weeks for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department



EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
Editor.....Keith Manroe
Associate Editor.....Sue Zinn Gunthorp
Sports Editor.....Fred Osenburg
Staff Artists.....Michael Brush; Joe Thein
 Frances Statler; George Duncan; Paul Haffman
Staff Photographers.....Tommy Hixson; Frank Martin

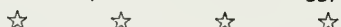


Special Features

Beauty Isn't Rationed.....Frances Statler
Pay As You Go.....James C. Noakes
What's Cookin'?.....Mrs. Esther T. Long

Staff Contributors

Dispatching.....Gerald Ryan
Drop-Hammer.....Lynn Harrington, Dick Gillam
Engineering.....Victar Odin
Experimental.....Bob Johnston, R. N. Wallin
Final Assembly.....Enid Larsen
Finishing.....George and Lil
Fram the Beam.....Pat Kelly
Gauze and Tape.....Ruth Gates
Humor.....Will Cameron
Industrial Training.....L. E. Plummer
Inspection.....Irene Travis
Laboratory.....Sally and Sue
Lofting.....Moe Loft
Machine Shop.....Bette Landon; Win Alderson
 A. G. Harris
Maintenance.....John Rodgers
Manifold.....G. "Bob" Harris, George Duncon
Manifold Small Parts.....Josephine R. Vidall
Plant Engineering.....Rabt. E. Christy
 Flannie Freeman, F. Gordon Mossop
Plant Personalities.....Jack Graham
Production Planning.....Maynard Lavell
Purchasing.....Pat Eden
Ryannettes.....Gerry Wright; Margaret Walker
 Morian Key
Safety.....M. M. Clancy
Sheet Metal.....Emil Moagick
Special Correspondent.....Mrs. Betty Bird
Sports.....A. S. Billings; George Sinclair
 Ed Sly; Fred Osenburg; Betty Phillips
Time Study.....Dortha Dunstan
Tooling.....Chas. B. Anderson
Wing Assembly.....Chuck Kellogg, R. F. Hersey



Copy deadline for the next issue is July 19th

The Walking Reporter

By Ye Ed

Did you notice that bulletin board on a church near the plant? The one that said: "Why Pilot Ordered the Crucifixion." Even churches are feeling the influence of the aircraft industry these days.



One of our photographers is going to be "persona non grata" with the whole Tooling department when this issue of Flying Reporter comes out. They'll all be looking for that photo of PAPPY WILLIAMS in his zoot suit, and they won't find it. Well, you see, folks, it was like this: Our photog was using a new camera, which had a lot of extra gadgets on it. Seems as though there was one gadget you have to turn, or the picture won't be in focus. And . . . yep, you guessed it. Sorry, Pappy!



A letter-writer who signs himself H. S. B. sends in a suggestion that we publish excerpts from letters of service men to their friends and relatives at Ryan. Maybe he's got something there. Any of you folks who've received letters from the front containing interesting or inspiring bits, just send them in to Flying Reporter and maybe we can start a new department.



Our Swap Column seems to be slowly dying of undernourishment. Everybody thinks the column is a swell idea, but hardly anybody sends in items for it. Better write up those swap items and shoot 'em in, or



Instructions posted by air raid warden on slot machine in nearby toproom: "In case of air raid, crawl under this machine. It has never been hit."



A couple of our men here at Ryan have been distinguishing themselves outside the company lately. ROY CUNNINGHAM got himself elected chairman of the newly-organized San Diego chapter of the Society of Aircraft Industrial Engineers; while JIM SCURLOCK has undertaken to teach a University of California Extension Course in aircraft materials and processes. Our chapeau is off to you, gentlemen.



Fifteen thousand dollars' worth of War Bonds were sold by Ryan plant police as their part of a big Elks Club drive (Chief PETERS and a lot of the other dardmes are enthusiastic Elks). The 15 G's were over and above the amount Ryonites are already subscribing through the Payroll Allotment Plan. Looks like congratulations are in order all 'round.



Did you know that ARTHUR KILMER, Sheet Metal leadman, is a cousin of Joyce Kilmer, the famous poet? He's quite a singer himself, having been a soloist with the Mormon Tabernacle choir.



The Battle of the Mail Room

If you want to get the fastest service from the mail room, here are some handy things to know

One of the most vital nerve centers of the whole Ryan organization is a small room in the office building that many Ryanites have never seen—the mail room.

No nook or cranny of the factory or offices could keep functioning very long if its incoming and outgoing mail—both inter-office and outside—were cut off. That's why the quiet men who run the Ryan mail room take their responsibilities very seriously, and pay meticulous attention to the tiniest details of their job.

All day long, big stacks of mail are moving into the mail room in an endless stream. Working fast, the mail room clerks must sort it, decide which to open and which to leave sealed, and distribute it without the loss of an unnecessary moment.

Other piles of envelopes represent outgoing mail which must be inspected, sealed, run through the postage meter and whisked to the post office. If even one of the thousands of envelopes handled daily should go astray, there might be serious consequences. No wonder the mail room takes great pains to see that every envelope or scrap of paper or parcel or postage stamp goes in its appointed place.

Every morning at 7:30 one of the mail room men is at the post office waiting to pick up the sacks of incoming Ryan mail as soon as they are ready. Again at 11 and at 2, there is a messenger at the post office for more Ryan mail, and the last thing one of the Ryan mail room men does on his way home each night is to stop at the post office with the last bundle of outgoing mail.

Six times or more each day Nelson Acheson walks through the entire factory, making mail collections and deliveries in every department. That means he walks about 15

NEWS FLASH

As we go to press, news comes that the Ryan Company has made arrangements to sell postage stamps to employees through the Tool Store and the Personnel department. Factory employees can buy stamps during rest periods and lunch time at the Tool Store. During lunch periods Personnel will also sell stamps—but to office employees only.

miles a day, every day, six days a week, every week in the year. That's a lot of walking, but Nelson Acheson (who is 71 years old) has never been absent a single day since he went to work for the mail room more than a year ago.

Bernard R. Maloney, who carries the mail through the office building, also has a perfect attendance record since he started in May of 1942. As for Charles Walker, the white-haired little man who presides over the mail room and makes a number of delivery trips on foot himself each day, the only time off he's taken in two years (except for his vocation) was a single afternoon for his son's wedding. That gives you some idea of the conscientiousness of the men who handle Ryan's mail.

Walker has the responsibility of checking all incoming mail which isn't addressed personally to some one individual. Government mail is logged and copied for the master files as well as for distribution to all parties concerned. Walker keeps sharp eyes out for any communications that seem urgent—these he delivers personally to the proper party at once, without waiting for

the next regular inter-office mail delivery.

Sometimes it's tough, though, for the mail room men to give as fast service as they'd like to, because of Ryanites' misunderstandings in handling their own mail. If you want to get the fastest possible service from the mail room, here are some rules to remember:

1. Tell your correspondents not to address your personal mail to you at the company. It takes hours each week to locate Ryan employees whose bills and other personal mail are addressed to the factory without benefit of department identification. If the situation gets much worse, company executives may have to issue a blanket rule that no personal mail can be delivered.

2. Buy yourself a supply of postage stamps at the post office or in Personnel or the Tool Store (depending on whether you work in the office or the factory) and keep them with your personal mail. The mail room is not a U. S. Branch Post Office; it can't sell stamps or money orders, or fix up your personal parcels for mailing, without interference with its company work.

3. Be sure to cross out all names on inter-office envelopes except the name of the person to whom you're sending the envelope.

4. Never try to stuff more material into an inter-office envelope than it will hold. Sometimes over-stuffed envelopes have spilled their contents in a pile of other mail—in which case it's the devil's own job to figure what envelope they come from.

5. Never let an empty inter-office envelope get into the mail collections. More than once a messenger has been handed a handful of empty envelopes with one or two contain-

(Continued on page 15)



Pay as you go

We entered the outer office seeking counsel with our comptroller and tax expert, Jim Noakes.

"Better not disturb him," cautioned Secretary Ethel Rutter. "He's still working on that Flying Reporter tax article."

"Oh, that's all right," we replied, little knowing what a sight was in store. "He'll be glad to see us." Gingerly we opened the door.

There sat the usually sartorially perfect Mr. Noakes, coat off, sleeves rolled up, collar open, his forehead beaded with perspiration. Jim was mumbling to himself . . .

"In the declaration required under sub-section (a) the individual shall state: (1) The amount which he estimates as the amount of tax under this chapter for the taxable year, without regard to any credits under sections 32, 33, and 466(e); (2) The amount which . . ."

We closed the door and retired to the sanctity of our editorial office.

Congress has just passed the most complicated piece of tax legislation ever conceived by what is laughingly called the mind of man. As Jim Noakes says, "It will make a nation of accountants out of us."

But since we aren't all accountants, Mr. Noakes has spent many, many hours of his own time interpreting and simplifying for us the tangled terminology of the new law. And, frankly, the editors have spent frantic hours trying to present the material in the most understandable form possible.

We know the law is complicated. We know it's difficult to understand. We know you'd like to forget the whole thing, and so would we! But the fact remains that the new "Pay-As-You-Go-Crazy" tax law affects us all, and, like it or not, every one of us is going to have to read and absorb the information in this and the next issue of Flying Reporter in order to be able to file income tax returns. So, dive into the hot water and get your feet wet.

Incidentally, a real vote of thanks is due Jim Noakes for his patience and generous assistance in preparing this material for our use.

The Editors

by JAMES C. NOAKES

Comptroller, Ryan Aeronautical Company

The Current Tax Payment Act of 1943 ushers in a new era of American income taxation by placing everybody on a pay-as-you-go basis. The principal purpose of the Act is to collect all, or most, of the tax payable by you during the year in which your income is earned, instead of the following year as is done under the present system. To accomplish this purpose the Act requires:

- (1) Employers to withhold from the worker's pay check 20% of each wage payment in excess of specified family status exemptions; OR 3% of each wage payment in excess of a so-called Victory tax exemption, providing the tax computed this way is a larger sum than the tax computed by the "20%" method; and in addition requires
- (2) Taxpayers, whose earnings exceed certain minimums, or whose income is derived from sources not subject to withholding, to make an estimate of the amount of tax they expect to pay on their 1943 income and to pay this tax (less amounts withheld by employers) in two installments, September 15, 1943, and December 15, 1943.

You should understand at the beginning that the Act does not create new or additional taxes. The amounts to be withheld from your salary or wages are merely advance payments against your 1943 tax liability, which will be determined by the final return you will file March 15, 1944.

When a change to a pay-as-you-go tax basis was being considered, Congress had to decide whether to require taxpayers to pay both 1942 and 1943 taxes during the year 1943, or whether to go to the other extreme and forgive all the 1942 tax as advocated by the Ruml plan. This problem was solved by a compromise which, in effect, for most taxpayers, entirely cancels \$50 of the 1942 tax, if it totaled less than \$66.67, or 75% of the 1942 tax if it was more than \$66.67.

At the time this article was written, Treasury experts were engaged in the preparation of regulations which are expected to clear up most of the points on which the Act is not explicit. The language of the law is

exceedingly complicated and it will be some weeks before the regulations are completed. Meanwhile, it is hoped the following interpretation will give Ryan employees some idea of how the Act affects them.

WAGES SUBJECT TO WITHHOLDING

All salaries and wages applying to a payroll period beginning after June 30, 1943, are subject to withholding. The first check



"Must" reading for taxpayers. In September you'll probably have to fill in a new income tax report—which you'll be unable to do unless you've mastered the information in this article!

showing the tax deduction will be the one distributed on July 16, 1943. For monthly salaried employees, the tax is effective July 1, 1943, and will be deducted from the check covering the period ending July 15, 1943.

AHA! - SO I'M NOT HEAD OF THE FAMILY!



AMOUNT TO BE WITHHELD

The amount of tax to be withheld is 20% of each wage payment, after deducting the "family status" exemption shown in the table below, (or, in cases where it results in a larger amount, 3% of each wage payment in excess of a Victory tax exemption of \$12 per week or \$26 semi-monthly).

| FAMILY STATUS | Exemption Per Payroll Period | |
|---|------------------------------|--------------|
| | Weekly | Semi-Monthly |
| Single person | \$12. | \$26. |
| Married person or head of a family claiming all the exemption | 24. | 52. |
| Married person claiming half the exemption | 12. | 26. |
| Married person claiming no exemption | 0. | 0. |
| Additional for each dependent | 6. | 13. |

To illustrate the computation of your withholding tax, take the case of our old friend, John Drophammer: John is married, has two dependents, and claims all the exemption as head of the family. He earns \$40 weekly. His "married person" exemption is \$24, plus \$12 for two dependents, a total of \$36. His Victory tax exemption is \$12.

His tax, then, is 3% of \$28 (\$40 earned minus the \$12 Victory tax exemption), or 84c, because that is larger than 20% of \$4 (\$40 earned minus his "family status" exemption of \$36), or 80c. If his wages were \$60, the company would be required to withhold 20% of \$24 (\$60 minus \$36) or \$4.80, which is greater than 3% of \$48 (\$60 minus \$12) or \$1.44. (Editor's Note: This gives you some idea of the huge task faced by our accounting department in computing withholding taxes for thousands of employees each week. If you question the amount withheld from your pay check, carefully compute the amount applicable in your

individual case, as outlined here, and do not contact the already overworked accounting department except in case of error.)

Getting confused? Take 20 minutes off and finish that bottle on the ice. But hurry back.

On the other hand, Millard Tracingcloth is an engineer and is paid, say, \$100 semi-monthly. He is married, claims all the family exemption, and has three dependents. Since he is on a semi-monthly basis, his "married person" exemption is \$52, plus a credit of \$39 for his three dependents, a total of \$91 for each pay period. His Victory tax exemption is \$26.

His tax, then, will be 3% of \$74 (\$100 earned minus the \$26 Victory tax exemption) or \$2.22, which is larger than 20% of \$9 (\$100 earned minus his "family status" exemption of \$91) or \$1.80. If Millard's semi-monthly salary was \$125 his tax deduction would be 20% of \$34 (\$125 minus \$91) or \$6.80; this is larger than 3% of \$99 (\$125 minus \$26) or \$2.97.

You should understand that the deduction based on the so-called Victory tax exemption is merely an alternative method of computing the withholding tax and has nothing to do with payment of the Victory tax. Deductions for the Victory tax were discontinued when the new law took effect.

EMPLOYEES' WITHHOLDING EXEMPTION CERTIFICATES

As was shown above, the deduction from pay checks is sometimes 20% of the amount in excess of the family status exemption and sometimes 3% of the amount in excess of the so-called Victory tax exemption. The Victory tax exemption is a flat \$12 a week (\$26 for semi-monthly payments) and has no connection with the family status of the taxpayer. The family status exemption, however, is not a fixed amount but depends upon whether a person is married or single and whether or not he has any dependents.

Before any family status exemption can be allowed, an employee must execute an Employee's Withholding Exemption Certificate, such as was recently distributed to all Ryan employees. If no certificate is furnished, no withholding exemption is allowed and 20% is deducted from the full amount of the wages earned.

In case the taxpayer's status is changed by, for example, marriage, divorce or the birth of a child, the employee must furnish a new certificate not later than ten days after such change occurs. The company will give effect to such changes in the next payroll period after the new certificate is furnished.



If an employee willfully supplies false or fraudulent information on the exemption certificate, or if he willfully fails to supply information which would require an increase in the amount to be withheld from his wages, he will be subject to fine up to \$500 and/or imprisonment up to one year.

Tough going, huh? We'll give you half an hour off to listen to that favorite radio program. But come back when it's over — or you'll be sorry next September.

TAX FORGIVENESS

The tax installments you paid March 15th and June 15th this year on your 1942 taxes, or the full 1942 tax if you have already made the entire payment, will be credited against your 1943 income tax payment. Furthermore, \$50 of your 1942 or 1943 tax liability up to \$66.67 (for whichever year it was the smaller) is entirely cancelled; but if either year's tax is more than \$66.67, only 75% of the tax is forgiven.

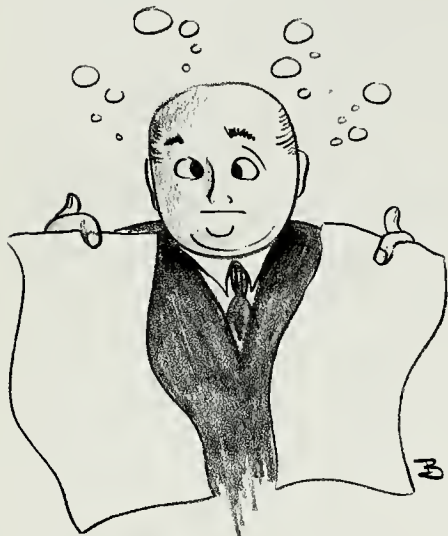
While the Act provides relief from double payments in 1943 in cases where the whole 1942 tax is not forgiven, the cancellation benefit is partially offset by increased 1943 taxes payable in 1944 and 1945 as shown below:

- (1) **Where 1943 Tax is MORE than 1942 Tax** (This will apply in the case of most Ryan employees):
 - (a) If the 1942 tax was more than \$50 but less than the 1943 taxes, 75% of the 1942 tax is cancelled. The remaining 25% is payable in two installments, March 15, 1944, and March 15, 1945. For example, if the 1942 tax was \$300, 75%, or \$225, would be cancelled; the balance of \$75 would be payable \$37.50 on March 15, 1944, and \$37.50 on March 15, 1945.
 - (b) If the difference between the 1942 tax and \$50 is less than 25% of the tax, only the excess of the amount of the tax over \$50 is payable. For example, if the 1942 tax was \$60, only \$10 would be payable because the \$10 is less than 25% of \$60, which is \$15. The \$10 is payable in two installments of \$5 on March 15, 1944, and \$5 on March 15, 1945.

It's okay with us if you take another breathing spell. We're a little tired, too.

(2) Where 1943 Tax is LESS than 1942 Tax:

- (a) If the 1942 tax exceeds the 1943 tax, the difference is added to the 1943 tax and is payable March 15, 1944. For example, if the 1942 tax was \$125 and the 1943 tax was \$100, the \$25 difference would be added to the 1943 tax, which would then become \$125.
- (b) In addition to the amount described in (a) above, if the 1943 tax is more than \$50, there is required to be paid either 25% of the 1943 tax or the excess of the 1943 tax over \$50, whichever is the lesser. For example, if the 1943 tax is \$100, the addition thereto is \$25; if the tax is \$60 the addition is \$10 because it is less than 25% of \$60, or \$15. The addition described hereunder is payable in two installments, March 15, 1944, and March 15, 1945.



The effect of the foregoing is to apply the cancellation privileges of the Act to the lesser of the 1942 or 1943 taxes.

WAR BOND PURCHASES

As was stated previously, the Act does not impose new or additional taxes. The only change for the average employee is that under the pay-as-you-go plan you will receive your wages after the income tax has been deducted, and will not be required to meet the quarterly income tax installments under the old system. Thus, small weekly payments take the place of large quarterly payments and the budget of the average worker is not affected.

Accordingly, you should not allow the new withholding tax to affect your present subscriptions for War Bonds. All employees are urged not to diminish their purchases; it's a patriotic duty to help back up the boys in service by buying just as many Bonds as possible.

DECLARATION OF THE ESTIMATED 1943 TAX

The effect of the withholding provision of the Act is, in a great many cases, to discharge the entire 1943 tax liability of those who derive all their income from salaries and wages, because the tax already will have been paid. For such persons no additional paper work is required and the regular in-

come tax return for the year 1943 will be filed as usual on March 15th, next year.

Ho, hum! Don't quit here, though—you're heading into the home stretch now.

However, since the normal tax rate remains at 6% and the surtax on the first \$2,000 of surtax net income remains at 13%, it is apparent that the amount withheld from payrolls is little more than enough to cover the lowest income tax bracket. Therefore, persons whose tax exceeds 20% would not be on a pay-as-you-go basis unless some provision was made to collect the additional tax. Furthermore, some individuals, whose principal income is from salaries and wages, also receive other income, such as rents, dividends, interest, etc., which are not subject to withholding at source. For the purpose of collecting the tax on such income, the Act provides for the declaration of estimated 1943 taxes on September 15th, and payment on September 15th and December 15th this year of an estimated tax in the following cases:

- (a) Single persons having an income from wages in excess of \$2,700 either in 1942 or 1943;
- (b) Married persons whose aggregate income from wages (i.e., including both husband and wife) exceeds \$3,500 either in 1942 or 1943;
- (c) Persons with an income exceeding \$100 per year derived from sources other than salaries or wages, together with an income from all sources (wages, salaries and other) in excess of \$500 if single, or \$1,200 (or \$624 for each spouse) if married. This also applies to 1942 as well as 1943 income.

In effect, the foregoing means that a person receiving salary or wages of less than \$2,700 if single, or an aggregate of less than \$3,500, if married, is not required to file a declaration of estimated tax on September 15th unless he also receives other income amounting to more than \$100 during the year.

Since a great many of our employees will be required to file an estimated 1943 income tax return on September 15th, and because the provisions of the law are so complicated, a complete analysis of this phase of the new tax law will be presented in the next issue of Flying Reporter, to be distributed July 30th. This will be only six weeks before the declarations must be filed, and it is important that all employees keep and study both this and the July 30th issues.

If you'd like to complete your study of the new tax law now, particularly that section having to do with the filing of the September 15th tax return, call at the Employee Service desk in the Personnel Department and ask for the special tax folder which contains both this article and the one which will appear in the next issue of Flying Reporter.

And now for some questions and answers which will apply to many employees:

- Q. How much tax will be deducted from the department bonus payment?**
 - A. Since the personal exemption was considered in computing the tax on the regular pay, the tax on the bonus payments will be a flat 20%.
- Q. My husband is in the service and away from home. Am I entitled to the full married exemption?**
 - A. Yes. Although the Employee's Withholding Exemption Certificate stipulates that the husband and wife must be living together, this does not apply to spouses who are temporarily away from home because of illness, business, war or other reasons. You should claim the full withholding exemption of \$24 weekly or \$52 semi-monthly.

Q. In the past my wife and I have filed separate returns. If I claim the full exemption for withholding, can we still file separate income tax returns?

A. Yes. Married taxpayers may file joint or separate returns if they wish, regardless of what exemption is claimed for withholding.



Q. My wife and I both work. Does it make any difference if we divide the exemption or whether one of us claims all?

A. No. The exemption for both of you is an aggregate of \$24 per week and any amounts earned in excess of that are subject to tax.

Q. What other taxes will be deducted from my pay in addition to that imposed by the new law?

A. Federal Old Age Benefits 1% and State Unemployment Insurance 1%. (State Unemployment Insurance not deducted in Arizona.)

Q. I have expenses which will reduce my tax below the amount that will be deducted from my wages. Do I get anything back?

A. Yes. The income tax return you will file on March 15, 1944, will show an excess of taxes paid over the actual amount of the tax. Such excess will be refunded to you by the Treasury.

Q. Do I have to file an income tax return for the year 1943?

A. Yes. An income tax return covering the year 1943 must be filed on March 15, 1944.

Q. Where do I get the money to pay this tax?

A. **DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, BROTHER, THE TAX WILL BE PAID BEFORE YOU ARE.**



Child-Care Centers Opened In San Diego

Operating under the title "Extended Day Care Centers," San Diego now has a system of schools without formal books, with a program of play, eat and rest, and with teachers who do not assign home work.

In 19 school plants the city schools are operating centers for the care of children from 5 to 16 years old whose parents are both employed.

The children learn how to serve, how to set a table, and the value of order in the home. They are taught common rules of courtesy. If they want to draw or paint they are guided. If they like weaving there are small hand looms for them.

The centers open at 5 in the morning and remain in session until 6 in the evening. Costs are borne jointly by the parents and by the federal government, the parents paying according to their incomes.

Each of the centers has a cook and housekeeper (one person). Each is staffed by teachers according to its needs.

Parents who wish to avail themselves of the service should call the child care office, F-7902, or they may go directly to the nearest center. Schools in which the work is being carried on include: Central, Cherterton, Chollas Heights, Dewey, Florence, Benjamin Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, Linda Vista, Logan, Ocean Beach, Pacific Beach, Sherman, Adams, Bayview Terrace, Alice Birney, Brooklyn, Kit Carson and Ocean View.

FRIEND IN NEED

If you're absent three days, you'll
get a call from our Visiting Nurse

by SUE ZINN GUNTORP

Jack had been lying there for three days now with a bunch of gremlins bouncing rocks on his forehead and shooting light rays into his eyes—rays that went clear down through his head and hit the back of his skull. A half dozen gremlins were using the vertebrae in his back for a xylophone and a couple more were relaying hot packs to his head.

"Why does everything have to happen to me?" Jack mumbled to himself as he tried another position. "Why in blazes didn't I go down and get that prescription filled before I got to feeling this bad? Why do I have to go and get sick when I should be at work? Why . . . Yeh? Who's there?"

The landlady opened the door a little and peered in. Jack could see a twinkle in her eye as she said softly, "A young lady in the living room to see you, Jack. Shall I show her in? Says she's from Ryan."

"Jumpin' jellyfish! A lady? Hey, gimme a comb quick!" Jack hadn't expected any visitors, living clear out in Pacific Beach as he did. Besides, all the people that he knew at Ryan were at work now.

As Betty Mills walked in, Jack eyed her closely. Gee, he'd never seen her before—hey, not bad!

"Hello," said Betty as she took off her cape, displaying a spotless white uniform. "I'm Betty Mills, the visiting nurse from Ryan. They wanted me to come out and see how you were getting along."

"You mean the Ryan company sent you clear out here just to see me?" Jack asked as Betty pulled up a chair by the bed. "Aw, don't give me that stuff."

"But it's right. Your foreman called up and said they were missing you out there in Manifold, and the Personnel department thought maybe there was something I could do to help you get well. Besides, I brought your paycheck, and also the copy of Flying Reporter that came out yesterday."

"Gee whiz, I wondered how I was going to pay the landlady. That's really swell. And I used to think that when you got in a big factory like Ryan you were just another cog on the wheel."

It wasn't long before Betty found that Jack had a prescription which should be filled, and also that he needed to get a money order off to pay an insurance premium. So down to the nearest business district she went, and while the pharmacist filled the prescription she hunted up a post office and obtained the money order. Back at the house, she arranged the pills and a pitcher of water conveniently by the bed and addressed an envelope for the insurance premium. Then, with Jack's consent she phoned his doctor to give him an account of the patient.

An hour later in a different part of town, Betty was rummaging around a grocery store, buying enough groceries for two people for several days. She had stopped in to see Mrs. Baker of Sheet Metal, who had been out with a throat infection for over two weeks. Mr. Baker works until after the grocery stores close, and consequently the family larder was getting pretty low.

(Continued on page 10)



Above: Betty Mills has a company car at her disposal when she starts off each morning to visit sick Ryanites.

Below: One of her recent calls was on A. B. Skinner who spent a long siege in the hospital.



Below: Back at the office, Betty writes reports to foremen in the factory, telling them of her visits with Ryanites in their department.



Do You Feel A Draft?

Here's news about "Replacement Schedules"
and new services for draft registrants

It was only a left turn out of a right lane, but here he was cooling his heels by the side of the road while the cop wrote out the ticket.

But Bryan Worker didn't know yet what really hot water he was in!

"Now let me see your draft registration and classification cards," boomed the burly Irish cop.

"Huh?" queried Bryan, as he silently cursed himself. Why hadn't he applied for duplicates? His wife had been after him to do it ever since he lost the original ones. Just his luck . . .

"You heard me," insisted the cop. "Your draft registration cards."

"Oh yes, draft registration. Now let me see . . . Oh yes, I lost those and I haven't had time to get duplicates."

"Do you know, bud, that we have orders to pull everybody in that isn't carrying his cards right with him?"

No, Bryan Worker hadn't known.

Mrs. Blanche Attridge makes out an application for duplicate draft registration cards for a second shift Ryanite.



At least, the thought hadn't entered his head that they would stop him. Worker hadn't heard that within the last few months several thousand men in Southern California who couldn't furnish their draft registration and classification cards upon request have landed in local jails to await investigation by the FBI.

The cops aren't arbitrary, and if the individual has other evidence to prove he is registered they may let him off with a warning. But Ryanites are leaving themselves open when they so much as walk down the street without both of these cards. Police and the FBI are clamping down on draft evaders and can ask any man to produce his draft cards at any time.

Easy to Get Duplicates Now

Until now, when Ryanites lost their draft cards they had to take time off to go to the draft board and apply for duplicates. But now it's as simple as A-B-C. Mrs. Clifford McCaul, head of Selective Service in the Ryan Personnel de-



Mrs. Clifford McCaul, head of Selective Service in the Personnel department.

partment, has been sworn in as an Assistant Transfer Clerk and now has power to apply for duplicate cards for first-shift Ryanites. Sworn in as her assistant, Mrs. Blanche Attridge will do the same for employees on second and third shifts. If you've lost your cards, don't take a chance on being a Bryan Worker. Drop in at the Selective Service desk today and make application for a duplicate set. Then if you are accosted before the duplicates arrive, the Ryan Personnel office will have a record of your application and can help you straighten things out.

Can Transfer to Local Board

Here's more good news for Ryanites with out-of-town draft boards. Even if an employee has received notice to report for induction from his home board, if that board is 25 miles or farther away, the Ryan company can now obtain his transfer to a local board. This in no way affects the fact that he will be called, but it will enable him to work right up until the induction date and may postpone that date for several weeks while the transfer is being made. Other good tidings for prospective warriors is that effective July 1, the furlough before induction went back to two weeks instead of the one week which has been allowed for the last few

(Continued from page 14)



A group of Ryan higher-ups getting instruction in streamlined teaching methods. Left to right: Howard Ulberg, Statistics Supervisor, Material Control; R. M. Hals, Supervisor Tool Crib; H. F. Wallen, Tooling Foreman; M. E. Payne, Assistant Plant Engineer; Jimmy Orr, General Supervisor of Airplane Production; Ralph Flonders, Chief Dispotcher, Manifold Control; T. J. Getz, Shipping Supervisor; Ed King, instructor from the State Department of Education.

What Is "J. I. T."?

Office employees as well as factory workers
benefit from this new program

The foreman was blushing and stammering like a schoolboy. He stood there at the head of the long wooden table, trying to think what to say next, while his fellow foremen at the table sat back and watched him. They tried to look sympathetic, but faint smiles played around their lips. They'd all gone through the same thing he was going through, and they knew how he felt.

The foreman began again, desperately. "Look, Chuck," he said to the man standing beside him, "I'll show you once more. All you have to do on this job is just loop this wire over this way—"

"Like so?" Chuck responded, looping the wire the wrong way.

"No, no, like this," the foreman

said. "And then you fasten the wire."

"I don't get it," Chuck said, putting on a bland and puzzled look.

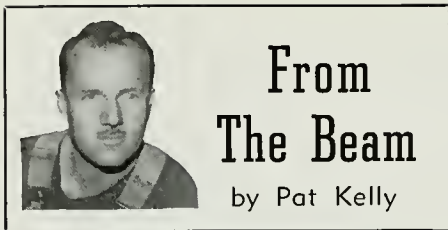
Chuck was the pupil, and the foreman was the teacher, in a demonstration of teaching methods that is a regular part of every J. I. T. class session. Chuck was deliberately playing dumb—which is part of the game in J. I. T.

The harassed foreman finally taught Chuck how to fasten the wire, had him demonstrate it to make sure, then sat down at the table and listened to the other foremen pick apart his performance. They were mercilessly analytical, even to the smallest details. But he took it with a grin—it's part of the game, too, in J. I. T. work.

J. I. T. stands for Job Instruction Training—and it happens to be one of the most powerful forces in American business today. There are office managers, engineering supervisors and factory foremen all over the country who'll tell you we'd be a lot further from victory today if it weren't for J. I. T.

Job Instruction Training began when the Office of Production Management, seeing the tremendous problem faced by foremen and office supervisors everywhere in trying to train hordes of green workers, asked for the services of the personnel directors of the country's biggest industries. Out of the combined efforts of these men came the J. I. T. program. Over 600,000 men

(Continued from page 19)



Years ago our despairing grammar teacher found it nearly impossible to impress upon us that an introduction, no matter how ridiculous, was the prerequisite to a discussion, verbal or written. We will not be so naive as to say it was necessary to destroy the school to release us, but we will admit the San Francisco cataclysm of the early nineteen-hundreds was a big help. And so we scribble on.

While passing one of the sand-blasts recently we dutifully lifted the peek-hole flap and glanced in. Things seemed normal, the blaster was busy, so we sauntered on. On second thought, was everything quite right? We took another look and studied the situation. Not daring to believe our own eyes, we asked "HANK" HAMNER to render his opinion.

"Hank" baldly stepped to the peek-hole, where he remained for some minutes. When finally he turned around, his brow was damp, and with tears in his eyes he murmured, "C-c-close the air gate, P-P-Pat, that guy's n-n-nuts!" We immediately switched off the light and shortly the blaster pushed open the door, jerked off his helmet, and in no uncertain terms demanded, "What the hell's the matter?"

That, dear reader, was precisely what we wished to know, for we had just seen that some blaster, with a long manifold gracefully draped over his left shoulder, doing a rumba that would have aroused the envy of Carmen Miranda. To make things more astounding, the blaster turned out to be our old friend DYKES WARREN. Well—the explanation was quite simple. Radiophones had been installed in the helmet so that the blaster might enjoy the latest music with his work. We understand that each blast will soon be equipped with hot and cold running towels.

"Just what do you do?" sez she to me. Umph! What a question! Now a guy expects that sort of thing from his foreman, and he has a packetful of legitimate answers ready, but this was different. Seeing I was groggy, she quickly followed up her advantage with, "I see you rapidly walking up and down the aisles, climbing ladders and so on. Are you an electrician?"

That floored me. The immortal Dante never conceived a more punishing inquisition. Placing my trust in truth, I gasped, "I am a pipefitter." While MOLLY TWITCH-ELL thought that over, I fell through the ropes and disappeared.

T. P. LYLE, wire-puller, has returned to us from Kansas. Isn't it odd that, after much huffing and puffing about their own home state, nearly everyone gets back here at the appointed hour? Another thing, though it may be just a coincidence—T. P. bears a remarkable likeness to that "Me Worry" picture posted in Final Assembly.

We think a few "Keep To Yaur Right" signs should be placed in conspicuous spots about the plant. Don't it make ya mad

when you're hikin' along an aisle with a few hundred pounds on your back and some clunk approaching from the opposite direction insists on passing to his left? Don't it?

ROSEMARY BAKER, of the carpenter shop, ex-school marm from South Dakota, will vouch for the vivid sunshine in this vicinity. In search of a lovely tan she tarried too long at the seaside. She reports that, after shedding yards of epidermis, the tan is discernable. Experience is a tough teacher, eh, Rosemary?

BILL DURANT and DENNY MILLER were bosom pals until Denny hit the wrong nail with his hammer. The nail Denny hit was on Bill's left thumb. After the atmosphere cleared, they laughed it off.

Didja notice: TALIA LAWSON'S ribbons and pig-tails; the blush on PAUL TAYLOR'S face; the whirling dervish act put on by DOROTHY INNES and CAROL HERN in Fuselage Assembly; the singe on EILEEN JOYNER'S forehead; that "SPEEDY" ALLER has thrown away his crutches. Yep, a feller sees a lot from the beam.



MORE ABOUT

OUR NURSE

(Continued from page 7)

"You know, I can't get over it," Mrs. Baker said as Betty was about to leave after stacking the groceries in the kitchen and storing the perishables safely away in the refrigerator. "I expected the girls I work with to miss me, but to get flowers from the Company and have someone come out and do all this for me is just something I hadn't dreamed of."

Many people feel that way, Betty explains. "So many people are new to San Diego," she says. "They don't know many people yet and their only connections, both social and business, are with Ryan. That's all the more reason why the Ryan Company feels a duty to see that sick Ryanites are well taken care of. When a Ryanite who is new to the city wants a recommendation on a physician or specialist, we'll be glad to give him a list of several reputable doctors from which he can choose. We even try our best to do the impossible — to find help for Ryan mothers who are ill and want someone to do their housework and care for the children."

The other day the Personnel telephone rang and a Ryanite from Linda Vista was on the line. Betty had seen her just a couple of days before and knew that it would be several more days before she was well enough to return to work.

"Won't you drop out and see me again?" the Ryanite asked. "I'm so lonesome out here during the day."

Betty was glad to go. "I cover practically the entire San Diego area every day," she says, "so it wasn't much trouble to stop in and see her again. Just a little break in the monotony of a day in bed means a lot to people. . . . A bunch of flowers, a magazine, or a carton of cigarettes will brighten up the week for someone in bed; but where it's needed, we want to do more than that. The little things—arranging for payment of insurance, writing letters home, doing necessary shopping, passing the time of day—that's where my job comes in."

When Betty arrives in the Personnel office in the morning, she finds a list of Ryanites who were absent from second and third shifts the night before. Then in a few minutes foremen from the plant begin ringing in to tell her of Ryanites who are absent from the day shift. "If a Ryanite has been out for three days, I make it a definite point to see him that day," Betty says, "and if I'm in the neighborhood I try to drop in on some who haven't been out so long, just to see if there might be something I could do.

"Quite often the foreman or the people of the department have some message they want to get to the sick person or vice versa. Every Ryanite should get word to his foreman when he is ill, but once in a while this is impossible. By making a call I can find out what the trouble is, and give the foreman some idea when he can expect his worker back. Or if any Ryanite knows of another worker who is ill, we'd appreciate it ever so much if he'd drop in to Personnel and let us know. Then we can get busy at once if there's anything we can do—or at least we can be sure the foreman knows that this worker is ill.

"And if you think that the foremen don't miss their employees when they're absent, you should hear the cries of joy that reach my ears when I tell a foreman that one of his workers who has been ill for a few days will be on the job the next morning."

PLANT ENGINEERING



Flonnie Freeman

Since our last column quite a few new faces are seen in Plant Engineering. In fact, so many new ones have come into the Engineering Room that, frankly, we hear that one of the draftsmen is now drawing up plans for a desk elevation system. Of course, that is even a little streamlined for this age, but seriously, we do welcome into Engineering IRENE COOK, DAWN RISTROM, I. G. POLTERE, L. L. SHAW, W. M. HAWKINS, and D. M. GRUGAL.

Summer time is here again, but we can't understand why the weather man did not realize it sometime ago, as it took old Sol long enough to show his face. We heard FRED BORTZMEYER saying the first day of July, "Summery time is here," even going so far as to try to put it to music. We were afraid our prize bachelor was getting somewhat light-headed, but later found out there was more meaning back of it, for we found he was really being a bit facetious, as he was saying "Summary time is here." It just goes to show we can't get his mind off business, for the first of the month means reports and more reports.

With the new Office Building, so many moving into new offices, and the rapid growth of departments, Plant Engineering has had quite an onslaught of "Requests for Improvement or Repairs," that very famous printed form that calls for improvement or repair of anything from a piece of machinery down to refinishing the top of a desk. Everyone who walks into the office presents us with one. Mrs. McCLARY, who is in charge of seeing these take the shape of Work Orders for the Maintenance Divisions, wishes to announce that one does not constitute the price of admission to our department.

We are never without our accidents. BOB CHRISTY is wearing his right arm in a sling and nursing a couple of cracked ribs as a result of a motorcycle accident. We remember that not so many months ago he cracked several ribs when he took a tumble at the Ice Rink. Bob, is this getting to be a habit? Anyway, the whole thing may result in his becoming quite ambidextrous. Of course, the maimed member is very useful in threatening those who try to pick a fight with him, for no one craves being hit with a plaster cast.

Well, well, our Department is becoming quite a style center. B. R. McCLENDON and GORDON MOSSOP tried to outdo each other this past week sporting their new suits. Mr. McClendon says that his was necessary as he seemed to be splitting out all his others. Can it be he's putting on pounds? Now, we don't know the reason for all this display on the part of Gordon. Perhaps he has his eye on one of the fairer

sex in the plant. That is yet to be seen.

Our bowling team finally came out of the "slump" last Monday night by winning three out of four games. They had been hanging their heads in shame ever since the Monday night before when they last in a big way to Maintenance. We're hoping they will keep up the old spirit and stay on top now.

There are a few who are always getting into trouble or mischief and consequently get "razzed" in this column, and then there are others who quietly go along and manage to stay away from publicity. This paragraph will be devoted to one whom everyone in Plant Engineering regards as "tops" but always remains out of the spotlight. We have you now, Bob. BOB FISHBURN, Supervisor of Maintenance Inspection, is the fellow who is always willing to help, no matter how small or large the favor. He's the one who comes to the aid of us fair demsels when we're too lazy to get our own cup of coffee or noon, or if our chairs need readjusting, or just any little thing around the office. Don't get the idea he isn't a mischief maker, for he's the best of them, but is just clever enough to keep out of print. We're sorry, Bob, we've broken your record.

We don't want to forget to mention that the first and second floors of the new Office Building are now occupied and all that is lacking is our new Cafeteria. From all reports it won't be long before that will be in operation. The new Final Assembly Building is also taking shape now and rapidly nearing completion.



MORE ABOUT

SELECTIVE SERVICE

(Continued from page 8)

months. And, starting July 14, that two weeks will be increased to three—almost a month that Ryanites may work after they have been accepted but before they are inducted.

Replacement Schedule To Be Enlarged

Early this year the companies throughout the country were asked to draw up a replacement schedule—in other words, a list of employees liable to military service, with the length of time it would take to replace them in the type of work they were doing. This period of time was determined by a representative of the War Manpower Commission who was on hand to go over each job with Ryan officials working on the schedule. The finished schedule was submitted to and approved by the State Director of Selective Service.

This schedule, as it was drawn up earlier this year, covered only single men and married men without dependent children (a wife is no longer considered a dependent). But by September of this year, the Ryan Company will have to prepare a

similar replacement schedule covering married Ryanites with dependent children (children born after September 14, 1942, are not considered dependents). In addition the company must furnish the War Manpower Commission with specific information regarding every man working in its factory and offices. That's why it is going to be particularly important for every man in the entire Ryan organization to fill in carefully the questionnaire which will shortly be distributed by the Personnel department.

Ryan Must Know Your Status

"All this brings up a point that we've harped on for a long time," Mrs. McCaul states. "And that is that Ryanites should let us know of any change in their draft status **at once**. They should keep us informed at all times as to their classification and should let us know of any change in their family or marital status or any change of address. We'll be glad to notify their draft board for them. In fact, they should tell us as soon as they receive any communication whatsoever from their draft board."

Here are the revised classifications for selective service registrants as announced April 1, 1943.

| Classification | Definition of Classification |
|----------------|--|
| 1-A | Available for military service. |
| 1-A-0 | Conscientious objector available for noncombatant military service. |
| 1-C | Member of land or naval forces of the United States |
| 2-A | Man necessary in his essential civilian activity. |
| 2-B | Man necessary to the war production program. |
| 2-C | Man deferred by reason of his agricultural occupation or endeavor. |
| 3-A | Man with child or children deferred by reason of maintaining bonafide family relationship. |
| 3-C | Man with dependents who is regularly engaged in agricultural occupation or endeavor. |
| 3-D | Man deferred because induction would cause extreme hardship and privation to a wife, child, or parent with whom he maintains a bonafide family relationship. |
| 4-A | Man 45, or over, who is deferred by reason of age. |
| 4-B | Official deferred by law. |
| 4-C | Neutral aliens requesting relief from liability for training and service, and aliens not acceptable to the armed forces. |
| 4-D | Minister of religion or divinity student. |
| 4-F | Physically, mentally, or morally unfit. |
| 4-H | Men 38 to 45 now deferred because their age group is not being accepted for military service. (This group is being reclassified in case of eventual call.) |

NOTE: An "H" after a regular classification indicates the individual's age is between 38 and 45.

From factory worker to superintendent in four years—that's the skyrocket rise of the new Toolir Ryan. He's worked 115 hours a week, sometimes, on the way up. But his climb really started when a house burned down in Yakima. Here's the story.

Meet—ACE

Ace Edmiston is one of those surprising young men whose career sounds impossible except in the pages of a Pluck-and-Luck novel by Horatio Alger.

You wouldn't expect to see a man take a correspondence course in aeronautical theory, follow it up with a few months' school study of shop work, then step into a factory as a rookie helper—and emerge four years later as one of the top superintendents of the entire factory. Yet that's exactly what Ace Edmiston did.

He started at Ryan in May, 1939, without any previous factory experience, and went to work making templates under Ernie Moore. In the next four years he shot up

to assistant foreman of the Layout department, to foreman, to assistant production superintendent and then to tooling superintendent—which latter post he took over a couple of months ago and which is one of the most important production jobs in the factory. The story behind that skyrocket rise makes quite a yarn.

A good place to begin the story is back in 1933 when a house in Yakima, Washington, burned down.

The house belonged to Ace Edmiston's father. The insurance on it didn't begin to cover the value of the house, clothes, furniture, and household appliances in it; the Edmistons literally lost all their worldly

goods. The fire came shortly before Ace was to enter the University of Washington to study engineering, but as the Edmistons surveyed the smoking embers of their home, Ace decided he'd better go to work instead.

He hired out as a truck driver, raust-about, handyman and odd-job factatum in a carpentry and cabinet-making shop. He worked at that for a while, took a fling at construction work and truck driving in Nevada for 18 months, then came back to Yakima to work as a carpenter on construction work for the State Highway Department.

One afternoon he was sitting in a car with several friends watching the passing scene on the main street, when an affable stranger wandered up and got into conversation with them. The talk gradually got around to the subject of aviation, and before Ace or his friends quite realized what was happening they were listening to an extremely persuasive sales talk for a correspondence course in airplane construction and aeronautical theory.

The others gave the pleasant stranger a polite brush-off, but Ace kept on talking to him. Finally he got so interested that he signed up for the course, after checking with the Chamber of Commerce and the Better Business Bureau to make sure that the school giving it was a reputable institution.

He spent six months galloping through a course designed for a year or more. Then he went to Los Angeles to take the shop work part of the school's training. The school gave its students actual practice in running aircraft machine tools, tearing down and rebuilding real airplanes, and handling the various materials planes are made of. He attended school on double shifts—16 hours a day and finished ten weeks' training in six weeks. The school told him of openings in two big aircraft factories near Los Angeles, but he thought he'd rather live in San Diego. So he came down here with a friend.

Ace Edmiston discusses a new tooling gadget with one of his men. Much of Edmiston's time is spent in meetings and conferences.



ere at

Edmiston

by Keith Monroe

However, this was 1939 and jobs weren't too easy to get. Ace had to do some tall talking to land one. Here's how it happened:

His friend had registered with a San Diego employment agency but then had decided to go back to Los Angeles and hunt a job there. A day or so after he left, the telephone rang in the room that he and Ace had been sharing. It was the employment agency, asking Ace's ex-roommate to report to the office of the agency.

"Okay, be right down," Ace said and

(Continued on page 16)



WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin



PORTRAIT OF A COLUMNIST MEETING A DEADLINE

How quickly three weeks can pass; you'd never believe it. Only today the fell clutch of KEITH MONROE descended upon my shoulder, and with the ill grace of a mart-gagee foreclosing an Orphans' Home he demanded a column. Bowing and scraping and twisting my hat in my trembling hands I assured him that he should have it; whereupon he patted me on the back. Picking myself up from the floor I muttered "May Allah deny him entrance to the true Mohammedan Heaven!" When my children grow up I would rather see them become aeronautical engineers than columnists.

So now I am shackled, hand and foot, to my graceless Underwood, a crust of dry bread and a bowl of brockish water at my elbow; outside, I can hear free and happy people singing and Morris-dancing in the public square. What to write about? I gnaw my fingernails, but find them less tasty than the crust of dry bread (which, besides, is enriched with Vitamin B). . . . I was thinking of a column to be called THE CLICHE EXPERT TESTIFIES ON ENGINEERING; a philological sort of thing, investigating the reasons why a matter, subject, proposition, problem, project, design, or anything is never called anything but a "deal." . . . and not knowing the answer, I can hardly write about it.

Or about the people in the office. . . . I haven't mentioned many names lately, and people like to see their names in print . . . apparently especially in capital letters. . . . I was reading WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE and AESCHYLUS the other day. . . .

Or something about the Badminton Club. . . . RAY PYLE giving everybody the poor shuttlecock with Ray bearing down on it, like a tiger on a flea. . . . Or some snide remarks about how well-fed and sleek SHAVER and BEAUDRY are beginning to look . . . or some comments on THUDIUM'S shirts on the one hand, and EDDIE BAUMGARTEN'S on the other hand . . . or about the anthology DIBS JOHNSON is compiling . . . or about how many children MOE LOFT has been having lately.

But how can a person write jayously of such things when joy is not in his heart? . . . and how can one be jayous when one sits next to BOB GOEBEL all day? . . . Bob, that prince of pessimists, all the livelong day beating his bosom and tearing his hair and moaning "Oh daddy! O brother!"

But the column has to be finished. . . . All service rinks the same with Mars. . . . And having finished one sheet of copy paper (a bare minimum) I can also say that the column is finished. Next time, when Mr. NOAKES won't be taking up eight pages of the REPORTER, I won't get off so easy.

Inspection

by Irene Travis

PICNIC: Of the Inspection Department was a big success. Everyone had a good time. The food was good, the beer plentiful, and the prizes nice.

WELCOME: To shipping inspection, Laura Batwinski of Racine, Wisconsin. Hope you'll like working with us. Too bad, boys, she's married.

A WINDOW in Crib 3 is boasting of a new face—none other than Lola Krieger. She has been transferred from Manfred dispatch.

SINGLE: Is John Paquette of Haverhill, Mass. You're a long way from home, John, but we are glad to have you join our shipping inspection department.

LOOKOUT: Even though Don Wilcox has only been married a little over a month, his wife was the only woman at the picnic that could hit the dummy with the rolling pin. Well, Don, maybe the dishes she won will break easier than the rolling pin. Anyway, it was a lovely set of dishes and most every woman out there tried to hit the dummy.

MET: The boss of the George Grey family at the picnic, and he is same fine fellow for his age.

NEW: C. W. Ring has joined the Inspection department and he will be found in Crib 3. Ring comes from New York. Hope you'll like your work here.

VACATION: Mary Durand of Crib 3 is visiting in Pasadena, Calif.

GLAD: To have Ruth Raper, formerly of

Sheet Metal to join Crib 5. And boys, she's single.

BACK: Mrs. Gall of Crib 5 is back from her vacation looking mighty fresh after her nice rest.

SON: Radney Railsback has a new son, born last week, and Radney is doing just fine, even though the new heir does like to stay awake at night. Congratulations to you both, Mr. and Mrs. Railsback.

TRANSFERRED: From Welding Inspection to Receiving Inspection is Bob Garrison. Hope you will like your new work.

BACK: Is Emil Yabarro from his vacation which he spent in Phoenix.

LOST: From Small Parts to Receiving Inspection, a good worker by the name of Charlotte Goodman. Hope you like your new work as an inspector, Charlotte.

WHO: Is the blonde final inspector? Well, fellows, you lose again for she married June 19. Her name is Bernice Crippen and her husband is in the Marines—some men have all the luck, eh?

LONG: Shannon's family was very lucky at the picnic Sunday as his boy and girl carried off most of the prizes.

WON: Don't let anyone tell you Wolt Stevens can't run. He won the 50-yard race.

WATCH: For the next Reporter as pictures of some of our inspectors' loved ones who are in the armed forces will be in it.

BACK: I see Ruth Dougherty is back from her nice long vacation and visit with the home folks.

MORE ABOUT

RYAN-TRAINED PILOTS

(Continued from page 1)

over the English Channel, dog-fighting with Focke-Wulfs, shooting down five of them and flying home safely. . . .

He remembered it on murderous hedgehopping flights through Occupied France—rhubarbs, they call them—skimming the treetops, diving between valleys and telephone poles, emerging unexpectedly from behind hilltops to machinegun enemy troops, blast locomotive engines and drop bombs pointblank on whatever likely-looking targets appeared. He never could have done that kind of flying if he hadn't learned his early lessons well in the nimble Ryan trainer.

Chesley Gordon Peterson holds the DSO and the DFC. He was executive officer and second in command of the American Eagle Squadron, then became a major in the U. S. Army when the Eagle Squadron was transferred from the RAF to the AAF. Rumors of his more recent exploits still trickle back to Bill Howe, the instructor who taught him the fundamentals of flying in a Ryan trainer. The latest rumor is that he was shot down over France while giving aerial protection to the Commandos and Rangers who raided Dieppe—but that he bailed out in time to avoid injury, was sheltered by friendly French villagers, and eventually made his way back to England.

The roll of American flying heroes who got their first flight training in Ryan planes is almost endless. There are men who have distinguished themselves over New Guinea, the Salamans, Africa, Australia, Europe and all parts of Asia—including Tokyo. In the squadron that flew with Doolittle over the Japanese capital, there were at least four

pilots who'd learned their first flying in Ryans—and those four all flew back safely.

For example, there's a single instructor at one primary school using Ryans who knows definitely that four of his boys helped blast the Nazis out of the skies over Tunisia; he's heard fragmentary reports of others who've raided Hankow, Burma, Kiska and Berlin.

Another instructor—Bill Bauck of the primary school at Hemet, California—can show you letters or clippings about Captain Edward Nett, who is flying bombers out of Puerto Rico; about Lieut. S. L. Powell, who was shot down while flying a B-25 from an Egyptian base, yet lived to fly again; about Lieut. Charles Lackhart, who also pilots a B-25 in Egypt; and about Lieut. Berry Chandler, who was awarded the Air Medal for meritorious achievement in flights around Oran, and whose Spitfire knocked down two German planes over Dieppe as Commandos and Rangers were landing on French soil below. All these men came to Bauck as helpless dodos. After nine and a half weeks in a Ryan, they left him as smart, well-trained fliers, ready for basic and advanced school and the military glory that lies beyond.

Blood and sweat are the essential ingredients of victory. A good part of the sweat comes from the men and women who built planes the Army Air Forces needed to train fliers.

The AAF—officers and men alike—are enthusiastic about the job Ryan workers did on their primary trainers. Ryan trainers are known all over America as tough, yet easy-handling, planes which are unexcelled for their job. Because Ryan workers put a lot of sweat into their part of the war, there'll be less blood lost—and more glory won—by the gallant boys who did their first flying in Ryan planes.

Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry, also Marion

Just to start things off in good style I will tell you that Marian is out today. So if this column looks like the "fifth" you hear about, just overlook it. She will be back for the next issue, we hope. Anyway, the TOM of this column is bowing out on the 9th of July to become a housewife, so it's the last time my finger will be in the pie.

Daniel Cupid is getting a run for his money these days. It must be June. ERNIE MOORE is soon going to take the leap with Miss BETTY MILLS of Personnel. She is the very cute visiting nurse of this company. We wish them every success and happiness.

We can't get any more information on the very beautiful rings being sported by BETTY PHILLIPS, secretary to Mr. Edmiston, and AMY JERDE of Tool Planning. Anyway, they are very beautiful.

RUTH STEIN left Airplane Planning and is now working on a deal with the stork for a little girl. We wish her lots of happiness and good luck. PEGGY BOLAND of Material Planning is also leaving on July 9 to await the stork. That poor bird is certainly overworked.

WILLIAM J. VAN DEN AKKER is seriously ill with bronchial pneumonia. We wish him a "get well quick" and hurry back to the fold.

MARGARET LEACH came back from her vacation with a happy smile and looking rested. I still can't figure out the smile.

BUD GROFF came in to see us the other day. They should stand him up by the Marine poster for advertisement. The Marine Corps would be flooded.

This seems to be the news for now and I'll say good-bye to everybody and lots of luck to you all. TOM.



MORE ABOUT

THE MAIL ROOM

(Continued from page 3)

ing live mail. Thinking they were all empty, he put them in the stationery stack room. You can imagine what a headache that caused for all concerned!

6. If you send something by registered mail, never seal it with scotch tape. The post office won't accept it, since the registry seal doesn't register on transparent tape.

7. When you put a Ryan mailing label on a package, be sure to specify on the label what class mail the parcel contains.

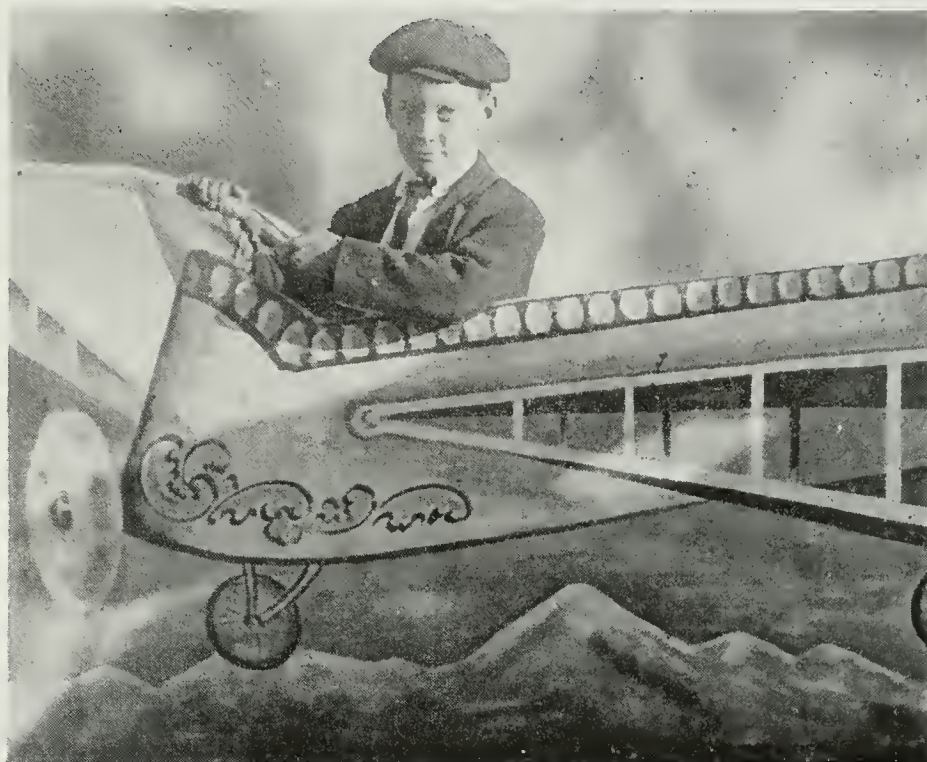
8. Don't put air mail stamps on letters to Los Angeles or vicinity. Our mail room has tested and found that air mail deliveries to Los Angeles are now actually slower than regular mail, because of the war strain on air mail facilities.

9. Don't use small envelopes. Anything smaller than 6x3½ causes trouble and delay in the mail room.

10. If you have a large batch of outgoing mail to be run through the mail room, try to hand it in as early in the day as possible—or if it's going to be late, call the mail room and give fair warning.

Follow these rules, get your correspondents to follow them, and the battle of the mail room will be an easier one for all concerned.

'Way Back When



The above rare photograph shows Henry F. "Hank" McCann, Executive Engineer, in the Model X-QBLA.

While the name of the designer and date of production are subject to archeological research, it is a matter of record that this picture was made in the Fall of 1911 at Los Angeles, in the days of the old Ascot Park and Dominguez Field, when the late Lincoln Beachey was wowing the stands with "high altitude" flights of 1,000 feet and under.

A careful study of this remarkable flying device gives one a sense of appreciation of the advancement of aeronautical science since the days of da Vinci.

The antiquity of the design is revealed by the appearance of the Canthus leaves on the fuselage, said foliage being first used as classic ornamentation by the ancient Greeks.

Of particular interest is the wing, which was thoroughly ventilated as a termite precaution. The air, being of different density in those days, required the special camber and taper. While certain schools contend that nose sections were not in vogue, there persists an historic legend to the effect that someone forgot to write the shop order.

The simplicity of design employed in the tricycle landing gear is worthy of note; while the propeller was motivated by some mysterious device which has long since disappeared with the lost land of Mu.

Yet the X-QBLA, by its revelation of a cantilever wing and tricycle landing gear, does show that the ancients were on the right path.

Hank contends that beneath the cap could have been found a bushy head of hair, but that, too, like so many things revealed above, is subject to speculation.

MORE ABOUT

ACE EDMISTON

(Continued from page 13)

hung up. He rushed to the employment agency—but it worked on the policy of "Accept No Substitutes." They saw no reason why they should accept Ace for the job—o template making assignment at Ryan—in place of his roommate. However, Edmiston did some extensive orating and finally persuaded the agency that he knew as much about aircraft shop work as his buddy did. So they sent him down to Ryan.

At Ryan, Ace confronted a clerk who told him it would be useless even to apply—that he needed much more experience before he could qualify for the job. It took Ace another half-hour of arguing before he finally got past the clerk to the employment manager, who promptly hired him.

Ace went to work making templates in Drophammer, but after a few days was transferred to what is now the Loft but was then known as the Layout department. His foreman was Ernie Moore.

It was Ernie, incidentally, who tagged Edmiston with the nickname of "Ace" that has stuck to him ever since. His full name is Altan Carl Edmiston, and he lettered his initials on the tools he took with him to the Ryan factory. Ernie happened to notice them the first day Edmiston was at work. "ACE, eh?" Ernie remarked. "O. K., Ace, let's see if you can live up to your name." From that day on, no one at Ryan has called him anything but Ace.

He did live up to the nickname, too—even on the first job he tackled. Ernie Moore remembers it vividly.

"I always tried to break new men in on easy jobs," Ernie recalls, "but it so happened that on the day Ace went to work, there were no easy jobs. So I gave him a tough one—laying out the trough cover on a B-14S nacelle. I fully expected he'd be back to see me in ten minutes with a flock of questions, and that I'd have to help him all the way through that first job. But I'll be darned if the fellow didn't do the whole job just the way I wanted it, without a single question.

"The next day I gave him another tough job. He did that one, too, without help. From then on he was my right-hand man in the Layout department—there were only about five of us then—and I made him assistant foreman as soon as I could."

Ace was well on his way. About that time he married his Yakima sweetheart—after warning her that he expected to put in virtually all his evenings on extra work at the factory. The prospect of becoming an aircraft widow didn't frighten her, and the marriage has never been blighted by the fact that Ace spends virtually all his waking hours at the plant—and will continue to until the war is won.

"Any success I've had is due to plain hard work and lots of it," Ace says. "It wasn't brains, because I don't have too many of those. But I find that rolling up your sleeves and pitching into a pile of work, then sticking at it till it's done, is one good way to get ahead."

Edmiston has followed this theory since he was a schoolboy in Yakima. All through his high school years, he got up at two o'clock in the morning and worked till seven as a pressman's helper in a newspaper office; then he went on to school. When school was over he carried an afternoon newspaper route, came home and did his homework, then tried to snatch a good night's sleep

before it was time to go back to the newspaper press room. "Sometimes I didn't make it, though," Ace recalls. "Every now and then I just didn't get to bed at all."

Ace has never regretted, however, that he got into the habit of hard work when he was young. His father believed it was good training for Ace to earn his own spending money—and Ace often earned as much as \$20 a week while still managing to get better-than-average grades in high school. The energy and determination he acquired in those days have helped him along ever since.

There have been times at Ryan when Ace has worked as much as 115 hours a week—not because he had to, but because he wanted to. For example, just before the first flight of the YO-51, Ace was at the plant working on final details of the plane from eight o'clock Friday morning until two a.m. Saturday. He went home for a little sleep, came back nine o'clock Saturday morning and worked straight through until 3:30 p.m. Sunday afternoon when the YO successfully completed its maiden flight. "Seeing that plane turn up its nose and head for a cloud was probably the thrill of a lifetime for me," he recalls.

Today he spends hours almost daily in meetings, tooling meetings, superintendents' meetings, manifold meetings, special conferences with Eddie Mollay or Ben Salmon or G. E. Barton or Ernie Moore or several of them together. "Sometimes it's just one meeting after another all day long," he says. "But it's time well spent. For example, since we started having meetings of the tooling men, we've been able to iron out kinks o lot faster.

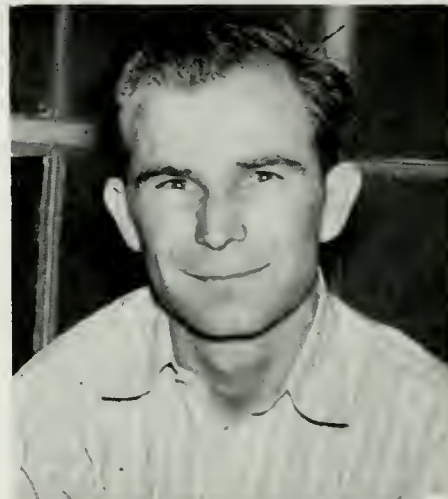
"If we didn't have meetings, one of the tooling men might come to me and say, 'Joe's section is getting me all fouled up. I think you should instruct Joe to do things such and such a way.' So I'd issue the instructions and five minutes after Joe would come busting in and say, 'We can't do it such and such a way. We have got to do it this way because Fred is doing thus and so.' Then I'd have to change my instructions or confer with Fred and figure some other way out of the tangle. But with regular meetings, we can throw a problem on the table, all the men concerned can speak their piece about how it affects them, and we can reach a decision that will suit everybody. That's why factory meetings are real time-savers, not time-wasters as they might look to some outsiders."

Ace also devotes sizable chunks of time to the Aircraft War Production Council. He's been through all the major aircraft factories on the Pacific Coast—including Boeing in Seattle—studying their methods, as well as giving them information on Ryan techniques. AWPC committees on which he is or has been serving include Idle Machinery, Parts Fabrication, Methods Improvement, and Tooling Coordination.

After spending most of his day in meetings, Ace comes back and cleans up his desk in the evenings. He's been doing that for years—yet he's still found time to organize the Foremen's Club and serve as its first president, work on a victory garden at home, do a bit of motion picture photography, and help raise his little girl (who'll be three this fall).

To his associates Ace Edmiston is known as a cool, even-tempered chap with a sharply analytical mind—but ask them what quality they think of first in connection with Ace and they'll all say "Hard work." Ace is a living example of the old-fashioned truth that any man can rise to the top if he's willing to work at it long and hard enough.

New Leadmen



A new first-shift leadman in Fuselage is Aaron Glenn Lovelady.



This is Michael H. Nussbaum, new leadman in Fuselage, second shift.



Thomas P. Emery has been appointed leadman in the Fabric department, second shift.



Off The Torch

by John Rodgers

MR. McCUNE, the Scotchman who has been lauding his piscatorial abilities, arrived at the bay all togged out in Scotch plaids with an assortment of fishing tackle and spinners. He stepped into the boat with STARKWEATHER as the pilot and said, "Watch me." He hooked onto one of his large fish—about 6" long—and signalled for the pilot to stop the boat. As the boat stopped the Scotchman was overbalanced and fell overboard. He came up with a bunch of kelp draped around his bald spot. "Throw out the anchor," he yelled. Starkweather hauled him into the boat safe and sound. He hasn't said much about the trip as yet.

MR. RAPER was on the sick list for several days and is now back on the job.

The Softball team has been on a winning streak for the last few games under the management of CAPT. WEBB.

MR. GEORGE JONES is a new tinsmith and is a very fine gentleman. Welcome to our department, George.

CORNELIUS, the welder, has bought himself a farm. We hope he will raise enough vegetables and chickens to put on a good feed for the gang.

MR. DURANT, who was operated on some weeks ago, is now back at work. Says he never felt better in his life.

MR. DU SHAUNE has had the bull gang cleaning up the yard—and have you noticed the improvement? You can now enjoy the good work that is being done by the Maintenance department.

BILL KINDELL was called out of town on business, but has returned to work.

MR. BROWN, another one of our welders, was on the sick list for a few days, but is back now, feeling fine.

HOT SHOT COLE and SPARE CUNDIFF haven't been talking much lately about the bowling team. Wonder what's wrong.

MR. BOURLAND, foreman of the third shift and a good guy, is certainly doing a great job keeping the machinery going on that shift.

Wing Tips

R. F. Hersey

We in the Wing department feel that we have one swell assistant foreman. You guessed it, "old DOUG BEEBE."

The way I understand it, he hails from Arizona—yes, he's an old desert rat. He tells me he ponned gold back in them thar hills.

By the way, Beebe just returned from his two weeks' vacation. Part of the time he worked on his boat, which in the near future we will launch in the deep waters of the Pacific—"Davy Jones' locker."

He also seems to be interested in rail-roading. In fact, he would like to make that his vacation. I can see his slender figure now down at the old Tijuana switch station waving the engineer to "come ahead" with the load of cattle.

Well, Doug, you have good intentions, but it does get awful cold riding those freights back home on your vacation.

The propoganda in our Wing department seems to be at a minimum for this issue. But if you know the right people, one can always dig up a little dirt, which is as follows:

The other day a girl asked me if I was from Brooklyn—so, I says, what do you tink! Just cause me woids sound a little fereign, dats no reason to class me wit de bums. I'm not from Brooklyn, I come from de odder side of da tracks—Long Island.

But I'll tell you, folks, we do have a swell redhead right off the boat from Flatbush and Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn—U.S.A.

A certain person named CARPENTER thinks he's a Californian, but he knows too much about the Dodgers. He even told me where he used to sit at Ebbets Field (bleachers—top row). After the game he would slide down the elevated train posts onto Thoid Ave. where he would have a quick beer at "Tony's Joint" and stagger on home.

Until next issue, I remain your New York correspondent and Brocklyn reporter, R. F. HERSEY.

Purchasing Paragraphs

by Pat Eden

Moving brings forth many and varied reactions in the Human Race.

The announcement that we, in Purchasing, were going to move across the field to the New Offices and establish our 8-hour-per-day home, brought forth—yep!—reactions . . .

Who wanted to move? Who wanted to leave the convenient Blvd. with all the lovely (?) sounds and smells?—No more watching the boys go by, no more P-38's and B-24's. No more Chocolate Sundaes and Ice Cream with Sherbet. Ah! Gee!

Who wanted to miss the humorous remarks of "Our Boss" and sun baths on the benches and the gleam of the bay?

Well, "it ain't what you want that makes you fat—." We got ready! We packed gee-gaws and hand lotion and pipes and pictures and shoes and vases. We helped each other clean files, tie boxes, separate junk to keep and junk to throw away. We grooned and laughed about everything and anything. But we got ready and we moved. Sure! Sure! Sure!

Monday morning bright and early—early anyway—we made our way slowly and cautiously out to "The Factory"—the "New Offices." With some pondering all arrived at the conclusion the same kind of costume jewelry was in style—identification badges pinned on various spots and hanging from the neck.

We carried our Hall Passes—pardon me, our I. D. Cards—and finally reached "our rooms." The one on the right is the study hall—I mean The Buyers and their crew's domain. If you ever have been to College or High School or even Junior High School, this room will definitely remind you of a Study Hall—with the teacher and monitor awaaaay up at the front. Someone said they felt very much like raising their hand for permission—. Anyway it is a nice room. It is clean and smells like paint.

Then over and across the hall the typists and ditto machine operator can see, if they open up a blackout window, the Bay and PBY's. The DPC and Miss BRUSH have their room, and then "Our Boss" has his office. We miss him. Sorta!

Everyone over here has been very nice to us, and, compared to the noise of the B-24's "over there," it will be quiet when the Cement Mixers go away. On the whole, everyone seems to feel more like a part of our organization, Ryan Aeronautical Company. We are happy to be here. With all the ups and downs you can't keep "Purchasing" from perkling right along.

We miss GLADYS. Hope she is enjoying her muchly needed vacation. She surely can get filing cabinets for our department. Like her ability for "telling 'em down the country," too.

PAPPY WILLIAMS is fishing on his vacation. Wonder how many will get away?

Congrats, CHRIS, on Harry's promotion. From Yard Bird to First Class, that is O. K. He is a good guy, that Harry.

Glad to hear your "Baby" is better, JEAN. Coca-Cola never was purp food. It is spelled with a "B." Come on, share a red stamp with that poor puppy.

Gaining weight, EDIE KING, is from eating too much and you know it.

What is this about JOHNNIE liking his name of "Honey-Chile"?

The apricots grown by the Ocean Beach trio are quite delectable and enjoyed by those lucky enough to get one or two.

We miss ELLEN and wish her the very best of luck.

MAXINE, you do not need a vacation! Admit it, now, admit it.

We don't need dark glasses over here, except on the days STEVE wears red bow ties. Whoops!

So very happy that MARIE received a letter and hope that JOE will be home soon.

Betcha RUTHIE will feel so much better now that those impacted teeth have been removed. We all felt so sorry for one of our favorite people.

Does anyone have any objection to Roller Skotes? Oh Kay. Just thought I'd ask.

Two Ryanites Receive Promotions

Just as Flying Reporter goes to press, announcement comes of more promotions in the factory.

Going up the ladder to night foreman of Manifold Development is A. "Red" Hammock and coming up as assistant foreman of Fuselage is Glenn Johnson.

Can Your Beans Anyway

If you have string beans in your garden do not let them go to waste because of the lack of a pressure cooker. Use the water bath method of canning (as described in the last issue of Flying Reporter) and process at least three hours after the water is boiling. Be sure to boil the contents of each jar 15 minutes before tasting or serving.

Mrs. Esther T. Long

Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

by Noremac



A Nazi teacher was instructing German youth that whenever anything pleasant or good happened to them, they should always say, "Thank God and Hitler."

A youngster in the rear of the room raised his hand. "Supposing that Mr. Hitler should die?" he asked.

"Well, in that case just say 'Thank God.'"

* * *

A man knocked at the door. When the lady came to the door, he asked, "Madam, do you believe in the hereafter?"

The lady: "Certainly I do."

"Well," said the man, "I'm here after the rent."

* * *

It used to be when a person registered at a hotel the clerk would ask, "Do you wish to live on the American or the European plan?" But no more. Who wants to live on the European plan today?

* * *

A woman visited BY GILCHRIST and said she would like to get some fire insurance on her husband. "But madam," said By, "you can't get fire insurance on a person. Tell me, just why do you want fire insurance on your husband?"

"Well," said the woman, "my husband gets fired about four times a month."

* * *

"If you don't marry me, I'll take a rope and hang myself in your front yard."

"Ah, now George, you know you don't want you hanging around here."

* * *

GERRY WRIGHT: "Well, Coop, how is your Victory garden coming out?"

COOPER: "Oh, splendidly. My cutworms, cabbage worms, beetles, snails and potato bugs never looked better, although my corn worms and Mexican bean beetles do seem a little droopy and undernourished."

* * *

A newly inducted private wrote home some days after he had arrived in camp: "I've gained 60 pounds since I came here—two pounds of flesh and 58 pounds of equipment."

* * *

A paper salesman asked RIGLEY if he wanted to buy some Old Hampshire Bond. "Maybe," said Rigley. "How much is it a case?"

* * *

One woman asked another if her husband was in comfortable circumstances when he died. "Not very," was the reply. "He died with a rope around his neck."

* * *

"It sure makes me mad when the instructor tells we I don't have enough altitude," remarked one flying cadet to another.

"It makes me soar, too," said the other.

* * *

A notorious gossip went into the beauty shop. "I want a finger wave. And while I

Dispatching

by Gerald Ryan

RICHARD (ANDY) ANDERSON looks exactly like the friendly father of twin boys you'd expect him to be. But hidden away in Andy's past is a lively career as a racing car driver. When it comes to the hot bricks and splintering boards, ANDY could speak in three-and-thou terms with Lou Meyer and Lou Moore, the late great Frank Lockhart, and many others. Andy has performed in the famous Memorial Day classic at Indianapolis; has driven many times at Altoona, Pennsylvania, oval—the racingest track per square board in the country. Elgin, Illinois, and Pike's Peak, Colorado, have also figured in the itinerary of auto racing stops for the Asst. Chief Dispatcher, 2d shift. . . . Words of homecoming welcome are being extended to ED BARKOVIC upon his return from home town International Falls, Minnesota, just across the border from Winnipeg, Manitoba. Ed's been gone for three months from his work in small parts dispatching section.

FRANK JANOS, Airplane Dispatching, was a pre-med student at University of Michigan for three and one-half years. He may take it up again some day. Frank worked for a time with Stinson Aircraft in Wayne, Mich., dispatching. He was with Lockheed-Vega in Burbank before coming to Ryan six months ago. . . . GREG BURBACH has been with Ryan four years, but from his desk in Airplane Dispatching he'll still tell you that Eugene, Oregon, comes second to none as the prettiest little town in the country. . . . Project Man JACK TATE is another oldtimer with the Airplane Dispatching section. Three years for the former Seattle citizen.

Young RUSSELL CASTEEL from Seminole, Oklahoma, will enter high school at Lindo Visto as a junior this fall. He'd like to work part time with Ryan after school, and hopes Ryan puts through such an arrangement.

think of it, is my face dirty or is it just my imagination?"

Beautician: "Your face is clean. But as to your imagination, opinions differ on that."

* * *

Mrs. Brown: "Dinah, did you change the table napkins?"

Dinah: "Yes'm, I shuffled 'em and dealt 'em out so no one would get the same one they had for the last meal."

* * *

"My, what beautiful hands you have! Tell me, after you've cut your nails, do you file them?"

"Oh no," replied the typist. "I throw them away."

* * *

Two hillbillies who had never been on a train before had been drafted and were on their way to camp. A train butcher came through selling bananas. The two mountaineers had never seen bananas and each bought one. As one of them bit into his banana, the train plunged into a tunnel. His voice came to his companion in the darkness: "Jed, have you eaten yours yet?"

"Not yet," answer Jed. "Why?"

"Well, don't touch it! I've eaten one bite and gone blind."

* * *

A girl used to wear long skirts and put up her hair as she grew up, but now she shortens her skirts and lets down her hair.

ANDY SCHILLING is taking over dispatching in the small ports crib now that MANUEL MORALES has decided to get to the books at San Diego State. . . . MAER PARNES not only admits he's from Hollywood—he shouts about it. . . . ANN SILLYMAN, second shift, is pretty and dark haired, from Lansing, Michigan. She and her husband are pooling their assets for long trips after the war when the world unfolds itself to travel again. . . . One of the most versatile Scotch names to be found any place is that of JARVIS DUNCAN DOYCE McMAHON, who is a bit happy, too, that the Mac part of his name bespeaks an Irish mixture. . . . JOHNNY CRAMER has been with Ryan three and a half years. This native son in Airplane Dispatching picked up his almost-Shakespearean English in the San Diego schools. . . . DALTON BAKER, another of PAUL MILLS' liaison men, was in the educational publishing field in Oklahoma before coming farther West. Baker lived in Washington for a year, has a seven-months-old son. . . . RAY MORTON, ex-Goodyear personnel man and Commonwealth Savings and Loan employee, finds much at the California beaches that is attractive. Morton comments how happy his former associates back in Akron would be to have these sea breezes that San Diegos take for granted. . . . Auburn-haired LOUISE HENDRY, who grew up in the shadow of Lincoln Memorial in her (and Abe's) home town, Springfield, Illinois, continues to covet letters from far-away parts from husband SANDY. He'll be in the Merchant Marine two years come September. . . . And since the ladies are in on this, it has been observed that VIRGINIA BRIDGES' green polka dot blouse and carved wood maple leaf neck chain are not commonplace.

Miss: "Did you ever flirt when you were a girl, Mom?"

Mother: "I'm afraid I did, dear."

Miss: "And were you punished for it?"

Mother: "I worried your father, didn't I?"

* * *

One day a Big Bull, a Medium-Sized Bull and a Little Bull started out for a walk. Big Bull, being big and fat, didn't go far until he had to stop and rest. Medium-Sized Bull and Little Bull kept going for some time. Then, the Medium-Sized Bull, too, got tired and lay down for a while. But the Little Bull went on and on and on—well, you know how far "a little bull" goes sometimes.

* * *

On deck, bluejackets were waiting transfer aboard ship. In the dusk an able-bodied seaman called out to a blue-clad figure only dimly seen: "Hey, got a match?"

A lighted match was forthcoming, and by its light the sailor was horrified to see the four gold stripes of a captain. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, saluting smartly. "I thought you were—"

"That's all right, son," smiled the captain, "just thank God I wasn't on ensign."

MORE ABOUT

"J. I. T."

(Continued from page 9)

and women, from every important business in America, have taken the training so far.

And thousands more are taking it each week. For example, a random glance at reports on the desk of Louis E. Plummer, Ryan's director of industrial training, showed that in one week twelve new companies in Detroit, with a total of 3,000 employees, and 28 mines in Colorado, with more than a thousand supervisors, were among the organizations signing up to get J. I. T. training for their supervisory personnel.

When a company signs up for J. I. T., a specialist is sent in to train a group of the company's foremen and office supervisors. They in turn become teachers, staging the same class for leadmen, new foremen, and other supervisory personnel.

The purpose of these classes is to demonstrate a streamlined, scientific method of teaching a job to an inexperienced worker. The class operates on the "learn by doing" principle, with each class member required to bring in tools or equipment for some job in his own department, and actually teach it (following the J. I. T. principles of teaching) to another class member.

The training works so well that executives at Ryan—like executives of other major companies throughout the nation—endorse it heartily. Contrary to the belief of outsiders, J. I. T. is just as helpful in training new workers in engineering or purchasing or other office departments as it is in the factory. Nearly all aircraft factories use the system throughout their whole organization, and say that it has shortened the time of training for new employees by hours or days. The general manager of the Hudson Coal Company in Pennsylvania sums it up for all his fellow executives throughout America when he says:

"The J. I. T. course is short and to the point; it gives those who take it actual practice in job instruction; and it has immediate and practical usefulness to **all** supervisory employees. There's no question but what this training meets the needs of the present situation."

Virtually all Ryan foremen—as well as about 250 Ryan leadmen—



Engineering Cuts the Ice

When the engineers gathered recently for an ice-skating shindig, cameraman Tommy Hixson caught this demonstration on the sidelines. Left to right they are: Mrs. Fred Ford and Fred, Wes Kohl, Mrs. Manley Dean and Manley, Mrs. Rudy Riesz, Mrs. Donald Jeffers and Don, Eddie Oberbauer, Marie Bur-las and Rudy Riesz. At left Will Vandermeer and son Ralph take it dual around the rink.

Riding Club Holds First Meeting

Twenty Ryanites attended the Riding Club's first Sunday morning ride on June 27, riding to Tecolote Canyon.

In keeping with the Sport Department's policy of giving credit to those who do the most work and make the best showing, we list the following horses as among those present:

Old Charlie, Stinky, Sea Breeze, Galahadion's Grandfather, Whirloway's Second Cousin, Mon-o'-War XIV, Ben Bolt, Dobbin, Spark-Plug and *?!!

(Note: The last isn't a real nome. It's just the nome its rider gave us.)

have taken the course, conscientiously done all the homework and passed all the tests, and won J. I. T. certificates. Foremen and superintendents who hold certificates include Joe Johnson, S. V. Olson, Roy Ryan, Bud Beery, P. M. Carpenter, Carl Parlmer, Charles Frantz, Adolph Bolger, Roy Gillam, Ray McCollum, Cecil Hamlet, Floyd Bennett, Frank Walsh, Harley Rubish, Joe Love, Ray Ortiz, C. F. Meyer, Bob Gardner, Erich Faulwetter, Clarence Harper, S. Pinney, H. E. Engler, E. Pederson, L. Steinauer, Clarence Hunt, Ernie Moore, H. F. Wallen, John Castien, M. M. Clancy, Buck Kelley, and E. W. Carson.

Bill Immenschuh, Ed Spicer, Fred Rosacker, Leonard Gore and Virgil Johnson "rode herd" and ate dust for us, and obly, too. Leonard's act of brovery—slowing down a lady's steed—made him "Hero" of the doy.

Those riding were: Fred Rosacker, Ed Spicer, Leonard Gore, Bill Immenschuh, V. Johnson, Agnes Bornett, Dorothy Fisher, Ann Mikus, Frances France, Marjorie Floyd, Winona Mottson, Betty Patton, Fair Firth, Amy Stevens, Irwin Wishmeyer, Carol Lawrence.

Girls' Softball

The girls' doy shift softball team, managed and coached by "Lefty" Hoffman, veteran softboller, closed the first round with two wins and one loss, beating Solar 32 to 2 and Consolidated Plant One 14 to 7, but losing to Rohr 13 to 4.

With the exception of Velmo Grubbs, who played in the Madison Square Garden play-off in 1938, and Mabel Aldahl, who played in a North Dokoto-Canadian league, most of the girls were strictly amateurs. However, according to Coach Hoffman, they're good enough to take on anyone.

The girls who made the team were Lola Krieger, Mabel Aldahl, Velmo Grubbs, Jerry Berooy, Celio Miromontes, Alice Mumper, Lucille Kerns, Helen Blokemore, Aleno Alvarez, Katherine Garrett, Aileen Doyner, Ellen Mosley, and Dorothy Blake.

Bowling Introductions

by F. Gordon Massap

To start this article off right, here's an introduction to the officers of the League: Myrt W. Wilder—President
A. Torgerson—Vice-President
F. Gordon Massap—Secretary-Treasurer

Team Captains

Thunderbolts—Myrt Wilder
Alley Rats—John Adamic
Ryan Silents—Fred Miller
Dog Catchers—Mike Sanchez
Jigs and Fixtures—Harry Graham
Five Rebels—R. Keith
Maintenance—Webb Treohy
Tool Room No. 1—A. Torgerson
Plant Engineers—F. Gordon Massap
Draphammer—A. Balger
Ryannettes—Peg Rundle
Rockets—Enid Larsen
Lang Shots—Mary Simmer
Gutter Tassers—Lee Jamison

The League is known as the Ryan Summer Bowling League. It consists of 14 teams representing various departments. The League meets every Monday night at 7:00 p.m. in the Tower Bowl. We invite all interested to come down and cheer for their home team. It quite often happens that substitutes are needed to fill in, so, bowlers, come on down.

One night we were fortunate enough to get Frank Martin down to take some pictures of a few of the boys in action. We are all glad to see Frank back and I want to take this opportunity to thank him for those splendid pictures.



Night Shift Bowling

With this league season almost half over, the battle for first place is still close. Manifold Two, captained by Ray Ortiz, is leading; C. C. Rush's Alley Cats are in second; there's a three-way tie for third among the Plutocrats, Saws & Routers, and Night Hawks—captains Max Grimes, Fred Hill, and M. D. Fillmore, respectively.

High series are M. G. Miller (602), B. Peffley (568), F. Caughlin (563), K. T. Turner (563). High games are Caughlin's 230, Park's 225, Miller's 211. The highest averages are held by Peffley, Turner and Miller, who have 178, 177 and 173 in that order.



May The Best Cat Win!

The women beginners are no longer beginners. They have been formed into a league, known as Hatfield's Ryan Bowling Upstarts.

The league consists of eight teams, with four girls to a team. The teams have been christened the Bear Cats, Crazy Cats, Pole Cats, Alley Cats, Black Cats, Wild Cats, Bob Cats and Hep Cats. The names were assigned in a "Closed Door Conference" at which one representative of Ryan was present. No partiality was shown when the names were distributed—so we have been informed.

At present the Bear Cats are leading the league, followed in order by the Crazy, Pole, Alley, Black, Wild, Bob and Hep cats. The Bear Cats also have bowled the high team game and series, with scores of 459 and 887, respectively. Bessie Wheeler's 139 was high individual game, and Susan Rowan's 262 was high individual series.

BOWLING HIGHLIGHTS

There's a technique to every art and many Ryanites have their own particular touch when it comes to bowling. 1. Wallace Hipp, 2. Ed Sly, 3. Lee Adams, and 4. Mike Sanchez.



Here are some bowling team captains. Standing left to right are Peg Rundle, Gordon Massap, Enid Larsen, A. Torgerson, Harry Graham, Mary Simmer and Wondo Webb. Sitting, Fred Miller, Myrt Wilder, John Adamic, Mike Sanchez and Lee Jamison.



Maunderings of a Sports Editor

The cowhands of the El Cajon Pharmacy are challenging any group of San Diego cowhands to a competitive rodeo, to be staged in front of any drug store the latter select. Suggested events are:

Bull Throwing — limit, five minutes. (Judge: McReynolds. Who else?)

Filly Judging. (Judges: Stress Department, who are thoroughly familiar with judging fillies.)

Corn Shucking. (Judge: That famous authority and connoisseur of antique corn, Edmonds of Madel 28 project office.)

CREDIT DEPT.—Credit to Mike Brush for his cartoon announcing various sports. Many announcements get read now that wouldn't have been seen before. Credit to Bill Buck of Stanley Andrews, who, in spite of shortages, manages to outfit Ryanites for one sport at reduced prices.

SPORTS

Edited by Philip Space

The Score Board

By A. S. Billings, Sr.

Fort Rosecrons, with Earl Chopple, Son Diego Padre pitcher, doing the pitching, shut the door in our face at Golden Hills June 13, by a score of 7-0, thereby throwing the Son Diego County League into a 3-way tie between Rosecrons, Ryan and Camp Collan.

On June 20, the Neighborhood House, now playing under the name of the Music Makers, were defeated by Ryan 12-3 and on June 27, we defeated Concrete Ship at Notional City 8-1.

Del Bollinger hit a couple that looked like old times recently. Maybe Del should talk to a little guy in Manifold Small Parts who could really hit a baseball, nomely, Shorty Engle who hit 36 home runs in the Arizona League a few years ago and played great ball for the writer from 1923 to 1929.

A salute to Mrs. Robert Kerr, mother of Frank, Ted and Bob Kerr, all former Ryan ball stars who are now in the Air Corps, and whose husband, the late Ensign Robert Kerr, U.S.N., was killed in an airplane crash at North Island in 1922.

Tennis

Jack Bolmer has moved into first place on the tennis ladder, which now contains 19 names. The latest additions have been: George Sinclair of Standards Engineering, J. T. Mohr of Tooling, Jack Graham of Airplane Welding, Charles Christopher of Inspection Crib 3, J. T. O'Neil of Engineering, and Norman Keiber of Final Assembly.

Tennis addicts who would like to get into the ploy are asked to get in touch with Travis Hotfield in Personnel or Norman Keiber in Final Assembly, who has taken over Cormock Berrymon's job while Berrymon is away doing some graduate study. All names added to the ladder will be placed at the bottom. Players will be restricted to challenging up to three names above their own. Credit goes to Johnson and Hyott for the fancy ladder on the bulletin board.

Golf

With a low gross score of 85, Harry Kister of Accounting won Ryan's June golf tournament at the Son Diego Country Club, and raked in the prize of six new golf balls. Charles Christopher of Inspection, with a gross of 93 minus his 30 handicap for a net

Badminton

Moy Lau Wincote and Roy Pyle led the badminton ladder as the club went into its second month of play. Meetings will continue to be held at the Son Diego High School gym Wednesdays, 7:30-10 p.m.

For the summer the club will have at least eight courts, which will be sufficient to accommodate more players.

The badminton ladder follows:

First Bracket: Pyle, Wincote.

Second Bracket: Curtis, T. Glasson, Baumgorten, Bowman.

Third Bracket: Mossop, Riesz, Roth, Davidson, Ford.

Fourth Bracket: Brush, Spicer, Clever, Slinger, Goebel.

Fifth Bracket: Walker, Lowe, Osenburg, Hickey, E. Glosson.

Unclassified: Graham, Finn, Dew.

63, won six balls for low net.

Other scores were: Charles Draper, Methods Engineering, 87 gross; Donald Wasser, Final Assembly, 92 gross; Lewis Hillis, Final Assembly, 87 gross minus 23 handicap, net 64; Lewis Plummer, Industrial Training, 95 gross minus 25 handicap, net 70. Osman Finn collected 10 pars to bring his gross score down to 87.

Some people improve their golf by buying new clubs. Others just practice oftener. But the smartest way, according to Steve Orban, is to have one's girl keep score.

Scroggs' game, according to Steve Orban, is improving by leaps and bounds—or rather, by Lucille Scott. (P. S. Any relation between this item and the one just above is purely typographical.)

Ryan vs. Consolidated

Here are the players in Ryan's recent golf match with Consolidated, which we lost four matches to three. Ryanites in the picture are: third from left, Fred Ford; fifth, Harry Kister; sixth, R. S. Smith; seventh, Maurice Clancy; eighth, Harry Oakland; ninth, Frank Finn. Also on the team, but not shown here, was Keith Whitcomb.



What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG



RAREBITS

BASIC RAREBIT

1/2 lb. grated cheese
1/2 cup milk
1 egg

1/4-1/2 tsp. mustard
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. butter or margarine

Scold milk in double boiler. Beat egg slightly, add seasonings and scalded milk. Return to double boiler and stir until mixture has thickened somewhat. Add cheese slowly and stir until it has melted. Add butter. Serve on crisp toast or crackers. Serves 4.

Variations:

TOMATO RAREBIT

1 can condensed tomato soup
2 cups grated cheese
1 tbsp. tomato catsup

1 tbsp. minced onion
1 tbsp. minced green pepper
salt and pepper

Heat soup with onion, pepper and catsup in top of double boiler over direct flame. Set over hot water, add the cheese and stir until melted. Serve on crisp toast with strips of bacon. Serves 6.

BEAN RAREBIT

1 cup cooked beans
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1/2 cup milk

1 cup grated cheese
1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
salt and pepper

Melt butter in saucepan, add mashed beans and cook about 5 minutes. Add other ingredients, cook until cheese is melted, stirring constantly. Serve on crisp toast or crackers. Serves 6.

VEGETABLE RAREBIT

1 tbsp. fat (bacon)
1/2 green pepper
salt and pepper
1/2 lb. grated cheese.

1 cup canned corn
1/2 cup canned tomatoes
1/2 cup bread crumbs

Melt fat in top of double boiler over direct heat. Add chopped pepper and cook until slightly softened but not brown. Set over hot water, add cheese and stir constantly until cheese is melted. Add remaining ingredients and allow mixture to heat through. Serve on crisp toast. Serves 6.



GRATED CHEESE

Cheese Muffins or Biscuits . . . Add 1/2 cup grated cheese to the sifted dry ingredients in a family-sized muffin or biscuit recipe.

Potato Soup . . . Add about 3/4 cup grated cheese to a quart or more of potato soup before ready to serve. Keep the soup over the fire just long enough to melt the cheese.

Onion Soup . . . Sprinkle grated cheese atop toast pieces in an onion soup made with meat broth.

FONDUE

Scold milk and pour over crumbs. Add melted butter, grated cheese and seasonings. Beat egg yolks slightly, add milk mixture slowly. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish. Bake at 300 F. until firm on top (about 45 minutes). Serve at once. Serves 6.

1 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 cup milk
1 cup soft bread crumbs
3 eggs, separated
1/2 tsp. salt
pepper
1 cup grated cheese

CHEESE SAUCE

4 tablespoons fat
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk

1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 pound cheese, shaved
thin (2 cups)

Melt the fat, blend in the flour. Add cold milk and salt. Heat and stir until thickened. Add the cheese. Stir until it melts. Serve over bread or toast slices . . . boiled rice, hominy grits, macaroni, or spaghetti . . . boiled potatoes, cabbage, asparagus, onions, cauliflower, or broccoli.

Scalloped Vegetables . . . Pour cheese sauce over fresh-cooked or left-over vegetables—snap beans, carrots, turnips, peas, corn. Put in a shallow baking dish, cover with bread crumbs, bake until crumbs are brown and the vegetables heated through.

With Macaroni . . . Into a baking dish put cooked macaroni . . . spaghetti . . . coarse hominy . . . noodles . . . or rice. Pour cheese sauce over it. Bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Vary by adding seasonings such as pepper, paprika, chopped pimiento, red or green pepper. Make it a more substantial dish by adding slightly beaten eggs to the cheese sauce before pouring it over the macaroni.

With Fried Mush . . . Brown slices of cold corn meal mush in fat until crisp. Pour a tomato-and-cheese sauce over the mush.

CROQUETTES

CHEESE AND RICE CROQUETTES

1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/3 cup flour
1 cup milk
1 cup grated cheese
1/4 tsp. salt
Few grains pepper
Few grains paprika
2 cups cold cooked rice
Sifted dried bread crumbs
1 egg
2 tbsp. cold water

Melt butter, add flour and blend. Add milk gradually while stirring, cook until thickened. Add cheese, salt, pepper, and paprika, and cook until the cheese is melting. Chill well; add rice, and shape into croquettes. Roll in crumbs, then in egg mixed with water. Roll in crumbs again. Fry in fat one inch deep until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve with or without sauce. Makes 12 croquettes.



Beauty isn't Rationed

By Frances Statter

Ever gone home just dog-tired, with a big evening in the affing? Wait, don't lift the phone and break the date! Here's a wonderful salutation to the predicament:

While the tub is filling with warm water, collect all your bath baubles—a fluffy colored towel, bath salts or bubble bath whichever you prefer, and some of that Christmas soap you've been saving. Be sure you have everything you need, then settle down for a relaxing bath.

Slap on a thick layer of your favorite cream and let it soak in while you saak. Be sure to finish off with a nice brisk shower, which is a definite pick-me-up. Still a little tired? Just lie down for fifteen minutes, with your feet prapped higher than your head—it increases circulation and gives your face a nice rosy glow. Apply cattan pads soaked in boric acid to give your eyes that bewitching sparkle.

Naw for your make-up. Too bad all dressing tables for home use haven't lights around the mirror, like you find in actresses' dressing rooms. If they were, you'd never go out looking like anything but a finished product. However, do make sure you have a good light—even a bed lamp over the top of the dresser will do. A small mirror with one side magnifying is indispensable.

You can take off the cream naw, and dash on cold water or an astringent, whichever you prefer. Naw we get down to the powder foundation, which will either make or break your finished make-up. Be sure to pick a powder foundation containing the prevalent color in your skin—which is either blue, red, or yellow. (Of course, the ideal skin is one containing an equal amount of all three, giving it a luminous, translucent glow. But most of us aren't this fortunate.) As you know, there are innumerable powder foundations on the market, but pick one with a good brand name, which is usually a guarantee of quality.

For oily skins, usually a liquid powder base is preferable, as it contains alcohol, which has a drying tendency. For dry skins, a cream base foundation will prevent your skin from becoming dry and flaky. For normal skins, of course, you can use any of these, but the cake type is very satisfactory. Of course, your rouge, lipstick and powder should all follow the same prevalent skin color.

After letting your powder foundation set for a few minutes, put on your cream rouge, which stays on much longer and looks more natural after you've gotten the knack of applying it. But, if you do prefer dry rouge, apply it after powdering.

Then comes eye make-up, which can really do things for you if correctly applied. A safe rule for eye shadow is to follow the color of your eyes. However, most types can usually use a variety, offering contrast. Before applying mascara, be sure to brush the powder out of your eyebrows—but leave it on your eyelashes, as it forms a base and makes them seem thicker and more luxurious than they really are. Unless you're a definite brunette, it usually pays to use brown mascara, but blondes should use it with more discretion than any other types.

Last, but definitely not least, is lipstick—woman's best friend and man's worst enemy. If you'll powder your lips before applying your lipstick and blot well afterwards, you'll find it will have less tendency to come off on napkins, glasses, etc. (And I do mean etc.!) Put your dress on immediately after you've applied your powder, and go on from there with a make-up cape or towel over your shoulders.

By this time, you should have consumed at least an hour and the front door bell is probably ringing, but you'll still have time to apply a dab of your favorite perfume for the final touch. Have a good time!

Flowers are becoming more and more prevalent for hair decorations, especially now in the middle of summer. Anchor these in your coiffure with Grip-Tuth combs. They have their own pin clasps for the flowers, and lend themselves to many original flower arrangements that really stay put.

The days of thin penciled eyebrows are gone forever, I hope. Do let your brows grow in their natural path unless they're really wild and woolly. Then always pluck from underneath—never from the top. The ideal eyebrows should be even with the inner corner of the eye.

Is somebody getting a furlough? For such an occasion you'll want a brand new outfit, naturally. If you're a golden blonde with brown eyes, and have had time to acquire a coffee-and-dream tan, why not bedeck yourself in a coral linen dress with one of these new halter tops over which you can wear an earth-brown linen bolero? When you hear a lang, law whistle, you'll know he's arrived. . . . On the other hand, if you're one of those Irish brunettes with black hair, blue eyes and a fair skin, the dish for you is a black and white checked gingham suit with a lipstick-red blouse. For a dashing redhead with green eyes and just a smattering of freckles on your turned-up nose, a grass-green jumper dress and a long-sleeved gray crepe blouse with drawstrings around the neck and sleeves. If you don't make a conquest, better get a more appreciative beau.

A real dollar-saver is a Pres Kloth. You can press your clothes and give them that professional, just-out-of-the-bandbox look. This scientific pressing cloth gives you live steam using your own iron. You can even press pleated skirts, black knitwear, steam chiffon and even velvet. I wouldn't be without one. They're only 69c at most notion counters.



You're lucky if you have an OVAL face, as it is the ideal type. And you can wear your hair practically any way your fancy dictates. However, a center part is usually the most effective, as it calls attention to your perfect features.



If you're the owner of a ROUND face, your problem is to make it look as oval as possible, which is attained by lengthening it and trying for width at the top. Draw your hair back behind the ears and off the forehead with it built up at the temples.



For a SQUARE face, never any dips or bangs. To make your heavy jaw disappear, lift the hair line at the temples into two pronounced corners. Either a center or a low side part is becoming, but never, never wear your hair short.



Never a center part for you with a LONG face, but a fairly high side part with a diagonal slant. A soft halo of curls with soft, fluffy bangs minimizes the prominent forehead that usually accompanies this type.



Plant Personalities

by Jack Graham

OWEN "CHIEF" WALKER, taast of Taaling and one of Ryan's finest athletes, takes particular pride in his Hawaiian ancestry and his athletic ability. His father, a major in the U. S. Army, and his mather, a Hawaiian princess, came to the United States a short time before Chief was barn in San Francisco.

Following his father's retirement from the army the family moved to Needles, California, where the Walker family of three husky bays made names for themselves at Needles High School.

Chief starred in football, basketball, baseball, and swimming, being one of the first boys to make four letters at Needles High for two consecutive years. He was all-conference in football and basketball.

At San Bernardino Junior College he again set athletic circles ablaze, and anyone who saw Chief play at San Diego State will never forget the experience. A one-man blitzkrieg, he pulverized the appasing football team, and despite his giont size and weight led the San Diego State attack from running guard position. He played sixty minutes of every football game and blacked many punts and running plays with his fearless charging and tackling.

He has played regular on the San Diego Bammers professional team the last two seasons, winning his pasitian aver a number of big-time athletes from all over the country. He has had several offers from the national pra leagues but prefers his home here and his work at Ryan.

Here at Ryan he has played basketball and served as catcher for both the softball and hardball teams. His genial disposition and coalness under pressure hold his team together and his hitting is a big factor in the team play.

During his spare time he studies metallurgy and heat-treatment to become mare proficient at his work in charge of the heat-treat oven in Taaling. Far pleasure he likes deep sea fishing and diving far abalane.

During his three years at Ryan he has worked in draphammer, manifold, jig-and-taal building, and finally heat-treat—proving the old stary again that anyone who wants to study can get ahead at Ryan.

Chief has intraduced many novel and helpful ideas in his department. Persanally he is one of the most likable and genial members of the factory farce, and his willingness to cooperate is a pleasure to all who know him.

He is the runt of the family. His two brothers, believe it ar not, are bigger than he is. Bath are in the navy. His father is now retired from the army but has been doing his bit by helping out in the transportation division of the Santa Fe Railroad.

Our lady subject of the month is one of the most patriatic women of not only San Diego, but of the entire country.

Our subject is a former chairman of the San Diego district P.T.A. Council, former president of the Benjamin Franklin P.T.A.;

Time Study Observations

By Dortha Dunston

You've heard the song played far and wide "There'll Be Some Changes Made"—

Well, our department sings the song "There've Been Some Changes Made." On June the 7th we came to work on Monday morning early And found our home was moved around, but finally and surely. The Time Study folks and Bonus folks are all that make our group now; Our column can't be long of course, for numbers won't allow. But each time out we'll try to give a resume of events So all good friends can keep up with our ladies and our gents. Our own department now is cut to personnel of eighteen; A new girl, FRANCES, came to us, typing with ARLINE. The "Observer Group" increased by two during the month of June; They're both learning our ways and means and will be timing soon. In our last issue I voiced the thought "Does DICK have a wife?" But pinned right down he answered "No" and swore it with his life. TAYLOR'S wife said "yes," and BESSIE was a June bride—so They are mentioned though it happened several years ago. JACK'S now working on the sheets for the new Suggestion Plan; If anyone has a thought to state—then, fellows, he's your man! JERRY fell asleep it seems, while driving on a highway; His car divined such was the case and wished to be a railway. It took to tracks instead of road and woke him with a drub; Now he belongs to the famous group, "We Make Our Own Road Club." A group stopped by IRENE'S one night to have ourselves a time; 'Course MAJ was late and DICK detained—with reason—bet a dime? The hours flew by as good times will; at midnight then we ate; 'Tween quips and bites we had such fun, and all got home quite late. COLVIN'S pushing along the work like ye old Simon Legree. New work comes in—new work goes out complete to "nth" degree. Welcome to our three newcomers—hope they're all to stay; We wish to make them feel at home and share our work and play. Concluding now I have a verse—with you I'd like to share A man's opinion up to date of trials that he must bear:
There's lipstick on the drinking fountain,
Talcum on the bench.
There's cold cream on the surface plate
And lotion on the wrench.
"Evening in Paris" scents the air
That once held lube oil smell.
I just picked up a bobby pin—Believe,
me, War is Hell!

farmer president of the Hoover High School P.T.A.; former president of the Waadrow Wilson P.T.A.; Scattish Rite Waman's Club; Assis'ant Sector Leader, Civilian Defense group, Kensington Park Unit; member of the mayor's committee to survey elementary schaals of San Diego; and far years a regular volunteer worker and chairman of different Red Cross, Cammunity Chest, and other worthwhile civic and church activities.

Far many months previous to coming to Ryan last September she had served as clerk in the office of the Civilian Defense Council in the Civic Center.

Barn and raised in North Dakota in the Farga area, she came to San Diego fifteen years ago with her husband and three children. She was educated in North Dakota and also attended Phillips Academy at New Rockford.

Her husband is with the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. Despite her hours at Ryan, she finds time far her family and they have a cooperative spirit which keeps home life at an even tempo. Her most cam-

mendable piece of work was the creation of play areas, dancing and game playing at the schaals and seasonal activities which have kept the children from the streets.

Our charming lady has one of the most beautiful flower gardens in East San Diego, and you may see some of her prize specimens in the taal and jig crib. Her friendly personality and kindness is so radiating that you rarely find anything but a smoothly-running department where she works.

Though she was reluctant to admit her old-fashioned habit of tatting, she spends a few minutes now and then an articles she can give for birthday presents. She has turned out some beautiful pieces of hand-work. Whenever friends travel they remember her collection of miniature porcelain or glass cats and try to find a new one far her. She has them from the size of a small bead to as large as a life-size kitten.

May I intraduce to you our gracious lady, MRS. GLADYS McMATH, of Ryan's taal crib?

Moe Loft Sez

by Moe Loft

Much to everyone's disappointment (?) we missed sending in a column for the last issue, so we shall try to make this one doubly interesting.

Since our department has been distributed throughout the factory and engineering seems to be most fortunate in getting the majority of us, the column will be written from there. But don't worry, fellows, we still know you're out there in Modeling.

We have been unable to find anyone who is willing to risk his life by admitting he is the author of this newsy gossip column, so everyone is entitled to guess who it is. Nope, you're wrong there, I didn't have a thing to do with it.

Now here is really some scorching news; in fact, it hasn't happened yet, but by July 11 "BUBBLES CROUCH" will be known as MR. MARGARET WOOD of the Witch Creek Woods. Yes, sir, the one man whom no girl was ever going to catch has swallowed the hook, line and sinker. Poor fellow. A couple of his best friends repeatedly warned him of the wiles of the women-folk, but dear old Bubbles just naturally never suspected the fair sex of being so crafty.

In fact, Miss Wood finally caught Herb by giving him some Bubble Bath to bathe in. After enjoying the bubbles, Herb could not do anything but say yes. For further details on Herb's moral bliss, read the next issue.

PAT CARTER still has got more money than he knows what to do with. So if anyone has anything Pat wants, just double the price and he will buy it. In fact, Pat will double the price himself. We recently were present when Pat purchased a skiff from BOB ANDREWS. Bob was willing to sell it for \$8, but before Bob had a chance to mention the price, big-hearted Pat offered \$15. O.K., Pat, a favor for you at any time is a pleasure.

LUKE BRUNOLD's luscious girl friend finally got back from Kansas—only to be rushed to the hospital a few days after arriving back here, to have her appendix jerked out. But Luke has been keeping her company even under those trying conditions. Perhaps we'll have another marriage in the department soon—who knows?

Well, DEAN HAUGH and CHIEF RASMUSSEN finally pulled through O. K. after becoming fathers recently. Dean is the poppy of a bouncing baby girl, whereas Razzy got himself another pugnacious boy. Well, we all hope they both grow up to be the toughest youngsters in the block.

And now since we have not been officially welcomed into Engineering, we'll do the welcoming ourselves. The fortunate ones, or unfortunate, however you wish to look at it, were BOB ANDREWS the yachtsman, LUKE BRUNOLD the lover, just plain BUBBLES CROUCH, CROMWELL the farmer, WEED the screwball, and KOSKE the brains of the bunch.

This column will now have to stop for this issue as I have mentioned enough names to keep me in hot water till the next issue. Don't forget, all you single fellows—and this warning comes to you from Bubbles Crouch himself—when the girl friend gives you some Bubble Bath to bathe in, she is doing nothing else but sinking the hooks in you. So beware, or you'll be a gone goon, too.

Ryan Trading Post

SELL OR SWAP—Rodio Air Line, 8 tube, 3 bands, console for \$40. Philco console for \$25. Three-way portable, \$12.50. Also have a few auto radios to swap for what have you. Home and auto radios repaired. G. P. Dedmon, 2548, Electric Crib, Second Shift.

FOR SALE—One buckskin gelding five-year-old, 15 hands, 1,000 pounds, good confirmation. \$175. W. M. Wilken, 1220, Police Department.

FOR SALE—Roller skates (shoe type). Man's (black) size 9. Lady's (white) size 5½. Both like new. \$10 a pair. J. F. Butler, 2887, Machine Shop.

FOR SALE—A few modern and antique guns, ammunition and cartridge cases. John D. Hill, Office of Corporate Secretary. Home phone Hilldale 4-5131.

SELL OR SWAP—Refrigeration and air conditioning correspondence course costing \$208.00. Will sell or trade. Make offer. G. P. Dedmon, 2548, Electric Crib, Second Shift.

Highly Experimental

by Bob Wallin

Experimental department held its annual picnic at Big Stone Lodge, Sunday, June 20.

We started the ball rolling with some horseshoe pitching, or just sitting and chewing the fat for those who preferred the less strenuous life. I got into a horseshoe game with some low pros—LYLE GOULD, "OLIE" OLSON and CARL NELSON. I really learned about the game from them. The stake took more of a beating than Pantelleria. By the way, CARL NELSON plays the banjo better than he pitches horseshoes, and before the day was done, he joined forces with CHARLES ANDERSON's "Rhythm Five," who dug up solid jive for our dancing pleasure.

Next on the program was the matter of eating all those sandwiches, solods, etc. This was done to the best of our ability, but that best was sadly inadequate.

After dinner we continued the horseshoes, fat chewing, dancing, and various contests. And there was always beer served up by those two super bartenders, LARRY MARTIN and BILL BERBUSSE.

The women's ballrolling contest was won by MERLE McGREW. JIMMY HANNUM took the men's ball-rolling contest, with FRED HAYNES running a close second. JO BAILIFF was hard put to win from RAYBERTA HANNUM in the women's race. Children's races were won by NANCY NELSON, BILLIE KIRBY, LOUIE CHAPMAN's two boys. JO BAILIFF and SAM WERKELOFF were voted the best couple on the dance floor. KENNY KRULL and BILL BERBUSSE won the two gote prizes. All prizes were in wor stamps.

FRED HAYNES was busy as a bee all afternoon. And so after a lovely day in the out of doors we slowly wended our way homeward.

FOR SALE—22-ft. trailer house. Table top stove, two beds, two big closets. Very roomy. A. L. McCurdy, 4507, Transportation.

WANTED—Back issues of "Flying Reporter," as follows:

Volume 3, No. 10.

Volume 4, No. 9.

Volume 4, No. 10.

Please contact R. S. Cunningham, Production Control Superintendent, Phone 273.

FOR SALE—One four-burner cook stove in good condition except oven isn't quite up to par, but we used it for a year and lived to tell about it. Frances Statler, Public Relations Department. Home phone Humboldt 82776.

SELL OR SWAP—Sidecor for a 1936 H.D. or older. Sell or trade for what have you. Bill Berry, Contract Engineering, 431, Home phone T-2771.

SELL OR SWAP—1937 Black Ford coupe 85. Motor, clutch and brakes completely overhauled. W. S. Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal Assembly.

RENT OR LEASE—Mountain cabin near Lake Cuyomaca. Completely furnished. \$40 per month. Win Alderson, 1557, Inspection, Second Shift.

WANTED—Ammunition. Will pay top price for any quantity, full boxes, broken lots, or even a half dozen in any of the following calibres needed: .22 L.R.—'03 Win.—.22 Spl.—.32 Auto.—.38 Spl.—.45 Auto.—.250-3000' Savage—.30 Red. Auto.—.410 Ga.—12 Ga.

Also want a '29S' or '330' Weaver 'scope and fresh water fishing tackle in good condition. Sgt. D. W. Carney, Plant Police Dept.

WANTED—Do you know where I could beg, borrow, steal or buy (as a last resort) a usable typewriter, either portable or otherwise. If so, please call Frances Statler, Public Relations Department. Home phone Humboldt 82776.

FOR SALE—One .38 Colt Police Positive, belt and holster, \$40.00. Call Conde, Ext. 231, M-2, 1st Shift.

WANTED—Outboard motor. George Brooks, 1259, Drop Hammer, third shift.

FOR SALE—24-ft. cabin cruiser. Good condition throughout. Completely equipped with 6-cylinder Pontiac engine converted with fresh-water cooling system. Sleeps two. Galley. 30-gallon fresh water capacity. Equipped for live-bait fishing with separate pump motor. Completely refinished throughout. See. W. M. Sorsfield, 1052, Stock Room, B-2.

The Indomitable Dutch Know...

RYAN BUILDS WELL!

SO INTENSE were pre-war aviation preparations in the Dutch East Indies that Ryan STN landplanes and seaplanes were primary, basic, advanced and blind flying trainers all wrapped up in one. Students went directly from Ryan "primary" trainers to multi-engine equipment. When the Japs struck, these already overworked trainers were pressed into inter-island patrol service and the transporting of personnel, strategic materials and medical supplies.


How heroically the Dutch proved that Ryan Builds Well!



Your War Bonds Can Buy Your Share of the Air Age

TODAY the extreme demands of war are proving the quality of Ryan airplanes, manifolds and major sub-assemblies. TOMORROW, when this same quality will be built into Ryan products for a friendly world, look for wondrous results! Remember, in peace as in war, Ryan Builds Well.



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, San Diego, Calif.  **Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.**

Ryan Products: Army PT-22s, Navy NR-1s, Army PT-25s, Major Sub-Assemblies and Exhaust Manifold Systems for America's Most Distinguished Aircraft

Ryan

Flying Reporter



PREVIEW OF THE NEW CAFETERIA

BACK AGAIN—"SLIM'S PICKIN'S"

Vol. 6 No. 5

AUGUST

20TH

1943



I am sure every worker in the plant is anxious to do his or her share in keeping Ryan "A Better Place To Work."

Now, after months of effort, we're ready to open our new employees' cafeteria. To assure its success, we need your help. We want your ideas and advice in planning what to serve—because we're eager to provide the kinds of meals you want and need.

The new kitchen with every modern facility, the serving cafeteria, and the luncheon area with its tables and benches have all been provided as a service to employees. It's for you, and we want it to be operated the way you like it.

To accomplish this, we've set up a Cafeteria Committee. On the next page you can read how it will operate. If you'll cooperate with it by making your wishes known to your Committee representative, the cafeteria will follow the desires of Ryan employees just as closely as it can. Its hot breakfasts and lunches won't be fancy—but they'll be good, hearty, appetizing meals, priced just as low as possible. The Ryan organization won't make a cent of profit on the cafeteria—it doesn't want to.

You can help us make the Ryan cafeteria a success by passing on to the Cafeteria Committee any complaints or suggestions you have. We know that the cafeteria won't be able to please all of the people all of the time—but with your help it should please most of the people most of the time!

J. Claude Ryan





Colin Stillwagen talks things over with the new Cafeteria Committee.

Come And Get It!

For several months now, top men in the Ryan company from president Claude Ryan on down the line have been figuring, talking, working, and planning for the day when hot meals could be served to Ryan employees at rock-bottom prices. And not just ordinary meals either, but the best possible food values—tempting, well-balanced meals dished up in generous portions.

Tackling that kind of a problem in war time is no pushover proposition. It's bristling with difficulties: high food prices, scarcities of almost everything, endless obstacles in the way of building any new facilities. But Ryan thinks it has the problem whipped at last. About ten days from now, its long months of preparation will reach fulfillment when the new Ryan employees' cafeteria opens.

The cafeteria and kitchen are complete and their staff is raring to go. The open-air tables and benches, under roofs which will provide shade in summer, shelter from rain in winter, are ready. As soon as the paving of the area is finished, so there'll be no dust in anybody's food, the cafeteria will have its grand opening—which is expected to be on September 1.

The cafeteria is to be operated for the company by its affiliate, the Ryan School of Aeronautics, which has had years of experience in housing and feeding Army Air Forces cadets at its bases in Hemet and Tucson. "I hope that every Ryan worker will realize that the sole purpose of the new cafeteria is to be of service to employees. It will be operated for employees, at no profit, and insofar as possible the way they want it run." That's the way Claude Ryan sums up the new hot food facilities.

Colin A. Stillwagen, comptroller of the school, will keep close watch on the cafeteria's finances. "It'll be my job to see that Ryan doesn't make a nickel's profit on this cafeteria," he says. "Everything will be served at exactly what it costs us to buy, cook and serve it. All the savings we make by buying food in huge quantities will be passed along to the employees."

The cafeteria will be operated on an unusual system believed to be brand-new in war industry. The system boils down to this: the Ryan workers themselves will decide what is to be served in the cafeteria!

A Cafeteria Committee composed of representatives of all factory and office departments will meet weekly with Bill Hermes,

the Ryan steward, to tell him any complaints about the food they've heard during the last week, and to suggest changes in the menu which their fellow workers request.

Of the four serving aisles in the cafeteria, two will serve only a special Victory Lunch, probably consisting of a hot entree, potato and one other vegetable, salad, bread and butter, and coffee—all for about 35 cents. The other two will offer a la carte items from which the customer can choose his own meal. "If Ryanites want that Victory Lunch changed—if they prefer different entrees than I plan, or if they'd like to have the lunch enlarged to include dessert at an extra cost, or if they want any other changes—they need only mention it to their department's representative on the Cafeteria Committee," says Bill Hermes. "He'll see that I hear about it at the next weekly meeting."

Hermes is the man who'll be on the receiving end of all squawks and suggestions at the meetings. "Of course, Bill can't guarantee to provide any and every kind of food requested," points out Stillwagen. "There are some kinds that just aren't obtainable nowadays—and other kinds that

(Continued on page 29)

Your ideas, complaints and suggestions
will guide our new cafeteria

August 20
1943

Vol. 6
No. 5



Flying Reporter

Published every three weeks for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Through the Public Relations Department

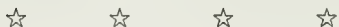


EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
Editor**Keith Monroe**
 Associate Editor.....**Sue Zinn Gunthorp**
 Sports Editor**Fred Osenburg**
 Staff Artists.....**Frances Statler; Joe Thein**
George Duncan; Paul Hoffman
 Staff Photographers.....**Tommy Hixson; Frank Martin**



| Special Features | Page |
|--|------|
| Come and Get It! | 1 |
| —introducing our new cafeteria. | |
| Keep 'Em Flowing | 3 |
| —how Flow Control gets manifolds out faster. | |
| A Matter of Life and Death..... | 4 |
| —how your blood can save a life. | |
| Floyd Bennett | 5 |
| —an ex-farmer who became a foreman. | |
| Five Years or More at Ryan..... | 6 |
| —Basil Kelley of Machine Shop. | |
| Meet Bill Wagner | 8 |
| —Flying Reporter's "chief of chiefs." | |
| Ryan Horse Show | 10 |
| —a day of spills and thrills for all. | |
| Slim's Pickin's | 14 |
| —our favorite contributor back again. | |
| Ryan Trading Post | 18 |
| Sports | 22 |
| What's Cookin'? | 25 |
| —by Mrs. Esther T. Long. | |
| Beauty Isn't Rationed | 26 |
| —by Frances Statler. | |

| Departmental News | |
|---|----|
| Brownie's Browsings by Brownie..... | 16 |
| Dispatching by Gerald Ryan..... | 28 |
| Final News by Enid Larsen..... | 13 |
| From the Beam by Pat Kelly..... | 28 |
| Hither and Yan | 17 |
| Machine Shop by Dorothy Wheeler..... | 14 |
| Manifold Small Parts | 20 |
| Mo Loft Sez by George..... | 20 |
| Model Characters by Gilbert Cusey..... | 15 |
| Plant Engineering by Flonnie Freeman..... | 27 |
| Plant Personalities by Jack Graham..... | 21 |
| Production Control by Maynard Lovell..... | 19 |
| Ryanettes by Tom and Gerry..... | 16 |
| Time Study Observations by Dortha Dunston | 6 |
| Wind Tunnel by Victor Odin..... | 21 |
| Wing Tips by R. F. Hersey..... | 28 |



Copy deadline for the next issue is August 30

The Walking Reporter

By Ye Ed

That well-rounded gent you see on the front cover is Jean Bovet. He's head steward of the Ryan organization, and anyone who eats his food feels reassured before even tasting it—just to look at Jean is to see that he appreciates the art of good eating. He is a life-long hotel steward who gave up a comfortable resort job to tackle the wartime assignment of feeding Army cadets at Ryan's flight schools, and is now going to help get the Ryan employees cafeteria under way. For 35 years he's been chef and steward at swanky hotels in Switzerland, France, Egypt, Canada and America. We think you'll like his grub!

* * *

It was just about a year ago that Claude Ryan was pacing off dimensions through ankle-deep dust in the area where our cafeteria now stands. He and several other top executives have stayed right in the thick of the battle to get those hot-food facilities built during the last twelve months.

* * *

Don't miss the Ryan Horse Show this Sunday at the Mission Valley Polo Grounds. All Ryan horse-lovers—whose name is legion—will be there.

* * *

The weddings of Vice-President Earl D. Prudden and Production Superintendent Ernie Moore—both to Ryan girls—Adelaide Smith and Betty Mills—pretty well takes care of the Romance department for this month. Incidentally, when the Moores were on their honeymoon at Louis Plummer's cabin at Arrowhead, they didn't discover that the cabin had on upstairs until they'd been there more than 24 hours. Seems the stairway was concealed by a door; and the parlor, kitchen and sleeping-porch on the ground floor were about all the Moores got around to exploring until their second day. "This place must have a tremendous attic," had been their only comment on the apparent lack of an upstairs.

* * *

Our contributors' staff is in a state of flux. Staggered by the loss of such stand-bys as Will Cameron, Mike Brush and Irene Travis, we were even more flabbergasted to find Slim Coats back on the staff. Yes, Slim has agreed to write us a column as Correspondent-at-Large, even though he's no longer here at the plant. . . . Then, too, we've added another artist to our staff, and we think he's pretty good, but he insists on remaining anonymous. You'll find a sample of his work on page 5.

* * *

Seismologists predict Japan will soon be hit by another destructive earthquake, but hard. Maybe Doolittle's boys are planning a return trip.



Keep 'Em Flowing!

by Gerald Ryan and Keith Monroe

It now takes nine days less than it used to for a certain type of manifold to travel through the Ryan production line. Another manifold model takes four days less—others are coming through from one to three days faster than formerly.

These rather startling savings of time have been accomplished without asking a single employee to work faster than before. The decrease in time is due entirely to the new "Flow Control" system now being used by the Manifold Production Control department.

A new system knocks hours or days off production schedules

Flow Control shortens the time between start and finish of a job just by cutting down the "storage time"—the intervals when a piece of work is stored somewhere waiting to be passed on to another station along the production line.

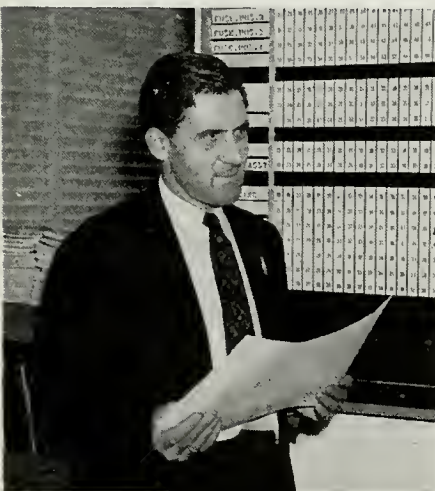
Today there are fewer and shorter waits between operations. This system, worked out by Factory Manager G. E. Barton and his new assistant, John T. Zihlman, makes possible closer scheduling of the movement of every manifold part.

Zihlman, who devoted most of his time for several months to developing the system, is a dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast for smooth scheduling. He's worked for Ford, Crosley, and Goodyear, where he learned plenty about flow control. "All high-speed industries in the country use flow control today," he says. "It's only in its infancy here, but give us a few more months and we'll have it running smoothly enough so that it will be a real help to every worker on the production line."

Under the new system, a special type of routing card travels with each job all the way through the production line. This card gives the dispatcher a visual check on whether or not the job is moving along on schedule. It also helps each worker by telling him just what operation he's supposed to perform on each job that comes to him—as well as how long it should take, and what parts he'll need.

Perfection in Flow Control would be reached when a card and its

(Continued on page 12)



Factory Manager G. E. Barton, who worked with Zihlman in making the new system click.



John T. Zihlman, assistant to the factory manager, who developed much of our new Manifold Production Control system.

Where there's the faintest sign of life your blood plasma may turn the tide

No, "Red" didn't know as he lay there very still. Red didn't even care at the moment. He was too badly hurt to have recognized Jack, had he been there. Jap shrapnel had all but finished him, and there in the sweltering heat under the tent nothing seemed to matter much except that faint tingle of life struggling to exist, becoming a little stranger, as the minutes passed. Red opened his eyes and looked up. Dimly he saw it, a small rubber tube extending up to an inverted bottle—and in the bottle, blood plasma. That's where Jack came in.

Jack and Red had worked together back in the factory a couple of years before—before Pearl Harbor and before Red had quit to join the Marines. They used to eat lunch together then, and they'd corresponded once or twice since Red went into the service. Neither of them could know that the blood Jack gave at his local Red Cross Center was now in that inverted bottle over Red's stretcher.

But Jack had known, when he donated the blood, of the marvelous possibilities for it. He knew that men picked up off the field of battle almost hopelessly gone had literally been brought back from the dead when their blood systems have been replenished with plasma. He knew that terrible burn and shock cases, otherwise fatal, respond miraculously to blood plasma transfusions.

It sometimes takes a pint—sometimes twenty or thirty pints. But men are coming back by the thousands who otherwise would be in cross-marked graves in foreign lands if it were not for the blood Jack and other Americans back home are giving.

The medical profession had not yet discovered the miracles of blood plasma at the



This photograph of a wounded United States Marine receiving a transfusion in a Guadalcanal field hospital is a graphic illustration of how donations to a blood bank save lives. Plasma, such as that held by the bearded Marine in the background, has kept hundreds of men in our armed forces alive and in the fight.—Official Photograph U. S. Marine Corps.

tilled water. These are the reasons why the Army and Navy are asking for 4,000,000 pints of blood in 1943. That's why San Diegoans are being asked to contribute 1,500 pints a week.

For several months Ryanites have been champing at the bit, anxious to be given an opportunity to share "life" with the men at the front. Now the doors are wide open.

for your department? Here's the vital data you'll want to know:

1. **Who may give blood donations?** Any healthy person between the ages of 21 and 60 weighing at least 110 pounds. Persons who have reached their 60th birthday cannot be accepted. Minors between 18 and 21 are acceptable with written consent of parent or guardian, or, if married, of husband or wife.
2. **Who may not be a donor?** Anyone with a history of tuberculosis, diabetes, heart disease, malaria within the past 15 years, jaundice within 6 months. Women during pregnancy or nine months thereafter.
3. **How can I arrange to give a donation?** Tell the Red Cross lady next Tuesday. Or call Franklin 7704 for an appointment. Or see Mrs. Char-Lotte Fisher of Sheet Metal.
4. **Where are blood donations taken?** At Red Cross Blood Donor Center, 446 W. Beech Street, corner of Calumbia.
5. **Is the Center open evenings?** Yes, two days a week. On Tuesdays and Thursdays the center is open from twelve noon until eight in the evening. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays the center is open from 9 a.m. until 5.

(Continued on page 181)

A Matter of Life and Death

time of the last war. A few transfusions were given but they were impractical. The donor and the recipient had to have the same type blood, and had to be brought together for the transfusion. Thus two people were temporarily put out of action.

But after the war, research workers got busy. They found that plasma (the amber crystal substance which remains after the red and white corpuscles are removed) makes an excellent blood substitute, can be pooled without regard to blood type, can be kept for years if necessary, without refrigeration, and can be made ready for immediate use merely by mixing it with dis-

The Los Angeles laboratories are able to handle all the blood the San Diego Red Cross can send them. Next Tuesday, Ryanites in every department will have an opportunity to sign up with Red Cross representatives who will visit the plant to make appointments for blood donations.

Your department will want to be well represented, may want to go as a group to the center. Talk it over! Talk it up! You'll never miss it, but a lad at the front may die without it! Be ready to tell your Red Cross lady when your department wants to go. Thirty-six donations can be taken in an hour—what about making it a solid hour

Sign up next Tuesday for a pint of blood. You'll never miss it—they may die without it!



Floyd Bennett

Manifold Small Parts

An Ohio farm boy who made good in his first factory job—that's Floyd Bennett, foreman of Manifold Small Parts here at Ryan.

Bennett applied for work at Ryan in 1939, without a day's experience in aircraft work. He started as a workman in the Manifold department, became a leadman less than a year later, moved up to assistant foreman on the first day of 1941, and became Small Parts foreman nine months after that.

It just goes to show that a farmer can train himself to be as good a factory worker as anyone. Bennett's whole previous life was spent in Scioto County, Ohio, where he was born in 1908. He worked on the family farm, with his father and grandfather, from the time he was nine years old.

However, after finishing high school he went to work for the state highway department, operating a gravel tippie, a device used in loading gravel. Floyd had his troubles with it. "I thought I was in mighty good shape—I'd played basketball for four years in high school—but I found I had to be a lot tougher than I was to run that tippie," he says.

However, he toughened up and held his job, until a change in Ohio's governors cost him his position in the politics-ridden highway department. He went back to the farm—but this was in the blackest days of the depression, and farmers couldn't sell their products at anything but starvation prices. Farm mortgages were being foreclosed right and left; farms were falling to pieces for lack of equipment and repairs; farmers were going on relief by the thousands.

But the Bennett farm kept going, and the Bennetts stayed off relief. Floyd opened a little woodshop, at home, where he did cabinet-making, matching, veneering, and all the other kinds of jobs that can be done with a lathe and a set of hand tools. He also did a bit of plumbing, painting, and truck driving on the side, and managed to scare up a good living for himself and Mary, whom he married in 1934.

However, Floyd could see that he had no future in Scioto County. "In 1939 a relative of mine suggested that I come to San Diego and try to get a factory job," he recalls. "It

was a gamble, but I decided to try it. I left my wife at home, came out here and started hunting for work."

Jobs weren't too plentiful in San Diego that year. Floyd went to one aircraft plant and was turned down so curtly that he never went back. Then he tried Ryan, and was turned down too—but in a friendlier fashion, with the suggestion that he apply again later, since there was always the chance that something might open up.

"I liked the style of the people I talked to at Ryan," he says, "and I decided that was where I'd like to

(Continued on page 11)



**How an ex-farmer rose to
foreman in four years**

5 years or more at Ryan

BASIL KELLEY

"Six years with the right outfit," says Basil Kelley, leadman in Machine Shop. "And in the right department, too." Kelley has been in the Machine Shop ever since he joined Ryan.

After graduating from Glendale High School, Basil got a job doing maintenance work in Oakland, and then tried his hand at working on a chicken ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. He liked the work so well that chicken raising has been his hobby ever since. With 500 Rhode Island Reds and White Leghorns to greet the dawn, Basil and his wife have no worry about alarm clocks on their Spring Valley ranch. So enthused is the entire family over its hobby that after the war, the Kelleys and their two sons are planning to make it a business.

During his sojourn in the San Joaquin Valley, the old wanderlust hit Kelley in full force, and it wasn't long before "all organized resistance ceased" and Kelley hit the rails in search of adventure. "Being the cautious type, however," Kelley explains, "I never got so far away from home that I couldn't make it back to the fold if times got tough. I tossed hay for a couple of days here and picked peaches for a day or two there and managed to pick up a lot of good experience while investigating practically every section of the State."

About the time the intoxicating effect of the wanderlust bug had worn off, Basil decided the time had come for him to settle down. But before doing anything so rash, he decided to visit an old boyhood pal of his, Bob Gardner, then in San Diego. Gardner's father was foreman of the Machine Shop and soon convinced Kelley that Ryan was "a better place to work." Kelley has stayed convinced ever since.

A couple of years later, Basil decided to extend that "settled" feeling and establish a home. A young lady, then working in Coronado, agreed to help him. But the day following the ceremony, Kelley got a mighty cold reception. Some of his friends, who had been denied the opportunity of throwing rice, ganged up and dunked him in the February waters of San Diego bay. "The Chamber of Commerce notwithstanding, I think they needed the ice-cutters in the bay that day," Basil recalls with a shiver.

Before the war interrupted his flying training, Kelley had logged 15 hours of solo time—rather uneventful except for one early dual lesson when Basil saw no particular harm in an innocent-looking flock of seagulls. He was all set to ignore their presence in his path when the instructor grabbed the controls and swerved to avoid them. Kelley wasn't actually scared until after the flight, when his instructor gave him a very explicit lecture on the ease with which seagulls mixed with airplane props can make hash.

Time Study Observations

By Dortha Dunston

Six-thirty one morning a sleepy voice said
"Methods Engineering" as he jumped from his bed

To answer the 'phone—his wake-up call.
COLVIN works here eight hours, but that isn't all!

He must dream his job a good part of the night,
And pushes the work through with all his might!

A vital question—with one missing link—
Will "MAJ" have to park for the duration, you think?

He has just four tires, but he needs a spare;
He applied for a retread in utter despair.

But the questions they asked were too much for Maj.
From home life to birthplace and lastly his age.

We wear it, we eat it, and that's not enough—
We're literally covered and immune from the stuff.

It's ditto I mean with its color so deep
That won't come off even when we're asleep.

Now we're all quite disturbed over ARLINE's con-
quests—

Does she pass the Marine Corps or Navy Tests?

She rode out with FRANK, and here's the situation:
She asked to be dropped at the Naval Training Station.

The next morning he found her not at the same
place

But instead she was at the Marine Corps Base.

Just what was she doing and why all the fuss?
Apologies, Arline—just in wait for a bus.

TELLER can't eat, he says, then why the speed?
A few minutes early and he's in the lead.

And what did he get?—An autographed page
From a Drop Hammer gentleman on the rampage.

'Twas no invitation nor valentine sweet
But a big sheet of paper that he couldn't eat!

A Sunday in Mexico left me quite marked.

There's a place on my arm where the sun rays have
parked!

My nose may not peel—I've a bet laid on that,
But think what I'd saved with a Mexican hat!

I came home that night all full of remorse;
I've lost my new shoes on what proved a plow horse!

There's a lucky star over STRAILEY it's said—
He's driving his car as most Gods fear to tread.

Six women he brings and takes home ev'ry day!
He says he's explained, but what does wife say?

Puff, puff!—A news flash!—Just made the dead-
line!

The mother and daughter are both doing fine.

Mr. CLANCY, proud papa's recovering now,
With chest still swelled, he **can** take a bow!

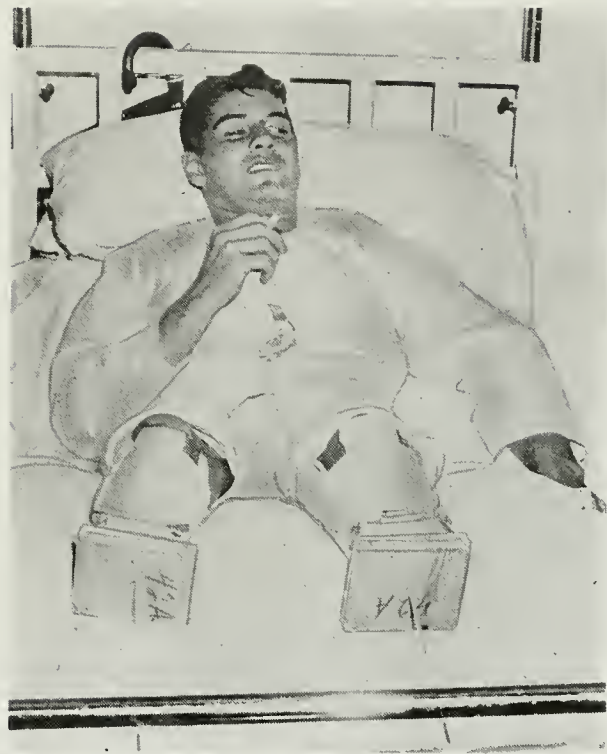
We presented a buggy to the proud, happy pair.
It's modern, with fashion, and streamlined for fair.

Equipped with landing gear, brake and waste drain;
The little queen "Mary" will ride in disdain

On real rubber tires and have her own nook,
But then we slipped up—There is no "C" book!

Blushing but haughty, Mr. Clancy wheeled out
'Mid clapping of hands and a general shout.

Shirt buttons were flying, his strut was a sight.
Congratulations—and welcome new Ryan Mite!



Have You Done Your Share?

This is Private Ralph Theis, who lost both feet in the Solomons and is now in Oak Knoll Hospital, Oakland, California. He's done his part. Are you doing yours?

Meet—Bill Wagner

by Keith Monroe

There are several aliases under which William Wagner is known to his friends. Some call him Wee Willie (he is five feet six inches high). Others, recalling that within the memory of living man he has almost never been known to lose his temper, address him as Sweet William. One associate refers to him as Silent Bill, basing this sobriquet on the accepted scientific fact that Wagner when in spate emits more words per man-hour than anyone else in captivity. His minions in the Ryan Public Relations department know him variously as "Boss" and "Chiefie." The one thing practically no one calls him is "Mr. Wagner."

The reason for this variety of titles can be laid at Wagner's own doorstep. He blithely refuses to call anyone Mister after an acquaintance of longer than three minutes, and the people he meets find his informality as catching as the seven-year itch.

Moreover, Wagner's brand of informality is no common brand. Merely calling someone by first name is usually too tame; he's forever coining weird and exotic titles for the people he knows.

Thus, Henry F. McCann, Ryan's Scheduling Coordinator, hears himself addressed as Hankus McCannus when Wagner is in the room. Louis E. Plummer, Director of Industrial Training, is Louie da Plum to Wagner. Ace Edmiston is Acey-Deucey. Millard Boyd is Shorty. Fred Thudium and Ed Baumgarten of Engineering are respectively Studious Thudious and Ed Bum. Kay Ready, secretary to Vice-President Earl D. Prudden, becomes Rough-and-Ready, usually shortened to Ruffian; while Mr. Prudden himself is transformed to Eedy-Pea. As for Mr. Ryan, Wagner knows him as "T. Claude Boss."

When confronted by someone for whose proper name he can think up no adequate distortion, Wagner may resort to any handy label such as Sebastian or Butch; or he may snatch some name from the animal kingdom, as he does when talking to "Willie the Weasel"—alias Wilbur Green of the Sales Department (also yclept Wilbur Red-White-and-Green, when Wagner is in a mood for gaudier nomenclature).

With the conversation on a plane of such rowdy informality, the visitor is rare indeed who can remain stiff and distant when talking with Wagner. This little man's beaming, cherub-like face, and the flow of wisecracks and colorful slang which he tosses off with machine-gun rapidity, soon thaw out the most formal acquaintances. Aviation executives, Army officers, and workers in the plant have all been seen with an arm across his shoulders after no more than a few minutes' acquaintance.

As Director of Public Relations, Wagner's job is to make friends for the Ryan organization. He is ideally suited for the task. In face-to-face contact, he is almost irresistible; he makes friends as readily as an Airedale puppy. Via the mails he is equally effective; he handles a huge volume of correspondence through which he is working ceaselessly to keep Ryan well-publicized in magazines, newspapers, radio and newsreels.

The walls of the Public Relations department are covered with framed magazine pages which show some of the fruits of Wagner's hustling. There are big, handsomely-illustrated spreads about Ryan clipped from Life, Look, Collier's and other national magazines. There are pictures of Ryan planes gracing the front covers of almost every magazine in the aviation field.

And in Wagner's private office there are file drawers filled with literally thousands of newspaper clippings about Ryan. Every now and then when the drawers get too full he reaches in and throws out a few fistfuls to make room for newer bundles of clippings. "Why waste time hoarding these or pasting them in scrapbooks?" he says. "I'd rather spend the time getting more news about Ryan into print."

Economy of time is something of an obsession with Wagner. He is always in a hurry. When he walks down the mile-long aisles and corridors of Ryan's buildings, he travels as if the sheriff were close behind. When he talks, his words come with approximately the rhythm of a riveting gun. When he typewrites, he beats hell out of his defenseless Underwood.

Perhaps this mania for speed dates back to Wagner's early days, when he was doing the work of three or four men single-handed. He came up the tough way, and always had to hump to keep on top of his job.

Like so many public relations men, Wagner is an ex-newspaper man. He broke in as a copy boy on the Los Angeles Evening Herald soon after his graduation from Alhombra High School. Because he could scramble from place to place faster than other copy boys—and because he always seemed to know what the score was—he found himself promoted to keeper of the Herald's morgue (library, if you're not hep to journalistic slang).

From there he moved up to a reporter's job, specializing in aviation, and finally to assistant financial editor. In addition to his ability to hurry off in all directions and arrive back with several stories, Wagner has always had an amazing memory for facts. Both these attributes came in handy on the

dancing with his wife
at a Ryan party



at the console of his
mighty Underwood



up to his old tricks
in the darkroom



Our Public Relations Director is reputed to have six arms.

Anyhow, everybody likes him

Herald. Before he'd been writing aviation news long he was able to spout all kinds of aeronautical dato at the drop of a hint. Aircraft men began to take notice of him as an up-and-coming young reporter who talked their own language.

Wagner got more and more enthusiastic about aviation as he continued to write about it. On the other hand, financial writing palled on him after the stock market unpleasantness in 1929. So he began negotiating with the Curtiss-Wright Flying Service for a publicity job, and finally landed one.

However, it was a bad time to start a career in aviation. The depression was getting steadily worse, salaries were being cut and lay-offs increasing. Wogner found himself working in the Grand Central Air Terminal in Los Angeles as a combination ticket agent, switchboard operator and publicity writer. After 18 months, he switched to Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., voluntarily taking a lower-paid position because he felt that TWA offered a better opportunity for the long pull.

As a traffic representative for the airline's Hollywood office, Wagner got to know practically everybody in the movie colony. His contacts came in handy when he was promoted to the TWA publicity department, and began hatching publicity tie-ins between the airline and the denizens of Hollywood who patronized it. Publicity photos of stars, starlets, has-beens, and also-rans poured onto his desk in a never-ending Niagara.

It was at this stage of his career that Wagner probably conceived the strong dislike of cheesecake (leg art) and pretty-girl pictures which has now settled into a phobia with him. He is firmly opposed to sending out Ryan publicity photographs of girls registering oomph and kiss-papa, probably because he had to send out so many for TWA.

This, combined with his refusal to wine and dine visiting editors for the sole sake of getting free publicity out of them, makes

him a definitely unorthodox public relations man. But Wagner doesn't mind being classed as unorthodox—he is probably more popular among editors, and gets more publicity for his company, than many of his more conventional colleagues who rely heavily on parties and bathing-beauty photos to wangle spoce. Instead of being regarded as a backslapper and professional swell guy, he is known to editors as a reliable and energetic publicity man who also happens to be sincerely friendly by nature.

Wagner stayed with TWA for more than five years, always working furiously to keep up with the tremendous volume of publicity chores his job involved. He piled out the work so rapidly that a rumor spread through TWA that Wagner had six arms. He became assistant West Coast publicity director, got married, and moved to Chicago to a bigger publicity job with the airline.

But the east didn't agree with Wagner. After a week in Chicago he persuaded his boss that their office should be located in Kansas City. When they got there, Wagner found he had leaped from the frying pan into the fire. Neither he nor his bride saw how they could last out the summer in KC's sweltering heat. But what to do? This was 1937, and good jobs were still not being handed out like free cigars.

Before Wagner had left TWA's Hollywood office a few weeks earlier, a small aircraft company in San Diego had been campaigning to lure Wagner onto its staff. The company was Ryan, and its vice-president, Earl Prudden, had been handling all its publicity as a sideline. Prudden was becoming a bit fatigued with this task as the company grew larger, and he and Claude Ryan had decided they'd better hire a trained publicity man to handle the increasing volume of press and photographic work.

They had offered the job to Wagner once, but the chance to go east with TWA had decided him to turn it down. Now, stewing in his own juices in Kansas City, he bitterly regretted his decision.

One midnight he was sitting in his apartment, clad only in shorts, with two electric fans blowing on him as he vainly sought coolness while working over same publicity stories. The doorbell rang.

It was a post office messenger, with an Air Mail Special Delivery letter from San Diego. The Ryan Aeronautical Company was renewing its offer to him.

Wagner thought the offer over for fully five seconds, then picked up the telephone and put in a long-distance call to San Francisco. "Hello, Clancy," he yelled across the continent to Clancy Dayhoff, his boss, whom the call had routed out of bed. "I just called to tell you I'm resigning."

Dayhoff used up considerable money in toll calls trying to dissuade Wagner, but it was useless. Wagner was sold on Ryan, and has stayed sold ever since, refusing even to consider offers from larger organizations. In the early days here, when he was functioning as a one-man public relations department, Wagner had plenty of headaches, but his famous grin never disappeared.

Wagner's first office at Ryan was a corner of a stockroom. It was his job to churn out all newspaper stories and magazine articles about the company; to supervise all Ryan advertising; to decide on policies affecting the company's relations with the public; to handle relations with the students of the Ryan School of Aeronautics; to take all Ryan photographs, and, later, to get out all the early issues of the Flying Reporter.

Photography was his special delight here. He had learned to take pictures while with TWA (doing so because he'd noticed how much money the airline was paying to outside photographers to take its publicity photos), and at Ryan he learned how to develop and print them (because he'd noticed how much money the company was paying to outsiders for darkroom work).

Armed with a simple four-by-five Speed Graphic, he began getting dazzling shots of

(Continued on page 27)

checking Flying Reporter copy with Editor Keith Monroe



going over correspondence with his secretary



"one of America's eight best aviation photographers"





Troop Sgt. G. R. Bills, who is Lt. Bills of the Plant Police department.

Troop Sgt. Ray Plaaf, who is an officer in the Plant Police department.

Troop Sgt. Chris Mueller, assistant foreman of Machine Shop.

Ryan Horse Show

So crammed full of events, of contests and exhibitions, of ribbons and trophies and cash prizes, that there's not room for a dull moment! That's the verdict of everybody who's had a glance at the program scheduled for this Sunday's big Ryan Horse Show in Mission Valley. Starting sharp at 9:30 in the morning, the kiddies under 14 will be kings for the morning with a series of events lined up that'll give them the thrill of a lifetime.

When the afternoon program opens at 1:00 p.m. there'll be a special judging and awards for the:

1. Best Men's Plain Western attire, equipment and mount.
2. Best Women's Plain Western attire, equipment and mount.
3. Best Men's English attire, equipment and mount.

4. Best Women's English attire, equipment and mount.
5. Best Mounted Troop—

And you'll have your fingernails trimmed to the quick after you've watched the series of events scheduled for the balance of the afternoon. Here are the bare facts, but for the spills and thrills you'll have to wait till Sunday afternoon:

1. Calf Roping Event.
2. Navice Jumpers.
3. Patata Race.
4. Stallions in hand.
5. Exhibition by U. S. Cavalry.
6. Trail Horse Class Competition.
7. Hot Race.
8. Hunters or Jumpers.
9. Stake Race.
10. Five Gaited Saddle Horse Competition.
11. Saddle and Ride Race.
12. Western Pleasure Horse Competition.

The committee whose efforts have promoted such a grand array of events and prizes include Al Gee, chairman of the entire show, Bud Curr who'll be on the scene as ringmaster, G. R. Bills who'll assist Curr, and recreational director Travis Hatfield.

Al Gee and his entire committee wish to express their appreciation for the cooperation which they have received in arranging the show.

From 3 to 4:30 p.m., on Saturday, the day before the show, a number of Ryan employees and their mounts will be on hand close by the factory to give Ryan horse enthusiasts a foretaste of what they can expect at Mission Valley on Sunday.

At Top: First Lieutenant Al Gee of the Peace Officers' Civil Service Troop No. 3. Gee is Ryan's Chief of Plant Protection.

Above: Traoper Erich Faulwetter, general foreman of Sheet Metal.



Capt. H. F. Snell and a portion of the Peace Officers' Civil Service Troop No. 3 which will make its debut Sunday afternoon.



Sunday, August 22

Polo Grounds, Mission Valley

ADMISSION FREE

Eats For Sale on the Grounds

FLOYD BENNETT

(Continued from page 5)

work. So I went back every day for thirty days in a row and applied for a job. On the thirtieth day they hired me."

Floyd's job was sizing collars in the small parts section of the Manifold department, under Jack Zippwald on second shift. He proved to be a two-fisted workhorse, and Zippwald soon began to notice him.

"I never would have gone up as fast as I did, if Jack hadn't given me every opportunity to prove myself," Bennett says. "He found I could read blueprints, and that my woodshop experience had given me some knack with machines. So pretty soon he tried me out on harder jobs, and after awhile he made me leadman."

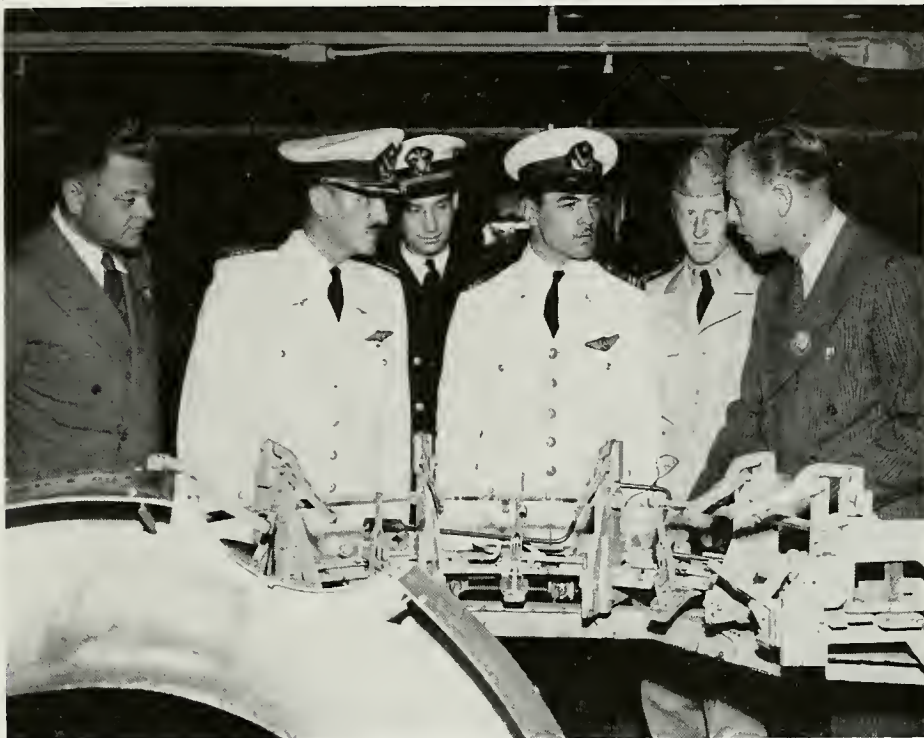
Bennett brought his wife to San Diego to join him, kept learning more and more about manifold work, and was made assistant foreman in charge of the second shift a little less than two years after going to work for the company. "That's one thing I specially like about the Ryan management," Bennett points out. "The supervisors take a personal interest in everyone under them. A worker gets every chance to prove himself, and the promotions keep coming along for him if he keeps improving."

When the new Manifold Small Parts department was organized in September of 1941, Bennett was appointed foreman of it. He found that his new job was a decidedly hot spot. "About twenty thousand separate parts go through this department every day," he says. "If we slow down, we block either shipping or production, or maybe both. So whenever my department gets behind, there are plenty of people on my neck right away."

His department seldom lags, however. If Bennett's workers are told by him that the department is in a spot because a certain job is delayed, they'll work like cheerful fiends to finish it. They believe implicitly in his knowledge of every detail of the work, and in his integrity as a square-shooter.

The department's rate of production has doubled since January. The foreman claims it's due to his luck in having such workers, and the rest of the people say "Bennett's right on!"

Chileans Look Us Over



Group Comdr. Raul Gonzales Nolle, chief of the Chilean Air Force Commission (left), inspecting the Ryan plant. Left to right are Jack Wiseman, Ryan's Washington representative, Nolle, Lt. R. A. Burbick, U.S.N.; Captain Pedro Loyer, Chilean naval officer; Lt. S. H. Zeigler, U.S.N.; Robert Chase, Ryan sales executive.

Air Officers From Chile Visit Ryan

On a nationwide tour of aircraft factories and operation bases preliminary to his new assignment for the Chilean government as air attache at Washington, Group Commander Raul Gonzales Nalle, Chief of the Chilean Air Force Commission, inspected the Ryan plant recently.

He was accompanied by Captain Pedro Loyer of the Chilean Navy, who has been in this country for the past three years studying military aviation.

Smartly dressed in dark military trousers and white officers' coats, the visiting Chilean officials were shown through the Ryan factory by Jack Wiseman, the company's Washington representative, and Robert Chase, Sales Executive. Also in the party were Lieutenant R. A. Burbick and Lieutenant S. H. Zeigler, representatives of the Resident Inspector of U. S. Naval Aircraft.

Commander Nalle and Captain Loyer were both surprised to learn first hand of the extensive use of women in aircraft production work at the Ryan plant, and of the fine way in which American women have taken on wartime responsibilities in order to relieve men for combat duty.

Do You Need A Regular Day Off? Your Foreman Can Arrange It!

If you have good reason to need a regular day off each week, the Ryan Aeronautical Company wants you to ask for it!

"There are dozens of Ryan workers who suffer a real hardship in trying to work the standard six-day, 48-hour week," Factory Manager G. E. Barton says. "Women with children or other home duties, if they can't make outside arrangements to take care of their household responsibilities, may need a regular day off. Elderly people whose strength won't hold up for six consecutive days of work should be on a five-day week. In short, anyone whose state of health or personal responsibilities make a six-day week unwise should take advantage of Ryan's optional five-day week."

It is believed that Ryan is the first company to try this new plan. Rather than increasing absenteeism, the company expects the plan will put attendance on a regular basis, so that foremen will be able to know in advance how many workers they can expect each day.

If you feel justified in asking for a five-day week, here's how you can apply for it: Just go to your foreman, ask him for a 40-Hour Week Application Blank, and fill it out. Then give the blank back to your foreman, and if he agrees that your reasons for requesting it are valid, he'll okay the blank and send it in to the Industrial Relations department. You'll be able to start taking your regular day off within the very same week.

KEEP 'EM FLOWING

(Continued from page 3)

manifold sections moved through the production line without ever being removed from a given truck except for working. "If sections are kept moving," Zihlman says, "storage banks will be reduced to a minimum or absorbed altogether — which will cut down handling and inventory costs."

Perfection hasn't been reached and never can be, Zihlman says, but manifold scheduling is a lot nearer it than before. The pile-up of parts between stations on the production line is being cut to a minimum. The complex production schedules are being streamlined and simplified, so that the rivulets of manifold parts all converging into one final river of finished manifolds will flow swiftly and smoothly.

"It's just human nature to do the easy jobs and let the hard ones lie around," Zihlman explains. "The new system gives every station on the production line just one job to do at a time. Everyone can see by the Schedule Board just when each job is due, and everything arrives on schedule. There's no more of this business of rushing up to a hard-pressed leadman with 'I gotta have such-and-such a job right away. Where is it?'"

Several other new ideas for moving the growing mountains of manifold sections faster and faster have been worked out by Zihlman and Barton.

New move trucks have been built with dividers separating them into two sections—so a worker can take a part out of one section, do his job on it, and put it back in the other section. Previously he had to take all the parts out of the full truck, then put them all back when he'd finished working on them. Since trucks now go through the production line half full, it takes more trucks to handle the volume of work—but it saves a lot of time and effort for workers.

Another innovation has been the storage racks for half stampings in

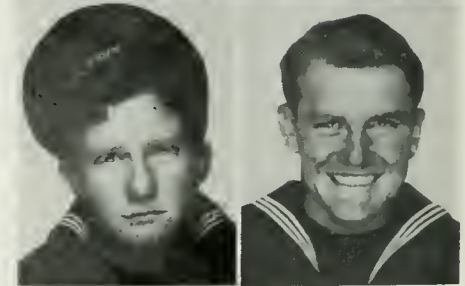
the factory yard. Manifold stampings and assemblies previously were piled in any available place in the yard; dispatchers and leadmen had to search here and there to find the parts they needed. The new racks keep all parts neatly classified, so they can be found in a hurry and inventoried quickly.

Zihlman's flair for efficiency comes from his wide background of factory work. He started as a tool and die worker for the Ford Motor Company. Three years later he was hired by the growing and imaginative Crosley Corporation. In ten years with Crosley he held positions as Foreman in the Production department, Chief Dispatcher of Production Control, and assistant to the Director of Engineering, coordinating the company's three engineering groups into one central department. Later he served as Materials Coordinator for the Arizona factory of Goodyear Aircraft.

Whenever a question under Barton's jurisdiction is such that Zihlman is called in on it, this dark-haired, friendly-faced chap tackles it from every angle. There's no lighting his pipe, swinging around in his swivel chair, and pulling the answer out of the clouds. Zihlman goes out on the factory floor, talks to the men involved, and gets every fact connected with the problem.

Having started on the bottom rung of the ladder himself, Zihlman has an especially keen interest in the average working man. "I like to see men doing work they're happy at," he says. "I watch for their ability to handle themselves and their equipment. You can tell a lot about a man from the pride he takes in his job, his materials and his tools."

Unusual Trophy



At top, Captain F. K. Pierson inspects the Japanese gun which Mrs. Denton received from her son an Attu. Below, Jack Denton on left, Joel on right.

Ryanite Gets Jap Gun From Aleutians

Mrs. Olive Denton of Finishing is showing an unusual trophy to her friends. It's a Jap gun sent to her by her youngest son, Jack, now fighting with the Navy on Attu. Jack, 18, and his brother Joel, 19, were with the ships which transported the first Marines to Guadalcanal. Both were wounded in later engagements and both were returned to the United States for hospitalization. Later Joel went back to the South Pacific and Jack left for the Aleutians where he captured the gun and several other mementos which he sent to his mother. The firearm is the standard type used by Japanese infantry.

Public Library Adds New Books

Aircraft Blueprints and How to Read Them: by Carl Narcross.

Written to fill the need for a short, intensive course in blueprint reading for the aircraft construction mechanic and for the aircraft maintenance mechanic. The author, formerly editor of *Aviation Magazine*, has done all possible to make this book practical.

Aircraft Detail Drafting: by Norman Meadowcraft.

An amplification of a course entitled "Aircraft Drafting Standards" presented

by the University of California at Los Angeles to workers employed or employable in the aircraft industry.

Materials Testing and Heat Treating: by William A. Clark and Brainerd Plehn.

A series of laboratory exercises that suggest many commercial acceptance tests.

Practical Mechanics Handbook: by F. J. Camm.

In a 400-page book the author brings together the facts and figures that are most used in the industry.



FINAL NEWS

by Enid Larsen

As is the case in many of the other departments, we have some service wives who are keeping the home fires burning and doing their bit in this war, and waiting for the time when their husbands will be back home to stay.

DOROTHY EVANS is a navy wife who is doing her bit at Ryan to help win this war, while her husband, Signalman 3/c Hurvey (Bud) Evans is on Convoy Duty "somewhere" in the Pacific. He graduated from Signal School,



Pat and Willard



almost a year. Prior to this, he spent nine months in Iceland, which goes to show that the service men can take it from one extreme to the other.

We are all proud of our service wives and their courageous husbands who are doing all they can to bring this war to a speedy and victorious end.

Our old friend, ED ROEHMHOLDT of Sub Assembly, is at it again. Could be he reads a little of Longfellow or Guest on going to bed and dreams up his poems, anyway, he has written some good ones. This is his latest poem, and clever too; seems to fit the occasion very well.

(Sing to the tune of "Casey Jones")
ADD A VERSE
TO

THE WHOLE DARN FAMILY

Everyone was pleosant as could be.
Everyone felt hoppy and free.
Then one morning the Jappies came.
All went flooey, nothing was the same.
Sister Susie said I won't wear black—
Just shoved off and became a WAC.
Brather Bill said you won't fool me,
Ran away, became a SeaBee.
Aunt Lucy, her husband to save,
Swam across the chonnel and became a WAVE.
Grandpa began to rant and rave,
Joined the flying corps. Became a pilot brave.
Grandma said I won't stay home to milk the cow,
Quit us cold and became a WOW.
The family dwindled down to Baby Boo,
Stayed at home, joined the home guard crew.
Dat, the dog, left without a soul,
Ran away to join the share patrol.
So the president ardered a sign up for everyone
to see.
Read: This whole Darn Family out for victory.
BUY MORE BONDS

—Lyric by E. F. Roehmholdt.
Copyrighted, 1943.



Dorothy and Bud

has seen duty in Alaskan waters and now proudly wears the Navy E for excellency, which his ship won for torpedo practice.

CLARA (PAT) KITTELSON is not only doing her part by working in Final Assembly, but is a member of the Women's Ambulance & Transport Corps. Her husband, Mess Sgt. Willard E. Kittelson, USMC, has been stationed in the South Pacific for

C. E. JEFFREY, a fisherman from way back, snagged a 150-pound sand shark from the Ocean Beach bridge Sunday, and beach traffic was tied up for 30 minutes, watching him try to land it. Just as the prize was within his reach, the hook straightened, (so he soys, but you know these fish stories) his \$11 fishing pole broke, and the shork went on his merry way. The lost that could be seen of Jeff was a red hot ball of fire going over the hill towards Linda Vista.

HANK SANDERS is back with us again on the second shift after many months of illness. He is looking grand, and it seems like old home week having him back.

On behalf of Final Assembly department, I welcome all our new members, and hope they enjoy working with us as much as we enjoy having them here.

Golf Match!! M. W. HUTCHINSON, "The Muscle," vs. JESS LARSEN, "The Voice." It is now a thing of the past, but while it lasted and a few doys before it was played off, there was plenty of fun around these parts. Before the match was decided upon, there was constant agitation and guff between the two as to who was the better golfer (?). A \$10 bet was placed and on July 15 the fatal day arrived. Each confident that he would emerge victorious, with ten extra bucks in his jeans, they proceeded to Municipal Golf Links for the hotly contested match.

To make sure that everything was on the up and up, fair and square, etc., L. C.

Ryanites Receive Course Refunds

Out of the thirty-four Ryanites who recently completed the Ryon Aeronautical Institute technical course on Aircraft Construction and Maintenance, twenty-seven received refunds on their tuition because of their excellent grades on the final exomination! This exceedingly high average would indicate not only that the course was both interesting and instructive, but also that Ryanites have realized the importance of training in preparation for the opportunities which the aircraft industry has to offer.

Ryanites who received refunds because of their outstanding grades were C. H. Ather-ton, A. F. Behm, Doris Bishop, Eleanor Egoal, H. E. Ingle, A. J. Jacobsen, C. B. Jones, E. C. Kirkpotric, C. W. Leeper, L. M. Moore, W. W. Movitz, A. B. Newman, Jr., J. H. Pearson, C. H. Porter, H. D. Pugh, R. A. Reasoner, W. F. Runnels, Ralph Schulz, R. S. Smith, R. L. Stockwell, A. T. Stonehouse, J. P. Turner, H. M. Ulberg, Dale Van Harten, R. N. Wallin, W. J. Wolter, and Mildred Wilson.



Rent Your Property To The Government

Your Government is onxious to lease your property, house, store or building and remodel it to provide living quarters for war workers. In some houses, attics, basements and other unfinished spaces may be converted into apartments. It may be possible to convert others in entirety. The family units that result will be rented to Government approved victory workers.

Although not every property will qualify, the fact that the property is badly rundown makes no difference if it can be renovated suitably. However, the house must be of such size and construction that it can be made to accomodate more families. Mortgaged as well as unmortgaged structures are eligible.

All costs of conversion are paid by the Government and the owner will receive a good rental. At the end of the period he will receive back his property in its remodeled and improved condition and in the meantime may occupy one unit if he desires. Obtain application form at the War Housing Center, 107 Broadway.

HILLES, "The Master," went along, acting as Referee, Announcer, Good Will Ambassador and Chief Divot Replacer, all in one.

At the 4th hole, Hutch was riding the grovy train, being six strokes up on his opponent, Jess. From then on, the pressure was really on and some plain and foncey hacking was being done. The final scores for the 18 holes were: for Hutch, "The Muscle," 107; and for Jess, "The Voice," who come out in the top spot, 100 strokes. Now you know what I mean when I say they HACKED out a terrific score. There have been faint murmurs of a re-match. Hm-m-m-m, think I'll get on Annie Oakley and tog along.

Slim's Pickin's

by SLIM COATS

No doubt many of you remember "PAT" PATTERSON, former flying instructor for the Ryan School of Aeronautics. Pat is now flying with the Air Transport Command, and we have just received a note from him, from London. He explains that he experienced a great deal of difficulty with the British telephone system, and knowing the British system as we do, we chuckled to ourselves no less than somewhat.

The English have not completely accepted electricity. They are not at all sure it is here to stay. You need only to attempt to use the telephone over there to realize the English hostility toward electricity. Nearly every Englishman has a telephone in his home but it is chiefly there for ornamentation. He buys it as he would a rug, or an end table or a picture of Queen Victoria. He has no idea of ever contacting anyone with it, but he thinks it looks pretty.

As a matter of truth, experiments have proved that you can usually reach a distant party more quickly through an end table or a picture of Queen Victoria than you can by the telephone.

The first hurdle to clear when using the English telephone is getting the operator. Operators over there don't sit at switchboards and give all their attention to the buzzing lights. With them, watching the switchboard is a part time job. Some of them are housewives and answer your call only when the children have been packed off to school and the house tidied.

Others are stenographers and the speed with which they ask for your number depends on the length of the letters they have to type. The best thing to do after picking up the receiver to make a call is to curl up with a good book or take a nap.

It is after finally rousing the operator and giving your number that the real trouble begins, however. English operators consider it unfair to all other numbers in the book just to call one tiny little number, so they call them all. If you call Kensington 3027 you can rest assured she'll call Paddington 3027 and Barkley 3027 and all the other exchanges to see to it that no exchange has its feelings hurt.

Thirty minutes after you have picked up the receiver you have a 50-50 chance of getting your number through. The record for getting a number is 21 minutes but it was established by Prime Minister Churchill and is not considered official. Everyone feels that he had to throw his weight around quite a bit to get connected so quickly.

But getting your party does not mean that you are going to talk. In fact, it is almost guaranteed that you aren't. There is a tremendous bond of friendship between the telephone and the radio. No sooner does your party answer "Are you there?" than the B.B.C. comes in with a news broadcast or a 15-minute program of dance music.

Besides the man-made noises you hear, there are mechanical ones by the thousands. Sounds as if scores of tomcats were scraping. Sounds as if the ice were breaking in the Arctic Ocean. Sounds of a log jam. And just when you have pitched your voice

to a point where it will overcome these weird noises, you are always cut off. It can be said without fear of contradiction that no one, even His Majesty, has ever completed a call without being cut off at least once.

It is in the English telephone pay stations that men go mad, however. The mechanism is patterned after the worst features of the juke box, slot machine, linotype and automat.

One of the saddest cases of the war involves an American officer, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who tried to use one and is now in a nursing home in the Midlands. He was given 17 consecutive wrong numbers and couldn't get his money back.

And now for a few "squeezeins" from the grapevine. GALE MOORE, EM2/c is still wandering when some of you boys and girls are going to drop him a line. He is now stationed at the Submarine Chaser Training Center, Miami, Fla. His address is Plaza Hotel, Room 115. He was a Kilowatt Cowboy on the second shift for quite some time, and would especially like to hear from the Maintenance Electricians. How about it, fellows?

CARL THOMAS, one of the most popular and most efficient leadmen the Manifold department ever had, has joined the "Sea Bees." The Sea Bees' gain is a distinct loss to the Manifold department but Carl likes his action in large doses. During the last war he served with the 134th Infantry.

We understand that MAYNARD LOVELL is just back from a serious operation. He states he would have returned sooner, but compensation set in.

Nurse FITZSIMMONS transferred from the Medical department to Manifold Inspection. She states that there were so many "customers" in the First Aid room that she had to get out and run their jobs for them. You are just the gal that can do it, Fitz.

Don't forget to drop out to the Polo Grounds this Sunday for the first Ryan Horse Show. Plenty of thrills, and a chance to see AL GEE'S mounted guards in action. Many of the Ryan oldtimers will be there. Rodeo champions of a few years ago, FRANK WALSH, FRANK KINDALL, "POP" CLINE and many others.

Well, as the man said when he stuck his hand in a bucket of glue, "The feeling is mucilage."



Machine Shop

by Dorothy R. Wheeler

Sunburn days have definitely arrived. Not long ago BASIL KELLEY, GEORGE LAWTON, and their families spent Sunday afternoon at the beach. Of course, we all knew they were both young—but the "tender" part came as a great surprise. George was burned until his skin was even brighter than his hair, and Kelley nearly matched RED GEORGE (you know—the barber of the machine shop).

BUTLER couldn't let those two Irishmen outshine him, so he also has a well-done look about him. Mr. HUNT'S sunburn is in the itching, peeling stage. He says he got it working in the garden—hm-m-m—I wonder.

N. F. NEWTON has been out for several weeks because of a sprained back. We are all so sorry, and will be glad when he is well enough to return. ART TOLE was out with the flu for several days. It was a shame he had to miss, because prior to that he had not been absent or late this year. FRANK FLINT also had to break his previously perfect record. He came in for the last half of the day last week, explaining that he had been to the maternity hospital all that morning. After a bad few minutes we found that it was his brother's wife and that it was a fine baby girl.

MARY EASLEY is absent right now but for such a happy reason. Her son—from whom she had heard nothing for some time—is home on leave from Alaska. We're very glad for you, Mrs. Easley. Hope your other boy gets leave soon, too.

Mrs. RUBY GATES of the day shift and Mrs. MARY VAN ZANDT of swing shift are out on leave of absence. A. E. McDOWELL is having his vacation this week.

TURNER, our "chew-chew" boy (and we don't mean as in trains), is to receive a bronze award for his contribution to the suggestion box. Good for him!

Two new men have recently joined our second shift group—O. M. BRADFORD and J. A. MINAR. Welcome to our happy home, boys.

"PINKY" ALSO, formerly a mill operator on the swing shift, was in San Diego recently. He lives in Arizona now, and is getting along fine in his new job.

ANNA CARMER'S small curly-haired son has twelve teeth! Bet he'll be coming down to Ryan to help his mother before much longer.

The following swing shift news was left anonymously in our desk drawer. Here goes, but please remember I didn't "dood it" or know who did:

"JOHN JACOBS is absent since last Tuesday night—due to illness. If you want to see some one get up a good head of steam in a hurry, just ask HELEN GILLAM, Dispatcher—Why are some cats so high priced? BERT BRYAN will be the proud possessor of a new set of store teeth in the near future. 'You boys may get bit then,' he says.

"One certain fellow on the second shift played the right horse the other day: pay-off was \$26.60 on a two-buck ticket. Not bad, eh, EGGY?"

"Some of the girls are complaining because they aren't losing weight. Do you suppose it would help if the candy consumption was drastically cut?"



Nathaniel E. Warman, nationally-known engineer who is now assistant to Chief Engineer Benjamin T. Salmon.

Noted Engineer Joins Ryan Staff

Nathaniel E. Warman, nationally-known marine engineer, has joined Ryan as Assistant to the Chief Engineer, the company announced this month.

Warman was formerly Chief Marine Engineer of the Marinship Corporation, where he was in charge of machinery design on the shipyard's 10,000-horsepower tankers, and designed the fastest single-screw tanker ever built. He startled the marine engineering world by completing the designs for this ship in 87 days, as compared to the usual period of 18 to 24 months required to design a tanker.

Warman's career since graduation from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1931 has included post-graduate work in aeronautical engineering at California Institute of Technology, and executive engineering positions with Pontiac Motors division of General Motors, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, W. A. Bechtels Company and California Shipbuilding Company.

Warman was also prominent in athletics at Annapolis, straking the Navy crew for four years and playing end on the football team two years.

Ryan Dance a Success

Again at the second Ryan Dance to be sponsored by the Foremen's Club, the spirit of merriment was in full swing.

One of the features of the evening was the crowning of Miss Ryan of 1943, a contest sponsored by a group of Ryan employees. The girls were judged by a committee of disinterested individuals on looks, figure, profile and carriage. The winner of the title and crown, Miss Virginia Ferguson of Sheet Metal Assembly, was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses by Carl Palmer, chairman of Foremen's Club. Runners-up in the contest were Laretta McLaughlin of Airplane Production Control, Mary Wilson of Gas Welding, Jane Wiley of Madeling and Ethel Lundstram of Spot Welding.

Model Characters

by Gilbert Cusey



Here we go again for another issue in spite of the not too vague threats about news in the last issue. Good thing we are on overtime or it might have been more than threats. Sometimes think I should write while working on Sundays so I could say I was being paid for the risks I have to run.

After a week's vacation, and looking browner than ever, JERRY is back with the usual complaint that it just wasn't long enough. He was kind enough to thank me for mentioning him in the column but I suspect he felt it contributed to his G. A. (girl appeal). And I am not the first to call wolf.

For a neat bit of harmony you should by all means hear EDDIE (ane note) GLIDDEN lead the boys in that popular song La De Do De Da. The last verse is especially appreciated.

BOB (THE BOY) HOLT, formerly known as Charles Atlas Holt, really stuck his neck out recently. It seems that even an innocent tool like a straight edge can become a malicious weapon in the hands of same people. For any added information please

don't ask Holt. BRIGGS, as usual, was the accused person in the case but the truth will out.

Advice from Brother Briggs: Do not eat clams. Especially after the night before.

For a neat trick or check payer, as they say in Esquire, try holding a burning cigarette between your thumb and forefinger. For particulars ask that man standing nearest the drinking fountain in this department.

That great lover PARMEN had a new affair, or so he was told. It has always amazed me the way a chance remark can be built into something really worth retelling if only a little effort is applied. In this particular case it took about three hours of steady work on the part of Parmen to track the guilty party down and then he came out with the wrong answer. Better luck next time.

It has been said that women are filling most of the "male" jobs and I have reason to believe this to be true. Even that prerogative of the males for telling tall stories is no longer safe. A group of fellows were shooting the breeze about fishing and hunting during a rest period when JANIE strolled up and added her bit. That finished it. Sorry to say the column is too short to include such a "tall" story.

With puns like that I can expect most anything to happen.

Would like to extend the hand of welcome to McCARTY, a new member of the template group. For a vivid description of a fast get-away have him tell you about his meeting with a pet skunk.

Betty Mills Becomes Mrs. E. A. Moore



There was a quiet family reception following the recent wedding of Production Superintendent Ernie Moore to Betty Mills, former Ryan Visiting Nurse and a seasoned aviatrix in her own right. Ryan men at the reception were Ace Edmiston, best man, and Jimmy Orr and Wm. J. Von Den Akker, ushers. The marriage was solemnized at St. Francis Chapel—chosen because St. Francis is the patron saint of all airmen.

Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry

Well, the old deadline is around again, and again we are late. But not quite so much as we used to be. On with the news, such as it is:

It has been rumored that the Outside Production department has two fans. The plutocrats! AL, my friend, how's about loaning us one????

Mr. CLANCY'S wife has just presented him with a baby girl. Congratulations and so forth. (NOTE: To all the prospective fathers, when your wife presents you with a baby, why not follow Mr. Clancy's plan and pass cigars to the men and candy to the girls???? Reason is we girls don't like cigars.)

GEORGE GRAY, our smiling Navy Inspector, is working swing shift to be able to spend more time with his baby. We all miss you, George.

MILLIE KIENS, Stationery Stores, is limping around these days, after stepping on a needle. Millie, we are surprised. You really should wear shoes.

ERNIE MOORE has just returned from his vacation and honeymoon, looking the picture of health. Glad to see you back.

SALLY LIPSEY, of the Laboratory, having fun at Laguna Beach on her vacation. Don't ride too many horses, Chum.

You should see all the pretties in JOE THEIN'S illustration section of Engineering. Do you pick 'em, Joe???? Good taste, we must say.

Speaking of Engineering, we are wondering why McREYNOLDS went home in such a hurry last Saturday afternoon. Well, just to prove that old odage isn't true, we girls can keep a secret, so you can ask him yourself.

Who is the lucky girl in the Tooling department that receives a gardenia several times per week???? How's about an introduction; we like gardenias too.

Well, Folks, I'm afraid that is all for now—see you next issue, so 'bye for now.



Brownie's Browsings

by Brownie

W. E. GILLONS, "Gilley" for short, is our village blacksmith here at Ryan. The only thing that Gilley lacks is the old oak tree and the hand bellows. We wonder if the village smithy would have been happy if he had an electric air compressor to help him heat the steel.

Our good friend PAUL E. TAYLOR is back at work again. He recently returned from a combination business and pleasure trip to his home state of Missouri.

Have you ever happened past the tool store and looked into the Tooling department. If you have ever been that fortunate, you would have seen Mr. FLOYD WEBSTER who operates a planing machine. His nickname is "The Dictionary Man." Let's try to find out who thought that up.

Cupid has been showing his handiwork

New Downtown Employment Office



A section of Ryan's new downtown employment office at the Plazo, 1023 Fourth Avenue (third floor).

around here lately. The lucky man is Mr. C. L. FREDENBURG whose hideout is in Receiving. He passed out the cigars Sunday, July 18. We wish him all the luck possible.

Many of us are beginning to wonder what patriotism really is. We buy war bonds, work in a war plant and contribute to the Red Cross, then think we're doing as much as anyone.

One man doing more than the average person is WALTER RUSS who works in the carpenter shop. He has four sons in the Navy, and another son who is a war worker. His two oldest sons have been in the Navy for six years, and during that time they made Chief's ratings. His two younger sons are second class, one a radio technician and the other a fire control man.

As long as we have men like Walter Russ in these United States, the Axis can never win. Pop makes the war implements and his sons use them.

A prominent figure in the Finishing department is PAT CLAYBOUGH. She has broadcast a regular radio program on the air. You would think that being on the air would make her airy, but she's just as friendly as can be.

Here's a motto which I think if put into practice will speed up production.

Be like the sun:
Go to bed at the right time,
Get up at the right time,
And shine all day.

Ryan Has Downtown Employment Office

From now on it will be even easier for your friends to apply for work at Ryan! The company has just opened a new downtown employment office at the Plazo, so that anyone interested in getting information about aircraft work can drop in without making a trip to the plant.

The new office is located at 1023 Fourth Avenue, just a hundred feet off Broadway. Frank Saye and Bill Odom are there to give prompt interviews to all comers. If you have friends who should be working at Ryan, ask them to stop in at the Ryan Employment Office, 1023 Fourth Avenue, third floor.



Wives, Mothers Of Pilots Form Club

It started in New York when fifty pilots' wives and mothers who work in aircraft factories gathered together to form a club, "The Co-Pilots of America." The idea spread like wildfire. And now the National Aeronautic Association, who have long felt that the wives and mothers of pilots should get recognition, have become enthused over the possibility of uniting these women all over the country into an organized group.

If you're the wife or the mother of a pilot and would like to become affiliated with a group of this kind, drop a line to the Flying Reporter. If enough are interested, we'll see what can be done.

Hither and Yon

Here's a new column dedicated to keeping up on all the folks at Ryan. You'll see it in print every time we have enough c.d. (cold dope) to fill 'er up. If you know some interesting co-workers you think should be written up, or if you have some interesting information about ex-Ryanites now in the service, jot it down and drop it in the Flying Reporter box or call Flying Reporter at 298. We'll do the rest.

Raised From The Dead—A couple of weeks ago, one of the San Diego papers carried a picture of Terry Kell of Sheet Metal being presented with a gold medal for his shap suggestion. The next day he was greeted by an excited voice on the telephone—"Hey, is this a ghost or the Terry Kell from Texas? Yeah? Gee, I thought you were killed two years ago!" It was an old school pal from the home state on the line.

Two years ago up around Oceanside, Terry lost his billfold containing all his identification papers. Coincidentally, within a short time there was an automobile accident close by and a man was killed. The only identification that could be found was Terry's billfold lying close by. The next day newspapers carried an account of the accident in which Terry Kell had been killed, and Terry's brother notified relatives in the East.

Terry, himself, hadn't heard of the accident until he met his brother on the street the next afternoon. Corrections were sent out, but somehow his friend, who at the time was traveling in the East, never received the good news. Since then he had come to San Diego but had no idea that his old pal Terry was among the living until he saw his picture in the paper.

It's like studying bugs—Strange though it may sound, W. L. "Les" Neeves of the Lab says there's a lot in common between working in Ryan's laboratory and studying bugs. We didn't know just how to take that until Neeves went on to explain that it's the chemistry of the two subjects that's related. For instance, he says manganese—a property with which the lab is constantly involved—when used one part to two million has a marked effect upon the reproductive activities of minute organisms. Well, could be.

Neeves' interest in entomology started many, many years ago on a trip back from China when he had time to ponder the things he'd seen and realized the great part bugs have played—both beneficially and detrimentally—in the life of China. Gathering his training from the University of Illinois and the University of California, he worked for several years with the Tulare Agricultural Commission combating citrus and olive insects, and also with the government in their induction gardens at Chica,

where new plants from foreign countries are grown and tested before they are allowed to spread in this country. Just before coming to Ryan, Neeves was helping prepare blood plasma from San Francisco and Los Angeles for shipment to the armed forces overseas.

Speaking of blood plasma—There's nothing quite like practicing what you're preaching. But Personnel doesn't need to be reminded of that fact—they've already signed up 100 per cent for blood donations to the Red Cross.

Hail and farewell—Bad news for Flying Reporter readers is the departure of Irene Travis, whose Inspection column is an old stand-by. But "hubby" is going in the service and Irene heads east the last of this month. Our best wishes go with her.

Imagine our surprise to run across none other than Dorothy Kalbrek out in Manifold Flux the other day. Old-timers at Ryan will remember her varied and interesting columns in Flying Reporter about two years ago. After being a housewife for 15 months Dorothy's back and we're using all our ruses to promote another column. Watch for results!

A vote of appreciation goes to faithful Reporter writers like Moynard Lavell who during his recent sojourn in the hospital found time to send in a column for last issue which could easily have been entitled "Am I Nuts, Or Ain't I, Huh?" We won't answer that.

From another front—News drifts back that Ensign Murray J. Leonard, former assistant superintendent of Production Control received his gold wings on the 20th of July. He expects to be permanently stationed in New York.

The services scared again when two Ryanettes recently doffed their frills and donned the uniform. This time it was Payroll that took the lass when Mary Journat and Phyllis Llewellyn left to join the WACS. Mary has completed her training and is stationed at Fort Devens, Mass. Phyllis has just gone to Fort Des Moines to begin basic training.

The folks in Engineering just received a letter from Evelyn Sharpe, formerly of that department. She's now Aviation Machinist's Mate 3/c at the naval air base at Norman, Okla. Seems she said something about "wearing out shoes."

I Do's, Present and Future—Could the sparkle in the eyes of Pat Quint, secretary to Eddie Mollay, these days have anything to do with a brand new sparkler on fourth finger left? It's a beauty—and a sure sign that the bells will ring when the boys come back from overseas. Playing second fiddle in the spotlight (excusable in this instance) is the new Ryan one-year pin that Pat is sporting as of this month.

Sight of the month was the former Betty

Can You Do This?



Dave Merritt, young dispatcher who amazes fellow employees with Yogi tricks. Here he's thrusting a big steel needle through his arm.

Ryan Boy Can Equal Amazing Yogi Tricks

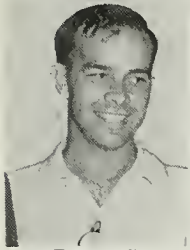
"I don't take any stock in Yogi and I've never studied any Yogi methods, but I can do most of the tricks they do," says David Merritt of Airplane Dispatching.

He says it in a matter-of-fact tone, without boasting, and then proceeds to demonstrate. He can withdraw all feeling from the nerves in his arms or legs, and plunge a steel needle through them without wincing. He can breathe through one lung only, deflating the other so that the whole side of his chest seems to have caved in. He can roll one eye up and the other down, cross them, or look out of both corners simultaneously.

Merritt, who is 17, has already passed the entrance examinations for the Army Air Forces and will become a cadet when he is 18. Army doctors were startled when they discovered his weird ability to control his nerves. They found that he could suck up his abdomen so that it disappeared completely behind his ribs, leaving nothing but skin and spine in the lower part of his trunk, or puff it out to almost twice normal size. His stomach muscles are so strong that he can let a 175-pound man stand on his mid-section.

Merritt is a student in the aircraft division of the San Diego Vocational School, and expects to return there for his senior year this fall. However, he hopes to continue working at Ryan, by transferring to the swing shift.

Mills, Ryan's Visiting Nurse, and Production Superintendent Ernie Moore cutting their huge wedding cake at the reception following the ceremony on the last day of July.



Terry Kell



Mary Journat



Phyllis Llewellyn

Naval Inspector Writes Handbook

Hot off the press is the Aircraft Construction Handbook by Thomas A. Dickinson, naval aircraft inspector at Ryan. The book, which is written in simple language that doesn't require a technical background to understand, is well illustrated with diagrams and photographs and furnishes a complete and practical explanation of the process of constructing aircraft.

Included in the handbook are details of how an aircraft plant is laid out and operated, the simple aerodynamics of why planes fly, aircraft types and nomenclature, aircraft design principles, materials, shop practice, discussions of assembly of aircraft and the requirements and problems of inspection. In addition a complete appendix offering many helpful tables and charts and a glossary of aircraft language is included. The book is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company of New York.



RAF Flier Wants To Correspond

1555604 A. C. CLINT, R.B.
152 Barmulloch Road,
Balornock, Glasgow,
N. Scotland.

Ryan Aeronautical Company,
San Diego, California, U.S.A.

Dear Sirs: I have taken the liberty of writing you to see if you would be good enough to pass this letter on to someone who might like to correspond with me.

I am in the RAF attached to the RCAF in Britain. I saw your advertisement in Flying and Popular Aviation, which I read with interest when I can obtain them.

I am a Scotsman, 21 years old, 5 feet 8 inches, and would like to correspond with one of your workers with interests in sports, music and general subjects.

Yours in anticipation, R. B. CLINT.



MORE ABOUT

BLOOD DONATIONS

(Continued from page 4)

- Who takes the blood?** Physicians, trained nurses and technicians are in charge.
- How much blood is taken at one time?** One pint.
- Is there any pain or discomfort?** None. After donating, persons may resume their normal activities.
- Is any special preparation necessary?** Eat your usual meal four hours before. Drink plenty of liquids: no cream, milk nor fatty food from then until your appointment. Wear a loose or short sleeve.
- How long does it take?** Only about 5 minutes for the actual donation—perhaps 45 including time for examination, rest and refreshments.
- Can I give other donations?** Yes, donations may be made every 8 weeks but not more than 5 in a year.
- Is there an award for donating blood?** Each donor is given a bronze button or pin as recognition of this service. A silver button or pin is given for the third donation.

Ryan Trading Post

FOR SALE—A Pedler wood professional clarinet (Bb); a new Reynolds Regent metal clarinet (Bb), student model. A. M. Cheney, 2796, Monifold Dispatching, second shift.

FOR RENT OR LEASE—Public address system. P. A. 50 watts output peak. Will operate on 110 v. AC or 6 v. battery. Complete with phone, mike and 3 tumpets. Will handle a crowd of approximately 3000. Ideal for picnic, dance, sports, advertising, etc. G. P. Dedman, 2548, Electric Crib, second shift.

WANTED—Do you need a good home for your piano? If not, do you have one for sale? Any make or kind just so it plays. Mrs. Pluma LaValley, Industrial Training.

WANTED—Four-hole table-top range, late model. Will pay cash. E. W. Nable, 8508, Manifold Small Parts, second shift.

FOR SALE—Ladies roller skates, shoe type, size 5½. \$10. J. F. Butler, 2887, Machine Shop.

FOR SALE—One .38 Colt Police Positive, belt and holster, \$40.00. Coll Conde, Ext. 231, M-2, 1st Shift.

SELL OR SWAP—Sidecar for a 1936 H.D. or older. Sell or trade for what have you. Bill Berry, Contract Engineering, 431, Home phone T-2771.

SELL OR SWAP—1937 Black Ford coupe 85. Motor, clutch and brakes completely overhauled. W. S. Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal Assembly.

WANTED—Ammunition. Will pay top price for any quantity, full boxes, broken lots, or even a half dozen in any of the following calibres needed: .22 L.R.—'03 Win.—.22 Spl.—.32 Auto.—.38 Spl.—.45 Auto.—'.250-3000' Savage—.30 Rem. Auto.—.410 Ga.—12 Ga.—28 Ga.
Also want a '29S' or '330' Weaver 'scope and fresh water fishing tackle in good condition. Sgt. D. W. Carney, Plant Police Dept.

WANTED—1- or 1½-hp gasoline engine, with jack or centrifugal pump. Will pay cash. E. W. Nable, 8508, Manifold Small Parts, second shift.

SELL OR SWAP—"Flash-A-Call" intercommunication system capable of carrying up to 10 sub-stations. Consists of Master Control and one sub-station. New—used for demonstrations only. As many sub-stations as desired may be obtained. Ferd. Wolfram, 3053, Drop-Hamhem, third shift.

FOR SALE—Portable oil painting kit. Never been used. 24 color, paint brushes, palette, spatula, etc. Retail at \$25.00. Make offer. Frances Statler, Public Relations. Home phone Humboldt 82776.

FOR SALE—20 ft. marconi rig sloop. Raised deck, forward and after hatches, two bunks, mahogany cockpit. A dry boat in open water. Good for cruising to San Pedro, Catalina, etc. Bottom painted in June with Kettenburg's \$8.00 Red Hand anti-foul. New paint—sides, synthetic white; deck, two coats synthetic buff; floor boards, synthetic gray; all hardwood, two coats synthetic varnish. Good mooring near San Diego Yacht Club with three-eighths galvanized chain. For photograph and further information see John McCarthy, 1541, Tool Inspection, first or second shift.

WANTED—T Model Ford, Johnny O'Neil, 5394, Manifold Assembly.

FOR SALE—Need cash quickly. Will sacrifice my 1937 de luxe Olds sedan equipped with radio. \$365. H. D. Schriver, Contract Administration. Home Phone M. 9382.

FOR SALE—Everhot Electric Roaster, like new, complete with broiler and all aluminum pans. \$30. Emil Fechener, 4437, Manifold.

FOUND—Scale, comb and case. See Carl Hyatt, 1584, Inspection-Paint Shop.

FOR SALE—Arvin electric heater, like new. Capable of heating entire apartment. Emil Fechener, 4437, Manifold.

FOR SALE—Remington Model 37 22 caliber target rifle equipped with Lyman 5A telescope sight. Both in A-1 condition. Dan Wilcox, 24, Inspection. Home phone W. 4152.

FOR SALE—17 jewel Elgin watch. 25 year guaranteed gold case. A. C. Berryman, 2615 Inspection Crib No. 3.

WANTED—Medium or large bicycle. A. C. Berryman, 2615, Inspection Crib No. 3.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Baby bassinet and bathinet and small crib. William Brown, 1420, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—Bargain, Martin aluminum, automatic trout reel. Very good condition, \$7.00. R. I. Jones, 4758, Maintenance Paint Shop.

WANTED—Eastman precision enlarger or any enlarger that will take up to 4x5 size film. William Brown, 1420, Sheet Metal.

WANTED—Lawn mower in good condition. Sue Guntharp, 406, Public Relations. Home phone Henley 3-4323.

WANTED—A baby buggy. R. K. Gird, 1643, Wing Assembly, second shift.

Tooling Department Enjoys Barbecue



Here's the gong of the recent picnic given by Ryan's Tooling Department. Look happy, don't they?



Production Control

by Maynard Lovell

I never did know that deadlines could get around so fast. I've spent most of my time since coming back trying to find out all the moves that had taken place while I was gone. I never did see one place that could change so much so fast. If you haven't seen Mr. CUNNINGHAM'S new office yet stop in and take a look. When they started making it over yesterday everyone wondered what he was going to do with all the space. When I came in this afternoon I found out. There were twenty-six persons in there. As a matter of fact they had just about pushed Mr. Cunningham out of his own office. Mr. ORR had all the day Dispatchers in for instruction on procedure and as they went out the second shift came in. It was a busy place for a while.

I haven't been able to get any news from the shop. LEONARD HANSEN is vacationing for a week in ports unknown. He promised to have a good time for all of us. With all this good vacation weather here he is the only one that I can think of at this minute that is on vacation.

I met ERNIE MOORE in his office last night and he was trying to do a week's work in one day and with a brand new wife at home waiting dinner for him, was late

the first night. I hope she forgives you, Ernie, and all kidding aside—we of the second shift all wish you and Mrs. Moore the best of everything in life.

I was shocked today while having my driver's license renewed to see two Inspectors come in, names on request, and after taking the eye test, and passing it, have their licenses made out. This disproves the theory that Inspectors are blind. I mentioned this to one of them and he said that it was the cobwebs on their magnifying glasses that made all the manifolds look like they had cracks in them. I told BILL KUPLICK about it and he said that he would have them cleaned every night for them and thought that would cut the reworks down 50%.

Away back last January SLIM COATS took SYLVIA SAYRE out of circulation in one of his articles. She informed him that he had made a mistake and got him to promise to put her back in circulation again. Slim forgot about it in his last article in the Reporter and it has worried Sylvia no end. Being out of circulation when you aren't is evidently no joke so I now officially return Sylvia to the fold.

It's strike three on the batter
It's right across the plate
It's Uncle Sam that's pitching
The Axis is the bait

He struck out Mussolini
On Hitler it's strike two
It's Tojo next in the batter's box
He's afraid of what we'll do.

When our team gets to batting
We'll sure bat in the runs
We'll steal the Axis bases
And set the Rising Sun

200 Ryan Employees At Tooling Picnic

The big barbecue, held by the Tool Room, Tooling Inspectors, Tool Design, Tool Planning, and the Modeling department, at Big Stone Lodge, July 25, was a huge success. Two hundred employees and their families participated in the day's events.

The menu consisted of barbecued pig, prepared the night before by the committee, with special credit to Elizabeth Pipes for her excellent sauce; potato salad, tomatoes, pickles and olives, French rolls and beer. Ice cream and soft drinks delighted the children.

Dancing in the lodge dominated the afternoon, to the tunes of Charlie Anderson's Orchestra. Special thanks and appreciation to those who made it a success: Chief Walker, Bill and Doris Truchon, Minnie Isom, Elizabeth Pipes, Johnny Castien, Bob Rice, Art Torgersen, Lee Adams, Broctis Mathis, Bill Davies, Chris Mueller, K. O. Burt, and Grocie Monroe.

It's Uncle Sam that's pitching
And Churchill behind the bat
With the United Nations in the field
We'll lick those dirty Rats.

RAY HOLKSTAD,
Second Shift Manifold Dispatching.





Mo Loft Sez

by George



It seems we had more than our shore of news for the lost issue but certain impressive forces saw to it that the authors were kept very busy for the week before the deadline. It couldn't be that "HERB" wanted to stay out of the limelight for one issue, could it?

As we all know by now, Mr. CROUCH is no longer master of his own mind. As of July 11, he was welded to Miss WOOD, a lovely young thing whose name has appeared quite frequently in this column. The wedding was a very formal affair held at one gasoline ration coupon from San Diego. Herb wanted to make sure the jeering section would not come en masse, which it didn't. The two cherubs then took themselves up to L. A. for a three-day honeymoon.

We were all very happy to see this whirlwind romance reach its climax. However, we have not noticed any change in the bridegroom inasmuch as the overtime is concerned. Poor old Herb, for a while he didn't see his wife enough to know he was married. But after a few weeks of slow driving, he saw to it that the hours were somewhat whittled down. Well, I think we have fried Herb enough for this issue.

Well, our little bargain fiend is at it again. After taking a real shellacking on the purchase of that elegant Plymouth sedan, he has now bought himself another white elephant. However, this time the car will run intermittently for approximately one-half hour, which is 29 minutes longer than the Plymouth. Yes, it's PAT CARTER we're talking about and this time the fangs are being applied by the WELSBACHER-LEE combine. We sure hope Pat's money holds out till we find something in the line of high class merchandise such as he is accustomed to purchasing.

We wish to welcome JIM RILEY back into our fold after a nine-month session at Point Loma High School. No, not as a student. Also LUCAS BRUNOLD who enjoyed his five-day vacation. Luke, it seems, counts differently than most people. At least to him a day means 48 hours, therefore the discrepancy in his returning after 10 days. And now we welcome a newcomer to the department. The man is LORIS E. DAY who came to us from the quiet Manifold department.

Since we have welcomed these three men we'll have to say goodbye to "HONEST DUKE" SARVER, half-owner of Luke and Duke's casino, also loftsmen de luxe. Duke left us for greener pastures. Well, good luck Duke, and let us hear from you.

We hope N. M. CORBETT is back in our midst soon. He has been laid up with a bad hoof, but not bad enough to warrant shooting a good work horse who has stood up under 14 years of aircraftwork. We also hope that our chief continues his fine health and keeps that smile on his face. In other words, we want RAZZY to keep smiling and bear up under us if possible.

Now a short note to the boys in the armed forces. We haven't heard from any of you for quite a while. Let us know what you're doing and where you are, and how any of you received your wings yet? We wish to say "Hello" personally to the boy wear-

ing the "Sustineo alas" wings and the Robert Taylor profile. Keep 'em flyin' and fryin', fellas, and best of luck to all of you.

Here's a little poem just handed me. I wonder who it's about.

We're still in hopes of getting ropes
From "Herb" out Romono way,
The man who's rumored to be worth
A million boles of hoy.
We told him true o drink or two
Would do in lieu of hemp.
Alas, he says, he isn't broke
But he is badly bent.



Manifold Small Parts

Strictly stag until the end of July, the graveyard shift of Manifold Small Parts has now gone co-educational. A week after the new setup there were a dozen women enrolled. Some come from within the department, like ELSIE STEINRUCK and ELVIRA MOCK, formerly of the second shift, who found their home cores easier to handle when they worked later. LUCILLE JURNEY signed on when BILL did, just moving over from Manifolds next door, as did SCOFIELD. BERTHA WALTER had only a short jump from Manifold Assembly, like RUBY GREN, from Final Assembly. The rest of the women were all new talent. MADELINE BIASTRO and DOROTHY BRIDGHAM had preparatory aircraft work in another plant, but the remainder started cold. Beginners were MARGARET EDWARDS, JUNE JONES, JEAN NELSON and NEVA SUMNER. All of them seem to like the shift, and are to be found looking unbelievably wide awake and cheerful at 7:15 A.M. They say the place is relatively cool and peaceful from midnight on, and that parking quickly and easily is a big attraction.

GORDON JOHNS, foreman of third, had a short hunting trip not long before the change-over, but the wounds it left him had healed before the shift expansion started. CHARLEY CRISWELL is back on the shift after an absence of nearly five months. SCOTTY DERR, a fixture with the second shift since January, 1942, is another newcomer to graveyard. He and RUTH were very thrilled and busy, getting ready for a "war loan baby." The little girl's father is in the Seabees, and is leaving her with his friends the Derrs for the duration.

For more than a week Scotty turned over his flosswelding machine each morning to BRITTIE LA PAZE, pioneer woman operator of the department. ED KUEBLER, daytime spotwelder, went on the sick list for more than two weeks while he had on operation and treatment.

Sensation of the second for a time was the marriage of RUBY and ROBERT FLICK. The former Miss DILLARD acknowledged



New Liaison Officer



Captain Harry N. Bailey, who came to Ryan last month as the new resident representative of the Army Air Forces here.

that their trip to Yumo July 26 was almost as much of a surprise to the couple as to their friends.

FRANCES GIOLZETTI will be wanting to leave us for a short spell. Her husband has hopes of getting at least ten days away from camp so he can come back for a home visit.

When SHORTY INGLE got his recent promotion to leadman, the news met with no surprise. Shorty has been regarded by the people in his area as solid, and a natural for the job.

WOODY YOUNG checked in August 9 after his vacation with a tale of hunting rabbits and knocking off a bobcat. "One shot" Young claims that he glimpsed the animal, fired, then called for help in dragging it away.

JOHNNY SCHICHT intended making a short visit in San Francisco during his vacation. MIKE WHALEY announced that he would take his in sleeping and sitting doses, right at home.

Diversion here in the factory was provided by a family of very young rats. The trusting creatures had built their little home under the paper lining of one of the carts, and persisted through several loadings and unloadings. Finally somebody got neat, picked up the paper to change it, then gave out with a good yell.

After some thought, it was decided not to keep the things for pets. Rats really have no place in the doings of this department, and were dealt with decisively.

These columns of the Flying Reporter were salvaged from the obsolete "Second Thoughts" effort. The name wouldn't do any longer, because the department deserved representation for every shift. Also there were too many of these "What do you mean by thoughts?" queries.

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin (age 5)



ENGINEERING AND THE NEW HUMANISM

This is Cassandra speaking with the voice of doom. This airplane business is getting entirely too dry. At least the engineering end of it is. We make drawings, send them out; they circulate through a certain routine, come back defaced with initials and red and yellow pencil marks. You'd hardly realize that human beings had created and handled those pieces of tracing cloth. What is the matter with us? Are we just cogs in a great machine, or are we living, pulsing souls?

How different would be the return of the drawing if only we let ourselves go. Let us take for instance a hypothetical drawing. Having completed drawing it, we find that it looks a little barren; and we also find that it has a parallel border which looks terribly empty. So we fill it up with a running scrawl of leaves, flowers and doves. Just what it needed: a little dressing-up. But it also needs a title. What shall we call it? It looks like a Gimcrack. O. K., let us fill in the title-block: Gimcrack: Wing station 99.9. And instead of lettering in our name with great care in its appointed place, we sign it with a great flourish just below the picture: "MILLARD TRACING-CLOTH. Pinxit 8 August, 1943, A.D."

That is all for a couple of months. Eventually it comes back, but what a pleasure to see it now. It has been handled by flesh and blood, and flesh and blood have reacted to it, as we can plainly see.

First, we look at the B/M.

Release's note: "This drawing comes as a distinct shack to me. Mr. Tracingcloth should not have gone out of his way merely to please me. Having waited three months for this print, I could easily have waited another three. What is Time? A figment of the philosopher's mind." Signed, Edmons.

And the Materials people: "Had you asked for gold, Tracingcloth, I would gladly have given it to you. But to ask for copper-beryllium! Where is your sense of fitness, sir? Alas, but we shall have to make this out of 50-50 bar salder. Infinite regrets, and all that." Signed, Wood.

"Those volumes and volumes of standards, compiled by unimaginative grinds, can easily stand a Nietzschean doubting, and who more than yourself is fit to question them? I gladly grant you this whimsy of using metric threads and square bushings. Good luck, old fellow." Signed, Hearne.

Then, Weights: "Why stint yourself, brother? Don't put yourself out for our sake. Make it solid, and it will last forever. Incidentally, if you could warp the surface shown into another dimension, it would be a lot more interesting computing the weight of this part. On a guess, we'd say it weighs between two and ten pounds." Signed, Spicer.

Stress: "How naive of you to fear breakage of this part. We have tried every mode of analysis, and rejoice to say that it is apparently faultlessly designed. However, I personally suggest that this part on manufacture should be plainly labeled: Handle With Care—Do Not Drop—Store in a Warm Dry Place." Signed, Borden.

Checkers: "Knowing how sensitive people are to criticism, I have asked my minions to treat every drawing as though it were their own; but you see, they are unflinching critics of themselves, and I admire their honesty; I trust you will, too. Forgive them their childish delight in scribbling with red pencil all over everything they can get hold of; remember that the color fascinates them." Signed, Benesch.

Project Office: "Subject to redesign." Signed, Baumgarten.

Living from all parts of the country, Mrs. Nelson responded as did many other San Diegans. She soon had a houseful of boys all working in the aircraft industry. Their talk of machines, their friends and the effort they were making to win the war soon interested their landlady and she decided to seek a job in an aircraft factory and do her bit to win the war.

Long active in San Diego club work, she has served on many important committees and councils. While President of the County Council she instigated the movement to purchase Braille Bibles for the blind of the county, as well as other charitable work in this territory.

She has been long active in the work of the Brooklyn Heights Presbyterian Church, and a troop leader of the Girl Scouts. Always interested in children's welfare work, she has instigated and put through many measures and plans to aid those in need in the county.

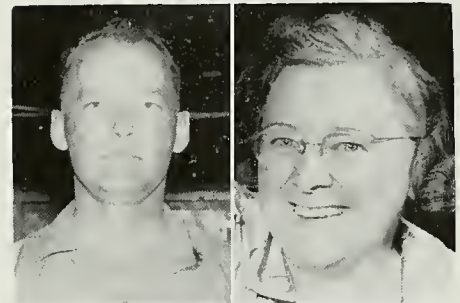
Mrs. Nelson has three children, 12, 10, and 2, and they are very self-reliant, helping their mother with her home work and

More Promotions



Left: Richard Perry, new leadman in Sub-Assembly.

Right: P. Puccia, leadman in Drop Hammer.



Left: Wilbur Peters, new second shift leadman in Airplane Welding.

Right: Mrs. F. M. Brawn, leadwoman in charge of covering and fabric work in Finishing. Another new leadwoman in Finishing is Mrs. A. V. Sanders.



Left: W. F. Runnels, leadman in charge of Punch Presses in Sheet Metal Parts on second shift.

Right: J. P. Newman, leadman in after-jig and line up section of Manifold Assembly, second shift.

cooperating with the neighbor lady who takes care of the baby during the day.

Her brother, 1st Lieutenant LYMAN PROSE, is in the Army Air Corps, and her father is fire chief at the Chico Air Base, so you can see the entire family is patriotically inclined.

When the busy lady does get a few moments of leisure she likes to crochet and do knitting. Some beautiful bedspreads, afghans and other articles are evidence of her skill. Her collection of miniature vases is unusual and her friends are aiding her in getting a vase from every state in the union. At the present time her collection boasts articles from 30 of the 48 states.



Plant Personalities

by Jack Graham

If you were to pass the expanding mandrel machine in the Manifold Small Parts department you would see an attractive and efficient-looking woman doing her bit to win the war. Upon inquiry you would find that she was none other than Mrs. FLOR-ENCE NELSON, past president of the San Diego County Federation of Junior Women's Clubs, and a past president of the California Nurses' Association.

It is quite a sudden transition from a nurse to a machine operator and the suddenness of it all still draws gasps from Mrs. Nelson's friends.

When the aircraft industry of San Diego appealed to private home-owners to open their residences to the flood of workers ar-

SPORTS

Riding Club News

by Winona Mattson

Up the hill and down the hill rode the "Ryan Ryders." Sunday, August 1st was the day and 9:00 a.m. to 11:00 the time. San Diego Stables was the place.

"Cowboy Henry" McReynolds startled the Ryders, horses too, with his new ten gallon hat and shiny black shirt. "Trojan" let him get aboard after backing his ears and looking him over.

Dave Bracken stomped up with his spurs jingling and made three attempts to mount "Nigger." The stable boy pulled up a bale of hay and he made the saddle.

Bill Immenschuh led the ride on prancing "Moster," and what a ride! Bill, did you get your training riding steeplechases or after mountain goats?

The regulars riding were: Bill Immenschuh, Andy McReynolds, Carol Lawrence, Leonard Gore, Frances France, Virgil Johnson, Winona Mattson, and Irving Wishmeyer.

Virgil brought three guests: Dorothy Fisher, Pat and Barney Barnett. Andy's guest was Dove Raeburn.

Tom Davidson, Dave Bracken and L. E. Anderson rode with us for the first time. We hope they will be "regulars," too. Anyone interested in riding with us may call or see Bill Immenschuh or Winona Mattson for information about the next ride. We are considering moonlight rides and breakfast rides so come on in with your ideas.

Latest News On Orban-Scroggs Feud

According to Steve Orban, he is leading in the Orban-Scroggs feud, having recently walloped Scroggs by the decisive margin of one stroke. As he refused to divulge the exact score, it can safely be assumed to be enough.

According to Scroggs, he wasn't there that Sunday and thinks Orban must have played some old lady.

According to Orban, Scroggs was at least half there, though probably no more.



Final Golf Tournament August 29th

The final golf tournament of the summer series will be held August 29, and some extra prizes besides the usual trophies and golf balls will be offered.

The results of the August 1st tournament, which was held at the Coronado Country Club, were as follows:

- Low Gross — Bills (78)
- 2nd Low Gross — K. Barnes (81)
- 3rd Low Gross — Wilkinson (83)
- Low Net — J. Humphrey (92-30 for 62)
- 2nd Low Net — L. Humphrey (96-29 for 67)
- 3rd Low Net — Trout (92-25 for 67)



The Score Board

by A. S. Billings, Sr.

The second half of the San Diego County Managers' Baseball League opened July 31 with Ryan All-Stars defeating the Neighborhood House 12-3 in a free-hitting contest at Golden Hill Playgrounds.

Dick Roxborough and Nino Burnise went the route for Ryan and Stanley Sharp, former University of California catcher, settled the issue with a line drive to right with the bases loaded. Doug Dunnan led the attack with four hits. Both of these boys reported for induction this month.

The club drew a bye on August 1 but ran into trouble at National City, August 7, when the re-organized Concrete Ship of National City defeated us by a score of 5-4. This was anyone's ball game but we were outplayed and out-hustled and Concrete Ship deserved the win. Jack Marlette, whose hitting is really something of late, and Mase Martin both played bang-up ball in this contest.

We are still looking for a couple of left-handed hitters who can hit that apple in a pinch. Our pitching is good and the rest of the club is above average, but we need a couple of good hitters who can get the ball out of the infield when the sacks are populated.

The Ryan All-Stars were organized in the summer of 1941 and have been represented in the San Diego County Managers' League in both Summer and Winter Leagues since that time.

The club has never won the league championship but has finished second three times and has a record of 64 games played (including exhibition games) with 47 wins and 17 losses.

Some pretty fair country ball players have represented the club during this time. Del Ballinger of the San Diego Padres; Bill Thomas, Hollywood Stars; Frank Kerr, Columbus; Ted Kerr, Pocatello, Idaho; Jack Billings, Milwaukee; Warran Kanagy, Birmingham; Tony Jeli, Pocatello; Luther French, Sacramento; Stan Sharp and Doug Dunnan, University of California, and many youngsters from San Diego High School.

The club is now engaging in excellent competition as all Service teams are very strong. If we can get a stand-off in the present Summer League, the coming Winter League should really produce the best Sunday ball seen in San Diego since the last war.

THE RYAN ALL-STARS



RYAN ALL STARS 1941-42-43

Left to right, top row: Bob Bollinger, p; D. Schmitz, lf; A. Smith, 1b; B. Peterson, rf; G. Anderson, catcher; Bill Billings, mgr. Front row: Jack Marlett, 2b; Art Spahr, Mase Martin, 3b; Erv Morlett, ss; Nino Barnise, ss. (Not included in the picture but eligible to play on Sundays: Warren Kanagy, Luther French, Del Ballinger, Jack Billings, Arthur Billings, Fred Mattson, Roy Fitzpatrick, Roy Vinblagh and Robert Kellogg. Uniforms are furnished through the courtesy of Tom Downey, Inspector Final Assembly, and Brooklyn Dodger representative on the West Coast. They were lent to Ryan by the Santo Barbara Saints.

Ryan Tennis Team Takes On Solar

Inter-plant tennis competition, which to date has been all in Ryan's favor, goes into its second round of play Sunday, August 29, at 10 a.m. on the North Park Courts, with Ryan taking on Solar. Ryan's last opponent, Rohr, was defeated 7 to 5.

As the membership of the six-man team is determined by the standing in the ladder competition, the names of the players are not known definitely until a day or so before the games. The purpose of the ladder was to ensure new players an opportunity to make the team, as well as to determine the best players in the plant. Under such a plan new members of the club have an equal chance with old members to make the team and as the membership of the team changes constantly, everyone is forced to keep on his toes.

The latest standing on the ladder is as follows: Jack Balmer, Dan Wasser, Joe Garinger, Price Allred, Nael Brawn, Chuck Kellagg, Jacques Westler, Ben Chamberlain, Conrad Adams, W. Sly, William McBlair, J. J. Mahr, Jack Graham, Charles Christopher, J. T. O'Neil, Norman Keiber, Carmack Berryman, Walter Dixon, Keith Whitcomb, Manuel Morales, Clark Dixon, B. Putnam, H. C. Jarrell.

Tentatively, the week of August 22-29 has been selected for the annual Ryan Tennis Tournament. Two large trophies will be awarded the winner and runner-up. Tennis players who have not yet signed up with the club still have time to enter the tournament by handing in their names to Carmack Berryman, Dan Wasser, or Travis Hatfield.

Rifle Club Receives Charter

The Ryan Rifle Club has received a charter from the N. R. A. which will ensure sufficient ammunition to members. However, to retain the charter and continue to receive ammunition, members must go through a training program and classification, which is taking place at the Stanley Andrews range.

Four local clubs are now affiliated with the N. R. A.: Hilltopper (a junior club), West Coast, Convair, and Ryan. This fall a meet between the four clubs will be held for the Hearst Trophy and Junior Class medals.

Manifold Tigers Beat Sheet Metal

Monday, August 9, the Sheet Metal team bucked up against the Manifold Tigers. Both pitchers rode the merry-go-round, and the score came up 13 to 3 in favor of the Tigers.

The following Thursday the Ryan All-Star softball team won over the Solar aircraft team 11 to 2. Dan Myres pitched 15 straight strikeouts. Many ball fans are giving the All-Stars a very good chance to win the second round.

Bear Cats Leading Women's League

Paced by the high game averages of Merzeilla Hickey and Merle McGrew, the Ryan Women's Bowling League, which started out as a beginner's class, is drawing to a successful close. Averages for the first several weeks' play have never been divulged, but the latest records are:

High team game—Bear Cats, 485.
High Individual Game—Merzeilla Hickey, 158.
High Team Series—Bear Cats, 892.
High Individual Series (2 games)—Merle McGrew, 263.

Playing a consistently good game, the Bear Cats are leading the league with the Crazy Cats within striking distance. The standing to date is:

| | Wan | Last |
|------------------|-----|------|
| Bear Cats | 18 | 6 |
| Crazy Cats | 11 | 7 |
| Pale Cats | 12 | 12 |
| Alley Cats | 8 | 8 |
| Bab Cats | 10 | 14 |
| Wild Cats | 7 | 17 |

Now that these girls, who were all beginners to begin with, are getting into the expert class, it's about time to think of another women beginners' class. Anybody interested?

Coggins Successfully Defends Title

Jack Coggins, Manifold department and Ryan Boxing Club instructor, successfully defended his Pacific Coast Light Heavyweight championship against Red Neibert, Friday, July 30, at the Federal Athletic Club, knocking the challenger out in the fifteenth round.

Manifold and the Foremen's Club sent a large delegation to support their fellow worker and Coggins expressed his appreciation by putting on a good show for the boys. Travis Hatfield reports that after watching the local bay display his wares, a number of Ryanites are joining the Boxing Club to take advantage of Coggins' instruction.

Badminton Club Marking Time

The Ryan Badminton Club is marking time until the San Diego High Gym is again ready for use. The gym is being refinished and repainted, and according to the city playground department will not be ready for use until August 25. The Ryan Club will then continue using the gym every Wednesday evening from 7 to 10:30. Anyone interested in becoming a member of this club is asked to see Carmack Berryman, Crib 3, or Travis Hatfield in Personnel. The admission to play is free. Players, however, furnish rackets and birds.

She Bowls 'Em Over



Jeanette Smith couldn't bowl a lick when she started in Ryan's novice team just a short time back. Now she is getting better every week!

Girls Softball

Maybe some of you have been wondering why the girls softball team hasn't been getting any recognition of late. If you have, here is the straight dope from their manager, Dean Haffman: "Due to the fact that the rest of the teams, made up of Waves, Wacs, and Spars, were unable to get organized, we were unable to secure any competition, so our team brake up."

Bowling League In Second Half

Despite the outstanding 890 game that Targerson's Taal Raam team rolled the other evening, they still have to concede the lead in the second half of the Ryan Summer Bowling League to the Ryan Silents. Here's the way the scoreboard looks as we go to press:

| | Wan | Last |
|-------------------------|-----|------|
| Ryan Silents | 8 | 0 |
| Maintenance | 6 | 2 |
| Rockets | 5 | 3 |
| Taal Raam | 5 | 3 |
| Ryanettes | 4 | 4 |
| Plant Engineers | 2 | 6 |
| Jigs and Fixtures | 2 | 6 |
| Gutter Tossers | 0 | 8 |

New president for the second half of the league is Harry Graham of Toaling. A. Targerson, Toaling, and F. Gordon Mossop, Plant Engineering, continue as vice president and secretary respectively.

Despite the fact that the summer league is still any team's win, plans are already getting under way for the winter competition. Within the next three weeks winter league bowlers should submit a list of the members of their team, the name of the team and the captain to Travis Hatfield in Personnel so that everything'll be on the button when the league officially starts on September 27th.

SPORTS LINEUP

| Sport | Club | Capt. or Chairman, Phone and Location | Time | Notes |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Archery | Ryan Archers | T. Hatfield, 317, Personnel | All Day Every Day | Consair Range, Balboa Park on 6th. |
| Badminton | Ryan Badminton Club | T. Hatfield, 317, Personnel Also Carmack Berryman, Inspection Crib 3 | Wednesday Nights, 7:30 to 10. Also Tuesday Nights, 7:30 to 9:30 | Wednesday nights reserved for Ryan employees only. Tuesday nights open to everyone. Place, S. D. High School Gym |
| Baseball | Ryan All-Stars | A. S. Billings, 220, Quality Control | Sundays, 2 p.m. | Best grade semi-pro ball. Each team may play professional players. Ryan team finished 2nd in 1942 summer league and 3rd in 1st half of 1943 summer league. Second half starts July 25th. |
| Baseball | Ryan Clippers | Roy Cole, 231, Maintenance | Thursdays, 5 p.m. | Industrial league, just starting. Practice games booked by manager for each Tuesday, 5 p.m. League games booked by U. S. O. office at YMCA |
| Bowling Men | Ryan All-Stars | Joe Love, 358, Manifold | Fridays, 7 p.m. | Industrial league, Pacific Recreation. |
| Bowling Men and Women | Ryan 1st Shift | M. Wilder, 358, Manifold | Mondays, 7 p.m. | Ryan summer league, Tower Bowl. 14 teams. |
| Bowling Men and Women | Ryan 2nd Shift | Fred Hill, 252, Sheet Metal | Wednesdays, 10 a.m. | Summer league at Hillcrest Bowl |
| Bowling Men and Women | Ryan League | C. Nabeau, 334, Inspection | Thursdays, 6:30 p.m. | Tower Bowl |
| Bowling Women | Ryan Girls League | T. Hatfield, 317, Personnel | Thursdays, 5 p.m. | Tower Bowl |
| Bowling Women | Ryan Rollerettes | T. Hatfield, 317, Personnel | No Set Time | Will play match games with any organized girl bowling team. |
| Boxing | Ryan Boxing Club | T. Hatfield, 317, Personnel Also Instructor Jack Coggins | Individual Appointments | Jack Coggins, lighthweight champion of Calif., teaches beginners and advanced pupils. |
| Fishing | Ryan Rod and Reel Club | T. Hatfield, 317, Personnel | Thursdays, 11:30 to 12:30 | Meeting open to all interested. Factory conference room. Fishing parties to be arranged at meetings. |
| Golf | Ryan Golf Club | M. Clancy, 244, Methods Engineering | See Weekly Bulletin and Activity Board | Plays every 3rd Sunday. Starting time 6:45 to 8:30 a.m. |
| Horse Show | Ryan Employees Horse Show Club | Al Gee, 351, Plant Protection | August 22 | Will be held at the Polo Grounds (Mission Valley). Events in the morning 9 to 11 and in the afternoon 1 p.m. till ?? For further details watch weekly Bulletin and check with Personnel Dept. |
| Ice Skating | Ryan Ice Skating Club | Gus Ohlsen, 203, Engineering | | Bulletins will be posted on next meeting. Special rates to club members. |
| Ping Pong or Table Tennis | Ryan Ping Pong Club | R. S. Cunningham, 273, Production Control | Set By R. S. Cunningham | Tables located at different sections of town. These may be used for practice play. Tournament games will be played according to schedule. |
| Riding Club | Ryan Ryders | Pres. W. T. Immenschuh, 376, Engineering Sec. W. Mattson, 374, Engineering | No Set Date | Rides from S. D. Stables, 9 — 11 a.m. Until further notice rides will be scheduled by agreement of club members. |
| Rifle Club | Ryan Employees Rifle Club | Pres. Geo. Sinclair, 203, Engineering Sec. H. Van Zant, 346, Tooling | Wednesdays 7 p.m. Stanley Andrews Co. Sundays. Special Dates S.D. Police Range | 1144 3rd Avenue. Broadway Extension. |
| Softball Men | Ryan All-Stars | Mgr. C. L. Scates, 358, Manifold | Weekly | Schedule in local newspaper and on weekly Bulletin. |
| Softball | Ryan 1st Shifters | N. E. Carlton, 358, Manifold | Tuesdays, 5 p.m. | Industrial League games scheduled by U. S. O. office at YMCA |
| Softball | Ryan 2nd Shifters | Ray Holkestad, 368, Manifold Dispatching | Tuesdays, 10 a.m. | Industrial League games scheduled by U. S. O. office at YMCA |
| Softball Women | Ryan Aircraft | Mgr. Hoffman, 305, Fuselage | Thursdays | Independent games, starting at 5 p.m. |
| Softball | Ryan Sheet Metal | Unser, 252, Sheet Metal | Weekly | Schedule shown in local newspapers and Weekly Bulletin. |
| Softball | Ryan Tigers | N. E. Carlton, 358, Manifold | Weekly | Schedule shown in local newspapers and Weekly Bulletin. |
| Softball | Ryan Wing | C. Kellogg, 355, Wing | Weekly | Schedule shown in local newspapers and Weekly Bulletin. |
| Swimming | Ryan Swim Club | J. Chess, 358, Manifold | No Set Time | Chess is swimming instructor. |
| Tennis | Ryan Tennis Club | Chairman C. Berryman, 343, Crib 3 or T. Hatfield, 317, Personnel | Check with Activity Board | Tennis ladder shows standing of active players. Challenges are made from board and listed in Personnel Dept. Ryan tennis team also plays single and double matches against other teams. |
| Volleyball | Ryan Aircraft | T. Hatfield, 317, Personnel | No Set Time | Games scheduled by phone |

What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG

CONSERVE, CONSERVE, CONSERVE, is the keynote of today. In meats and conned goods, we have no trouble—rationing attends to that! But when it comes to electrical appliances, we often don't realize the importance of keeping them in perfect running order until something happens to our refrigerator or our cleaner or our iron and we try to find somebody to fix it.

Little do's and don't's can preserve these household appliances for many faithful hours of service that might be lost. Now when so many electrical goods are irreplaceable, that's an item of major concern. Here are a few hints that will help you get the most service out of your appliances.

Care of Your Electric Refrigerator

1. Be sure your refrigerator is properly placed in your kitchen, away from the stove, radiators, and south windows. The back of the cabinet should be at least 2½ inches from the wall, and there should be a space of at least 6 inches, better 12 inches, above the cabinet.

2. Don't overcrowd your refrigerator. Allow plenty of room for the air to circulate around the food. Put the things that require the lowest temperature on a level with the bottom of the freezing unit.

3. Wait until foods cool to room temperature before putting them in the refrigerator.

4. Don't waste good refrigerator space by refrigerating such foods as pickles, jellies and vegetable shortening which don't need to be kept cold.

5. Check the fit of your refrigerator door for air leakage. Close a new dollar bill in the door. If you can pull it out easily with the door shut, too much air is leaking into your refrigerator. The door may need adjusting or the rubber gasket may need replacing.



6. Never let the frost on your freezing compartment exceed ¼-inch. When defrosting clean the entire cabinet interior—shelves and all—with a solution of warm water and baking soda (1 tsp. to 3 quarts of water). For the exterior use a mild soap and warm water—never abrasive cleaners. A good liquid polish applied 2 or 3 times a year will keep the surface bright and preserve the finish.

7. Rubber dividers in ice trays should be washed in lukewarm water, never scalded.

8. Keep the coils or fins of the refrigeration mechanism in the motor compartment clean, too. You can use either a stiff brush or the hand attachment of your vacuum cleaner.

9. In average weather the motor of an electric refrigerator should do its job operating about one-third of the time. If under normal conditions it runs more than this, have it checked by a serviceman. It may be that the insulation has deteriorated and if so the cabinet can be reinsulated.

10. After you've done a quick-freeze job, be sure to return the temperature control to normal. Otherwise other contents of the cabinet may also freeze. Ice cubes can be frozen more quickly if the tray bottom or freezing surface is wet when the tray is placed in the freezing compartment—this makes a solidly frozen contact between the tray and the freezing surface.

11. Using a sharp instrument to pry trays loose may puncture the surface of the freezing compartment and entail some expensive repairs.

Care of Your Electric Washer

1. When connecting or disconnecting, hold the cord plug in your fingers. Never jerk the plug from its socket by grabbing the cord. Wind the cord loosely when through—avoid sharp bends or kinks in the cord. Check to be sure control switch is off before plugging cord in.

2. Don't overload the washer. Clothes should turn freely in the water.

3. If clothes are very dirty, soak them a short time in warm water. Modern washers require 10 minutes or less of actual washing unless the clothes are very dirty.

4. Adjust the wringer rolls for the proper thickness of the material. Spread the material evenly across the rolls as you feed them through.

5. Do not put metallic articles such as overall buckles, belt buckles, etc., through the wringer. If you must, fold them into the material so that they do not touch the rolls.

6. Disconnect the washer before cleaning. Then clean and dry both interior and exterior of the machine and wipe the wringer and rolls dry. The wringer should be left in a neutral position with pressure off the rolls. This prevents the rolls from developing flat sides and preserves the springs which give the tension for your wringing. Use any good liquid wax on the washer occasionally to preserve the finish and simplify your cleaning.



Core of Your Range

1. Avoid spilling cold water or food on the hot porcelain enamel surface of a range; it may cause checking of the enamel. For the same reason, wait until the enamel has cooled before wiping it with a damp cloth.

2. Always wipe up at once any acid spilled on the enamel surface of your stove. Though range tops are usually finished in acid-resistant porcelain enamel, acid may discolor them. This includes such items as lemon or orange juice, milk and vinegar.

3. Wash the outside of your stove with mild soap and water. Never use a coarse abrasive on it. Use scouring powder or fine steel wool to clean the oven and broiler.

4. See that all burners are properly adjusted to burn with a clear blue flame at the right height. Ask the gas company to adjust them. A yellow flame means you're wasting fuel.



5. Turn the flame to its maximum height until food reaches the boiling point, then reduce it just so it will maintain cooking temperature.

6. If burners get clogged with spilled food, clean them out with a pin. When greasy, remove and wash with strong soap.

Care of Your Electric Iron

1. Starting ironing ahead of time saves current. Arrange it so you iron those requiring the lowest temperatures first, gradually working up to the cottons and linens. Do this before you plug your iron in as most irons require only about two minutes to heat.

2. If the sole plate sticks, clean it while hot by rubbing it on salt sprinkled on a piece of paper. This will remove starch or other foreign items on the sole plate. Then wax by rubbing it with a little beeswax or paraffin. Any excess can be removed by a few strokes of a clean piece of paper.

3. Avoid dropping your iron. The jar may injure some of the fine electrical connections in the heating unit.

4. Don't plug your iron into an electric light socket. Lighting fixtures are not designed to carry the load needed by an iron. The wires carrying current to the light socket are frequently too small and may become excessively hot; the appliance heats slowly, and electricity is wasted. This applies to other electrical appliances too.



Beauty isn't Rationed

By Frances Staller

●Lazy bones, sleepin' in the sun. That's what we'd all like to be doing, but na can da. Now's the time to start planning your fall wardrobe. I know, you're going to say it's too hot, but nevertheless you'll feel well-paid for your effort when Fall does arrive unexpectedly one night and you are the proud possessor of a new outfit to deck yourself in.

●After all this time, I'm sure it's not news that this season we have to think of practicability and wearability in our clothes more than ever. So our good ol' standby, the suit, is still the best bet. It might be a new tweed suit with a topper lined with fur for general wearing. For something more dressy, velvet suits are the latest—naturally the velvet is crush and spot resistant.

●Browsing around at a customer's, you'll probably be inspired with all sorts of "Dali-ish" ideas by the multiple kinds of trimming they'll have in stock. Sequins in all designs and colors, laces, ribbon, etc. Of course, don't go hog-wild and clutter up that dress you're trying to make over. With a little discretion and imagination you'll probably turn out a nifty-looking number.

●The new Fall bags are lush without leather. Most of them are made of fabric, such as felt, faille, or satin. The felt ones come in such a variety of colors, you'll find yourself buying two or three. Perfect for an addition to your suit, and roomy enough to do double duty as an overnight kit, knitting bag or what-have-you.

●In all the shops, you'll find scads of little black velvet cocktail hats like the one you see below. Of course, you can't see the hat as it's a skullcap, but the cache feathers



For a cozy evening at home when the first cool night descends, a quilted satin vest to add dash and color to your last year's slack suit.

●By all means tend your Victory garden, but do keep your hair covered while doing so, or by the end of the Summer you'll end up with a mane that only a head-hunter could love. Particularly during the Summer months, your hair needs extra-diligent care.

●If your hair is dry, you should brush it every night and shampoo it once a week. Preceding your shampoo, apply warm castor, olive or a prepared oil and then wrap a wet towel soaked in hot water around your head for about thirty minutes. Then for your shampoo, use a liquid shampoo with an olive oil base and finish up with a vegetable rinse and brillantine.

●For exceedingly oily hair, you must wash it frequently—twice a week isn't too often. For your shampoo, use a liquid with a tar base, as this has a drying tendency. Of course, you won't need any oil added after your shampoo. Cologne applied with an atomizer serves the purpose of a wave-set lotion and also has a drying tendency. However, don't overdo this—too much alcohol tends to fade the hair.

●But for all types, textures and colors of hair, brushing has no peer when it comes to whipping up lustre or polishing hair to a blinding brilliance. You'd be surprised how soothing to your nerves a hair-brushing is, too!

●I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down! So maybe the wulf didn't get wrinkled about his mouth either, but that's beside the point. If you'll fill your mouth with air, lift your chin, and expel the air like you were trying to keep a feather in the air, you'll find this will help stay those lines between your nose and mouth.

●Noticed in a store while on a shopping tour were the smoothest-looking wooden soled sandals (non-rationed)—take it from me, they're really comfortable for only \$4.95.

●If you're going quietly mad trying to find the kind of shoes you like, why not order by mail? Send to KAY-NEWPORT at Newport, R. I., for their catalog. They will return your ration coupon if the shoes you decide to order aren't completely satisfactory. Their specialty is "Baby Dalls" at \$8.95. You know, those cute little sandals with an ankle strap that resemble your first dancing shoes.

●Cooperating with Marlboro Cigarettes—slim fashions is the Imperial Gem Syndicate, 607 S. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, California. It recently unearthed in Old Mexico some exotic gems known as Mexican Jade. The mountings encasing these gems are sterling silver, hand-wrought and can be worn particularly well with gray, brown, green or black. Priced from \$5 to \$50, plus tax.

●Fur belts are all the rage to add a lively touch to that first soft wool dress of the season. These come in pony, calf, zebra, leopard and persian lamb. These fur belts will run from about \$5 to \$19.



streaming down the sides are really ultra-sophisticated stuff. However, if you're not the sophisticated type, I wouldn't advise this number. Pick one that suits your type.



Glamour rig with twin flowers tucked on each side of a sleek coiffure. These will stay put against the strangest night winds if they're attached to Grip-tuth combs.

Plant Engineering

by Flonnie Freeman

Swish—sh! Just barely made the deadline, giving me the same feeling, I imagine, that Dogwood experiences every morning in his making the bus by the skin of his teeth. I might plagiarize and say I made it on a wing and a prayer.

First of all, I was just a wee bit afraid everyone would skip without even a glimpse, the page carrying this article for fear they would be confronted with that horrible picture that appeared in the last issue. Here's hoping I am not quite that Frankensteinish! If so, I heartily approve of the Egyptian veils. In fact, I shall attempt purchasing one immediately. Then, on the other hand, perhaps that picture come in handy for mothers who threatened their children into eating their spinach or going to sleep, for they could open the Flying Reporter at that page and show them the ogress who might take them away. Well, anyway, we dispensed with that incongruity.

Everyone in Plant Engineering had looked forward to just a little let down the first two weeks in August, or at least getting into some mischief, as Mr. PALMER left on his vocation. Much to our chagrin more work than ever, if possible, has stared us in the faces, so the mice could not play while the cat was away. We do hope Mr. Palmer is enjoying his much deserved vacation and shall be glad to see him back in the office, as he is missed by all. We are always lucky to have a grand substitute, though, for Mr. PAYNE, the Assistant Plant Engineer, is quite a favorite among all of us.

We regret to say that we have lost BILL DEAN, one of our crackerjock draftsmen. But our loss was Engineering's gain, as Bill transferred to Mr. B. T. SALMON'S office. Bill, you remember, is one of the lucky fellows who received honors from Eddie Rickenbacker when he visited Ryan several months ago. All of us in Plant Engineering recall that Bill would not wash his right hand for days after that handshoke with Mr. Rickenbacker. We miss you, Bill, and wish you the best of luck.

Also, we said goodbye to P. M. PRATT of Maintenance Control, who has returned to New Mexico. PETE had everyone worried a few days ago when he came in one morning wearing regulation Western breeches, those blue ones we see quite often around the plant. Pete's were worn unusually low and the legs unusually short, so between screams and laughs of everyone in the office, one could hear, "Pete, what did your wife say?" "How did you get out of the house?" "You'd better sit in the corner and not venture out today." He was truly a sight to behold, and seriously, we hated to say goodbye. We'll miss him, and want to wish him luck in his new venture.

Do you know, these Victory Gardens are "The Thing." At least Plant Engineering personnel think so, for GUILLA McClARY'S garden has become a reality instead of just garden talk. She furnishes us tomatoes for our lunch every day, also several of us carry some home in the evenings, all of which is probably causing the guards to scratch their heads wondering where we are raising them. Speaking of lunch time, those 30 minutes are spent to the fullest by all of us. We get all of the choice "scuttlebutt" at that time, also get many pointers on

Biggest Ryan Family?



Here's one we'll bet you can't top—seven members of the same family working at Ryan! Three generations! First there's Grandfather J. C. Goen of Manifold, his daughter Mrs. Stanley Wilkinson, Sr., of Manifold Small Parts, her husband Stanley Sr., in Manifold, and their son Stanley Wilkinson, Jr., of Inspection along with his wife Irene Brown Wilkinson of Manifold Production Control. Then there's Irene's brother, William "Bill" Brown of Sheet Metal and Bill's mother, Mrs. Virginia Brown of Finishing. If you add them all together, that makes seven. "And there'll be eight as soon as our nine-months-old son gets a bit bigger," says Bill Brown. Left to right in the picture they are Wilkinson, Jr., Goen, Mrs. Wilkinson, Sr., Wilkinson, Sr., Mrs. Wilkinson, Jr., Mrs. Brown and Bill Brown.

cooking, gardening, news of the day, how the income tax is figured (uh!), and how to use all stamps to the best advantage. Those 30 minutes mean chatty and pleasant moments to Plant Engineering and on outsider dare not enter on business, for he will surely get a cold shoulder.

Last, we want to say do not get discouraged over dirty shoes every evening after walking to the Parking Lot, for that will soon be past history when the yard paving is finished. Rest assured, the discomforts now will soon be forgotten when the job is complete. Also, we hope to see the Final Assembly Building in use soon, as it is rapidly nearing completion.

MORE ABOUT

BILL WAGNER

(Continued from page 9)

Ryan planes in the air against backgrounds of clouds, sea or mountains. Some of these pictures have been remembered for years. Air News, in a two-page spread on Wagner in its current issue, calls him "one of the eight best aerial photographers in America."

Wagner's deafening sport coats, condy-striped shirts and hearts-and-flowers neckties soon become familiar to everyone at Ryan; he made it his business to be everywhere and talk to everyone in the organization, as part of his endless search for publicity and advertising material.

His boyishness and bounce can be decep-

tive, however, as Ryan executives discovered. Behind the facade of wisecracks he has the sober wisdom of a battle-scarred veteran; within his first few years at Ryan he had become one of Claude Ryan's most trusted counselors. His jolly friendliness is perfectly sincere, and everyone from green factory workers to top executives have found him willing to go miles out of his way to help them solve their problems. Workers come to him for help in interpreting their ideas to management; company executives depend on his aid in interpreting their ideas to Ryan employees.

As the company has grown, its Public Relations department has grown with it. Today Bill Wagner, the former one-man riot squad, presides over a highly-trained department of seven people. His underlings shoot and print all photographs, write and produce all Flying Reporter and publicity material. Installed at last in a private office of his own, Wagner now devotes himself to laying plans and steering the machine he has built up during the last six years.

But to be a stuffed shirt or a swivel-chair general would be foreign to Wagner's hell-for-leather habits. He still is as busy as ever, still walks at a jog-trot and takes armloads of work home with him every night. When there's a War Production Drive meeting scheduled, or a party of dignitaries to visit the plant, or a new industrial relations policy in the offing, or a Ryan advertising campaign coming up, you can count on this little dynamo to be in the thick of things. The dour Bill Wagner stops being in the thick of things will be the day of his funeral.



From The Beam

by Pat Kelly

Y'know, as we wander haphazardly through life, we take many things for granted. To substantiate that rather broad statement, let us discuss the merits of the humble bath tub. "The bath tub!" say you, and your brow arches perceptibly. Yes sir, the good old bath tub.

For generations its use has been a Saturday night ritual. There once was a time when we eagerly awaited our turn to step into the round, galvanized laundry tub and murmured thanks as our share of hot water was poured over us. Today we have a gleaming, full-length affair, ready at a moment's notice, and we seldom think of it. But would we miss it, should we suddenly be deprived of it? And how!

For example, we arrive at home after a strenuous day at the plant. Our clothing smells, and so do we, as if we had put in sixteen hours in one of Peck's Bad Boys "glue factories." The little wife, all spic and span, hesitates to salute us. Can we blame her?

But that only increases our rate of perspiration and we dash to the bathroom, open wide the hot tap, dash to the bedroom where we hang our money-making clothes on the floor, and dash back to the bathroom (plenty of dashes, wot?) where we contemplate the rising fog with greedy eyes. Gingerly we test the water temperature with the large toe of the right (left) foot. Finding it satisfactory, we step in and carefully lower ourself to bottom.

Ah-h-h-h! We say it in the manner doctors dream of when they place a two-by-four on our tongue. We stretch out, allowing the purifying waters to engulf us. Without realizing it, we are completely un-laxed, at peace with the world, just lying there staring at the wall in front of us. Events of the day pass dreamily in our mind. We dismiss, with a feeble gesture, what the leadman said. "Wha-in-ell does he think he is?"

We became a bit drowsy, perhaps fall into a cat-nap. (Caution to smokers: it is advisable to place a damp wash cloth on your chest, securely held in place by one of your chins, so that any dropped ashes may be promptly neutralized.) Faintly, from the nearby kitchen, we hear the little lady busily clattering pans and pots. A delicious aroma drifts under the door, and we wonder if she managed to obtain a bit of meat today.

Suddenly we are recalled to life with a loud knocking on the door and a call we can't resist: "Come on, Big Boy, soup's on." That is the grand finale to our reverie. We finish the bath in nothing flat, hastily dress, and enter the dining room with the air of "King of all we survey."

Our toast—The humble bath tub. STARKWEATHER, HERB ARTHUR and BILL DURANT, "Los Tres Companeras," have lured another victim to their rendezvous south of the border. We duly warned HANK HAMNER of the perils he faced,

but to no avail. He went, he saw, and—alas—he was conquered. The story is gripping. Starkweather's grip saved Hank from a dip in the deep. Hank's own grip on the boat's rail amazed the usually indifferent fishing crew. The tale is full of pathos, too, but lack of space prevents the telling.

Didja notice: that "CHIEF" WALKER played with the famed Washington Redskins in the recent Shrine football game; that JOHNNIE WAGNER, Maintenance "Glamour Boy," is now a department unto himself; that L. W. "GROCER" McCARTNEY is a top-flight badminton player; that BILL FREEBORN is the owner of a brand-new Winchester 30-06, model of 1898; that BILL "RUBE GOLDBERG" DEAN is at large again with another contraption that has dumbfounded M-2 mechanics?



Dispatching

by Gerald Ryan

DENVER DICK LUNSFORD, headman for dispatch crib four on the first shift, is one of our better news sources. He admits a preference for blondes, brunettes and those with auburn hair developed in two and a half years at Ryan. Dick comes from old Heidelberg—Alabama! Another first shifter in Airplane who's become something of a favorite already is MARK W. NEILL, who arrived via Ft. Worth and Consolidated. Mark handles preliminary follow-up details, and cue to his personality was furnished by a certain girl, who coyly said, "He's single and fun to talk to."

Anytime you see a teen-age youth in one of the manifold storage areas with his arm around the shoulders of a rather dignified, well-dressed man, don't feel the younger generation is polishing apples again. It's more probably high school sophomore BOB VIZZINI trying to hook dad for a rest period nickel.

Grain elevator operator MORT ANDERSON of Spirit Lake, Iowa (midway between Minneapolis and Des Moines) has leased his dozen elevators for the duration. Much of the stockpile in the mid-west is sealed, says Mart. This makes for very little activity, so Mart decided work in an aircraft plant was a better way to hasten the end than camping in Nebraska and waiting for the wheat situation to change.

JIMMY EDGIL has six solo hours in the air. He was taught by Alabama's famed Barney Roat, head of the Jasper Flying Circus. Jim lived in Jasper and was in the grocery business before Ryan beckoned two years ago came next month.

To quote WILLING HOWARD: "Even though Jimmy Edgil has six hours in the air, he has his feet on the ground now." This man Howard is likewise author of the devastating comment that after having read two of the writer's columns he could dictate the third without pause. Howard, who has more genius in his javal frame than the casual observer might surmise, will guest artist this column for the next issue.

BYRON GEER, Airplane's Assistant Chief Dispatcher on the second shift, includes

Montana ranching and blande telephone conversationalists in his list of "likes." Project man JOHNNY PAWLOSKI, another second shift Airplane, lived in Grand Island, Nebraska, before coming to Ryan three years ago. Johnny gained valuable experience for his present expediting by holding down a job as an engineer's representative in water works projects.

Condolences and thoughts of good cheer go out to TOM ELLIOT, who gave up his spaghetti juggling only when he became ill. Friendly and smiling GLENDA HOSTER and equally smiling SARAH HASTINGS mixing philosophy with small parts the other afternoon. KENNY RUSH did carpentering and cabinet work in and around Hayesville, Ohio, near Mansfield and Wooster, before coming to Ryan two and a half years ago. He's a project man and married.

RALPH FLANDERS and PAUL MILLS would survive the lists for a long time were the foremen to elect a "neatest dresser" by elimination. The Manifold Chief Dispatcher was all smiles on return from Wichita, Kansas, where he ironed out some tailpipe knots for the company.

We were sorry to see MILLIE CUSEY leave the Manifold Dispatching Office and return to the Production Planning nerve center, but she left a pleasant successor, who will get the space she deserves next issue.

Pretty PAT DOYLE, looking like a co-ed again in baby blue brushed wool sweater and navy blue slacks, went to Redlands High, Riverside Junior College, and also business college in the latter city. She is one of the three reasons why NORM SEELEY favors the continuing trend toward a women's world.



Wing Tips

R. F. Hersey

Mr. BEERY is now back from his vacation. I didn't ask him what kind of a time he had, but he was all smiles upon his return.

Our good friend RAY BROWNYER took the vows of matrimony with Miss RIENHART of Wing Assembly. Congratulations are in order for you both.

The backbones of the Wing department are also back from their vacation—a Mr. KELLOGG and Mr. HARRY SCHIEDLE, Esq.

The softball pitcher of the Wing team, GLENN RICHARDSON, seems to be losing his ability—or could it be non-support, Glenn?

I would like to make a swell suggestion to all those reading the Flying Reporter. I have, in the past, sent each issue of this magazine to my kid brother in the Navy. Why don't more of you fellows and gals do likewise? Our Flying Reporter is very good reading matter, and I think the boys will enjoy it. Thank you.

Well, folks, I'm afraid this week's column will have to be a short one. I didn't realize the little time between copies. But I'll have bigger and better columns in the future. I will also introduce all our new employees in the Wing department.



Here's the whole Cafeteria Committee as now constituted. Each man will serve two months, then give way to someone else from his department.

MORE ABOUT

THE CAFETERIA

(Continued from page 1)

cost so much he'd have to boast the price of meals out of all reason if he tried to serve them. But whenever the Cafeteria Committee asks for something that definitely isn't obtainable, he'll be glad to explain exactly why it isn't."

Invitations to serve on the committee were extended to employees strictly on the basis of seniority. The employee who has served longest in each department was asked to represent it, because he's probably well-known to more of his fellow workers than anyone else is likely to be. Elsewhere in this article you'll find a list of the department representatives on the Cafeteria Committee. If you don't know your representative, you can always drop him a note if there's something you want him to take up with the committee; he'll fallow through, and see that you get a report on the committee's action.

The committee consists of two permanent members and eleven rotating ones. The permanent members are Mrs. Esther Long, women's counselor and expert dietitian, and Hermes. The other members are the departmental representatives, who will serve one month as alternates, another month as regulars, and then step out to be replaced by someone else from their department. In issuing invitations to serve on the committee, Ryan expects to follow seniority lines continuously, so that in a year the twelve employees in each department who've been with the company longest will have a chance to serve.

The company is eager to make the Cafeteria Committee a functioning, live-wire organization. "Anybody who wants to suggest a change should always be sure to take it up with his representative on the committee—never with me," Hermes says. "I'd simply have to refer it right back to the committee."

The new cafeteria is one of the projects in which Claude Ryan is most keenly interested. For a long time he's been anxious to provide hot breakfasts and lunches, at

cast, for Ryan workers; so the cafeteria represents a dream come true for him.

It was at Mr. Ryan's request that Jean Bavet, the jolly 300-pound Head Steward of the Ryan organization, came to San Diego this month to help set up the cafeteria operations and get the committee off to a flying start. Bavet's chief responsibility has been the feeding of Army cadets at Hemet and Tucson—he serves approximately as many people there as there are in the Ryan factory—and he has pioneered the Food Committee idea at Ryan's school in Tucson.

Bavet was the chief speaker at the introductory meeting of the Cafeteria Committee held in the conference room August 6. "We have a committee of cadets at Tucson, and they've helped no end in keeping our mess hall 'on the beam' there," Bavet told the group. "For example, we were baking cornbread several times a week, but the boys didn't eat much of it. Our hot rolls went over big, but there was always a lot of cornbread left.

"Finally I asked the committee about it. 'Nobody likes it because it's too sweet—we want cornbread, not corncake,' they told me. 'Take the sugar out and we'll go for it.' So I did, and now everybody eats the cornbread."

Bavet explained that the greater the cooperation of Ryanites, the lower will be the cost of meals.

"If everybody puts his own tray on the rack when he's finished eating, and throws away any sandwich wrappers or other leftovers, then we won't have to hire extra workers to clean up the lunch area, and we can keep our prices at rackbottom. But if people leave a mess behind them when they finish eating, then we'll have to pay more to keep the lunch area cleaned, and naturally we won't be able to serve meals at such low prices.

"Then, too, if everyone WALKS from his work to the cafeteria we will be able to handle the normal flow of employees through the serving lines, but if workers, in violation of company rules, run to the cafeteria we will have a jam we can't handle, and worse, we'll have people getting hurt. If employees farthest from the cafeteria walk they will find the lines moving along swiftly when they get there; if they run,

they'll find themselves at the end of a long line, and will be served no sooner."

After explaining the new plan to the committee, Bavet and Hermes showed the group through the big, fragrant kitchen, demonstrated how the compact cafeteria can put hundreds of workers through its four serving lines in a matter of minutes, and wound up in a general discussion. Many of the men stayed until after six o'clock getting advice on a well-balanced meals from Mrs. Long.

Although subject to later change as conditions may require, it is now planned to serve breakfast 6:45-8:00 A.M.; Lunch 11:30 A.M.-12:30 P.M.; Early Supper, 3:30-5:00 P.M. and Night Lunch, 8:00-8:30 P.M.

Here are the members of Ryan's new Cafeteria Committee. Find your own department representative on this list. (And remember, if you don't know him personally, you can always drop him a note.)

- ADM. & FACTORY OFFICE—Ed Morrow
- DISPATCHING—John V. Cromer
- ENGINEERING—Leonard A. Wolslager
- EXPERIMENTAL—J. Lyle Gould
- FINISHING—Charles Sherman
- FOREMEN—Carl Palmer, John VanderLinde
- FUSELAGE ASSEMBLY—Jack K. Weyer
- INSPECTION—Ross F. Plumb
- MACHINE SHOP—James F. Butler
- MAINTENANCE—Fred Tomrell
- MANIFOLD ASSEMBLY—Normand Desco-teau
- MANIFOLD SMALL PARTS—Donald Johns
- MANIFOLD WELDING—L. Jim Riley, Jr.
- MODELING-FOUNDRY—Carlyle R. Cline
- PERSONNEL—Mrs. Esther T. Long
- PRODUCTION CONTROL—John H. Schreiber
- RECEIVING, SHIPPING, STORES—James P. Verts
- SHEET METAL—Som Morchese
- STAMPING—Jim Rose
- SUB AND FINAL ASSEMBLY—Lewis C. Hillis
- TOOLING—Corl Goller
- WING ASSEMBLY—Wilson D. North



Wright Field Knows
RYAN BUILDS WELL!

Given an assignment by the U. S. Army to develop a training plane of non-strategic materials, Ryan engineers eagerly accepted the challenge of wartime necessity and created the new PT-25. Of plastic-bonded plywood construction, the Ryan PT-25 was designed as the nearest approach yet reached toward the almost complete elimination of strategic metals in military aircraft. In record time Ryan delivered the static test plane to Wright Field. There, Army Air Force records of comparative structural tests again proved that, in wood as in metal, RYAN BUILDS WELL.

RELY ON
Ryan
TO BUILD WELL

- By successfully producing an airplane from non-strategic materials, Ryan met the challenge of war. With new techniques thus acquired, Ryan will meet the challenge of peace. Look for great things when this know-how is applied to the Ryan plane of 1942 and remember, Ryan Builds Well.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, San Diego, Calif.  Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

Ryan Products: Army PT-22s, Navy NR-1s, Army PT-25s, Major Sub-Assemblies and Exhaust Manifold Systems for America's Most Distinguished Aircraft

Ryan

Flying Reporter



Vol. 6 No. 6

SEPTEMBER

10TH

1943

RYAN'S NEW RADIO PROGRAM



Perhaps you remember the story of the passer-by who came to a group of workers, and stopped to ask them what they were doing. One told him, "I'm just breaking up rock." Another replied, "I am chipping stone."

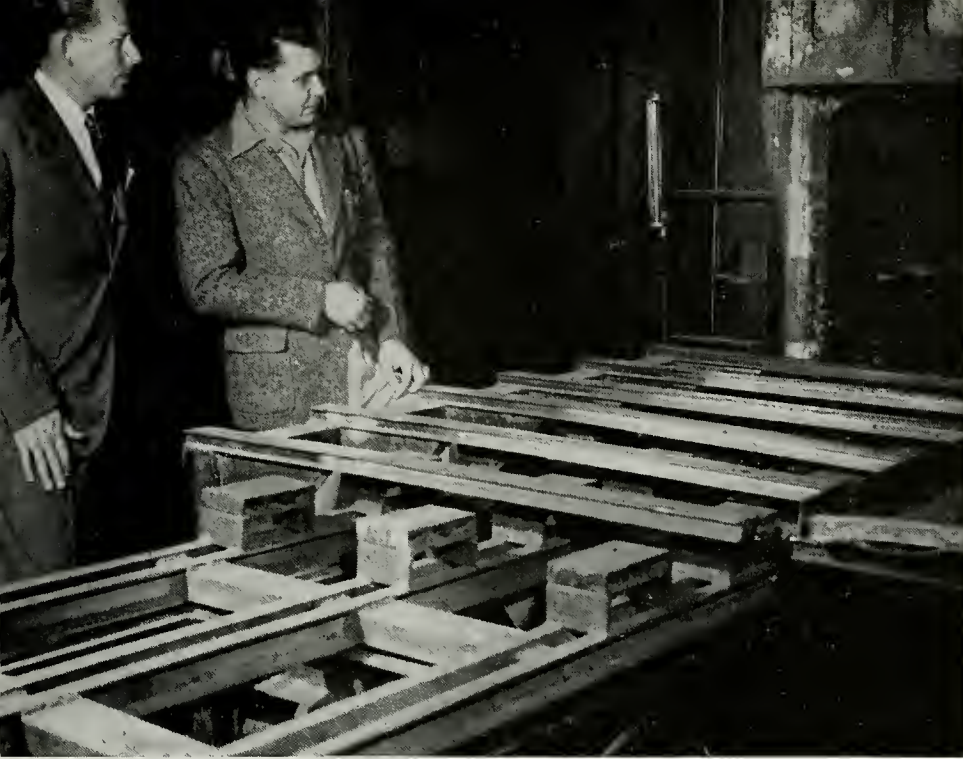
But the third man looked up proudly and answered in a ringing voice, "I am building a cathedral!" All three were doing the same kind of work with their hands, but only one could see further than his own seemingly unimportant work to the time when out of little tasks there would rise a majestic cathedral.

You and I are not building a cathedral, but we're building important airplanes and airplane assemblies. We're doing our full share in setting free the oppressed peoples of Europe; we're helping wipe out the evil empire of the Japanese; we're bringing brave young Americans safely home to their families. Yes, we help to accomplish all these things with what we build; could any job be more worthwhile?

Next time you're bored with your job, and think "I'm just grinding metal," or "I'm just pushing a pencil," remember what you're really doing. You're building air power! You're working for victory!

J. Claude Ryan





We're on the Air!

Ryan's new radio program features a news analyst who is already beginning to attract national attention. His talks are telling San Diego about the great job being done by Ryan workers.

by Keith Monroe

A radio voice that may soon be nationally known is now speaking for Ryan five evenings a week on KGB at 5 o'clock. Edward S. Hape, a news analyst who's on his way to the top, has been picked for the starring role in Ryan's new radio program designed to tell the city about the vital, patriotic work Ryan employees are doing—and incidentally to attract more and more recruits to the Ryan production line.

Scientific studies have shown that news programs usually attract larger radio audiences than any other types of programs. That's why this company selected a news analyst as the spearhead of its drive to get large numbers of new employees.

As to why it picked Hape rather than any other commentator—that's a story in itself.

Edward S. Hape is probably the only news broadcaster in captivity who goes on the air as a hobby instead of a profession. He makes an excellent income from his business as an investment counsellor, and got into radio as a sideline just because he discovered it was fun.

Hape has been in business in San Diego for sixteen years. Five years ago he decided to experiment with some radio advertising to see if it would increase his clientele. Radio men told him that he had a good

microphone voice, and suggested that he himself go on the air with a daily fifteen-minute digest of financial news.

He tried it. San Diego listeners liked his calm, pleasant voice; investors liked his helpful information on stocks and bonds. More and more customers came in, attracted by his radio program.

"I've been missing a good bet all these years," Hape said to himself. He began to expand his radio activities—just as a means of building up his own business.

In 1939 he began giving twice-weekly talks on investment problems over KGB. The station took him on as a sustaining feature—which meant that he didn't have to pay for his radio time, but couldn't plug his own wares. That didn't make much difference. His general advice on investments proved so sane and helpful that San Diego listeners, without any urging, began looking up his address so they could go to him with their problems. And KGB found it worthwhile to keep him on the air as a sustaining feature—which it has done ever since.

Advertising men and radio executives began to notice the growing popularity of this San Diegan. A new program, "Busy Money," was developed by him and put on the air in Los Angeles as well as San Diego. In it, he gave vivid, interesting talks about the

role of money in the day's news. The response from listeners was so phenomenal that the Mutual Broadcasting Company decided to syndicate his program for sale to Mutual stations throughout the country.

By this time Hape was finding that radio was not only good business but good fun. He kept getting more and more interested in it; finally stepped completely out of his role as a financial analyst and took on a straight news-comment assignment for the National Ironworks, Inc.

A smart Los Angeles advertising agency decided he would be a natural for some advertiser using radio. That agency happened to be the one handling Ryan's advertising—and when Ryan executives heard a few of Hape's broadcasts they knew they'd found the man whose radio talks could make San Diego aware of the work Ryan employees are doing.

In Hape's talks for Ryan he smoothly blends one or two true stories about Ryan employees into his comments on other national and local news. His brief anecdotes about Ryanites skillfully paint up the patriotic importance of working at Ryan, and end with a hard-hitting appeal to other San Diegans in non-essential work to join the Ryan production line.

Hape is bronzed and young-looking at 37, with a pleasantly energetic personality. He does considerable swimming, and plays a little golf when he has time. But most of his waking hours are now divided between his business, his radio talks, and his many chores in civic activities.

Hape is a notably public-spirited citizen, and gives a great deal of time to community activities. He is a director of the Red Cross, and served as general chairman of the Red Cross War Fund campaign. He plays a leading role in War Bond drives,

(Continued on page 27)

Sept. 10
1943

Vol. 6
No. 6



Flying Reporter

Published every three weeks for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
Editor.....Keith Monroe
Associate Editor.....Sue Zinn Gunthorp
Sports Editor.....Fred Osenburg
Staff Artists.....Frances Statler; Joe Thein
George Duncan; Paul Hoffman
Staff Photographers.....Tommy Hixson; Frank Martin

| Special Features | Page |
|--|------|
| We're on the Air! | 1 |
| —introducing our news commentator. | |
| The Response Was Grand..... | 3 |
| —Ryan blood donations went over the top. | |
| Our Manifolds Are Parts of Great Planes..... | 4 |
| —pictures of planes that depend on you. | |
| Why We Have New Badges..... | 6 |
| —the reasons behind the change. | |
| Charles M. Frantz..... | 7 |
| —he settled down in Airplane Welding. | |
| They Work by Night..... | 8 |
| —they've turned their days around, and like it. | |
| Giddyap!..... | 10 |
| —a review of Horse Show highlights. | |
| Slim's Pickin's..... | 11 |
| They Wear a Star..... | 12 |
| —Ryanites have personal interests in this war. | |
| Five Years or More at Ryan..... | 14 |
| —Carl Cline, Modeling. | |
| Ryan Trading Post..... | 19 |
| Sports..... | 20 |
| What's Cookin'?..... | 24 |
| Beauty Isn't Rationed..... | 25 |
| Departmental News | |
| Army-Navy Notes..... | 22 |
| Brawnies' Browsings by Brownie..... | 18 |
| Chin Music by Herman Martindale..... | 28 |
| Dispatching by Gerald Ryan..... | 16 |
| Final News by Enid Larsen..... | 16 |
| Hither and Yan..... | 26 |
| Inspection by Irene Travis and Dorothy Trudersheim..... | 17 |
| Machine Shop by Dorothy Wheeler..... | 28 |
| Manifold Small Parts..... | 17 |
| Mo Loft Sez by George..... | 15 |
| Plant Engineering by Flonnie Freeman..... | 18 |
| Production Control by Maynard Lovell..... | 26 |
| Purchasing Paragraphs by Pat Eden..... | 28 |
| Putt Putts on Parade by Evelyn Duncan..... | 27 |
| Ryanettes by Tom and Gerry..... | 29 |
| Smoke From a Test Tube by Sally and Sue..... | 29 |
| Stacks and Stuff by Manny Fohlide..... | 27 |
| Time Study Observations by Dortha Dunston..... | 29 |
| Wind Tunnel..... | 15 |
| Wing Tips by R. F. Hersey..... | 22 |

Copy deadline for the next issue is Sept. 20

The Walking Reporter

By Ye Ed

A recent visitor to our Flying Reporter office looked a bit startled by the conversation that happened to be taking place as he entered. "Are you bleeding on the sides?" Keith Monroe was asking Sue Gunthorp. "No, but I'm putting Wagner's head in the gutter," she answered. . . . It was really a perfectly sane and wholesome conversation about a page layout for the magazine. To "bleed" is to let a picture extend clear to the edge of the page; the "gutter" is the center margin of a page.

* * *

Speaking of the story about the cathedral-builders (as Claude Ryan did approximately three pages ahead of us) our feature on pages 5-6 is a perfect example of the cathedral-building principle. It shows pretty vividly that anybody in our manifold section is either working on a piece of sheet metal, or building a mighty weapon for freedom—depending on which way he looks at his job.

* * *

"Van Heusen shirts give your neck o break," the advertiser insists. Maybe we should order Van Heusens for Hitler and his buddies.

* * *

It was something of a shock to us when we noticed a new book at the public library, "Plant Engineering" by E. Molloy. We wondered if our vice-president had sneaked out and written a book behind our back. However, when we taxed him with having produced a 400-page brain child, he denied its parentage and washed his hands of the whole matter. We suppose we'll have to let the thing drop there, and accept his word that he is not the E. Molloy listed as responsible.

* * *

Clipped from the employee magazine of Kinner Motors: "Guard Phillips recently gave a ride to a P-38 pilot who said in the course of his conversation: 'Next to my P-38 I like best the little old Ryan I learned to fly with.'"

* * *

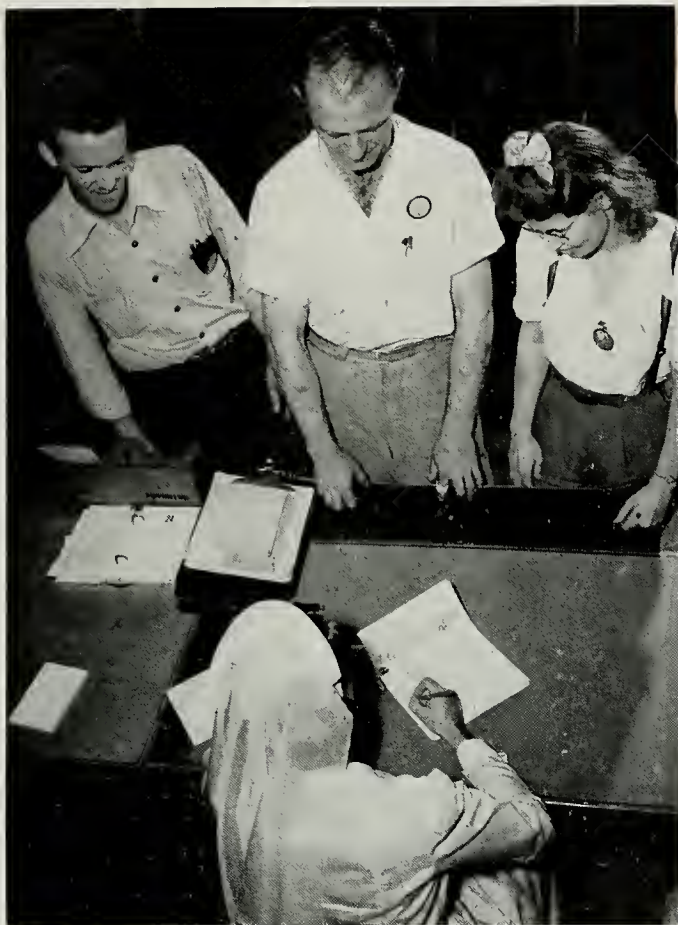
Howja like our new PA system in the lunch area? Pretty nifty, no? The company sprang it as a surprise, without any advance fanfare. One of these days there'll be another surprise, too. You'll walk into the yard some fine noon and find a sound stage there and lunch-hour entertainment going on.

* * *

Carl Palmer, one of Ryan's most popular foremen, found himself in the hospital with a serious case of stomach ulcers this month. He's been swamped with cards, flowers, et al, but Flying Reporter adds its wishes to all the rest that he'll be back with us soon. Up and at 'em, Carl.

* * *

What we want to know is, will the second lieutenants on Mountbatten's staff in the coming Asian campaign be known as Burma Shavetoils?



Left: Final Assembly workers Harry Wisner, left, J. O. Berry, center, and Enid Larsen, right, sign for blood donations to the Red Cross. Below: Red Cross representatives as they arrived at the Ryan plant.



The Response Was Grand

Ryanites are going all-out to support the fighting men

For almost five hours on August 24th, Red Cross staff assistants, in full yellow uniform, passed through the various Ryan departments signing up Ryanites who wanted to give a pint of their blood to help the boys at the front.

There was no bugle blowing or flag waving and every effort was made to prevent any lag in production. Only three or four people in each department were away from their job at any one time and then only for a few minutes. But the lines were kept constantly flowing on both first, second and third shifts and when the lists were gathered and counted, it was found that 2049 Ryanites had volunteered.

The response was grand. It shows that Ryanites are out to back up the men at the front with everything they have.

Ryan Workers, We Congratulate You!

And we do it for two reasons:

First, you've offered your blood so that at a critical moment on the front, a life will not be lost for want of plasma . . . And second, because you're doing this on your own time so that not a single minute will be lost in providing our fighting men with overwhelming air power.

In so doing, you're fighting twice!

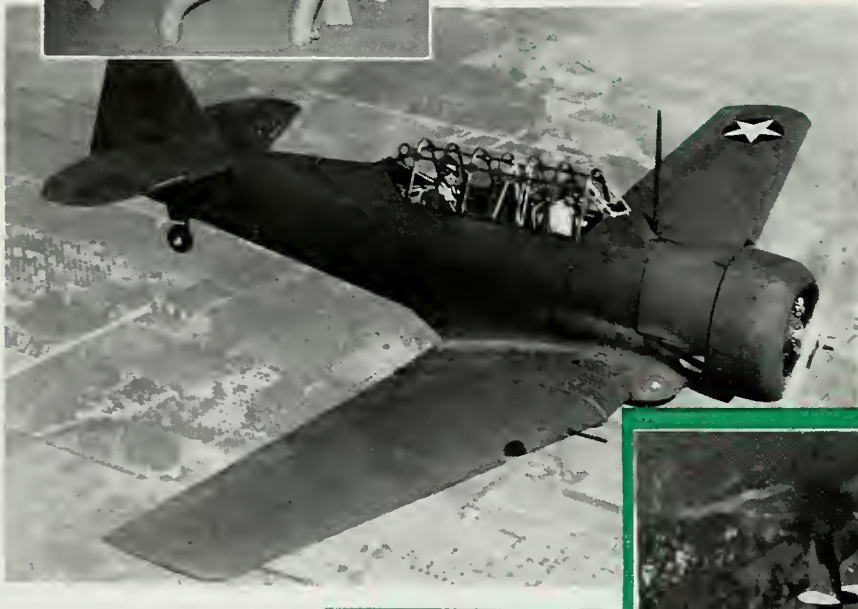
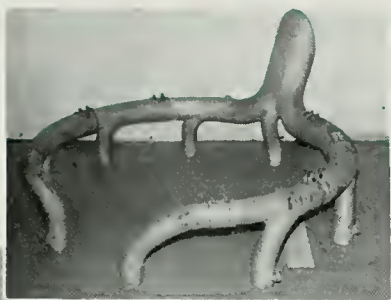
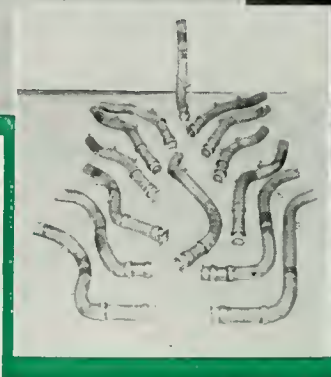
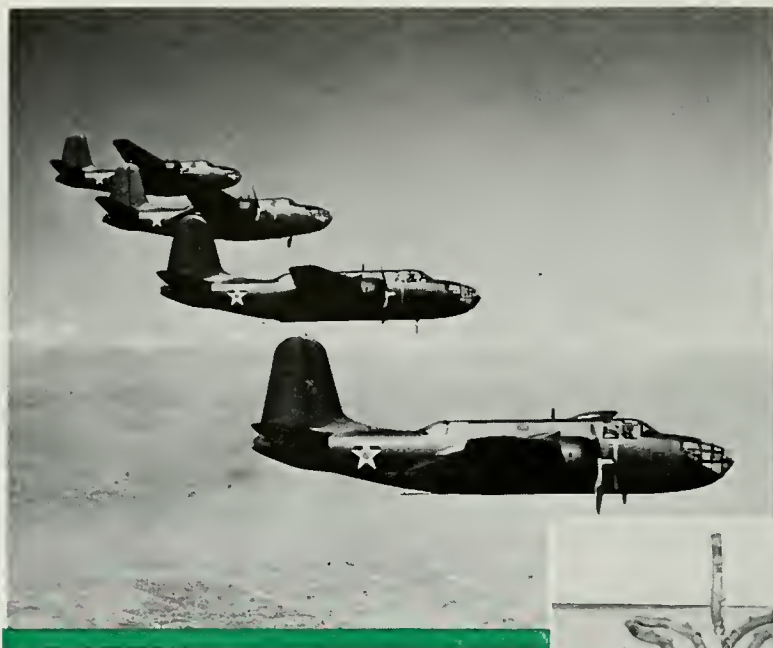
W. Frank Persons
Director of Industrial Relations

The first step is taken. The next will come when Ryanites receive their appointment date from the Red Cross. Keep that appointment if you possibly can. If you can't, phone Red Cross headquarters—F. 7704—at once and make arrangements for a different time. Don't let nurses and doctors stand idle because you failed to keep your date with the boys at the front. Your donation means one more pint of blood on the battlefield or in the service hospital at a time when someone you know may need it.

Second-shift Ryanites gather round to ask questions during rest period. Left to right they are Louise Sonners and E. L. Briggs of Airplane Planning and Bob Childs, Leona King and Elizabeth Mitchell of Material Control.



Our Manifolds



Above, the Douglas A-20 attack bombers in flight and at rest. The Strawberry Roan based in New Guinea. Inset, the A-20 manifold made here.

☆ ☆ ☆

Left, the North American AT-6 advance trainer and its Ryan-built AT-6 manifold. Airplane photos courtesy of Douglas Aircraft Co. and U. S. Army Air Forces.

Right, the Lockheed Hudson bomber and 'Lockheed 414' manifold we make for it. The Hudson is widely used by both the RAF and the AAF. Official AAF photo.

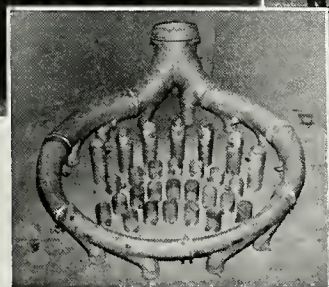
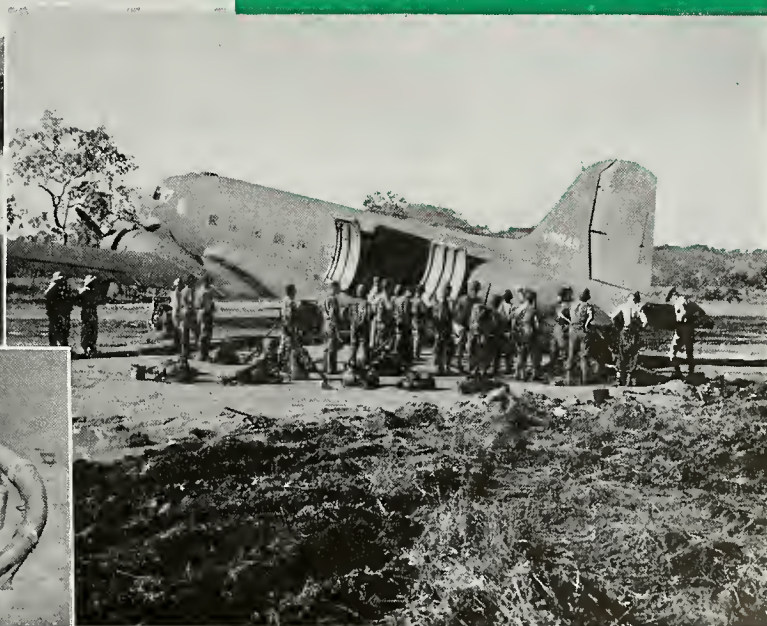


Are Vital Parts of Many Great Planes

Right, the Consolidated Catalina patrol bomber, famous flying boat which is death to the enemy in coastal waters. Inset, the PBV-5 manifold, which Ryan builds. Large photo courtesy of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp.



Below, two shots of the big Douglas C-47 cargo plane, the Skytrain. The plane taking off is loaded with paratroopers for Sicily; the other is unloading war materials captured from the Japs near Munda. AAF photos. Inset, our C-47 manifold.



Why We Have New Badges

by William Van den Akker



Monthly salaried employees get a light blue badge with their name, title, and number. No department numbers on these.

By now many of us are probably wondering at the reason for the new badges and just how these new badges are going to affect us here at Ryan. The old system we have been using for some time was to a large extent adapted for a smaller group of employees and a limited number of departments. However, now that the company has developed to one of considerable size, taking in greater area and with a larger number of departments, it has become necessary to place the badge system on a different scale.

It is quite important that the badges be so numbered and made up as to yield information which is necessary to the supervisors and Plant Protection. Any badge system is designed to identify the employee. For this reason it is felt that the new badge system will afford greater protection to the employee as well as assist him in knowing just when he or she is or is not complying

with company regulations. In addition to this it will aid the supervisors and members of the Plant Protection Department.

The badges will carry the employee's number as well as his department number. Thus he will be amply identified at all times. The photograph will not be present on the new badge. It is considered unnecessary because a photograph of the employee is contained on the identification card.

For those employees whose duties carry them from department to department, a horizontal light blue bar will be placed on the badge face, with a designation such as "transportation," "dispatching," etc. This is authorization for unrestricted movement on the part of the employee throughout the various departments because of the nature of his work. This feature has been incorporated to aid the employee.

In addition, the badges of the first, sec-

(Continued on page 19)



First shift employees wear yellow badges. They get a blue bar across it if their work requires them to move in and out of other departments.



Green is the color for all second shift employees. Blue bars go to leadmen, dispatchers, maintenance workers, transportation workers, clerks, etc.



A red badge always indicates a third-shift worker. Pretty simple system, isn't it?



First shift employee. Solid color, without a blue bar, indicates that the employee is expected to stay within his own department.



And here's the standard badge for all second shift workers who spend their working time within one department exclusively.



The large number at the top of the badge stands for the department number. The smaller number beneath (on the white background) is the employee's clock number.

He never wanted to settle down—until he came to Ryan

If you get almost any Ryan foreman talking about himself, you'll find he's just an average guy who's knocked around a lot, taken plenty of bumps, and emerged at the top of a department through sheer dogged hard work. He's not a genius or a personality boy—he's somebody who's been getting up earlier in the morning and working later at night than the rest of the crowd.

Charlie Frantz is a good example. This mild-mannered, pleasant-faced chap who bosses the Airplane Welding department drives himself harder than he does anyone else. He always has. He's been a farm worker, garage mechanic, airplane pilot, construction worker, bus driver, filling-station attendant, and welder. When he came to Ryan he started in as just an ordinary worker, and struggled up through the ranks to foreman.

As a young man Frantz was a bit of a disappointment to his father, who wanted him to take over the family farm in Tama County, Iowa. But Charlie had been monkeying around with the farm machinery, and had made up his mind he was cut out to be a mechanic. He wanted to see the world, too. So his father gave in with good grace, and sent him off to the state college at Ames.

Fortified with college training in mechanical work, Charlie bought himself a 1919 Oakland touring car and set out at 21 to see what America was like. He got to Oklahoma City before the Oakland developed moladies which forced Frantz to sell it to a junk dealer.

He had some savings, plus money he'd earned working in garages and welding shops between Tama County and Oklahoma City, so he looked around for a good investment opportunity. A promising one soon presented itself. Charlie met a genial



Portrait Sketch by Paul Hoffman

Charles M. Frantz

Airplane Welding

stranger who explained that he was a promoter of high-class shows, and needed only a little financial backing to stage a show that would coin money for both of them. Charlie decided to back him.

As the days passed, the genial stranger persuaded the country lad to advance more and more money, and even to travel with him—paying the bills—in search of talent.

"We left Oklahoma City hurriedly one night," Frantz recalls. "I later learned we got out of town one jump ahead of the police. We moved on to Texarkana, Texas, with another 'partner' who owned a car. The partner left us stranded there, and we hitch-hiked to Shreveport, Louisiana. By that time I'd had enough of the promoter, and we parted company. It was worth the money I lost just to learn there were people like him in the world."

Frantz had little cash left. He looked around Shreveport for a job, but there didn't seem to be any; the local employment agency advised him to leave town. However, the young Iowan was feeling sore and stubborn after his experience with the showman. He made up his mind he'd stay right there—and get himself a good job in spite of employment agencies or high water.

The next morning he noticed a crew of workmen jumping aboard a truck. He scrambled on with them. The truck drove far out into the country, then pulled up beside a ditch where a pipe-laying job was just starting. Charlie talked himself into a job helping to lay the pipe.

"It was a good job, too," he says. "A 180-mile pipe line using 18, 20, and 22-inch pipe. That was man-sized work."

By the time the pipe line was finished

Charlie's exchequer was much healthier, and the wanderlust was pulling at his feet again. So he left Shreveport, hitch-hiked through Alabama and on up to Chicago, then home again to the farm in Iowa.

(Continued on page 22)



They Work

Second shifters are disproving the old adage that wise men "make hay while the sun shines"

by Sue Zinn Gunthorp

They could easily be mistaken for any other working couple. Drowsing there on a Monday morning they might be any Mr. and Mrs. John Doe in America—except for one thing. Get a load of that alarm clock! 9:30 in the morning! Whoops! Somebody's late for work!

No, that's where the difference comes in. That's why Helen and Dick Gillam, like hundreds of other Ryan employees, aren't just ordinary working couples. While the majority of mankind is waking at the crack of dawn and trudging blearily to work in the early morning hours, the Gillams are snoozing peacefully—for they are second shifters. "We do set the alarm," Helen explains. "Then if we have something we particularly want to do, we get up when the alarm goes off. If we don't, it's a swell sensation to be able to turn the alarm off and go back to sleep with a clear conscience."

Should you drop in about 10:00 though, you'd be pretty sure to find the Gillams out in the kitchen with a pot of hot coffee on the stove and scrambled eggs and bacon scenting the air. And more than likely they'd invite you to have a second cup of coffee with them, for there's no mad dash at the Gillam breakfast table, no half-gulped cups of coffee, no breakfast rolls eaten on the run.

The Gillams are buying their home out on Suncrest Drive and Dick finds the daylight hours at home a big help in fixing up the hundred and one little things that a new home-owner wants to do. Although they've only had the house for about six months, they've found time to get the lawn and flowers ship shape and to harvest a crop off their Victory Garden. In addition, Helen has been putting up tomatoes and pickles.

Besides their investment in their home, the Gillams are salting away a goodly sum in War Bonds through the payroll deduction plan. "The extra 6c an hour that second-shift workers receive buys us an extra bond every month," Helen says. "They'll go a



Helen—on the job.



Take a look at that clock!



Breakfast coming up.



Post-rationing.



Zinnia prodigies.



To market, to market.

By Night.

long way after the war toward fixing our home just the way we want it."

"Working second shift hours simplifies our housekeeping problems, too," Dick explains. "We can get all of our bills paid, do our banking and get the marketing out of the way during hours when relatively few people are in the stores. It's not only convenient that way, but we get a much better selection than our friends working regular shift—especially in these days of grocery scarcities."

Dick handles the ration coupon arithmetic while Helen irons or washes—but when it comes to cooking, that's a family matter. Helen does the main part, but the baking is Dick's forte. When Helen dishes up the pork chops and beans, he pulls out a pan of fluffy biscuits and a dish of scalloped potatoes and the main meal is on the table soon after one o'clock. There's plenty of time after that to get the dishes washed, fix the lunches, and do a little pressing or any other odd jobs that pop up.

Nothing could talk Dick into missing his regular Wednesday golf appointment, but on the other days the two manage a trip to the beach or a bicycle ride along the crest overlooking the valley. "Getting plenty of sunshine and exercise is so easy when you work second shift," Dick explains, "that we try to take full advantage of it."

By three-thirty in the afternoon the Gilloms are leaving for the plant, just about twenty minutes distant from their home, including a stop to pick up two other Ryanites.

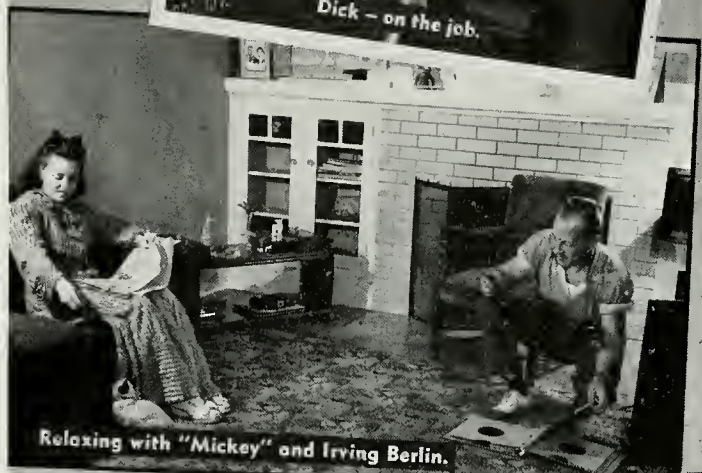
Once they've punched in at the factory, Dick and Helen go their separate ways until the 8:00 whistle blows for lunch. Dick, who is an old-timer at Ryan, takes up his post as night foreman in the Stamping department. Helen, who just completed her first year at Ryan, works in the Machine Shop Dispatch Crib.

After work at 12:30 a.m. there's plenty of activity if it's night life these second-shifters are seeking. Once in a while they go dancing, occasionally ice skating. They could take in a show, or go bowling, or ice skating. On most evenings, however, they go right home, listen to a few records, or special newscast for swingshifters on the radio, or sit and read for a few minutes,

(Continued on page 22)



Dick — on the job.



Relaxing with "Mickey" and Irving Berlin.



A good laugh aids the digestion.



Share the work.



Vitamin D the easy way.



Off to the factory.

Giddyap!

Ryanites have a big time
at their annual Horse Show

You missed a swell show if you didn't see the first annual Ryan Horse Show held at the Mission Valley Polo Grounds recently. A big crowd of Ryanites and their friends turned out for the thrills, color and beauty of a first-rate horse show, and they went home telling each other it was one of the most successful events ever staged by Ryan employees. The show was the second largest in the history of the Polo Grounds—it had 192 entries, topped only by one other show which had 202.

Prize-winners in the children's events were Sally Ann Bullard, Lucy Evens, Patty Fewell and Eva Marie Cooper. Grand entry prizes went to Mary Dannan, Ralph Walker, Mrs. Edward Eldredge and the Consolidated troop (for best mounted troop). In the competitive events, winners were Roy Williams, Carl Helm, Howdy Brown, Thomas Fry, Jean Campbell, Fred Pope, Mrs. L. J. Demers, Frank McHugh and Harry Marrell. The trophies were presented by president Claude Ryan, vice president Earl D. Prudden and chief engineer Ben Salmon.

Behind the scenes, the hard work of making the show click was carried on by a host of Ryanites including Al Gee, chairman of the horse show committee, ringmaster Bud Curr, recreation director Travis Hatfield, clerks Carlie Gross and Eilene Gee, and many others.

(Continued on page 18)



Exhibition jumps by fine horses was one of the big features of the show. The camera caught this one in a beautiful leap.



Vice-president Earl Prudden kept the crowd happy with microphone quips. Ben Salmon grins in background.



One of the most colorful features was the Grand Entry. Here's the start of the mounted parade into the arena.



Mr. Ryan congratulates pretty Mary Ann Rossoll, the queen of the Horse Show. She is Felix Rossoll's daughter.

Slim's Pickin's

by SLIM COATS

Well, I'm bursting with information like a water-soaked filing cabinet. If you missed the Ryan Horse Show, you probably are one of those fuddy-duddys who sit around home with your knitting and miss all events anyway. But had you attended the show, you would have dropped enough stitches to make a graduation dress for a nudist colony.

The grandstand was filled to capacity. It looked like a packing case with a relapse. Everyone "Who's Who" at Ryan was there, and a couple of us who are in the next edition of "What is it?" were also present. Being a horseman of long years' standing, and sitting in the grandstand, I was as out of place as an eye at a keyhole. I tried to make myself smaller than a palka dot, but there was such a crowd that every time someone passed me they unbuttoned my vest with their elbows.

For a mug who was permitted to look on, but not touch, I got the thrill of a lifetime. The show moved at a sharp pace, and you had to keep moving if you didn't want your fenders dented. We had more fun than the year that the Royal Northwest Mounted attended the Single and Married Men's picnic and got one of each.

The show started off with the Children's Events, and believe me this is one day the kids were hotter than a baker's shovel. Every one of the kids was as proud as a peacock with two tails. By now, the show had gained momentum and cracked wide open like a hi-jacked safe.

While the arena was being cleared, Curly Armstrong was trying to tell Andy Anderson how to buy a horse. He quoted the old belief:

"One white foot, buy him;

Two white feet, try him;

Three white feet, sell him to your foes,

Four white feet and a white nose,

Skin him and give him to the crows."

Jim Bunnell maintains this isn't always true, as Dexter, once known as the king of trotters and one of the great horses of all time, had four white feet and a white nose. He asked me to verify it, but he had me there. I was stumped like a farm in the woods.



The Calf Roping Event was won by Ray Williams, but Capt. Norris of the Plant Police tried his best to cheer the event. He lost his voice, however, when the United States went dry. He was reported to have been a whiskey tenor. In this event, Dave Bracken beat around the bush like a berry picker.

Novice Jumpers was won by Carl Helm. From this event on, for the rest of the day, Plant Guards Ray Pfloaf and G. R. Bills were in charge of changing barriers and jumps, and toward the end of the day they began to heave and grunt like a six-mule-team in the High Sierras. Next came the Potato Race, which was won by Hawdy Brown. In this event Dave Bracken folded up like a magician's bird cage, and Carl Krueger and Jim Jardine began to wander if the potatoes would be fit to eat. Next event was Stallions in Hand, won by Thomas Fry, with Easter's Memory; second place to Prince Cairo, owned by K. A. Savage, and third to "Pop" Cline's "Misty Mount." You all know Pop, he's the plant guard who is always smoking that big black cigar that would hickory cure a Smithfield ham. We tried to trade Pop out of his stallion, but the deal fell through like stove coal in the cellar furnace.

Clustered around the fence were plant officers McCafferty, Peters, Norris, Wilkin and Gray. I really don't know how big Gray is, but I do know he is so big he wears a number ten handcuff. Those responsible for procuring the trophies were Felix Rosall and Travis Hatfield, the fight manager. He once managed a fighter who was on the canvas longer than Whistler's Mother.

The next event was a jumping horse staged by the U. S. Cavalry, and it was truly wonderful and thrilling to watch. It was while watching Capt. Armstrong of Camp Lockett working with the horse, that, from an inner pocket I produced a slim, black cheroot, and bit the end off it before I realized it was my fountain pen.

The next event was the Trail Horse Event, won by Jean Campbell, and it brought back more memories than a tax investigation. Dave Bracken was in this, too. He kept bobbing up every now and then like a fish in a dynamited pond. Did I tell you that most of this was under the watchful eyes of Carlie Gross and Eilene Gee, and boy oh boy, they looked better than top strawberries.

The Hat Race was won by Fred Pape. There was some argument about it but Fred claimed he was as safe as a chipmunk on a stone fence, although the race was rougher than skid chains. Dave Bracken started out in this too, but sagged down like a boarding house sofa. By this time, Bud Curr, ringmaster and general factotum, was so tired that his eyes looked like two warm holes in an apple.

The Hunters' and Jumpers' Event was won by Capt. Calahan, and believe it or not, we had the winner pegged like a scare on a cribbage board. He cleared every jump slicker than a seal's vest. Dave Bracken was

still fiddling around like a symphony rehearsal, and feeling about as foolish as a flying fish on a seal's nose.

The Stake Race was tighter than a dude's collar, but was won by Carl Helm. And with his luck, he could go over the Niogaro Falls in a berry crate. Bracken was in this, too. Well, you can't expect a fly in o butcher shop to stay off of everything.

The Five-Gaited Saddle Horse Event was beautiful, and was won by the mount ridden by Mrs. L. J. Demers. The horse was as smoo'h as a bed in a furniture store window. Competition was tougher than a bawler's thumb, but you know this guy Brocken, he's as brave as a loan shark on o telephone.



Saddle and Ride Race was won by Frank McHugh, Hawdy Brown, second, and F. Hammer, third. Here again, Bracken was about as useless as moonbeams on a sun dial.

I had a chance to look around before the last event, and was very happy to see a lot of the old gang. Of course, Claude Ryan, Earl Prudden, Ben Salman and Felix Rosoll were in the front row, covered with dust and holding a bottle of cake (they said it was). With them was young Dave Ryan, the head man's son, who is developing an eye for the horses. There were Mr. and Mrs. Mel Thompson and the cute kids. Mel, by the way, being an expert horseman himself, from Colorado. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bunnell, the McCaffertys, Chris Mueller, Erich and Villie Faulwetter, Paul McOsker, "Oh Gee" Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. "Wild Bill" Wagner with "Chuckle Cheeks," their young daughter. After looking around and seeing so many little kids and brand new babies, I figure the next event will be a Ryan Baby Show.

Western Pleasure Horses was won by Harry Marrell. Dave Brocken seemed to realize now, that he was up that well-known stream without the proper means of propulsion, and declared it was no longer a pleasure to ride. He was hotter than wet mustard, and after hemming like a sewing circle and hawing like a mule, he finally gave up. He seemed to blame the horse for the afternoon's misfortune, because the next day he started a restaurant, advertising the "Best Rabbit Stew in the City." Of course, his first two customers were the Ration Board and the O.P.A.

They said, "Is there anything in the stew besides rabbit?"

Dave replied, "Well, yes, a little horse meat."

They asked, "What is the percentage of each?"

Dave answered, "Oh, fifty fifty. One rabbit, one horse."



George Kowalow of Modeling and his three sons, all of the Navy. Left to right, P. J. Kowalow, R. C. Kowalow and George Kowalow, Jr.



★

★

Guard Harry Irwin of the Plant Protection Department and wife, Mrs. Florence Irwin of Receiving Inspection ore boosting their son Victor of the U. S. Coast Guard.



Felix Rossoll, Ryan's coordinator of statistics and priorities, has two sons in the service; Malcolm, top, of the Army Air Corps, training at Texas A&M, and Herman, in pre-flight school at San Antonio.



Eddie Molloy, vice president, and his Army son, Ralph, who is training for the mechanized division.



Maynard Lovell of Production Control and son Kenneth, AOM3/c. Before entering the Navy, Kenneth worked in Manifold.

Sister Beryl of Purchasing, and father Jack Wilton, Ryan's service and salvage coordinator, are all-out for J. W. Jr., who is a technical sergeant in a tank destroyer division in North Africa.



Walter Russ of Wood Shop has four Navy sons of whom he's mighty proud. Below is Walter, who is a range finder; John, a radio technician, and Carl, a radio chief. At upper right is Lester, also a radio chief.



5 years or more at Ryan

CARLYLE CLINE

Here's a man who would delight the hearts of every Chamber of Commerce member in California—Carl Cline of Modeling. He's never been out of the State of California and furthermore, he sees no particular need for going out. "With me, California's tops," Carl says, "and the rest of the 121 million people can divide up the other 47 states as they see fit."

With a few exceptions, when his folks went to Fresno and the Imperial Valley during the last war, Cline's life has been spent in San Diego—30 years of it in Ocean Beach. Cline started in San Diego High School but before he graduated the jingle of coins in his pocket became sweeter music than the humdrum of the classroom, and he started to work for an ornamental plaster and stone works. Times were booming and it was a good job for a kid of high school age. "Besides," Cline says as he looks back on it now, "it gave me the experience which eventually landed my job at Ryan for me."

"In 1930 I popped the question," Cline reminisces, "and we tied the knot shortly afterward." The wedding ceremony was going off beautifully. The pianist was softly fingering the strains of Lohengrin and the bride was coming down the aisle on her father's arm followed by her attendants. Gradually both the bride and groom were conscious of titters running the length of the room in back of them. The bride, out of the corner of her eye, went carefully over her gown and could see nothing wrong. Carl also seemed to be perfectly in order—but still the titters gathered momentum. The instigator of the merriment was the family cat which had sauntered up the aisle after the bridal party and was sitting on its haunches waiting for the ceremony to continue.

After the reception the couple left for a honeymoon at Arrowhead. "Up until we got to La Jolla, our honeymoon really stunk," Carl says. "Finally we discovered, however, that someone had tied a pound of limburger cheese under the radiator hood. From then on it was swell!"

"A few months after we were married," Carl continues, "we received a belated wedding gift all wrapped up in black paper—the depression. Things really folded. The ornamental plaster business ceased to exist and jobs were as scarce as feathers on a newborn chick." Carl hit it here and there and wherever he could for a while until he finally landed a job in the kitchen out at the county hospital. Later he manufactured plaster novelties in his home and supplied several novelty houses in Los Angeles. His specialty was exploding golf balls—see Del Ballinger.

In 1936, after trying his hand as rug clerk for Benbough's, Cline decided to see if Ryan had a job for him. That's when he found his ornamental plaster experience really paid dividends. John Castien was looking for an experienced man to work in Modeling—Cline, now a leadman, has been there ever since.

Marking Some Milestones



Will Vandermeer, chief project engineer, and Millard Boyd, chief development engineer, receive 10-year veteran pins from president Claude Ryan in top picture. Middle picture also shows factory manager G. E. Barton and vice-president Eddie Molloy, who received 3-year pins. At bottom, Haward Croig of Quality Control gets a 5-year pin.

WIND TUNNEL!

Shaken by a powerful fit of nostalgia, I decided to drop in on Professor E. Pilfer again, taking along as a gift a necktie that I had clipped from an old photograph of Keith Manroe. I found the Professor as amiable as ever, exchanging snarls with his Doberman Pinscher, and was greeted effusively by them both. After the bonding was over we retired to the Professor's brown study, where we fell to talking over old times. Sensing the imminent exchange of hush money, I changed the subject to aviation, and attempted to persuade the great man to release some of his works to a knowledge-thirsty world. (The world is also beer-thirsty, but that is another story.)

The Professor scoffed; after imbibing a scoff drop we lapsed into silence, and I sought to devise a stratagem whereby I could obtain some of the precious manuscript. Then an idea occurred to me: an idea so bald, so Machiavellian, so dastardly that I unhesitatingly recommend it to other beautiful spies the world over. On the pretext of hungering to hear a couple of records in the Professor's fine library of singing commercials, I slipped an extra disc into the record changer, and went back to my seat. Then, when the fatal record slipped into place, and the voice of Frank Sinatra filled the room (he was singing the swan song in "Lohengrin"), Pilfer threw up his hands, uttered a gentle moan, and fell to the floor in a deep swoon. I sprang up, dashed to his secretary, and as soon as she had eluded me I began rummaging in his desk. I packeted a whole sheaf of his writings. As mementos I also took several wrist watches, some silverware, and a plaster cast of the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

Therefore, I am privileged indeed in presenting for the first time some excerpts from Pilfer's titanic "Dictionary of Aviation." I have chosen these at random, selecting chiefly the definitions that seem most concise or most revolutionary.

AERODYNAMICS: The science which deals with the misbehavior of air with respect to a body in motion in it; a name given to an incomplete body of knowledge treating certain vague basic phenomena.

AIR-SPEED: The speed of air.

AIRFOIL: An aeronautical structure of mystic cross-section, designed to provide a means of livelihood for loftsmen.

ALUMINUM: A metallic element occurring in such abundance in the earth's crust that airplanes are made from it; also pats and pans in peacetime.

ARTIFICIAL HORIZON: A phenomenon caused by a mirage.

BULKHEAD: A stupid draftsman.

BUTTOCK LINES:

CABLE: A device, similar to a drill, for cutting holes in ribs and spars.

CANTILEVER: No, you can't.

CASTING: A fanciful form of sculpture employed by engineers to amaze foundrymen.

CHECKER: A gentleman and a scholar.

CHORD: An imaginary piece of string used to join a trailing edge and a leading edge.

COCKPIT: A small arena where game birds are matched; here the pilot sits.

CONTROL SYSTEM: A test of man's ingenuity and patience; a battleground for engineers.

COEFFICIENT: An ordinary arithmetical number which has found itself in a mathematical formula, much to its surprise.

DEAD WEIGHT: A German or Japanese pilot.

DIHEDRAL: A phenomenon caused by unskillful landing; see also WING-FOLD.

DIMENSIONAL HOMOGENEITY: You said it.

DRAG: The forces retarding the flight of an airplane; better known as an ARRESTING HOOK.

DRAFTSMAN: A technician employed to make obscure drawings from illegible layouts; a mind-reader.

DRM: A cabalistic anthology of ancient wisdom resembling the Koran and often consulted by checkers; a copy was believed to have been handed Moses on Mt. Sinai.

DRAFTING MACHINE: A mechanical substitute for trigonometric calculations.

ENGINE: A mass of iron attached to the front of an airplane in order to overcome tail-heaviness.

EXTRUSION: The antonym of "intrusion."

FIN: A portion of a fish's anatomy placed at the back end of a plane as a good-luck charm.

FLAP: A device similar to a pin-ball game installed in the wings to provide amusement for mechanical-design engineers.

FLIGHT-TEST: An aeronautical ceremony conducted with crossed fingers.

FUSELAGE: An odds-and-ends receptacle suspended between the wings and empennage.

GRAVITY: The sine quo non of aviation.

GROUP-LEADER: One who leads a group in dash, verve, esprit, charm, grace and wisdom.

HORSEPOWER: The work rate of an engine on the ground, known as PEGASUS POWER in flight.

INBOARD PROFILE: The reflection of a pilot's visage in the cockpit cover.

LANDING GEAR: A jacking arrangement used to lower the belly of an airplane to the ground.

LAYOUT: A piece of gray wallpaper used to protect a drawing table from abrasions.

LIFT: The forces supporting an airplane; known also as a HOISTING SLING.

MAGNESIUM: A substitute for aluminum that usually turns out to be too weak.

PROPELLER: A mincing machine used to hurl chopped-up pieces of air at the wings, thus infuriating them and causing them to chase the propeller; this imparts a forward motion to the plane.

PENCIL: A long slender teething ring, generally filled with extremely brittle graphite.

WEIGHT: An unfortunate characteristic of matter, useful in preventing airplanes from going too fast and too high; an excuse for recriminations and self-pity in weights engineers.

WING: An elaborate structure used chiefly for the support of flops, ailerons and tabs.

YAW: An incomplete yawn.

Ryan Made President Of Aircraft Council

T. Claude Ryan, president of the Ryan Aeronautical Company, has been elected president of the Aircraft War Production Council, it was revealed this month by the Council headquarters in Las Angeles.

Mr. Ryan succeeds La Motte T. Cahu of Northrup as head of this organization of the eight major Pacific Coast airframe manufacturers: Boeing, Consolidated-Vultee, Douglas, Lockheed, North American, Northrup, Ryan and Vega.

Courtlandt S. Grass, president of Vega, was elected Council vice-president.



Mo Loft Sez

by George



Well, it seems the grapevine has somewhat gone to pieces for this issue as none of the flash news is very flashy. However, we have it that BOB HAYWARD is enjoying the school vacation very much, but he will enjoy it more when the schools reopen. It seems he is having difficulty with Junior, and Bob is afraid his ribs will not hold up under very much more jabbing.

Here is a thumbnail sketch of whom? You take this point and you know that one. Then you put them both in the plan view and find the other one, you know what I mean. I got to go now—I'll be back in a minute. Who?

We have been hearing some very strange rumors about PAT CARTER, but as long as they are merely rumors, we'll wait for verification. That'll cost you, Pat.

HERB CROUCH is back after a week's vacation. He said he was up in the country picking peaches and pears, but from the amount of suntan he has, he must have picked them by moonlight. Could be, Herb, could be.

Our friend LOCHINVAR BRUNOLD cannot make up his mind if he wants to hear wedding bells or not. The boys in Loft are all for your getting married, Luke. We want another party. How about it, DOROTHY?

Congratulations are in order for BOB WALL, ex-Loft-clerk, now project clerk. He is now the father of a 1943 model baby girl. The missus and baby are fine.

CHOPPY WELSBACKER is back from his vacation. After a week's big game hunting, he looks like a fine specimen of manhood. Yep, he shot some pair, defenseless squirrels and rabbits south of the border. Is that all, Chappy?

Here is the super flash news. Mr. HERBERT OWEN WOOD CROUCH finally came across with some well-watered hemp which he called cigars. We've decided that some Indian friend of Herb's is missing his lariat. Well, thanks anyway, Herb. They were bad but I suppose they could be worse, or could they?

This must be nothing but propaganda, but we have heard that PAT CARTER made a deal and no one got swindled. Pat, it seems, sold his Madel A to BOB BLAKENEY for cash. The only "Carter" part of the deal was that he would not accept Bob's personal check—the hard cash or nothing, that's P. C. (Petty Cash) Carter's way of doing business.

Dispatching

by Gerald Ryan



ALBERTA ROBERTSON, new head woman in RALPH FLANDERS' office, is distinctively smiling and blonde; takes particular delight in scurrying around with the checks, has an anti-aircraft husband (George) at Camp Collon. Exigencies of warfare brought the Robertsons to this land of sunshiny afternoons, but they are looking forward to returning to Montono—the state of the eternal saddle leather oromo—after the war. Experienced bookkeeper Albie learned her profession at Kinman Business College, Spokane, and kept records straight for Washington Water Power Company later.

Residents of an East San Diego neighborhood have been entertained recently by a singing cowboy who rides out alone Sunday nights. PAUL MILLS will never receive a curt citation from any society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It has been unconfirmed, but is not denied by eye-witnesses, that Poul, in checking his horse's accessories for the Ryan show, tested the new bit in his own mouth—moving it gently back and forth—before trying it on his beloved Arabian mount.

Two new femmes in Airplane Dispatching are: JUNE WARE, who used to work for the Railway Express, and BERNICE BUFFINGTON, two weeks out of Oakland—the old Jack London country.

Due to threat of suit from Mr. WILLING HOWARD, the writer wishes to correct an intentional error which appeared in his last column. One afternoon (4:35) Howard and his friend bodgered the writer regarding the content of his column. Howard turned the following sentence as a typical example of what the writer would consider tremendously clever wit: "Even though JIMMY EDGIL has six hours in the air, he has his feet on the ground now." Everyone who knows Howard realizes he'd never say anything dumb like that. Under another of these gentlemen's agreements, Howard is to withdraw threat of suit upon reading this confession.

But the above episode did bring out the fact that GENE BROWN went up in the air for a solo or two. However, Gene's real love is the sea. Give him an old patch of seaweed, a menacing gull overhead, son Bobby to distract his attention when he has a bite; attractive wife Mary to yodel, "Oh, come in, Gene. Let's go home"; and you have the atmosphere in which Brown's heart potters most evenly and happily.

Orchids to newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. H. E. (JACKIE) TATE. Scollions to Jackie for not letting us know about it sooner. . . . Congratulations to VIRGINIA (GINGER) FERGUSON of Airplane Dispatching from fellow expeditors on becoming "Miss Ryan of 1943" at Foreman's prom. Only the fact that the writer choruses the selection kept him from booming a mighty wholesome little Texan, whose frequent appearances in a boithing suit on Ocean Beach sands have minimized the need for life guards there this summer.

JOHNNY PAWLOSKI'S woman-hating covers everything except Sundays. . . .

"Only the Great are able to make light of themselves" (quote from Ovid, 19 B.C.)—endless are the arguments between Airploners FRANK JANOS and JOHNNY CRAMER concerning which has the bigger nose, and which is the homelier. . . . In Airplane they like Yogi-man PINKIE MERRITT so well that they're rooting for him to seek arrangements whereby he can combine schooling with Ryan come the fall term.

Chicago-born GUS BRENNER is now sub-urbing at Crown Point, occasionally views his orange grove in the Rancho Santo Fe country. Gus has a three-year-old son—"He's old enough to beat the devil out of the old man's knees," Gus tells us. In his spare time Gus tools leather, especially handbags from deer hides.

HERB RAWLINGS is one of the best liked men in the back lot, and he goes through each working day full tilt. Modest Herb has a rich background one would never suspect except by prying out the facts. He was a 1st Lieutenant in Medical Administration in World War I. He's been a Pharmacist in various states since receiving his degree from St. Louis College of Pharmacy. For seven years Herb represented Warren-Teed, pharmaceutical wholesalers, covering several Southwest states out of Los Angeles. Herb has been American Legion District

Commander in Ft. Worth, Texas. He grew up in Sherman in the Lone Star State. You'll find him close by after the war, probably on his avocado ranch in La Mesa, where, in future years, he hopes to get in many evenings of reading in the den of his attractive stucco home. He has a 22-year-old son, a torpedoman, 2nd class, who has participated in five major Pacific engagements on a destroyer.

RALPH (RUSTY) CALLOW will be with Ryan three years in another month. He's the fellow who has to face screams about small ports shortages with even temper. Ralph originated from Manzanola, Colorado. He attended Colorado College, Colorado Springs, majoring in Business Administration. A lover of golf, Ralph wants to improve that 91; is eligible for "pool shark" rating, say the boys.

Captivating NANNAJEAN LYNN has hied away to Vermillion, South Dakota, and will take up her texts at University of South Dakota. Goy, personality-girl Nancy should attract many a collegiate glance—if there are any boys left. . . . I'm trying to lure VIRGINIA BRIDGES and DALTON BAKER into a tri-partite pact on this column so there will be room for plenty of buck-passing whenever the general content is below what Howard has called "Par."



FINAL NEWS

by Enid Larsen

Observing every detail right down to a gnat's eyebrow, so to speak, JESS LARSEN, who has been a member of Final Assembly for over two years, has turned out this model PT-20 airplane.

He started it in April of 1942, and finished it just this month. Of course, he didn't work on it steadily. But when the spirit moved him, and on many a winter evening, he spent his time patiently constructing his Ryan model.

He is justly proud of his plane, because after working on our Army version of the STM-2, he has gained a great deal of satis-

faction out of building such an exact replica of the original model. Altogether he spent \$6 on its construction. He has several other model airplanes to his credit.

The ailerons and rudders, which are strung by wires, move in the same manner as those on the original planes. All in all, it is a grand job of model airplane building.

Quoting Jess, "If anything should happen to this little plane now, after all the hours I have spent on it, I would just put a couple of .32s up to my temples and pull the triggers." We know what you mean, Jess, but don't do anything rash.



Here's a dream of a model made by Jess Larsen, Final Assembly, of the Ryan PT-20 airplane, predecessor of the PT-22 used so extensively now in the primary training of Army and Navy cadets.

Inspection

by Irene Travis



The Miracle Ward — Home

Just the word Home sounds good and sweet to me. I am not nearly so far from Home as the boys in service all over the world.

Like most everyone, I've met some lovely people here at Ryan and I have enjoyed working here very much. I hate to leave my friends and work, but that place they call Home is calling to me, and I must go. But I'll be thinking of you all.

Mast of us realize we have a big job here at Home helping win this war, and that each one has his or her share to do. But if we work harder and smile more, we will be able to keep the Homes in our good old U.S.A. the same as they were when the boys left.

Don't mind the sacrifices that are asked of us, but gladly make them, to keep our Homes the best place on earth. Just like our boys are dreaming of, while they are so far away.

After a month's leave we see SUSAN ROWAN is smiling in Crib 4.

JAKE L. JOHNS is back at work at Ryan. He was with the company in 1939 when they built the YO-51. Since December 7, he has traveled 58,000 miles as a Navy Inspector. He has seen plenty of the war front and knows what it means to get more planes out. His wife is here in Final Assembly. Jake is in Crib 4. Welcome home, Mr. and Mrs. Johns!

New in Crib 4 are ANNA BEVRS, CARRIE PINNON, ALICE BRIGGS and WILMA HARPER. In Crib 3 VICTOR VAVROCK transferred from Small Ports and is now learning to be a Magnetic Operator. PAULINE RITTER from Indianapolis is a new Inspector. She comes to us from Allisan Motors. We are glad to have you all join our growing departments.

If you want any instructions, we have a new teacher in Crib 3. CARMACK BERRYMAN has just returned from Whittier College where he finished his teacher's course. More power to you, Carmack.

DOROTHY TRUDERSHEIM has consented to take the Inspection Column over and do her best with it. Anyone knowing Dorothy knows that will be mighty good.

Now that I'm leaving, I am very happy to leave my column in such good hands. I am sure all you Inspectors will help her to make this a good column. Along with the column I'll leave Dorothy to hold the oldest seniority of the women Inspectors.

* * * * *

by Dorothy Trudersheim

I hope to carry on the column in the same fine style which Irene Travis has started. I am especially interested in the personnel of the department and incidents in their lives which make working and living a bit lighter. If the interest of our readers can be held each time, then our efforts have not been wasted.

The Quality Control Department was represented at the Horse Show by its Hollywood cowboy—that rapin', ridin', routin',

Manifold Small Parts

Department 14 feels just like a family of 14 which has been living in one room and now has a house. The expansion was almost the result of bursting, but we got moved just in time. This finds us very pleased with our new quarters and ourselves.

"JONESY" (ARTHUR to you) joined us as a leadman just in time for the pre-move ordeals, and had a grim initiation into the group, but survived it in good shape. The list of vacationers made very touching reading for the ones left steaming back here, but moving day is a fine time to send everybody in the family on a visit.

ROMOLA GROW'S time of rest and play turned out to be pretty clinical. One of her children had some drastic dental work done and an older one underwent an operation. Even so, the Grows, large and small and the grandparents, managed to spend a little time in the mountains.

REYNOLDS hurried off to get his health back after his recent sick spell, and said he'd be away until the end of this month, trying to get the better of the germs once and for all. MARGARET RUNDLE planned to spend much of her vacation in a huddle with the doctors so she wouldn't have to lose any more time afterward. Peggy is one of the few women in the department who rates a one-year pin.

Our other Peggy, HEDY WOODY, was a casualty for a few days before and after losing some wisdom teeth. Harder to bear than the actual pain were the cracks people thought up about the whole thing, she said.

GEORGE SHERMAN is back at last from a long sick layoff. Maybe he could have found a prettier place to convalesce than his Spring Valley ranch, but a lot of us

doubt it. It seems nice to have ED KUEBLER back at the spotwelding machine after his spell in the hospital. Our spawt welders now have competition from another woman operator. LEE GRIFFITH, recently transferred from Welding, sits at the console with all the confident mastery of the old-timers, like BERT ELEY. In fact, she tried out on Bert's machine while he was on vacation.

HELEN ATKINSON is no longer the boot welder of the Small Parts group. LOIS COLEMAN, attractive newcomer to the department, has taken over the tacking station. MIKE MOYER and ALBERT SCHWAB are new occupants of the arc baths.

New faces on the night shift include those of CALLIE JOHNSON and ADELAIDE FLORES. The name of CARL OLSEN on that shift caught the surprised attention of Mrs. CARL OLSON, who works daytimes. The two Carls are not related, they discovered in a short check-up between shifts.

MAMIE MILLARD is the chief character in the saddest tough luck story of the month. She hurt her back, decided to leave work and go home to recuperate. On the way, she was struck by a car and really knacked for a thirty-day layoff.

Some of the absent members of the shift are in the pink, though. For instance, LAWRENCE HOLLINGSWORTH has gone back to his regular school-teaching job. So has RICHARD JOHNSON, of the third shift.

Graveyard is also getting along without FRED POPE and PAUL STACHWICK, who are taking their vacations. Three more women have joined up with the shift, but even so things go along peacefully, to the surprise of some of the original crew who thought it couldn't be done.

taatin', bole-of-hay-fargetting—guess who?

AL JOHNSON and JOHNNIE RENNER make an excellent pair. They go well together—especially on Friday nights. . . . TOM SWIFT is now with Quality Control and L. C. HUFFSTUTTER is one of the Floor Inspectors—Girls! He has a new house, a good job, is from Omaha, Nebraska, is single and has an excellent disposition.

Friends of LOLA KRIEGER presented her with a nice bit of luggage before she flew to Florida to be married. . . . In Lala's place as clerk in Crib 3 we now have DOROTHY KEAN from Detroit, Michigan. She is doing her part here, while Joe, her husband, is S2/c for Uncle Sam, stationed at the San Diego Naval Base.

Did you hear the one about the Inspector who had a date Sunday night? Pull up a chair because you will need it. He went home from work, ate, washed and polished the body, dressed and was ready for his date. He had bought a much needed new battery and knew he couldn't install it for he didn't have the proper tools. He thought possibly the old battery (with some help) would last one more evening.

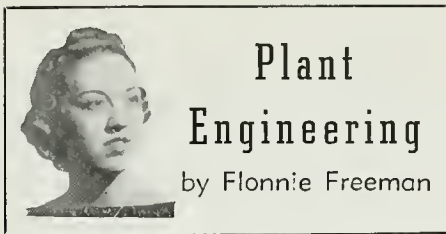
Came time for his date and the car wouldn't start. He pushed it up and down the driveway for an hour with no results. Finally it did start and he drove it to a service station to have the new battery put in. The attendant had closed the station two hours early. The Inspector decided that

it was too late to get the battery put in. The motor died at a boulevard stop.

Finally three sailors came along and helped to get the car started by pushing it down the street. A car in front made a wrong turn without signaling and caused our hero to jam on his brakes and turn over the new battery which he had placed in the front seat beside him. Acid was sprayed all over the front seat. He hurried home and washed thoroughly the front seat of the car. The old battery was completely dead.

It was now too late to go to the second show. He went to his date's home via street car to explain his troubles. They listened to music and read poetry to calm the young man's wrath. By 10:30 they decided to ride a street car to their favorite ice cream parlor. Upon arriving they found that the place had closed an hour earlier.

There was a long wait for a street car, but finally one was sighted. It went right on by, full of soldiers in a hurry to get somewhere. The next two street cars were the same way. Finally one street car stopped. It got them to the girl's home at midnight. They called it an evening. The young man then went home via street car and walked up his front steps at one o'clock. From 6:45 until 1:00 he had spent one hour with his date listening to music and poetry, the rest of the time with the San Diego Public Service Co. and his automobile.



Plant Engineering

by Flonnie Freeman

Since the last issue of the Reporter the Plant Engineering department has said farewell to several employees. Our three high school draftsmen have left to go back to school, and we shall certainly miss them. Some of us older ones felt quite refreshed working by the side of youthful sixteen—mode us feel young again ourselves. The three are DAWN RISTROM and BILL HAWKINS, who return to one of the San Diego schools for their senior year, and DON GRUGAL who has returned to his home state of Minnesota to finish his high school career this year. Dawn surprised all of us on her last day by bringing a big cake as a farewell gesture. The personnel of Plant Engineering are not a bit bashful, so in just a few minutes nothing but crumbs remained. It was quite delicious and a most pleasant surprise.

Speaking of cakes, BOB FISHBURN'S wife sent another beautiful cake to the office several days ago. It was Bob's birthday, and the cake was quite a surprise to him, as she sent it by one of his fellow employees. As Bob walked in the door of the drafting room, our favorite lunch spot, he was greeted by several off-key "Happy Birthdays" and the cake. The cake even had a small picture of an airplane in the center with Bob's countenance adorning it. The whole office force certainly did enjoy it, Mrs. Fishburn. Everyone was reminded that it should be a lesson to each of them upon having birthdays.

LAURA SCHMICK, B. R. McCLENDON'S crack stenographer, came to work Monday morning, the 30th, with eyes half-closed and, strange to say, they become smaller as the day progressed. The whole truth of the matter was that she got up at 3:45 a.m. to see that her husband got off, as he is one of those who received a "Greeting" from Uncle Sam, not requesting, but demanding his presence in the Armed Forces of the United States. We are sorry that she will soon have to say goodbye to her husband, as we feel about all of those couples who are being separated during these crucial times. And right here, I shall put in a word about yours truly. I had to say goodbye to my husband, who left for San Francisco two weeks ago, therefore, leaving the office with two so-called widows.

Well, well, we hear that at last we shall have the opportunity very soon of sampling the food in the new cafeteria, and probably by the time this issue comes out it will be in full swing. We are all anxious to try it, and also the new Lunch Shelter. It sounds like a very good thing, and certainly quite an improvement over the Lunch Wagon.

Quite a bit of bustling and moving has been going on for the past two or three weeks, as the Final Assembly Building is now in shape and part of it is already in operation. Everyone feels quite proud of it, for it has added much to the size of the company and means production on a much larger scale.

MR. K. O. BURT, assistant to MR. PALMER, and very well known throughout the plant, surprised all of us the other day

when he came into the office with a large doll—as large as a small child. Eyes popped out, and we were a little concerned about Mr. Burt's state of mind for a moment or so, but soon learned that it was a prize that his daughter had won for selling tickets to the Shrine Circus, and he was to deliver it to her. It was certainly a beauty and made us girls want to start playing dolls again.

All of us are envious of OTTO SCHULTE, another of Mr. Palmer's assistants, as he has been vacationing for the past two weeks. We wish him a very happy and pleasant vacation, although we are jealous.

In closing we wish to welcome in our midst two new draftsmen, J. R. KENNEDY and W. L. KUYKENDALL.

Brownie's Browsings

by Brownie

On Sunday, August 22, BILL COBER of Electrical Maintenance, surprised his fellow-workers by entering the realm of matrimony. The beautiful girl who has the privilege of calling him "hubby" is none other than our own ELMA McTAVISH of Spotswood. From an unconfirmed report, we hear that the trip to Yuma was made on Bill's own mixture of fuel, which was made up of three gallons of cleaning fluid, three quarts of kerosene and one quart of crude oil. He passed out 6c cigars one week later. What about that?

Did you ever hear about the wife who wanted her husband to donate some blood to the blood center? She went to a ritzy haberdasher, bought the best hat he had, and gave it to her husband. Then they went walking, and she, being a forceful woman, led him right by the blood donor center. Just as they got in front of the door, she seized the new hat and tossed it in the door. He, thinking the wind had blown it off, went in after it. By the time he had picked up his hat and turned around, they had his pint of blood and he was on his way.

The high school fellows have gone back to their studies. PATTON, LYONS, CHUBBY and many others have gone back to their dear old alma mater to complete their courses. These boys certainly did a fine job while they were here.

My review of the month concerns on up and coming song writer by the name of CARL HUCHTING. He's a prominent young San Diego man who has gained much popularity over San Diego and Los Angeles radio stations. He is the eldest grandson of one of the early pioneer Spanish settlers. Song writing has been his chief hobby and he has many fine write-ups to show for his work. Carl works in the Shipping department.

MORE ABOUT

THE HORSE SHOW

(Continued from page 10)

Special thanks go to the many Ryan personnel and friends whose donations so generously given made possible the many lovely trophies and prizes. Sponsors of the various morning events were Mr. and Mrs. Earl D. Prudden, Western Pleasure Horses; Mr. and Mrs. Felix Rossoll, Three-Gaited Saddle Horses and the San Diego Mill Supply Company, the Musical Choirs event.

For the afternoon events thanks go to the



Carl Goller, new leadman in the die section of Tooling.

More Ryanites Go Up



Harold Ingalls, newly-appointed leadman in Manifold Small Parts.

W. P. Opfer, leadman in the tailpipe section of Manifold Assembly, second shift.



Charles Bricca, appointed leadman in the tailpipe section of Manifold Assembly.

Arthur L. Janes, new leadman in Manifold Small Parts.

Extension Courses

Daytime work need not rob you of the chance to take college, vocational, or cultural courses. Class-work in all these fields is made available to those in the San Diego district by the University of California Extension Division. Fall classes, which meet but once a week in two-hour sessions, are scheduled to start the weeks of September 27th and October 5th.

College grade trigonometry and algebra are among the courses which will be of prime interest to aircraft workers as they form a basis for all engineering and aeronautical work.

Bulletins and further information may be had at the University of California Extension Division headquarters, 409 Scripps Building, Main 9716.

San Diego Sheriff's Posse on the Calf Roping event; Adel Precision Company of Los Angeles, Novice Jumper; San Diego Mill Supply Company, Potato Race; Arthur's Soddery, Stallions in Hand; Bekins Van & Storage Company, Stake Race; Kahle & Son, Five-Gaited Saddle Horses and Mr. and Mrs. T. Claude Ryan for the Western Pleasure Horses event.

Don't Forget Your Tax Report

Don't forget that your income tax report for 1943 must be filed by next Wednesday, September 15. If you're late in getting your report to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, you are subject to heavy penalties.

Are you having trouble filling out your report? It looks pretty complicated, but remember that you can find clear directions for filling it out by referring to the "Pay As You Go" articles which Comptroller James E. Noakes wrote for Flying Reporter (issues of July 9 and July 30).

Those two articles have been reprinted in convenient folder form. If you want to get one of these handy reprints to help you compute your income tax payment, just stop in at the Personnel department and ask for one. It's yours for the asking—just another of the friendly services Ryan provides.



Mounted Troop Wins Trophy

Winner of the trophy and the title of the Best Mounted Troop of 1943 is the Police Officers' Civil Service Troop No. 3 of California. The troop under the direction of First Lieutenant Al Gee, in the absence of Captain Snell, appeared at the Balboa Horse Show and put on the winning performance on August 29th. Ryanites who are members of the troop include Al Gee, Dick Snell, W. M. Wilkens, G. R. Bills, Raymond Ploof, Sam Pinney, Chris Mueller, Erich Faulwetter, M. D. Curr, and Horace Stevens.



MORE ABOUT

THE NEW BADGES

(Continued from page 6)

and and third shift will be of different colors; yellow for first, green for second and red for third. This again will assist the employee and prevent any misunderstanding.

One additional feature in the new badge system will be the name and title of the supervisors. The employees will then know the name and title of the supervisor to whom they are talking which will assist materially in preventing any misunderstanding. It is felt that the new badge system will help very much in enabling the employee to get a better understanding of his position and his duties in regard to compliance with company rules and regulations. It will avoid much of the confusion that was developing as the company outgrew its old badge system.

The new system will also materially aid those who are seeking special services in the Employees' Service Department of the Personnel Division. It will make it unnecessary for people who are reporting at off shift hours to have passes to the office building for taking care of such matters as housing, transportation, and selective service.

The color scheme of the new Ryan badges is uniform with that now used at most other local factories. However, the details of the Ryan badges are different enough so that no other company's badge could be mistaken even momentarily for one of ours.

Ryan Trading Post

WANTED—Ford, Plymouth or Chevrolet coupe or 4-door sedan of the year 1935-36 or 37. Will pay cash. C. A. Mueller, 60, Tooling. Home phone Hilldale 4-5643.

WANTED—16-gauge shotgun shells and a Model 70 Winchester 30-06. Glenn F. Strickland, 1775, Machine Shop.

WANTED—Large house trailer in good condition. Will pay cash. E. W. Noble, 1157, Small Parts, second shift. Home phone M-8508.

WANTED TO BUY—Small house in San Diego or vicinity. Would like some ground, at least garden spot and space for chickens. W. E. Carpenter, 1253, Drop Hammer.

WANTED—Black or brown riding boots. Size 6. Vivian Bolen, 4695, Manifold Inspection.

FOR SALE—1942 Mercury 4-door sedan with all the trimmings including radio, heater, oil bath cleaner, new spark plugs, perfect tires, new General spare and tube and set of chains. The mileage is only 10,300 miles. Roy Feagan, Ext. 296.

WANTED—1937 or later car, any model. Tommy Hixson, Photography. Home phone M-3312.

FOUND—Ring. Owner must identify. Contact finder, Bob Vizzini, Jr., Manifold Production Control. Bob, Jr., has been instructed by his dad not to give out information regarding type of ring but to refer all claimants to his dad. Unless ring is claimed within one week from publication of this notice, it will be sold to highest bidder and proceeds turned over to the Red Cross.

FOR SALE—Electric Sunbeam Shavemaster Razor. Good as new. J. G. Gerard, 4904, Plant Police.

NEED A GOOD BAND?—Bill Hilton's Dance Band, a 13-piece group, featuring Rosalie Shell and George Barker on vocals. This band has played for many club, school and college dances during the last three years. If interested in getting a good band, arrange to hear this one by contacting Bill Magellan, Business Manager of the Band, 2244, Arc Welding, third shift.

WANTED—9-inch or 10-inch band saw or 6-inch or 8-inch arbor saw. If you can part with either one, please let Ernie in Paint Shop know.

FOR SALE—Children's bunk bed. Top half complete, spring and mattress. \$12.00. See C. Bernard, 4378, Shipping.

WANTED—Four-hole table-top range, late model. Will pay cash. E. W. Noble, 8508, Manifold Small Parts, second shift.

WANTED—Bass rod and reel. William S. Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

WILL SWAP—Would like to swap baby buggy for a walker. R. W. Booth, Jr., 813, Manifold Development.

FOR SALE—13-ft. speedboat—mahogany hull and deck, cockpit controls, 24 h.p. Evinrude speedy twin motor, complete with trailer, \$175.00. Wesley Kohl, 581, Engineering.

WANTED—A large tricycle. A. C. Berryman, 2615, Inspection Crib No. 3.

WANTED—Small, table model or portable radio. George Brooks, 1259, Drop Hammer, third shift.

SELL OR SWAP—Two sets of rubber knee pads. Ideal for gardening and concrete work. Used only slightly. Will take two dollars or a set of hand bumping dollies. G. F. (Bob) Harris, 2288, Manifold Assembly, second shift. Home address, 6920 Adams.

WILL SWAP—1935 Ford Tudor for equity in later model car. Will pay balance, if any. Ferd. Wolfram, 3053, Drop Hammer, third shift.

WANTED—Model airplane motor, prefer an Olsen type. George Brooks, 1259, Drop Hammer, third shift.

WANTED—Good used lawn mower. See M. D. Robbins, 1990, Sheet Metal Detail Dispatch Booth, second shift. Home phone Humboldt 8-2093.

WANTED—Ammunition. Will pay top price for any quantity, full boxes, broken lots, or even a half dozen in any of the following calibres needed: .22 L.R.—'03 Win.—.22 Spl.—.32 Auto.—.38 Spl.—.45 Auto.—'.250-3000' Savage—.30 Rem. Auto.—.410 Ga.—12 Ga.—28 Ga. Also want a '29S' or '330' Weaver 'scope and fresh water fishing tackle in good condition. Sgt. D. W. Carney, Plant Police Dept.

FOR SALE—Remington Model 37 22 caliber target rifle equipped with Lyman 5A telescope sight. Bo'h in A-1 condition. Don Wilcox, 24, Inspection. Home phone W. 4152.

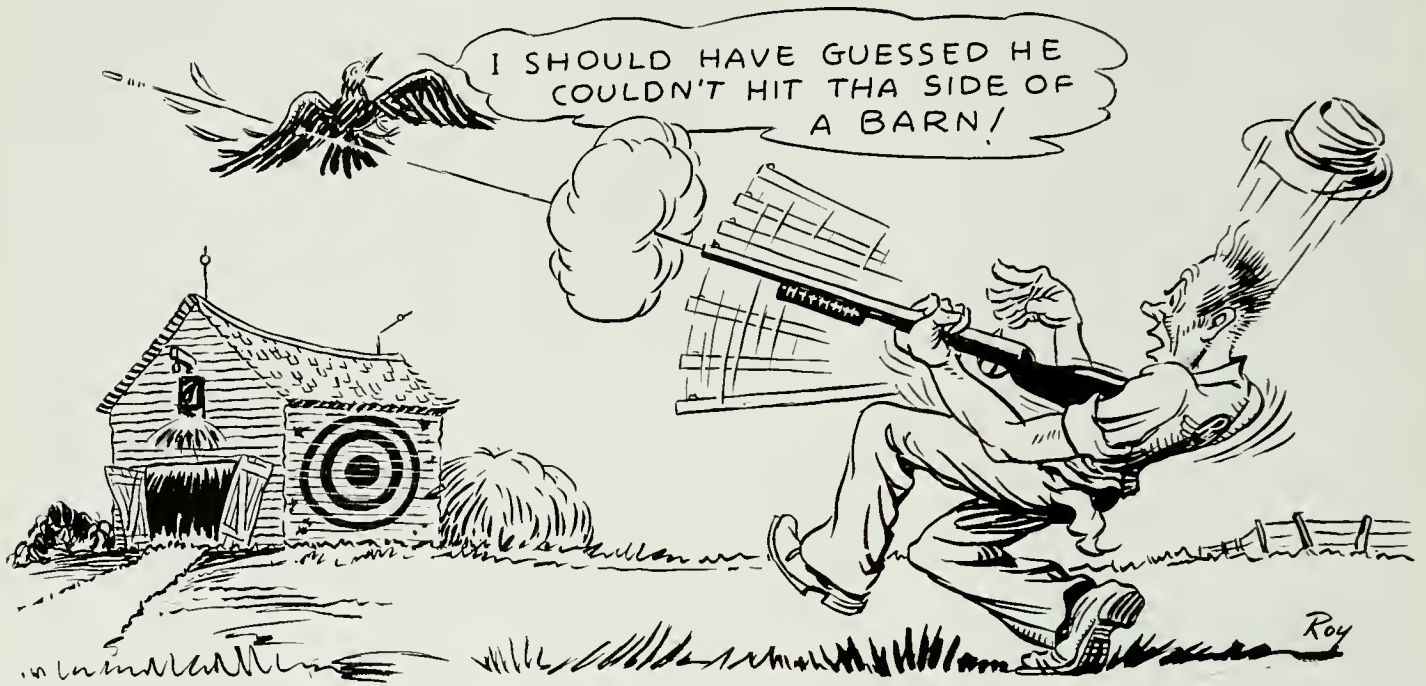
WANTED—Eastman precision enlarger or any enlarger that will take up to 4x5 size film, William Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

WANTED—A baby buggy. R. K. Gird, 1643, Wing Assembly, second shift.

FOR SALE—Kennedy Kit Tool Box with \$150.00 worth of tools, of which \$60.00 worth are Starrett precision gouges and instruments. The balance are mechanics' tools. Total for the works—\$110.00. See W. G. Hubbell, 400, Laboratory.

LOST—Reward offered for the return of a small brown woman's bag, about 3 inches by 4 inches, containing billfold, green pen, ID card, and a picture of my son. Lost in the plant between Final Assembly and the front door. Frances Marchman, 3794, Final Assembly.

Sport of the Month



RYAN RIFLE CLUB

If you like to shoot, here's the chance you've been waiting for. If you might possibly be inducted, here's an opportunity you can't afford to miss. Read the article below for further details concerning the **RYAN RIFLE CLUB**, new small arms school under the National Rifle Association. And see Travis Hatfield in Personnel for an application for membership.

Here's a club that has loads of opportunities to offer you folks interested in shooting. Through the N.R.A. it enables you, if you wish, to buy a standard rifle fitted with microsights, sling and bolt action—a gun that will be yours at the end of the war. You can learn to be an expert rifleman through the standardized approved course of instruction—a course which is absolutely the same as that given by the Army, Navy and Marines. It includes instruction inomenclature, sighting bar, triangulation coaching, use of sling, prone position, sandbag firing, sitting position firing practice, kneeling position, and standing position. After completion of the course, the results are sent in to the N.R.A., and the participant who graduates will receive a certificate. Those who serve in the capacity of instructor will be given credit hours applying toward an N.R.A. Official Instructor rating. If you are anticipating induction into the armed services, this training will enable you to pass much more smoothly and quickly into more advanced work.

Ready for use within a month will be the new Ryan Rifle Club Range which will have facilities to handle close to 100 men. In addition there'll be benches, and fireplaces in shady areas for picnics. At present, members are shooting at Stanley Andrews Co. from 7:00 on every Wednesday evening and at the Police Rifle Range on the third and fourth Sundays of the month.



Left to right, these Ryan Rifle Club enthusiasts are R. E. O'Keefe, H. L. Hanggi, Ed Morrow, Norman Descoteau, A. W. Kilmer, and Joe Swingle.

The Score Board

By A. S. Billings, Sr.

The Ryan All Stars, with the best ball club we have had all summer, are in the cellar in the Summer League having lost our last four contests.

On Sunday, August 21, we lost to Convoir Number One by a score of 4-2, and on Sunday, August 29, we blew another to the Liberators by a score of 5-2.

The club has played swell ball but is not hitting with men in the scoring position. Both of these losses can be charged to the fact that our pitchers had to go the full nine innings instead of splitting the game between them. But when a fellow gives up his Sunday, he is entitled to stay in there as long as his performance is creditable.

Jewell Marsh, formerly a great athlete at San Diego High, until an accident interrupted his career, really had a good day when pitching for the Liberators against our club on August 29.

Great game, this baseball. Here we are in the cellar and we know we should be on top. Well, that's what makes it the greatest of all American sports—any club can beat any other club on certain days and it will always be that way. That is why it was never necessary to change any of the fundamental rules of baseball.

The writer, at this time, wishes to thank such guys as Erv. Marlett, Jack Marlett, Bob Ballinger, Luther French and Mose Martin for their fine attendance and grand support during the summer and maybe next Sunday we will knock off the leaders and get back on the beam.

Del Ballinger, Night Inspector in Small Parts, is going very good during the San Diego Padres' present home stay and is responsible, in no small way, for the club's present winning streak.

Ryan Clippers

Ryan Clippers have won one, lost one and one game wound up even—all played against good Service Clubs on Tuesdays and Thursdays at Navy Field. The starting time of these games is between 5:00 and 5:15 P.M., seven innings. The club is managed by Roy Cole of Maintenance.

At this time it is well to remember that all these athletic activities of all different types are the result of the fine cooperation of E. G. O'Bryan of the Personnel Office and Travis Hatfield, Recreational Director of all athletics in the Ryan organization.

Ping Pong

Play in the Ping Pong Club's tournament will get under way September 15th, games to be arranged by players, but to be played on official tables at committee members' homes.

All matches will be best two out of three sets up to the semi-finals and finals, which will be best three out of five sets. Players will be required to wear dark-colored shirts, sweaters, or coats.

All entries must be turned in to Travis Hatfield in Personnel on or before September 13th. Matches must be played on tables at one of the following addresses and under the supervision of the following committee:

3510 Alabama (G. Dew)
1021 Concord, Pt. Loma (T. P. Hearne)
4925 Canterbury Drive (O. F. Finn)
680 Wrelton (R. S. Cunningham)

Softball

The end of the softball season is just around the corner. Several teams have already turned in their equipment. At one time there were eighteen teams representing the Ryan Aeronautical Company, playing throughout the city and country. Two of them were girls' teams. The Ryan All-Stars closed their season in a strong finish, winning three of their last four games. The scores were:

Ryan 11—Solar 2
Ryan 1—Naval Air Station 0
Ryan 2—Stockton Toltecos 4
Ryan 3—Gas Company 0

Having won sixteen games out of the last twenty-two, the Ryan swing shift softball team figures themselves to be about the best softball team at Ryan and are willing to back up their opinion on the diamond if any other team chances to disagree. The swing shift softballers have a pitcher in P. Lightfoot who averages nine strike-outs per game.

Golf

For the fall season there will be a golf handicap elimination tournament beginning Sunday, September 19th.

Here's how it works:

Entries must be turned in to M. M. Clancy before Wednesday, September 22. Tournament drawings will be made on September 23rd and the pairings for the first round will be posted on September 24. The main activity bulletin board will carry pairings, results, and dates each match is to be played off. Handicaps will be posted with the pairings of each round played. Handicaps may change during the tournament play off.

Scores must be turned in to M. M. Clancy as soon as possible after each match so that the results can be kept up to date. Matches may be played on any course.

Three-fourths of the difference in the players' handicaps will be used and the strokes allowed where they fall on the card. If the handicap comes out a fraction, the next stroke lower will be used. Match play will decide the winner of each match. If the match comes out a tie at the 18th, play will continue until one player wins a hole. Course rules will prevail.

A consolation flight composed of the first round losers will begin at the same time as the second round championship flight.

Prizes for both championship and consolation flights will be announced in the next Flying Reporter. There will be blind bogies, too.

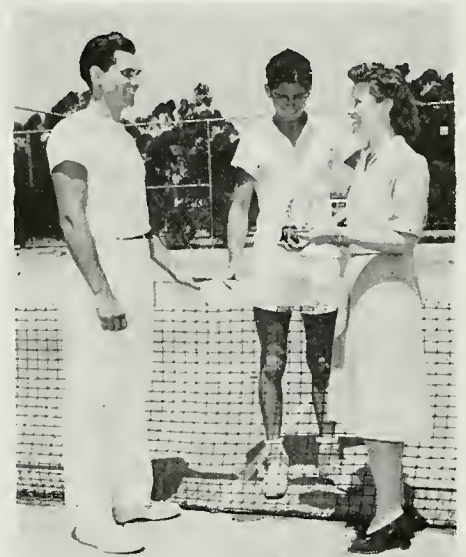
Final Golf Winners

Bernie Bills, who has been winning golf tournaments at Ryan for the past two years, seems to be in there until old age gets him. However, it hasn't been exactly a walk every time for Kenny Barnes of Manifold Assembly has several times pushed him to exert himself.

Winners of the final tournament of the summer series were:

Low Gross—Bernard Bills
Second Low Gross—Kenneth Barnes
Third Low Gross—Harry Oakland
Low Net—Frank Powell
Second Low Net—C. A. Sachs
Third Low Net—Ray Berner

Balmer Tennis Champ



Mrs. Dorothy Trudersheim presents the Ryan tennis trophy to the new champ, Jack Balmer (center), while the ex-champ and runner-up, Carmack Berryman, smiles philosophically.

Combining a powerful net attack with spectacular offensive lobs, Jack Balmer dethroned the defending champion, Carmack Berryman, in the finals of the third annual Ryan men's singles tennis tournament, Sunday, August 29th, at the North Park Courts. The score was 6-4, 3-6, 6-1. Balmer displayed a powerful all-court game and kept Berryman on the defensive throughout.

At the conclusion of the tournament, Mrs. Dorothy Trudersheim presented the Ryan trophies to the winner and runner-up.

As the Reporter goes to press, Balmer is expected to make a good showing in the annual county tennis championships, September 3, 4, and 5 at Balboa Tennis Club. Balmer and Berryman carry the Ryan hopes in the doubles.

Badminton

Another postponement has delayed re-opening of the Badminton Club's play. The San Diego High School gym, where play was held every Wednesday, was closed in the middle of the summer for repairs and was supposed to have been opened by August 15th. The latest information is that it will re-open about September 15 but watch the bulletin boards for announcements. The tournament will start in October.

Swing Shift Bowling

The Swing Shift Bowling League, which will be composed of two rounds with the winners of the rounds bowling in the title, will open September 16th at the Hillcrest Bowl. At least eight strong teams are desired for the league, so if any group wishes to organize a team, it is asked to get in touch with G. R. Meller in Small Parts or Fred Hill or R. Turner in Sheet Metal.

An Industrial 825 Scratch League with two teams from Ryan swing shift entered, will start September 15 at the Hillcrest Bowl. This league will continue for 28 weeks, with bowling every Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

Wing Tips

R. F. Hersey



First of all and above all, the Wing department received a message we have been waiting for a long time. It was an announcement of the graduation from Ellington Field, Texas, on August 30, of HAROLD B. JOHNSON, Lieutenant, Air Corps, Army of the United States.

There is no need to explain further about Harold, because all of us who know him can say that the Army can't possibly realize how lucky they are. Harold was a member of our old Wing department. He had a shore in building our Ryan trainers. And one swell fellow he is. Our best regards to Lieut. Harold B. Johnson from Wing Assembly.

Now to introduce some of the newest employees of the Wing department. Introducing: NORENA NESTER, ANN STIENHOFF, IWANDA McHENRY, ALMA BOYD, MARY COX, ERWIN SHUETT, MAY BERESFORD, GLYTHA MAGILL, MAUDE BURWELL, JAMES STOVALL, OPAL ANDERSON, FRANCES CZUCHAJ, MARY RINEHART, HAZEL BROWN, ORA KELLY, L. BARNETTE, CONNIE AMBORN, MANUAL McCLAIN, DAVID NIDAY, MARY MARTINO, EMMA KEIFFER, BILL CRONER, GAY RICHARDSON, CHRISTINE ADDISON, CHARLES STEPANOFF, DAVID SMITH, BEN DOBBINS and E. PADILLA.

Among the fellows that helped us out during their vacations from school were JEFF ALLEN, JEFF SHRUM, AL CATALANO, LEWIS MOTE, JAMES MILLS, and HARRY MOORE. The above fellows have now returned to their school studies. But we do want to say, we appreciated their patriotism in giving up their vacation to help out in our vital war work.

Everyone was glad to see CONNIE SUCKER return from her leave of absence.

There have been many comments on the lighting effects over in our new building. The ladies' pretty point along with the brightest of colors turns to a dull purple. But we do have a wonderful new building which goes along with our slogan "a better place to work."

I've been on vacation this past week, and again I just made the deadline. But until next issue—

MORE ABOUT

WORKING AT NIGHT

(Continued from Page 9)

while Mickey, their Siamese kitten, comes in to enjoy a few pats before being returned to her boudoir on the back porch.

About their second shift work, the Gilmors have this to say: "We earn more because we work second shift; we save more because we are able to shop around for food and clothing; we are healthier because we get more sunshine and outdoor exercise; when we do want to go to the doctor or the dentist, we don't have to take time off work to do it, and we have more home life. All in all, we're sold on it!"

Who Sent In These Ideas?

Before closing their files on certain shop suggestions the War Production Drive Committee is making a final effort to get in touch with employees who have submitted winning ideas for which awards have been authorized but unclaimed. Following is a list of suggestion subjects and serial numbers which have not been identified:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1021—Basket Hooks | Bronze Award |
| 1327—Trailing and Leading Edges | Bronze Award |
| 1390—Lock for Lights..... | Bronze Award |
| 1466—Time Cord Rocks..... | Bronze Award |
| 1479—Metal Scroper.... | Certificate of Merit |
| 1512—Handling Small Ports | Certificate of Merit |
| 1597—Rocks for Ice Box..... | Silver Award |
| 1712—Electric Drill Stands.... | Bronze Award |
| 1760—Inspection of Fitted Parts | Silver Award |

If you were the originator of any of these suggestions, will you please write your name, department and badge number on the suggestion stub you retained when originally turning in your suggestion; and deposit this stub in the shop suggestion box next to the first old room of the main plant entrance so that the joint Labor-Management Committee may contact you. If you've lost your stub, just write a note of explanation to the committee and drop it in the box.

Army-Navy Notes

Championship status in the lunch hour checker tournament has passed from Army Inspector STEVENS to Navy Inspector GREEN. Claims Stevens, "I was robbed."

MAJOR GILES, the Army's Drop Hammer expert, has purchased a new copy of Esquire so the boys will have something to put in blank wospace that remained after the "coke" machine was taken from the A-N inspection office recently.

Life certainly had its ups and downs for the Navy's FREDDY WALLBRINK this month. First, he lost a finger in a hit-run auto accident, then he received a long awaited promotion.

Persons who think government employees are draft-exempt should talk with "DELL" DELGADO and BILL ROBBINS, both Navy inspectors and pre-Pearl Harbor fathers to boot. Del is expecting an induction notice any day, and Bill got orders to report on September 2.

MOSES MARTIN set something of a record recently when he stole seven bases in a softball game. . . . Anyhow, that's what his press-agent says. Moses can't remember for sure how many bases he stole, but he claims he left the game wondering whether he'd be arrested for grand larceny.

Evidently taking a vacation didn't hurt "MAC" BALDWIN of the Navy. At any rate he's still able to take "TEX" RICKARD, the Army inspector, at chess.

MORE ABOUT

CHARLES FRANTZ

(Continued from page 7)

He stayed around the farm that summer helping his parents, brother, and two sisters do the chores. But the gypsy fever was still in him—aggravated this time by another bug: the flying bug. In the fall he said good-bye to the family again, and set out for the Lincoln Airplane School in Nebraska.

There he learned to fly, meanwhile working as a welder in the Arrow Aircraft factory. When he won his pilot's license he bought an OX-5 Lincoln Page and took off for home."

"That flight was kind of a thrill," he says. "I didn't know much about navigation or cross-country flying, but I knew I'd recognize all the landmarks within hundreds of miles of the farm. I recognized them all right, but they come up over the horizon a lot faster than I expected. There was a mighty strong tail wind, and I made that 250 miles to Tamo in two hours and 28 minutes. That was 100 miles an hour in any man's language—which was some travelling for a 1929 private plane."

The plane proved a pretty expensive means of transportation, and Frantz soon sold it. By this time he was 24, and after three years of wandering felt an occasional urge to settle down. But he still had nine more years of roaming ahead of him before he was to put down roots and set himself for a lifetime career.

He put in a summer operating a filling station in his home county, hit the road again to Cheyenne where he helped build a light and power plant, then came home once more. For awhile he took a job driving one of the big cross-country auto transports that carried a whole string of new automobiles on a 60-foot trailer. Then he became a bus driver, and later a gravel-truck driver; he still had an insatiable urge to try his hand at new and different kinds of work.

One year at home, working in a Chevrolet service garage, then off on his travels again—this time back to Lincoln, where he married the sister of his own sister's husband (a little complicated, but you get the idea). Even marriage didn't kill his yen to keep moving. He decided he'd like to work in an aircraft factory, so he and his wife headed for Wayne, Michigan, where he landed a welding job with Stinson.

Three years there, then on to Detroit and a woodworking job with Gor Wood, the great speedboat builder. Six months of that, and he decided he'd like to spend a winter in California. He and his wife took a trip to Los Angeles, didn't like it too much, and rombled down to San Diego.

They liked San Diego.

Charlie looked around for a good job, so they could linger longer. "I started down Pacific Highway, and asked for work at the first attractive-looking place I come to," he recalls. "That place happened to be Ryon, and they happened to need an experienced welder. We made a deal."

The winter ended, and Charlie and his wife regretfully packed up to leave. They'd left a houseful of furniture in Detroit, so they had to go back. But their wanderlust

(Continued on next page)



Ryan PT-22 trainers on the flight line at Ryan School of Aeronautics, Hemet, Calif.

was burning out at last. For the first time, they would have liked to stay put instead of moving on.

Unwillingly, they went back to Detroit. There Frantz took a job that he still remembers with particular pride—the job of helping to build Ford's mammoth gas tank.

"That tank was taller than lots of skyscrapers—388 feet to the top of the tower," he says. "It held ten million cubic feet of gas, and was the largest in the world, except possibly for one somewhere in Europe that was rumored to be slightly larger. Building that baby was a real thrill."

Teetering on thin scaffoldings hundreds of feet in the air didn't bother Frantz much. Sometimes, working on the outside of the tank, he had to balance himself on a two-inch board with nothing to save him if he slipped. "I always felt a bit more relaxed when I was back on the ground, but I never got awfully nervous up there," he says.

When the tank was finished it was December again. Frantz was torn between a desire to go back to Ryan and settle down, and a hankering to take one more fling at travel. The travel-urge won. He and his wife started down through the south—Louisiana, then Texas. He went to work in the oil-fields near Houston.

But he hadn't been there long before he knew he'd rather be back with Ryan. He wrote to the company asking if it had a job open for him.

For what seemed a long time he waited for an answer, meanwhile getting sicker and

sicker of the oil-fields. "One day, slopping around out there in the rain and mud, I went home to lunch feeling pretty disgusted with the world. There was a letter there from Walter Locke offering me a job at Ryan. Boy, I'll never forget him for that! I left for San Diego the next day."

Frantz went to work here for the second time in April, 1939. His habit of plugging hard on any kind of job he tackled soon began to win him a reputation in the growing Ryan factory. One morning, after he had been with the company a year and a half, he was suddenly summoned to the office of Vice President Eddie Mollay.

"Mr. Barton was there too," he recalls. "They asked me if I'd like to take on the job of foreman of Airplane Welding. I guess I was the most surprised man in the factory. I'd never even thought about a supervisory job. But I told them if they thought I could handle it, I'd sure try."

In the three years since then, this quiet chap of 37 with the rather shy smile has become one of Ryan's best-liked foremen. He has been particularly successful in training inexperienced women employees. His friendly but almost bashful manner, plus his patience and his obviously thorough knowledge of his job, soon puts nervous girls at ease. They work their heads off for Frantz. "I was as skeptical as anybody when we first started taking in women workers," he says, "but I'll have to admit that they're doing a wonderful job in my department."

No story about Charlie Frantz would be complete without mention of his famous

blackboard. Fastened to a post high in the air, where it can be seen from far away on the factory floor, he has a board on which he chalks a pithy saying or proverb each day. Everyone passing through the plant notices that blackboard, and many a Ryanite has gotten in the habit of looking up there each morning to see Charlie's thought for the day.

The mottoes on the board nearly always seem fresh and thought-provoking: "Mud thrown is ground lost." "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday." "It's hard to get ahead in the world if you spend your time getting even." "Idle curiosity keeps a lot of people busy." "You can't get rid of a bad temper by losing it."

Dozens of people in nearby departments bring in sayings for Charlie's board, so that he always has a big envelope bulging with notes and clippings from which to choose. He's found that Ryanites like occasional humor as well as the usual serious thoughts, so he changes pace now and then with mottoes like these: "When you have anything to say to a mule, say it to his face." "A bachelor is a man who never made the same mistake once." "You never know what you can't do until you don't try." "A grocery clerk may not be as heavy as a dry-goods clerk, but he weighs more."

The motto to end all mottoes went up on the board at the suggestion of one of the employees in the department. Frantz still takes a lot of kidding about it. It said:

"Be a self-starter. Don't let the boss be a crank."

SAMPLE MENUS

(These menus provide approximately 40 per cent of the day's nutritional requirements in calories, vitamins and minerals for a moderately active 154-pound man as recommended by the National Research Council.)

MENU 1

Pot roast with pan gravy
Browned potato
Glazed carrots*
Chopped raw cabbage
Thousand Island dressing
Butter or margarine**
Peaches***
100% whole wheat bread
Milk to drink

MENU 4

Chicken or fish a la King*
Baked potato
Fresh buttered string beans
Chef's salad
French dressing
Enriched bread
Butter or margarine**
Watermelon
Milk to drink

MENU 2

Macaroni and cheese*
Buttered broccoli
Head lettuce
Thousand Island dressing
100% whole wheat roll
Butter or margarine**
Fruit cup***
Milk to drink

MENU 5

Meat stew with vegetables
(potatoes, peas, carrots,
onions)
Green salad (mixed greens)
French dressing
Enriched bread
Butter or margarine**
Apple crisp with fruit sauce*
Milk to drink

MENU 3

Fried or baked fish with
lemon wedge*
Fresh buttered beets
Parsley creamed potato
Carrot and apple salad
Mayonnaise
Yellow cornmeal muffins
Butter or margarine**
Deep dish fruit pie
Milk to drink

MENU 6

Liver loaf
Parsley cream sauce
Buttered fresh asparagus
Orange, date, romain salad
French dressing
Enriched hot roll
Butter or margarine**
Baked apple*
Milk to drink

LIVER PATTIES BROILED

1½ pounds liver
2 cups cracker crumbs
2 tablespoons grated onions
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons bacon drippings or cooking oil
⅛ teaspoon marjoram

Put liver in small quantity of boiling water, simmer for a few minutes. Put through meat chopper. Mix thoroughly with other ingredients, adding enough liquid in which the liver was cooked to moisten, about ¾ cup (milk may be used). Shape into patties. Broil under low flame until brown. Serves 8.

CHICKEN A LA KING

1/3 cup butter or margarine, melted
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 cup sliced mushrooms
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
¼ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
2½ cups cooked and seasoned chicken, finely
diced
1 beaten egg yolk
2 tablespoons finely cut pimiento

Simmer butter with green pepper and mushrooms; add flour and blend; add milk slowly, stirring until blended. Add seasoning and chicken and cook over low heat, stirring until it boils. Add egg yolk and pimiento and stir 2 minutes longer. Serve on biscuits or hot buttered toast. (Serves 6.)

BAKED MACARONI AND CHEESE

1 8-ounce package macaroni
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pound grated American cheese
1 cup dry bread crumbs

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender; rinse and drain. Make white sauce of butter, flour, milk, and seasonings; add two-thirds of the cheese and allow to melt. Pour over macaroni and turn into greased baking dish. Sprinkle crumbs and remaining cheese over top. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 30 minutes. (Serves 6.)

What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG

LYONNAISE CARROTS

2 small onions, minced
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 cups cooked carrots
1 tablespoon minced parsley

Brown onions in butter or margarine; add salt, pepper and carrots. Cover and cook slowly about 15 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley. Serves 8.

FRIED FISH

Cut into 1-inch slices of fillets. Cook plain or dip into milk or egg mixed with 2 tablespoons water; then roll in salted flour, cornmeal or fine dry crumbs. Place in hot frying pan containing ⅛-inch layer of melted fat; brown on one side, then turn and brown on other side, allowing 8 to 12 minutes total cooking time, depending on thickness of slice. Fish suitable for frying are bass, carp, catfish, cod, flounder, halibut, perch, salmon, smelt and trout. Serve fried fish with lemon wedge, lemon butter or tartar sauce.

SAVORY SALMON LOAF

½ cup buttered bread crumbs
2 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup milk
1 (1-pound) can salmon, flaked
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
½ teaspoon sage
2 teaspoons finely chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon melted butter

Combine ingredients in order given. Pack firmly into buttered loaf pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out onto platter and garnish with sliced hard-cooked eggs and sliced pickles. Serves 6.

COOKED BROCCOLI

2½ pounds broccoli
Boiling water
1 teaspoon salt

Wash broccoli, and split thick heads. Place broccoli in boiling salted water, with ends down and heads out of water. Cook uncovered 10 to 20 minutes. Then place all of broccoli under water and cook 5 minutes longer. Drain. (Makes about 4 cups.) To serve, season with pepper and butter. Serves 6 to 8.

FRIDAY MEAT LOAF

½ pound cheese
2 cups beans or lentils (cooked)
½ cup bread crumbs
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 tablespoon margarine or bacon fat
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup tomatoes
1 egg or
¼ cup thick white sauce

Mash beans and add cheese. Add seasoning and egg or white sauce, and tomatoes. Add crumbs to make stiff enough to shape. Shape and bake at 375 degrees until firm, about three-quarters of an hour. Serve with tomato sauce or white sauce gravy. Serves 6 to 8.

LIVER LOAF

1 pound liver
½ pound fresh pork chopped
1 cup bread crumbs
1 onion
1 egg, well beaten
½ cup pickle relish
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
celery salt and paprika
2 tablespoons tomato catsup
juice of half a lemon
½ cup milk or water to moisten

Grind liver, pork, and onions and bread crumbs together. Add milk, beaten egg, and



**Have You a
Favorite
Meat-Extender
Recipe?**

Is there some recipe requiring very little meat that your family really goes for in a big way? If so, we'd like to pass it on to the rest of the Ryan family so they can enjoy it, too. We're all interested in filling our recipe books with low-red-point entrees. Write your favorite down and drop it in the Flying Reporter Box just inside the front factory door or put it in the inter-office mail to Mrs. Long in Personnel.



Beauty isn't Rationed

By Frances Staller

Believe it or not, a sport coat into an evening wrap! A complete transformation can be made with a simple black wool coat, preferably a short box-type coat void of collar and pockets. The trick that can be wrought is this: Cut a strip of material that will fit around the collar and follow down the front the same length as the jacket and line with black crepe on the under side—then pepper it lavishly with black sequins. This will reap you a dazzling evening wrap which can be quickly tacked down in a few minutes for that special evening.

In compliance with requests by safety councils, white wool will be prevalent throughout your fall and winter wardrobe. One especially fresh and crisp number is a red and white checked flannel dress.

Coming into its own again is the stocking cap. It gains favor by being kind to any face or coiffure. You can roll it up and tuck it in your pocket. For dress you can have it made from velvet and for work and sport wear have one hand-knitted in brilliant and shocking colors.

Shirts and skirts are going to be stand-bys for the fall season. Especially these pencil slim skirts with just a little fullness in the right places worn with a jersey blouse. Grey flannel is a favorite fabric. The shirt and skirt idea is carried right over into your most dressy evening, only your skirt will more than likely be out of velvet and your blouse out of heavenly rayon lame' with brilliant studs.

For glamour about home why not try a pair of leopard-printed cotton scuffs made by "Joyce." House shoes are not rationed, you know.

Yardley is introducing a new shade of face powder. Called Zinnia. Gay, clear, blossom-fresh, petal-smooth, it reminds you of pert zinnias of country gardens, of sunlight in a grove. An artful blending of palest gold and pink. Zinnia is one of the very few powder shades that flatters the blonde, the brunette, and the redhead equally, and is especially becoming to silver hairs. For those of you who have a deeply tanned skin, Yardley's glowing, rosy suntan shade, Deep Peach, will never turn into dingy brown streaks like so many powders made for a sun-tanned skin. You can purchase either one of these glamour dusts for only \$1.00 at all better department stores.

The Vad Corporation has hit upon a trick for really keeping your lips soft and smooth. Vad lipstick contains 23 1/2% cad liver oil and comes in five shades. If you'll apply it with a lipstick brush, be assured you won't have to touch your lipstick up but once during your entire work day.



There are four basic types of skin—dry, oily, normal and blemished. For each of these, Elizabeth Arden has an Efficiency Kit which contains the complete home treatment. In each box there is a handbook that tells you a simple morning and evening treatment, and outlines a special treatment for your Sunday at home. One way of relaxing and looking better on the job after your day of rest is to give your skin a special treatment in your free time. The routine becomes so easy that you find yourself going through it quicker and quicker—as you become better and better to look at.

On the reverse side of the Efficiency Plan Folder, brief routines are outlined for better grooming. You discover, for instance, that hair brushing can also be a scalp treatment and learn specific steps to take if you have a definite hair problem. As far as make-up, it is outlined step by step, again with the basic idea that routine and system are the only true short cuts to enduring good looks.

Efficiency Kit for Normal Skin \$6.00.
Efficiency Kit for Oily Skin \$6.00.
Efficiency Kit for Dry Skin \$5.50.
Efficiency Kit for Blemished Skin, \$5.50.

Since there is no single beauty treatment as vital to a well-groomed skin as the method of cleansing, here are six suggestions from Elizabeth Arden to make your cleansing cream and lotion go further:

1. To save cleansing cream—The warmth of fingers melts the cream, so use a pad of cotton, first wrung out of cold water, then moistened with lotion. Dip it lightly in the cleansing cream, using only a little . . . the pad will slide over the skin. It is refreshingly fragrant . . . wonderfully effective. To remove the cream, and economize on cotton, turn the pad inside out.

2. To save lotion—squeeze the pad of cotton out of cold water before moistening it with lotion—you use less. Then pat the skin gently till it glows. This way of cleansing brings a "sparkling" look . . . it wakes up the skin in the morning . . . refreshes it wonderfully after a busy day.

3. To save cream—before taking cream from jar, beat it with a little spatula—it will become fluffy and spread easier on the skin—you will find that you can use less—with the same good results.

4. Buy large sizes—because you get more for your money and extra shopping trips are eliminated. Transfer it to a smaller container . . . make it last.

5. Keep creams in a cool place—large jars preferably in the ice box. Lotion should be kept at room temperature.

6. Follow directions implicitly—they are the result of research and experiment. It is wasteful not to derive the utmost from any preparation that you use.

Gerlau has costume jewelry of distinction. Their latest offer is your exclusive earrings—made so by having your hand-engraved initials embellished thereupon. Obtainable in gold plate over heavy sterling silver base or sterling silver. If you would like to see their free Costume Jewelry Catalogue write to them at 501 Fifth Avenue, New York. The earrings mentioned above are only \$6.00 for the large size and \$5.00 for the small size, plus, of course, 10% federal tax.

After you wash your hands at the end of the day, do you find them rough and dry? Maybe what you need is Sofskin Creme—a product that has been sold for a number of years exclusively in the beauty salons but is now available in the better department stores and drug stores. Just a dab of this fragrant white creme almost instantly smooths and softens work-roughened hands. Best of all, it's not sticky—rubs in quickly and you can put gloves on right after using. Get the Sofskin habit like thousands of other women and you'll be delighted at the improved appearance of your hands in just a short while.

Hither and Yon

Our hats go off—Marj Best of Sheet Metal called up the other day and told us of a lady who she thought deserved some extra special mention. We think so too. She's Mrs. Mabel Sherman, the mather of 14 children and the grandmother of another 14, who has operated a band saw in the Sheet Metal department for almost a year now. Every day she commutes from



Mrs.
Mabel
Sherman

★
Sheet
Metal

her El Cajon home, where she and five of her children live, to her job in the Ryan plant. And she has one of the best attendance records in her entire department!

Up until a year ago Mabel Sherman had never operated a machine in her life, but now she'd welcome the opportunity to learn all the different machines in the plant. "I never realized machinery could be so fascinating," she says.

Anything for news sake—P. G. Seidel, affectionately nicknamed "Si" as in "cyclone," started out merrily on his vacation a week or so ago. And he did a beautiful job of painting his house—three coats of the best purple enamel he could find. Just as he was finishing up a few spots under the eaves where the old red still shawed through, his foot slipped and Si went hurtling through the air 85 feet to the ground. Doctors at the time reported him suffering from both legs broken, one arm badly cracked, a dent in his chin and several minor injuries.

So, it was with great delight and admiration that fellow workers helped him back to work on the Monday he was scheduled to return. Which all goes to show how anxious Ryanites are to get back to their jobs. And also how a few simple facts can be distorted by your Flying Reporter writers when they can't find any real news. How about it, Accounting? What about a column?

No progress yet—We're still rooting for a column from Dorothy Kalbrek. Incidentally, we've also found another old-timer back. Remember "Jannie" Johnson who used to write the Experimentettes column? She's back in Inspection again.

The value of blood—When the Fishers had to scrape their bank account clean to get enough money to pay for a transfusion for Mr. Fisher a few years ago in Los Angeles, Mrs. Fisher made one resolve: If she could ever give blood to someone who needed it, she would do so every time she

Mrs.
Char-Lotte
Fisher
★
Sheet
Metal



could spare it. Her opportunity came sooner than she had expected for while she was waiting in the hospital for Mr. Fisher, she heard of a little boy in an adjoining room who needed blood. She offered hers and it was found to be the right type. Since that time, Mrs. Fisher has given 18 transfusions, nine to individuals (several of which have been responsible for saving a life) and nine others to the Red Cross. She's also helped arrange for other Ryanites to donate their blood. Working entirely on her own time, during rest periods and before and after work, she has been directly responsible for almost 600 appointments for donations at the Red Cross Blood Center.

Where are the moles—This column begins to look like a Female Features column, not that we couldn't use one, of course, but we'd like to sprinkle it with a bit of masculine gossip, too. Speaking of moles, you might ask Photographer Frank Martin to explain the new motto he has proposed for the Photography department: "We cover everything!" Don't we, Frank?

You'll see her around—Newly-arrived from the Buckeye state is our visiting nurse, Bernice Johnson. Bernice trained at Charity Hospital in Cleveland and then did private nursing in that area until she went to work in the blood bank at Bedford, Ohio. Ask her sometime if she thinks Ryanites should become blood donors!

Bernice
Johnson
★
Personnel



I haven't done anything. That was the first thought of Mrs. Betty Lincoln, Manifold Small Parts, when she was told that she was wanted at the Police Desk. But that wasn't the idea.

After flying for several months as the bombardier on a B-24 operating out of North Africa, during which time he had survived a serious crack-up, her husband, Sergeant Lee Lincoln, had returned to the United States, been feted in New York, and was waiting at the Police Desk when she came out. After a week's leave she's back at her machine again, but there's a twinkle in her eye that says it was one wonderful week they had together.



Production Control

by Maynard Lovell

Once upon a time, as all fairy stories start, I happened to be in a group of persons discussing sights they had seen. One person, when a place or object of interest was mentioned, would always say that he had seen it. Finally he spoke up and said that he had seen everything. He was asked if he had ever drunk moonshine and he said that he hadn't. To this one of the fellows spoke up and said, "Then Brother, you haven't seen anything yet." I don't even remember who the people were now, but if they were to come to Ryan on the Second Shift we could add to their HAVE SEENS.

For instance there is the lady who wants to keep her old badge BECAUSE SHE LIKES THE PICTURE IN IT. If I hadn't heard it I wouldn't have believed it. (There wasn't any argument when they wanted to change mine.)

And then there is FRED HILL'S shirt. I was getting ready to comment on the way Fred appeared in all parts of the Sheet Metal department at the same time when I discovered that there were FIVE shirts all alike in Sheet Metal. I was going down to buy myself the sixth one—they usually come six to a box—but on second thought, I don't know if I want one or not.

No, you haven't seen everything yet. How about when a man comes to work wearing his pajama tops in place of a shirt? CECIL HAMLET insists that it is a shirt and offered to bring down the box to prove it. Tell us the truth now, Cecil, did you get up late or didn't your laundry get back in time?

There is a lot of kidding going on about how the girls look under the lights in the new building. The light does funny things to different colors. Reds and blues suffer the most. I am anxious to see what it would do to the above-mentioned shirts. JEAN TUSA is going to spend a couple of weeks visiting her folks in New Orleans. She has had GEER'S mouth watering for some time from telling him about all the good things she is going to have to eat. She has promised to send me a card every day with her menu on it. We hope you have a nice trip and visit, Jean, and—please bring back a nice ham sandwich for us.

I'll match "LIB" MITCHELL with any Marine for an obstacle race. You should see her make the rounds of the phones in Production Control trying to catch the one that is ringing before it stops. BOB CHILDS is working on an invention whereby an arm will come up and wave a flag when the bell rings. This will save "Lib" money a mile.

I think I've found out why SYLVIA wanted to be put back in circulation. Let me know when you want to be taken out again, Sylvia—always glad to oblige. (I mean notice in the Flying Reporter of whether you are in circulation or not.)

WE'RE ON THE AIR

(Continued from page 1)

is a member of the educational committee of the Chamber of Commerce, and a director of the Francis W. Parker School (ar which he also served as president for two terms). He is widely known throughout Southern California as a public speaker on educational subjects, and has made over 350 talks in the last seven years to Rotary Clubs, University Clubs and other civic organizations.

You'll probably see Edward Hope now and then, browsing around the factory far more material for his Ryan radio broadcasts. And you'll probably hear his voice on the air a good many times—because once you've heard him, you'll want to listen again!



Stacks and Stuff

by Manny Fahlde

Being a farmer first-shifter, it has taken me some time to get myself into second gear, but upon reading the yarns written in the more recent issues by such old-timers as "Slim" Coats and Pat Kelly, a feeling akin to homesickness assailed me, and I thereupon decided that it had been long enough since my last efforts had (dis)graced these pages.

You know, it's an odd gang that goes to make up the second shift here in Manifold. They are, most generally, the friendliest people I've had occasion to work with. They have a knack of self-entertainment brought about, no doubt, by the fact that there is little opportunity to take advantage of the various commercial amusement enterprises that are thriving throughout town.

Just the other night we had a celebration in honor of the first Lockheed stack to be built in the new production jig. J. C. COE decided that there should be a launching so a launching it was. "PINKIE" LANGLOIS was selected as the sponsor, and at her suggestion, the stack was dubbed "Jim Jr." in favor of JIM JARDIN, its builder.

With no colorful decorations or martial music (the department was unable to produce even a hot harmonica player on such short notice) but with appropriate dignity and a bag of water substituting for the traditional champagne, the launching was executed with dispatch much to the satisfaction and merriment of the spectators. No, "BUTCH" and MR. KELLY were nowhere in sight.



Putt Putts On Parade

by Evelyn Duncan

Hella, people! Here's a brand new column (and we hope you like it) but Transportation is not a new department. All of you have seen boys and girls driving Buda trucks around, picking up parts here and taking them there. Some push hand trucks around, as does yours truly. Transportation is composed of a group of swell fellows and girls and they are all under LON HUMPHREY. There are only a few of us so you'll be seeing everyone's name quite often. So, there is Transportation in a nutshell—now let's get on with the news.

We were all glad to see MAC MCKENZIE back at work again after a ten-day leave which she spent in the mountains with her husband, Ross McKenzie, U.S.N.

We must admit that hand lotion is necessary for beautiful hands when you work in a war plant, but why should HELEN McCOWN be needing such a very large bottle of Jergens? By the way, we missed you when you were out, Helen.

Though MILLIE MERRIT has been working here quite a while, she has been getting a lot of ribbing lately about being a new employee. Millie lost her badge and is wearing a temporary one at the moment.

We all miss BOB HUNTER, who left us a few days ago. Bob was a good worker and a swell fellow. He is going to spend a week in the mountains before entering school, and we all are wishing the very best for Bob.

FAYE POWELL, swing shift, is absent because of illness. We hope she will be back with us again very soon.

Though I do not know any of the members of the night crew personally, I must give them honorable mention because they are very faithful in taking up where we leave off. The night crew consists of LYLE HALL, HELEN McALISTER, FAYE POWELL, TOMMIE THOMPSON and ARCHIE WILLIAMS.

Much excitement landed in our department recently when the new Budas came in. DORIS BERG and yours truly both wanted new ones so that we could name them. Our faces fell, however, when MR. HUMPHREY told us we'd draw for the new ones. We had never been lucky. For once in our lives, however, we both were lucky and got the new ones. For a few moments bystanders might have thought we were long lost friends the way we were carrying on. Daris is still trying to think of a suitable name, while mine is already named "The Leatherneck."

Transportation is glad to welcome VERLA GENE WARREN into the fold. Gene was formerly of Lubbock, Texas (one of my old friend Texas' products—I came from there, too, and am known as "Tex" to some.) Right now she says she doesn't think she'll ever learn her way around this place, but cheer up, Gene, we all thought that when we first started.

RUPERT BERG will have none of the Budas. He assures us that he'd much rather have his hand truck than anything mechanical. Well, folks, I guess that's all the dope I have, so I'll be seeing you next time. So long!

Silents Lead Bowling League

Here are the standings for the Bowling League:

| | Won | Lost |
|-----------------------|-----|------|
| Ryan Silents | 13 | 7 |
| Jigs & Fixtures | 12 | 8 |
| Rockets | 11 | 9 |
| Taal Room | 11 | 9 |
| Plant Engineers | 11 | 9 |
| Maintenance | 7 | 9 |
| Ryanettes | 7 | 13 |
| Gutter Tossers | 4 | 16 |

Jigs & Fixtures jumped two places by winning 3 to 1 over the Gutter Tossers and are in a position to contest the Silents for the top spot. However, with the two Silys bowling championship style for the Rockets, the top spot looks like a hot spot from here.

High scores for the recent game are as follows:

- High team game—Jigs & Fixtures, 806
- High individual game—Ed Sly, 222
- High team series—Plant Engineers, 2376
- High individual series—Durant, 586

Gordon Mossap, contact man between the factory and the Flying Reporter, wants to apologize for leaving out of the last report Castlebury's 245 game and Bud Sly's 580 series.



Riding Club News

by Winona Mattsan

The "Ryan Ryders" have had two rides. On Sunday, August 15, at the San Diego Stables, we rode the hills with Bill Immenschuh in the lead on a new horse "Chief." Nice traveler, eh Bill?

We had several new members and guests. Carl Huetter and George Crow rode with us for the first time. Donna Sue Mattson of Dallas, Texas, Dorothy Fisher, Ruth Huetter, Marion Miner, Pat and Barney Barnett were guests.

Everyone had a good time. Fact is, the echo about "Does anyone want to try an English saddle?" lasted all the next week!

On Sunday, August 29, we rode at the Hazelwood Stables. We had about the usual size group, but most of them were new members and guests. The "regulars" were: Bill Immenschuh, Tom Davidsan, Andy McReynolds, Carl Huetter, Frances France, Irving Wischmeyer, Virgil Johnson, Mrs. McCowan, and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kops.

Virgil Johnson and Dorothy Fisher are now Mr. and Mrs. We are glad to have them as "regulars" and we wish them a long, happy married life.

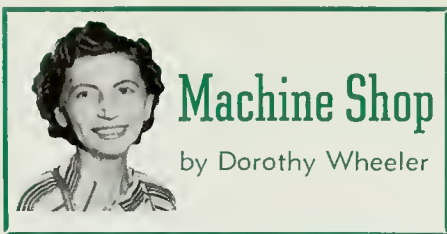
Considering the change to horses we were unaccustomed to and the new terrain, the ride was O. K. We will know now which horses we want to ride when we ride again at Hazelwood.

To All Ryan Workers

Thank you everyone for the beautiful flowers and the cheerful cards that you have sent. With that kind of support, a fellow just can't stay sick long. By the time this issue of the Reporter is out I should be back at home.

Many, many thanks,

Carl Palmer



This is a busy place these days but we like it that way. It is my opinion that happiness and contentment are gained only through achievement or by doing something. When everyone is busy there's not much time for complaints, scuttlebut, or belittling comments.

One of our "hard-workingest" boys, MAURY FRYE, has gone to Kansas on a month's leave of absence. His parents, both quite old and in poor health, could not attend to necessary business affairs. We'll all be glad when he returns.

Four more of our boys have won Suggestion Box Awards. STANLEY KNUDTSON won a gold award for a very original contrivance which made his turret lathe nearly automatic and increased production. BERNARD BRUCE won a silver award for his contribution concerning the use of a shell mill in boring flanges on the turret lathe. This is greatly increasing production. BOB STOCKWELL won a silver award with his idea for a drill press jig hold-down. We are making good use of this already. It has proved beneficial in insuring both accuracy and safety. JIMMY BUTLER also won a silver award with his idea for expediting production and avoiding repetition of past errors in any repeat job. His idea was to keep a record of procedure, speeds, feeds, special tools, setups, etc. You are doing a grand job, boys, and we're every one of us proud of you.

We wan't attempt to say why far we don't know—but the word is that LEO SAYLES was very glad to see leadman CONRAD ADAMS came back from his vacation.

They say around the shop that leadman EGGY LEACH should go in the ring as a referee. We wonder if anyone knows why.

Was the perspiration on ANN CAPORALE'S brow the other night from honest labor? Oh no, come to think of it she had it when she came to work. Tsk, tsk!

Who's the certain Texas gal that has it in for a Texas guy—on account of his making her late far work and spoiling a year's almost perfect record?

Ask WALLY HINMAN how he got the name of "Blank." His answer is interesting. We're also glad to report that he is "right in the groove any more."

Our golfing leadman JIM HUMPHREY says if he could keep a cool head he could shoot close to a perfect seventy score.

Everyone was sorry to lose FRED WITENBURY a few days ago. We know that agricultural production is very important, but we will still miss seeing you at that mill, Fred.

GENE JACK who, with her husband and daughter, spent her vacation at Big Bear Lake and daing all sarts of nice and interesting things in Los Angeles must certainly have had a wonderful time. Wish we could have gone, too.

Happy days are here again for BERT BRYAN. Yes—you guessed it—he has his new store teeth. This writer can say that he really looks O. K. and handles them like an expert.

We have an addition to the dispatcher's crib, LYLA KINSEY, and we all wish her the best of everything and hope our cooperation will meet her approval. She's a very nice girl.

Some of the boys from the turret lothes are called old mill honds by some of the other boys.

Can anyone tell me why any fellow will pay a high price for a set of teeth and carry them everywhere except in his mouth? No—I don't mean you, Bert.

L. I. RADER is back from his vacation looking more hale and hearty than ever. MRS. VAN ZANDT who recently left the company will certainly be missed.

There are several in the Machine Shop who will round out three years with Ryan's this next month, and a number who have been here much longer than that. Must not be such a bad place to work.

Most all of our second shift news we owe to the "Ghost Writer" and to another anonymous contribution left in our drawer. Thanks "wraithfully," spooks.



Purchasing Paragraphs

by Pat Eden

Whipping up hair-das, airplanes and personalities is only a part of the accomplishments of the Purchasing Department these days. We run short of priority hair-pins and we made upsweeps. Have you noticed ROSIE DRAKE? Materials for airplones—well just get into conversation with any one of the buyers! Who is the guy who calls on JANE before 8:30 Saturday mornings? A. K. COX is off refreshing himself with a vacation; his report probably will be far publication at the next issue. We have bid fand farewells to several since we last went to press. EDIE KING from the follow-up division has returned to her profession as a nurse in Los Angeles. MAXINE MILLER has gone domestic on us and is now found in the vicinity of Huntington Beach catching up on her ambitions for a smooth sun-tan. GINGER COMBSTOCK is so happily busy canning paints to defeat the Japs and Axis. RUTH MAYER, formerly of DPC, is in competition with Ginger as far as the canning of the victory garden goes and enjoying her lovely home at Pacific Beach. We have become receptionists to MABEL LEWIS in the order department as the dark-eyed lass from the South Pacific. Soft-voiced MARGARET QUINN is a popular newcomer. BYRL WILTON is a refreshing person who has so much vivaciousness. DEANE FLYNN is well molded or have you observed? DOROTHY DE BOLED left the WAACS to be MR. BECK'S secretary. By the way, Mr. Beck has gone and purchased a home in North Park, wonder what was wrong with Pacific Beach—too much fog to keep up with the chicken ranch? BOB STEVENSON is the dapper gentleman who finds everything from clothes baskets to park chops (I mean for airplanes). DREW SUTTON is the one for the early war-risers. He arrives in time to switch on the lights and he just cannot wait for the postman always. Wander haw MR. WILKINSON likes sun-conditioned Texas. CHRIS JONES might help on a description of the lone-star city of San Antonio, too, since she recently returned from her vacation with her husband, Harry, who was stationed there. BOB GROVE

Chin Music

by Herman Martindale

of Manifold Assembly, Second Shift.

Noticing the absence of a column in the Flying Reporter devoted to our department, little Hoiman the Spider Jig Kid decided to try his hand at a spot of journalism. So here goes.

WALDO OPTER, our new leadman, is right on the beam. This department discovered it had a clever cartoonist in the person of H. L. WILSON, principal of Central School's elementary grades. He is working at Ryan until school opens this fall. Cartoons of different workers in the department caused many chuckles. "SLEEPY" of course was a favorite subject.

While at work on the spider jig under the tutelage of BLACKIE, your reporter finished working feverishly on a certain job and said, "How does it look?" "Fine," Blackie answered, "only I wish she wasn't sitting with her back to me."

Our department has its own Round Table discussions during the lunch period. Five or six intellectuals group themselves around whatever is handy and discuss anything from mining to how to make love. Next time you notice a group of men waving sandwiches in the air and making chin music, you'll know what I mean. JOE is always asking what's on the Round Table for the evening.

Our department went almost 100% on blood donations, wisecracking about "90-proof blood" etc. Our gang were real sports, though, and eager to donate to such a worthy cause.

I'm running out of juice so will write finis on this column until next time.

is the follow-up man with first-hand information directly from Uncle Sam's training pasts. He has returned to us after two months intense training to help keep 'em rolling off the production lines. We are glad that he has returned to us since we missed his flare for spice during his absence. We like our new air-conditioned quarters but what we really will welcome more is some food from the most-discussed spot around, the cafeteria. Won't warm lunches be a delicacy?

NOMA keeps us all busy even to training new operators for the ditto machine! The typewriter troubles of ELEANOR and ESTHER are well-taken care of but regularly. GLADYS really guards the files and takes her tours of collection. BETTY is still a member of the hiking club and can you hear her short steps coming! Wonder if she jitterbugs? MR. WILLIAMS and JOHNNY O'NEIL are really getting things done these days—they are two busy people. HENRY PIPER returned from his vacation with new work too; with his sense of humor we can be sure that he will smooth out a lot of difficulties. From all that we can gather LOLITA is happy over her new work in the maintenance division of purchasing. Could be that MARIE has found new interests, too? PAULINE, LORRAINE, and HILDA are three who really keep up with the score. JEAN just loves the ships and what a team she and FLORA make. Shall we christen SARA the coffee queen now that ration points have disappeared? Well, just leave it to Ensign REEDER to convince MR. RIGLEY that birthdays can be busy and just a lot of fun. Well, that wheelbarrow parade, how about that?

Time Study Observations

By Dortha Dunston



Gee, everyone's thinking vacations these days;
We're all looking forward to that pleasant phase,
Though deep in our hearts there's a question, it's true—
"Will they miss me as we'll miss you?"
Time's been moving on greased roller skates
'Mid figures and contracts and new deadline dates.
For one full week our efforts we massed
On Bonus reports—production was fast!
Then up-to-date figures will be the new quirk
Awaiting DICK BRASS when he comes back to work.
KENNY'S acquired a new Red Cross tag.
He gave his life's blood for our Country's flag.
A twelve-hour shift he's been working each day
With not much time off for his family or play.
Only forty-five minutes he was out of the shop
Doing his bit for the country an top.
He has the distinction of our first to go

To the Blood Donor Center and loyalty show.
IRENE took four days for a trip to L. A.;
Her husband came back, but Irene had to stay,
But just over night 'til a plane flew in
With an empty seat to park herself in.
They must have had some wonderful times
For dollars and dollars just dwindled to dimes.
What is the reason for bruises an BESS?
She can't skin her knees like that playing chess!
Well, her husband returned from a business trip
The car batt'ry was dead and she made a slip—
But a literal slip while pushing. You know
Now, Bessie, the answer—get a tow!
Not too long ago DON came back upstairs
Smiling and grinning 'mid curious stares.
It seems he was timing a job of first class
When the girl down in welding ran out of gas.
This war has turned tables in many respects
And girls pull those gags now, when viewing prospects.
MAJ. is ignored in this issue—he thinks—
But golly, that Chrysler is really a jinx.
One night he put it securely away.
Glancing back from his doorway he saw it sway!
Like a well trained horse, it had tried to follow,
But that precarious angle made Maj. swallow.
For there it hung, just caught by a fender,
And Maj. had to rescue the fourth time offender!

Smoke From A Test Tube

by Sally and Sue

Because of the interesting and versatile personnel in this department, a series of articles on "People You Should Know" is being inaugurated in this issue. The first one appears below. We hope you'll like the write-ups as well as the guys and gals we try to present.

People You Should Know—Eyes so lovely and five foot two, yessirree, she is our new chemist in the Lab. Name—MARY ANN TOUFF, and she hails from Cincinnati, Ohio, which she fondly refers to as Cincee. She is firmly convinced that California is the land of sunshine and all such, and it hasn't taken her long to be convinced, either. We think we're lucky to have such a "find" in our midst. In addition to being a chemist she has also done dietetic work. Her hobby, we find, is collecting "labeled" sugar (pre-war), or sugar cubes which bear the markings or wrappings from distinctive places. Her collection includes cubes from all parts of the United States and also Germany, Italy, and other far flung lands. She has them boxed and cataloged at home, and when things come to a finely rationed state of affairs, she will still be in the sugar (not that she needs anything to keep her sweet).

Here's one for the files of Robert Ripley, no less. Unbelievable as it may sound, it really happened. FORD LEHMAN, popular Welding Supervisor who makes his headquarters in the Laboratory, received a written invitation to dinner signed by five deeply-appreciative gals. (If you don't believe us, take a look in the envelope carried in his upper left hand pocket.) It's a common occurrence to see a young lady protectively escorted by a convoy of men, but imagine the comments that were inspired by the

scene of Ford surrounded completely by a bevy of female admirers on a dinner date. In THIS town, that is a novelty! Oh yes, our faithful and long suffering readers, YOU are no doubt wondering why such an action was taken. As Ford would say, "That's what happens when you treat 'em right!" That's his secret, fellas.

A new member of the Ryan Lab Family Group has arrived in the person of little Kathi Lynn Branch, second daughter of TOMMY "T. B." BRANCH. Congratulations, Tommy and Irene. It's a pleasant coincidence that their other daughter, Carol, celebrated her second birthday only four days after the arrival of her new little sister. "T. B." is quite the family man, isn't he?

Two down and how many to go? That's what we were beginning to wonder one day in the Lab when things were happening thick and fast. When a cry of "Sally!" rent the air, and she came running, it was only to find MARTIN, "MARTY," "CHUDY" CHUDNOFF lying sprawled and helpless, after a quick turn around a corner. Too bad, Marty, better try nan-skids next time, or grab for something stable instead of a beaker hanging in thin air.

We heard a red-headed lassie from Scheduling give a plaintive sigh the other noon. It sounded so forlorn and lost, we decided to investigate. That far-away look in her eyes was really due to homesickness. "Do you suppose," said she, "there is anyone in this gr-eat big plant from my home town?" If you hail from Columbus, North Dakota, you might see HAZEL SHARON of Airplane Scheduling, and give her a lift over those "homesick" blues.

Limericks, and such. We've found that one of our "bays" can say them with his eyes closed. This is the latest thing we heard him utter—

The gnaw of a gnat, and the gnashing
Of its teeth as they come down a-crashing
Makes me nervous and numb,
And I lose my aplomb,
And I'm knot gnear so gnifty and dashing.

Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry

Girls!!! We are in desperate need of news if the Ryanettes column is to be kept going. Otherwise, we will be forced to go on a strike, more or less, so how's about it?

News, such as it is:

JIM BARRY, Supervisor in Manifold Control, has received his "1-A" Classification. Maybe it won't be long before we see him in uniform.

Ask MR. E. A. MOORE, Production Superintendent, why the badge system is being changed.

Bells, and Wedding Bells:

LORNA "SHORTY" WARREN, telephone operator, has finally taken the final leap—August 10, married in Escondido on her vacation. She will now answer to the name of Mrs. Jahn Odom. Congratulations, Lorna.

HAROLD HANGGI, Assistant Foreman in Manifold Assembly, has given some comely lass in San Bernardino a ring. When is the big event, Hank?

BUD GROFF, formerly of Manifold Control, will soon go to Quantico, Va., for Officer's Training. Congratulations, and best of luck!

Did you know that some girls have discovered that you get out of a sweater only what you put into it?

So sorry this column is so short, but until we can get some cooperation from the girls from the other offices, it will continue to be so.

So with this parting word, we hope to see you next issue with more interesting and better news.

'Bye for now.





1925
RYAN-STANDARD cabin plane, pioneer passenger airliner.



1925
RYAN M-1, first production monoplane in America.



1934
RYAN S-T metal-fueled primary trainer, led trend to low-wing types.



RYAN S-C, cabin plane for private-owner use, featured all-metal construction.



1940
RYAN YO-51 "Dragonfly", Army observation plane with unique performance ability.



1941
RYAN PT-22, one of Army's standard primary training plane types.



1943
RYAN PT-25, superbly engineered plastic-bonded plywood trainer.

Yank Boy Gets Jap!

OUR BOY GETS JAP! LOCAL BOY GETS JAP! NEIGHBOR'S BOY GETS JAP!

Large numbers of Ryan planes are in the war. But close to the hearts of the men who build them, are the Ryan trained flyers—thousands of them—now doing such a magnificent job on all fronts.

Over Tokyo with Doolittle were four alumni of Ryan flying schools. From Europe, from Africa, from the South Pacific now come letters from Ryan graduates—fighting flyers whose appreciation of the Ryan schools' creed of "Thoroughness," is its highest tribute.

Ryan Aeronautical Company is the only major aircraft manufacturer which also, through its subsidiaries the Ryan Schools, operates hundreds of airplanes

in daily service. In peace, as in war, such extensive first hand operational knowledge has enabled Ryan to design and build unique flying experience into a twenty-year succession of performance-proven aircraft.

Although now 100% devoted to the all-important assignment of training U.S. Army pilots, the Ryan Schools look forward to again including civilian training following Victory. If you or any member of your family expects to play a part in the future of aviation, write today for the interesting new booklet, "So Your Boy Wants to Fly." RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS, San Diego, Calif. Operating bases: Hemet, Calif., Tucson, Ariz.

RYAN

Rely on Ryan to Build Well



RYAN BUILDS WELL

Ryan construction, proven in aviation's pioneer days, now proven in war, will tomorrow produce safer, more useful peacetime aircraft.



RYAN TRAINS WELL

Ryan School of Aeronautics, famous peacetime air school, now training fine U.S. Army pilots, follows one creed. Thoroughness.



RYAN PLANS WELL

Modern engineering + flying experience. Typical result: Ryan exhaust manifold systems are now used on the finest planes of other manufacturers.

GENERAL OFFICES: LINDBERGH FIELD, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Ryan
Flying Reporter



Ryan STM with Royal Australian Air Force

Vol. 6 No. 7

OCTOBER

1ST

1943

New Facts About

THE RESCUE OF MACARTHUR



You may be interested to know that we've attracted attention all over the country with the phenomenal success of our whirlwind two-day War Bond drive last month. One of the national aviation magazines has asked for an exclusive article on how we put over the campaign.

As you've probably realized, we put it over through one of the finest examples of management-labor teamwork seen in America. Representatives of the labor unions and the company management sat down together, in advance, to plan the drive. They organized it to the last tiny details, and then carried through their plans at top speed with closely-dovetailed cooperation.

I think all of us—employees and management alike—got to know each other better during the drive, and came out of it on terms of even better friendship than before. One of the finest tokens of good feeling I've ever known (and one which was reported in newspapers all over the country) came when Bill Salmon, financial secretary of the CIO local, told us over the public address system:

"We believe that the Ryan management is really living up to its slogan of making Ryan 'A Better Place to Work.' We don't see any further need for a strike fund here, so we're closing out that fund and putting it into War Bonds."

With that kind of good feeling between labor and management, this company can go on to do greater and greater things in the aviation world.

J. Claude Ryan





The RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Sends you this

Message of Importance

The Ryan Aeronautical Company has now arranged to offer every employee a basic home-study training course in Aircraft fundamentals on a plan by which each employee is afforded the opportunity to receive a full reimbursement of his tuition

Employees of every department—regardless of salary and length of service—are entitled to enroll for this training course offered by the Ryan Aeronautical Institute.

Read every word in this folder -- **YOUR FUTURE IS IMPORTANT!**

RYAN OFFERS TO BUY THIS TRAINING COURSE FOR YOU

Would you like to get a complete course of training in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance—exactly the same course now being sold to the public at \$120.00—and have the entire cost of the training paid by the Ryan company?

Well, you can!

Yes, the company is willing to provide the full 28-lesson home study course, compiled by the Ryan Aeronautical Institute, for all employees who are willing to take the course and put in some serious study on it.

Here's how:

When you sign up for the course, you agree to pay \$2.50 each week until you've put up \$25.00. This amount, deducted from your pay checks in weekly installments, is all you are asked to pay at any time—and every cent of it is refunded to you if you complete the course and pass the final examination with a grade of 90% or better.

If your grade on the final exam is 90% or better you get back the entire \$25.00 you have paid for the course. If your grade is between 80% and 90% on your final exam, you are refunded \$22.50, and if you score between 70% and 80%, you get \$20.00 back. Since the final examination is not a difficult one, the company figures that everybody who seriously studies the course can easily do better than 70% on the test. If you fall below 70% it will be a sure sign that you haven't put forth sufficient effort, and you won't be entitled to any refund.

If you are seriously interested in KNOWING MORE about your job—if you really want to get ahead in the aircraft industry, this training course is just what you are looking for. It gives you the broad understanding of the whole field that you need to speed you along the road to success as a skilled aircraft worker, mechanic, pilot, or service technician. It is beneficial to every employee in office work, maintenance, service, or production.

No time is better than right now for getting ahead in aviation. There's a crying need for TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN, and opportunity for quick advancement as they prove their knowledge and ability. Aircraft manufacture and maintenance is a technical field that holds a real future for men and women who are really willing to LEARN something about it. That is the reason your company has made this training plan available, to help you get exactly the training and knowledge you need to take advantage of future opportunities.

The enrollment period is open from Oct. 4th to Oct. 31st. No enrollments will be accepted after this month, so study this folder, see the sample set of lessons at the Industrial Training Office, and register your enrollment NOW.

YOUR REFUND

The \$25.00 that you are charged for this course is the price paid to the Ryan Aeronautical Institute. The Ryan Aeronautical Company will return ALL or PART of that \$25.00 to you on the basis of your final examination grade. Here is the refund schedule:

- Grade 90% to 100% — You receive a refund of \$25.00
- Grade 80% to 90% — You receive a refund of \$22.50
- Grade 70% to 80% — You receive a refund of \$20.00
- Grade below 70% — No refund.

The assembled examination will be held under the supervision of Ryan Aeronautical Institute instructors. Each student will be notified of the time and place.

RYAN INSTITUTE SERVICE

The Ryan Institute course in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance is furnished complete to each employee at the time of enrollment. You also receive the Data Sheet Reference Manual, Study Paper, Instruction Sheets, and a preliminary Study Guide. The entire course is furnished with a shelf-box container. This all becomes your property, and belongs to you.

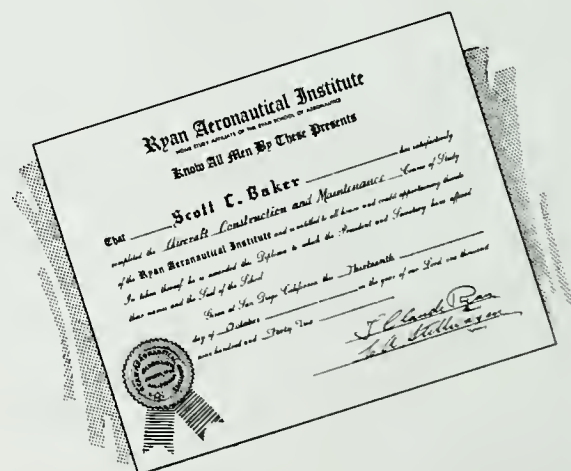
Correction of all papers will be done by the Ryan Aeronautical Institute, and all papers will be mailed to them for correction and grading. Your work will be carefully checked and graded by the Ryan Instructors, and returned to you with complete answer sheets, so that every subject is made clear and simple. Throughout your course the Ryan Instructors serve you as personal guides assisting you in your Home Study Lessons.

A final group examination will be held at the end of the course, under the supervision of the Ryan Institute. You will be notified of that exact date and place well in advance, so you will have an opportunity to prepare for the exam and earn your highest grade.

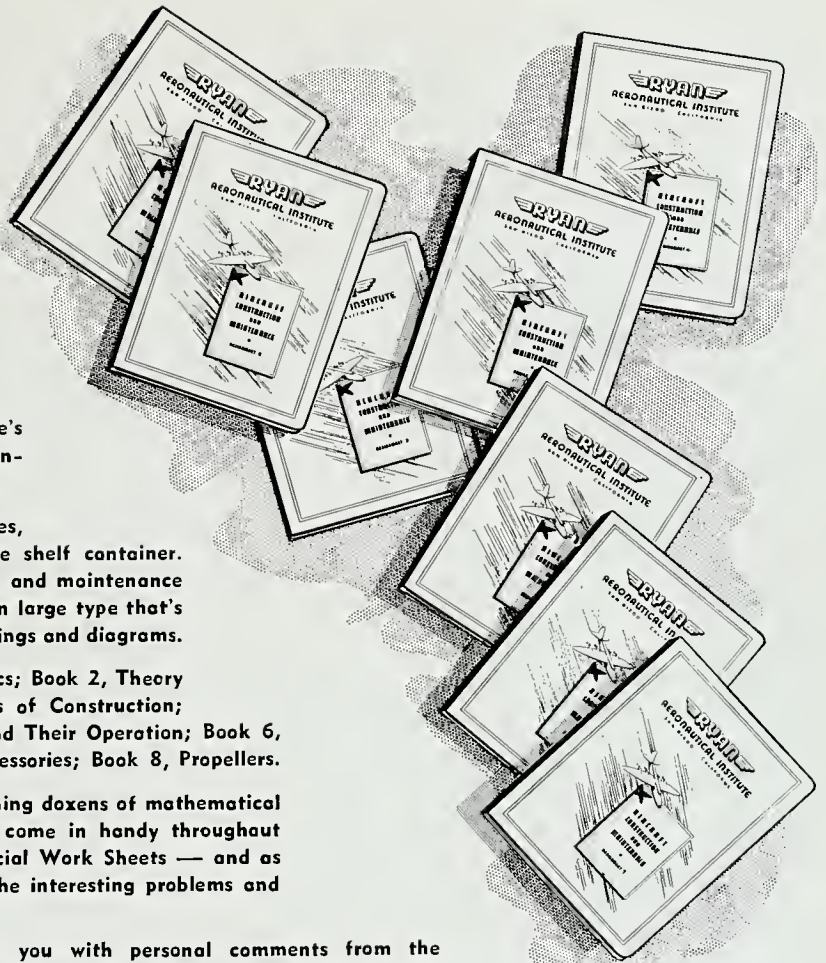
YOUR DIPLOMA

Your Ryan Institute Diploma is issued on satisfactory completion of the course, and is your distinctive mark of ability and knowledge. This diploma will be an accomplishment you will be proud to show—because it is a measure of YOUR study and training.

Your Ryan Diploma is issued as a certificate of graduation and will be issued directly from the Ryan Aeronautical Institute.



HERE'S WHAT YOU GET IN YOUR COURSE



When you sign up for the Ryan Aeronautical Institute's home study course in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance, here's what you get:

You get a series of eight textbooks, size 8½ by 11 inches, averaging 65 pages each, neatly boxed in an attractive shelf container. These books cover the whole field of aircraft construction and maintenance in simple, easy-to-understand language. They're printed in large type that's easy on the eyes, and illustrated with hundreds of big drawings and diagrams.

Book 1 covers Types of Aircraft and Principles of Physics; Book 2, Theory of Flight, Aerodynamics and Mechanics; Book 3, Types of Construction; Book 4, Wing Construction; Book 5, Control Surfaces and Their Operation; Book 6, Landing Gears; Book 7, Aircraft Engines and Engine Accessories; Book 8, Propellers.

In addition, you get a large Data Sheet Manual containing dozens of mathematical tables, formulae and other reference material that will come in handy throughout a lifetime career in aviation. You also get a pad of special Work Sheets — and as many extra pads as you need — on which to work out the interesting problems and assignments that come with each lesson.

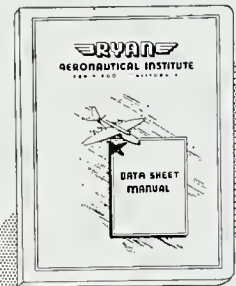
All your papers will be read, graded, and returned to you with personal comments from the faculty of the Ryan Aeronautical Institute — all highly-trained technical educators. As you get each of your corrected papers back, you'll also get a sheet showing the ideal "perfect answer" to each assignment.

As soon as you complete this home study course, you receive a handsome diploma from the Ryan Aeronautical Institute.

Your course, assignments and books are exactly the same as those the outside student must pay \$120 for. Everything he gets, you get — including the personal, sympathetic help that the Institute gives each pupil via correspondence.

The Ryan Institute has made this course possible at this very low cost only because it is a group offer to a large number of students. 263 men and women of the Ryan Aeronautical Company have already enrolled for this course, and another 2,287 employees of the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation have signed up. A large print order, and mass production economies in mailing and record-keeping enables the Ryan Aeronautical Institute to offer this same course to you at this low price.

However, all company-underwritten students must enroll at approximately the same time to make these economies possible. Therefore, a deadline has been set for Ryan Company enrollments, and if you want to enroll, you should sign up as soon as possible.



SIGN UP AT ANY OF THESE POINTS

Industrial Training Office 2nd Floor, New Office Bldg. (over cafeteria)
 Production Superintendent's Office Miss Koenig
 Production Control Department Cunningham's Office
 Engineering Department R. B. Codding

Final Assembly Desk
 Wing Assembly Desk
 Manifold Department Desk
 Tooling Department Desk
 Drop Hammer Department Desk

YOU MUST REGISTER BEFORE OCTOBER 31st

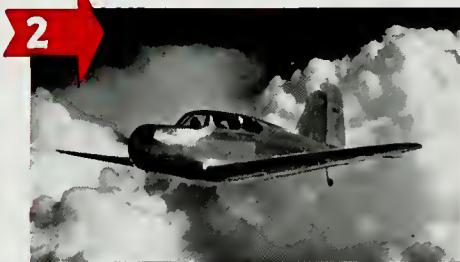
28 LESSONS - 8 SEPARATE BOOKS

The eight vital subjects covered in your course are put up in separate books so you can handle them easily. All together, there are 28 interesting lessons. Here, in simple everyday language,

the important essentials of aviation are clearly outlined for you. YOUR JOB will be more interesting as you learn the basic principles of aviation development, construction, and maintenance.



AIRCRAFT TYPES



THEORY OF FLIGHT



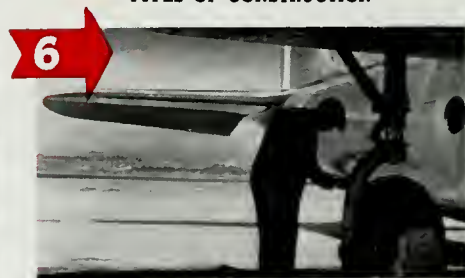
TYPES OF CONSTRUCTION



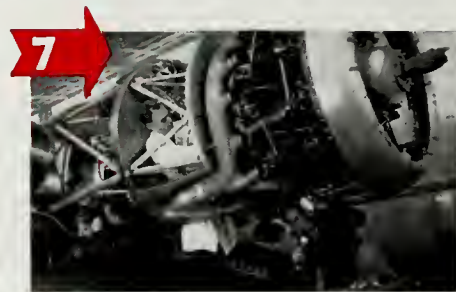
WING CONSTRUCTION



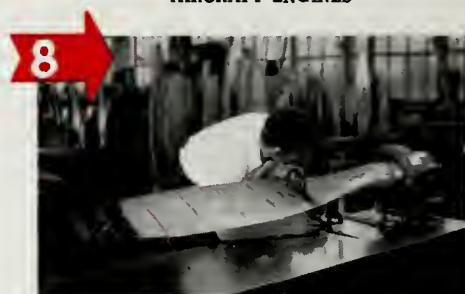
CONTROL SURFACES



LANDING GEARS



AIRCRAFT ENGINES



PROPELLERS

AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE PAGE 10

FIG. 8 - SEMI - CANTILEVER LOW WING MONOPLANE

FIG. 9 - INTER-PLANE BRACING OF BIPLANE

AERONAUTICAL RYAN INSTITUTE

A Page from the Text

Learn now, easily and clearly, through this interesting course. The 509 pages explain in easy-to-understand fashion the important principles you want to learn. 279 illustrations — 28 pages of sketch book pictures, all to help you gain the real understanding of aviation that you want!

The true story of the risky plane flight that rescued MacArthur from Mindanao



by Keith Monroe

Usually the squadron commander simply waved good-bye as a plane started on a mission. This time he came out to the ship and gave each man three cartons of cigarettes. The crew members decided he didn't think they'd be coming back.

The bomber's big motors were running as smoothly as a fine clock when it was ready to take off. All day long AAF mechanics had been working over the San Antone Rose II, checking every detail to guard against failure in the air. As the big Flying Fortress roared down the runway soon after sunset, everyone at the field was on hand to see her take off.

The evening sky was empty as the bomber headed out across the Arafura Sea. Lieutenant Rob Roy Caruthers, the navigator, laid a course which swung wide around the whole Celebes area—the crew wasn't hunting for arguments on this trip. They saw only a single Jap freighter before darkness fell.

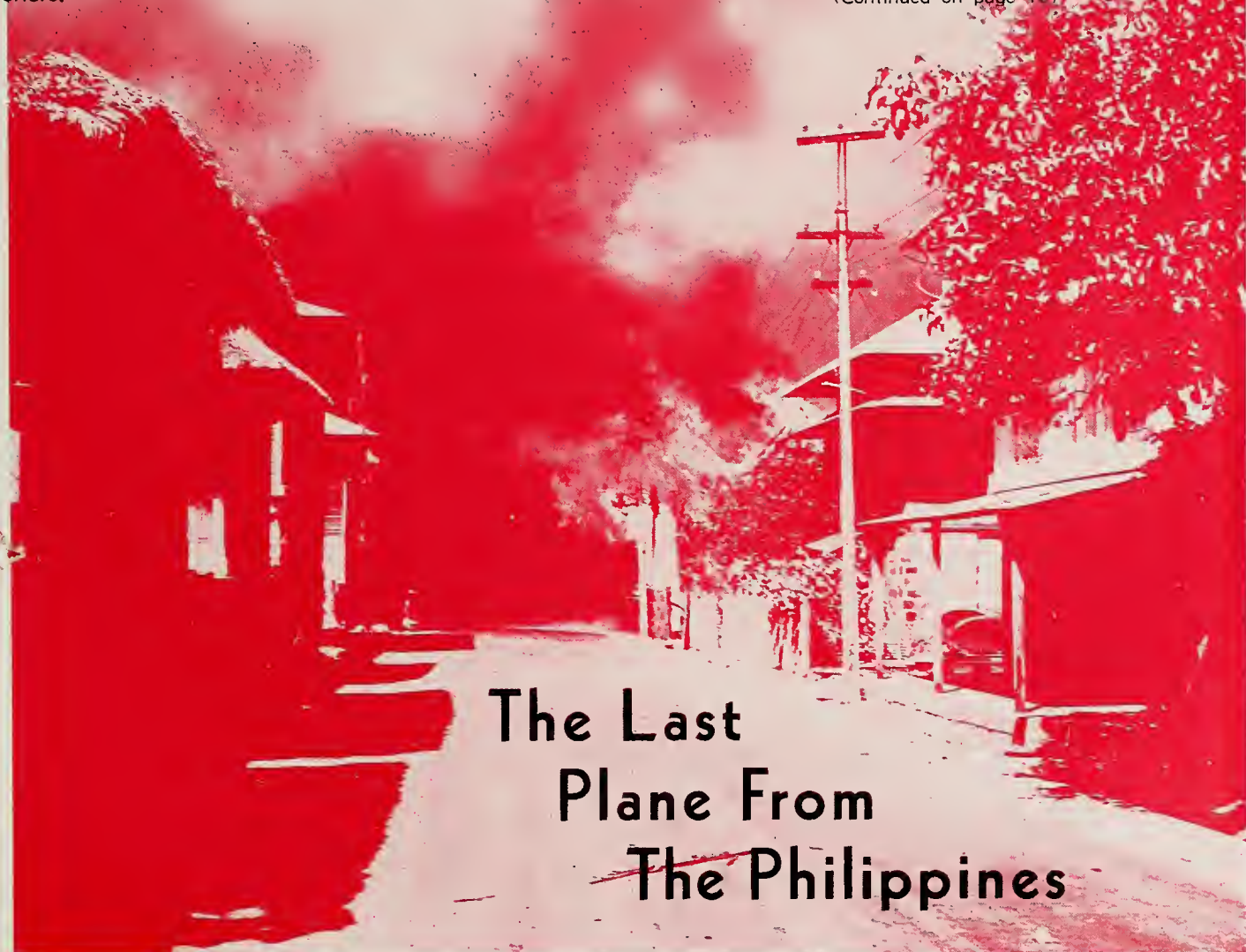
Jap-conquered Davao was a bright cluster of lights beneath them as they soared in over the Philippines. The confident brown men weren't bothering about blackouts. They weren't bothering about an air patrol either, because there were no Nipponese planes to

(Continued on page 12)

"We thought our number was up when they told us where we were going," said Staff Sergeant Herbert M. Wheatley. "We were to be sent in to Mindanao after General MacArthur."

Wheatley was the tail gunner of the San Antone Rose II, a Flying Fortress at an Australian base. Today he is flying a Ryan trainer as he learns to be an Army pilot, but in March of 1942 he was part of the crew of one of the few American bombers in the Pacific war zone. In those days he was going on combat missions almost daily—but he thought he was starting on his last one when his crew was briefed to bring out MacArthur.

"One rescue ship had already failed," Wheatley recalled. "It cracked up trying to land on the tiny field at Mindanao. Besides which, we knew we'd be flying alone over Jap territory almost the whole way. So we figured we'd need luck even to end up as prisoners."



The Last Plane From The Philippines

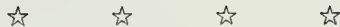
October 1
1943

Vol. 6
No. 7



Flying Reporter

Published every three weeks for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department



EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
Editor.....Keith Manroe
Associate Editor.....Sue Zinn Guntharp
Sports Editor.....Fred Osenburg
Staff Artists.....Frances Statler; Joe Thein
George Duncan; Paul Hoffman
Staff Photographers.....Tommy Hixson; Frank Martin

| Special Features | Page |
|--|------|
| The Last Plane from the Philippines..... —a thrilling tale of a memorable flight. | 1 |
| It Ain't Hay! | 3 |
| —the Bonus Plan and how it works. | |
| What's the Big Idea? | 5 |
| —about new Suggestion System methods. | |
| Hydropress Headache | 6 |
| —how sweat and miracles averted a slowdown. | |
| Meet Mac Cattrill | 8 |
| We Go "Over the Top"..... | 10 |
| —results of the War Bond Drive. | |
| What about Manpower? | 11 |
| —explaining the new "Manpower Program." | |
| Five Years or More at Ryan..... | 13 |
| —Bill Davies - Tooling. | |
| What's Caakin'? | 25 |
| Sports | 26 |
| Beauty Isn't Rationed | 28 |
| Ryan Trading Past | 29 |

| Departmental News | |
|---|----|
| Accounting Accounts by Margaret Nelson..... | 18 |
| Chin Music by Herman Martindale..... | 17 |
| Dispatching by Gerald Ryan..... | 14 |
| From the Beam by Pat Kelly..... | 24 |
| Here and There by Jonnie Johnson..... | 21 |
| Hither and Yan..... | 18 |
| Machine Shop by Dorothy Wheeler..... | 19 |
| Manifold Production Control by F. Marie Loudon | 14 |
| Manifold Small Parts..... | 20 |
| Merlin News | 22 |
| Ma Laft Sez by George..... | 23 |
| Plant Engineering by Flonnie Freeman..... | 21 |
| Plant Personalities by Jack Graham..... | 19 |
| Putt Putts on Parade by Evelyn Duncan..... | 24 |
| Ryanettes by Gerry Wright and Ruth Daugherty | 16 |
| Smoke from a Test Tube by Sally and Sue..... | 22 |
| Stacks 'n' Stuff by Manny Fohlde..... | 17 |
| Time Study Observations by Dortha Dunston..... | 18 |
| Wing Tips by R. F. Hersey..... | 23 |

Copy deadline for next issue is October 11

The Walking Reporter

By Ye Ed

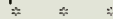
Things we never knew till now . . . That Vic Odin, our Wind Tunnel columnist, has written a novel . . . That Moynard Lovell's son is a Commodo, judging from a rather cryptic telegram Moynard received a few weeks ago. . . . That Bill Billings, chief supervisor in Quality Control, once turned down a job as a baseball broadcaster.



Billings, incidentally, was quite a hit on the Public Address system during our War Bond drive. His deep voice and he-man style of delivery caught everyone's ears. . . . The ultimate compliment came from one of the girls in his own department. "You were wonderful," she told him. "You sounded just like Humphrey Bagart."



Tucked away in a quiet corner of our administration building is a Ryan enterprise which is virtually unknown to nearly everyone in our own organization, yet is pretty important to three thousand people scattered from North Africa to the islands of the South Pacific. It's the Ryan Aeronautical Institute, which teaches aircraft construction and maintenance via correspondence. It has students in other aircraft plants, in the Army and Navy—and even in internment camps for American Japs. . . . Incidentally, this month you get a chance to take the same home-study course they're taking, with the Ryan Company paying your expenses. Read the folder inserted in this issue of Flying Reporter!



Our spies are back from the University of Califarnio's extension division. They report that several Ryan men are leading double lives—teaching classes for war workers after their day's chores at the plant. Our spies spotted Bill Bunson, Wally Borden, Fred Rossicker, Bill van den Akker, Jim Scurlock, John Zihlman, and Nat Archer.



Those new mercury-vapor lights in the assembly building caused a little consternation at first. "Who's been messing with our green paint?" cried one indignant painter, the first time he applied a brush in the new building. "This is the damndest shade of green I ever saw." . . . "Honey, you'd better go to the first aid room. Your face looks positively yellow," one girl told another anxiously. . . . And there was the plant guard who sat down to enjoy a hearty lunch of chicken sandwiches his first night in the new building. When he opened his sandwiches he threw them all out. Spoiled, he said.



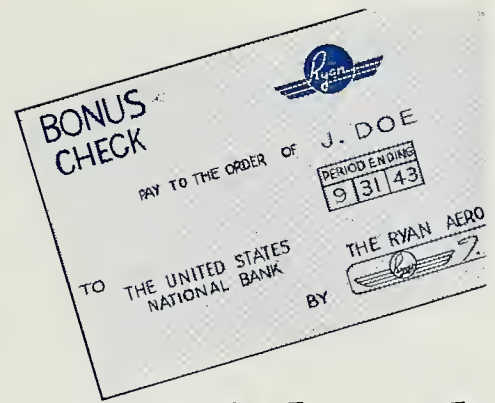
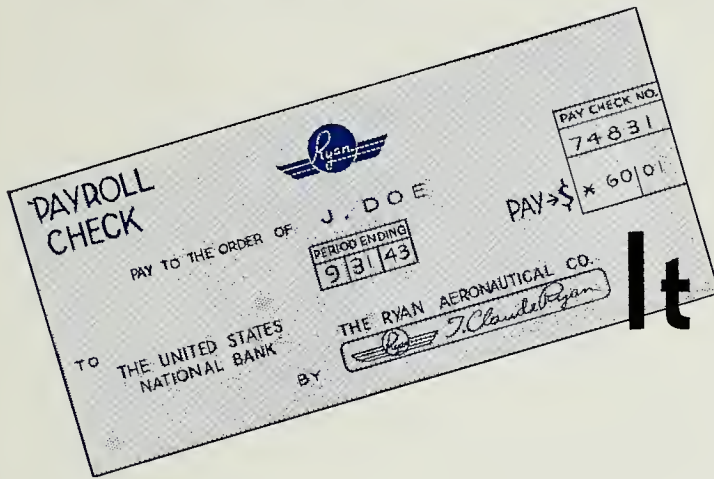
The oil companies are reported ready to "offer suggestions to Mr. Ickes." And at the same time they're undoubtedly preparing to duck.



T. Claude Ryan remarked the other day that same current postwar advertising is leading Mr. and Mrs. Americo to expect merchandise "that not even Superman could produce." . . . Claude just doesn't know Superman.

What is the Bonus Plan? How does it work?

How do employees benefit by it?



It Ain't Hay!

by M. M. Clancy

The purpose of the Bonus Plan at Ryan, as in other manufacturing plants, is to speed up production and, at the same time, to reward the worker by offering an incentive for the "extra effort" he puts in. To be successful the plan must be simple, as fair as possible, and the workers must understand just how it operates.

Many new employees have joined Ryan since the Bonus Plan was first inaugurated here. Undoubtedly they have questions they'd like to have answered. So here it is, folks, an article by M. M. Clancy of Methods Engineering, who, at the suggestion of the War Production Drive Committee, has agreed to discuss the Bonus Plan through the pages of Flying Reporter.

The Ryan Bonus System is a group incentive plan based on premium payment for all work completed in a given period over a standard allowance. Unit times on all production jobs are established through means of time study. When the unit times for all operations in the bonus group, multiplied by the number of parts completed, add up to more than the actual hours worked by the employees in producing the parts, then the bonus earned by the group is figured. This is in direct ratio to the "time" gained over the actual hours worked.

Example: Suppose the Manifold Department were producing one type of manifold with a unit time of 50 hours, and they produced 440 manifolds in one week. The "allowed time" would be 50 x 440 or 22,000 hours. Now suppose the total "actual time" worked by the group in producing 440 manifolds was 20,000 hours, then the bonus for the group would be computed as follows:

22,000 minus 20,000 = 2,000 hours gained. This 2,000 hours gained divided by the 20,000 hours worked equals 10%, the bonus rate for this group.

What is "unit time"?

"Unit time" is the length of time it takes an average worker to perform an operation. This is then the standard time, which is established by Time Study.

What is "allowed time"?

"Allowed time" is the number of hours earned when the "unit time" is multiplied by the number of parts completed.

What is "time allowance"?

"Time allowance" is time which cannot be established as unit time. For example: Experimental jobs, non-productive labor, jobs on which it is impossible to follow the operations set up on the production order due to lack of proper tools, material or equipment. Bonus is not paid on such jobs.

Unit times will be changed **only** when there is an obvious error, change in design, material, processes, operations or tooling.

Estimated unit times which are noted on operation sheets by an asterisk may be changed at the discretion of the company if error in unit time is found to be in excess of 5% of the actual time study when this is made at a later date.

How is the Bonus paid?

Bonus is paid to bonus groups, which will consist of stations, departments or groups of departments as designated. The percent bonus earned will be based on your regular pay check for the same week before deductions are made. Example: If your gross earnings for a bonus week is \$50.00 and your bonus for the same week is 10.0%, then your bonus check will be \$5.00 less tax deductions. Bonus payments are limited to a maximum of 25%.

The success of the Bonus Plan depends on the full cooperation and interest of employees in the bonus groups. It will mean

extra money in your pocket when you can perform your work in less time than the unit time set for your operation. Ask your leadman or foreman the unit time for your operation, and you can figure from that how many units you will have to produce in a day to make a bonus. It might take a little extra effort on your part, or in most cases, perhaps a little better planning of your job will do the trick. It is amazing how much time can be gained by eliminating unnecessary movements such as walking ten feet for a tool that you could just as well have within reach with a little careful planning. For example, set your wrench or partable drill down near where you are going to use it next. Five minutes saved every hour for a group of 100 employees amounts to 400 hours gained on your bonus week. This amounts to over 8% bonus, and that ain't hay.

New employees will receive earned bonus from date of hire, and employees paid off will receive earned bonus up to date of termination.

The above is a general outline of how the Bonus Plan works. However, there are many details that enter into the bonus procedure that may be a little confusing to some employees. If you have any questions on the bonus, ask your foreman or ask a Time Study man. In the meantime, your questions will be appreciated if sent to the writer. In the next issue of Flying Reporter we will answer all questions on the Bonus Plan which are received by October 9th. Address your questions to M. M. Clancy, Methods Engineering.

Ryan workers are taking home extra greenbacks every week for their extra effort on the job



SUGGESTION BLANK

Name (Print) JOHN DOE Department C-3 Clock No. 3562
Subject PBY FORMER ANGLE CLAMP
Part Number 3-685 Tool Number 0382 Date 9-14-43

I Believe My Idea Will: Check Which
Increase Production
Improve Methods
Conserve Material
Improve Safety
Save Time
Improve Quality

Write your idea clearly and completely. Name part and article, and operations affected. Be accurate in giving machine locations, etc. Use space on back of this blank for necessary sketches. If more space is needed for description or sketches use another sheet, and attach it to this blank.

Details of my suggestion are: Clamps made according to sketch would replace a heavy Masonite + steel jig which is now used to assemble, align + spot-tack PBY former angles.

The suggested clamp will insure proper alignment + facilitate spot welding operations. It will also eliminate the awkward and difficult assembly + spot-tacking operations, thus decreasing the assembly operation time over 50%, + welding time 25%.

In submitting the above suggestion, I certify that same is of my own origin in its application to Ryan production methods. If for any reason suggestor does not wish to give his name it is not required that he do so, but in such cases the War Production Drive Committee will be unable to contact the suggestor regarding his idea or any award which would otherwise be made.

John Doe Signature

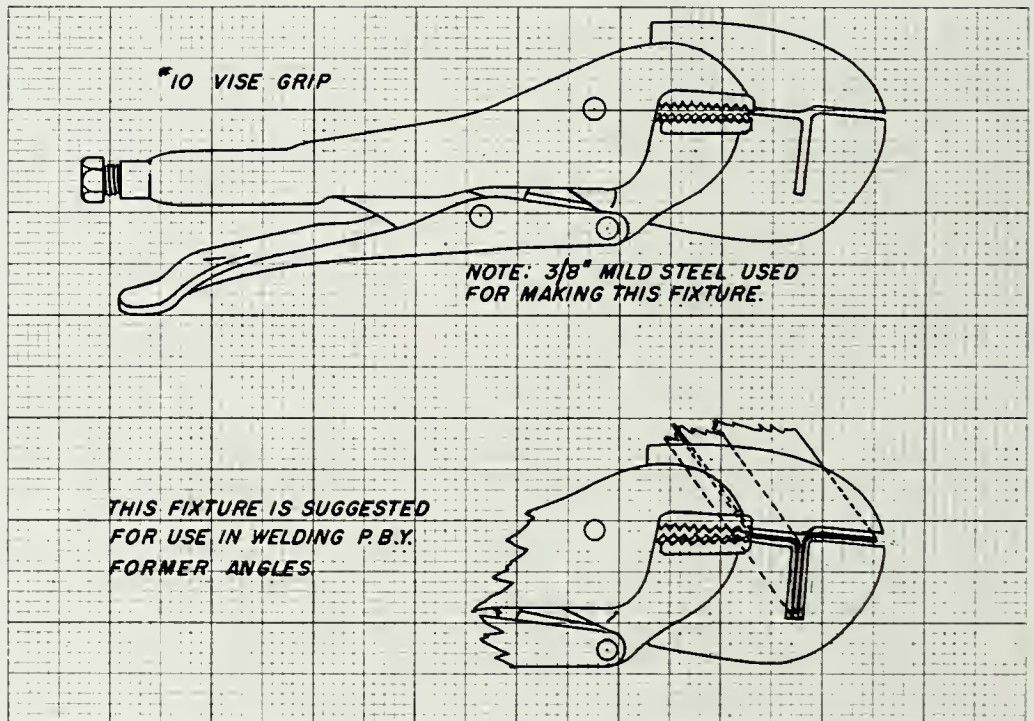
WHEN COMPLETED, DROP THIS SUGGESTION IN ONE OF THE SUGGESTION BOXES PROVIDED. P.R. 37-101 2M-8-43

No. 1500



Here's a sample of the new red, white and blue suggestion forms that you'll now find in the suggestion boxes. This one has been properly completed by John Doe.

USE THIS SIDE FOR SKETCH



The reverse side of the suggestion form is graphed to aid you in making a detailed sketch of any machinery or fixture change you have in mind.

What's the Big Idea?

Labor and management go to town in devising new streamlined methods for Ryan's suggestion system

"Wait awhile, hasn't something new been added?" exclaimed John Doe as he pulled a shop suggestion form out of one of the factory suggestion boxes.

And John was right.

In fact, John, the whole suggestion system has undergone a bit of streamlining, as it were, designed to make the most of the ideas you and other John Does at Ryan are turning in. The new, simplified methods come as a result of the experience gained in handling more than one thousand suggestions which Ryanites have turned in to the Labor-Management War Production Drive Committee since the Suggestion System was inaugurated a little over a year ago.

We've found out one big thing in that year. Ryanites have ideas — good ideas—and they're anxious to pass them along. This has led to

the major change in our suggestion system.

When the original plans were drawn up a year ago, every effort was made to keep John Doe anonymous until his suggestion had been investigated and evaluated. We thought it would be fairer that way—but it wasn't. Once in a while John didn't make quite clear on paper the change in operation that he had so clearly in mind. As a result good suggestions may have gone by the board simply because the originator of the idea couldn't be contacted for additional information. It's often quite difficult to put into words descriptions of exact operations on the production line. It's equally difficult sometimes to understand what someone else has written concerning a particular operation when you aren't actually on the job yourself. Time and again,

those who have investigated the various suggestions have wished they could actually talk with John, have him demonstrate right on the job how his particular suggestion would speed things up or save strategic materials. Under the old system it couldn't be done.

But under the new system, it can! For every suggestion blank now carries a line for the suggestor's signature. As another aid to clarifying suggestions, the reverse side of each suggestion blank is now graphed to facilitate a detailed and accurate drawing if the suggestion involves a modification or change that requires a sketch.

This business of signing your name to your ideas has some other advantages, too. It used to be that while all the investigation of John Doe's suggestion was going on—while it was being handled by the committee, referred to those concerned for investigation, returned to the committee and acted upon—John, who hadn't heard from the suggestion since he dropped it in the box, was traipsing back and forth to the bulletin board and scanning it for some listing of suggestion numbers and their disposition. Quite often the bulletin board was out of John's way and wear and tear on shoe leather and disposition left much to be desired.

Now, within a very few days after he deposits his suggestion, John will receive by inter-office mail an

(Continued on Page 20)



Here are the members of the Labor-Management War Production Drive Committee: Norman Edwards, Manifold Welding; M. M. Clancy, Methods Engineering; Wm. Van den Akker, assistant to the production superintendent; William Wagner, director of public relations and co-chairman of the WPD committee, Charles Anderson, Tooling, also co-chairman of the committee, and R. G. Plummer of Manifold Development.

To avert a work stoppage in the factory, Ryan men eased out a three-ton hydropress ram without touching it... got a flat car hooked onto a passenger train... and worked 20 hours without rest. Here's the hectic story.

BY KEITH
MONROE

HYDROPRESS HEADACHE

The minute Vic DuShaune saw the oil leaking from the hydropress, he knew what it meant.

"I felt weak all over," he related afterward. "I'd been through the mill with that big brute twice before in the last three years, and when I saw the telltale trickle of oil from the hydropress that meant its main cylinder was broken, I began getting tired right then."

The last time the hydropress cylinder had gone out, two weeks passed before the giant machine was back in operation again. But a two-week delay now would be disastrous, DuShaune knew. Too many Ryan production lines were being fed by parts which had to go through the hydropress. Unfinished parts would pile up all over the factory, workers would find themselves empty-handed, Ryan shipments to the war fronts would dwindle. DuShaune knew that he and his Mechanical Maintenance department would have to get that hydropress fixed in a hurry.

The foreman sent a rush call to his superior, Durward Palmer, who heads the Plant Engineering department. Workmen were already beginning the long, long job of dismantling the press when he arrived. Palmer groaned under his breath as he saw the broken cylinder. He knew, as DuShaune did, that it could never be used again.

"Don't spore the horses, boys," Palmer said. "If we can't get that press running inside of a week our production men are going to be throwing themselves out of windows. There's a new main cylinder on order. Maybe I can r'ar back and pass a miracle, and get the cylinder delivered here right away."

He ambled away, his round face as placid as always. He was thinking hard, though. He knew the immense five-ton cylinder had been ordered nine months ago. If all this time had passed without delivery, wouldn't it take a super-miracle to get the cylinder to Ryon within the next few days?

Picking up the telephone in his office, Palmer called Ed Sherman in the Accounting department. Sherman is the company's Traffic Manager—the expert at tracking down delayed shipments and speeding them on their way.

"Ed, we've had trouble before, but never anything as bad as this," Palmer told him. "The hydropress is busted—just when it was working right up to top capacity. There's going to be an awful jam in the factory if we can't fix it fast."

"What do you need?" Sherman asked. "That new main cylinder we've been begging for since last January?"

"That's the gadget. Try and dynamite it loose, will you?"

"Right," the Traffic Manager responded.

Then began a period of transcontinental telephoning, many telegrams, and much long-distance string-pulling from Sherman's desk. Sherman has good friends strategically located in express offices, railroad companies and trucking firms across the country. He asked favors from a lot of them in the next three days.

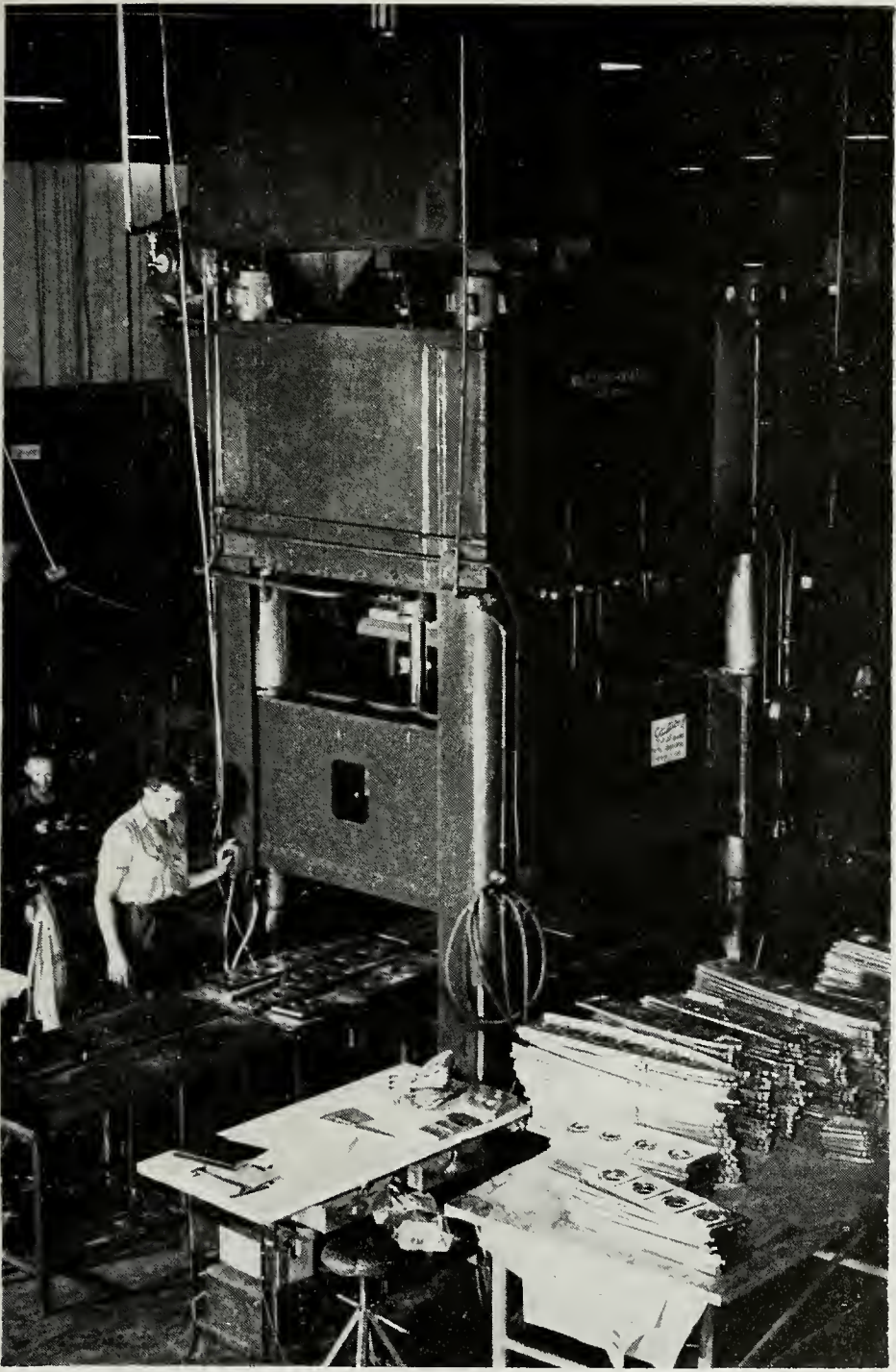
By a stroke of phenomenal luck, the cylinder had finally been finished by its manufacturer and shipped out of the factory in Moline, Illinois. But it might take weeks crossing the continent, with war-jammed freight trains and troop-loaded Pullmans choking every route. So Sherman kept telephoning, and finally located the cylinder in Chicago. There he got bad news.

The cylinder had been loaded on a slow freight train which at that moment was preparing to steam out of Chicago. The cylinder was packed tightly in the end of a freight car, which would have to be completely unloaded to get at it.

Sherman explained the situation to Jim Brownlee, the National Carloading Corporation's San Diego manager. It was this company which had packed the cylinder; its Chicago office was the only hope of rescuing the shipment from the slow freight train.

"It would have been easy for that Carloading manager in Chicago to tell us, 'Sorry, but the train has already left,'" Sherman pointed out. "We never would have known the difference, and it would have saved him a whale of a lot of trouble and expense. But he didn't. He's willing to break his back for the war effort, just like any guy at the fighting front or in a war plant. He got that whole freight car unloaded, hauled our cylinder out, and reloaded the rest of the car before the train left. It cost him \$450, but he did it."

With the cylinder rescued, the next problem was to get it to San Diego at top speed. "Send it by express," Sherman requested. "Express? For an 11,000-pound box? That'll cost you a thousand dollars," was the answer. "Never mind," Sherman rapped, "express it."



To take this hydro-press apart, install a five-ton cylinder, and reassemble the press is a two-week job. Ryan men did it in six days.

The Railway Express Company had to do some fast figuring, but it cooperated enthusiastically when it learned of the emergency confronting Ryan. Within a few hours after the cylinder had been unloaded from the freight car, a crane had deposited it on a flat car. The flat car was hooked between the locomotive and the baggage car of a crack passenger train—an almost unprecedented breach of railroad protocol—and two days later it was in Los Angeles. Checkers kept track of its progress through every station, to make sure that it wasn't sidetracked.

However, at Los Angeles more trouble developed. Sherman had arranged for the flat car to be switched onto a San Diego train; but the passenger train from Chicago ran behind schedule, and when it pulled into Los Angeles the fast freight for San Diego had already left. There wouldn't be another till the following day.

Sherman promptly phoned the Turner Express Service, a trucking company in Los Angeles, which agreed to pack the cylinder onto one of its big trucks and rush it down to San Diego. Four hours later the cylinder was here.

In the meantime out on the factory floor, a crew of picked men under Vic DuShaune had been working day and night to get the hydro-press ready for the installation of the new main cylinder. For all its great size, the hydro-press is as delicate as a Swiss watch. A single slip or scratch might ruin it irreparably. Executives and supervisors all over the factory held their breath, almost literally, for hour after hour while the maintenance experts eased out the main parts an inch at a time.

The men who worked on the job had to raise the 20-ton head, drain 700 gallons of oil, and remove the cracked 10,800-pound cylinder. But the part of that whole nightmare job which worried them most was taking out the three-ton ram of the hydro-press.

Of highly-polished, slippery steel, the ram couldn't even be touched—one bump, one scrape, even one tiny flake of metal would damage it seriously. The ram had to be raised by jacks wedged under it at a wide angle, and held there while rollers were inserted beneath it to slide it out. "It was frightfully complicated," DuShaune says. "All the time we were doing it I was wishing I were away on a fishing trip."

Working against the clock, the maintenance men managed to get the hydro-press ready before the new cylinder arrived. Under leadman Delmar Conde, four hardened trouble-shooters voluntarily labored twenty hours without rest in order to finish the job. They were Clair West, Bill Cundiff, J. C. Jones and Harry Gillespie.

The same five men went back to work on the press as soon as the new cylinder arrived. Putting it in, and reassembling the giant machine, took them 36 hours. During the last few hours, Stamping foreman Adolph Bolger and his men were standing around, first on one foot and then the other, itching for the chance to get back into action. Consolidated had granted them use of its own hydro-press, as part of the machine-pooling plan set up by the Aircraft War Production Council. But this had been slow and inconvenient, and work had been piling up hour by hour. Bolger had dies lined up all around the hydro-press, ready to start stamping the instant the maintenance men finished their work. "We were waiting there like a bunch of grasshoppers," Bolger said. "Brother, we watched those repair men like a sprinter watches the starter's gun."

It was six days, almost to the hour, from the time the hydro-press broke until the time the maintenance men finished their final test of the new installation and stepped aside with the signal to go ahead. "It was a pretty close shave," admitted John Van Der Linde, general assembly foreman, a few days later. "Production never actually stopped. But if we'd had to wait for that hydro-press just a few hours longer, there would have been a lot of idle machines in the plant."



Meet

— Mac

Although it is unlikely that such a happy grin would require an introduction, there may be a newcomer in the crowd who doesn't know W. M. Cattrell, Engineering's Chief Draftsman. So, ladies and gentlemen, may we present "Mac" Cattrell, deep-sea fisherman de luxe, yachtsman extraordinary, Coast Guardsman, motorcyclist, collector of British Austins and the only man at Ryan who has read the D.R.M.

Mac was born in West Virginia and probably would never have left the Switzerland of America if his family had not taken a

vacation trip to California. The sight of so much sunshine and sand lured them into a full year's residence in San Diego. This enabled Mac to establish his qualifications as a Native Son by reason of being graduated from San Diego High School. When the family returned to Weirton, Mac was packed off first to Pitt for a year and then to West Virginia University in search of an engineering degree. But the urge to come back to San Diego was not to be denied. An obliging uncle hastened his return by ex-

tending a welcome offer of hospitality and stressing the proximity of the famous Ryan School. Having received the parental blessing, Mac sped westward and promptly enrolled in the Ryan School.

His career in the school was short. One day he complained to Walter Locke (then in charge of the school) that the course was too easy. This is believed to have been the only complaint of this nature ever registered. Either because he was impressed by Cattrell's ambition or because he wanted to take a sassy young man down a peg, Walt

sent Mac to see Millard Bayd and Will Vandermeer, who were designing the Ryan S-C. They put him to work on a temporary basis.

Just when Mac's status merged from the temporary into the permanent, no one knows. In the absence of any official dictum to the contrary, we might assume that he has been working at Ryan temporarily for the past eight years. But the fact that he eventually was made project engineer in charge of the Ryan trainers, and is now Chief Draftsman, is a hint that he is no longer here on strictly a trial basis.

Mac is an ardent disciple of Izaak Waltonism in all the various manifestations of that mental maladjustment. He has converted many a landlubber by including him in a fishing party working out of Ensenada. Various reports of such activities have leaked into past issues of the Flying Reporter and have on occasion been profusely illustrated with photographs showing proud anglers standing by dead fish. All dead fish look alike to the deponent, so this may or may not prove that said anglers snaffled said

ily to put his latest one in mobile condition against the day when the gas ration shrinks again.

Mac's interest in assorted ships of all kinds made him gravitate naturally into the Coast Guard auxiliary and is now Junior Commander of Flatilla Twelve. This organization is honeycombed with sea-going Ryanites—Jae Johnson, Eddie Glidden, Manley Dean, Don Wilcox and Willard Sarsfield all play their parts in forming the general impression that the Coast Guard auxiliary is more or less a Ryan appendage—and Mac finds it a highly congenial group in which to spend Sundays, free evenings, and all other spare moments his flatilla commander will permit him to devote to it.

Perhaps it is Mac's many outside interests that enable him to maintain his grin when everything is snafu and the coils of the system seem to be strangling production. Or perhaps it is simply that he has seen so many snarls unravel themselves during the past eight years that he knows snafu is always a brief and passing condition at Ryan.

The Cattrell Chronology

- 1913 Born
- 1927 First trip to San Diego
- 1929 Second trip to San Diego —attended S. D. High School
- 1931 Entered Univ. of Pittsburgh
- 1935 August 25—Third trip to San Diego—entered Ryan School
- 1935 November 20—Went to work for Ryan Company
- 1942 November — B e c a m e Chief Draftsman
- 1942 December — J o i n e d Coast Guard Auxiliary

Mac Cattrell is a glutton for work, a demon yachtsman and one of Ryan's most eligible bachelors. One of his co-workers "tells all" in this revealing article

Cattrell

by
Nathaniel Warman

dead fish. There are rumors that some of the pictures may be a tribute to the industry and sagacity of a mare fortunate Mexican.

Mac really shines when, dressed in his Levis and a ten gallon hat, he invades the Jackson Hole country in search of trout or bass, or whatever one finds in the Jackson Hole country. I have heard rumors that mostly it is schaal marms.

During the big dewes of the winter of 1942-1943, Mac surprised the engineering department by appearing in all his western regalia. He claimed that the only alternate costume in which one could possibly have arrived alive was a diving suit.

Cattrell is an ardent motorcyclist, preferring "bikes" of English make—they are not so heavy to push when the inevitable mechanical failure occurs. He also collects British Austins and has been labaring might-



WE GO "OVER THE TOP"

A few sidelights on the phenomenal success of Ryan's recent War Bond Drive

Everyone thought it was impossible, but Ryan workers did it. They went over the top on a whopping quota of \$350,000 worth of War Bond purchases; the larger part was subscribed in two days!

This staggering sum—representing approximately one-half of a month's pay for each Ryan worker—was the amount which the U. S. Treasury asked Ryan to subscribe for the Third War Loan Drive. It looked astronomically high when Treasury representatives first presented it to the joint management-labor War Bond Campaign committee—but the committee members, as soon as the first shock wore off, rolled up their sleeves and went to work.

Under the chairmanship of W. Frank Persons, Director of Industrial Relations, energetically assisted by Paul Veal of the Welders' Union and Ray Morkowski of the UAW-CIO, the nine-man committee lined up solicitors throughout all Ryan departments, planned a series of meetings, and worked out all arrangements down to the last detail before the drive began.

As the date of the drive approached, an undercurrent of excitement began to creep through the whole company. This was a patriotic assignment of challenging magnitude, and nearly everyone felt an urge to get his shoulder to the wheel. Anything the committee asked, no matter how "impossible," it got. When the Accounting department was asked to set up two War Bond booths, it promptly agreed—though this meant temporarily disrupting the whole department, taking workers off their regular jobs and putting them through special training in the mechanics of issuing War Bonds. Similarly, when the Woodshop was asked to build a big wooden platform for a Bond rally in the factory yard, it rushed it through overnight even though the whole department was swamped with other work.

On the day the drive began, campaign workers felt as if a dam had burst. Cash and pledges poured in so fast that tabulators were hours behind. Departments raced for the honor of being first to report 100% participation. The Cafeteria department won—checking in with all hands pledged less than three hours after the drive started. Plant Protection was close behind, breaking its quota by lunch-time on the first day. Perhaps the greatest honor, however, went to Office Maintenance—the people who do the sweeping and dusting pledged a bigger amount, in proportion to their pay, than any other department in the company.

(Continued on page 22)



Foreman Erich Faulwetter presents Mrs. Lillian Nye with the \$1000 bond she bought to celebrate her first year here.



Frank Voll, left, keeps intact his 3-year perfect attendance record. A Bank of America teller brings him cash to buy a \$500 bond.



Vice-President Earl Prudden congratulates Capt. Leo Yuen Bow, formerly of the Chinese Air Force, who buys a \$200 bond monthly at Ryan



What About MANPOWER

?

By
Jim Bunnell

Two weeks ago the U. S. government established a "Manpower Program" for the West Coast. Here are the facts behind that program.

Airplane production on the West Coast is behind schedule. (It is increasing fast, but military schedules call for faster and faster increases).

The West Coast manpower supply is dwindling.

These two important facts rang like alarm bells through the press and radio of America last month. If a quick solution isn't found to the problem they pose, the war may be lengthened by months or even years.

A crackling announcement from the White House office of the Director of War Mobilization, James F. Byrnes, signalled a first step toward a solution of the problem. He announced a West Coast Manpower Program applying a priority system to labor such as is applied to materials.

The program, which was rushed into effect September 15, created an Area Production Urgency Committee for each major production area—San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle. The committees will rank manufacturing programs in order of importance, and see that plants producing the most important war materials get workers first. Aircraft is scheduled to get a high priority.

A second new committee in each area—a Manpower Priorities Committee—will decide how many workers each plant needs.

Maximum employment in each plant will be limited by that decision.

Aircraft men all over the country looked to T. Cloude Ryan, as president of the Aircraft War Production Council, for a statement of the western manufacturers' opinion of the new ruling. Mr. Ryan spoke out promptly in support of it.

"Pacific Coast aircraft plants have been ordered by top government authority to increase their already expanded production another 28% by the end of this year," he pointed out. "To produce these desperately-needed planes, an additional 30,000 employees will be required this year by the Boeing, Consolidated-Vultee, Douglas, Lockheed, North American, Northrup, Ryan and Vega companies. Between January and April of next year additional thousands will be needed.

"The industry is faced with an ever-increasing demand for more airplanes at a time when one of the essentials of making these airplanes—**manpower—is increasingly difficult to get and to hold.** This West Coast Manpower Directive represents a decision by highest government authority that manpower must be provided to build airplanes. It sets up the necessary machinery to get out the most important war contracts in this order first.

"We will do everything in our power to make the program work, and to build every airplane that materials and manpower will permit us to build.

"Utilization of manpower is constantly improving. One company, making four-motored bombers, now does with 17 men work which required 444 in 1940. Another needs only 9 men for every 100 it used in building an attack bomber in 1940. Other plants have hammered down their man-hour totals comparably. Taking all the major western plants combined, aircraft production shot up 44% in the first six months of this year, with only 4% more workers."

This was one of the first direct answers made to the widespread rumor that aircraft plants were "hoarding manpower" . . . that hundreds of workers stand idle for hours at a time . . . that three workers were being kept on the payroll where only one was needed.

It was a well-timed answer, because resentment had flared up among some other business men when they visualized the dislocations which might hit their businesses as the new Manpower Program took effect. They wondered if the manpower squeeze had been partly caused by hoarding and poor

(Continued on page 15)

LAST PLANE FROM THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from page 1)



Staff Sergeant Wheatley

challenge the San Antonio Rose II as it passed high overhead. Del Monte Field on Mindanao was pitch-black, but Corruthers' navigation brought the plane straight to it. The Fortress circled, flashing its recognition signals, and finally got an answer. Captain Frank Bostrum, the pilot, headed down to attempt the landing.

"It was tricky," Wheatley recalled. "That short landing strip ends in a sheer drop into a canyon. So we knew if we overshot it, we were finished. The only lighting on the field was a pair of headlights from a truck. It showed a patch of ground that looked about the size of a dime from up where we were. Brother, we were worried."

But Bostrum hadn't been picked for this mission by a lottery. He was known as one of the best Fortress pilots in the Pacific. He set the big ship down smoothly and brought it to a neat stop well short of the canyon.

"Del Monte was jammed," Wheatley said. "From Manila and Bataan and Corregidor everyone had poured in. There were fliers, ground crews and riggers—Army men, Navy men, Philippine Scouts and other native troops. Their supplies were running low. Many of them were sick or wounded."

"A lot of them knew this was the last plane leaving, and that they weren't going to be on it. It was tough to leave those guys there for the Japs. They gave us a lot of messages for friends, and letters to mail. They were a game bunch. They just wished us luck and said they'd be seeing us some time."

General MacArthur came out to the ship, with Mrs. MacArthur and his small son. The Chinese nurse and the members of his staff came too. Wheatley and the other crew members fixed a place for the general in the radio operator's seat, then put an Army mattress on the floor of the bomber for Mrs. MacArthur, the nurse and child.

"The general's uniform was wrinkled and dirty," Wheatley said, "and he looked tired. But he seemed jaunty too, with his springy step, and that gold-laced cap cocked over one eye. Mrs. MacArthur and the kid looked as jolly as if they were starting on a picnic. The Chinese nurse was the only one who was picky."

The take-off in the dark was safely accomplished by Captain Bostrum, and the big ship headed back toward Australia. It roared on through the blackness for most of the night—until, high above Roboul, the crew spotted a Jap plane flying with its lights on.

"This is it," Wheatley thought to himself. "The minute I fire on that plane, even if I knock him down, we'll wake up Roboul and we'll have a whole swarm of Zeros around us."

While Wheatley and the others watched tensely, the Jap went into a steep climb, then did a half-roll and started down far to their left. He dived, climbed again, looped and circled away from them. At last the crew realized that he hadn't seen them; that he was just stunting, all alone by himself up there, out of sheer high spirits. In a moment or two he was far behind them. The carefree Jap pilot will never know what a prize he missed that warm spring night.

The rest of the journey was quiet. General MacArthur said almost nothing on the whole trip. "He just leaned against the radio man's seat like he was tired," Wheatley said. "But he always moved away, polite as could be, when the radio operator—a sergeant—had to get to his instruments. The sergeant wasn't sending anything, but he was listening a lot."

"The MacArthur boy slept most of the way back. His mother spent most of her time trying to quiet the nurse, who was scared all the way. General George, the airman who was later killed in Australia, chatted with the crew and fiddled with our guns, checking them to see how they worked. Every man was at his post and we kept on the alert, but we didn't run into any trouble. We passed Darwin while it was being bombed, but the Japs didn't see us."

"By dawn we were over Australia. Captain Bostrum called us over the inter-phone and told us we were safe now and could take a stretch. I crawled out of the tail gun spot into the plane. I guess I looked pretty awful. I hadn't slept for three days, nor shaved either. As I reached the waist of the plane Mrs. MacArthur smiled at me and said:

"'Hello there, how are you this morning?' She sure was a game little lady. The boy was still asleep."



General MacArthur

"As soon as we landed the general got busy. I saw him about an hour later. He had on a fresh uniform, had bothed and shaved, and was giving orders right and left. He didn't even look tired any more."

That was the end of the most historic hop that 24-year-old Herbert Wheatley has been in on so far. But he's seen plenty of other action as a tail gunner and later as an engineer. In fact, his 1400 hours of flying in the big bombers includes 480 hours of combat time. He has flown 52 combat missions, is credited with shooting down two Zeroes over Rabaul and has another listed as "probable." He wears the Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf cluster; the Silver Star for Gallantry, with two Oak Leaf clusters, and the 19th Group Citation medal with three Oak Leaf clusters.

But Wheatley wasn't satisfied to be just a crew member. He wants to fly the big bombers himself. So he put in for pilot training, and was sent back to America as a cadet. At this writing he is undergoing primary flight training at the Ryan School of Aeronautics near Tucson.

In spite of his 1400 hours, Wheatley was scared pink, he said, the first time he rode in a primary trainer. "Riding in a bomber was just like riding in a bus—easy turns and long, gentle glides. But when I got in a Ryan—mamma! Steep climbs, sharp turns, and more of a dive than a bomber ever makes when you come in to land. It was four days before I could quit shutting my eyes every time the instructor put her into a spin to teach me spin recovery. But it's a lot of fun, and I'm sure glad I'm learning in a Ryan. At the pre-flight center one of my officers told me, 'If you're lucky, you'll be sent to a school where they use Ryan trainers.'"

5 years or more at Ryan

BILL DAVIES

When Bill Davies came to Ryan back in 1936, the company had one lathe—and it was some place en route between its eastern factory and San Diego. Bill, who had been hired by Walter Locke to operate the lathe, went to work on the nibbling machine, and a week later helped unpack Ryan's first lathe. Now he's a leadman in the bustling Tooling department.

Before he came to Ryan, Bill had fortified himself with a varied machine shop experience. After he graduated from the Littleton, Colorado, high school in 1922, he went to work for Ingersoll Rand. Then the bottom fell out of everything in 1929 and Bill Davies was out of a job. Sitting down to mull things over one day in early 1930, Bill decided that the industry of the future was sure to be aviation. So he went to the bank, withdrew a goodly portion of his savings, and headed for the Von Hoffman Aircraft School in St. Louis. After a six months' course in aircraft mechanics, Davies went to work for Von Hoffman himself. But conditions in the country were going from bad to worse and even the aircraft business didn't look too good. So Davies switched to a furniture and undertaking establishment—they were insured of a certain amount of business.

As soon as things gave the least promise of looking up again, Davies was hot on the trail of an aircraft job and landed one with Eaglerock Aircraft Company in Denver. Later he acquired some additional machine shop experience with a Denver machinery firm. But when he saw an advertisement in the Denver papers concerning the opportunities in coastal aircraft, he headed right for San Diego.

"One of the most thrilling sights of my life," Bill recalls, "was my first sight of the ocean. We came the southern route and San Diego furnished our initial view of the Pacific we'd been reading about all our lives. It may sound hill-billyish, but I still get a thrill every time I look at it."

An outdoor man at heart, Davies spends much of his spare time taking care of his chickens and yard at his Lemon Grove home. Back in high school days, Davies was into practically every sport going. "Football was where I got the most spills and thrills, though," Bill recalls. "The big moment of my high school career came in a very important game one season when we were tied 0 to 0 with only three minutes left to play. We'd all practically resigned ourselves to a lively but unsatisfying tie game when out of the blue came the chance of a lifetime. I got the ball and made it 80 yards for a touchdown. Boy, after that I practically burst my buttons."

One of the high lights of Bill's Colorado years were his vacation trips about 450 miles out of Denver by a rushing Rocky Mountain stream. "The first time out sold me on fishing," Bill reminisces. "My beginner's luck was pulling strong and I came home with 15 rainbow trout on my line. I've been out a hundred times since and am still waiting for another such catch."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF A WAR WORKER

1. Be on the job every day. Regularity, always desirable, is especially valuable in wartime. Do your job when there is work to be done!
* * *
2. Do not watch the hands of the clock—for in watching them at work, you stop.
* * *
3. Be accurate in your work—lest on some far-off battle front an American youth pay the price of your error with his life.
* * *
4. Give every working hour sixty minutes, remembering that it makes no difference if you whistle while you work, so long as you work until the whistle blows.
* * *
5. Suggest improvements on your job—for an idea in the right hands is worth ten in your head.
* * *
6. Do not put off until tomorrow what you can do today—lest some of your comrades in arms who have too little should receive your help too late.
* * *
7. Do not allow an accident to stop your machine, your output, or yourself—for today whatever delays production delays victory.
* * *
8. Take care of yourself physically—so that you can be at your best to take care of your country.
* * *
9. Let no disputes come between you and your work.
* * *
10. Be both generous and regular in your purchase of War Bonds—for no contribution in cash can be too great to support your countrymen who are giving theirs in blood.

Dispatching

by Gerald Ryan



One of the prize Texas brogues in the world is owned by ROSS (TEX) EASLEY. Although he's been away from Wichita Falls for ten years, Ross, who helps Project Man FRED HAYNES follow up wing work on the 1st, has let none of the lasso lingo slip away. . . . We had a few lines in the last issue about ALBERTA ROBERTSON taking over as secretary in RALPH FLANDERS' office; then husband George was ruled "hors de combat" for further military service; so, with medical discharge in tow, the Robertsons have headed back to Montana hinterlands. And now we have MARION SCHUMACHER, very much on the petite side.

WAYNE (CURLY) HARGRAVE has been given the Dispatching job in the newly-established manifold rework area. After coming to Ryan in December, 1941, Hargrave worked under MAYNARD LOVELL his first seven months. Succeeding Wayne in CLIFF (MAJOR) COCKING'S area is MORT ANDERSON's old Spirit Lake, Iowa, fishing companion, CLARENCE GRAVES—father of three girls.

Three of the most recent additions to Airplane Dispatching are: blonde TUBBY DAWSON, who has been kicking around San Diego since 1921; BOB EATON, trans-

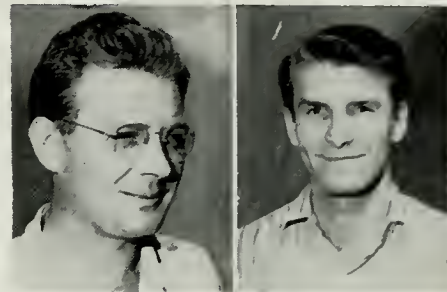
planted from Illinois two months ago; and JACK RAPPLE, a Hoosier.

Old time San Diegan GORDON GREER will be at Ryan a year in November. His other dozen were spent largely as a wholesale grocery representative. With his wife, who is from Granview, Manitoba, and sons Bobby and Dick, Gordon looks down on the town from his new home in Alhambra Heights. Shop Follow-Up man Greer's latest enterprise is bowling—at which his wife entered him with a neat 117.

Second shift manifold dispatcher MILTON PETERSON is from Austin, Texas, and admits to being an eligible bachelor—he hopes to save his remaining hairs until!

Solvaige Dispatcher CARL McCAFFERTY has lived in this land of manana for 20 years. He was from Victoria, British Columbia, before that. After two years in Plant Protection, Mac wanted to get closer to the production end. There are few hereabouts who can tell him anything about photography and make it stick. He's been in the game as a motion picture cameraman, press and commercial photographer. His press-photo days were in Salt Lake and for the local Sun and Union-Tribune. He's snapped such personalities as golf's Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones; Mexico's ex-Presidents Rubio, Rodriguez, and Calles at Caliente; and made shots of the first airplane refueling flight. In his year at MGM, Carl was on the lot with many of the greats who have faded as talkies have progressed. Commercially he has operated in Seattle, nearby Everett, Olympia and Walla Walla. Mac and Bernardine have been married two years. . . . RAY SANDERS investing in rolling stock again and receiving congratulations from all sides in relation to a certain femme—his wife.

Promotions



Edward Glidden, new leadman in charge of all Contract Templates in the Template department.

John Holt, appointed leadman in charge of Model 28 Templates in the Template department.



A. I. Parks, new Drop Hammer leadman on third shift.

Dwight Bement, new leadman in Manifold Assembly on third shift.



C. T. Barbee, who has recently been made a leadman in the Tool Crib.

C. G. Rush, appointed leadman in Drop Hammer on second shift.

Manifold Production Control

by F. Marie Loudon



As you have probably observed by now, this is a new column but the department is an old-timer. Yes, this department has been functioning for a long time and will continue to as long as Ryan stands. The people working in it are wholeheartedly interested in supplying the Ryan parts which are so necessary to the winning of this war.

While Ryan has always been considered a "better place to work" by its employees, Ryan has gone a step further in installing a cafeteria, with music to add to our pleasure and comfort. We all greatly appreciate it.

The love-bug has really been doing double duty in our department. Our congratulations go to MARY ELLEN REED and Captain Bert Watson of the Army Air Corps and to HARRIET BARKLEY and SHERIDAN SMITH (known as "Smitty" to his numerous friends), who were married the 25th of last month. The scintillating light of love shines in the eyes of numerous other members of our tribe but it hasn't reached the crucial peak, as yet. Time tells everything, so they say.

Several entrants have been overheard making bets as to the ultimate winner in the Ping Pong Tournament. May the best man (or woman) win!

MILDRED CUSEY will be back with us in a few weeks, after a short vacation spent in North Dakota. Although most of you will agree, if you've been in California three months or more, that it would be difficult for one to stay out of this state more than a month at a time. It gets in one's blood. (This should be worth at least ten dollars to the Chamber of Commerce.)

We've been thinking of putting a guard on duty to see to it that the strange movement of the chairs from one end of the room to the other ceases. The night Grem-lins must be at work again.

His fellow workers think BOB VIZZINI should try out for one of the Big Leagues after observing him gracefully swatting flies—adding to the comfort of the workers around him.

Our best wishes go to "RICHIE" RICHARDSON who has stepped through our portals to accompany her husband to San Francisco where he has been transferred. Another fellow worker, HARRIET BARKLEY, has been sorely missed. She will soon be taking on the important job of keeping house. We wish you loads of happiness, Harriet.

Don't Miss Ryan's Free Training Offer

A \$120 training course in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance, with all costs paid by the Ryan Aeronautical Company—that's the bargain you may be able to get if you act quickly! For full details, see the Special insert in this issue of Flying Reporter.

President T. Claude Ryan is making this offer because he knows that a well-trained employee is an asset to the company. "To help its own workers obtain training is definitely to the company's interest," he says. "There will continually be opportunities for the men and women in our organization who are willing to study and prepare themselves for greater responsibilities."

MANPOWER

(Continued from page 11)

utilization of labor in the aircraft factories; if the aircraft makers had sought draft favoritism for selfish reasons; if the industry profited from inefficiency, through cost-plus contracts.

But Ryan workers, as insiders, know that talk about labor hoarding is only talk. You and your fellow workers in other plane plants are building more airplanes in less time per airplane than ever before in our history. You know that often someone may appear to be "standing around" when actually he is being instructed, is reading a blueprint, studying a shop order, or learning what to do and how to do it. Even old-timers in the plant must pause for a change of pace or to arrange a new setup or a new task.

Next time you hear unjust and inaccurate criticisms of yourselves or your industry, challenge them! Give them the true facts—facts like these:

The Pacific Coast aircraft industry has gone through several violent expansions since America began the "defense program" in 1940. The Coast companies tripled 1940's production in 1941, then doubled that in 1942 and now are trying to double it once more in 1943. In the last two years the companies were working at breakneck speed to build new plants and install new machinery for the accelerated schedules ahead.

It was then that the labor-hoarding stories, the rumors of three men to a job, got started. The factories were hiring and training thousands of inexperienced men and women. Sometimes there were three people to do a one-man job, because two of them were learning. "That isn't hoarding—that's just good planning to get planes built," the industry spokesmen point out.

Then too, the suppliers of materials and parts have their own troubles. Sometimes they can't deliver to the aircraft plants on time, and an operator or a whole department is left with nothing to work with for a time. They can't be shuffled temporarily into other jobs because many of them know only one job well. "Whatever it looks like, that's not hoarding," says the AWPC.

There are other conditions, too, which look like the results of hoarding—but aren't. For example, in bottle experience the Army and Navy find ways to improve planes. These design changes can't wait; lives depend on them. So regular work is often interrupted to make these needed improvements. Then too, every one of the 150,000 inexperienced people trained for production work will inevitably slow down his production team until he hits full stride. Constantly improving training methods are helping to overcome this problem.

The aircraft plants are making better use of their people every day; and the people on the job are showing their ability to speed up their production and at the same time increase quality. Today, one worker produces what two did a year and a half ago. That's a big increase. But the High Command of our armed forces says it isn't good enough. They know they'll be needing huge numbers of new planes as they fight their way deeper into enemy strongholds.

To provide these planes, greater efficiency will help. But 30,000 more workers

Miss Ryan of 1943 Chosen



Finals in a recent Ryan Aeronautical beauty contest sponsored by a group of employees: Ethel Lundstrom of Spot Welding; Jane Wiley of Modeling; Virginia Ferguson of Airplane Dispatching (the winner); Mary Wilson of Gas Welding; Loretta McLaughlin of Airplane Production Control. They are pictured above being presented to fellow employees at a recent Foremen's Club dance.

—exclusive of the 18,000 monthly turnover—must be found, too. That's why the new Manpower Program is so important and why turnover is the biggest headache of the manufacturers.

Out of 150,000 employees hired during the first six months of 1943, AWPC member companies realized a net increase of only 20,000. This means that 130,000, so far as their value to warplane production is concerned, simply vanished in thin air, taking with them the time and effort of key personnel assigned to train them.

There is another and particularly critical phase of turnover—military turnover. The aircraft industry has had a great deal of consideration from the Selective Service System (and has been roundly criticized for it) yet more than 70,000 men have gone from the plants into the armed services.

The men still in aircraft work who are eligible for the draft represent the heart of the working force. They represent the bulk of the skilled, trained and irreplaceable men. They are invaluable, because their skill and experience enables them to design the new planes and model changes, to plan the production and to train and supervise the constantly shifting "mass personnel" principally composed of women or older men without prior factory experience. Production depends on these key men.

The industry has stated that decisions as to where and how the manpower of this nation at war can best serve rests with the highest government authorities. But if the industry is to build the quantity and quality

of planes called for in the Government's schedules, it must maintain and increase a working force of adequate numbers and ability. To hold such a force requires draft deferment of the key men—the skilled, trained and irreplaceable men.

The Manpower Program will bring no profit to aircraft companies. The cost-plus-fixed-fee contract, so widely misunderstood, does not enable a company to profit from inefficiency. The fee does not increase with the costs on a cost-plus contract. The fee is fixed at the time the contract is made. It doesn't change as costs rise. On the other hand, when costs rise, the likelihood of disallowances by government auditors increases, and the probability is that the company's net fee will be cut.

By general standards, the aircraft industry has worked a miracle of production in a very short time. By its own standards, that miracle isn't enough. Its standards are those of Generals Arnold, Spootz, Doolittle, Eaker and Kenny, who say:

"What we need now is planes and more planes. We have a schedule and a plan. When we reach our full strength, we can crush the enemy."

With the help of the government's new plan and the loyal cooperation of every aircraft worker, those generals' demands will be met by the West Coast airplane builders.

You can help by **sticking** on the job, if you are a war worker.

You can help by **getting** on the job if you are not.

Australians Here On Special Mission



On a confidential mission for the Australian government, aircraft experts from the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation of Melbourne visited Ryon recently. Shown here during their factory tour are F. B. Whitehead, J. A. Smeaton, Ernie Moore (Ryon's production superintendent), and R. C. Huxtable. Four other Australians were also in the party.

Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry

Champagne, steaks and orchids were the main items in the second wedding anniversary of the McCAFFERTYS. The orchestra also played the traditional "I Love You Truly." Good luck and may there be more anniversaries to come.

"LITTLE EVA" of Production Planning is taking a month's leave of absence to go back East. Have fun Eva. Also several of the other girls from Planning are leaving our fold. Sorry to see you go, but good luck.

More VACATIONS, (COMING AND GOING). TOM DAVIDSON, Salvage Engineer Supervisor, returned this week, looking just like one of those Sun-Kist Beauties of California. MARION CONTRERAS, Inspection Office, will soon be gone on her vacation. (By the way Marion where are you going?) GEORGE DEW, Chief Inspector, already on his vacation. BEA GILLEBO, Quality Control, returned from hers this week.

See by the daily "Scandal Sheet" that PAT QUINT, Secretary to Mr. Molloy, has officially announced her engagement. Hope it won't be long before the wedding bells toll, Pat.

Mr. G. E. BARTON, Factory Manager, was seen passing cigars around the other day; it seems as though his wife just presented him with a baby girl. Congratulations.

Speaking of Marion Contreras, we are glad to see you back in the old fold after your illness of two weeks. (Be careful of lacquer, hereafter.)

Mr. J. E. COOPER, Assistant to Production Superintendent, is going around with what you might call "ERNIE-MOORE-ritis." Better ask him what it is.

Speaking of Inspection, did you know that TOM SWIFT went to L. A. again, and as usual had his weekly flat tire. Better

not take DAVE BRACKEN with you again, Tom, on account of it seems as though he might be the jinx.

Well, folksies, I guess that's all for now, and we still haven't received any news from the girls on the other side, how's about it? You must have some choice tid-bits over there, what with girls or boys getting married, having babies, going on vacation, etc. So am waiting in vain. If you have anything, please send them to Gerry Wright, c/o Factory Manager's office or Ruth Daugherty, Salvage Office.

Thank you. So G'bye for now, see you next issue.

Snipe Hunting Club Is To Be Formed

Due to the requests from many eastern and mid-western urban dwellers a Snipe Hunting club is to be formed. As snipe hunting does not require much equipment and as that little equipment may easily be borrowed from other members, anyone who has an interest in spending a few hours one night a week each week in healthful exercise will be eligible. Both Mission Bay and Mission Valley offer excellent spots for the hunting, and they are both accessible to most Ryon employees. The hunts will usually start just before sundown and last as long as the members care to stay.

All visitors to the state who have never hunted snipe before are asked to send in their names to the Sport Editor. Old snipe hunters may join after the club is formed. (See the column Sticks 'n' Stuff for details on snipe hunting.)

Many Evening Classes Open

Memorial Adult Evening School, located at 28th and Marcey Streets, is offering a varied program of classes which will be of interest to many workers in the aircraft factories. Capt. Frank Benham will again conduct a course in Navigation and Piloting; Frank Poroth will instruct a class in Math, Blueprint Reading, Mechanical Drawing, Algebra and Trigonometry. There will be classes in Arithmetic and English Review for any who have not completed their elementary schooling. Shorthand, Typing, Physical Education and Spanish are also on the schedule as well as Dramatics, Public Speaking and Music, both orchestral and choral. There is no tuition fee and all adults 18 or over are eligible to enroll. Other classes may be opened in any subjects for which sufficient demand is made.

HOUSEKEEPING FOR SAFETY

By L. A. MARTIN, Safety Engineer

Show me a department where a well-organized housekeeping system is in force, and I will show you a comparatively safe place to work. Incidentally, production will be moving along, too.

But this is not a one-man job; it requires the daily cooperation of every person on the job.

There are three important steps in any good housekeeping program:

(1) "SIFT"—

Find out what is usable and needed and what is not. Keep this up every day. See to it that non-usable materials and trash DO NOT SETTLE.

(2) DISCARD—

Get rid of things no longer needed. There is a right and a wrong way to do this. A well-organized trash system has been set up; use it. Make use of the waste basket—it can be a real helper.

Space is badly needed in every department. Rubbish is demoralizing and unsafe. A systematic follow-up is needed to make sure that rubbish and salvage DO move on.

(3) HAVE A PLACE FOR THINGS—

FIND one best place to put the things which are needed, and KEEP them there. It will pay dividends in personal satisfaction, in production, and in safety.

A department cluttered with tools and material is not a safe place to work; progress is slowed up; tools left out of place are usually ill-kept and hard to find; tools which have been IMPROPERLY CARED FOR ARE NOT SAFE TOOLS.

The attitude behind such a mess is unwholesome. The safe worker finds pleasure in giving his job the best he can give it. The proper care of materials and tools is an important part of this.

Let's find satisfaction in solving our housekeeping problems the best we can every day—let's not stop short of making Ryon a "Better place to work" by making it a "Safer place to work."

Stacks and Stuff

by Manny Fohle

Monifold evidently holds no terrors for the neophytes, judging by the number of transfers from various other departments. The latest of these being a comely lass by the name of CLARICE SIMS. 'Sno use, boys, as I get it, she's been morried up for a year or more.

Monofony being what it is, something new has been added. We not only manufacture spoggetti, but ore now engaged in the fabrication of elbow mocoroni. H. J. JONES, mojar domo of the job, technically known as F6F, cloims it contains more twists and turns than a firemon's staircose.

"RED" JONES spent six or seven weeks overhoulung his fishing gear preparatory to a single week's tussle with the wary trout. Result: "Red" was outpointed in every round. "Just weren't biting," said he.

MAX "ALABAMA" SNIPES, a southern gentleman who knows of first hond oll about "Southern Comfort," bumped into a cousin of his here the other doy whom he hodn't seen for years. Snipes hod heard of his being somewhere on the coast but hardly expected to find him working within a couple of hundred feet of him. It's o small world!

Speaking of snipes, this brings us around to a discussion we had the other evening concerning these little birds. A snipe, according to Webster, is a long-billed fowl. They opeor, when on the run, to be a close kin to our western rood runners, the only difference being, we understand, that they are able to make a rood runner look like o bum over a mile and a quarter course.

The snipe is not a notive of this region, but like the Moreno sheep, is very odaptable to almost any type of climate and seems to flourish here in our Southern Californio semi-orid country. Hence the vast numbers of them seen occasionally in the foothills surrounding Son Diego.

There ore several different ond distinct varieties of the snipe, but there is absolutely no geneological connection with the gutter species. The type of snipe most generally found in this vicinity ore of a peculiar no'ure. It seems they are especially allergic to burlap ond dim light.

They are attracted by the weird pipings of a dime store whistle with the wooden ball removed, but os these ore difficult to obtain nowodays, it is suggested that o whistle whittled from a willow limb makes on excellent substitute. As for the dim light, an old kerosene lamp is desirable but os these too, ore more or less out of circulation, a floshlight of small calibre may be used. To ossure having a light that is dim enough (dim-out areas please note) batteries that are at least seventy-five (75) percent discharged are recommended.

Some authorities advocate the use of o small club with which to poste the s'unning little creatures upon their opprooch to within orm's reach.

Our experience hos shown, however, that this practice, in most coses bruises the flesh beyond repoir, rendering the birds unfit for

Introducing—A New, Quick Way To Break Your Leg, In One Easy Lesson

Step right up, folks—somebody is going to break o leg jumping out of the rear Emergency Door of a Ryon bus, and it might as well be you!

Every time you push through that rear door ond take a flying leap over the bumper to the street four feet below, you're flirting with o fracture. It's easy to catch your heel on that bumper, which would splatter you onto the pavement face first. It's also easy for your foot to slip os you step down—which would plunge your leg inside the bumper ond snap it in two os you fell forward. It's easy for someone behind to knock you off balance; easy for someone in front to trip you os you jump. So step right up! Take a chance!

consumption. Therefore, we ore safe to assume that the most practical method is to rely upon their ollergy to burlap ond the pipings of the whistle to lure them to their fate.

So much for the thesis on "snipe hunting." Next time we shall toke up the vorious methods of preporing the birds for the table or, perhaps, the "Love life of the snipe." If sufficient interest can be aroused, we may even go so far as to organize a snipe hunting expedition, say to the foot hills surrounding Murray Dom. Howzobout it? Grunion should soon be on the run also!

Several members of our orgonization have completed convalescence ond have returned to their labors. Notably among these is MARGARET GOERNER who suffered on otack of appendicitis several weeks ago. Glod to see you all back!

Well, folks, os the English gentleman once said, "I shall obtain it from the mutton," meaning in English, of course, "I'll toke it on the lam!" See you soon.

Mr. L. A. Martin, the compony's Safety Engineer, probably wouldn't approve of such facetious treatment of a serious subject. And he'd probably be right. Because it is serious—deodly serious. The rear door of every Ryon bus is for emergencies only—it is not designed as o safe exit.

The Ryan monagement is now seeking a way to rebuild the rear doors of these buses so they can be used os regular exits and thus speed up the emptying of the bus. Unless ond until the doors ore redesigned, don't use them except for an emergency! It's better to go home on two legs than on one.

Chin Music

by Herman Martindale

of Manifold Assembly, Second Shift.

Your reporter was snooping around for a bit of news when he heard someone singing "Billy Boy." Who should it be but AL GLANDINI, the gentleman from New Orleans ond schoolmote of LOUIS PRIMA. A comment was due so I said, "Why didn't you toke singing lessons and go on the stage?" Al replied, "I thought several times I would, but one thing holds me back." When I osked what that could be, he replied, "My voice."

Unobashed, I begon o "me ond my shodow" act with MR. HORN, our group leader, known to us as "Sleepy." We passed by LYNN BLACKBURN who was hoving a hard time eating his lunch. His is an accommodating nature so he onswered my "Why?" with, "I'm having oll my teeth pulled ond om getting some chino clip-pers." "What's so bad about that?" I osked him. "Well, my dentist pulled all my uppers ond then left town on o vocation before he got the lowers out."

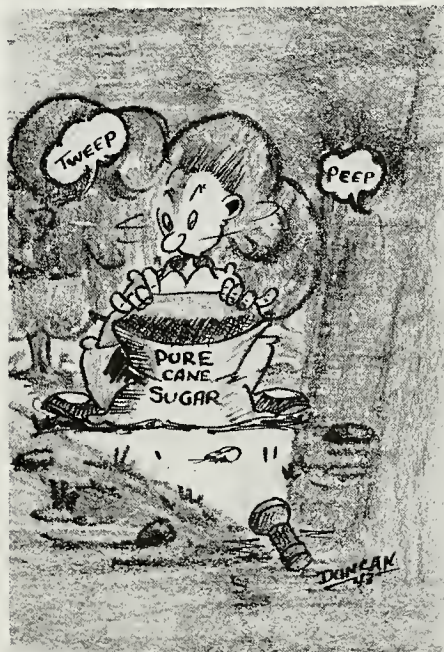
R. C. JOE, welder first class, inquired what the "motif" for my next column of Chin Music was going to be. I onswered auspiciously, "Woit ond see."

Toking o Gallup poll of my own to find out who was the handsomest mon in the department, all votes went to MR. TILLMAN, known as "Tillie." It was not necessary to collect votes for the "most colorful figure." ROXIE takes first plice.

RAY V. LAWTHOR is dreoming about the day when he can buy o little garage in Iowa with the money he is now putting into bonds. The "V" which is his middle initial really stands for "Victory." He was born at the end of the last world war.

Well, after trailing Mr. Horn around, decided it was os impossible to get anything out of him os it was to see W. V. OPFER stond in one plice over o minute.

In "Chin Music" next time we'll odd human interest by telling about sons, brothers ond husbands, who ore being backed up by loved ones on the production line of Monifold Assembly, Second Shift.



Hither and Yon

Strictly technical—Interested in electronics? Then take a look at the August issue of the magazine by that name and glance over the Article "Design Data for Ground Plane Antennas" by Hal Hasenbeck of the Laboratory. It's replete with diagrams and graphs showing how the addition of a turnstile element can give better reception at greater distances.

Houses and rooms for rent are the specialty of Mrs. Ethel Gill who recently took over the housing desk in the Personnel department at Ryan. Her job is to help Ryanites, new and old, to find the type of housing facilities they need. And that's a job in any man's language.

39 years together—When Fred Sanders of Manifold Small Parts and his wife, Miche, of Finishing, celebrated their 39th wedding anniversary recently, they didn't even have time to miss the usual festive celebration. The Sanders came to San Diego from Denver last year and have been working at Ryan ever since. "When I came in the house on the morning of December 7th and heard the news of the Jap attack, I said, 'Momma, we're going to get into this scrap just as soon as we can.' We stayed in Denver as long as our son was at home, but when he went into the Army we closed up the house and set out for the West Coast."



Miche Sanders
Finishing

★
Fred Sanders
Manifold
Small Parts

The Thompsons have two sons in the Army, one stationed in Nebraska and the other in North Africa. A third son is expected to go into the Army this month and a daughter, Ruth Daugherty of Dispatching, lives with them and works second shift at Ryan.

Mistaken identity—The plant protection department received quite a surprise the other day when one of the local public schools called and said they had a belligerent youngster who claimed he worked at Ryan. That wasn't so much of a shock because a lot of San Diego school children wish they were working at Ryan, but the real surprise came when the teacher advised that the name of the student was Garrick O'Bryan. The plant protection department immediately became alarmed and sent one of its representatives to identify O'Bryan. The story finally unwound itself. It seems that every Wednesday morning

Time Study Observations

By Dortha Dunston



I'm starting on my vacation soon,
As you'll gather from this report.
It's a flying trip—not to the moon—
But home to the mountain resort.
Now when I came back here's what I expect—

Things naturally will go on,
But for my poor desk there'll be no respect
And it'll be stacked while I'm gone.
KENNY will probably change all the files.
Work over machines and his cor.
Stuff to discard will be in neat piles
And I'll have to ask where things are.
Just waiting and hoping and biding her time,

ARLINE will be planning then, too.
Vacations are things not done on a dime,
But we won't do without them it's true.
That poor little Chrysler belonging to MAJ
Will likely be dented once more.
And TAYLOR will be at the well-again stage

Working as never before.
SMITTIE will surely be tired of "nights"
For unusual routine is hard.
And IRENE will probably give me high lights
Of things that have passed in discard.

JACK may have FRANCES just typing for him;

A department alone will be theirs.
Perhaps another will be coming in
To help us on "master" repairs.
Maybe LOWELL will have the words to a song

Ready and waiting for me,
And PAUL will turn over a new leaf ere long—

Have perfect attendance to see.
Gee, BESSIE has a vacation soon, too,
And CLANCY and MARTIN will come back.

We may be caught up and rush business all through,

But that's no reason for us to be slack.
They'll all be wearing new badges with ease
Without their sweet mugs on the front.
Maybe "COOKIE" will have a new girl to tease,

But he knows I'd resent such a stunt.
Well, Colorado, I'm on my way—

I'll be gone by the deadline date.
So I'm writing this early, if I may,
Then we won't be left out—better early than late!

Garrick takes his turn at delivering the neighborhood kindergarten children to the local school grounds. Last week, he decided he would have a look-see at the classroom, but just as he was entering the building, the last bell rang and O'Bryan found himself herded right along with the rest of the thrang into one of the classrooms where one of the teachers asked him to hang up his coat. The awful truth that he was being mistaken for one of the students didn't dawn on Garrick until after he'd pledged allegiance to the flag, sung "Good Morning to You" and then was shuffled off to a corner to erect a tunnel out of a stack of blacks. That's when he stalked up to the teacher, threw out his chest, and said, "I gotta go back to Ryan."

(Incidentally, we're looking for a column from Personnel. Perhaps, in self-defense, Garrick will help us find a columnist.)

Fram on old-timer—We've a letter from Al Weber, formerly of Manifold and now at the Navy, who says he's mighty busy these days but never too busy to appreciate a letter from the folks back at Ryan. And he wants to thank especially the Ryanite who has been keeping him supplied with the current issue of Flying Reporter. Here's his present address for his old friends in Manifold—A. J. Weber, AM 1/c, Box 17, U.S.N.A.S., Jacksonville, Florida.

Congratulations, Gerry Wright—Three years at Ryan as of today and a mighty faithful contributor to Flying Reporter during practically the entire time. The Ryonettes column which Gerry co-edits with her new partner in crime, Ruth Daugherty, is as traditional a part of every Flying Reporter as Gerry and her whistle are to every Ryan talent show. Congratulations, Gerry!

Accounting Accounts

by Margaret Nelson

We doo'd it. Here we are writing a column—the thing we said we never could do. Which all goes to prove something or other, I guess.

It's something old and something new, something borrowed, something blue for JANET McLEOD formerly of Tabulating who, ere this issue hits the newstands, will be Mrs. Render, residing in Norman, Oklahoma, where her Navy husband is stationed.

Basking in the sun in these last delectable beaching days is ELLEN SCHROEDER of Inventory who's on a vacation. We have a hunch she's sabotaging the sales of Arden's leg make-up by patronizing Ole Sal.

There's new blood in the department these days with two new additions in accounts payable—MAE OWENS and GRACE PAUL; another in accounts receivable—EVELYN SNOW, and one that we haven't met yet, THOMAS VINTON who'll be tabulating central clerk.

Likewise, we're going to miss the cheerful dispositions of MAXINE TYNER who's had to leave accounts payable because of illness, and EDITH PIERCE who, after two and a half years in the department, has now deserted us for Purchasing.

Have you noticed how the Accounting department has perked up this last week. The extra special smiles herald the return of Jim Noakes, our genial boss, from his three-week sojourn in the east.



Machine Shop

by Dorothy Wheeler

Once upon a time this world was a wonderful place. The earth was much as it is today, but the people were so good you would hardly believe it. Troubles were never known. Everyone was happy except for one old gentleman and his helpers—Satan, his devils, and his imps. Business conditions in Hell went from bad to worse. Many cauldrons of boiling oil and torture racks were idle. Most of the devils were unemployed and conditions were terrible.

Things finally got so bad that Satan called a pep meeting and ordered all his helpers to attend. Then he made a stirring speech. He told of the depression in Hell, the huge waste of brimstone—all because the world was so lacking in sin. Some more appealing sin must be conceived. To the devil or imp who could find such a sin would go great riches and honor.

Sin after sin was suggested, tried, and discarded—none seemed really effective. Finally a very small imp suggested the perfect sin—gossip. Satan gave him his reward, Hell was once more a busy and prosperous place, the earth went to the dogs—and I'm writing this column.

To get back up to earth again, we have a number of new people in the Machine Shop. First shift has gained the following girls: RUTH MOSS, MARIAN HEISEN, ANNE KOTLINEK, JOANNE McGUIRE, ROSE McCORMACK, and FRANCES POT-TORFF. Second shift has gained the following men: HUGH HOLCOMB, ARTHUR SMITH, HARLAND DOBBINS, and ARTHUR WELLS. Happy you're all here, and hope you like us.



Plant Personalities

by Jack Graham

Do you know that one of your fellow Ryan employees is a cousin of the former French premier Paul Reynaud?

The father of this Ryan worker came to America via Vera Cruz and settled in Mexico City, like many other young Frenchmen of the pre-war era. There he met the beautiful Guadalupe del Anellano and asked for her hand in marriage. He was accepted, thereby joining two of the oldest families—the Reynauds of France and Mexico and the Anellanos of Spain and Mexico.

The young couple moved to Juarez, across the border from El Paso where Monsieur Reynaud became manager for a large French exporting company. Later they moved to El Paso where their son was born. While the Reynaud in Mexico was climbing the commercial and art ladder, the Reynaud in France, his boyhood playmate and relative, was climbing the political ladder. During all these years the two cousins wrote faithfully and planned similar careers for their children.

All of us were sorry to lose AL GRAUBERGER, but we don't blame him for returning to Kansas City to be with his wife. She's a very fine person. ORLAND BRADFORD will be missed, too. He quit to return to school.

Our friend "TOOTHsome" TURNER has won another Suggestion Box Award—this time a Certificate of Merit. His contribution was an effective tool holder for a boring head.

We have two new floor inspectors: On the day shift, CHARLEY BROWN from Massachusetts, a very likable fellow; and a new swing shift inspector. We've not learned his name as yet, but the girls all say he's wonderful.

Our foreman's wife, Mrs. HUNT, had an appendectomy not long ago. She is recovering nicely, and we're all very glad for her.

STANLEY KNUDTSON is a brand-new father. The baby is a fine boy and is named Daryl Jewell. Mrs. Knud'son has been quite ill for several weeks, but is much better now. Stanley will recover, too.

BERNARD BRUCE's wife BETTY got tired of "Booblebum's" bringing his shop talk home from work. She is now in G-2, so she can enter into the competition with a little shop talk of her own. Glad to know you, Betty.

Second shift Machine Shop has an un-sung heroine—a little girl from Missouri. She was one of our many blood donors for the Red Cross. As they prepared to take her blood, she fainted. When she had recovered from the faint, the doctor suggested she go home and come back later. She insisted upon giving her blood right then, for she knew that waiting would only make it worse. The doctor was finally persuaded, the deed was done, and she went through it perfectly. Good for you, IRMA LEE!

My "Ghost Writers" must have gone to a spook's convention. At any rate I have discovered no contribution from them for this issue. Hope you're back soon, "Haunts."

The young son of the Reynauds in America was educated in the public schools of El Paso. Later he was in community plays and made traveling dramatic tours.

He has had a hobby for years of taxidermy and has been an amateur photographer. His collection of beautiful art pictures of religious subjects and historical places are in the custody of his mother. His father's sudden death from pneumonia in 1923 stopped many of the family's plans for the young man. But his mother bravely carried on the hopes of the father.

Coming to San Diego in 1941 because he had heard of the opportunities of this community, the young man entered the lumber business. However, the call to Ryan was answered a few weeks later. He has recently been placed in charge of the finished parts stock room.

Introducing CARLOS PIERRE REYNAUD, a member of one of the oldest French political families and a cousin of former Premier Paul Reynaud.

* * *

Do you know that we have a former concertmaster of the Charleston, South Carolina, symphony orchestra? He was also a member of the famous Arca String Quartet, outstanding concert group of the South.

At eleven years of age he won wide acclaim as the "newsboy violinist" of As-

Hero Visits Ryan



Chief Quartermaster Maurice Radrigas was the last man to leave the doomed destroyer Strong with his captain in Kula Gulf last July 4. After keeping afloat in the enemy-held water for an hour and a half, his signals from a waterproof flashlight brought rescue for Radrigas and the captain. His mother, Mrs. Alice Switzer of Stockroom, showed him through the Ryan plant.

bury Park, N. J. After his appearance at the Masque Theatre, Arturo Radzinski recommended him to Leopold Stakowski.

Fame and acclaim came to the young newsboy in November, 1922, when he played before a large audience in Philadelphia accompanied by the famous Philadelphia Symphony orchestra under the leadership of Stakowski.

In 1926 he won a Curtis scholarship and later studied at the Juilliard foundation. Returning to Philadelphia, he served as concertmaster of the Cosmopolitan Symphony orchestra. When the new city symphony orchestra was organized at Charleston, S. C., he was drafted as concertmaster.

In 1940 he came to San Diego for his health and joined the local music colony as an instructor and concert artist. Like many others, he answered the call for men in the aircraft industry and took up his old hobby of machinery and instruments as a member of the tooling inspection department at Ryan.

Presenting our popular EL BERRY, a real American son of French parentage.

* * *

Remember the Jennys of the post-war era, that used to be known as flying coffins?

Well, our choice for nomination as Ryan's best-liked police officer, Carl Hatfield, had one of those planes back in 1918 and was one of the first San Diego pilots to take up passengers.

The old Jennys were limited in mileage and Carl on more than one occasion glided into the home field with little or no space to spare. Once he landed over the Mexican border when his ship "coked out." On this occasion it took a lot of Hatfield personality to convince Mexican authorities that his mission was friendly, and the American border patrol that he was not bringing back contraband, or a few stray Chinamen.

SUGGESTION SYSTEM

(Continued from page 5)

acknowledgment from the committee of its receipt of his idea. Also enclosed will be a copy of a booklet entitled "These Are Our Weapons," a cartooned and illustrated discussion of fourteen points which can be considered in every production process—a good basic background to stimulate further creative thinking by the man with ideas.

In the meantime John's suggestion will have been turned over by the labor-management committee to one of several specially-trained investigators who will give it individual consideration. The investigator may go out into the factory and see John, get him to explain just how his idea will work, why it will cut down production time, by what means it will save on materials. This supplemental information may be just what the doctor ordered to make a top-notch suggestion.

After the suggestion sleuth is satisfied that he knows just exactly what John has in mind, he'll write a report on the suggestion—why he thinks John has hit the nail on the head or why it may be a good idea but impractical, whether or not it would involve too much tooling, how much time could be saved by its inauguration, how much material would be saved. In fact he'll analyze the suggestion from A to Z and turn over this information to the War Production Drive Committee. Then John'll receive another letter, this time giving a written report on his suggestion with reasons for its acceptance or rejection. If it's accepted, there'll also be a notice of the Production Drive award to be made.

But John's suggestion, if it's accepted, doesn't stop here. Many ideas turned in by Ryan employees are of such value that the company itself wishes to reward the originator. After John has received his gold, silver or bronze award from the Production Drive Committee and his suggestion has been put into actual operation, all the information concerning the idea is passed along to a special company committee. They watch the idea in actual operation, see how it works out,

Manifold Small Parts

Women, Continued

It won't be long now until many of the women of Department 14 wear Ryan service pins. In August, JENNIE SHINAFELT and MARGARET RUNDLE were the only badge holders, but soon afterward several more qualified. NORA SAWATZKY, MARIA MARTINEZ, LUCILLE JURNEY, MAXINE MASON, ELSIE STEINRUCK, and IRENE LOUTHERBACK finished a year last month. LINNIE CHESTNUT, ex-Small Parts metal fitter, now inspecting across the aisle, and JO VIALI complete a year this week. Next month a dozen more will be eligible for the first pins. And not so long ago women in production were a big experiment and a necessary evil to hard-pressed supervisors.

ELIZABETH (Fashion-is-Spinach) HAWES, after eight months on the graveyard shift of an eastern factory, thinks that little or no advice or encouragement is needed by the ex-housewives. None of this "Chin up; put your back into it!" is required, she says. Her only tip is for those who would keep their looks as well as their jobs. "Use a light protective make-up and always wear a light covering over your hair at work," urges Miss Hawes, "then after hours remove both and clean thoroughly." That treatment will keep the sag out of bath hair and skin, she promises.

Changes

"Housewife" by no means covers the previous experience of recently joined women workers. Manifold Small Parts has JEAN LAWSON, former writer of radio copy, on a third shift along with SYLVIA SCHEIBE, who owned and operated a restaurant, and EVA HUNT, who was a food production worker (fruit packing) before starting her aircraft job here.

"Ladies ready-to-wear" was the line of LYDIA FERRIN JONES before she came to San Diego. She is among the new talent of the second shift of Manifold Small Parts, as is ANTONIA MEISON, formerly of the San Diego Electric Railway. MINNIE MIZE,

how much time or material it actually saves. If it proves to be a particularly worthwhile suggestion, John will be called into the office of Ernie Moore, production superintendent, or G. E. Barton, factory manager. There he'll receive an additional reward in war bonds or war savings stamps.

That's the story of how John Doe, and Mary too, will put their ideas to work at Ryan during the coming months. Judging from the increased number and superior quality of the suggestions that have been pouring in during the last few months, it's going to be a "boom" year for Ryanites with ideas. In fact, so great has been the increase in the quantity of suggestions coming in that two more suggestion boxes are being installed in the factory, one near the main tool crib and one in the new final assembly building.

also of the swing shift ran a machine at the Remington Arms factory when she lived at Kansas City. KAY WINNETT, who recently joined the four o'clock shift, was a school teacher at the Cat Creek oil fields at Winnett, Montana. Department newcomers include MYRTLE AHERN, degreasing daytimes, who used to run a magazine shop at Big Spring, Texas, and before that was a teacher. RUTH ANDERSON got factory experience at Armstrong Tool and Die in Chicago; MYRTLE BYRD is a lady farmer, complete with cow; OLIVE CAREY is a ranch wife, too; LELA CHRISLIP left a dress shop in Seminole, Oklahoma; MAY GOODWIN never did a lick of work outside her home except a little tea-party stitching, until she started on our first shift.

ELLA LAURA KELLY, drawn from San Diego back country, has kept books and clerked in a general store at both Jamul and Leman Grove; MARY NUGENT worked in Woolworth's at Des Moines, Iowa. All these will be the veterans of 1944, if they're needed, they say.

RED AUSTIN threw us over a year ago for the Army, but now he's back just where he requested to be, working with GORDON JOHNS on the graveyard shift of 14. Happy as a clam over it, too. Changes, he found, were amazing; the department had moved from the southwest to the northeast extremity of the building, WES SHIELDS had progressed to lead man, women had been taken on the shift and various other improvements(?) made.

Celebrations

They have something new in the YOUNG home. Blue-banded cigars, handed out by WOODY, announced "It's a boy." Robert Frederick Young was born September 15.

FLORENCE NELSON grew considerably more light-hearted after seeing the town (a little, says she) with her brother, Lieut. Lyman Prase, here on a surprise leave from the Army Air Corps.

J. J. OLSEN feels that there should be some special notice for a man who has won his year-pin after reaching the age of seventy-five.

BETTY LINCOLN was the incentive for a supper shower, given by MARGARET RUNDLE last month. The celebration was a little slow getting under way, good hostess though Margaret is, because all the guests had to "Get used to seeing each other in clothes," as one of them put it. Never before had the whole group met except in slacks.

When the hydrant broke late last month, even that provided a chuckle for somebody. Before mopping up operations had started, signs were posted in the department aisle: "Lake Ryan. No Fishing or Swimming Allowed," read one. Another bore the safety warning, "All vehicles shift into low gear."





Guy Baker

Guy Baker Has Envious Record

It takes an automobile accident to keep Guy Baker of Final Assembly away from his job. He's been at Ryan for 2½ years now during which time he's been absent only two days. One morning, on the way to work, he and his little Austin came out second best in an automobile scramble. Guy spent two days recuperating. That was 21 months ago—he's not been absent nor tardy since!

Baker, a veteran of the last war, used to be in business on his own. "I learned the value of having people around who could be counted on to be there every day and on time," Baker says, "and since I sold out and came to work at Ryan, I've made it a point to be where I was supposed to be when I was supposed to be there."

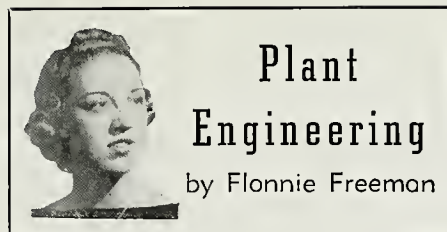
Being on time in the Baker family isn't just something that happens. Mrs. Baker is teaching at the high school and junior college in order to help relieve the local teacher shortage and their two children are now both in school.

University Offers Variety of Courses

The University of California War Training Office announces the following classes:

Elementary Engineering Mathematics; Projective Geometry; Numerical Analysis, slide rule; Intermediate Engineering Mathematics; Trigonometry; Fundamentals of Radio Engineering; Aircraft Lifting Lines and Layout; Aircraft Drafting, Part II, Aircraft Materials and Processes; Fundamentals of Engineering; Applied Metallurgy; Introduction to Aircraft Plastics; Drafting Standards; Elementary Electrical Engineering; Elementary Mechanics, Design Sketching, Strength of Materials; Office Management; Principles of Safety Engineering.

For further information regarding any of these courses call Industrial Training, Extension 319, or stop in at the Industrial Training Office, Room 290 in the new office building.



Plant Engineering by Flonnie Freeman

Another deadline Monday—I just don't know how they roll around so fast, but here I am, as usual, barely making it on time. My reminder caused some excitement the other day, when Mr. McCLENDON, who opens the mail, found a blank sheet of paper addressed, "Dear Flonnie" and at a glance there was nothing else discernible, so everyone thought I had received a note in disappearing ink, or that someone had forgotten to write the note after addressing it, but upon close scrutiny, we found at the very bottom right-hand corner, "Deadline Monday,—Sue." Thanks, Sue.

Well, at last our men have something to brag about, for they won First Place for the second half of the summer season in bowling. There were several swelled heads last Tuesday morning. We congratulate them and hope that they came out on top in the finals, when they bowled for the trophy September 20. We hear that the rooting section was quite large last Monday night, and that always makes the game more interesting.

Mr. COPLEY, Mrs. RICHARDSON's helper, is quite the proud one. He came into the office displaying two bright and shining quarters the other morning. He is always dishing out the blarney to us girls, telling us how beautiful we are and how lovely we look every day, no matter if we look drab or half asleep, or what. But we are far from gullible, so we always tell him that all he wants is a quarter. He confessed one day that he had been trying that on all the girls for a couple of years but had never received a quarter, so was going to continue until he got one. Well, it seems as though two girls in Engineering, and old timers at that, fell for his "line" and gave him a quarter apiece. Was he the proud one? He said he was so surprised he left in a hurry with the money, and wouldn't dare give it back after two whole years of trying to reach that goal, and is seriously thinking of framing them.

At last the single men in the department have a break, for we now have a single girl in the office, Miss LOIS GREEN. Well, fellows, here is your chance, but we don't know, we have heard her talking about a very good friend in the service.

Ask LAURA what she does every Sunday afternoon from 1:00 till 4:00 p.m. We'll bet she will break out in a happy smile. The secret is that she gets to see her husband at that time every Sunday until he is out of "boot camp" at the Naval Training Station. They get to sit and chat for three hours. But it won't be long until he will be out of that and we are hoping for their sokes that he gets stationed here in San Diego.

Everyone is now sporting new badges, and we have heard both good and bad comments. At least they are certainly bright. And one thing, we don't hear now, "Isn't that a terrible picture of me?" For most of the pictures on our badges before were far from being flattering, and with the new badges

we don't have to look at our own countenances all day.

How any one department can be as sans excitement and news as ours I don't know, but it seems as though not one of us has had anything exciting happen for the past three weeks, so we guess we'll have to say adieu for this time. We do want to welcome Lois in our department, also Mr. THOMAS BOETTICHER, a new draftsman. We are very glad to have both of them with us.

P.S. This may be my farewell column, so I'll say goodbye now, as I'll probably be leaving Ryan about the middle of October. It has been an extremely pleasant year, and I hate to say goodbye to all the swell people I've met here, but I'm looking forward to joining my husband shortly in San Francisco. Happy landings, all!

Here and There

by Jonnie Johnson

Here I am back in the fold and right at home. After being somewhere else for a few months, it's needless to say I'm glad to be back at Ryan's. There just isn't any place like it.

Everyone is so busy these days moving and trying to get settled in new quarters. Two years ago it would have sounded rather far-fetched to think Ryan would be so large. It just all goes to show that women have helped!

One of the first things I noticed after coming back was SLIM COATS' article in the Flying Reporter. Fine thing, Slim. I also see DOROTHY KOLBREK is back—wonder if she can't be induced to write again. How about it, Dot?

Would like to say "hello" to the "Old Experimental Gang" and we'll be seeing you soon in the new building. Also we missed that article, BOB. To make up for lost time, we'll be expecting a good one when you get moved.

Speaking of busy places, I have been out to the Paint Shop a few times (AHEM!) lately, and they are working like bees in the spring. Hurry back, MR. PALMER, or you won't know your old department.

I speak of these departments expanding and being so busy, because it seems incredible they could change so much in the short time I was gone. That old saying, "To miss a good thing is to lose it" isn't far wrong.

TOM HICKEY needs a scooter bike these days. Also the foremen of Manifold. These departments cover so much territory they divide them into sections, so they can cover the entire department each week at least.

I was talking to MAJOR GILES of AAF the other day and it seems he is having some trouble about income tax. Now, Major, with all the Income Tax experts there are working at Ryan I can't understand why you should give it a thought.

Of all the confusion about these new badges. About the time I decide I've got them straightened out I look up and here is a Douglas or Convair badge staring me in the face. You sure can't tell who you're talking to these days. I think the "Good Neighbor" policy really went over in a big way.

Well, that's about enough of saying—I'm glad to be back, and maybe next time I'll have some news for you. 'Bye.

JONNIE JOHNSON.

Smoke From A Test Tube

by Sally and Sue

When the news of the surrender of Italy reached Ryan, we are sure that the Laboratory was happier and made more noise about it than any other department, or any combination of departments. No, we were not being over-optimistic, we were just thankful.

He came to work on a Monday morning starry-eyed, riding on pearly pink clouds, and full of enthusiasm. Ah, such ecstasy! Ah, such bliss! Upon inquiry we found—he'd been roller skating with his daughter over the week-end. And he loved it! In fact he is going again soon, and we suspect he will be a figure skater before long, or should we say they will be a team. We have heard of big boys like DAVE ADAMS rave about the joys of sliding over a rink on ball bearings with a de-lavely young lavelly, but when a proud papa like "MAC" WASHINGTON McINTYRE comes to work all enthusiastic, that's news. More power to the father-daughter teams, say we, whether it be roller skating, ice skating, tennis, or swimming.

"Hello-hello-Tay Department? This is KEITH WHITCOMB calling." Now we don't want you to acquire any wrong ideas, so it has been decided that the facts should be presented publicly in order to dispell any rumors. Here's the lowdown: "Dad" was looking for something special in the way of light bulbs for his metallograph. They had to be a certain size, etc., etc. Before he finally found what he was searching for, he had reached the "reserve strength and patience" stage and seriously considered having a phonograph record made of his request. It wasn't the effort so much that bothered him as it was the humility of it all. He found the stares of unbelief almost unbearable and talked as low as possible so as not to be heard by any other department. With all these precautions, however, he was unable to keep this strange assignment a secret. And that, dear readers, is his secret sorrow!

Introducing SUE REESE of the Laboratory staff, and her husband, Sgt. Tammie L. Reese of the U. S. Marine Corps, who is now serving overseas. Sgt. Reese has been gone since the first of the year, with an anti-aircraft unit in the Southwest Pacific. He previously served in Panama, Iceland, Cuba and Puerto Rico. We all met Tammie at our Laboratory picnic last year and liked him immensely. He is a blonde Irishman with a wonderful sense of humor. Sue is



Tommie

Sue

"Girl Friday" for W. FORD LEHMAN, our Welding Supervisor. She is the girl in demand when a welder calls for a new stamp, when a foreman comes in with furrowed brow haping she can help him identify a s'amp, when the questions arise as to how many welders the company has, what class a welder is certified in, when he received his certification, etc., etc.; in other words, she is very much in demand, in addition to all the other work she does in the Laboratory. Besides doing her share at Ryan, Sue is a faithful worker at the U.S.O. Travellers' Aid, where she has put in many hours of volunteer service and is well known and liked by everyone.

Another problem solved. We of the feminine gender in the Laboratory, there being five of us now, wondered why it was found necessary to shampoo what we fondly and optimistically refer to as our "shining glories" more often than ever before. As a result of the research project, we hereby announce to our fellow sufferers that it can all be attributed to the fact that the population of the United States is increasing by leaps and bounds. In case this last statement has left you dazed and blinking and about to go back and start over after rubbing your eyes diligently, we will do a thorough job of confusing you and explain it another way. We blame the condition of our hair to the cigar smoke that fogs the atmosphere every time some friend announces a new arrival. Now, we aren't complaining a bit about the babies. It's just that we wish we were inventive enough to inaugurate the use of same device that would do away with the damaging effects of cigar smoke, and if at all possible, with cigars as a whale!

Merlin News

That old gag man of the Merlin department is still up to his old tricks. A woman-hater at heart, but he hasn't a heart. We hope Uncle Sam doesn't take him because we all enjoy having him in our department. This is no other than KENNY MATHEWS.

BROGEN, please stop bringing bananas in your lunch.

Gee, we sure are sorry to see CLARE leave our department. She is small in size but big in her good deeds.

Hey, GUNDA, do you have the inside of that house painted yet?

And LIZZIE, we heard someone was in your bath while you were absent. Was it Yehoahtie ISABEL HUGHES?

Hey, LARSON, is it true what they say about little men?

Why does JACK WESSLER chew snuff all the time?

Oberbauer To Wed Merveilla Hickey

Eddie Oberbauer, Ryan's chief test pilot and long known as one of the company's most eligible bachelors, has fallen at last! He slid a diamond engagement ring on the finger of Miss Merveilla "Micky" Hickey of the Transportation department last month. Just when the marriage will take place has not been disclosed—but judging from Eddie's jubilant frame of mind he will not allow it to be long delayed.

Job Classification Record Obtainable

The West Coast Aircraft Committee has made the following order, which is published for information of those employees concerned:

ORDER No. 40

It is hereby ordered that upon the request of any employee affected by the Technical and Office Job Classification Plan approved by the Tenth Regional War Labor Board on July 23, 1943, the employing company shall give such employee in writing at any time between March 2 and October 1, 1943; (1) His job title, classification and ingrade position (i.e., his rate and the maximum and minimum of the then rate range for his job), and (2) His new job title, classification and ingrade position (i.e., his new rate and the maximum and minimum of the rate range for his new classification).

Any employee whose job is covered by the Technical and Office Job Classification Plan approved by the National War Labor Board in its Directive Order of March 3, 1943, may obtain the information referred to in the above Order by making written or oral application to his foreman.

MORE ABOUT

THE BOND DRIVE

(Continued from page 10)

Cash purchases for more than \$100,000 worth of bonds inundated the booths during the 48 hours of the drive. Purchasers were lined up eight deep during rest periods. Some of them went to extreme lengths to get their cash into the pot. Milton Rasenbaum of Inspection, away on vacation, drove 26 miles on his A-card to give cash for a \$1000 bond to George Dew, head of his department. Frank Voll of Manfred persuaded the Bank of America to send a teller from Ocean Beach with his cash for a \$500 bond, so he wouldn't have to leave the plant to make a withdrawal. (He hasn't been absent, nor even late, during the last three years.)

Everyone wound up the campaign in a glow of enthusiasm—not just for the War Loan Drive, but for the company and for each other. Ryan employees got a lot of publicity on the phenomenal success of their campaign, which made everyone proud. And a lot of Ryan people got better acquainted with other Ryanites on the other side of the management-labor fence, which proved to be a pleasant and worthwhile experience for all concerned. One of the finest expressions of good feeling came from Bill Salmon, financial secretary of local 506 of the UAW-CIO, when he stepped before a public address system to announce to the whole plant:

"The CIO believes that Ryan really means what it says about making this company 'A Better Place to Work.' We see no need of a strike fund here at Ryan, so we're clasping out our strike fund and putting all the money into War Bands."



Mo Loft Sez

by George



Here's News For Prospective Draftees

Well, for a change we are long on the news end of the loft group this time but short on the time in which to get it all down. So perhaps some of you young gentlemen (?) (wolves) will get your chance to fry the next time.

We all know PAT CARTER is back from his EXTENDED vacation but the important news about Pat is that from his actions he is taking his final fling of freedom before saying yes. Well, Pat, we sure hope it's soon because we want that party and from what I hear from the grapevine, the DOROTHY-LUKE combination isn't working out quite as fast as we'd like. Perhaps Charlotte will see this and come to our rescue. Let's not put it off too long, now.

The title of pack rat and scavenger has been awarded to a more worthy member in the loft group, none other than "PERKY" PRCHAL. He is awarded this honorary title for the fine work he is doing in collecting lumber for his fence, which has been in the process of construction for the last 3 months—the end of the job is not yet in sight.

Here is a very important item for you wolves in the department, especially Luke, Pat and the rest of you who are interested in how to woo and win yourself a wife. The classes are free and are held in the

daytime so you'll still have time to go home that night and try out what you have learned. Most of us have had a preview of the course and it's very interesting. So any of you who are interested, please contact HERB CROUCH. He will let you in on the gruesome details.

SPANKY MacFARLANE has now become a feudal lord and landowner in Pacific Beach and in the some breath BOB "TAHITI" BLAKENEY has taken over Spanky's old apartment in Mission Beach and is redecorating it in the TAHITIAN MOTIF. Say, Bob, are you going to have the native girls, etc. If so, the Loft group will be up, but quick.

The stories we've been hearing about "CHOPPY"—well, all we can say about it is that we'll have to wait till the next time and perhaps then we'll have something fit to print.

Those who were slighted this time are given a respite till next issue as the deadline is here.

Just a note to the new householders. As long as we're having such a hard time getting Luke and Pat married off for the party, we could sure stand a housewarming in the meantime.

Ryanites who are expecting induction into the armed forces will be interested in the text of this order concerning the moratorium on the induction of aircraft workers.

"Authorization to State Directors of California and Washington to Postpone Induction of Registrants Regularly Engaged in Production of Aircraft.

"Under and by Virtue of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, as amended, and the authority vested in me by the regulations prescribed by the President thereunder, I hereby authorize and empower the State Director of California and the State Director of Washington to postpone for a period of not to exceed sixty (60) days, the induction of any registrant regularly engaged in the production of aircraft in aircraft plants situated in the States of California and Washington, respectively, regardless of the state in which any such registrant may be registered, provided, that the induction of any such registrant may be further postponed for an additional period, not to exceed sixty days. Such authority and power is hereby granted until this authorization is modified or rescinded."

Signed by: LEWIS B. HERSHEY,
Director of
Selective Service.

Wing Tips

R. F. Hersey



Another issue to meet and again on the deadline as per usual.

Our slowly bolding foreman, BUD BEERY, has received the opportunity to represent the Wing department on the new project. During his absence, that Arizona panhandler from Powder River will be chief cook and bottle washer. The past few days our Coronado character has been coming to work dressed to kill. I wonder what's in the wind?

One day past, I was questioned closely on the outstanding contour of my right eye. Of course the lights in our new building didn't seem to help much. I guess I had better explain.

Explanation as follows: One fine sunny day I was challenged to a handball game. Accepting, we both entered the court. Well! Being that time is short and on the deadline of this issue, I'll have to go to another subject.

The Wing department has accepted the challenge to buy more bonds this month. And I might add, their participation was swell. But why stop after this month? Let's sacrifice a little more every month.

A one-year anniversary for our department clerk, MARIE VOLSTEAD, is drawing very near. And she will receive a well-earned vacation. There's one other person I'd like to mention before I end this column. Yes, I believe we all know him, JOHN VANDERLINDE. John wears two diamonds on his service pin. If you need quick action on any particular job or question, see John. He always has a good word and is willing to help anyone.



I SAY MARTIE, DID YOU, BY CHANCE, LOSE THESE ?



From The Beam

by Pat Kelly

You who are students of history are familiar with General "Stonewall" Jackson's famous "foot cavalry." A current replica of that hot-footin' outfit may be observed in STARKWEATHER's pipefitters and GORDON's electricians. These lads cover so much ground they have an A-1 priority on shoe-leather. Ever see a group of wire-pullers swarm over a spot-welder? That proves General Bedford Forrest's statement that "the way to win a battle is to git thar fustest with the mostest men." It also explains how BILL SALMON broke o finger. He hit, with a hammer, what he thought was a pipe-fitter's finger only to learn with dismay it was his own.

Reckon y'all have gazed into the future and figured what your financial status will be at the end of the year. The mathematical evolutions involved in these calculations may have had a great deal to do with the calling of little Jael Kupperman to Hollywood. The other math wizard, RICHARD WILLIAMS, was in Washington recently, probably to assist the Treasury officials.

FRED BORTZMEYER was quoted as saying, "If I could get a bit of cooperation from the moon and tides, I could make this damned system work."

When JOE SKAINS reported for work a short time ago his countenance was criss-crossed with court plaster and adhesive tape. He sheepishly explained he attempted

to lean out of a closed window he thought was open.

JIM ROSE, heat treater, is back on the job, fat and sassy as ever, after an emergency appendectomy. Glad to see yo, Jim, but take it easy far owhile.

We saw LARRY EULBERG, erstwhile bull-ganger and now a member of the Coast Guard, the other day. He asked to be remembered to every one.

Ting-a-ling, our BELLE doth ring,

Far LIN hath come to tawn.

She forsook slacks and luncheon sacks

For a lovely silken gown.

In other wards, Mrs. BELLE DRAKE's husband just returned here on furlough after completing a most strenuous C. B. course at Norfolk, Vo., and Belle decided no better time might be found for her vacation.

The onvil of "PANCHITO" GILLONS, blacksmith, is ringing merrily again. He reports a gay time visiting his old haunts while on vacation. And JORGENSEN, the Wolverine, has returned. "There's no place quite like Michigan," sez he, but he came back!

We have wondered why BILL BOWMAN, six foot six Dape Shap leadman, was not in the group of high pocket boys recently pictured in the Reporter. We knew Bill when he went to Ventura ond—on second thought we'll skip that 'cause we went also.

Place on your "must" reading list "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" by Capt. Ted Lawson, a vivid account of the brilliant Daalittle raid from start to finish. Reading time—about four hours. Buy, borrow, beg, or steal a copy. For all Americans, regardless of sex or age.

In clasing, let me emphasize that its illegal to ride a bike on the wrong side of the road at any time.

Putt Putts On Parade

by Evelyn Duncan

Well, folks, the deadline is around again and here I am to bare you a little bit more than I did the last time. A lot has happened to the little group that meets out at the flight shack.

There have been several transfers lately—both into and out of the department. HELEN McCOWN has been transferred to Dispatching and is now in Dispatch Booth 4. Taking her place is VIVIAN RUBISH, who was transferred from SOR Wing. DORIS BERG left a few days ago to enter her final year at San Diego High School. She plans to enter nurse's training immediately after graduation. DOROTHY HALL, who was also transferred from SOR Wing, takes her place. We miss Helen and Doris, but are glad to welcome Vivian and Dorothy into our little family.

MILLIE MERRITT'S biggest headache is the dust that covers everything in the flight shack each morning. Poor Millie spends hours trying to clean house each morning, only to find the dust a little worse the next day.

Need we remind MIKE TURNER that he shouldn't daze on trailers during rest period? I think not after the scare he received the other day.

VERLA GENE WARREN was absent on account of illness recently. Don't think that we didn't miss her. You are doing very well with your learning to drive, Gene. By the way—let's just forget the number of things yours truly hit while she was learning to drive. I'd much rather think it was a nightmare.

MAE McKENZIE came in the other day with o big smile. We learned that her brather, whom she hadn't seen in three years, was back from overseas. She took a couple of days off and met him in Los Angeles.

RUPERT BERG still has the same old nod and smile for everyone. You know, it's very nice to have the privilege of knowing a friendly person like Berg.

The War Bond drive was a great success in the Transportation department. We all realize that we not only have a job to do—we have bonds to buy. Many of us have husbands whom we want to rush back home. MAE McKENZIE's husband, Rass, is in the Navy; VIVIAN RUBISH's husband, Gene, is in the Army Air Corps and my husband, BASIL DUNCAN, is in the Marine Corps. All of us have a brother or some other close relative or friend whom we want to help. Doing our jobs the best we can is not enough. We **must** buy bands and Transportation Department is buying them—one hundred percent.

VIVIAN RUBISH received a call from her husband in Denver, Colorado, the other night. She learned that he was in the hospital but we're hoping he will be well soon. By the way, the close friendship of Vivian and DOROTHY HALL is a by-word in the department.

Service Pins Awarded Old-Timers



Five year service pins were presented this month by T. Claude Ryon to Jae Johnson, foreman of Fuselage, left, and Bill Everly of Drop Hammer, right.

What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG



A tempting dish with a Southern accent . .

TAMALE PIE

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| ½ tbsp fat | 2 c tomato sauce |
| ½ medium sized onion | 1 c cornmeal |
| 1 c tomato pulp | 3 c water |
| ½ lb chopped steak | 1 ½ tsp salt |

Melt fat. Add chopped onion and steak and brown. Add tomato pulp, tomato sauce. Make cornmeal mush by adding the cornmeal to the 3 cups of boiling water and 1 ½ teaspoons of salt. Put half the mush in a baking dish and pour in the meat mixture. Then cover with the remaining mush. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350°). Serves 6.

This recipe can be varied by adding 1 pimento, ¼ c grated cheese and 1 c ripe olives.

A he-man dish that's a favorite with husbands . .

MACARONI, SHRIMP AND TOMATO CASSEROLE

| |
|--|
| 1 ½ dozen fresh shrimp |
| 2 large firm ripe tomatoes |
| 2 c cooked macaroni in cream sauce with cheese |
| ¾ c grated American cheese |

Drop the fresh shrimps into boiling salted water and cook for 15 minutes. Then wash and drain. Remove the tail and legs with the fingers and then shell. Cut out the black line with a sharp knife and rinse gently under cold water. Break into pieces and combine with cooked macaroni. Pour into buttered casserole. Cut tomatoes into ½ inch slices and arrange over macaroni mixture. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for one-half hour. Serves 4-6.

A special treat for a low-point meal . .

LIMA BEAN LOAF

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 3 c cooked lima beans | 1 c soft bread crumbs |
| 1 green pepper | 1 c bacon |
| ¼ c onion | 2 eggs |
| 3 tsp water | 1 tsp salt |

Mash beans or put them through a coarse sieve. Simmer finely chopped onion and pepper in water for 5 minutes; then add to bacon which has been fried. Add this mixture to the mashed beans along with the soft bread crumbs, eggs and salt. Stir thoroughly, then shape into loaf and roll in flour. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for one-half hour. Serves 4-6.

**TRY A CASSEROLE DISH
FOR A COOL FALL EVENING**

Classes Begin In Homemaking Arts

Would you like to

know how to buy more economically.
learn to cook nutritious meals at low cost.
know about inflation and price control.
set up your own family budget.
learn home care of the sick.
plan your own garden.
study the care and guidance of your child.
consider your own personality problems.
re-make your last year's coat.
slip cover your favorite chair.
spend your leisure time with a worth-while hobby—oil painting or pastels.
or the thousand other things of interest to women?

Then plan to attend one or more of the many homemaking and family life courses that are going to be offered by the Adult Education Division of the San Diego Public Schools. Classes meet once a week, usually for a two-hour period. You can find out when the course you'd like to take is given by calling Mrs. Lenore Panunzio at Franklin 2669. Or call the Department of Adult Education at Franklin 6584.

Sweet Potatoes Plentiful This Year

It will be good strategy this fall and winter to buy, eat, and store sweet potatoes, as they will be plentiful throughout the country. Production of sweet potatoes is up over 20 per cent this year which should mean that there'll be more on our local market's. Like leafy green and yellow vegetables, sweet potatoes are rich in Vitamin A. In fact, an average-sized sweet potato should provide nearly all the vitamin A needs for the day. Serve them with pork or ham or sausage or chicken. Bake them, glaze them, scallop them or mash them. They're on the market now!



Sport of the Month

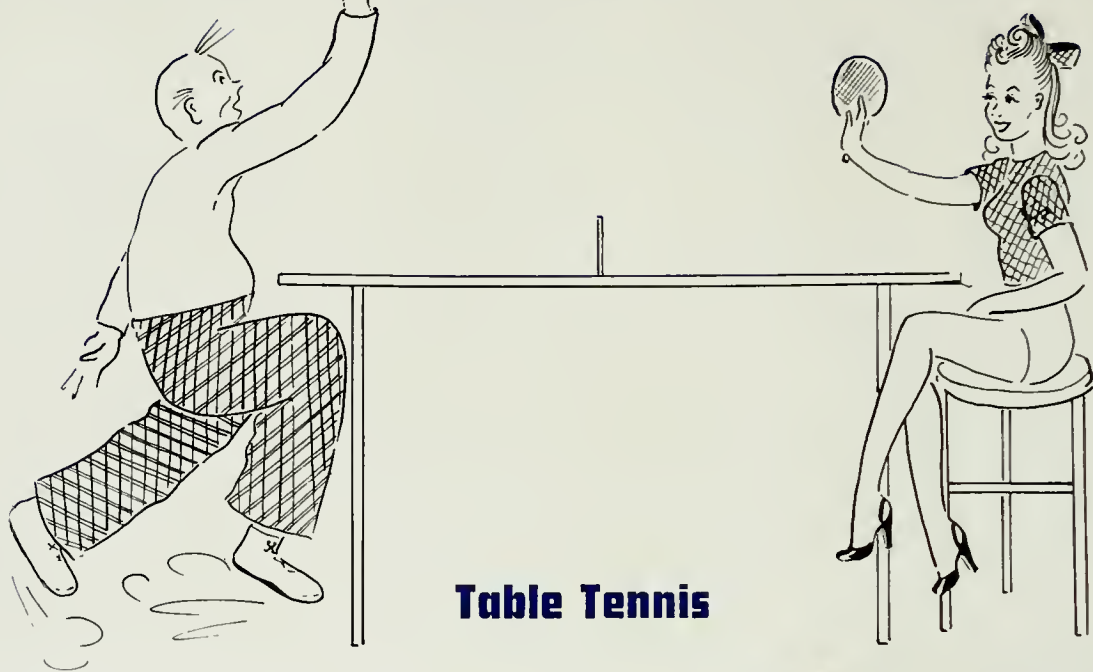


Table Tennis

Here's a chance to get in on a sport at the proper moment! With one tournament now under way, you'll have just time to get a little good hard practice in before it's time for another tournament to start. For a quick game, that's got a fascination all its own, try your hand at table tennis. It's a swiftness. When those balls come down to earth, there's no parachute attached and you'll soon find out that the eye is often quicker than the hand. If you've never tried it, give it a fling. If you're on an old hand, come out and join the other veterans of table tennis. See Travis Hatfield in Personnel for complete details.

Play in the present Ryan Novice Table Tennis Tournament has started with thirty-two contestants entered. Play will continue through four rounds, one semi-final round, and a final round. As games will be scheduled individually between contestants, and play will take place on one of the four courts authorized by the committee, no time limit has been set for play-offs.

All tournament games will be best two out of three sets, and semi-finals and finals best three out of five. The winner and the runner-up will receive trophies.

The thirty-two contestants line up as follows for the first round:

Berryman vs. George Barker
G. Keisel vs. Caltrain
Betty Harter vs. Marie Loudon
Barry vs. Russ Nordlund
H. Smith vs. Pierpont
Pearson vs. Atwill
G. O. Adams vs. H. C. Wright
Raeder vs. Cunningham
T. P. Hearne vs. Riesz
Christopher vs. Plumb
Farlos vs. Skinner
M. Burnett vs. G. Hearne
Dew vs. Mrs. M. Finn
F. Finn vs. L. Bennett
Schrieber vs. Alfred
Kay Dean vs. Mrs. Riesz

Players will get in touch with opponents and then contact table locations. Tables are located at the following homes:

R. S. Cunningham, 680 Wrelton, Pacific Beach.

O. F. Finn, 4925 Canterbury Drive.

T. P. Hearne, Concord St., Pt. Loma (Phone B. 5187).

G. Dew, 3510 Alabama.

All games will be played at 7:30 p.m., with one half hour margin allowed before

game is forfeited. All players are expected to wear dark coats, shirts, or sweaters. Regulation sand paddles will be used.

At the end of the second round, those who are eliminated from the championship fight will be bracketed into a consolation tournament. Also included in this tournament will be the ten employees whose entries were received too late to be included in the original tournament and any new Ryanites who now wish to enter. Deadline for entries in this second tournament will be October 8th and the tournament itself will start on Monday, the 11th. A singles tournament for women employees and wives of Ryan men is also getting under way and the same deadline date for entries holds and this contest will also start on the 11th.

Bowling

Winter bowling has gotten under way with several regular leagues and at least one beginners' league commencing play.

The First and Third Shift Winter Bowling League with 34 teams got under way, Monday, Sept. 27, and will continue for 31 weeks. Eighteen teams will bowl every Monday evening at 6:30 p.m., and the remaining fourteen teams will bowl at 9 p.m. All games will be at the Tower Bowling Alleys.

Ed Sly is president of this league, "Lucky" Thorgerson, vice-president, and Gordon Moscop, secretary.

The Second and Third Shift League is playing every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock at the Hillcrest Bowl. This league is composed of two rounds, the winners of

the two rounds meeting at the end of the season to play for the Winner's Trophy. The Runner-Up will also receive a trophy.

G. R. Miller, of Small Parts, Fred Hill, of Sheet Metal, and Roy Ortiz, of Manifold, are the committee in charge of the league.

In the dub class so far is the Stress department which is putting two teams into the field to challenge each other, or anyone else who can guarantee that their team will average at least three gutter balls per man per game. Eventually they hope to become good enough to enter the Beginners' Mixed or Mixed Beginners' (whichever way that goes) Tournament that Travis Hatfield is organizing. This latter league will be open to all persons who are either just taking up the game or, like the Stress department, about to give it up in disgust. With a little coaching by experts, Travis hopes to whip the league into a successful enterprise, just as the women's league of the past summer. Anyone interested is asked to get in touch with Personnel. All that is required is alley fee, one leg, and one arm. Less than that will not be acceptable.

Badminton

After a two month lay-off the Badminton Club is in action again Wednesday nights from 7:30 o'clock to 10 o'clock at the San Diego High School Gym.

No admission or membership fee is charged, but members are expected to supply their own equipment, including birds. New members may join merely by putting in an appearance.

The Score Board

By A. S. Billings, Sr.

When the Ryan All-Stars defeated the league-leading team, Camp Elliott, by 2 to 1 in sixteen innings at Golden Hill, it threw the league into a 3-way tie between Camp Elliott, ABG2 and Convair No. 1. The play-off between ABG2 and Convair No. 1 was scheduled for September 27 at Golden Hill, the winner to meet Camp Elliott next Sunday.

The Ryan All Stars' six-teen-inning affair against Elliott was the best sandlot game of the entire summer, with Luther French pitching the first seven innings and Bob Ballinger the last nine. Both boys turned in fine performances with Bob Ballinger pitching his best game of the season and winning his own game in the sixteenth with a line drive over the left fielder's head. The club made six double plays and played an errorless ball game—a really fine performance. The whole club was given considerable help in the game by Del Ballinger, San Diego Padre catcher, who caught 14 of the 16 innings and hustled all the way through—a grand type of professional player.

On Sunday, September 12, the club lost an exhibition game to Convair No. 1 by a score of 6-2, and on Sunday, September 19,

Softball Season Ends

An extra abundance of hustle and teamwork have enabled the Second Shift Softball team to wind up the season with a record of sixteen wins and six losses. All the fellows on the team have played a lot of ball before but it took the first four or five games before they really learned to play together. That accounted for the major portion of the games lost. However, before the season was very well under way they developed a team harmony that was tough competition for every outfit they came up against.

The team was weakened right at the end by the loss of Todd to the armed services.

He was capable of playing any position on we defeated the Liberators by a score of 7-3. In this contest, Bob Raxborough turned in a 4 hit game and Roy Fitzpatrick and Erv Marlett carried off the hitting honors. The club is beginning to click again and we feel that we will really have something to say about who is going to win the Winter League.

The Winter League will get going about October 10 and the Ryan All Stars will play exhibition games each Sunday until the League is organized. All games are advertised by the San Diego County Managers Association in the local Sunday papers.

Cribbage

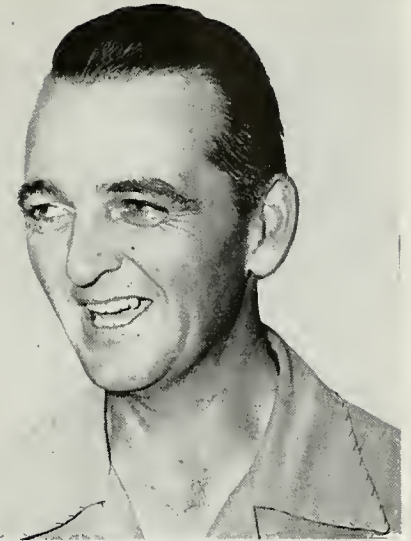
Cribbage, a card game for people who like face cards only, is referred to by players as a sport and by casual and confused on-lookers as a pain in the neck. As some thir'y cribbage addicts have gathered together and formed a club with intentions of starting a tournament, the activities of the club will henceforth be reported on this page—but only for the benefit of those thirty people, inasmuch as to the rest of the people at Ryan the game doesn't resemble a sport.

In case anyone wishes to enter this strenuous sport he is asked to get in touch with Travis Hatfield, Ext. 317, in Personnel.

Emerson did put himself on the outstanding list because of his ability to bunt and place his hits wherever he wanted to—chiefly where there wasn't anybody to get them.

Holkestad, besides managing this team, has managed several other outstanding teams. He was manager of the Ft. Ransom all-stars from North Dakota who got to the semi-finals in the U. S. District Softball Tournament. About his work with the Second Shift team, Ray says, "It's been a great pleasure managing these boys and their cooperation has been excellent. I hope we can get together again next year."

Standing are Cook, inf.; Marsh, O.F.; Jardine, inf.; Wagner, inf.; Noll, inf.; Lutherback, inf.; McCoy, O.F. Sitting are Holkestad, C. and Mgr.; Emerson, O.F.; Chofey, C.; Graves, O.F.; Lee, batboy; Cordinal, ump.; Magdick, O.F., and Lightfoot, P., seated on the ground. Not in the picture are Kell, O.F.; Roberts, O.F.; Ruzich, inf., and Chess, P.



This is Kenny Barnes, winner of Convair's recent pro-amateur golf tourney. Photo courtesy of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp.

Barnes Wins Tournament

The best golfers from the various San Diego airplane plants got together on September 19, at Caranado Country Club. There were six players from Ryan competing: Kenny Barnes, Bernie Bills, Frank Finn, C. Barker, Keith Whitcomb and Leeper.

Kenny Barnes, one of our best golfers, won the \$50 war bond with a par of 72. Nice going, Kenny. We will expect to hear more from you in our Ryan Elimination Tournament. Look out for this fellow Bills. He'll give you some tough competition.

Prizes for the Ryan Elimination Golf Tournament that began September 26, are as follows:

Championship Flight:
 Winner—\$50 War Bond.
 2nd—\$25 War Bond.
 3rd—\$10 War Stamps.
 4th—\$10 War Stamps.

Consolation Flight:
 Winner—\$25 War Bond.
 2nd—\$10 War Stamps.
 3rd—\$5 War Stamps.
 4th—\$5 War Stamps.

Basketball

First practice for the Ryan Basketball League will be held Sept. 30, from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. at the San Diego High School Gym.

The basketball league, which will be composed of six teams, will get under way as soon as the teams can be rounded into shape. As all games will be scheduled in the evening, the league is restricted to first shift teams.

After the regular season has started star players from the inter-department leagues will be drawn upon to form a company team for industrial league games. Carmack Berryman will manage the all-star team.

There's also going to be a basketball team for second and third shift workers. If you'd like to try out for this team contact Travis Hatfield in Personnel or Ray Holkestad at Ext. 253. The team will play at 10 o'clock in the morning at Admiral Sexton gym at the foot of Columbia; probably two games a week will be scheduled. This team will represent Ryan in the industrial league.



Beauty isn't Rationed

By Frances Staller

● A lot of something old and a speck of something new. It's patriotic this year to make your old clothes do, and buy absolutely only what you need. Your closet must hold plenty of possibilities for a new-looking wardrobe.

● What about that old wool dress, the one with the frayed collar and worn-out underarms? You might cut out the neck and armholes, and make a perfect jumper outfit whose cauntenance can frequently be changed with different colored blouses, dickies, etc. . . . That light-colored spring suit might be dyed the new October Brown and worn with Heavenly Blue accessories. . . . And how about that black dress? Perfectly good, but you're just tired of it. Why not change it by adding a new, contrasting top? Or you might want to trick it up with striped black and white zebra-like yoke. Stir up your gray matter, look over the latest fashion magazines, and you'll get oodles of ideas to pep up your fall and winter wardrobe.

● Bags become larger and larger, yet most of them strive to sove our precious leather by getting themselves made of satin, faille, fur, velveteen or what have you. Muffs, too, are making another come-back—and like the bags are fur, satin, or velveteen. A perfect piece of quick-change hocus-pocus is a beaded belt and chatelaine. Just like in the Renaissance, and equally colorful.

● "Models' Special" make-up was dreamed up especially for madels and until now has been used only by those lucky glamour girls. It's a cake make-up which lives in a flat wooden container. It will help give you that sleek, super-groomed look for which models are famous. If you can't get it at your favorite store, write to Bree Cosmetics, Chicago, Illinois.

● Whether brought on by worrying or heredity, those first grey hairs are about as welcome as a bunch of bill collectors. Never mind. You can now touch up tiny patches of grey with a new Jumba Hair Pencil offered by the Ogilvie Sisters, long famous for their hair preparations. The pencil comes in six shades: Light, Medium, and Dark Brown; Black, Auburn and Blonde. It is easily applied and as readily removed by your shampoo.

● To give you a baby-clean skin before beginning your make-up, Frances Denny has created a regime that will make your skin spanking clean. Mix her Cleansing Meal with Skin Lotion into a paste, and gently spread over your face and neck. Remove the paste with cool water and bathe your face with Skin Lotion . . . a perfect beginning for a perfect make-up.

● Incredible, but true—a shampoo in ten minutes. This tenth wonder of the world is called Minipoo Dry Shampoo. It's easily applied and leaves hair soft and lustrous. Only \$1.00 for 30 shampoos including mitten. At department or drug stores or send direct to: Annette Jennings, Inc., New York City.

● The best time to apply your nail polish is just before you retire for the night. Sounds mad, but there's method in the madness. The secret is this. Let your last coat of nail polish dry for about 15 minutes, and then dip your hands in ice-cold water to set the polish. This way, your nail polish dries undisturbed for at least six or seven hours.

● Hats are no more. This season, it's either a cap, a bannet, a Cassack-style, a coif or a curvette. All these heavenly headpieces require a sleek coiffure, usually with the top of the head smooth and shiny as a new nickel. One particularly "out-of-this-world" number is a shimmering satin brocade bonnet faintly reminiscent of a Dresden figurine. Definitely a youngish dish.



● For preserving your precious metal costume jewelry make a quilted folder like you keep your handkerchiefs in. It not only saves time when you're scurrying to find your favorite piece, but prevents tarnishing and scratching.

● Having any trouble getting your cake make-up on smoothly these days? It's much harder without your rubber sponge, which of course isn't to be had at the present time. Well, we can always resort to a natural sponge. Not quite as pleasing to the eye, but it gets the job well done. However, do wash your make-up sponge thoroughly after every application. A soiled sponge not only brings on blemishes, but also makes your make-up go on less smoothly.

● Elizabeth Arden introduces Blue Grass Cream Flower Mist Cologne in the same enchanting fragrance as her crystal-clear Flower Mist. Since the alcohol used in Flower Mist has gone to war, this new cologne appears in a cream milklike version the color of frozen sea water . . . "a pale ice-blue; subtle as whispered wind through sweet-fresh Kentucky meadows," the ad-writer says. Use it as you would a cologne for its refreshing scent . . . over temples, on the wrists, at the throat. The rich creaminess vanishes into your skin leaving no trace except for a veil of fragrance which clings for hours.

● Do you know the ten commandments of good grooming?

1. Most important is cleanliness of body, hair, and clothing. Always have that well-tubbed look.
2. See to it that your hem is on the straight and narrow, and never, never let it be said of you that your slip sags.
3. See that your shoes are always shined, and have the heels capped before you start walking like a Texas cowboy. This helps shoe conservation, too.
4. If you're an addict of white touches to brighten up your dark dresses, be sure they're not a tattle-tale grey. Any good bleach will make your white collars shine!
5. Chipped nail polish, straggly eyebrows, and smeared lipstick are definitely taboo.
6. If you go in for a carefree hair-do, make sure it's carefree in a neat sort of way. Especially for an up hair-do, don't have wisps of hair hanging down your back. A bottle of hair lacquer will help dispel this haystack tendency.
7. Use perfume sparingly. Nothing is worse than getting close to a person drenched with perfume, no matter how expensive.
8. In these hoseless days, by all means keep your legs free of superfluous hair. Try one of the good brands of depilatory such as Imra, Sleek or Neet. Imra is the least offensive in odor.
9. Back on the subject of slips, don't wear white slips under dark-blue or black dresses, or pink slips under white sheer blouses.
10. Practice constantly in watching your grooming. You'll get to be known as always having that stepped-out-of-a-box look.

Ryan Trading Post

WANTED—Typewriters. A plan has been established by the Ryan Aeronautical Co. for renting personal standard typewriters meeting certain requirements. The ceiling rental is paid in addition to placing the typewriter on a regular monthly service so that it is well taken care of at all times. Standard typewriters are preferred, but portables will be considered where they can relieve standard typewriters for use elsewhere. For complete information regarding this plan, submit a sample of the typewriter type, the serial number and make of machine to the Office Service Department, Room 122.

FOR SALE—One pair heavy pre-war leather boots, 8 inch tops, never used. Size 8 or 8½. Original price \$11.65. Will sell for \$6.95. See N. V. Descoteau, 1979, Manifold Assembly. Or call at 4037 Marlborough St.

FOR SALE—Speedboat with mahogany hull and deck, A-1 condition, 24 HP speedy twin Evinrude motor. Complete with trailer, \$175.00. W. Kohl, 581, Engineering. Or call Glencove 5-3235 after 7.

FOR SALE—1940 Dodge four-door sedan. Good tires, paint and upholstery. Philco custom-built radio. Bill Brawn, 1425, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—One pair new deerskin gloves, handmade, light tan in color, soft, fit the hand smoothly. Size 8½. \$4.95. N. V. Descoteau, 1979, Manifold Assembly. Or call at 4037 Marlborough St.

WANTED—One electric washer and electric refrigerator. R. S. Smith, 247, Manifold Material Control. Ext. 393.

WANTED—Star class sloop in good condition. Call Russ Stockwell, 754, Contract Administration, Ext. 263.

FOR SALE—Complete camping equipment, tent 10x12, folding iron, double bed and metal springs, double mattress and pillow. Folding table, seats 6, portable ice box and folding charcoal broiler which can be used as heater in colder weather. Mosquito netting attached to tent. Canvas bags for all equipment. Will sell for \$39.00. See N. V. Descoteau, 1979 Manifold Assembly. Or call at 4037 Marlborough St.

WILL TRADE—Three boxes of 30-40 Krag 180 gr. Corelokt bullets for three boxes of .300 Savage. See J. H. Price, 1759, Fuselage. Home address 2660 K St.

WANTED—16-gauge shotgun shells and a Model 70 Winchester 30-06. Glenn F. Strickland, 1775, Machine Shop.

NEED A GOOD BAND?—Bill Hilton's Dance Band, a 13-piece group, featuring Rosalie Shell and George Barker on vocals. Bill Magellan, Business Manager of the Band, 2244, Arc Welding, third shift.

FOR SALE—1942 Mercury 4-door sedan with all the trimmings including radio, heater, oil bath cleaner, new spark plugs, perfect tires, new General spare and tube and set of chains. The mileage is only 10,300 miles. Ray Feagan, Ext. 296.

FOR SALE—20 ft. Marconi rig sloop. Raised deck, forward and after hatches, two bunks, mahogany cockpit. A dry boat in open water. Good for cruising to San Pedro, Catalina, etc. Bottom painted in June with Kettenburg's \$8.00 Red Hand anti-foul. New paint—sides, synthetic white; deck, two coats synthetic buff; floor boards, synthetic gray; all hardwood, two coats synthetic varnish. Good mooring near San Diego Yacht Club with three-eighths galvanized chain. For photograph and further information see John McCarthy, 1541, Tool Inspection, first or second shift.

FOR SALE—1939 Pontiac business coupe. Mechanically perfect—body perfect. Pontiac radio. Heater, 5 good tires—one new pre-war with less than 1000 miles. Will consider trade in. \$750.00. J. D. Light, 2929, Airplane scheduling, Ext. 245.

FOR SALE—Table model General Electric radio, push buttons, very rich looking, good as new. \$35. Bob Vizzini, Manifold Production Control, Ext. 230.

WANTED—1941 special de luxe Chevrolet club coupe in good condition, clean. See I. C. Dickens, 296, Engineering. Ext. 378. Home phone W-2027.

FOR SALE—Regina electric sweeper in good condition. \$12.50. See F. C. Dixon, 1428, Sheet Metal, Home address, 1120 E St.

LOST—Small purse containing ID card, driver's license, fifteen dollar green pen. Keep money in wallet and return small purse C.O.D. to 3440 Mission Blvd., San Diego. Frances Marchman, 3794, Final Assembly.

SELL OR SWAP—Sidecar for a 1936 H.D. or older. Sell or trade for what have you. Bill Berry, Contract Engineering, 431, Home phone T-2771.

FOR SALE—'30 Model A Roadster. Good paint and tires. \$150 cash. R. T. Figenshaw, 1439, Sheet metal.

WANTED—A child's play wagon and a used victrola. R. E. Edgerton, 1041, Tool Room.

FOR SALE—Six or twelve-string guitar, very good condition, deep toned, Stella make. Will sell for \$14.75. See N. V. Descoteau, 1979, Manifold Assembly. Or call at 4037 Marlborough St.

FOR SALE—Late 1939 Mercury Tudor Sedan. Motor in good condition. New re-treads, heater, radio. Good paint and upholstery. Priced at only \$975.00. See or call M. Ryan, 626, Material Control, Ext. 395.

WANTED—30:30 caliber rifle in good condition. Lloyd Crayne, 549, Contract Engineering, Ext. 793.

FOR SALE—15½ foot snipe class sailboat, mahogany deck, chrome fittings, excellent condition. Trailer included. \$275.00 cash. Frank Thornton, 515, Engineering. Or call Humboldt 8-3659 after 7.

WANTED—A large tricycle. A. C. Berryman, 2615, Inspection Crib No. 3.

FOR SALE—Photographic equipment. Federal enlarger, practically new for \$25. Tripod, 4 ft., brand new for \$5. Developing set—2 rubber and 2 enamel trays, lamp, frame and all for \$4. Bob Vizzini, Manifold Production Control, Ext. 230.

FOR SALE—Tennis racket. Half price. See A. C. Berryman, 2615, Inspection Crib No. 3, Ext. 343.

WANTED—A complete set of Burgess Batteries for a Fisher 8-tube M-T Geophysical Scope, an instrument that locates metal to a depth of 250 feet. Usual price of these batteries is \$7.50. Will pay double or \$15.00 per set plus \$25.00 bonus—a total of \$40.00 cash.

As to type of batteries wanted, three "A" Burgess 4 F.H. Little Six, 1½ volts, General Utility Batteries.

And two Burgess No. 5308 "B" batteries, 45 volts, 30 cells, especially designed for vacuum tube service. See Fred Mills, 3685, Maintenance.

WANTED—Grate and fire screen for fireplace. Sue Guntharp, 406, Public Relations. Home phone, Henley 3-4323.

WILL SWAP—Stop-watch, \$8.50 model; track shoes, size 10B, and track pants, size 34. These items only used a few times. Want to trade for Tinkertay, Meccano and Gilbert Erector Set. See L. E. "Parky" Syrias, 2797, Manifold Assembly, second shift.

FOR SALE—Set of Lufkin Inside Micrometer Calipers. Catalog No. 680A. Perfect condition. Price \$12.35. See J. McCarthy, 1541, Tool Inspection, first or second shift.

WANTED TO BUY—Small house in San Diego or vicinity. Would like some ground, at least garden spot and space for chickens. W. E. Carpenter, 1253, Drop Hammer.

WANTED—Large house trailer in good condition. Will pay cash. E. W. Noble, 1157, Small Parts, second shift. Home phone M-8508.

\$5 REWARD—For return to Flying Reporter office of green Lifetime Schaefer. Name D. W. Dewey on band.

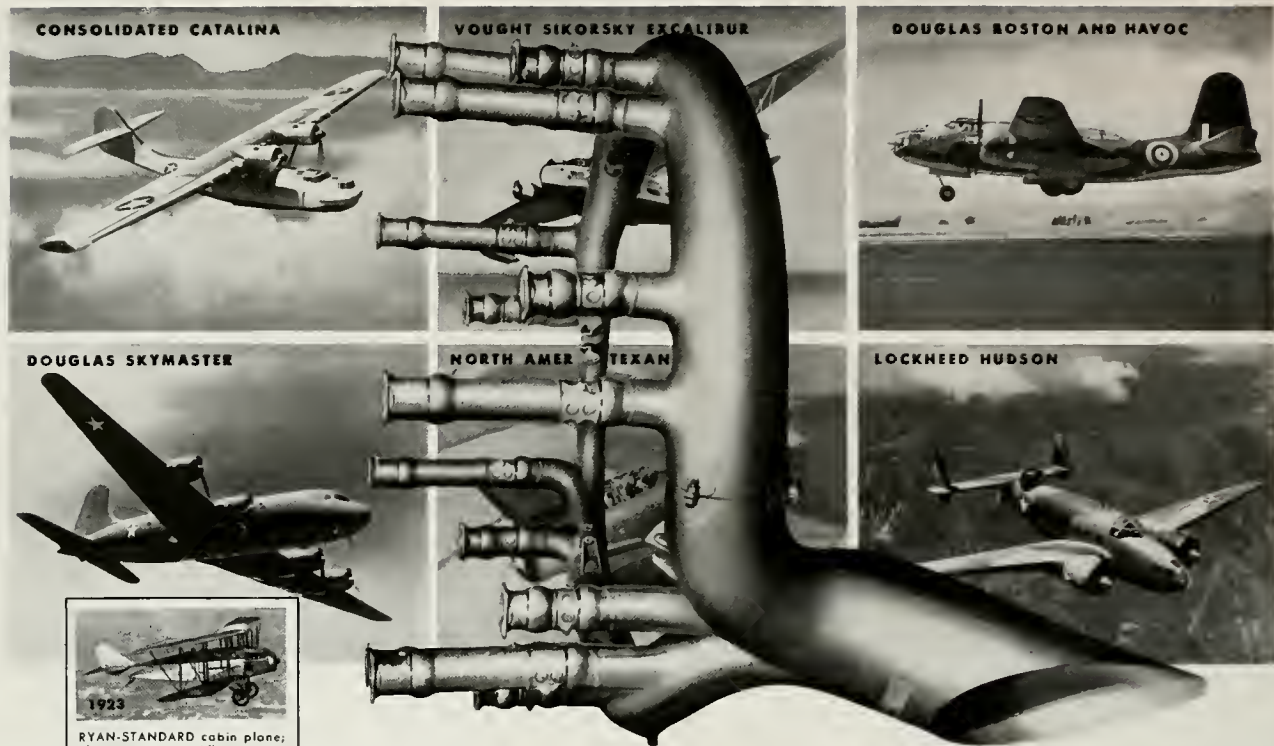
WANTED—Woman on third shift with 17-months-old baby wants board and room and care for baby or will share home and expense with day worker who has child needing care. Ilo Marshall, Manifold department, third shift.

FOR SALE—An electric 4-bladed Remington Shaver used three times. All equipment included. Owner leaving for Army. \$18.00. See Mrs. S. F. Gottlieb, 5696, Dispatching.

FOR SALE—51 mm 22 long range automatic rifle—Mossberg. Has scarcely been used. Complete with 6 boxes of ammunition—300 rounds. See Number 3348, Sheet Metal (Spot Welding Assembly).

FOR SALE—Elgin pre-war man's bike, coaster brake, perfect condition. \$25. Bob Vizzini, Manifold Production Control, Ext. 230.

WANTED—9-inch or 10-inch band saw or 6-inch or 8-inch arbor saw. If you can part with either one, please let Ernie in Paint Shop know.



CONSOLIDATED CATALINA

VOUGHT SIKORSKY EXCALIBUR

DOUGLAS BOSTON AND HAVOC

DOUGLAS SKYMASTER

NORTH AMER TEXAN

LOCKHEED HUDSON



1923

RYAN-STANDARD cabin plane; pioneer passenger airliner.



1926

RYAN BROUGHAM, widely used commercially and for many famous flights.



1937

RYAN S-C, cabin plane for private-owner use, featured all-metal construction.



1940

RYAN YO-51 "Dragonfly", Army observation plane with unique performance ability.



1941

RYAN NR-1, low-wing trainer used for formation flight instruction by Navy.



1942

RYAN ST3-S, seaplane trainer of some series as Army's PT-22.



1943

RYAN PT-25, superbly engineered plastic-banded plywood trainer.

Proud Wings for the Ryan Manifold

Ryan Exhaust Systems control and convert to new practical uses the intense heat of the roaring exhaust fire of thousands of aircraft engine horsepower. That Ryan both designs and builds well is attested by this fact: The airplanes on which Ryan Exhaust Systems are standard equipment comprise a list of America's most successful military and commercial types. Six of these are pictured above.

Engineering and research departments at Ryan are responsible for some of the most important technical developments in the exhaust systems field. A procession of other improvements, refinements and new and ingenious solutions to exhaust

systems problems, are now coming from the Ryan development section.

Ryan designs and manufactures manifolds, turbo-supercharger installations, heat transfer units for carburetion, cabin heating and wing anti-icing, and flame dampening and other specialized exhaust system applications. Ryan's design and development groups now serve the Army, Navy, and all aircraft manufacturers producing for the armed services.

EXECUTIVES AND TECHNICIANS of firms holding prime airframe and engine contracts can obtain a copy of the new restricted, photographically illustrated publication, "Ryan Exhaust Manifolds" by forwarding proper credentials to either address below.



RYAN

Rely on Ryan to Build Well



RYAN BUILDS WELL

Ryan construction, proven in aviation's pioneer days, now proven in war, will tomorrow produce safer, more useful peacetime aircraft.



RYAN TRAINS WELL

Ryan School of Aeronautics, famous peacetime air school, now training fine U.S. Army pilots, follows one creed: Thoroughness.



RYAN PLANS WELL

Modern engineering + flying experience. Typical result: Ryan exhaust manifold systems are now used on the finest planes of other manufacturers.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY — MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.
 GENERAL OFFICES: LINDBERGH FIELD, SAN DIEGO — EASTERN OFFICES: 420 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK
 Ryan Products: Army PT-22, Navy NR-1, Army PT-25; S-T Commercial and Military Trainers, Exhaust Manifold Systems and Bomber Assemblies.

Ryan

Flying Reporter



ONE THING IN COMMON

A SHORT, SHORT STORY FROM COLLIER'S MAGAZINE

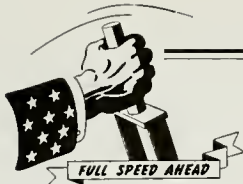
WAR BOND RALLY

Vol. 6 No. 8

OCTOBER

22ND

1943



On the 27th and 28th of last month I had the privilege of attending, through the invitation of Under Secretary of War Patterson, a special conference held in Washington by the War Department with over two hundred manufacturers of war equipment.

One major aircraft manufacturer termed these conferences "the most vital two days to the industry since Pearl Harbor." That gives you an idea of their importance. They constituted simple, straightforward talks giving a true picture of the way the war is being fought by the armed forces. There was a feeling of partnership between industry and the fighting forces which permeated every meeting.

When the meetings were concluded, everyone had a much clearer picture of how this global war operates. We had a still greater respect for the magnificent job our armed forces are doing, and an understanding of the tremendously important part industry must continue to play on a much greater scale.

Cards were placed face up on the table, and two things were crystal clear. One, that the United Nations have now acquired the advantage of the offensive in both the European and Pacific theatres, but that we are just starting the real fight. Two, that so far we have not weakened our enemies sufficiently to mention.

Some of the details can be repeated, and some cannot. But this much can be: The German Army has nearly three times as many combat divisions in the field as when the war started four years ago, and in spite of its losses, a much greater air strength. The strength of Japan is also far greater than it was at the beginning of the war, and its production of war materials has likewise increased.

Our sources of information give no indication that either German or Japanese morale is beginning to break. The obstacles of long-distance transportation of vast quantities of equipment and supplies are tremendous. But the detailed descriptions of the executions of specific air and land battles, and the marvelous spirit of our fighting men was disclosed in the natural narratives of firsthand experiences in action. They stirred everyone present to renewed confidence and respect for our military men engaged in the actual fighting of the war. Complete confidence prevailed throughout but was coupled with realistic appreciation of the magnitude of the job still confronting us.

If only every man and woman working on a production front could have sat through those two days, I am certain that we all would apply ourselves still more diligently to our tasks and not waste one moment on unnecessary activities.

When our boys come home, we want to be able to greet them with clear consciences. We want to know that we have done everything humanly possible, and haven't wasted time wrangling over selfish interests that could have detracted from the very maximum of production. Production determines directly the maximum speed with which we can win the war and return the greatest number of our fighting men alive.

J. Claude Ryan



ONE THING IN COMMON

Joe and Ted fought on different fronts—their worlds were far apart—yet one thing they had in common

By Corey Ford

I ran into Joe Stolnick on the street yesterday and right away I thought of Ted Martin. That seems funny because there's really nothing in common between them at all. In fact, you couldn't find two people with less in common. They never met each other, they never even saw each other; but while I was talking to Joe I kept thinking of Ted and I kept hearing Ted's voice.

Even now, I'm not sure which one of them this story is about. Maybe it's two different stories. Joe Stolnick is a defense worker in Bridgeport today, making airplane parts; and the last time I saw Ted he was flying with the Air Forces way up in Alaska, halfway around the globe from Joe. He was flying the kind of airplane that Joe is making parts for; but that doesn't mean they ever heard of each other, naturally.

Joe Thinks World of Son

Joe's maybe twenty-seven twenty-eight; Ted was only twenty-five when I knew him, though actu-



ally he looked older than Joe. You get old in a hurry, flying in Alaska. Joe, of course, is just the opposite type—big and slow and easygoing, without a nerve in his body. He used to work in a garage in Bridgeport before he got this job in the airplane plant, and he has a wife Rose and a son Joe, Jr., three years old, on whom he thinks the sun rises and sets.

He used to carry a picture of Joe, Jr., around in his pocket all the time, and whenever I'd stop at the garage he'd take it out and hold it gingerly in his greasy fingers. "He's quite a kid, a'ready he can lick his old man. Last night he gimme a punch in the stummick it like to knock me cold. He's gonna be a boxer when he grows up."

Copyright 1943 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company and reprinted in *Flying Reporter* with the permission of Collier's and Corey Ford.

I saw Joe yesterday after I got back from Alaska. I was walking to the station, and he stopped and gave me a lift in his car. He had a big car with brand-new tires and he was smoking a big cigar, and his wife and son were all dressed up and sitting in the front seat beside him. I was a little surprised to see him driving around in the middle of the morning. "Aren't you working today, Joe?"

Kid Is Three Years Old

"It's the kid's birthday," he said. "I'm driving him up to the country to his grandmother's. It's his birthday."

The kid was just three years old today, Joe said; he kept telling me about the kid, but somehow all the time he was talking, I was thinking of Ted, and I could hear Ted talking to his own son. "Well, son, you're growing up pretty fast, you'll be a man before your mother, so I thought on your birthday today we

(Continued on page 12)



October 22

1 9 4 3

Vol. 6

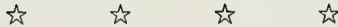
No. 8



Flying Reporter

Published every three weeks for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Through the Public Relations Department



EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
EditorKeith Monroe
Associate Editor.....Sue Zinn Gunthorp
Sports EditorFred Osenburg
Staff Artists.....Frances Stotler; Joe Thein
George Duncon; Paul Hoffmon
Staff Photographers.....Tommy Hixson; Frank Martin

Special Features

Page

| | |
|---|----|
| One Thing in Common | 1 |
| —a short, short story from Collier's | |
| Brainstorms That Paid | 3 |
| —their ideas brought them war bonds | |
| Coast-to-Coast | 4 |
| —factory worker and pilot spoke to the nation | |
| Time Totalers | 5 |
| —they take care of the holes in your timecard | |
| Ed Carson | 6 |
| —he's hit the bumps with a grin | |
| They Look to the Future | 10 |
| —they took the opportunity of free training | |
| Five Years or More at Ryan..... | 11 |
| —Oliver McNeel—Contract Administration | |
| Ryan Trading Post | 23 |
| Beauty Isn't Rotioned | 25 |
| What's Cookin'? | 26 |
| Sports | 27 |

Departmental News

| | |
|--|----|
| Chin Music by Herman Martindale | 17 |
| Final News by Enid Larsen | 14 |
| From Fourth Avenue | 24 |
| Here and There by Jannie Johnson..... | 14 |
| Hither and Yan | 15 |
| Inspection Notes by Dorothy Trudersheim..... | 21 |
| Machine Shop by Dorothy Wheeler..... | 24 |
| Manifold Production Control by F. Marie Loudon | 16 |
| Manifold Small Parts | 16 |
| Plant Personalities by Jack Graham | 20 |
| Production Control by Maynard Lovell..... | 14 |
| Purchasing Piffle by Pat Eden..... | 15 |
| Putt Putts on Parade by Millie Merritt..... | 18 |
| Ryanettes by Ruth Daugherty and Gerry Wright | 18 |
| Smoke from a Test Tube by Sally and Sue..... | 19 |
| Stacks 'n' Stuff by Manny Fohle | 15 |
| Time Study Observations by Dortha Dunstan... | 19 |
| Wind Tunnel by Vic Oden..... | 22 |
| Wing Tips by R. F. Hersey..... | 24 |

Copy deadline for next issue is November 1

The Walking Reporter

By Ye Ed

We saw a Ryan girl get a free breakfast in a local eatery recently—considerably to her dismay. She ate at the counter next to a young naval ensign, who left before she did, and paid his check without more than glancing at it. When our heroine finished breakfast and asked for her check, the waitress told her: "Oh, weren't you with the ensign? I put your breakfast on his check." "But I didn't even know him," protested the girl, not unmindful of the smiles of nearby customers. The waitress was unperturbed. "I should have introduced you," she replied. . . . So the Ryan girl departed, tax free, and blushing.



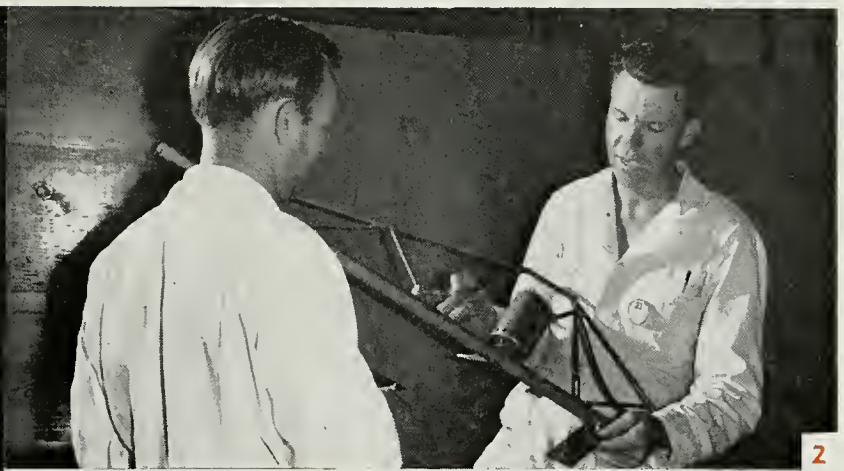
Nat Warman, accomplice of Ben T. Salmon, discloses trouble on the home front. Seems that Nat has been sharing a room with Keith Monroe and a friend from Consolidated. The room has double-decker beds, and Warman drew an upper berth. When Monroe moved out recently, Warman told the landlord with great emphasis not to let anyone else grab the bed that day; that he, Warman, claimed Monroe's bed by right of seniority. The landlord agreed, and the room-mate from Consolidated bore witness to the agreement. . . . But when Warman returned to the room that evening, he beheld someone sound asleep in the bed, covers pulled over his head. Warman forbore to disturb the huddled form beneath the blankets, but promptly set out on the warpath in search of the perfidious landlord. Dragging the host from his own bedroom and into the Warman cell, Nat pointed a trembling finger at the sleeper in Monroe's former bed. "Get him out of here, RIGHT NOW," he bellowed. The landlord, brow furrowed in bewilderment, advanced timidly to the bed. "My wife must have put him here, Mr. Warman," he protested. "I assure you I know nothing about it." The landlord cautiously pulled back the blanket from the head of the sleeper, then gasped and threw the blanket all the way back. On the bed was a dummy. . . . If the Consolidated chap hadn't absented himself, he might have been the party of the first part in a marked case of mayhem.



The day the Grumman Hellcat went on display in our yard, its appearance had been heralded for several days previous by bulletin-board announcements and similar fanfare. But some people don't get around much. One chap in accounting tiptoed to a friend and whispered: "Keep this under your hat, but they've got an F6F out in the factory for secret study. Nobody can even look at it without a special card countersigned by Mr. Ryan." . . . We wonder what color his face was when he arrived at the lunch area that noon and saw the plane on public display there.



COVER: "Thanks for the support" was the sentiment expressed in the demonstration put on by Camp Elliott Marines at the Bond Celebration held recently in the factory yard during a lunch hour. The event marked the successful conclusion of the Bond Drive at Ryan when Ryanites went over the top on their \$350,000 quota. The cover shot was taken just after one of the tank guns fired.



Brainstorms THAT PAID

Ryanites receive War Bonds for their Shop Suggestion ideas

War stamps go to the following: Vincent Kullberg, Machine Shop Dispatching, receives \$10.00 in War Savings Stamps for suggestion on method of expediting work for the Machine Shop. W. A. Selby, Sheet Metal, receives \$10.00 in stamps for suggestion on a pedal extension for power brake. E. Raehmholdt, Sub-Assembly, receives \$5.00 in stamps on his suggestion on riveting fixtures for PBV inspection doors. Warner Beary, Airplane Welding, receives \$5.00 in stamps for a suggestion on a universal welding jig. W. L. Reid, Sheet Metal, receives \$5.00 on his suggestion of a drill jig for locating anchor nut holes.

1. Terry Kell, Sheet Metal, receives a \$75.00 War Bond for his suggestion on rolls for forming 1/16" flares which eliminate a hand forming operation and decrease by 5 minutes the time for each forming operation.
2. Louis Chapman, Experimental, receives a \$25.00 bond for his suggestion on the use of Stanley routers in machine carving which turns many hand carving jobs, especially on wind tunnel model planes, into modern machine operations.
3. A. C. Bossert, of the Foundry, receives a \$50.00 bond for his suggestion of using Kirk bars for drop hammer bases. This saves several hours of hammer time per week.
4. E. Akin, Modeling, receives a \$50.00 bond for his suggestion on an adapter for casting inserts in lead punches, which facilitates the removal of inserts and decreases their repair.
5. Bill Brawn, Sheet Metal, receives a \$50.00 bond for his suggestion on a PBV former angle clamps which allow women to do this job, cut down the welding time by one-fourth and the assembly time by one-half. A better alignment and consequently a better product is insured.





Direct from the factory floor the nation heard how Ryanites are helping build America's air power

Starring in a nationwide Mutual Broadcasting System radio program, a portion of which originated from the Ryan factory floor, leadman Lewis C. Hillis of the Final Assembly department this month gave his company a radio boost from coast to coast.

"We figure you and your cadets deserve the very best plane we can build—and that's what we've tried to give you," Hillis said on the air to Wing Commander Paul Wilcox. Comparing the Ryan PT-22 training planes with other types, he pointed out that "Big combat planes can stand up under machine gun fire and ack-ack, but they're built to be landed only a few times a day, and even then they need to be set down by an expert. So if beginners are going to smack a plane down six times an hour for thousands of hours, that plane has to be mighty sturdy. And that's the way we've built them."

Hillis was interviewed before the microphone by Lt. Tony Lumpkin of the Flying Training Command. The interview was part

of Mutual's weekly "Army Air Forces" program, aired over KGB Mondays from 4:30 to 5, and rebroadcast on KHJ Thursdays from 8 to 8:30 p.m. The first part of the program originated in Fort Worth, where the adventures of Lt. Ernest Ruiz were dramatized. Ruiz, who learned to fly in a Ryan trainer, went on to fame in the AAF as a bomber pilot.

Finishing the dramatization from Fort Worth, the program switched to the Ryan factory. There Lt. Lumpkin told of Ryan's work in building planes such as Ruiz flew in his early training, and also explained the role of the Ryan School of Aeronautics in giving primary flight training to AAF cadets at its bases at Hemet and Tucson. Wing Commander Paul Wilcox, head of Ryan's staff of flight instructors at the Hemet school, represented the school in the three-cornered radio conversation with Hillis and Lumpkin. He came here from Hemet, at the company's request, to take part in the broadcast, and returned to his work at the school the same day.

Above: Hillis, Lt. Lumpkin and Wilcox are on the air from Final Assembly. Below: Pre-broadcast work—the script takes shape in the mighty typewriter of Keith Manroe. Bottom: Dress rehearsal.



Coast-to-Coast

"Hiya, Butch. That's a fine looking time card you're punching this marning."

"Huh?" queried Butch, looking around for someone who might have been talking to him.

"I say, now, that's a fine looking time card you're punching this marning."

Butch's eyes grew big as saucers. "Yeah, yeah. Guess it is," he half muttered to himself as he looked all around him again. "Musta gotten up tao early," he explained to himself.

Leaving the timeclock in a hurry, Butch strode on into the plant and started to work. Butch's job was a dirty one and his hands were soon covered with oil. He'd just reached in his pocket to get a piece of paper out when he heard a peculiar chuckle.

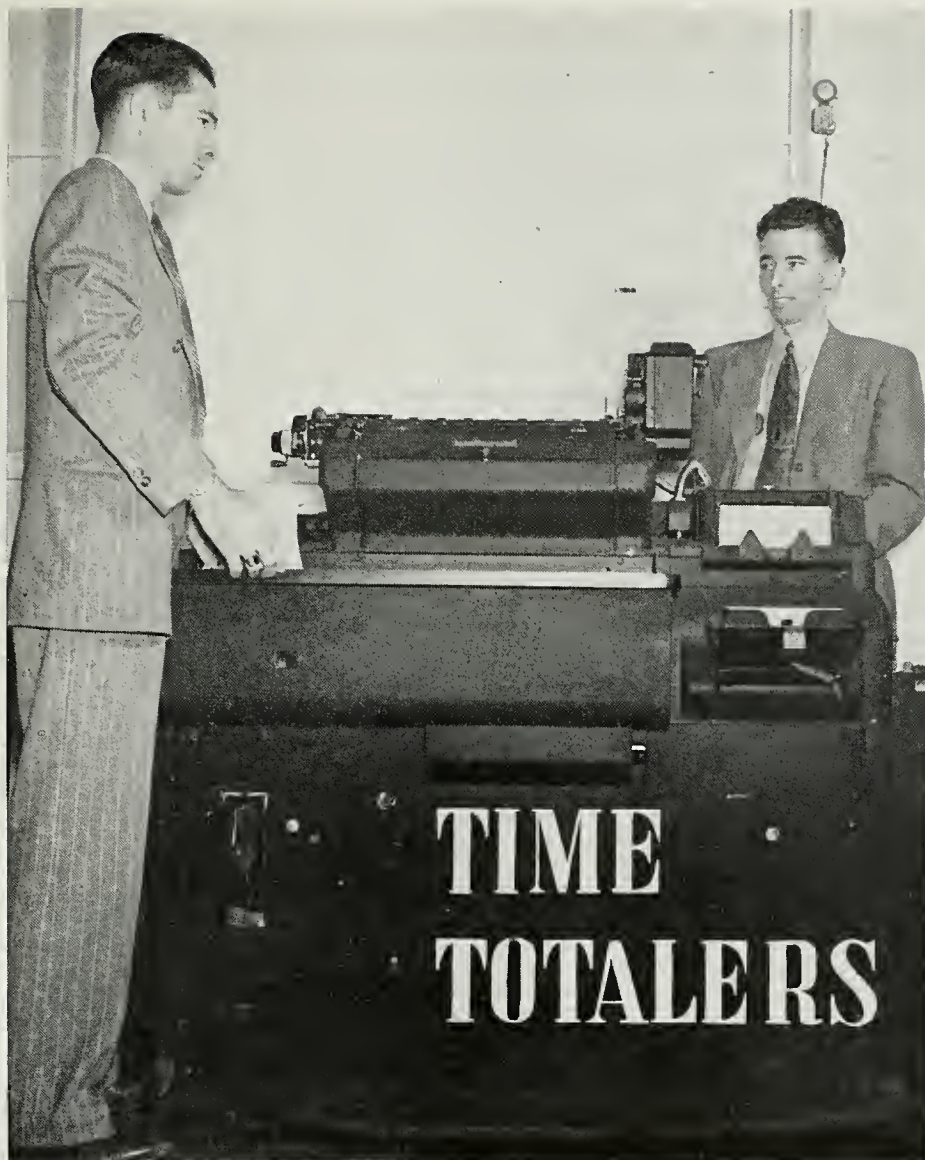
"I say there. You sure fixed your time card up then."

Butch pulled his time card out of his pocket, "Whatdayumean? Oh, oil. Well, that wan't hurt it any. They can still read it."

"That's where you're wrang, Butch," restarted the unseen gremlin. "'They' in this case refers to the machines in the Tabulating room and when there's a drop of oil on your card or an extra hole accidentally punched in it, the machine can't read—at least it can't read right. Consequently, it's going to record your time card wrang, which, in turn, is going to throw the entire time records for the day off balance. Then Tabulating is going to have to check back through all their cards until they find yours with the oil on it. You're going to be a popular fellow about then."

The gremlin had his facts down pat. Those time cards are mighty important items. They're your bill of sale to the company for the time you spend on the job each day. You itemize the work you do by putting down the work order numbers you work on, much the same as a department store lists the merchandise you purchased when they present their bill to you. These work order numbers enable the company to keep track of just how much it is costing them on each manufacturing job. When you accidentally put down the wrong number or fail to record another number when you change tasks, that error, if it isn't caught, goes on down the line into the final statements of the company. That's why time checkers are constantly on the job in the plant to be sure Ryanites are putting down the correct numbers from their traveler and to be sure that the traveler itself bears the correct account number. That's one of the important jobs of P. G. Seidel's Timekeeping division of Accounting.

In addition to checking in the plant, the Timekeeping division keeps an eagle eye on the time cards as they come through, for occasionally some employee has marked down a work order number that doesn't exist. That's when it's easy to find—the tough job comes when he's forgotten to write in his work order number at all, or has written down a wrong number but still one for which there is an account.



"Charlie" Greenwood and "Si" Seidel with one of the Big Berthas of the Tabulating room. This is one of the machines that, among other things, writes your weekly paycheck.

The holes that pepper your time card are the braille language of the machines. These tabulating machines, which came under the supervision of Charles Greenwood and Art Sweeten, are works of art in themselves. They can run through the stacks of time cards and pick out in a few minutes all the hours that were spent on a given job on a given day. They can be set to pick out all the people whose name begins with S or all the people who earn 95 cents an hour. About the only thing they haven't learned to do yet is to tell how many red-heads were on the job any one day.

The time cards don't just grow in the slots where you find them everytime you come on a shift. They're made up from an original Master Rate Card in Tabulating, the information for which has come down the line from Personnel. These are punched out individually on what is known as a key punch, a machine that is second cousin to a typewriter but considerably more complicated. The time cards for each day are turned over to Timekeeping who place them on the racks where you find them when you come to work. After you've punched out, they're picked up and started on their way to becoming a part of your weekly pay check.

Timekeeping sorts them for shift first—because of the extra 6c an hour second and third shift workers receive. Then they figure how many hours each Ryanite worked that day. Those who worked the standard eight hours are grouped together for Tabulating can punch these as a group, but those with add hours are a horse of a different color. If a Ryanite works nine hours, a separate

(Continued on page 17)

They labor mightily to keep Ryanites' paychecks coming through correct and on time each week

Ryan's master carpenter has his own prescription for getting through life's tough times. He works hard and never worries.

"I never worried, even when they were dying around me right and left," Ed Carson said. "Maybe that's why nothing happened to me."

The tall, leathery foreman of Ryan's big carpentry crew was recalling his experience as an Army rookie during the last war. He was in the thick of the terrible influenza epidemic which decimated many Army regiments in 1918.

"It got so bad where I was, in Massachusetts, that there was no more hospital space for the men who fell sick," Carson recalled. "More than three out of every four men in my outfit came down with flu, but they stayed right there in the barracks and the rest of us nursed them. No quarantine, no isolation. At the height of that epidemic men were dying mighty fast. I remember our cook was strong and healthy at supper one night, but he caught the flu that evening

the factory for him until he recovered. Carson agreed, expecting to be there for only a few months. But he held the reins of the factory for three years before his brother-in-law was able to take charge again. At last, however, in 1921, Carson bade farewell to hairpins and came back to San Diego to spend the rest of his life.

In those days, this was a small community. The 1921 depression was just setting in, and jobs were not plentiful. But Carson went to work without a day's delay.

When he had been in San Diego before, he had worked for five years helping construct the buildings for the Exposition of 1915-16, and later helping to tear them down. He had started at the humble job of digging post holes—having had no construction experience except for a course in carpentry at his high school in Omaha.

Before the end of the Exposition Carson was a carpentry foreman there, and had made something of a reputation among the other construction men as a quiet, dependable worker. One of these others had organized a contracting company after the war, and in 1921 when he heard that Carson was back in town he offered him a job immediately.

Carson was made carpentry foreman of the contracting organization, and stayed with it for nearly thirteen years. "Some of those years were pretty lean ones, though," Carson sighs. "After the big depression hit, there wasn't much building being done in San Diego for several years. I was only paid when I was actually working on a job, and jobs for my construction company got so scarce that I finally lost my house and lot. I never really worried

Ed Carson

Woodshop

and he was dead before supper the next night. I didn't worry, though. I figured it wouldn't do me any good to worry."

The epidemic passed, leaving Carson as strong as ever. He had left his infantry regiment and was in Officers' Training School in Virginia when the war ended.

After the war Carson expected to go back to San Diego, where he still owned the home he had bought after marrying a San Diego girl just before he entered the armed forces. Carson had come to San Diego from his birthplace in Omaha as a young man of 20, and worked there as a carpenter for five years. He liked it, and wanted to settle down there.

But a brother-in-law of his in Hartford, Connecticut, owned a hairpin factory. A bad injury laid him up, and he asked Carson to run

But he soon graduated from post holes to full-fledged carpentry work, under the tutelage of the Exposition's construction and maintenance foreman, whom Carson has never forgotten. "He was a real man," he says. "He was interested in the young fellows under him, and took the trouble to teach them a trade. He made a good carpenter out of me, and I've always been grateful."

though — worrying wouldn't have done any good."

Carson skinned through somehow, and a better day dawned in 1934, when work was started on San Diego's second Exposition. There were still those who remembered his work 22 years earlier in the first Exposition and they brought him back as carpentry foreman to help build the new fair grounds.

There were times, in the hectic rush to get all the buildings finished before opening date, when the easy-going and even-tempered Ed Carson must have had to keep a tight grip on himself. Working under him were WPA crews which sometimes quit en masse. Few of them stayed on the job for more than a week. "I was the only full-time carpenter



Portrait Sketch by Paul Hoffman



in the whole outfit," Carson grins. "I don't know how we ever got the Spanish Village and the State House finished in time, but we did."

For the second year of the Exposition, Carson was promoted to the job held in 1914 by his benefactor of long ago — superintendent of construction and maintenance for the entire Exposition. He tried to follow the example set by the other man — taking endless pains to teach his craft to the young workers under him.

After the Exposition had been

closed and dismantled, Carson went back to the contracting firm. But after three more years there he finally succumbed to the blandishments of his friend Jack Peat, then Woodshop foreman at Ryan, who had tried for years to persuade him to join the Ryan carpentry crew.

"As soon as I got in here I knew this was the place I wanted to stay for the rest of my life," Carson says. "I liked the people, I liked the work, and I liked the way the company treated its men."

Carson started as an ordinary

workman, but soon rose to leadman and then to assistant foreman. In March of this year, when Peat left, he became foreman.

At 51 Carson looks as brown and vigorous as he must have when he was playing basketball and football in high school. But he has a son of 22, Robert, who worked here in Final Assembly before he became an aviation cadet in the Navy. Since that happened Ed Carson hasn't taken much time for recreation. He doesn't say much, but his friends know why he's working so hard. He wants to bring Bob home.

It's Up to You...

HERE'S WHAT A FORMER RYANITE, NOW IN THE SERVICE, HAS TO SAY TO THE FOLKS AT RYAN

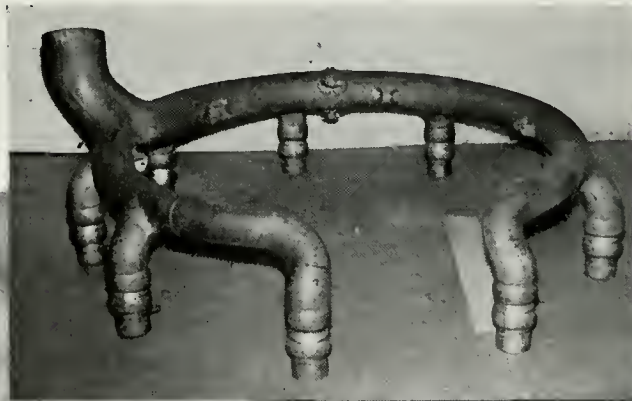
" . . . Keep everything 'on the ball,' because, although you may not realize it, it's up to you folks. We can keep the planes flying, but we have to have them to work on first. There are bound to be planes shot down—in fact, more than you realize. I shouldn't say **you**, but I know from experience that most of the people don't realize just what it means when they read the posters 'Keep 'Em Flying.' That puts everything in the hands of you folks in the plants who actually build the parts and the planes themselves.

"They keep preaching to us that if we mechanics don't do the work right, the pilot with all his training can't fly the plane. But I say if you back in the plant don't build them right, we can't keep them in flying condition. . . ."

(Pfc. A. E. Bowen, affectionately known to Manifold Small Ports workers as "Arkie," is now a mechanic stationed at a Florida air base. This is a portion of a letter received from him by Floyd Bennett, Manifold Small Ports foreman.)

A. E. Bowen

Guarding our seelanes, soving our ships and men, are the Goodyear blimps, a hovering guard of protection far our coasts and sea routes. They're equipped with the Ryan monifolds that you have helped to build. Phata courtesy Goodyear Aircraft Corporation.

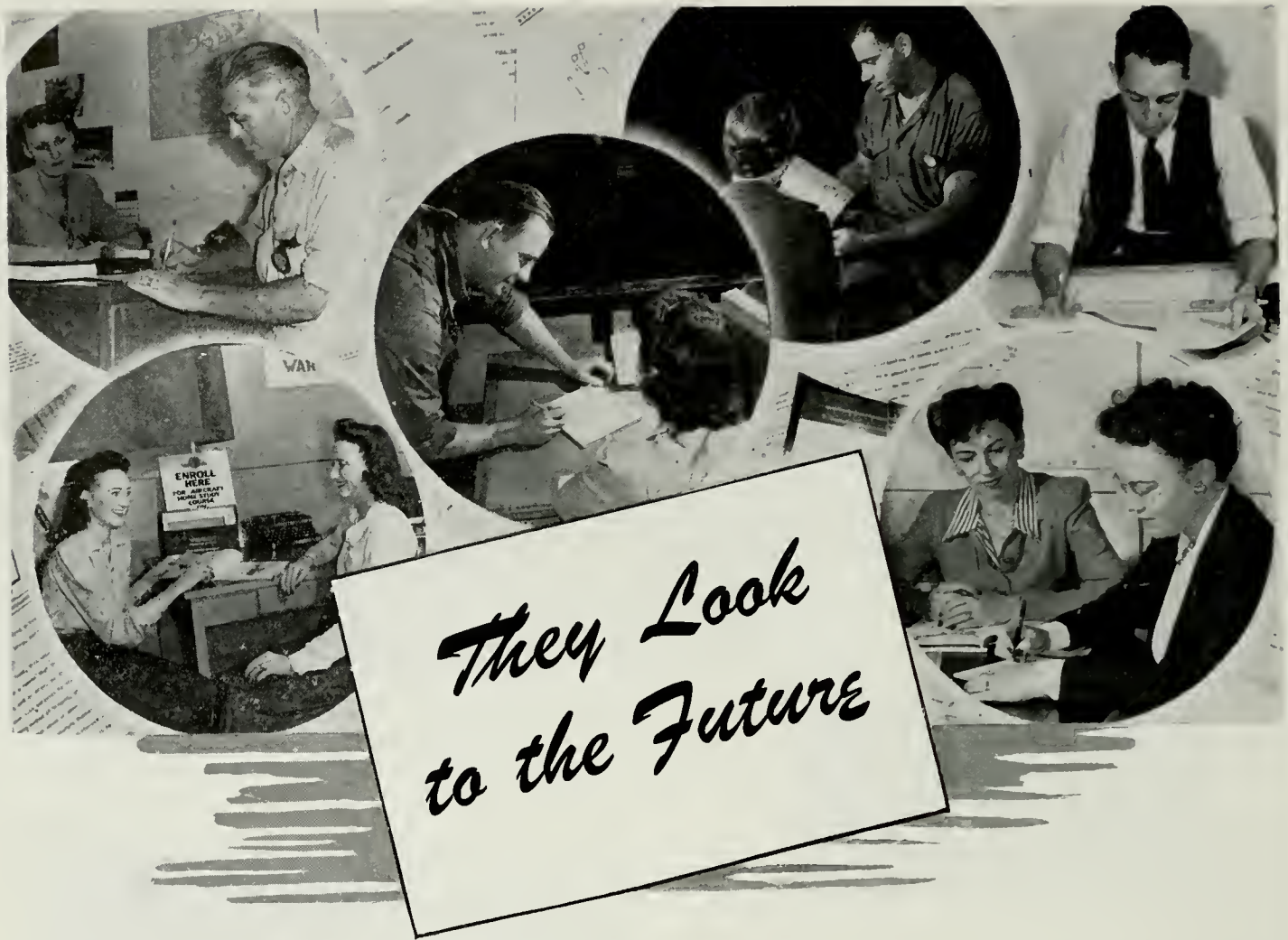




Carrying personnel and equipment to combat scenes all over the world go the Douglas C-54 Skymaster transports. You have a hand in every delivery they make for you have equipped them with manifolds. Photo courtesy Douglas Aircraft Company.

Over Europe tonight will go British Lancasters with bombs that will shorten the war for all of us. And you'll be a part of that mission, for your work on the job at Ryan has provided them with manifolds. Photo courtesy Royal Air Force.





*They Look
to the Future*

Ryanites are genuinely interested in their jobs! That's the fact that has been demonstrated by the large numbers of Ryan employees who have already signed up for the new Ryan Aeronautical Institute home-study course in Aircraft Construction and Maintenance.

Ryanites aren't willing to stand still. They're determined to improve their aeronautical background, to know the whys and wherefores of their industry. With only seven days left in which to take advantage of this free training offer, Ryanites have been turning in their applications in ever-increasing numbers and it is believed that before the offer expires next Saturday, the 30th, at least another two hundred Ryanites will have signed up.

One of the facts apparent in the enrollments already received is the increased percentage of women who

are interested in a course that will give them a better understanding of the aviation industry. Some of them are women who, now that they have had a taste of aviation, want to go ahead and make a career of it. For them there's no better opportunity than this basic home-study course in aircraft fundamentals. Others are going to have sons, husbands and boy friends coming home after the war who are going to be "aviation minded." They want to know enough about the types of aircraft and what makes them fly to keep up with the conversations of an air-minded post-war world. One mother who signed up for the course put it this way, "Already my two boys are building model planes. They think because I work in an aircraft factory I should be able to tell them all about their planes. Well, I think

they're right so I'm going to take advantage of the opportunity to get \$120 worth of information free."

The Ryan company has not limited this offer of free training to those whose jobs are directly covered by the course. It's open to all employees of all departments, regardless of salary or length of service. "To help its own workers obtain training is definitely to the company's interest," says T. Claude Ryan, president. "There will continually be opportunities for the men and women in our organization who are willing to study and prepare themselves for greater responsibilities."

These Ryanites who are signing up for the home-study Aircraft Construction and Maintenance Course

(Continued on page 18)

**Ryanites in every type of work are training
now for the aviation of a post-war world**

5 years or more at Ryan

OLIVER McNEEL

Born in Mansfield, Ohio, Oliver McNeel of Contract Administration was taken at the tender age of three to the railroad town of Altoona, Pennsylvania, where he lived on a diet of machine talk from then until he graduated from high school. Like most Altoona youths, McNeel went into the machine shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad as an apprentice. That was just about the time, however, that the U. S. became involved in World War I, and McNeel decided that the place for him was in the Air Corps. He went through mechanics' school at Kelly Field and Mount Clemens, Michigan, and spent 19 months in England and France. "Mostly it was behind the lines," McNeel says, "but we did see a little bombing, at least enough to make us know we'd been to war."

After the war Mac went back to the machinist trade, but by the time he had completed his apprenticeship, he was looking skyward with a longing heart. His experience as a mechanic in the Air Corps had been just a teaser. Now he wanted the real thing. And he got it in the fall of 1921 when he was accepted as an Air Corps cadet.

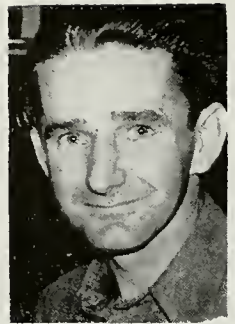
"It's a thrilling experience to be up there on your own for the first time," Mac recalls. "I wasn't a bit scared—that is until after I was over 1000 feet off the ground. Then I looked down and saw that little speck of a field that I had to get back into, and goose pimples began to stand out all over me. Then, hoppy thought, I remembered that for the first time the instructor wasn't sitting behind me ready to take over the controls if I did something wrong. That thought didn't help matters a bit.

"After I'd flown around enough that my wings felt thoroughly sprouted I circled the field and came in for a landing. Somehow I come in a little cross wind, and being entirely inexperienced at making the proper corrections, blew a tire when I hit. There wasn't any structural damage done, but there never was a more chagrined cadet. My instructor called me to the flight deck that overlooked the runways. And there I sat for three hours while he completely ignored me. Finally he beckoned and we went out to a plane on the line. My heart took a drop—here I was back to dual after my few short minutes of solo. We got in and taxied up the runway. I was just getting ready to gun the engine, when the instructor, bless his soul, hopped out of the plane and yelled a porting 'Now do it right this time!' I did."

Commissioned as an officer in the reserve in 1923, Mac came to San Diego where he married and accepted a Civil Service job at Rockwell Field—now North Island. While stationed there he flew one of the refueling ships which enabled Lieutenants Smith and Richter to establish their refueling endurance records over San Diego. His role in this venture brought him a citation from the War Department and many local honors. "One time when we were practicing for the actual refueling job, we got caught upstairs with our 48 feet of hose dangling out of the plane and we couldn't get it back in. We thought our number was really up when we brought that plane in with the hose swishing around in the breeze. Fortunately, nothing happened."

While working at Rockwell Field, Mac spent his Saturday afternoons and Sundays helping a man named Ryan rebuild some planes for an airline between San Diego and Los Angeles. Later he helped fly those planes on a few of their scheduled runs. Still later he joined Ryan's firm and helped to build the Spirit of St. Louis. Then, after an extended interim during which he managed his own aircraft company, worked for Western Air Express, Vorney Speed Line, Lockheed and Vultee, Mac came back to Ryan in 1935 and by 1940 was assistant factory superintendent. After two years at Vega McNeel returned to Ryan in 1942, this time as Ryan's liaison representative with Curtiss. Now he's in charge of all Consolidated's contracts with Ryan.

Ryanites Receive Promotions



Wesley H. Shields, new leadman in Manifold Small Parts on third shift.



Left: F. L. Longmire, recently appointed leadman in Sheet Metal Assembly, first shift.

Center: George Pegler, now leadman in charge of Punch Presses in the Small Parts department.

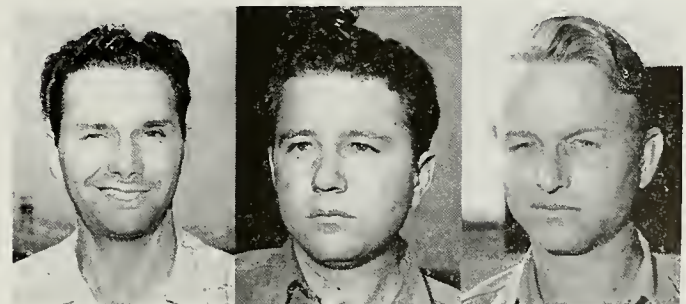
Right: Emil Magdick, new leadman in Sheet Metal Assembly on second shift.



Left: E. J. Morrow, new leadman in the Sub Assembly department, first shift.

Center: H. H. Wall, newly-appointed leadman in Sheet Metal Assembly, on the first shift.

Right: J. T. Edwards, new leadman in Sheet Metal Assembly.



Left: F. Bender, appointed leadman in Sheet Metal Assembly, second shift.

Center: A. L. Bennett, newly-appointed leadman in the Wing department, on the first shift.

Right: Robert H. Brass, appointed leadman in the Wing department on second shift.

ONE THING IN COMMON

(Continued from page 1)

ought to have this little talk together. . . ."

I was glad to see Joe was doing so well. He has a good job at the airplane plant, he told me; he was averaging sixty bucks a week, that was better than thirty bucks he was making before the war. This way, he was helping win the war, he said, and he wouldn't get drafted, and he could earn a good living and buy clothes and things for the kid. He let out a cloud of cigar smoke contentedly, and Rose said, "Roll that window down, Joe, you want the kid to get carsick?"

"He's all right!" Joe grinned, rolling down the window. "Maybe he'd like a cigar himself. Here, kid, have a cigar?"

Takes Day Off to Be With Son

You could see his son meant a lot to Joe. That was why he was taking the day off, he explained to me, so he could be with the kid. He never got a chance to be with the kid, just Sundays. Nights, by the time he got home from the factory, the kid was going to bed. Now the kid was three years old; he didn't want the kid to grow up and not even know his old man. He could afford to take the day off; he was making plenty of money.

I asked, "Won't they say anything, your not coming in today?"

"What can they say?" He shrugged. "Everybody else takes a couple of days off now and then, to sober up or else go to a ball game or something. I guess I got a right to be taking a day off to be with my own kid on his birthday. One day don't make any difference." He reached in his pocket and handed the kid a piece of candy. "He's quite a kid for three, don't you think?"

"Don't give him any more," Rose said, "he on'y throws it on the floor."

"He's gonna be a baseball player when he grows up," Joe said. "He's got a great pitching arm. Hey, kid, you gonna pitch up and be Joe Di-Mag someday?"

Ted Has Son He's Never Seen

I got out at the station and stood there and watched him drive away, and all the time I kept thinking of Ted. I could hear Ted's voice, the way I heard it in Anchorage, Alaska,

a couple of weeks ago, talking to his own son: ". . . and you'll grow up, Teddy, and maybe you'll have a son of your own, and I hope he means as much to you as my son means to me. And I hope when you grow up, there won't be a war, and you can be with your son, instead of way off here in Alaska somewhere. I've never seen you, son. You were born after I came up here. But I hope I'll be home someday. . . ." There was a long silence, and we could hear the steady scratching of the needle, and then Ted's voice said very quickly, "Be a good boy, son, take care of Mamma. . . ." just as the record ended.

The man in the phonograph store in Anchorage asked us what to do with the record. Ted had come in

and made the record just before he left for the Aleutians, and the man wanted to know what he should do with it, now that Ted wasn't coming back.

We never found out what happened to Ted. His plane crashed against a mountain in the fog; that was all. He was a good pilot, but of course they had to fly any old crate they could lay their hands on. There weren't enough planes. Production back home had been a little slow.

We paid the man in the store for the record and we mailed it back home to Ted's son. We thought that was what he would have wanted. That was one thing Ted had in common with Joe Stolnick: His son meant a lot to him, too.



HAVE YOU HEARD THE UNFOUNDED RUMORS ABOUT COST-PLUS CONTRACTS?

By an act of Congress, cost-plus-percentage contracts—the kind prevalent in World War I—are illegal. There are no such contracts in this war.

High U. S. military authority is the source of this statement, which should spike unfounded and untrue rumors that under "existing war contracts," aircraft companies make more profits by increasing the cost of airplanes to the government.

There is no truth in the rumor that "the more people the aircraft companies hire, the more money they make."

It can't be done. Here's why:

There are only two kinds of contracts in force in the U. S. today: fixed price contracts and cost-plus-fixed fee contracts.

The fixed price contract means just that. The government pays an established price for the manufactured product.

The cost-plus-fixed fee contract works this way:

Army and Navy engineers and accountants get together with company engineers and accountants and determine the cost of a given airplane. Then a fee is fixed.

Now, no matter whether the cost is higher or lower than that set by the government-company experts, the fee remains the same. It is fixed. It doesn't hop around.

Therefore, it is impossible for any manufacturer to make MORE profit under these contracts by boosting the costs of building airplanes.

There's no profit in labor-hoarding or having more people on the job than are needed. It isn't done. The aircraft manufacturers, remember, are NOT operating under the World War I contracts—those cost-plus-percentage deals—whereby the more money it cost to build a product, the more money they made.

Now let's have a look at the charges that, under the present wartime contracts (cost-plus-fixed fee), there is no incentive to manufacturers for efficient management.

Suppose an aircraft manufacturer with 6,000 employees gets a contract for certain airplanes from the Government, for which the manufacturer is to be paid a fixed fee. If through methods improvement, better la-

bor utilization and "stretching manpower," he is able to fulfill this Government order with half the number of men he has thus freed 3,000 men with which he can build the planes under a second contract and for which he will get a second fee.

Thus with the same amount of workers he is able through labor utilization and better manufacturing procedures to earn two fees on two contracts with the same number of men with which he started his initial contract.

You may ask why the necessity for explaining contracts. The answer is very simple. The rumors that aircraft companies are making excessive profits, that they hoard labor, that they don't use manpower efficiently have one result: they lower worker morale, discourage recruitment of needed workers to aircraft plants and definitely encourage turnover and absenteeism. The United States Government has demanded of the West Coast aircraft manufacturers that they produce 28% more airplanes by the end of the year. Nothing must hamper that production.

To build these 28% more planes means that everybody now on the job in the aircraft plants on the Pacific Coast must concentrate on only one thing—turning out those planes. They should not be upset or bothered or misled by rumors that tend to destroy morale and slow down production.

In 1940 production was at a rate where it would take 444 men one year to build a B-24 Liberator. In 1943 the same amount of work in the same amount of time was done by 17 men. In 1940, 232 men working for one year would turn out a P-38. In 1943 the same P-38 can be turned out by 11 men. There are comparable records among all aircraft manufactures on the West Coast.

So, the next time you hear rumors to the effect that under the cost-plus-fixed fee contracts, the aircraft manufacturers have no incentive to do their jobs better or that they make excessive profits through hoarding labor and misusing manpower, quote a few of these facts to the rumor-mongers—and let's get on with the job of turning out the warplanes required by our Government.

Clancy Answers Your Bonus Questions

In the last issue of "The Flying Reporter," dated October 1, 1943, in the article about the Ryan bonus plan, we said we would answer any questions on the bonus plan in the next issue. Here are the questions that have been turned in, together with our answers:

Q. What happens when work is done for another department?

A. When work is transferred from one department to another, the department doing the work receives full credit for same through routing transfer slips made out by the dispatcher and approved by the foreman. This credit is likewise charged against the department making the transfer.

Q. What happens when employees are temporarily transferred from one department to another?

A. This is taken care of through the employee temporary transfer. Department transferring employee is credited, and department receiving employee is charged with the actual hours the employee works.

Q. What happens when an employee is absent?

A. Nothing except that the absent employee will not receive as much bonus as he would if he were on the job.

Q. What are bonus checks based on?

A. Your bonus checks are based on the gain made on your pay week, which is the same period as your bonus week. The period extends from Saturday to Friday.

Q. What happens when the wrong work order number is used on a job?

A. This happens quite often and is very serious. Be sure to use the right work order number on your job because the time gained or lost on any work order cannot be figured accurately unless your time is charged to the correct number.

Q. In the Manifold Department why is it necessary to have the right parts with the tear-off control card with the corresponding part number?

A. Proper bonus credit cannot be given unless this is checked very carefully. Notify the dispatcher when the parts do not correspond with the number on the control card.

Q. Why is it better to do a job right the first time?

A. When a job comes back for rework due to faulty workmanship, no bonus credit is allowed for the extra work. Make it right the first time.

Q. Why is correct information necessary on time allowance sheets?

A. If the work order, part number, and the reason for the time allowance do not appear on the sheet, the Time Study Department has no way of checking the request.

Q. What should we do if there should be temporary shortage of work in our group?

A. When you can see that your job will be finished before the end of the shift, notify your leadman or foreman so that he can assign more work to you. Don't slow your work down so that you will come out even at the end of the shift. This slow down will cut into your bonus.

When in doubt, ask a time study man.

M. M. CLANCY

Famous Chef Is Now on the Scene



Jean Bovet conversing with Cafeteria Committee members.

Jean Bovet Takes Personal Charge Of the New Ryan Employees' Cafeteria

Best news of the month for Ryan connoisseurs of good food is the announcement that Jean Bovet, whose jolly 300 pounds of avairdupois bespeaks his enthusiasm for fine food (and plenty of it), has moved to San Diego and has now taken active charge of the Ryan Employees' Cafeteria. Formerly connected with the cafeteria only in an advisory capacity, Bovet will now be the boss on the job. He comes to San Diego from the branch schools of the Ryan School of Aeronautics at Hemet and at Tucson, Arizona, where he has been Head Steward. Thousands of Army aviation cadets who in the last few years have eaten Bovet's meals at these two schools can testify that when it comes to putting foods together, Bovet has the master's touch. If the food is available, Ryanites can rest assured they'll get it and in tasty, beautiful servings. And at pulling the proper ropes to get the food he wants, Bovet has had considerable experience.

Coincident with the arrival of Bovet, additional cafeteria services have gone into effect. A complete hot breakfast that is a set-up for a day's work is being served in the cafeteria from 6:45 to 7:45 a. m. for those coming on first shift and those leaving on third. In addition, a midnight supper for workers ending second shift and those start-

ing third has been arranged, along with a special 10 p. m. supper for the tooling department which is working a late schedule.

Here is the complete schedule of cafeteria serving hours:

11:15 to 11:45 a. m.

Lunch for employees in main factory building.

11:45 a. m. to 12:15 p. m.

Lunch for employees in the new final assembly building.

12:15 to 12:45 p. m.

Lunch period for office and engineering employees.

3:30 to 4:30 p. m.

Early supper for employees coming on the second shift and those leaving the first shift.

8:00 to 8:30 p. m.

Lunch for second shift.

10:00 to 10:30 p. m.

Special supper schedule for tooling department.

12 midnight to 1:00 a. m.

Supper for workers coming on the third shift and those leaving the second shift.

4:00 a. m.

Hot coffee available to third shift in the plant.

6:45 to 7:45 a. m.

Breakfast.

New Parking Lot Ready For Use

The new parking lot which Ryanites have eyed anxiously for the past several weeks will be in use Monday. However, so rapidly has the Ryan organization grown that even before it goes into use, we have already outgrown it. Consequently it has been arranged for production workers on first shift to continue parking on the field and using the gate house at that location while all other first shift workers and all second and

third shift workers use the new parking lot.

With the completion of the new parking lot, city police officials have advised that parking along Harbor Drive will no longer be tolerated. Leniency was granted until Ryan could provide sufficient parking space, but any future violations, the officials have warned, will result in traffic citations. So, be sure to use the parking lots provided and invest that fine you don't have to pay in War Bonds.



Final News

by Enid Larsen

Although the "official" vacation season is over, quite a few of our boys and gals are taking their vacations now. DON WASER spent a week at Big Bear and came back looking fit, and full of . . . vim, vigor and vitality. M. W. HUTCHINSON and HELEN BLACKMORE are taking theirs this coming week, which incidently will be a thing of the past by the time this goes to press. We know both will have nice vacations. Probably will take them a couple of weeks to rest up after they ore back, but what are vacations for if not to wear ourselves slightly ragged trying to cram into one week, the things we have been planning for a whole year to do. JESS LARSEN has taken a month leave of absence, and is now in St. Paul, Minn. The purpose of his trip is to bring his family to California, but according to his letters, he is mixing a little bit of that well-known pleasure with business. Dick Williams, second shift Foreman is back from his vacation.

Advancement seems to be the keynote in Final Assembly. Several new Leadmen have been appointed on both first and second shifts. G. L. HUMPHREY, E. H. PRATT, J. O. BERRY, G. S. WESTOVER, L. A. (JACK) ETHRIDGE and L. W. COOK are the proud possessors of the hard earned title of Leadman on first shift, and W. Mortenson, R. Schulz, C. Pell and L. Conklin have achieved the same title on second shift. Congratulations boys; keep up the good work.

Again this month there are new personnel in Final Assembly, to whom we extend a most hearty welcome. They ore all 100% boosters for Ryan, too. It doesn't take long for a newcomer to sense the friendly atmosphere here, which proves that our well-known "Keep Ryan a Better Place to Work" is a slogan earned, and not just a bunch of words thrown together to please the ears of a few.

The induction class and new cafeteria play an important part in keeping the Ryan colors flying. The other day while eating lunch next to one of our new high school employees, he made the remark to me that he surely ate his vegetables now, since Mrs. Long had told him just how important they were to a good, strong, healthy body. The class also gives the newcomer a feeling of "belonging" before he spends that first day on the job—that day that so often is long and trying.

That just about takes care of things for this issue. See you next time, I hope. (The deadline and I have run a race every issue so far. Sometimes the deadline steals a march, and leaves me holding the copy.)



Here and There

by Jonnie Johnson

This time I'm in the Point Shop, where I hope to stay. It's good to be back among old friends and new ones as well. This past week, however, our good friend CARL HYATT was away on vacation, and things were a bit quiet. He's back this morning looking bright and cheerful. Hope you had a good vacation, Carl.

I'd like to say welcome to PAT CLAY-BAUGH, who just joined our happy fold in Crib 8, or Finish Inspection, as it is most commonly called.

You know I've often wondered where all these so-called "gremlins" hid. The other day I discovered why they were so bad in the Point Shop. ERNIE NELSON has two in his possession. They are very "cute" and look to be quite clever. It would be worth your time to see them.

Speaking of "gremlins," we sure came up short a few at the Pin Buster's League last Tuesday night. Maybe this would be a good time to ask if there is anyone interested in joining a bowling league? We have quite a few places, and your interest would be greatly appreciated. You may contact TRAVIS HATFIELD in Personnel or call 317.

It seems to me our candy man, PHIL SJOBERG should have some more help. Isn't there someone who will dish out the sweets while Phil tells people there are no Hersheys? I don't know how serious he thinks it is, but once last week he was fit to be tied. Of course, JOHNNY CRAMER has helped the situation considerably.

If anyone heard about the confusion in town last Friday, think nothing of it. It just so happens the "Live Five" were out shopping. A good time was had by all and we wound up with a sandwich at the "B and L." (It's a sandwich shop, too.)

FRANK FINN and GENE WILCOX took in one of those neighborly visits last week and came back all "wisened up."

We miss our good friend MAJOR GILES from the Army Air Forces, who is oway on vacation.

We've had some near catastrophes lately on our bowling team. What with mashed fingers and Bill getting the flu——. We hope by Tuesday night everything will be under control.



Production Control

by Maynard Lovell

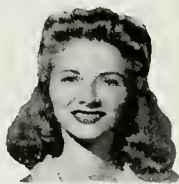
Did you ever go to the picture show and after standing in line for "hours" finally get in and find that there are plenty of vacant seats here and there through the show? Darn, but it makes you mad, doesn't it?

One of the day foremen was on nights for a while and was surprised to find a Production Control Department working on second shift. Maybe we should have told you about them before. ED GRANELL is now on second shift in charge of Airplane Planning, assisted by HAROLD PEARSON, ISABELLE E. MANUAL, BETTY WALLER, GLADYS DENNE, ELSIE HOLMES and HARRIET KNAPP. Scheduling is represented on second shift by E. L. BRIGGS, LOUISE SONNERS and ROSE MARIE BRISBOIS.

BYRON GEER was just in and reminded me of the fact that they were moving the Airplane Dispatch office to the New Building and at the same time requested a scooter. He says he has used up his No. 18 stamp. Well, it is the same distance either way whether you go out there a dozen times a night or whether you have to come over here a dozen times a night. WM. VAN DEN AKKER is with us for two weeks while M. W. KELLEY is on his vacation. He has named the New Building "Little Convair." From the ports being made out there for Convair he isn't far wrong, but how about the Experimental, Van?

If SLIM COATS were writing this he would say that BOB CHILDS was as busy as a one armed paperhanger what with his trying to take care of two stockrooms and the office at the same time. LIB MITCHELL has been ill the past few days, but we hope to have her back with us in a few days.

Well, guess this is all for this time. Gee, but I wish someone would get married, have a baby or something so I would have something to write about. Will SAM PINNEY please give us the dope so we can write about it when it happens?



Manifold Production Control

by F. Marie Loudon

A few days ago the workers in this department were awakened from their concentrated thoughts (concentrated on their work, of course) by a deafening roar. With the horrors of an earthquake prevailing in everyone's mind, they jumped hurriedly to their feet only to discover that some driver had backed a truck into the double doors leading from our office to the factory. (The story goes that Vitamin tablets were passed throughout the department—those nerves!)

"CORKY" WRIGHT is taking bowling quite seriously and strenuously, so it appears. While bowling her first game, she sprained her wrist. Hurry up and mend

that wrist, Corky—the team will be waiting for you.

Another employee has passed through our portals—DODIE BEMISS. She will be employed in Cleveland, where her parents are living. Her numerous friends here wish her lots of success in her new job!

Two new members have brightened our Department—Mrs. IDA NEES and Mrs. DORIS HALS. Welcome, ladies!

The good fellowship of the several employees in the Shipping department has been missed by everyone in this department. They made their new offices in the factory this week. We hope they will drop in to see us often.

Stacks 'n' Stuff

by Manny Fohlde

BLANCHE ATTRIDGE, the personality girl of personnel, has all the answers!

Working alone as she does on second shift, she has to.

Anything from hot cakes to hammocks—she gets 'em all.

To HERB SIMMER, boss man of tailpipes on second, she is symbolic of the small town lawyer. As we get it from Herb, this more or less distinguished person meets his patrons at the door and inquires as to the purpose of the visit. If it's a lawyer they want to see, he escorts them to a desk in one corner of the room labeled "lawyer"; if it's a doctor they desire, he takes them to the desk marked "doctor," and so on down the list. So it is with Blanche, who handles the problems of Ryonites. Transportation, Housing, Selective Service, War Bonds, and even a little timekeeping now and then are but a few of the many problems she handles for the boys and girls on second shift.

The finesse and good nature that she is able to employ in the pursuit of her duties is a source of wonder to the many of us who have had occasion to call upon her.

We would not be surprised at all if we were to find her knocked limber by some of the questions that she apparently is expected to answer.

Many of the oldtimers will remember JOHN McQUIRE, who left us sometime ago to build ships. He wound up in the army for a ten month hitch and is now back at Ryon's working in Manifold Small Parts, first shift. Most of us will recall that John's outstanding performance occurred the day he portook of his first chew of "snoose." Glad to have you back with us, "Moc."

JACK COE, student of nature and old

time army man, and I were unable to get together for this issue on the "Love Life of the Snipe." I was to write about the "old hen," while Jock was going to do his bit concerning the "old more." We are truly sorry and extend our apologies with the vow that next issue will include our cooperative theme on this subject.

We were surprised to note the formation of a snipe hunting club and as an old "sniper" would be most hoppy to join.

Did you know that PHIL BARSON, C-54 old, second shift, played the violin? He was educated in Europe, but fiddled around quite a bit in the process. "The only catch," says Phil, "to my fiddle playing is that I left it under the bed when I come back to this country." We can understand this, as beds seem to hold a fascination for Phil, who, by his own admission, seldom rises before two o'clock p.m.

Then, too, there is MRS. LEWELLYN, who is reputed to be one of the best automobile mechanics in town.

R. R. CAMPBELL used to play semi-pro baseball, and "PIO PICCO" was a sprinter, having run a hundred meters many a day for the gos company.

JOHNNY MacARTHUR was a nugget counter for the "Back Woods" Mining Co. of Virginia.

"RED" JONES, who can "mix" with any company, was a plasterer of renown.

CARL KREUGER sold hard candy to soft merchants, while JACK LANCASTER sold Green jewelry to school boys.

Quite a number of interested people gathered on the field the other day to view the huge C-54 "Sky Master" as it took aboard a load of equipment for delivery to some unknown destination. And as the exhaust roared from her Ryon built stacks, it was with no small amount of pride that many of us watched her take off, feeling as we did that we had had a small part in boosting her skyward.

Hither and Yon

We're indebted.—Thanks to Floyd Bennett for allowing us to use a portion of the letter he received from former Ryonite A. E. Bowen. You'll find it on page 8. It's food for thought!

Bowen, who is going through gunner's school now, is expecting to see plenty of action very shortly. If a furlough permits, he'll be back to see his friends at Ryon before he goes. For those who'd like his address, here it is:

Pfc. A. E. Brown, 39287905, 8th Student Receiving Sqd., Buckingham Army Air Field, Flexible Gunnery School, Fort Myers, Florida.

We're saying good-bye.—It's farewell this issue to Flonnie Freemon, whose column on Plant Engineering we've always looked forward to. Flonnie joins her husband in San Francisco and we hear tell of big events to come. Back into the capable hands of Bob Christy, Flonnie turns the departmental column and we'll be looking for Plant Engineering by the Right Honorable Bob Christy in the issues to come.

Purchasing Piffle

by Pat Eden

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME
... NOT TO SING

(To be intoned to the tune of "Minnie the Moocher")

Comes now the time for our Pat Eden
To give the Rep what it's been needin' (!!!)
To give with phrases that won't decompose,
Or, putting it more bluntly, with some deathless prose.

Refrain: (Each unto his own limitations.)

We have a gal, yclept Chris Jones,
Whose face takes on the warmer tones;
She's got her Horry for a week and a half,
And then it's back to Texas like a fish on a goff.

Refrain: (What we need is relief.)

Then there's a guy, his name's Drew Sutton,
In one respect he's sure a glutton;
Just load him down with reports and the mail,
And watch him pick it up and swing it 'round by the toil.

Refrain: (Stop! And reconsider.)

Who is the guy with liquid torso,
Who swings that thing, but swings it moreso?
We're glad to number him amongst our pals,
And wish he'd come more often, won't you, Mr. Hals?

Refrain: (The old one.)

Now with our talent there's a limit,
It burns not bright enough to dim it;
Just like the collar on a five cent beer,
Blow the foam oway and what remains ain't good cheer.

Refrain: (From comment.)



Manifold Small Parts

IRA and MAYME COTNER held a regular reception when they came back from their wedding leave a couple of weeks ago. Just before the start of the shift, they were nearly snowed under with good wishes from the second and a few farmer members now on first. They were married the evening of October 4, at Middletown, California, where Mayme's sister lives.

That was more excitement than any day since the collar gang gave FRED SANDERS a surprise birthday party at the two o'clock rest period, October 1. ERMA LONGMIRE baked one of the two cakes brought out of hiding at that time and all Fred's group got together to make him a present of a good-looking wallet.

In a few days FIL FILLMORE will be back from leave. He wrote that his father was feeling better now and he thought he could be back from his old home at Hape, Michigan, by October 25. Then, he says, he'll "make up for last time."

RUBY DILLARD FLICK, back in Oklahoma because of an illness in her family, says in a recent letter that she won't be able to get away from her home cares until the middle of November, although she'd like to get here ahead of the Midwest winter.

People from the department are good about writing even after the start of a new career. ROSE PROST sent a newsy letter to

FRANK WALSH from her home in Kansas. It had a sort of wishful tone, as though she would like to be working here once more.

NORA ROSANBALM, "homesteading" in northern Washington, comes right out and says she misses the people and the job in Small Parts. The demon ex-welder put up a hundred cans of vegetables this summer and enough fruit to take care of all the family and friends, but sounds as though she still had some of that remarkable energy of hers left over.

Speaking of energy, GEORGE SAYRE is here again after a month's layoff. George lost in a wrestling match with the punch press handle, which did his back no good at all. He is inclined to be bitter about the "corset" he is obliged to wear, and he says he is more convinced than ever before that women must be able to really take it.

ED HOCKETT is in the hospital for another operation—his third. Why he isn't completely sour and discouraged, no one can figure out, but he takes the view that although luck is tough, it's temporary.

The number of Masons on first shift has been doubled with the enrolling of FRANCES MASON and her sister, KATHLEEN MASON BREAUX. The more recent ones are San Diegans, while ETHELYN and MAXINE (not related to any of the others) are imports from Michigan and Kansas, respectively. Maxine is now spending her

vacation "staying home, doing nothing, and that's swell!"

BILL and JENNIE SHINAFELT stayed home from work for the first time since last January when Jennie had the mumps. This absence had a pleasanter reason: Jennie's brother, Carp. Earl Bradley was in town on a three-day pass from camp just before getting one of those "A.P.O., care of Postmaster" addresses.

For a while it was all one-way traffic between the Army and Ryan's but lately they've been letting us have a few of our own back again. JOHN McGUIRE has returned to Department 14 about a year after leaving it. Old timers say he hasn't forgotten a thing, and can handle any part of tubing operations as well as ever.

Latest recruit an first shift is ORA RECTOR, who left Nebraska twelve years ago for Army life. He says he should get along well enough on the production front, because a good infantryman is supposed to make out all right anywhere.

Still men are in the minority among the newcomers, although CHARLEY DAVIS and CHARLEY DONALDSON were among the recent arrivals in 14. Davis had been a carpenter, and spent a good many years farming in Harper County, Oklahoma, and Donaldson ran a rack crusher at Big Bend in northern California before getting into the aircraft industry.

MARIE PATTERSON "mostly looked after her family" back in Texas, she says, but she had held down outside jobs, too. She inspected finished work at Bement Bag Company and was in charge of novelties for the Dairyland Ice Cream Company before her Marine husband's orders brought her out here.

ALMA PHELPS CASTILLO was a nurse during the last war, then settled in Monticello, Kentucky, where she raised her two daughters. This Fall she came to visit her sister in San Diego and decided to join us.

MARTHA HAUGEN, a twenty-year resident of San Diego, wanted to get into full-time war work, and "liked what people said about Ryan's," so she signed in for the department an October 6.

The two new girls an third shift have come a long way. LAURA ARCHER used to be in the restaurant business at Green Bay, Wisconsin, while MAY BURGAN was doing office and library work at Helena, Montana.



Ryan Dance Oct. 31st

There's a big one coming up. Yes, we mean another Ryan Dance sponsored by the Foremen's Club for all Ryan employees. It'll be a gala costume affair on Halloween night, Sunday, October 31st, at the Moose Hall, 1041 Seventh Ave.

Admission is only \$1.00 per couple for an evening of dancing to the music of Charlie Olsen's eight-piece band. But if you don't expect an extra fine tacked on by some sort of a western judge and jury, you better come dressed in Western garb—your finest, most original, most dashing or most comical Western regalia. There'll be prizes for the couple with the most original and for the couple with the most comical Western costumes. On top of that, there'll be a door prize. Come at 8:00 and prepare to dance till midnight with the rest of your fellow Ryanites from the Old West.

Accounting Quartette Receive Pins



When four people in the same department qualify for their three-year service pins within one week, that's cause for a celebration. At least, that's the way the folks in Accounting feel about it. Here they're shown celebrating the event in proper style after Jim Noakes, comptroller, has awarded the quartette their new pins. Left to right are Dorothy Manning, Tabulating; Mary Freel, Accounts Payable; Mr. Noakes; J. F. Miller, Accounts Payable, and Phyllis Creel, Accounts Receivable.

ACCOUNTING

(Continued from page 5)

time card has to be made up for the one additional hour. Or if he works only seven hours, his time card is separated from the rest and goes in to Tabulating to be individually punched for the seven hours. Then if he worked on several work orders during the day, Tabulating's labor has just begun—a card has to be punched for each work order giving the hours spent on that item, the employee's badge number and his rate of pay. That's the way at the end of the day Tabulating can tell just how many hours and how many dollars were spent on each different job that Ryan is working on. That's also the place where your accuracy in putting down the proper work order number begins to tell its tale.

The six time cards that you punch during the course of a week are only a drop in the bucket to the number that are used for you in the Tabulating Room. At least two generally have to be made up to properly distribute the time to the different work order numbers. Then there's one made up just to cover your deductions other than bond deductions. As for bond deductions, that takes a total of five different cards. Another card is needed for your name as it appears on your check and your social security number. Then there's the card known as the Earning's Summary Card which is punched with the number of hours worked during the week, the rate, and the proper extension. This information is accumulated and punched by one machine which is picking up its information from the six or more time cards that are being run simultaneously through another machine.

Your earnings summary card and your individual name card are brought together through a machine known as a collator. From these two cards a list is run of everyone on the hourly payroll, showing how many hours each individual Ryanite worked on straight, time and a half, and double time pay. This list is audited by Seidel of Timekeeping who checks everything which looks at all questionable. "Our biggest job is figuring overtime for Saturday work and double time for Sunday. If an employee works Saturday but has missed another day in the week, naturally he doesn't get overtime for Saturday. Tabulating makes up special "computation cards" for everyone who has worked less than the 40-hour week. This helps us figure how many hours of overtime the employee is entitled to. We check again on this in the preliminary payroll list. If something looks funny, we track it down. We'd rather check a hundred times and find nothing wrong than to pass one up. People's paychecks are pretty important items and we aim to keep Ryanites as pleased as possible."

The machine that actually makes the checks takes its information from the two cards which have already been run in together, the name card and the earnings summary card, and from a third card, the deduction card, which is "collated" with these two. As each of these three cards goes through the machine a portion of the check is written, and when they are all three through, the check is complete and the machine automatically shifts and starts another check. Twenty-six checks roll out

Chin Music

by Herman Martindale

of Manifold Assembly, Second Shift.

Almost every worker in the department has someone in the service whom they are backing up on the home front by working at Ryan.

Our foreman, HERB SIMMER, has two cousins and a nephew in the Navy. One is a yeoman, another a naval dentist, and a 17-year-old nephew is ready for action and "rarin' to go."

WALDA OPFER, our leadman, has an uncle in the Canadian army, an uncle in the U. S. Army, a brother in Alaska and a cousin somewhere in the Aleutians.

LLOYD HORN, group leader, is backing up Technical Sgt. Noel Horn of the U. S. Army and Walter Horn, second class Petty Officer in the U. S. Navy.

LYNN BLACKBURN, "hard-workingest" man in the department, has a son, Yeoman Bob Blackburn, somewhere in the Pacific. His job is divided between censoring and helping with communications.

RAY LOWTHER has a brother in the Army who is stationed in Hawaii.

WANDA SWINEHART's son, Lt. C. M. Swinehart, is a bomber pilot. Next issue your reporter will continue with "the man behind the man behind the gun."

BENNY MARTINEZ hails from Denver and comes from a railroad family. His father is a railroad veteran. He also has a sister working for the railroad. Benny also worked as foreman in a sign painting company. His signs have even found their way into the Ryan plant.

HERMAN SIMMONS is the department's best yodeler. His tunes make you think something's wrong with the sow, or maybe that somebody is grinding something tough.

I. A. BEJERANO has a husband in the Army at Riverside. She is one of our welders, a nice little girl by the name of Natcha, spelled with an "N."

J. O. EASTER knew HERMAN SIMMONS back in Oklahoma about ten years ago—way back when.

Everyone who attended the Manifold picnic reported a wonderful time. WALDO felt pretty good about it all.

Hope this review will give you an idea of what a big happy family we are.

Hats off to ANN CASH, who has two sons in the Army. One is with General Clark's now famous Fifth Army and the other is in the U. S. in the Coast Artillery.

every minute. Before they're distributed they go across the hall to Payroll where, under the supervision of Henry Schmetzer, T. Claude Ryan's official signature is added.

"The machines we use in Tabulating save thousands and thousands of manhours every month," Greenwood explains. "They're practically foolproof when properly operated, but they require expert trained personnel with years of experience. So important is it that they be kept in perfect condition that International Business Machine Company keeps a service man at Ryan full time."

The machines in Tabulating are kept running on a 24-hour schedule and the Timekeeping division operates on two shifts. Out of the several thousand checks that the two divisions collaborate on each week, only

about 15 mistakes crop up. That's a mighty good percentage of accuracy. In fact, that's darn near perfect.

"So you see, Butch," the gremlin continued. "There's more to this time card and paycheck business than meets the eye. And we gremlins could really drive a bunch of people nuts if we got careless. If we splattered enough oil and burned enough cigarette holes in time cards and stuck in a few wrong work order numbers every day, you'd soon find the tabulators running the time cards through a player piano and the timekeepers sewing designs through the holes with bright yarns."

See your next issue of Flying Reporter for another story on the work of the Accounting Department.

Cast Your Ballot

FOR THE TYPE OF LUNCHTIME

BROADCAST YOU LIKE BEST

My shift is: 1st..... 2nd.....

MUSIC

Give 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices

- Foxtrot
- Swing
- Light Opera
- Waltz and Polka
- March
- Classical

NEWS

How many minutes would you like?

- None
- 5 min.
- 10 min.
- 15 min.

SPORTS

- Baseball games yes no
- Football games yes no
- Announcements of current Ryan sports yes no

FILL IN THIS QUESTIONNAIRE AND DROP IT IN THE NEAREST SHOP SUGGESTION OR FLYING REPORTER BOX.



Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry



By the looks of things to come, it won't be long before the Ryan Bachelor Club will be no more—EDDIE OBERBAUER (Perennial Bachelor "Supreme") will soon middle aisle it with a comely lass (not bad, Eddie). The bride-to-be is none other than MERVEILLA HICKEY of Transportation.

Speaking of weddings and engagements, R. S. "SMITTY" SMITH marched to the strains of Wagner's "Lohengrin," September 25. Congratulations, Smitty. It is rumored that a certain young lass, of Material Control, will soon be flashing one of those diamond rings. Guess who?

MARION KEY returned from San Francisco, leaving her husband to go on to Alaska alone. Sorry to hear of his going, Marion, but glad to have you back.

Farewells and Goodbyes. My goodness, but it seems as though Ryan is losing all its feminine crop: MARGARET LEACH of Manifold Material Control left to join the Marines. The girls gave her a wonderful send off what with gardenias, and a beautiful traveling bag, with matching make-up kit. Thirty-two lovelies were responsible for the dinner given for ALBERTA "PEACHES" FLETCHER of Manifold Production Control before she left for Texas. Also DODIE BE-MISS of Manifold Production Control, will soon be leaving for Cleveland. So sorry to have you all go, but the best of luck.

The employees of the Finishing Department are welcoming back their foreman, CARL PALMER, who has been on the sick list for approximately a month. C. E. HUNT, Machine Shop Foreman, returned this morning after a week's absence. R. T. KELLEY, Ass't. Contract Administrator, will soon be back to the fold. And, Tom, don't mind me if I should jump up and down with joy, but, as you know, my old side kick, MARGIE KOENIG, has returned also after her 10 days absence. Anyway, glad to have all of you back.

A. W. COLTRAIN, Ass't to Factory Manager, and LOGIE BENNETT, Salvage Engineer, returned to work this morning, Art with the look of the cat that ate the canary and poor Logie with a downcast expression. It seems as though Logie lost to Art a championship game of table tennis, three out of four games. Production is still on top, so all the Production boys should keep up the standards set by Art.

By the way, everybody, we have a new telephone operator—name, JANE BROWN. Let's show Jane that the Ryan Spirit is tops, by cooperating.

Well, fellows in crime, I think that's all for this time. So 'bye for now; see you next issue.

TOM AND GERRY.

Putt Putts On Parade

by Millie Merritt

Hello, all of you hep-cats and sharp chicks. Time has rolled around for another issue of the Flying Reporter and here I am a beginner at the art of being a columnist.

Our former writer, EVELYN DUNCAN, has been transferred to Manifold Inspection and, therefore, is unable to write for us. We all miss Evelyn very much and hope that she will find her new job as interesting as Transportation.

The Transportation Department was asked to move from the Flight Shack for non-payment of rent, and we are now found in our new office just south of the new factory building and only a few steps from our front door to the cafeteria. Convenient, I'd say.

Our new boss, KENNETH EDWARDS, has quite an interesting past. He was a seaman first class aboard the U.S.S. Helena. After being wounded in the Battle of Guadalcanal, November 13th, he was sent to a hospital in New Zealand and then, after a month, back to the United States. He was given an honorable discharge on February 25th of this year.

Before coming to Ryan Kenneth was employed by the San Diego Electric Railway Company. Sorry, girls, but he isn't one of those on the eligible list. Wedding bells will soon be ringing for him and Miss Mary Horack of the SDER Company. Best wishes and good luck, Ken. You're certainly doing your part in winning this war.

MIKE TURNER has been transferred to Automotive Service. That isn't powder Mike is wearing now—it's just the fine sand he hauls on his new job.

And then there was DOROTHY HALL'S putt-putt stalled in the middle of the aisle and poor Dorothy cranking away without any results. A gentleman tapped her on the shoulder. "Ah, a victim," thought Dorothy.

He asked, "Say, does that run by gas or electricity?" That was the sixty-four dollar question. Oh well, such is life.

VIVIAN RUBISH holds the record for the most flat tires. We are beginning to have our suspicions about so many flats, but then we know our smiling Vivian. Vivian's husband has been in the hospital in Denver, Colorado, where he is stationed at Lowey Field. We hope he'll soon be up and about again.

This is the end of the passing parade for this time. We'll be seeing you next issue, so "Keep 'em Rolling."



Be Sure To Keep Your Appointment

We have an urgent appeal from the Red Cross for Ryanites to keep their appointments for blood donations at the Red Cross Blood Donor Center. The San Diego Center will not meet its quota for the week unless you either keep your appointment or notify them so they can get someone else to fill it. Don't fall down on your chance to help in this extra war effort. Keep your appointment if you possibly can. If you can't either call the Red Cross Center at F-7704 or notify Mrs. Fischer in Sheet Metal.

MORE ABOUT

INSTITUTE TRAINING COURSE

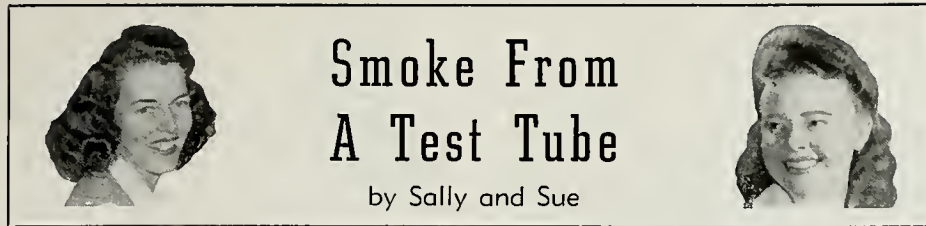
(Continued from page 10)

agree to pay \$2.50 each week (this amount to be deducted from their check) for 10 weeks. Every cent of that amount will be refunded to them if they pass the final examination with a grade of 90% or better. If it's between 80% and 90%, they'll receive \$22.50, and if their score tops 70% but doesn't hit 80%, they'll get a refund of \$20.00. The course is designed and written in terminology so easily understood that anyone seriously interested in it can beat the necessary 70%.

This course is the same being offered to the public for \$120—yet Ryan workers pay only \$25 with a 100% refund opportunity. They get the same eight text books with the same attractive shelf container and the same Data Sheet Manual containing tables, formulae and other reference material, that outsiders pay \$120 for. Their work will receive the same careful attention from Institute instructors who correct and

return their lesson sheets, and upon completion of the course, they'll receive the regular Ryan Aeronautical Institute diploma. The Data Sheet Manual will make a handy reference addition to any library and, in fact, the entire course will be thumbed through over and over again as aeronautical questions arise.

Ryanites can turn in their applications for this training offer at nine different places: Final Assembly, Wing Assembly, Manifold, Tooling and Drop Hammer in the factory proper; also in the Industrial Training Office, the Production Control department, Engineering department and in the office of the Production Superintendent. Those who haven't dropped by one of these desks to take a look at the sample set of textbooks and to obtain further particulars concerning the course are invited to do so. Remember, deadline for enrollments is Saturday, October 30th.



Smoke From A Test Tube

by Sally and Sue

Seems to us that every week brings with it the inevitable farewells to friends who, due to various reasons, are leaving our folds to carry on their endeavors in other fields. Recently, we reluctantly saw ELEANORE "CHEERFUL" EGOLF, always happy and always gay, punch her time card for the very last time. (By the way, she happens to be all out for the Marines, too!) It's gals like Eleanore whose absence will really be felt. Her personality and happy philosophy made for her many pals around Ryan. Just before she left, several of us indulged (and I DO mean indulged!) in a humdinger of a picnic, when we had food and more food galore—ravioli, tagliarini, watermelon, cake, cookies, punch, rolls, olives, dill pickles, salad, and all the trimmings. For many of us, it was our first occasion for ravioli, and tagliarini, and we felt extremely cosmopolitan. Remember, Eleanore, you may have left our plant, but you're still in our hearts. We'll be seeing you!

Another girl who has made the final rounds of goodbys is vivacious FLONNIE FREEMAN, who has been the most faithful borrower of the Laboratory 3-hole punch

for some time now. We tried to make ourselves believe she was coming in to see us, but in vain. It was always discovered that the punch was her actual motive. We have forgiven her, however, and wish her good luck and best wishes for the future.

Today, introductions are in order for MARY "DIMPLES" ZAGER, the dark-eyed beauty of the Laboratory (right, Ford?) whose duties are many and diversified. As assistant to the Welding Supervisor, she really gets around, much to the enjoyment of all those with whom she comes in contact. From Virginia, Minnesota, she is a true, corn-fed Middle-Westerner. In her three and one-half months of California life, she has made countless friends and proved herself to be a fine person to work with. W. FORD LEHMAN, popular and once-eligible bachelor of the Laboratory, has discontinued all attentions to the other Laboratory women and staked a claim in the form of a perfectly gorgeous diamond on third-finger-left-hand of subject Ryan employee. For a time, we of the neglected group, moaned and bemoaned the fact that our faithful gum benefactor had been dis-

tracted, but with the passing of time, which heals all sorrow, have admitted that it is a good deal and one that promises much happiness to all concerned. Good luck, Mary and Ford. Our fondest hopes and good wishes for your future together.

The Laboratory has undergone some vast improvements lately. We now are surrounded by partitions. Of course it is a great surprise to everyone when they walk in and find the scenery changed, but it is a change for the better. Mr. JIM SCURLOCK, our Director, has an office all his own, and so do we, with room for our files, book cases, etc., etc.

So they promised to bring us the best there is in perfume, so they promised to remember us with candy and flowers . . . and all we heard about was the fish that got away. It seems some members of the stranger sex of the Laboratory went to Ensenada one Saturday after work, returning Sunday, mostly to catch the briny denizens of the deep, so they said. Tripping gayly below the border were MAC, BILL, DON, MARTY, ED, HENRY and JOHNNY CAS-TEIN. A wonderful time was had by all, from their accounts—oh! those hot tamales, those enchiladas, those chili beans, those tacos; ah, Baja California! Perhaps we should rave also about a little girl with golden tresses—no, yes, Marty? Or we should tell of the glories of the beach at Ensenada (how have we missed that spot in our wanderings?). Or we should dream of the color of the water and the number of fish that live in it (fishing is par excellence, say these fellows, who would rather fish than eat—well, almost). Nevertheless, we still haven't received our perfume (and they said they tried hard).



Time Study Observations

By Dortha Dunston

Gosh, what a change in two weeks befell;
I must get acquainted once more.
There are ten brand new personnel
And desks aren't the same as before.

Time marches on and stops for no man
Though a woman may try a red light
As I tried to do in that two weeks span
And receive a surprise at the sight.

Now KENNY was la'te an hour if you like
For he woke up long after dawn.
It seems his alarm had gone on a strike
One morning while I was gone.

Whether a diamond, a heart, club or spade
DON jingles his money these days.
A good poker hand and happy he's made,
And he knows when to quit when he plays.

Now PAUL "ain't" been well since his debut
that night
When he fell from the orchestra stand;
All eyes were turned to the unusual sight
While he made his exit so grand.

DICK bought him a car, all shiny and clean.
And one day with his girl at his side
It acted up and got real mean
And stopped dead still—no ride!

It seems he hadn't bought a spare
For the generator and stuff.
It might have been tired and just didn't care
When it treated the couple so rough.

Recently KENNY has started to school.
His children can't quite figure out.
The question is this as a general rule—
"Kindergarten or high school daddy's
learning about?"

Does anyone have an apartment to rent?
Please notify LOWELL today,
Before an error is made he'll repent
And DICK finds his hair iron gray.

Sprained ankles were popular there for
awhile.
Our casual'y list had two.
Both girls know now that a miss is a mile
If they don't watch their step and step
true.

SMITTIE's resigned to join the Red Cross,
And he hopes to go overseas too.
Here's health and good luck if he does go
across
And best wishes from all the crew.

I've just made a pledge to both MAJ. and
myself
To leave him alone for a while,
So the Chrysler will neatly be placed on the
shelf
And let Maj. point to others and smile.

IRENE and FRANK both left our staff;
Their replacements are hard to obtain.
They both had accuracy, speed, and a laugh.
It's our double loss and someone else's
gain.

S. A. E. Exhibit

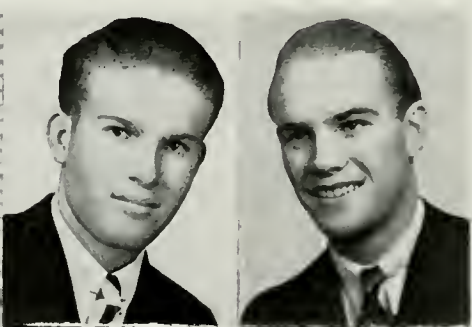


Here is the Ryan manifold display booth as it appeared at the recent meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers in Los Angeles. On hand to acquaint visiting engineers with the workings of the Ryan manifold were Jack Zippwald, shown in picture, and Harry Goodin of Contract Engineering.

They Have Folks in the Service

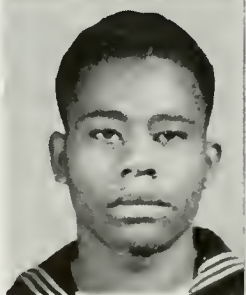


"Charlie" Sherman in Finishing has three service sons of whom he's mighty proud. Standing is Bert of the chemical division of the Air Corps. Seated are Bob, S 1/c, who was in Honolulu during the Jap raids of December 7th, and Joe, S 2 c, a carburetor specialist at North Island.



L. E. Plummer, director of industrial training has two sons in the service. Robert, right, is a private in the Army and is stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Ensign Harold, left, is taking pilot training at Dallas, Texas.

Velma Thomas of Maintenance is backing up her husband, who has been in the Navy since six months before the war. He has survived two carrier sinkings, the Hornet and the Yorktown, and has seen action at Malaya, Midway, Guadalcanal and Attu. At present he is stationed at North Island.



Plant Personalities

by Jack Graham

She's the sweetest little woman in the world, and, although she and her husband, likewise a Ryan employee, have been married for seventeen years, he still calls her "honey." They're a delightful couple to know. They've shared the ups and downs of life and have made a host of friends.

She is a very capable member of the jig set-up division in the Manifold department and he is a leadman in the B-2 stockroom. They're the parents of three children. A daughter, Zono, who is 13, plans and cooks the evening meal and cares for the two younger children, Roymond, 11, and Billy, 7, until their father comes home.

Sunday is a family day and after Sunday School and church they usually head for the beach, a delight for the children, who are all becoming expert swimmers. The family are mighty proud of their beautiful Flemish Giant rabbits and their New Hampshire Red chickens.

The father served in the Quartermaster's Corps of the U. S. Army from 1916 through 1921 and attained the rank of technical sergeant. Before coming to Ryan he served 17 years in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's purchasing department.

Together the couple have a double perfect record. In the past year they've neither been absent nor tardy—a marvelous piece of patriotic work. But they don't stop there. They subscribe \$200.00 each month for the purchase of war bonds.

Introducing with pride an ideal couple—
MR. and MRS. EDWARD EARLYWINE.

Here's a man who at 23 holds the esteem of all who know him—one of Ryan's most congenial and youthful leadmen.

Coming to Ryan in 1940 from Detroit, where he worked for a year at the American Blower Factory during the day and attended Cass Technical School at night, he has made an enviable record.

Back at home in Decatur, Illinois, he and his family, brothers and sister, made athletic history. His sister played on an Illinois State Softball championship team and one of his brothers went on to the big leagues and is a first string catcher on Detroit's American League team.

Always athletically minded himself, he played on the first Ryan plant basketball team along with Eddie Herron and Jerry Lowe in 1940. Since then he has been active in all Ryan sports and has just completed a season as catcher on the All-Star baseball team.

In 1941 he coached and managed the St. John's church basketball team to the championship of the city church league and to second place in the annual city championship. He is now serving his fourth year as a scoutmaster of Troop 54, San Diego Scouts.

His only absence from work came in April, 1942, when he returned to Decatur to marry his high school sweetheart, Kathryn. He was made a leadman in sheet metal in 1941 and is a sincere student of safety factors in manufacturing. With his wife and infant daughter, Judith, he hopes to make San Diego his permanent home. Introducing the man with the friendly smile and ever-helpful hand—genial LARRY E. UNSER.

Inspection Notes

by Dorothy Trudersheim



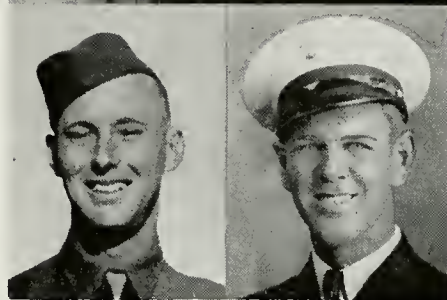
We are slowly trying to devise a plan whereby we can truthfully call this the representative column of the Inspection Department. We would like to have one person from each group of inspectors from all over the plant be responsible for items of interest involving any inspectors or any shift. By the next issue we will have organized such a group. We already have four reporters who have promised to aid us—EDNA FARNSWORTH and CATHERINE COOPER of Receiving, MARY DURAND of Manifold Small Parts and MARJORIE BOLAS of Final Assembly. Cooperation with these people will aid the success of our column. We are still looking for a suitable title. We would appreciate suggestions from anyone in any department. Don't be backward—if you have an idea, turn it in to Crib No. 3. Yours may be the one we want.

Much has happened to some of the members of our department since we last wrote. Prior to this issue we have mentioned two former inspectors in Crib No. 3—AL JOHNSON and JOHNNIE RENNER, who were with us until about one month ago. They made a lot of friends and we were sorry to see them go. Their senses of humor were the contagious type. They enrolled in Fullerton Junior College to begin their higher education—all phases. They were quite thrilled over the prospects of attaining a goal which both had set in the past, and were amazed at the willingness of everyone at Fullerton to help them get started. (Most folk would readily be able to assist these two deserving young men.) As they returned from a theater one Friday evening an alleged drunken driver swerved his car across the white line and gave Johnnie a long cut on his head and several bruises. He is now back in school. Al was not quite so fortunate. He is now confined to his bed at his home in San Diego at 1528 Granada Ave. We are sure he will improve and get back to school, but it will take time. Go out to see him—he would appreciate your visit very much.

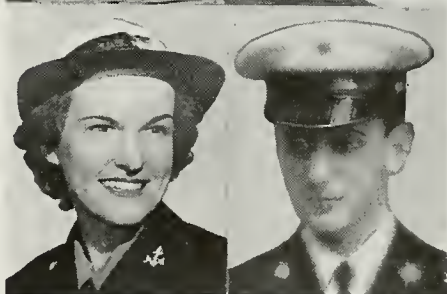
ALICE COLLIER, who was in Crib No. 3 for about three and one-half weeks, has gone to San Francisco to join her husband, who is in the Marine Corps. . . . JEANETTE THOMPSON, also the wife of a Marine, and from good old Kansas City, Missouri, is now in Crib No. 3. . . . INEZ SALAS of San Diego, formerly of Jerome, Arizona, is the new Crib Clerk. . . . PAT, "Dusty" Prettyman's secretary, in Final Assembly, was overheard to say she wished her boy friend could see her in the new building, then she would know if he really loved her or not. . . . The CLARENCE COLES are expecting soon a little bundle from Heaven. They have a little boy, so they're hoping this one will be a girl. . . . When a newcomer to San Diego asked an Inspector the whereabouts

of a certain street, she received the reply, "I don't know, I've only lived here eight years." . . . It seems that SHANNON LONG has an interest in an ore mine in Vancouver, B. C. The other day he received a letter addressed to Mr. S. Long, Vice-President. Don't forget us, Long, maybe we'll need another job some day. . . . Reportorially speaking, Manifold Inspection has been neglected recently, and since this is the largest of the inspection groups, and contains some very interesting persons, we will attempt to better that condition. . . . No column on Manifold Inspection should ever be written without first mentioning the very popular supervisor, their judge, and jury, sometimes their wailing wall, always their friend, cheerful, hard-working—D. J. DONNELLY. To borrow an expression from a leadman, "the best darn guy to work for." . . . ALICE JOHNSON flew to Portland for a vacation with her mother and other relatives. She will soon be back with stories of good times, places she visited and the yummy food that mothers prepare for us when we go home for a visit. . . . Leadman ROBIN SOUTHERN of Small Parts Inspection has returned from his vacation. He fished at Lake Cuyamaca for two days and cleaned and waxed floors for the rest of the time. Yes, that's just what we mean. . . . Perhaps a new tin hat will be sufficient protection from other not so considerate husbands. . . . "DUSTY" PRETTYMAN is really longing to do some lake fishing. If anyone kiddingly suggests going fishing, he will receive the threatening reply, "Remind me to hate you." . . . H. R. LA FLEUR, the erstwhile "Little Flower," Supervisor of Precision Inspection, was recently loaned to the Quality Control Department and sent temporarily to the Los Angeles area. Some of his friends presented him with a handsome brown leather brief case, which was just what H. R. L. wanted for his work. . . . Remember that special write-up about MAC CATTRELL of Engineering in the last issue of the Flying Reporter? He was said to be one of the few remaining eligible bachelors. Don't be fooled—little girls—he is a bachelor, but he is now off the eligible list. Just ask him. . . . SHIRLEY WETHERBEE, the curly-haired favorite of Crib No. 4½, has been ill for two weeks. They miss her and hope that she will return soon. . . . AGNES BOUGHNER recently underwent an appendectomy. She is reported doing very well. Our best wishes go to her, too, for a speedy recovery. . . . New transfers into Crib No. 4½ are: JEAN SACCO, LEONA DAY and ERNESTINE CAPPINGER. . . . There are now eleven inspectors in Crib No. 4½, and since their fence has not yet been built around their new location this presents a real problem for BOB SOTHERN. He keeps his wolf-gun well oiled and primed at all times and the girls have nothing to fear. Dog-gone it! . . . FRANCIS LINDLEY DUKE, formerly of the Cutting Inspection Department, is now in Crib No. 3. She has been ill, but is able to be back at work. . . . Did you know that CARMACK BERRYMAN and JACK BALMER, of Manifold Department, reached the finals of the Annual Industrial Tennis Tournament on October 10, and that Carmack, our demon Magnetic Inspector, has smashed his way through all opposition to the semi-finals of the men's singles? The finals will be played on Sunday, October 17, at the Municipal Courts. Have you seen them play? Their style is a good, steady game with a few fancy shots—that kind that wins. Watch them. They will mow 'em down!

Backing 'em Up



Jo Bell, Manifold Assembly, has a son, Pvt. Colin, Jr., in the Army, and a son, Edward, A.C.M.M., back from Guadalcanal, who is a flight instructor at a Chicago base.



Pnyllis Creel, Accounting, has a sister, Kathryn, in the Waves and a brother, Bill, in the Merchant Marine.

WIND TUNNEL

by Victor Odin

I was sitting on the piazza of the new cafeteria the other day, taying with my demitasse and Petits Fours, listening to the p. a. system give forth the Beethoven Trio, opus 97, and was altogether in a very reflective frame of mind. First I fell to pondering the iniquity of mine editor, who had killed my last column in his quixotic effort to keep this the kind of magazine you can safely bring home to the wife and kiddies. Then I rolled into a favorite rut of mine: viz., the contemplation of the lack of romance of modern engineering.

For instance, that morning I had witnessed a conversation between two group leaders, whom I can refer to only as R. E. G. and F. R. It was a typical humdrum conversation, colorless as our morning skies; and its barrenness alone makes it notable:

R. E. G. has created a mild consternation by entering the new building. Several loftsmen have dropped noiselessly under their tables (an attitude not unfamiliar to them): Group Leader E. A. K. has picked up a baseball bat and is brandishing it menacingly. But R. E. G. passes up these people and intrepidly approaches F. R.'s table.

R. E. G.: Hiya, F. old boy!

F. R.: I won't do it! I won't do it!

R. E. G.: Oh, come now, that's not the attitude to take. You don't even know what I want. After all, it's only a little change—

F. R. pounds his table with both fists.

F. R.: I won't do it!

R. E. G.: Here's how you can do it.

R. E. G., unperturbed, takes out a pencil and begins drawing.

F. R.: Here, draw on this.

R. E. G.: This is your spar. Okay. Now we just cut the spar in half, like so.

F. R.: O my God.

R. E. G.: Then you take out this rib.

F. R.: O my God.

R. E. G.: And cut an access door in the skin, like so.

F. R. is becoming apoplectic.

F. R.: I won't do it! Get out of here! Go away! I never want to see you again!

R. E. G.: Oh, all right. I'll do it some other way. Looks like I have to make some changes of my own. Where is E. A. K.?

E. A. K. picks up his baseball bat again.

Now contrast that with the following report which I found among Professor Euthanasius Pilfer's papers. His vast collection of material on the history of aviation goes back as far as the ancient Greeks, and includes this rare eyewitness report of a conversation which took place between two designers apparently employed by a firm of flying carpet manufacturers in the Bagdad of the Great Caliph:

This day I went to the workshop, and behold, the new great carpet was already upon the loom; unfinished though it was, it was beautiful to see, and I knew in my heart that it would fly fair, and be free of flutter and

oilcanning and other curses which the evil Djinni like to put upon these things. Satan took the flying Djinni, and Grem Linn, the greatest and darkest of them!

And while I stood there, and had conversation with Mustapha Gatitt, and praised him for his exceedingly cunning work, there was a commotion at the door, and I knew that even now someone was being rudely forced by the Sultan's guards to show his seal and the little parchment with the Caliph's signature writ upon it, having gone through that same ordeal myself. Knoves and thieves do not lightly enter the workshop, merely by crying "Open Sesame!"

True enough. In stride the magnificent Ali, he whom the Vizier has put in sole charge of the hemming and fringing of the great new carpet. He approached us and smiled graciously and bowed, so that all his jewels tinkled, and his dagger rattled a little. I felt myself fortunate indeed to be in the presence of so great a personage. He spoke.

"The blessings of our Lord Allah upon both your heads, and may happiness and good fortune follow you forever. May you prosper and may fountains run night and day in your courtyards. I bring you greetings from the Vizier."

We returned his greetings, with much bawing, and spoke for a while of a number of little matters. Yet I felt that Ali was bringing to us news more momentous than mere pleasantries. Then it came to pass that he stepped back several paces and glanced with appraising eye at the carpet.

"Ah, brothers," he said, "how beautiful it is! Never was an artisan as clever as Mustapha, nor so wise. Truly he has been blessed beyond most men; truly Mohammed smiles upon his work."

Whereupon Mustapha smiled modestly, and cast down his eyes. "Thou hast a pleasant tongue, Ali," he said, "and ill do I deserve thy kindness. I merely do my work, and—praise Allah—if it is good, then it is good." He looked up at the glowing tawny-ness on the loom. "But another month, and there will be feasting at the palace, when it is ready for its test by flight."

Ali clicked his tongue twice. "A time for feasting indeed. When the muezzin calls us to prayer, let us pray indeed that it be finished then." He glanced slyly at the loom and coughed a little. "Lest the changes that need be made do not put off too far the day of finishing."

Mustapha glanced up sharply. "Changes. I know of none such. The time is past for changing."

"Time passes but is not past, says the Koran. You will forgive me, O my beloved Mustapha, but it is needful that a little more be done than thou didst think."

"Be brief, Ali," cried Mustapha, perhaps a little impatiently. I thought I saw a great tiredness in his eyes, and was a little sorry for him. "Tell me what it is that hides behind thy words."

Mustapha's resentfulness had found kindred in Ali. His words were edges without a sward. "It may be thou art vain, attaching more importance to thy work than it merits. Remember thou workest not alone, but with hundreds of hands. Thy skill I grant thee, but not thy denial of the skill of others.

"Thou knowest how poorly a flat plate

flies, how it seems to drag through the air? Now, thou hast built this carpet like such a flat plate, and the lift lacketh. Therefore it will be necessary for us to curl over one edge of this carpet that hath gone to thy head, and to give it as it were an edge to lead it. For that purpose I have constructed an ingenious fringe, which thou must find means to put upon the carpet."

At this moment Mustapha began to smite his temples, and to make wailing sounds. "No viper in the garden was ever more treacherous, Ali. A handful of words thou bringest me to ruin a handful of months. Begone, dog. Take heed lest I fell thee."

Ali smiled an ongr smile. "Mind whom thou callest dog lest thou be bitten." He searched behind his beard and found several rolls of parchment. "And mind thou dost not call dogs the gracious authors of these deeds." He began to unroll the documents, slowly and with much testing. "Here is a writ called a Carpet Change Notice. Perhaps that brings authority. Here is that curious script, all blue and white and purple, which mere men refer to only as an eesh. Dost thou see reason yet? And still more, here is a writing from the Caliph's office, and one from the Vizier's office. Thinkest thou perhaps I ought to bring thee the Sultan himself?"

Visibly trembling, Mustapha began to shout. "May Allah spit in your upturned face as you kneel at prayer! May all your children be infidels! May you be cursed in all your coming and going! May——"

That which I had felt inevitable come to pass. Swift, they drew their knives and fell upon each other like two flashes of lightning meeting in the sky. I called upon them to stop, but fearing the flash of knives I did not intervene. And before I knew it, it was over. Mustapha, panting, wiped his blade on his sleeve and sheathed it. "It was Allah's will," he said, mildly and sadly. Then he turned and looked at the carpet again and shook his head. "And doubtless it is Allah's will that the carpet be changed. Be that as it may.

"Meanwhile," and he looked at me, "let us dispose of poor Ali. A clean workshop makes the heart glad."



Douglas Lauds Ryan Service

It's a good feeling to know your work's appreciated and this month the manifold service division of the Sales department felt good. Their job is to follow through on all Ryan products in the field being sure that they give the high-quality performance they were designed to give and ironing out any service problems that may arise. In this work they're constantly contacting all the aircraft companies who use Ryan manifolds.

This month Sam Breder, Ryan sales manager, received a letter from one of these companies. Here's a part of what Douglas Aircraft had to say: ". . . we are most grateful for and impressed by the activities of your Service department in assisting operators of Douglas equipment. We have had the most excellent cooperation from Jack Zippwald and Bob Chase in connection with our C-54 series."

Ryan Trading Post

FOR SALE—Schwinn "New World" light weight pre-war lady's bicycle. Hand brakes. Three-speed cyclometer. Perfect condition. See R. Leedy, Manifold Material Control. Ext. 393.

FOR SALE—\$75.00 takes an Essex 1932 Super 6 coupe with rumble seat. Tires and motor fair, brakes good. Bryce King, 2590, Welding.

FOR SALE—Two-wheel house trailer in good condition. Come and see it. Home evenings and Sundays at 4251 Estrella Ave.

FOR SALE—1939 Dodge business coupe. Good condition. \$750 takes it. M. M. Clancy, Methods Engineering. Ext. 244.

FOR SALE—.22 caliber Stevens rifle in excellent condition and equipped with Marble's sights. \$10.00 cash. Call Russ Stockwell, Contract Administration, Ext. 263.

WANTED—Small table model radio. Contact E. W. Blac, 5624, Inspection Crib 5.

FOR SALE—Star sailboat. Excellent sails, full flexible rigging, recently painted, complete with dingy and mooring. See Pat Carter, Engineering, or call H8-3659.

FOR SALE—11 foot dory. Price. \$10.00. See John McCarthy, 1541, Tooling Inspection. First or second shift.

WANTED—16- or 12-gauge shotgun shells and a Model 70 Winchester 30-06. Will trade a 29S Weaver Scope for shells. Glenn F. Strickland, 1775, Machine Shop.

WANTED—16 mm. movie projector, Kodak or Keystone. Good condition. J. K. Swartz, 1191, Tooling.

WANTED—Small tricycle (2 year size). Contact George Duncan, Manifold, second shift. Or call Talbot 5726.

FOR SALE—Copeland Electric Refrigerator, 5½ cubic foot. Remote control unit. \$100 cash. Refrigerant is S02. Robert L. Wood, 3991, Manifold Assembly. Home address 4218 Mississippi.

FOR SALE—Slightly used all wool, pre-war stock 9x15 rug with floor pad. \$45.00. H. D. Schriver, Contract Administration. Can be seen at 4676 Valencia Drive, Rondo Village.

FOR SALE—Star class boat. Two suits sails. Trailer. \$600.00. Robert Evans, 72, Engineering. Ext. 238.

FOR SALE—1938 Ford Coupe. Radio, leather upholstery. First-class condition. A steal at \$589.00. See Bill Minke, 4072, Manifold Development, or call J-0811.

WANTED—Any quantity of 12 gauge shotgun shells. William Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

WANTED—One electric washer and electric refrigerator. R. S. Smith, 247, Manifold Material Control. Ext. 393.

WANTED—Want to buy jig saw. B. M. Jennings, 651, Airplane Planning, Ext. 271.

FOR SALE—Three room house, furnished. Three lots, close in, beside polo field in Mission Valley. See L. Moore, 6712, Manifold Welding, second shift. Or write to Route 2, Box 93, North San Diego.

WANTED—12 gauge shotgun shells, size 6 or 7 shot. J. Maher, 3445, Wing Department.

FOR SALE—One four-burner Coleman stove like new. See L. Moore, 6712, Manifold Welding, second shift. Or write Route 2, Box 93, North San Diego.

WANTED—One used table model radio. D. E. Decker, 5858, Tool Room. Ext. 346.

WILL SWAP—1935 Ford Tudor for equity in later model car. Will pay balance, if any. Ferd. Wolfram, 3053, Drop Hammer, third shift.

FOR SALE—Philco table model radio and record player, like new. Also 8-tube Delco twin-speaker automobile radio. Call Dale Ockerman, Ryan School, Ext. 296.

WANTED—Bass rod and reel. William S. Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

WANTED—Eastman precision enlarger or any enlarger that will take up to 4x5 size film, William Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—Steel tool box, 14"x7"x5" for \$3. Bob Vizzini, Manifold Production Control, Ext. 230.

WANTED—Four-hole table-top range, late model. Will pay cash. E. W. Noble, 8508, Manifold Small Parts, second shift.

FOR SALE—Late 1939 Mercury Tudor Sedan. Motor in good condition. New retreads, heater, radio. Good point and upholstery. Priced at only \$975.00. See or call M. Ryan, 626, Material Control, Ext. 395.

WANTED—A large tricycle. A. C. Berryman, 2615, Inspection Crib No. 3.

FOR SALE—Photographic equipment. Federal enlarger, practically new for \$25. Tripod, 4 ft., brand new for \$5. Developing set—2 rubber and 2 enamel trays, lamp, frame and all for \$4. Bob Vizzini, Manifold Production Control, Ext. 230.

WANTED—A complete set of Burgess Batteries for a Fisher 8-tube M-T Geophysical Scope, an instrument that locates metal to a depth of 250 feet. Usual price of these batteries is \$7.50. Will pay double or \$15.00 per set plus \$25.00 bonus—a total of \$40.00 cash.

As to type of batteries wanted, three "A" Burgess 4 F.H. Little Six, 1½ volts, General Utility Batteries.

And two Burgess No. 5308 "B" batteries, 45 volts, 30 cells, especially designed for vacuum tube service. See Fred Mills, 3685, Maintenance.

WANTED—Woman on third shift with 17-months-old baby wants board and room and care for baby or will share home and expense with day worker who has child needing care. Ilo Marshall, Manifold department, third shift.

WANTED—Grate and fire screen for fireplace. Sue Gunthorp, 406, Public Relations. Home phone, Henley 3-4323.

FOR SALE—Set of Lufkin Inside Micrometer Calipers. Catalog No. 680A. Perfect condition. Price \$12.35. See J. McCarthy, 1541, Tool Inspection, first or second shift.

FOR SALE—Speedboat with mahogany hull and deck, A-1 condition, 24 HP speedy twin Evinrude motor. Complete with trailer, \$175.00. W. Kohl, 581, Engineering. Or call Glencove 5-3235 after 7.

FOR SALE—1940 Dodge four-door sedan. Good tires, paint and upholstery. Philco custom-built radio. Bill Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

WILL TRADE—Three boxes of 30-40 Krag 180 gr. Corelokt bullets for three boxes of .300 Savage. See J. H. Price, 1759, Fuselage. Home address 2660 K St.

WANTED—1941 special de luxe Chevrolet club coupe in good condition, clean. See I. C. Dickens, 296, Engineering. Ext. 378. Home phone W-2027.

FOR SALE—Six or twelve-string guitar, very good condition, deep toned, Stella make. Will sell for \$14.75. See N. V. Descoteau, 1979, Manifold Assembly. Or call at 4037 Marlborough St.

FOR SALE—My equity in three-bedroom home; \$2,000, with balance of \$2,200 at \$22.15 a month, including taxes and fire insurance. One block from stores and bus, two blocks to school, two miles to plant. Contact J. D. Kinner, 1248, Drop Hammer, second shift.

FOR SALE—Rabbits; 6 does, one buck, and hutches; \$35.00. Contact J. D. Kinner, 1248, second shift.

FOR SALE—Full set of the best assembly and sheet metal tools, with Kennedy machinist tool box; \$100.00 cash. See R. F. Hersey, 1989, Sheet Metal Inspection.

FOR SALE—Gas radiant heater, high buffet, and dog house. L. A. Fleming, 1176, Tooling.

WANTED—Chromatic harmonica in good condition. R. F. Ney, 4938, Manifold Assembly, tailpipe section.



From Fourth Avenue

The Downtown Employment Office

The location is convenient,
The elevator's fine,
So get your duds together
And come to work for Ryan.

The third floor's at your service,
1023 Fourth Avenue,
Just file an application,
That's all you have to do.

There are only two requirements
That might cause you some grief,
And if you thought there would be more
This is a great relief.

One of these is simple,
So don't look so farlorn;
We only have to have the proof
That you're American-born.

The other one is easy, too,
But it's classed with the essentials;
You must have availability slips,
To add to your credentials.

Then MISS McLEOD will greet you
And refer you to EARL KNOTT;
He grills you and endeavors
To find out what you've got.

Then MURPHY writes your name down
And shows you to a seat,
Where you can wait for ODOM
In comfort—off your feet.

Then Odom takes you over
And questions you at length,
Regarding past experience,
Your aptitudes and strength.

If you are strong and hefty
It's Manual production;
If you like to drive or push things,
It's Factory Transportation.

So then you're past the first step
And consider yourself hired;
You're proud of your position,
But you're gettin' kinda tired.

So benches are provided
To keep you sittin' up
Until your name is uttered,
For you to be written up.

So Murphy makes a record
Of your time-worn application,
And you think the job of signing up
Will last for the duration.

But you will soon learn different
For all you have to do
Is sign the forms we hand you—
And there're only twenty-two.

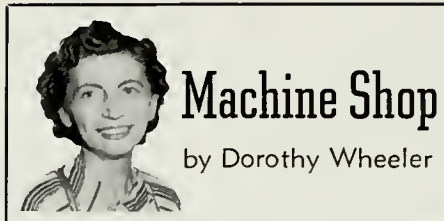
So then you're past the next step
You're all signed up and ready
To have your fingerprints and picture,
But you're feeling quite unsteady.

So MARGIE comes along and in
Her sweet and tactful way
She takes you in her wagon
For a ride around the bay.

You're ready for the next step then,
And this is the procedure:
You go to get a physical,
(And KERMIT SHEETZ will lead ya').

And that is absolutely all,
Except there is a rule
You have to spend eight hours
In our induction school.

So, see there's nothing to it;
We know you'll like it fine,
So get your duds together,
And come to work for Ryan.



I guess that all of us Ryonites are proud that we went over the top in the bond drive. We have a right to feel pride in the result of this special campaign. However, consistent and faithful buying must not be less just because we invested all we could during the drive. In the machine shop are several people who are always in there pitching when it comes to buying bonds. May we present JIMMIE MOORBY, BARNEY HOLBROOK, FRANK FLINT. And then there's WALLIE HINMAN, who has twice increased his bond deductions—substantially, too. Our hats are off to you, fellows.

CLARENCE HUNT, our foreman, was absent for several days because he was suffering from a painful stiff neck. We're glad he's better and back on the job again, but it's too bad he didn't accept some of the proven remedies offered him. He was offered a neck massage, but this he refused, saying that he couldn't help but remember the way his grandmother used to kill her chickens. A man on the mills offered to straighten out all kinks in his neck by applying a little pressure to his chin. And, believe it or not, he ungratefully refused this offer of help. JIMMIE MOORBY suggested a sure remedy which is prepared and administered as follows: Boil one pint of water down to a quart; then drink two glasses of it after going to sleep at night and two more in the morning before waking up. It seems to have cured him, because he's back on the job again.

They tell me that BUD DILLON finds MAINE BROOKS very attractive. For that matter we all do, but he seems to have the inside track right now.

Ask CONRAD ADAMS about his new vase. They say that it came in two pieces and that when he put it together the results were a little wierd.

Our friend FRANK "D. A." PAGE stopped by to see FRED HAWORTH recently, and he says that Fred is better and will try to return to work soon. Hope so, for we miss him, and he's a nice guy.

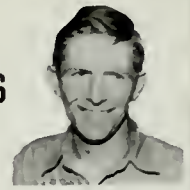
OPAL HALL has a new hobby—riding in a rumble seat. It's a lot of fun naturally, but some of the results are not so good. Tsk! tsk!

BERTHA FRANCES BENNETT is away on a vacation and leave of absence. Her son is home from the services on furlough.

Several new people have recently joined our ranks. On day shift we have JESSIE POST, IVA JOHNSON, and RALPH CLYDE

Wing Tips

by R. F. Hersey



This column brings forth the promotion of WILSON NORTH to Assistant Foreman. Good luck, on your new job. In the near future there will also be some new leadmen. Maybe when this issue is on the street we will all know.

At the writing of this issue, our world series are at a tie, one and one. I hope when this is printed I will have won three bucks. Of course the best team always wins. Could it be St. Louis or NEW YORK? It really doesn't make much difference to me which team wins.

I thought the duties of the department clerk would be at a standstill when MARIE left, but she has returned now. However, I was wrong because we had a real swell substitute—her name, WANDA TREMBLEY.

The Wing department was sorry to hear that our co-worker, Mr. RAPP, passed away.

Our cow puncher, RUFUS KING, has returned to work. He's been home with the flu.

Keep buying those good old war bonds and stamps!

(Ralph is said to have worked for the Wright Brothers and Thomas Edison during the turn of the century). On swing shift our newcomers are LYLAS HAGEL, MILTON GORMAN, MAINE BROOKS, JOHN McKINISTER, and GLADYS PHILLIPS. JUDY BATES is our attractive new dispatch girl on the first shift.

For an interesting tale ask ANNIE and JIMMY about their little jaunt down across the border. Don't worry, everything's under control—his wife went, too.

MARIAN HEISEN has beamed all over the shop lately, but nobody blames her. Her young son is a most active member of the boy's orchestra which helped make the recent concert at the Russ Auditorium such a success.

Remember from an earlier issue about the male quartette some of Machine Shop's musical men planned to organize? Their first meeting was on October 11, and instead of being a quartette the group has grown into an actette. They're hardly started yet, so gather around, boys.

To you who don't yet know him, I'd like to introduce our dispatch boy, HOWARD SMITH. He's intelligent but unassuming, jolly but sensible.

MARY EDNA EASLEY'S cooking is something to dream about. I feel myself waxing lyrical when I even think about it. If you eat one meal with her you'll stay and eat the next one with her, too. I know, for that's what I did.

Machine shop has three men who have not been absent or late for nearly a year. They are EGGY LEACH, BARNEY HOLBROOK and "MacARTHUR" FUCHS. These men have a number of similarities. They're all over sixty, married, and full of humor. Moral: Age doesn't matter, women won't kill you, and laughing helps.



Beauty isn't Rationed

By Frances Staller

Copyrighted 1943

Notice little wrinkles around your eyes? Did you ever stop to think that perhaps your feet were causing them? It's very possible, for when your feet hurt it makes your frown and squint. Especially if you stand on your feet all day, exercise at night is just what you need. Walking around on your tiptoes as often as possible will cure all but the most serious arch coses and will also add to your grace and aid your posture.

When the opportune time permits, cross one leg over the other and move your feet around and around from the onkles, always rotating each foot toward the other. This not only helps your arches, but will help you have those trim and slim ankles. Another good exercise is bending the foot upward from the ankle as though you were trying to touch the leg with the toes. Walking on the outer sides of your feet, cupping the arches toward one another is a great exercise for strengthening the arches.

If your feet are very tired or swollen, a foot bath will help immensely. Put a cupful of epsom salts in a small foot-tub of water as warm as you can bear it and read your book until the water cools. Then dash them off with cold water and massage with your hand cream.

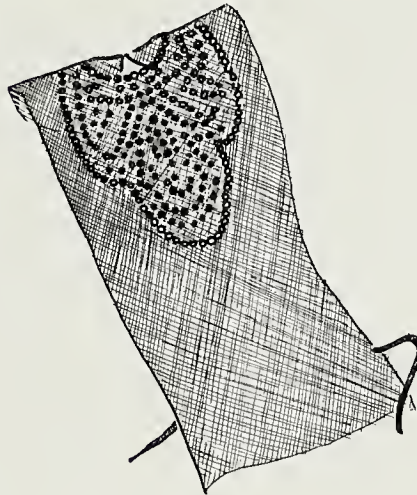
Create an optical illusion if your hips are too large by always avoiding tight skirts and wearing skirts fitted at the upper hips only, flaring slightly from the middle of the hips. Don't wear your belt too tight and always have your belt the same color as your dress. Avoid fancy belts and girdle effects.

By having your dresses and coats well padded at the shoulders it will slim your hips down by several inches, illusively speaking.

Color is again rampant this season for there is a shortage of black dye, so your newest dress will probably be of a soft feminine color. In this case, it would be best to buy a neutral colored coat so that it can be worn with practically any color of the rainbow. Either a black, brown or beige coat can be worn with practically any color, whereas if you buy a bright red coat, your

wardrobe color scheme will be somewhat limited.

Does your purse usually look like a South Sea hurricane just passed through it? If you'll spend a few minutes each night cleaning out your purse and with the help of a neat cosmetic kit, a cigarette case, and a compact billfold, you'll have less trouble keeping your purse neat and tidy. If there is anything that makes a bad impression on a man, it's a purse that appears to be bursting its seams and when opened oozes articles, but never the right one.



Just the thing to add sparkle to your dusky-colored velvet suit, a gossamer sheer black net dickey sprinkled generously with gold or silver sequins. You'll find these at Marston's.

For all the talk about the new smooth-topped hair-dos, there are some of us that just don't have the correct physiognomy to wear this latest dictate of fashion. If your forehead is already too low, a flat-topped hair-do certainly won't do anything

in the way of correcting the tendency. So I'm afraid we must stick to some adaptation of our old favorite, the pompadour. However, do experiment first and see if you can wear this new style. If not, originate becoming changes of your own, but don't wear your hair the same way year in and year out. It not only makes your hair thin in spots where it is continually parted in the same place, but ages you considerably. With a little bit of experimentation, you'll find numerous and ingenious ways of fixing your coiffure. In fact, a new coiffure does your morale as much good as a new chapeaux, and, by the way, is much easier on the bank account.

If you'd like to do your Christmas shopping by mail this year, why not write to Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th St., New York, N. Y., for their catalog. They always pop up with the most unusual gift ideas for even your most hard-to-buy-for friend. But do get started early, for Uncle Sam is asking everybody, please not to wait until the last minute this year to do their Christmas shopping. So let's cooperate.

"This is ready to go to the cleaners again, and I wanted it to wear Saturday night." "With the cleaning situation as it is, it won't be back in time." This is an oft heard conversation these days, but these tips will save your dresses many trips to the cleaners:

1. Make yourself a small bag out of net that will fit over your head with a drawstring around the bottom. If you'll put this on before taking off your dress, you'll prevent your lipstick and powder from coming off on the front of your dress.
2. Always put shields in every dress you own. These are added protection against perspiration stains.
3. After every wearing, if you touch up any spots on your clothes with a non-inflammable cleaning fluid and brush them well, you'll find they will be ready and raring to go the next time you want to wear them.

Feminine Frills For Fall





OLD-FASHIONED STEAMED PUDDING

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 cup bread crumbs | 1/4 tsp. salt |
| 1/2 cup sour milk | 1/2 tsp. baking soda |
| 1/4 cup shortening | 1/16 tsp. nutmeg |
| 1/2 cup sugar | 1/2 tsp. cinnamon |
| 1/2 tsp. vanilla | 1/2 cup raisins |
| 1 egg | 1/2 cup chopped nuts |
| 1/2 cup sifted flour | |

Soften bread crumbs in sour milk. Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy; add vanilla and blend thoroughly. Beat egg and combine with milk and crumbs, then add to sugar and shortening mixture. Mix thoroughly. Sift flour, salt, soda and spices together; add raisins and nuts. Combine with first mixture. Steam for one hour in greased mold. Serves 6.

MOLASSES FRUIT PUDDING

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1/4 cup shortening | 1/2 cup bran |
| 1/2 cup molasses | 1/2 tsp. baking soda |
| 1/2 cup milk | 1 tsp. salt |
| 1 egg | 1/2 cup raisins |
| 1 cup sifted cake flour | |

Melt shortening, add molasses, milk and beaten egg. Mix dry ingredients together, add raisins and stir into first mixture. Turn into greased mold, cover and steam for 1 1/2 hours. Serves 6. Chopped dates may be used in place of raisins.

SPICE PUDDING

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 tblsp. butter | 1/8 tsp. salt |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 1/2 tsp. cloves |
| 1 egg, beaten | 1/2 tsp. allspice |
| 1 cup sifted flour | 1/2 tsp. cinnamon |
| 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder | 1/2 cup milk |

Cream butter and sugar together until fluffy. Add beaten egg. Sift remaining dry ingredients together; add alternately with milk in small amounts, mixing well after each addition. Beat thoroughly and pour into greased pan. Steam about 45 minutes and serve hot with Brown Sugar Sauce. Serves 6.

What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG

Have you thought yet of putting up a few cookies as time goes along so that there will be plenty on hand for the holiday seasons of Thanksgiving and Christmas? Besides it's a morale builder to know that there's a full cookie jar tucked away with goodies in it that you can bring out on a moment's notice and draw oh's and oh's from both the family and your guests. Make a batch of peppernuts, one of plain sugar cookies and top it off with a recipe of date bors. Then after you get the last batch in the oven whip up a pudding and put it away for some holiday treat. They're simple to make and oh so good as a festive dessert for a special occasion. Coche both your cookies and puddings away in a dark, fairly cool spot—and be sure you're the only one who knows their location. (Caution!!—Be sure everything's stone cold when you store it away.)

SUGAR COOKIES

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 2/3 cup fat | 3 cups flour |
| 1 1/4 cups sugar | 1 1/2 tsp. salt |
| 2 eggs | 2 tsp. baking powder |
| 1 tbsp. either orange or lemon juice | |
| Grated rind of either orange or lemon | |

Cream the fat. Add sugar to well-beaten eggs and combine with fat. Add sifted flour, salt and baking powder. Add fruit juice, and rind if desired. Then chill. Roll out thin on slightly floured board. Cut with a cookie cutter and sprinkle with sugar.

ICE BOX COOKIES

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| 1/2 cup brown sugar | 1 egg |
| 6 tbsps. dark corn syrup | 2 cups flour |
| 1/2 cup fat | 1/2 tsp. soda |

Sift flour, measure; add soda and sift together. Cream fat, add sugar, and blend thoroughly. Gradually add the corn syrup,

then the slightly beaten egg. Wrap in wax paper, put in refrigerator. Cut in thin slices and bake in moderate oven for 10-15 minutes.

OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES COOKIES

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 3 cups flour | 1/2 tsp. cinnamon |
| 2 tsp. baking powder | 1/2 cup melted fat |
| 1/4 tsp. soda | 1 cup molasses |
| 1 1/2 tsp. ginger | 1 egg |
| 1/2 tsp. salt | |

Sift flour and measure. Add dry ingredients and sift. Combine fat and molasses; add beaten egg and blend. Stir in dry ingredients in several portions. Chill 10-15 minutes until firm enough to roll. Divide dough in three parts, roll out to 1/4 inch thick. Cut and bake 10-12 minutes at 375°.

OATMEAL COOKIES

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 cup shortening | 2 eggs well beaten |
| 1 tsp. salt | 1/2 cup dates |
| 1 1/2 tsp. soda | 2 cups rolled oats |
| 1 tsp. cinnamon | 1 cup nuts |
| 1 tsp. allspice | 2 1/4 cups flour |
| 3/4 cup dark corn syrup | 3/4 cup wheat germ |

Sift flour, and measure; add salt, soda and spices and sift together. Cream fat, add corn syrup slowly. Add beaten egg and blend. Add all dry ingredients and chopped dates and nuts. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheet and bake in moderate oven for 15-20 minutes. Makes 6 dozen medium cookies.

SUGAR STRETCHER

If you're wondering how to make your sugar stretch, you can adjust your favorite recipe with the following sweetenings. For the reduction in liquid, use less milk, eggs or a combination of both.

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------|-----------------------------------|
| 3/4 cup Honey | = 1 cup Sugar | — 1/4 cup liquid. |
| 3/4 cup Molasses | = 1 cup Sugar | — 1/4 cup liquid + 1/4 tsp. Soda. |
| 3/4 cup Corn Syrup | = 1 cup Sugar | — 1/4 cup liquid. |

VANILLA SAUCE

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1/2 cup sugar | 1 tbsp. butter |
| 1 tbsp. cornstarch | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 1 cup boiling water | Few grains salt |

Mix sugar and cornstarch; add water gradually, stirring constantly. Boil for 5 minutes, remove from heat, add butter, vanilla and salt. Stir until butter is melted and serve hot. Makes about 1 cup sauce.

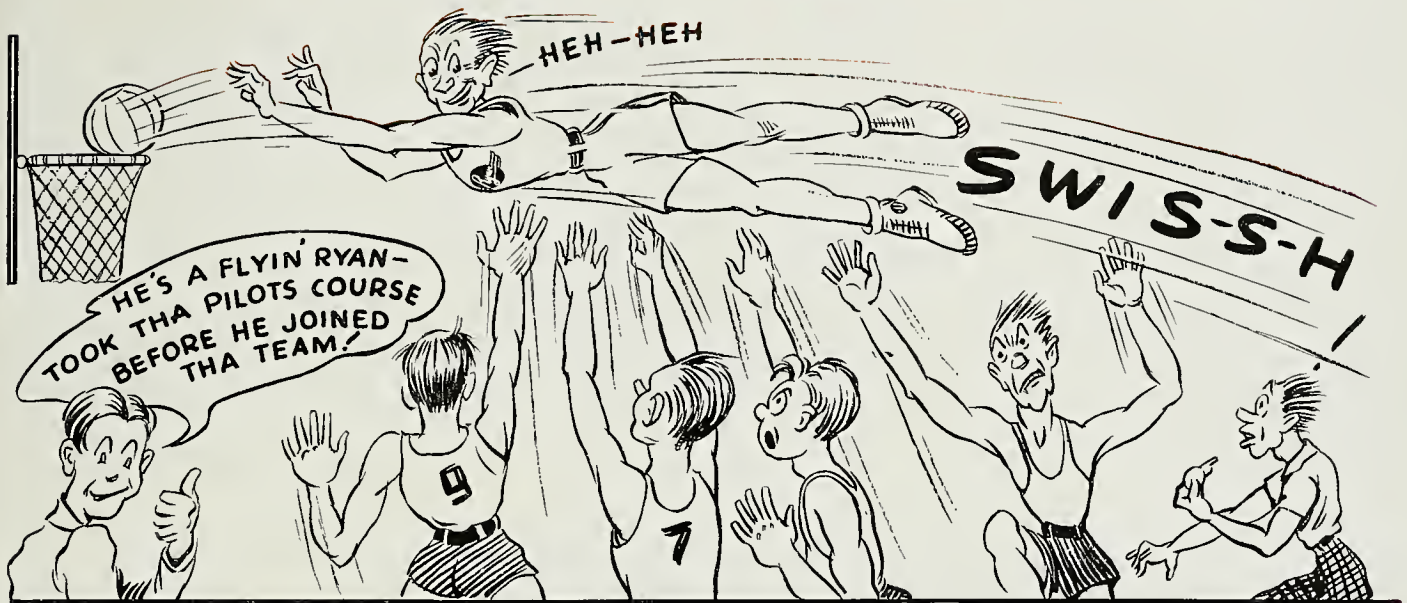
CHRISTMAS PEPPERNUTS

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 2 cups brown sugar | 1 cup nuts |
| 2 eggs | 2 tsp. cinnamon |
| 1 tsp. soda | 1 tsp. nutmeg |
| 1 tbsps. hot water | 3 1/2 cups flour |

Combine egg and sugar. Add water; then add flour, soda and spices which have been sifted together. Add nuts. Roll out to 1/8 inch thick. Cut in rounds the size of a quarter. Bake in a quick oven (450°). Roll at once in powdered sugar. Will make about 75 cookies.



Sport of the Month



BASKETBALL

The Ryan Basketball teams are just getting organized for the winter season. You still have a chance of the All-Star team, or one of the other teams that will play in this winter's games. This is one of the major sports of the year and should draw a lot of interest from you folks who like a really active sport. Come out and toss a few baskets on Thursday evenings at 8:00 at the San Diego High School Boys' Gym. See Travis Hatfield in Personnel for details or call Extension 317.

The basketball season is officially scheduled to start on October 28th but every Thursday night Ryonites are to be found at the San Diego High School Boys' Gym getting in trim and farming teams for the winter's play. The Ryan All-Star team, which will be composed of employees working an first and third shifts, will be managed again this year by Carmack Berryman. It will represent Ryan in the Industrial League and will meet the best service teams in the city and county.

Second and third shifts will also have an All-Star team managed by Ray Halkestad which also will participate in the Industrial League. Practices will be held on Tuesday mornings at 10:00 if enough Ryonites are interested. Contact Ray Halkestad or Travis Hatfield for more details.

A girls team is in the making. Any girls in the plant or office who would like to play on a team are asked to call extension 317 and leave their names. Arrangements will then be made for a suitable time and place to practice.

Basketball enthusiasts at Ryan will be interested to know that Al Unser, a former Ryanite and a star basketball player, is expected to return to work at Ryan within a very short time and will be playing with Ryan the balance of the season. Unser, whose brother works in Sheet Metal, has been catching for the Detroit Tigers of the American League.

Table Tennis

The Ryan Table Tennis Club, although one of the newest organizations on the Ryan recreational list, is one of the most active. The first tournament, which started September 20, drew to a close October 9 and proved to everyone that this club is here to stay. The winner was A. W. Caltrain and runner-up Logie Bennett. Tournament favorite at the start was Rudy Riesz. However, the small but mighty Logie Bennett said, "Whatdayamean? He's got to beat me first." And when the quarter-finals came up, sure enough Bennett was the winner.

Another table tennis tournament will already be under way by the time this issue goes to press. One important change in rules has been made in that any type of paddle may be used. Only sand paddles were allowed in the first tournament. Dark shirts, coats or sweaters must be used for playing. Tables are located at the homes of the following members:

R. S. Cunningham, Ext. 273. 680 Wreton, Pacific Beach.

O. F. Finn, Ext. 335. 4925 Canterbury Drive.

T. P. Hearne, Ext. 376. 1021 Cancord St., Pt. Loma (Phone B-5187).

G. Dew, Ext. 335. 3510 Alabama St.

A women's tournament will also be under way by the time this issue appears.

Tennis

The first annual Industrial Tennis Tournament draws to a close Sunday, October 17th, just too late to make this issue. Outstanding in the tournament for Ryan are Carmack Berryman and Jack Balmer.

Balmer was ousted in the quarter-finals by Hamer Shayler, hard-hitting Consolidated star, in a bitterly fought match, 8-6, 6-3.

In the tandem event, Balmer, paired with Berryman, reached the doubles finals against the Consolidated duo Shayler and Band. Berryman was still in the tournament at the semi-finals, where he was to meet the tournament favorite, Bill Bond of Consolidated.

Pull Off To the Side

We'd hate to see you thoughtful Ryanites get a ticket! So when you stop to pick up a fellow Ryanite along the highway, pull off to the side of the road. We've received a warning from the City Police Department that they are going to enforce the "no stopping on the highway" law and that Ryan workers must pull off to the side when giving fellow workers a lift.

We have also been cautioned to warn employees that Harbor Drive is a divided highway and that only one-way traffic is permitted on the right hand lanes. In leaving the plant be sure to travel only in the direction of normal traffic on your side of the divided highway.

SPORTS



The Score Board

The Ryan All Stars opened the San Diego County Managers Winter League on October 10, 1943, at Golden Hill by defeating the good Camp Elliott nine by a score of 6-3. This game was featured by two line drive home runs by Luther French, the last one being the hardest hit ball seen at Golden Hill since Junk Walters and Henry Gingardi performed in that park.

Jack Marlett also hit a couple of extra base hits that were well hit, and the club as it stands should perform creditably in the Winter League.

The other County game between ABG2 and Consair All Stars went 18 innings with

By A. S. Billings, Sr.

ABG2 winning 3-2. The League has six good service teams in it and the games are scheduled each Sunday at 2:30 p.m. on the following diamonds which are located in different parts of the city: Golden Hill, Memorial Central, Horace Mann and Navy Field, and I feel that you can go to any one and really see a good ball game.

The Club has the added strength of Jewell Marsh, former San Diego High School student, who in his high school days was a great athlete at the gray castle on the hill, and his general all around play will be an added attraction.

Cribbage

The first series of Cribbage games will begin October 25th. Any employee wishing to become a member of the club may do so by calling Extension 317 in Personnel. More than 30 employees compose the club, which meets every Monday at noon in the factory conference room. Team matches will continue throughout November.

Bowling

Twenty-six teams are bowling every Monday night at Tower Bowl. The prize money to be distributed is expected to amount to about fourteen hundred dollars — which ain't hay.

Listed below are the teams and their captains. Watch for news of them as the league progresses.

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| CRAGS | M. M. Clancy |
| INSPECTION | Dave Bracken |
| ARC WELDERS | Mike Sanchez |
| MODELING | E. George |
| LABORATORY | Don Heyser |
| RYANETTES | M. Rundle |
| TOOL ROOM | A. Torgersen |
| THUNDERBOLTS | Jack Westler |
| MAINTENANCE | O. Brown |
| NITE OWLS | J. Robinson |
| BEEES | W. Sly |
| JIGS & FIXTURES | H. Graham |
| PLANT ENGINEERS | Gordon Mossop |
| ENGINEERING | Fred Rosacker |
| BOWLERETTES | Enid Larsen |
| DROP HAMMER | A. Bolger |
| RYAN SILENTS | F. Miller |
| TOOL CRIB | C. T. Barbee |
| MANIFOLD PRODUCTION | N. E. Carlton |
| SUB ASSEMBLY | Jim Keys |
| DOG CATCHERS | H. Hightman |
| EXPERIMENTAL | L. M. Olson |
| RYANETTES No. 2 | Alta Burnette |
| LOW I. Q. | L. E. Plummer |
| BUMPERS | J. G. Conrad |

Ryan employees are also bowling in an eight club league at the Sunshine Bowling Alleys every Tuesday evening at 6:30 o'clock. Most outstanding feature of the league is that it's two-thirds women. This league will be divided into two halves, with the winner of the first half challenging the second half winner for the league championship. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars will be divided as prize money for each half. Team captains are E. Johnson, Lucy Kernes, T. Buck, Dot Blake, E. Lundstrom, F. Parsons and F. Osenburg.

Second- and third-shift bowlers are using the Hillcrest Bowling Alleys for their league play. The teams bowl every Tuesday morning at 10:30. Listed below are the latest team standings:

| | Won | Lost |
|----------------------|-----|------|
| Nite Hawks | 12 | 4 |
| Precision Five | 11 | 5 |
| Plutocrats | 11 | 5 |
| Manifold No. 2 | 9 | 7 |
| Electrocutors | 8 | 8 |
| Drop Hammers | 8 | 8 |
| Ten Pins | 7 | 9 |
| Final Assembly | 6 | 10 |
| Saws & Routers | 6 | 10 |
| Manifold No. 1 | 2 | 14 |

Handball Enthusiasts Start Practice



Dick Hersey of Wing Assembly and Herman Cohen of Final Assembly are keeping in tune for the beginning of the Ryan Handball Club. They are shown here practicing in the San Diego Rowing Club gym.

Ryan handball enthusiasts are fortunate in having as a fellow worker one of the nation's best handball players, Herman Cohen of Final Assembly. Cohen started playing in 1930 and has won the city and county championship seven times. In 1939 he lost the National Handball Tournament to Joe Platak at Cleveland, Ohio, and again in 1939 lost the Pacific Coast championship to Platak, who has been national champ for many years. He's entered and won the city

Y. He'll be on hand as captain of Ryan's handball team, so if you're after some excellent instruction from a man who's a handball expert, plan to get in on the Ryan Handball Club, which is just getting organized. See Travis Hatfield or phone Extension 317 for details.

Hersey, another Ryan handball enthusiast, is also a champ at the game. He went to the semi-finals in the Class B division in 1943 and in 1941 won the singles tournament of Queens County, New York.



SUMMER LEAGUE BOWLING CHAMPS

Bowling champs for the summer league were the Dog Catchers who, during the first half of the league, fought it out with the Alley Rats but always managed to stay on top. The championship game was played against the Plant Engineers, winners of the second half. Captain of the Dog Catchers is Mike Sonchez of Welding, who is shown above holding the trophy. Standing are Robert Gonzales, Welding; Bill Gray, Manifold; Stan DeLeshe, Welding; W. Hudson, Welding, and Homer Hightman, Manifold.

GET STARTED IN A SPORT TODAY

Here are a few notes on a few sports that might be worth your while considering. They all are in need of new members, and you can get more information concerning any of them by calling Extension 317.

Rifle Notice: The Ryan Rifle Club is holding Outdoor Shoots every third and fourth Sunday during the month of November at the Police Range located on Broadway Extension. Indoor shoots every Wednesday night at 7:00 o'clock.

Tennis: Special team matches are being held every Sunday. If interested in joining the Tennis Club, leave your name in Personnel.

Baseball: Every Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock the All Stars, managed by A. S. Billings, meet the opponent selected for them by the San Diego Baseball Association. Watch your Sunday papers for details.

Handball: A new handball club is about to be organized. If you're interested, call Extension 317.

Golf: The first round of the Ryan Elimination Golf Tournament has been completed. It's anybody's win yet regardless of high or low handicap.

Volleyball

The Ryan Employees Volleyball Team has been booking many games against such teams as the San Diego Club, the Y.M.C.A., and the ABG2 Team from North Island. These games are being played once a week. Check the Ryan weekly bulletin as to the time, place and opponent. The starting line-up for games booked for November is as follows:

Herman Cohen spiker, "Maase" Siraton set up.

Bob Chace spiker, "Muscles" Hersey set up.

Speedy Cole spiker, Luther French set up.

Badminton

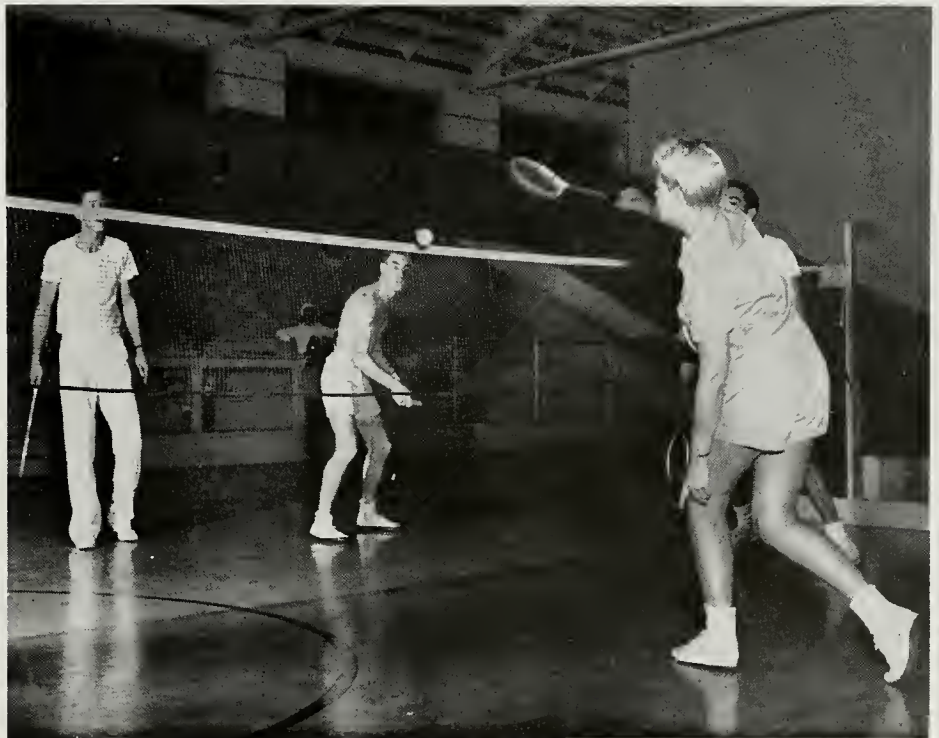
The Ryan Badminton Club is getting under full speed again. So far we have the exclusive use of the San Diego High School Boys' gym every Wednesday night from 7:00 till 10:00 o'clock. But, unless more Ryanites came out and join in this sport, we're going to lose the use of the gym. It's up to you, but we have only a couple more Wednesday evenings in which to prove that we can get at least twenty Ryanites out. Get yourself up a foursome. Invite your friends; bring your wife. But at least come yourself if you're interested in having these excellent courts kept open for Ryanites on Wednesday evenings. Many large organizations would like to have bought the use of the gym for Wednesday evenings, but were turned down in favor of Ryan, providing Ryan can get enough people out.

There is no fee. All you have to do is bring your own racket and bird and wear rubber-soled shoes. You don't have to be an expert. Here's a chance for a swell evening's entertainment free and a lot of good exercise, too.

If you want more information, call Extension 317 or stop in at the Personnel department.

Badminton Courts Available to Ryanites

It's a beautiful shot and Ethel Glassen is the one who just made it! Others of the badminton foursome playing on the courts reserved for Ryanites every Wednesday evening at the San Diego High School Boys' Gym are C. R. Bowman, Finishing, and Bob Wallin, Experimental, on the other side of the net, and Tom Davidson of Engineering playing with Ethel Glassen.





1923
RYAN-STANDARD cabin plane,
pioneer passenger airliner.



1925
RYAN BLUEBIRD, cabin monoplane,
forerunner of "Spirit of St. Louis"



1934
RYAN S-T metal-fuselaged primary
trainer, led trend to low-wing types.



1937
RYAN S-C, cabin plane for private-
owner use, featured all-metal con-
struction.



1939
RYAN STM, first low-wing primary
trainer types (PT-16 and PT-20)
used by Army.



1941
RYAN STM-S2 seaplane, exported
for training Naval pilots.



1943
RYAN PT-25, superbly engineered
plastic-bonded plywood trainer

Earth-Bound No Longer

YOUNG HAWKS OF CHINA'S GROWING AIR FORCE
FIND THEIR WINGS IN RYAN PLANES

Today the eyes of young China are in the sky. Chinese air cadets are now on an even footing with the flyers of other nations.

Ryan is proud of the part played in this by its military trainer airplanes. These sleek, highly maneuverable planes—similar to the Ryans in which American Army pilots get their first training—are being used in China, not only for primary training, but also for basic and transitional instruction.

Since 1940 Ryans have been reliable "work-horses" for the growing Chinese Air Force. Here, as elsewhere, Ryan planes in military service have proved

that RYAN BUILDS WELL.

Ryan's current activities include the engineering, development and manufacture of the most advanced type combat airplanes for the armed services of our country, detailed information regarding which is restricted.

"ESSENTIAL POINTS IN POST-WAR AVIATION." A comprehensive, but realistic, interview with T. Claude Ryan, President of Ryan Aeronautical Company, is now being published under the above title. A man who has been making airplanes for 20 years, gets down to the basic consideration in aviation following the war—one which will affect all business. A copy gladly sent at your request.

RYAN

Rely on Ryan to Build Well



**RYAN
BUILDS WELL**
Ryan construction, proven in aviation's pioneer days, now proven in war, will tomorrow produce safer, more useful peacetime aircraft.



**RYAN
TRAINS WELL**
Ryan School of Aeronautics, famous peacetime air school, now training fine U.S. Army pilots, follows one creed: Thoroughness.



**RYAN
PLANS WELL**
Modern engineering + flying experience. Typical result: Ryan exhaust manifold systems are now used on the finest planes of other manufacturers.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, SAN DIEGO—MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.
Ryan Products: Army PT-22s; Navy NR-1s; Army PT-25s; S-T Commercial and Military Trainers; Exhaust Manifold Systems and Bomber Assemblies.

Ryan

Flying Reporter



PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

ENGLISH RUINS

Vol. 6 No. 9

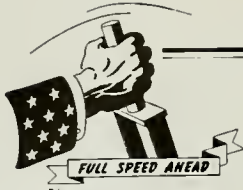
NOVEMBER

12TH

1943

REPORT FROM BRITAIN

AN ACCOUNT OF WARTIME LIFE IN ENGLAND



Our second parking lot, which we opened recently, is another step forward in providing better facilities for Ryan workers. It makes us one of the very first companies in this area to provide free parking lots large enough to accommodate all employees' cars without overflow.

As you know, your company's management is constantly striving to stay ahead of the parade in keeping Ryan "A Better Place to Work." Ryan was the first to open a hot-food cafeteria, the first to provide visiting nurse service, and the first to employ a well-trained full-time women's counselor. I believe that Ryan's housing bureau, which finds homes for our employees, has long been the most efficient in San Diego; I believe that our help in solving problems of child care, transportation, and other personal difficulties compares very favorably with the help supplied by any other company.

This Ryan leadership is doubtless one of the big reasons why we have high Ryan morale. We've been able to attract high-type workers who come through magnificently on every War Bond drive, Red Cross Blood Donor campaign, War Chest appeal, and every other worthy project that comes along—as well as turning out more and more war supplies faster and faster, which is our main job.

Just as the company management is striving constantly to keep Ryan a really better place to work, let's all continue to push its production record higher and higher. Let's make Ryan tops in **every** way!

J. Claude Ryan





Report from Britain

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Ben Salmon tells what life is like in England today

Suppose your gasoline was limited to just enough to make one shopping trip a week, with a diagram pasted on your windshield showing the shopping route along which you were allowed to drive. Suppose further that policemen checked all windshield stickers, and that if you were found more than 200 feet off your prescribed route you were liable for an automatic fine, without trial, of \$1400.

Or suppose that all clothes were rationed, and you were allowed 36 clothes coupons a year—with 28 coupons required to buy a suit of clothes, 7 a pair of shoes, and from 4 to 10 for shirts, underwear and other clothing. Life would really seem complicated under such conditions, wouldn't it?

These are exactly the conditions the British are up against. During the month I spent in England, I found out how severe an existence civilians must lead in a country that has been part of the front-line battleground.

Englishmen are very shabbily dressed, and they look cold, tired and hungry. But they're perfectly cheerful, and determined to get

the war over as fast as they can. The old-time bulldog tenacity of the British has never wavered under either bombing or privation.

I learned many amazing things during my tour of the English aircraft factories. Some of the most surprising—and most encouraging—things I saw cannot be told. But I can say that I saw one huge underground aircraft factory with more than two million square feet of floor space, built on several levels of an old salt mine. Imagine the Consolidated plant in San Diego buried hundreds of feet underground, and you'll get an idea of the size of that English factory. I saw other airplane parts being built in garages and tiny shops scattered all over England, as part of the dispersal system adopted when German bombers were coming over nightly.

In talking to executives and supervisors in English aircraft factories, I was absolutely dumbfounded at the calmness with which they talked about "high wages" which would be the equivalent of a southern share-cropper's pay in this country. The average English aircraft worker gets 15c to 20c an hour (translating his shillings into terms of our money). The absolute top wages, for skilled mechanics with many years of service, is equivalent to 62c an

hour in our money. And aircraft is the highest paid industry in England!

I can't see how British workers manage to live on what they make. The basic working week is 46 hours, with time-and-a-quarter for the next 10 hours, and time-and-a-half starting at 56 hours. Consequently a worker who takes home \$25 a week considers he's doing very well.

These rates were fixed by union contract. They might allow for a comfortable standard of living if prices were low in England—but prices are every bit as high, or higher, than they are here. Cigarettes cost 45c. A skimpy dinner in a restaurant is about \$3.50. When I tried to buy a bunch of grapes that might have cost 10c a pound

(Continued on page 17)

By
BENJAMIN T. SALMON

as told to Keith Monroe. Mr. Salmon, Ryan's chief engineer, has just returned from four weeks in England on government business.

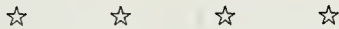
November 12
1943

Vol. 6
No. 9



Flying Reporter

Published every three weeks for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department



EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
Editor.....Keith Monroe
Associate Editor.....Sue Zinn Gunthorp
Sports Editor.....Fred Osenburg
Staff Artists.....Frances Stotler; Glenn Munkelm
George Duncan; Paul Hoffman
Staff Photographers.....Tommy Hixson; Frank Mortin

| Special Features | Page |
|---|------|
| Report from Britain..... —a first hand description of wartime England. | 1 |
| Riveter's Delight..... —a new riveting time saver. | 3 |
| Ideas That Went to Work..... —introducing more idea men and women. | 4 |
| Tips on Telephoning..... —why Ryan boards must be kept open. | 5 |
| Boypower..... —high school youths are good workers | 6 |
| People Who Count..... —more about the Accounting Department. | 8 |
| Five Years or More at Ryan..... —Sam Marchese—Sheet Metal. | 11 |
| Ryan Trading Post..... | 24 |
| What's Cookin'? | 25 |
| Beauty Isn't Rotioned..... | 26 |
| Sports..... | 27 |

| Departmental News | |
|--|----|
| Accounting Accounts by Margaret Nelson..... | 17 |
| Chin Music by Herman Martindale..... | 15 |
| Dispatching by Gerald Ryan..... | 19 |
| Dots and Dashes by Earl Vaughan..... | 23 |
| From the Beom by Pat Kelly..... | 18 |
| Here and There by Jonnie Johnson..... | 13 |
| Hither and Yon..... | 10 |
| Inspection Notes by Dorothy Trudersheim..... | 20 |
| Mochine Shop by Dorothy Wheeler..... | 15 |
| Manifold Production Control by F. Marie Louden..... | 22 |
| Manifold Small Ports..... | 17 |
| Mo Loft Sez by George..... | 17 |
| Plant Engineering by Bob Christy..... | 21 |
| Plant Personalities by Jack Graham..... | 22 |
| Production Control by Maynard Lovell..... | 21 |
| Putt Putts on Parade by Millie Merritt..... | 12 |
| Ryonettes by Ruth Daugherty and Gerry Wright..... | 23 |
| Stocks 'n' Stuff by Manny Fohlde..... | 23 |
| Totting in Tooling by Mary LaRue Williams and Catherine Ann Slager..... | 13 |
| The Downtown Frame-Up by Willie Jessup..... | 22 |
| Time Study Observations by Dortha Dunston..... | 15 |
| Wind Tunnel by Victor Odin..... | 16 |
| Wing Tips by Jimmy Southwick..... | 22 |

Copy deadline for next issue is November 22

The Walking Reporter

By Ye Ed

George Woodard tells with some glee of a young pilot whom he happened to meet socially last month, and who didn't know George's business connection. The young man flies P-38s. "You know, it's a funny thing," he told George in the course of conversation, "but practically all the pilots who have the easiest time learning to fly P-38s seem to have taken their primary training in one kind of training plane. This trainer is a snappy little low-wing job that maneuvers like a million dollars. Somehow it seems to produce pilots who take to P-38s like a duck takes to water." "What kind of plane is it?" George asked. "It's a Ryan PT-22," said the flier.



There was microphone trouble at Ryan this month. Earl Prudden, stepping to the P. A. mike to address a War Chest rally in the lunch area, began speaking about the rally—but what came out of the loud-speakers was an impassioned plea for vitamin pills. Somebody in the P. A. control booth had turned the wrong switch, and cut in an outside radio broadcast instead of the microphone Prudden was clutching. . . . Frank Persons apparently got "mike fright" at another War Chest rally when it came time for him to introduce Jack King. Persons has long been noted for his amazing memory for names, but in intruding King (with whom he'd been working closely on the War Chest campaign for more than a week) he came to a full halt, rubbed his chin, fumbled through his packets, and finally had to turn and ask Jack what his name was. Such memory-lapses are an occupational risk of public speakers; seems as if every master of ceremonies has forgotten at least one name at the wrong moment.



Bill Odom, our ace employment interviewer, was taken aback the other day by an applicant who came in to see about getting a job at Ryan. Bill explained various types of work available, and what the hourly pay was for each. Finally he got to talking about a job which seemed particularly interesting to the applicant. ". . . and this one," Bill wound up, "is a 75-cent job." The applicant said nothing for a moment, but began fumbling in his pockets and finally extracted a fifty-cent piece and a quarter. He handed them to Odom. "I'll take that job," he said.



Some people have been getting tired of that motto you see displayed in so many offices: "The difficult we do immediately" and so on. One Ryan office worker has his own variant posted over his desk: "We make easy things difficult, and difficult things impossible, but it takes us longer to do it."



The standard type of rivet rack, open for anyone to reach in and take a handful. It's obvious how many chances for confusion and waste there were!

A new system for handling rivets is now in use here, which simplifies Ryan rivet-handling considerably. Under the old method, the rivets were placed in open bins, labeled to indicate size and type. A riveter would scoop up a small trayful as needed. But rivets got mixed, or spilled on the floor. Sometimes whole trays were kicked over acci-

Riveter's Delight

How a new, streamlined system of rivet packaging has reduced rivet sorting and simplified rivet handling at Ryan



Everything neatly sorted and labeled, with no way for rivets to get spilled, mixed, or used on the wrong job. Riveters enthuse about the new plan.

dentally. Loose rivets were swept up, and either thrown away or sorted—which is slow and costly.

So Ryan installed a new system. Rivets are automatically weighed and packaged in cellophane bags about the size of a 5c sack of peanuts. Clearly labeled, the bags are placed in rivet bins so that when a riveter needs a certain kind he need only pick up a sealed bag of

them. If he doesn't use them all, he merely twists the top of the bag and holds them for future use.

"Packaged rivets have sharply reduced some manufacturing costs," says J. E. Cooper, assistant to the Production Superintendent. "Let's all help make the system work, by closely following rivet-handling instructions issued by foremen and leadmen."

A special weighing machine fills the bags. It trips automatically when the correct weight is poured into a bag.

An ordinary Addressograph is used to label the cellophane bags according to the type of rivet they will contain.

The cellophane bag is sealed in another machine which closes the end by means of heat and pressure.





Gold medal winners receive their awards from Lt. William Leonard. Left to right they are Stanley Knudtson, O. F. Finn, Lt. Leonard, Win Alderson and W. D. North. In circle to right Lt. Leonard presents Helen Kone with a bronze award.



RYAN employees whose recent shop suggestions have helped speed production here at the plant had an opportunity to learn directly from a combat pilot the value and urgent necessity of their devotion to their production work when Lt. William Leonard spoke at a recent meeting of the War Production Drive Committee at which time he presented awards.

Lt. Leonard for the past two years has been flying with a combat squadron in the South Pacific, first aboard the aircraft carrier "Yorktown" and later from land-based operational headquarters in the Solomons area.

Certainly no one is better qualified to tell Ryan employees of the importance of their job on the production front than men like Lt. Leonard who have been at the battle front. In his talk, Lt. Leonard, who holds the Navy Cross with Gold Star and the Air Medal, very vividly pictured the teamwork between combat pilots which has enabled American flyers to run up such high scores against the Japs. Similarly Lt. Leonard pointed out the necessity for teamwork in the plants to keep equipment flowing from factories to the battle fronts.

Among those to receive awards was Helen Kane of Wing Assembly who holds the distinction of being the first woman at Ryan to receive a suggestion award. She received a bronze medal for the suggestion of a tool which facilitates tightening nuts in close quarters. "I knew I was taking longer than I should at some of these operations where I had to work in a tight spot," Helen explained. "I figured there must be some method of making the work easier so I went to work to find out what it was."

When asked what opportunities she thought women had in contributing shop suggestions for production improvements in the plant, Helen said, "I think women have a much better opportunity than men for seeing ways of speeding up work. Women always have a desire to make the work as

easy as possible and are on the look-out for short-cuts. Then, too, they have the advantage of being the 'new blood' in the factory—that's often quite a help in seeing little changes that speed up a procedure."

Other awards made included a certificate of merit to Charles Brown of Inspection, a bronze bar to W. G. Taylor of Mechanical Maintenance and bronze medals to W. F. Helmer, Sheet Metal; Eugene M. Jones, Manifold Assembly; A. J. McCartney, Manifold Assembly; James Turner, Machine Shop; H. H. Wall, Sheet Metal; Chester White, Manifold Small Ports; and J. M. Bussard, Final Assembly. John Killian of Sheet Metal and G. E. Pegler of Manifold Small Ports received bronze medals with a bar.

Bars to silver medals already received went to Bill Brown of Sheet Metal and K. A. Rush of Airplane Production Control. Silver medals were presented to Bernard Bruce, Machine Shop; Jim Butler, Machine Shop; F. C. Dixon, Sheet Metal; G. F. Haight, Sheet Metal; A. W. Herrington, Tool Room; R. F. Hersey, Inspection; Fred E. Hill, Sheet Metal; Charles Jarvie, Drop Hammer; William Keller, Tool Room; A. W. Kilmer, Sheet Metal; Paul E. Lane, Drop Hammer; Bob E. Miller, Sheet Metal; Grand Sorkiss, Tool Room; W. A. Selby, Sheet Metal; J. M. Skains, Drop Hammer; T. I. Teoford, Manifold Small Ports; Earl Vaughan, Airplane Material Control; S. C. Woyte, Hydropress; Carl Byers, Manifold Assembly; R. J. Spiking, Airplane Dispatching; Albert T. Chevalier, Sheet Metal and James F. Southwick of Wing Assembly. Silver medals with bars were received by Maurice Clark, Sheet Metal; H. A. Foris, Manifold Welding; Morris Sira-ton, Fuselage; Marvin Lee Smith, Drop Hammer and R. G. Stackwell of Machine Shop.

Gold medals were presented to Win Alderson, Inspection; O. F. Finn, Inspection; Stanley Knudtson, Machine Shop; Ed Kuebler, Manifold Small Parts and W. D. North of Wing Assembly. E. L. Williams, Inspection, received a gold medal with a bar.

Ideas That Went To Work

For their recent shop suggestions, these Ryanites received Production Drive awards



Tips On Telephoning

Ryan switchboards are swamped, and additional trunk-lines may never arrive, so emergency measures are necessary. Here's the latest dope on how, and when, to use your phone

By KEITH MONROE

Not long ago a high-priority telephone call was placed in Washington, D.C., for the Ryan Aeronautical Company. When the connection was established all the way from Washington to San Diego, the local operator found that she couldn't get Ryan—all its trunk lines were busy. So the connections to Washington had to be broken down, and reestablished later all along the line.

It wasn't the first time that long-distance callers have been unable to get Ryan. The company's twelve lines (the maximum number it can get from the W.P.B.) are all blocked so often that it's far from funny.

Frequently as many as twenty long-distance calls hit our switchboard within an hour; and when traffic gets that heavy, even a few non-essential calls may be enough to crowd out important business messages.

That's why Ryan has reluctantly had to tell its employees that personal phone calls must be taboo except in emergencies. In order to keep the switchboard as free as possible for the rush of business calls, the Ryan telephone operators have been instructed not to put through outside calls to company employees.

This has always been a rule here—as it is in almost every company—but from now

on Ryan will have to enforce it much more strictly. The company's only hope of getting additional desperately-needed trunk-line installations is to show the WPB that we are keeping personal calls off our switchboard.

Walter O. Locke, assistant to the general manager, isn't happy about the rule. "It's a disagreeable stand to have to take," he says. "I hope Ryan people will understand that we're not trying to interfere with their personal affairs, but that we must try to keep our limited facilities available for business calls."

Therefore, no outside calls can be accepted for anyone except supervisory personnel and certain others whose work involves telephone contact with the outside. The Ryan operators are pleasant and courteous in explaining the situation to anyone who calls in—even though they occasionally have to take some pretty abusive language in return.

The only time a Ryan operator will cut off a call without warning is when she knows someone has tried to trick her. Now and then a caller, aware that personal calls aren't supposed to be placed, tries to bypass the operator by asking for the foreman (who is entitled to receive outside

(Continued on page 12)



Boypower

The old adage that you can't send a boy to do a man's job is being disproved every afternoon at Ryan. High school boys are doing men's work here, and doing it amazingly well, even though they're working only part-time.

Ryan foremen are practically purring about their new help. "These boys catch on fast, work their heads off, and turn out a high-class job on almost anything they try," one supervisor says. "The youngsters

ore turning out to be one of our biggest assets in solving the manpower shortage."

The boys are learning trades that will help them become better soldiers in our highly mechanized Army and Navy, should they ever be needed. These same trades may later become their peacetime occupations. And—to the delight of educational authorities—the boys are saving money, assuming adult responsibility and keeping themselves out of trouble.

The Ryan boypower program originated last summer when the company began to look ahead to the manpower shortage looming on the horizon. Ryan was already using women, older people and the handicapped. But this wasn't going to be enough. An untapped source of manpower had to be found.

Several of the foremen had been using both high school girls and boys during the summer, and found them fast, willing workers. "Why

Foremen crossed their fingers when schoolboys came to work here. But the kids surprised everyone

not ask the boys to keep on working for us, on a part-time basis, during the school year?" they suggested. "Of course, the girls couldn't do it, but maybe schools would let the boys work from 4 o'clock to 8 every evening."

Louis E. Plummer, Ryan's director of industrial training, took the matter up with San Diego school authorities. Together they worked out a plan whereby carefully-picked high school boys could help Ryan turn out warplanes without hindering their education. Work and school activities would be coordinated carefully, with the school helping supervise the job. Then credit for work could be given toward graduation.

Ryan wrote letters to all the boys who had been working at the plant during the summer, inviting them to continue at Ryan on a four-hour basis if their parents and school counselors approved. The boys needed no second invitation. They were flocking to the company within 24 hours after the letters went out.

Some department heads, who hadn't employed youngsters during the summer, kept their fingers crossed when they accepted the high school boys. "I'm afraid these kids

will be too green, and too harum-scarum," one foreman said. "We'd better go slow with them."

But he soon changed his mind. The boys pitched into their work with a vigor that made older people gasp. Instead of playing around, they concentrated so intently on their work that they seldom even cracked a smile. Since the first day they checked in, absenteeism has been virtually non-existent among these youngsters. Idealistic and burning with patriotism, the schoolboys are impatiently awaiting their 18th birthday so they can get into the armed forces. "Until we can fight, we figure the next best thing is to help build warplanes," they say. "Naturally we want to make every minute count, so we don't stall around on this kind of a job."

Parents are enthusiastic about the arrangement. Ryan serves hot meals for their boys in the company cafeteria before and after work; makes sure they are assigned safe jobs; and takes a friendly, fatherly interest in each youngster's progress. Each Ryan foreman or leadman knows his boys by name and frequently stops by their bench to see how they're getting along.

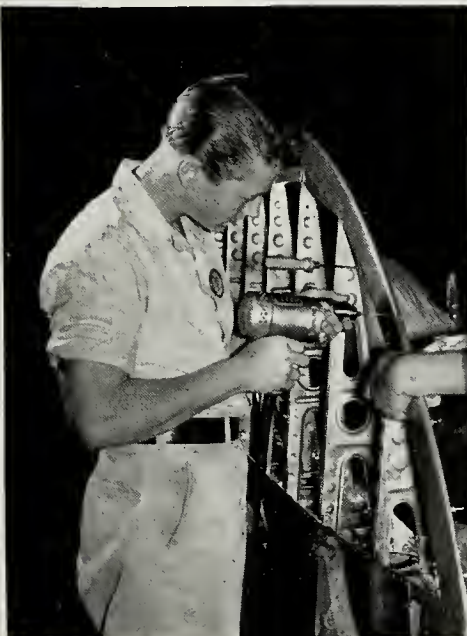
The schools are thoroughly sold, too. Faculty counselors from all the local high schools were shown through the Ryan factory so they could see the conditions under which the boys work. And if any boy falls behind in his school work, Louis Plummer has a friendly talk with him. Plummer was a high school principal and junior college supervisor for 22 years at Fullerton before joining Ryan, so he knows how to keep boys on the right track. His experience in cooperating with educational authorities has also helped Ryan maintain cordial relations with the San Diego schools. The high school officials are full of praise for the company. "Ryan was determined not to dodge its responsibility to the public in its desire to man its production lines," one principal commented. "We feel it has handled these young people very satisfactorily."

And so Junior has gone to war. When peace comes, he'll be experienced, responsible, and ready to make a better future for himself and his country. And in the meantime Uncle Sam is winning the war faster because Junior is taking a hand in the scrap

John Fisher of Final Assembly. Large picture on the preceding page shows Charles Sample of the same department.

Donald Mueller, young draftsman in Ryan's Engineering department.

Joe Heidmiller, schoolboy transportation worker for the stockroom.



"The next time you start figuring out why your current budget didn't work, or when you sit down sometime before the middle of March to play truth or consequences with Uncle Sam, or when you start writing checks for next month's bills, just relax, have a cup of coffee and be thankful."



Jim Nookes

That's the advice of Jim Nookes, the amiable gent with the broad grin who is the company's comptroller and presides over the Ryan Accounting Department. "If you think your own budget accounting is complicated, you haven't seen anything yet," Mr. Nookes continues. "How would you like to have well over 2000 sheets of paper — invoices, purchase orders, receiving reports, discrepancy reports, acceptance reports and just plain reports — flowing across your desk every day, week in and week out?"

"If they flow across, that's swell," comments Jim Miller who handles the Accounts Payable division. "It's

when they decide to stay awhile that they cause trouble."

Up to 11:30 one morning recently 993 forms had come to his desk. Not more than ten minutes after he stopped keeping track, an accumulation of 6000 came in. Across his desk come the purchase orders from Purchasing, receiving orders from Receiving, acceptance or rejection reports on material from Inspection, plus the invoices from the various vendors. All these have to be brought together to furnish a complete picture on each transaction. The Receiving department's report has to tally with the purchase order; all the goods must be covered in the inspector's acceptance report; the invoice from the vendor must check with all of these. That's why it's so important for purchases to go through the regular Receiving Department channels. Otherwise an invoice may be held up waiting for a receiving order when the goods are actually on hand and being used.



Jim Miller

If goods are received by a department direct without having gone through Receiving, the delivery slip showing the items received and the vendor's name should be sent at once to Accounts Payable.

The company doesn't pay by monthly statement—it pays on each individual invoice after all the goods have been received and accepted. That means that if certain parts are rejected or part of the material is backordered, an invoice may hang fire for weeks. All these have to be kept under thumb so that they can be referred to on a moment's notice.

When everything is in order and an invoice is ready to be paid, a voucher charging the expense to definite accounts is made up and a copy goes in to Tabulating where it is later picked up and becomes a part of the company's monthly financial statements. This used to be a fairly simple task. When the voucher system was installed in 1941 only about 300 vouchers a month were needed. Now the figure stands between 1700 and 1800 and is steadily going up.

Before the check is actually sent to the vendor, the voucher with all the papers attached is given a last check by Dick Morse, company auditor. "In dealing with the Navy," says Miller, "errors can't be tolerated. When we present our bill they check back in the files, pull out the original voucher and go through all the papers. If they find an error, they don't have time to go fooling around trying to get it corrected—they just throw the bill out. There'd soon be some vacant chairs in the Accounting Department if that happened very often. That's why everything is checked and then double-

People Who Count

checked by Morse, before the voucher is approved and the check mailed." Incidentally, the Ryan record for prompt payment of bills is rated by Dun and Bradstreet as AAA-1; in other words, at the absolute top.

The counterpart of Miller's Accounts Payable division is Accounts Receivable under Phyllis Creel. Banker and biller de luxe, she's the one who sends out the bills for the products that Ryanites build and she's the one who handles the checks that come in in payment.

Billing is perhaps the most important work of the three girls in Accounts Receivable for if the invoices didn't go out the checks



Phyllis Creel

wouldn't come in and sooner or later there'd be no bank balance with which to pay Ryan employees. Accuracy is absolutely necessary. If the invoices aren't correct, the customer won't pay them and long correspondence may ensue getting the matter straightened out. When only part of an order is shipped, the invoice must be made accordingly and all the papers held until the

packing sheet for the balance of the order comes through.

When Ryan customers send in their checks Phyllis makes out the deposit slip and sends the deposit by messenger to the bank. Sometime during each day she receives from Miller in Accounts Payable a tape of all the checks that have been written in his division and by a little adding and subtracting she can figure the company's bank balance from day to day.

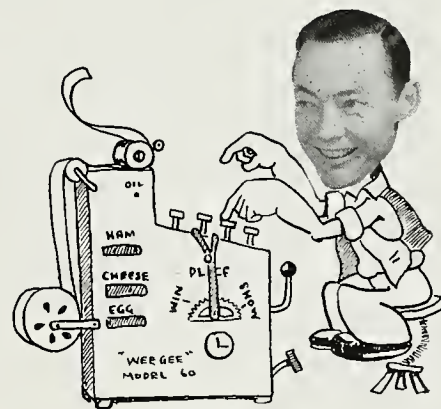
That takes care of the actual billing, but Ryan, like other commercial businesses, also keeps current records of what customers owe and sends out its monthly statements. This is a machine operation and is part of the work of the Machine Bookkeeping section. This division under the direction of Harry Kister today boasts a personnel of 19. Beginning with only one bookkeeping machine two years ago and handling only inventory postings then, it is now composed of five machines operating two shifts and handling inventories, accounts receivable, work in process and employee earnings records.

Back in 1941 when the division was first established, its quarters were a small corner to the rear of the office which is now occupied by Industrial Relations. The recruits numbered two. Its purpose was to maintain physical as well as cost records of all production material of the company. The start was from "scratch." All records were set up in wooden boxes and kept by hand. The first bookkeeping machine was put in use later that year, but early in 1942 the paper work increased to such an extent that another

machine was required. In June two more were added. With this expansion the department was moved out to the factory office building, where the Manifold Planning Department is now, and there it went into competition with several blue printing units. At times it was questionable which threw out the most heat but the blue printing units did hold the advantage of being able to flood the place with water. It was a joyous day when the department moved into its present quarters in the administration building.

Since that day the work of the Machine Bookkeeping section has multiplied. Work in process inventories were mechanized and accounts receivable were added. About then an additional problem was encountered. The company was just entering upon its Navy contract on the SOR-1 and the Army contract on the YPT-25. All the material purchased was to be the prop-

(Continued on page 14)



Harry Kister

By
Sue Zinn Gunthorp

The Ryan production line doesn't hold a corner on accuracy — Ryan pencil work has to be accurate too. When it comes to keeping figures, the Accounting Department is "on the beam"

Hither and Yon

It's a family affair—They all have a personal interest in this war and they're all in it till the end. That's the attitude of the Graw family. Even the children, ages 8, 12 and 15, are out to do all they can in Red Cross work and in keeping up the home so that both mother and father can work in war plants. Mr. Graw is employed at Salar and his wife, Ramala Graw, has been in Manifold Small Parts at Ryan for over a year and a half now. "The children are wonderful," Ramala says. "They are so proud that we're both helping win the war and they pitch in so well around the house in order that both of us can keep on the job."



Ramala Graw
★
Manifold
Small Parts

The Grows have plenty of relatives in the service whose welfare they have in mind, too. There's Lt. Joseph G. Smith, brother of Ramala, who received the Navy Cross for being the first to seek out the Japanese fleet and report their location back to base in the battle of the Coral Sea. A cousin, Lt. Max White, was killed on a special flight mission during the battle for Tunisia. Mr. Graw's brother, Capt. L. L. Graw, is a Japanese prisoner interned in a camp on the Siberian border. A cousin, Capt. Geo. Caldwell, is with the intelligence division in Los Angeles. A nephew, Belmont P. Smith of the Navy, has just graduated and been assigned as a gunnery instructor in Florida. Still another nephew, Frank E. Smith, is a machinist in the Army.

One of the things the Grows are most proud of is the \$3500 they've managed to accumulate in war bonds. Mrs. Graw has also been active in urging Ryanites to donate their blood at the Red Cross Blood Danar bank.

Manifold Small Parts deals with Hard Luck.—Hard luck is no respecter of persons. That's the idea of the members of Manifold Small Parts who have organized a Hard Luck fund for the benefit of unfortunate members in their group.

The origin of the fund dates back several months to a time when three misfortunes in a row befell a young chap working in the department. His fellow workers dug down in their pockets and collected a fair-sized purse, but, much to their surprise, the lad refused it—at least as a gift. When they agreed that he could pay it back little by little, however, he was mighty happy to ac-

cept. From then on, it's been a continually revolving fund. As soon as it comes back in, word gets around of another opportunity to put it to use.

Nobody asks for money. When someone in the department has had a genuine stroke of hard luck, the workers check up on how much is in the fund and the money is promptly put to work. A new girl, in the plant only two days, lost her purse containing all her rent and food money. One of the women, the mother of a big family, had an unexpected expense when her youngest boy broke his leg. A lad lost the money he'd worked all summer to go to YM camp on. That's the kind of thing the money's used for.

The money's always given, but the provision is made that the recipient may return it to the kitty at some future date if he wishes. Not long after that, the money begins to dribble back into the fund—often in small amounts, but still it comes. It's never failed. In fact, there have had to be some rules laid down. Everyone who benefited from the fund wanted to "sweeten the pot" a little when he finished his reimbursement. So the group had to set a maximum of \$1.00 that any member may "overpay" the fund.

Nobody will take credit for having started the fund. In fact, it's been kept so quiet that surrounding departments haven't even known of its existence. As members of the department explain it, "It was like Topsy; it just grew."

Ryanites will remember Bud Graff, formerly supervisor of Manifold Production Control, who left Ryan several months ago to join the Marine Corps. Graff received his boat training at the San Diego Marine Base and was then sent to Quantico, Virginia, for specializing. Ward has just been received that he has just graduated and is now a full-fledged Second Lieutenant.

U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO



Bud Graff
★
formerly of
Manifold
Production
Control

Their sons met.—Capricious fate played strange tricks on the two Marine sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur B. Charles, as second shift Tooling and Welding, respectively. For four months their son, Captain Kenneth Charles, just back from a year of duty as pilot in the famed South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command, made regular trips into Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, before discovering that his brother, Private First Class Burton Charles, was stationed there.

"I knew my brother was in the Marine Corps somewhere, but I hadn't had word

Hot Lunches For Third Shifters

They wanted it and now they've got it. Yes, starting this week third shifters are able to have their hot meal at lunch as well as first and second shifters. Jean Bavet has arranged to have the cafeteria open from 4:30 a.m. until 5 a.m. so that those who work the early morning hours can enjoy a good hot lunch. "It required putting on some extra personnel but we're glad to do it," Jean says. "Those folks need a warm tasty meal in the middle of their 'day' too."



Library Adds New Aircraft Books

Industrial Inspection and Assembly by Edward N. Whittington. Fundamentals on tools and processes with excellent chapters on general factory rules, blueprint reading and shop mathematics.

Fundamental Shop Training for Those Preparing for War Service by John T. Shuman. Prepared for the individual soldier but contains material on shop methods and airplane construction that will be useful to the beginning war worker.

Aviation Mathematics by A. F. Buchan and R. Borthwick. Based on a British text in preparing candidates for the R.A.F. and Air Training Corps. Changes needed to adapt to American use have been made by an experienced teacher.

Combat Aviation by Keith Ayling. A guide and refresher for fighter pilots but also non-technical and written for all interested in air power and what America can accomplish in this field of war.

Technique of Productive Processes by John Robert Cannelly. Basic operations such as casting, forming, joining, material handling, stores, job study, plant service and new equipment are covered in this detailed text on industrial engineering.

Pilot Bails Out by Dan Blanding. Piloting for the air and war minded written from three points of view; as veteran of the first World War, as a soldier in the present conflict, as a civilian during the years between.

I Took A War Job by Josephine von Miklas. Gusto, humor, and keen observation make this commercial designer's account of her experiences as a machinist in a shipyard one that all women in war work will enjoy reading.

from him for months," said Captain Charles as he prepared to go on furlough before re-assignment. "From late last October until early March I flew into Henderson Field regularly without seeing him. And all this time he was working in a communications hut 200 yards from the landing strip.

"Finally one day I chanced to meet a Marine who told me my brother was in shouting distance, and we really had a reunion," Captain Charles related. "It stands out as the high light of months of hauling supplies to Guadalcanal and evacuating the wounded."

5 years or more at Ryan

SAM MARCHESE

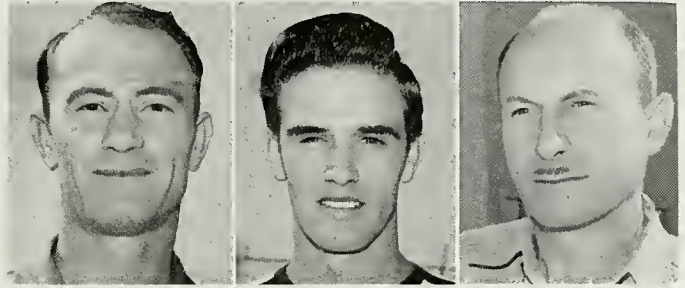
Few Ryanites have a closer interest in the Italian phase of this war than has Sam Marchese of Sheet Metal. Sam was born and raised in Palermo, Sicily. He went through grade school and high school there. Then when the last war came long, Sam joined the Italian army. For 36 months he saw action in the front fighting lines, his only vacation being the months he spent in hospitals. A bayonet wound in the side and an explosion of a bomb close by put him in the hospital on two different occasions. After the bomb burst he was left deaf and dumb and was taken to the hospital but the day after he entered, it blew up killing hundreds of patients. Marchese fled in his nightshirt to the surrounding hills carrying to safety a woman whom he had rescued from the debris. Arriving at a spot of comparative safety, Sam found his buddy who, coincidentally, had picked up the infant child of the woman Sam had saved. It took three months in a special deaf and dumb hospital before Marchese regained the ability to hear and speak.

On another occasion Marchese was one of 3700 troops that were loaded aboard an old transport designed for a capacity of only about half that many. The boat, overloaded as it was groaned and creaked in the heavy seas and eventually gave up all thought of staying afloat. Sam remembers making one wild leap overboard as the vessel went down but from then until he woke up in the hospital many hours later is a complete blank. He never was able to find out how or by whom he had been rescued.

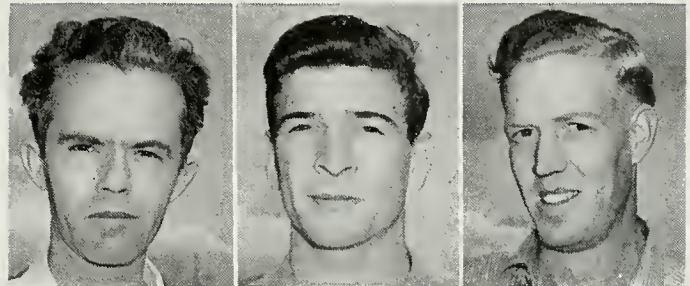
After the war Marchese returned to Palermo and to the girl he had married in 1917. When he'd left for battle Marchese had given up a good job and had left his lovely Italian home. When he came back he was faced with the problem of supporting his wife, his dependent father and mother and bringing the payments on his home up to date before the finance company took it. On top of that he had no job. As the months rolled by, the situation became desperate. Finally Sam and his wife agreed that the only thing to do was for him to look for opportunities in other countries. "I'm going from country to country, and when I find one I like, I'll send for you," Sam told his wife.

In 1921 Sam Marchese arrived in the United States. He went directly to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and soon found a job in an automobile assembling plant there. Evidently he was pleased from the start for he took out his first citizenship papers as soon as he could and seven years later brought his wife to America as the wife of a naturalized citizen. When you ask him

New Leadmen Appointed



New leadmen in Final Assembly on the first shift are J. O. Beery, left; G. L. Humphrey, center; E. H. Pratt, right.



Second shift leadmen appointed recently in Manifold include George Duncan, left; H. E. Graves, center; J. F. Jardine, right.



New leadmen on the first shift in Manifold are J. M. Gleave, left; D. B. Elson, center; J. E. Dadson, right.

what he thinks of America, Sam puts it in few words, "I came here and I want to die here," he says.

In the early thirties Sam and his wife came to San Diego where a nephew, also from Palermo, had an interest in a fishing boat. When Sam joined Ryan in 1936 there were only 49 men with the firm which was then engaged in completing one of its first orders for S-Ts.

Mrs. Marchese has also worked at Ryan. "When we got in this war," Sam explains, "my wife wanted to work too, but her health isn't good and after a while she had to quit. I told her to stay home and I'd work just that much harder for both of us. Since then I've been putting in as many hours as I can. My leadman asks me if I don't get tired. I tell him, 'No, I punch out at night and then I get tired. While I'm on the job working, I'm not tired.'"

TIPS ON TELEPHONING

(Continued from page 5)

business calls) and then requests the foreman to call someone else to the phone. The foreman usually obliges, since he has no way of knowing whether the call comes from inside or outside the company.

However, operators can almost always spot these trick calls, just by the tone of voice in which the outside party asks for the foreman. A girl who listens to voices all day long for several years gets to be a keen interpreter of them. So when a Ryan operator is suspicious about such a call, she listens in—as she has been instructed to—just long enough to make sure that the foreman isn't asked to call someone else to the phone. If he is asked to, then she disconnects the call—with or without explanation depending on how rushed she is.

However, any emergency personal call from outside can always be put through, simply by explaining the emergency to the operator. Anyone inside the plant who wants to make a personal call can easily do so through the pay phone booths.

The Ryan system is much more lenient than that used in many other companies, according to those who are familiar with them. One large San Diego company is reported to cut off anyone who asks for an employee with nothing more than the three-word explanation: "No personal calls." Another aircraft company in the midwest is said to dismiss any employee who makes or receives a personal call.

Another concession which Ryan makes is that it will deliver personal messages to any employee. Any outside caller can ask for the Personnel department, give his message, and be sure that Personnel will see it is delivered promptly. Likewise, any worker unexpectedly kept overtime can notify his family, simply by having the foreman speak first to the Ryan operator and okay the call.

Ryan's operators are all girls who have had long training in the science of handling phone calls lightning fast without losing their pleasant manner. Mrs. Lorna Warren Odom, the senior operator, has been with Ryan well over three years—which probably gives her longer service than almost any other woman in the company. She has been a telephone operator all her life—chiefly on Matson luxury liners, at Sun Valley, and in other spots where she had to satisfy wealthy and hard-to-please customers. Mrs. Odom has a son who is a cadet in the Army Air Forces.

Mrs. Bernadine McCafferty, the other day operator, spent fifteen years with the telephone company before coming to Ryan. Her husband, also a Ryan employee, first met her here. Mrs. Alice M. LaPorte, the night operator, had seventeen years experience with the telephone company before joining Ryan a year and a half ago. She too married a Ryonite. Mrs. Jane Brown, the relief operator, is new to Ryan but has had five years telephone experience.

Ask these girls how to get faster telephone service, and they'll give you several helpful tips. Here's what they say:

Putt Putts On Parade

by Millie Merritt

Looks as though we are on another trip through the plant. News is about as scarce as a Buda when you need one badly. Well, maybe it isn't that bad, either. So, we will look the situation over and see what there is to offer.

Might just start with VIVIAN RUBISH. She's back to work after a ten-day leave of absence. Yep, he come home on furlough after being away much too long (according to Vivian). Rumor has it that this long-awaited husband is going to be discharged and will one of these days become a Ryan worker. We hope we heard right.

When Vivian stepped from her truck to leave, I received my instruction. "Millie, please take over until Vivian returns." It's quite a revelation. We have really stepped up production since I lost covered the stations. It is surely swell to see things humming. But I hardly have time to powder my nose anymore!

MAE MCKENZIE showed us what real spirit is a couple of Saturdays ago. Her husband gets a week-end leave every three weeks and naturally Mae likes to go home and spend the afternoon with him on Saturday. On this particular day the work kept piling up. No matter how fast everyone worked, it still came. Finally Mae made her decision. She decided to work the full eight hours. We thought that showed a mighty swell spirit.

Our "Gold Dust Twins," DOROTHY HALL and VIVIAN RUBISH have been working partners ever since the day they come to work here. When Vivian took her leave we all wondered how Dorothy would react. Well, here's what happened. She rolled up her sleeves and pitched into her job and worked harder than ever. And, that's really working.

"When you dial the operator and she doesn't answer immediately, don't jiggle the hook or dial again—just wait. She'll respond as fast as she can. If you have to wait, it merely means that the operator temporarily has her hands full with another call.

"If you're receiving calls from outside, try to have your callers ask for you by extension number. It's faster than giving the name, and waiting while we look up the extension if we don't know it offhand.

"If you're calling in to report an absence, ask for the ABSENTEE DESK. Too many people ask for Industrial Relations or Personnel, then have to wait while their call is switched from one extension to another.

"If you're making an outside toll call, be sure to place it through the Ryan operator. Otherwise we have no way of knowing what department to charge it against.

"If you're cut off, especially on a long-distance call, don't hang up, but jiggle your receiver to get the operator. If you hang up and call us back, we've disconnected your first call and it's gone without trace. (And don't assume that it must be our

You do look a little happier now, Dorothy. We have a pair of fellows that are making a fine team—LELAND LEFEBURE and DAN DELSO. No doubt you have given them plenty to do or have seen them going through the plant doing their work. Don has been a miner all his life but has taken to aircraft like a duck takes to water. We have his sister, a resident here, to thank for his wending his way to California.

Have you met our second shift crew lately? They are picking up right where we leave off and seeing that everything keeps moving right along.

NINA RAY says "Thanks" to all swing shift departments for their splendid cooperation since she has been placed in charge of our night crew. That's a smart little hoir bow that has been added, Nina. And who should represent the night shift at the Monifold Production Control Picnic for Factory Transportation but Nina, Gil (formally Mr. Ray) and their two children. You should see that five-months-old daughter. She's a doll!

Then we have good and bad news about OPAL MACIUBA. Good for her and bad for us. She is leaving us to keep a promise to the boy friend. We all know how that is and wish you the very best, Opol. But we'll miss you!

Our two new girls, MARY LESTER and JENNIE GRIFFITH, are off to a fine start. We know that by the time this Reporter is handed to you, they will be good friends of each of you. They joined us at about the same time and are all-out for keeping the production lines in high gear.

RUPERT BERG is still in there pitching with the same friendly smile for all and the same determination to do his best. If you don't know him, you should.

fault when you're cut off. There are a dozen ways a call can be disconnected without our having a thing to do with it.)

"If you place a long-distance call—especially a priority one—please, please stay in your office and wait for the call. If we get a long-distance call established and then can't locate you, the connection must be broken down and the operators in the other cities tell us very plainly what they think of Ryan.

"If you want to place a priority long-distance call, be sure to tell us in the beginning that you want to put a priority on it. Occasionally someone asks for a long-distance number, gets impatient after waiting ten or fifteen minutes for it, and calls us back to say 'Better put a priority on that call to So-and-So.' The long-distance operators would like to scratch our eyes out when we do that, because it means they've got to look back through all their records to locate your call, and start all over again to establish the connections. It means ten minutes or more of extra work for the operators, and often it will take longer to get your call than if you hadn't decided to ask for priority."

Tattling in Tooling

by Mary La Rue Williams
and Catherine Ann Slager

In our observations of the previous Flying Reporters, we noticed one thing especially—the magazine was not complete, and after closer scrutiny we found the reason. Our own very interesting department had no representation. After scouting around we found that there was plenty of ability, and an abundance of enthusiasm; but also a very busy group who were content to concentrate their talents elsewhere. We took the matter into our own inexperienced hands, and after filling several waste baskets we have decided that a more suitable title would be "Eye-Strain—Back-Ache—& Shattered Nerves" because we put everything we had into it.

Several new bewildered faces have been added to our fast-growing department. Petite DORIS SCOTT from Detroit, Mich.; and our lone second shifter, sparkling JEWEL DOBBS. The weaker sex has contributed HAROLD BOZARTH, who transferred from Manifold Planning, and JIM McMANUS, a native of San Diego, who was quick to add that he was single, twenty-one, and drove a shiny convertible. We are happy to welcome them all.

We have both our ins and our outs. We regretfully announce that LYNN BARRY will be with us no longer after the 12th. We wish her lots of luck in her new job in Phoenix. (And after all it is closer to that certain Army camp in Arkansas.)

Vacations are in vogue in our department. When this goes to press (if it does) MARY will be basking in the Arizona sunshine (our apologies to the Chamber of Commerce), and CARL ROSENBERGER will be telling us of two long weeks which we hope he spent catching up on his sleep.

Nothing was accepted with more enthusiasm than the Navy Band, which added "that extra something" to our lunch hour several days ago. There was only one thing, in our estimation, which kept it from being perfect—a dance floor (if only to let the jitterbugs expel their energy). There was one particular hep cat at our table who made it impossible to manipulate a forkful of beans from plate to mouth. Sincerely we appreciate the management's efforts to make our lunch period more relaxing, and we hope we may see the same type of entertainment again in the near future.

When I asked Kay to suggest something to put a finishing touch to our article, she responded with a match.

Here and There

by Jannie Johnson

Hello everyone. This is going to be short and sweet as I've been so busy with no time to get around and see what's going on.

I see they have a new leadwoman in Fabric lately. That makes three, and if I do say so myself, they are doing a grand job. More power to you, girls.

Manifold Expert Joins Ryan



W. Kent Wheeler, seated, talking with Bob Chase, exhaust manifold service manager.

Wheeler To Be Dayton Liaison Representative On Manifolds

Announcement has just been made of the appointment of W. Kent Wheeler, formerly of the Martin and Solar aircraft companies, as a new Dayton liaison representative of the manifold manufacturing division of Ryan.

Wheeler, a veteran pilot who frequently flew his own plane on business trips before the war, left this week for Dayton where he will work in collaboration with Paul Hugh Waldman. Waldman has headed Ryan's liaison office with the Army Air Forces there since last June. Wheeler will specialize in

engineering service for the Ryan exhaust systems manufacturing division.

In the aircraft business for sixteen years, Wheeler spent a year and a half as assistant supervisor of production for the Glenn L. Martin Company in Baltimore before joining Ryan. He was with Solar Aircraft Company for ten years, rising to the position of manager of the manufacturing division. Earlier he spent a year with Lockheed, and short periods with several small aircraft companies.

The Dope Shop has had several girls absent these past weeks—colds and the flu seem to be the main cause. We were very glad to see OLLIE DENTON back after several days absence. We would also like to welcome JUANITA CANTRELL who just started to work for the Dope family.

I noticed some Ryan girls (commonly called the "Live Five") down town this week hunting costumes to wear to the Foremen's Halloween dance. Believe you me, I'm saving my last paragraph to explain what they look like.

We are losing one of our most precious little characters next week. Everyone wishes you the best of luck, and all the better things you deserve, MARIE. We'll all be thinking of you and hope you drop us a line now and then.

Congratulations to FRANK FINN this week, as he is now our new supervisor. Good luck and best wishes from the gang, Frank.

They tell me the dance was a riot—positively something out of this world. I do know that some of the costumes were all they should have been. But I shall leave the details to someone else.

Postwar Planning

by L. E. PLUMMER



What are you going to do after the war? Don't you wish you knew! Don't we all! Maybe not. Maybe you're saying, "Why cross that bridge before I get to it?"

I can tell you why you should be at least looking for the bridge before you get to it. In the first place, there are several bridges, not just one, and you've got to cross one of them. They all start near where you are but every last one of them ends up in a different place. By a little careful thinking before you get started across, you can pick out the bridge that will take you just where you want to go. If you don't care to do the necessary thinking and planning, then it's well to remember that you have only a gambler's chance at the best things a postwar period has to offer.

When the war is over we can't all build airplanes or work in a defense plant. There will be airplanes and ships and tanks to build, but not so many as during wartime. Defense industries will require less help. Whom will they keep? You, and you, and you, who have, by training and careful work, become more or less expert in your line. If I do not cross that bridge before I came to it, I shall not be prepared to do anything exceptionally well. So I'll be one of the first to be dropped off the payroll.

Then I'll look for work elsewhere. In doing

so, I shall come into competition with some of you who couldn't or didn't want to stay in defense work. But while you were helping to win the war by working at Ryan, you were also looking into the future. You did some brushing up in the math, and science you needed, then took some work in preparation for employment in Plastics, or Television, or Electronics, or Agriculture. I didn't do that and so I stand back in the line or get pushed clean out while you get the good job you are entitled to.

What should I do to keep such a thing from happening? I can become a better welder, or jig builder, machinist, or engineer by taking some of the extra training that is offered by the University of California, San Diego State College, our public Vocational Schools or the Ryan Aeronautical Institute training that our own company gives us a chance to obtain free. I can go to one of the counselors employed by the public schools and learn what it takes to be well prepared in any other line of work I care to follow. Then, when the war is over and best jobs are going to best men and the devil takes the hindmost, I'll be in line for one of the jobs.

PEOPLE WHO COUNT

(Continued from page 9)

erty of the U. S. Government and therefore controls much more rigid than before had to be established. Every inch of raw material and every nut, bolt and washer had to be accounted for physically. Cost records had to be in perfect order to satisfy those most exacting of people—the Army and Navy Cost Inspectors. Incidentally, in a recent survey made by Navy Cost Inspectors, this company's records on inventory costs were found to be one of the best in the country.

All production requisitions, numbering 1,000 to 1,500 daily, issued by manufacturing are now being posted within 48 hours to the inventory cost records. All physical inventories taken one night are reconciled within 48 hours. Through this rigid control it has been possible to hold down inventory losses to within .001 percent.

The most difficult job performed by the machines is the accumulative employees earnings records. On the

ledger card set up for each individual employee is shown such personnel information as the employee's full name, social security number, clock number, address, marital status, date of hiring, date of each wage increase and job classification, his individual weekly gross earnings, the various deductions such as Federal Old Age and State Unemployment Insurance and Victory Tax, and the accumulative totals to date of gross earnings, payment on F.O.A. and S.U.I. and withholding tax.



Dance At Y. W. C. A. On November 27th

Doing anything Saturday night, November 27th, you men and women? No? Well then, just head for the Y.W.C.A. at 10th and C Streets around 8:00 and the time you'll find waiting for you will be something to write home about. The Young Business and Professional Girls' Club is responsible for the entertainment. There'll be dancing, modern and old-fashioned, with a super band, along with the yummiest cider and danuts you've ever tasted. Teddie Vizini in Airplane Dispatching has tickets if you'd like to get them ahead of time.

Speak German!



Yes, tell 'em in their own language — the language of airplanes and bombs! Help produce more and more planes . . . by bringing in more and more of your friends to work at Ryan!

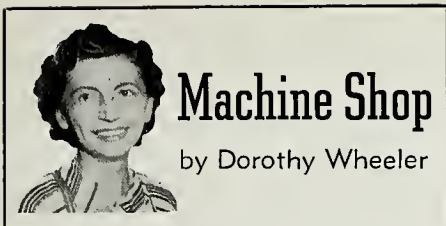
We need hundreds of additional workers here. Your friends and relatives are just the people who can help us. Bring them in! Tell them all the reasons why Ryan is a better place to work — its cafeteria, its spacious parking lots, its efficient Employee Service division, its friendly spirit, and all the other things you like about Ryan.

Make it your business to help us get more people and thus more planes.

That's the best way you can **Speak German.**

RYAN
AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

"A Better Place to Work"



Machine Shop

by Dorothy Wheeler

If this column seems to droop and drag, remember please that there is a good reason for it. You see this is being written the morning after the Foremen's Club Dance. And, brother, I was there! CHRIS MUELLER told me a few minutes ago that he could understand any lack of pep on my part today. According to Chris my dancing consisted of four jumps into the air and only three down. Oh, well, we can't have everything.

There were a lot of very interesting costumes at the dance. Those who didn't wear a costume were fined by a kangaroo court. A certain Machine Shop inspector missed having to pay the fine—it seems his tossed coin motched the judge's.

The outstanding feature of the evening was, I believe, the impromptu solo on the drums done by BUCK KELLEY, night superintendent.

Had you noticed recently the tomato plant growing just inside the plant at the bend of the walk between Personnel and the police desk? It was green and sturdy, undoubtedly meant to produce many fine tomatoes. Sabotage has been done. The plant is no longer there.

Machine Shop again has some new members. On the day shift are CHESTER CAVRE and WAYNE MOORE; on swing shift are WANETA SOUTHERLAND, ERNEST SCHMIDT, MARVIN TOOLEY, WILLIAM MUSICK, and OSCAR NELSON. Glad to have you new people.

FRED HAWORTH is back at work now and looking more nearly like himself. OTIS THATCHER, who recently underwent an operation for a ruptured appendix, is much better.

FRANK FLINT was absent recently because his motorcycle accident and blood donation all in one evening were just a little too much for one man—even a faithful one like Frank.

JIM HUMPHREY is our newest winner of a Suggestion Box Award—a silver award for a rodium tool which facilitates manufacture of certain parts—and especially useful in tooling work.

We are all very sorry to have lost DON POLLOCK to Tooling and JIMMY TURNER to Inspection, but we know they will succeed wherever they are—both are very nice and well-liked.

BOB STOCKWELL has been appointed as leadman over drill presses and burr benches on the second shift. The "Deacon" is a fine fellow and very capable. Congratulations, Bob!

JIMMIE MOORBY'S neighbor, OLIVER ROE, wrote me a letter to tell of Jimmie's propensity for taking a bath in the kitchen while wearing his good clothes. "A bath with a garden hose is better than none," says Jimmie, our Lancastershire wit.

DON MILES, night foreman, had his vacation recently. His constant companion was a cute young lady who can wink as well as Lupe Velez any day of the week. Her name is Diane, she's Miles' oved "best girl," and his daughter of tender years.

Have you heard about ROBBIE'S and IRMA LEE'S bet? Why don't you ask them!

And then there's RUTH MOSS who treasures her rabbit's foot. Look how it helped her find a nice place to live.

Thought for the issue: We all like and are proud of our new cafeteria. I'm very sure it has greatly improved our total health and morale. It is up to us to do everything we can to help it and nothing at all to harm it. We breakfast eaters are inclined to be messy about the disposal of our paper plates, cups, and napkins. How about it?

Chin Music

by Herman Martindale

of Manifold Assembly, Second Shift.

WANDA SWINEHART'S son, Lt. C. M. Swinehart, honored us by an impromptu visit last week. With men like him in the service, we just couldn't lose.

LLOYD HAM is expected back from Ohio soon where he spent his vacation visiting his mother. We've missed him and will be glad to see him back on the job.

It was V. C. MADISON who was passing out cigars awhile back. He's the proud papa of a brand new baby girl.

With the football season reaching a climax, TILLIE and WALDO are matching score cards and even pick a winner now and then. AL GLANDINI is still rootin' for Southern teams.

LINN BLACKBURN is our authority on horse racing and his motto for would-be fans is "Don't bet on the ponies."

ANN CASH received word that her son in Texas has been granted a furlough, so she is off to enjoy it with him. She was presented with some nice gifts from the gang on her departure.

Latest addition to our welders set is G. MEYERS who has been nicknamed "Hiawatha" by H. SIMMONS.

They tell me "WHITEY," Inspection leadman, used to be a star performer in a ritzy night club. Highlight of his act came when he reached out and grabbed himself by the seat of the pants and held himself out at arms length.

Decided I'd better do a little bragging about my brothers in the service. Lt. John C. Martindale is in India. His insignia is C.B.I. which stands for the Chino, Burma and India theater. Pvt. James D. Martindale is in a Tank Battalion in Fort Benning, Georgia; also I have a brother-in-law, Capt. John R. King, who received the Purple Heart for wounds received in combat while piloting a bomber over St. Nozair, France.

Time Study Observations

By Dortha Dunston



It's been suggested that I let you guess: No personalities, but "who" for the press.

Each one around me reminds me sometimes Of persons or titles or queer little rhymes.

We tease and dispute and have little jokes Just too good to keep—Now connect them, you folks!

But first I'm confused—let's toss up a dime To see who rates "Silver Hoired Daddy" of Time!

Yes, each department has a "Don Juan," And we are no different but have more than one.

Now, who is signed up, do you suppose? None other person than "Wild Irish Rose."

Then a model from Esquire stepped from a page. He didn't stoy long, but we dared not guess age.

The "Duke of Bonus" sits haughty and straight Twirling mustaches and working 'til late.

"Abbott and Costello"?—Well, I don't quite know, But I'm listening hord for I'm told that it's so.

And one day I'll swear that "Clork Gable" come in. A Time Study man hod the girls in a spin!

Of course there's a "Dogwood" with no time to spore Who rushes to work with a rooster tail hair.

"His Majesty," a villain with mustachio Explains from beginning to prove that it's so.

A glomor girl of talkies works here now too; Of travel experience let her tell you!

A cord sharp among us?—Who can that be? This "Diamond Dick" of forty-three?

When so and so cleans off his desk, there's no thunks— A perfect specimen to pitch for the Yanks.

The Coast Guord, Navy, and Marine Corps whirl— Know who she is?—"All American Girl!"

"Norma Sheorer's" double (here's one for books) Is working among us—twin sister in looks.

Two Dr. Livingstons vacationed at once Exploring the wilds and fashionable haunts.

One went to Hollywood and one's 'Frisco bound. There's no doubt about it—they'll both get around!

Now what do you think of a big girl who faints When she goes to the Red Cross ignoring restraints.

A cream puff, a lily, or plain party-waist. I'll confess I regord me with utter distaste.

Now, don't be disturbed for these folks all know To whom I refer and have confirmed it—So—

If I seem caustic, ironic and stuff, It's my school teacher way of running a bluff.

Each member of Time Study offers sincere sympathy to Kenneth E. Colvin upon the recent death of his mother. We want him to know that we missed him during his absence.

WIND TUNNEL!

by Victor Odin

PROFESSOR PILFER AND THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

The other day I had the misfortune to run across the following autobiographical memoir while rummaging through Professor Pilfer's pilfered papers in search of an old T-bone steak I remembered having seen around. I submit it for whatever it is worth, or the price of this issue, in other words.

On second thought, perhaps I ought to make it clear that I am not submitting the T-bone steak, since I failed to find it; anyway, it is several months since I last saw it, and by now it is probably a little gamey.

In connection with this memoir, it is interesting to note that the good Professor had the reputation of being the sort of person who talks to himself, and the following pages go a long way toward explaining this idiosyncrasy. But not entirely, though.

Q u a r t e

At the time of which I write I was employed as a consultant for one of the largest transoceanic clipper manufacturers in Bohemia. My duties were few and simple, as befitted me. Whenever a particularly knotty problem arose, I was consulted by the executives of the firm, and my procedure was invariable. I would wave them haughtily out of my office; then I would brew a cup of tea, lace it with Slivovitz brandy, drink it off, and continue this process until the bottom of the cup was ankle-deep with saggy tea-leaves and fragments of cork.

Then, in a hopplily clairvoyant frame of mind I would ponder over the formations of tea-leaves, which—alas!—were only too frequently irrelevant. Too often they would spell out something like "Jack Faust loves Marguerite" or "Pseudomorphosis" or "Mene mene tekel upharsin," which as everybody knows is the veriest nonsense. Though I sometimes wonder about that last item.

After that, in a sudden passionate fury I would dash the cup, tea-leaves and all, at a rather gaudy archeopteryx which was used to flying around my office at such times. This crash would be the signal for the executives to re-enter the office; after I had been soothed with needless violence they would begin studying the mess on the wall, and usually the tea-leaves would be splattered into some pattern resembling Bernoulli's Theorem or Poisson's Ratio. At which they would clap their hands in glee (my head often being in the way) and retire to their offices to forget the whole matter.

Thus passed many idyllic months. But there came The Day. Everywhere in the croaked little town (it was Bucharest, and when I say croaked I mean crooked) little knots of people gathered about the hoardings, spelling out with trembling lips the fateful words: NOTIZIA MOBILIZATION GENERALE. There was once more the tramping of feet to be heard in the street; bands playing; buxam girls flinging roses at the soldiers; far even now Don John of Austria was leading his battalions to the Danube, to throw back forever the armies of Suleiman the Magnificent.

Then, as night came, the snow began to fall. The little knots of people began to un-knot themselves, and with considerable difficulty, for the snow was turning into rain, and they were all wet. (Ah, who of us is not, if you will forgive a bit of homely philosophy). But the shape of things to come was clear in my mind; I knew only too well what was in store for me. I shuddered and went home to wash my socks.

My farebadings came true. All able-bodied and mentally sound men were drafted into the army, and there fell upon my puny shoulders the almost incredible task of designing, **single-handed** (I had sprained a wrist the previous day), the company's new super-seaplane, the PU2. A great many people will not believe me, but I do not care, as it is not true anyway.

After the first day of work, my hair turned completely gray. The task was simply enormous. I rushed like a madman about the great room, drawing a few lines, rushing them over to an empty desk to stress them, checking the part, estimating its weight, approving it, rejecting it as soon as I entered the Admiral's office, redesigning it, blue-printing it, filing it in the vault, taking it out, releasing it. I tell you I was in a dither.

And down in the vast factory I could hear the peasant girls chanting ancient songs as they tread with bare feet in the great vats of bauxite, pressing out the precious metal; their songs were like the voice of conscience, urging me on to greater efforts. Eheu fugaces! Ah, youth!

When the situation had become intolerable, I did something I had not done in many years. I washed myself, put on my best suit, and went to the great Cathedral, where I prayed for guidance and assistance. That night I slept soundly.

The next morning I hastened to work with a song on my lips, indifferent to the hostile staring of the passers-by. I buried myself in my work, taking time out only to make up new slide-rules as I wore out the old.

Then, suddenly, a wonderful thing happened. I had just signed a drawing and handed it to myself when a voice said, distinctly, "Hold it a minute. There's something wrong there." I looked around in amazement, but saw nobody. Attributing the voice to overwork, I continued in my routine, and the voice said, just as distinctly, "I mean it."

Hesitantly, I scanned the drawing, zone by zone. Ah, there it was. I had put down the wrong next assemblies. I corrected them and mumbled—shameful lest I be seen talking to myself—"Thank you." And the voice replied, "Don't mention it."

Well, I received a lot of help from that voice. Sometimes I'd be drawing something, and it would say, "Better make that part a little fatter. You know—stronger." Then, on due consideration, I would put some muscle on it, stress it, and find it impossible to break.

I came to rely heavily on that voice; I would be manipulating a slide-rule, arrive at an answer, and would be told curtly, "That's wrong." I'd ask why, and the answer would be something like: "I don't know. I just feel it's wrong." Then I'd begin again, and always find an error.

One day, when the end of my project was in sight, I struck up a conversation with the

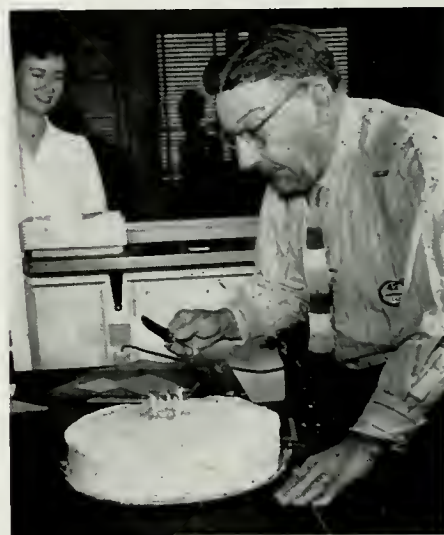
voice and monoged to extract some information. It seems that most of the arts and crafts are ancient enough to have bona fide Patron Saints (as St. Jaan may be considered the Patron Saint of femole generals); but aviation, unfortunately, was too young a field to enjoy such a distinction. Old Leonardo da Vinci, had he been a more godly character, would have been eminently eligible, but as it was he did not even have the distinction of being an angel. So he was out. St. Francis had been considered, but it had been decided that his interest in birds was entirely too impractical.

So there was assigned to me one of the lesser Guardian Angels, and although he knew nothing of airplanes, his wisdom and understanding saved me from many a blunder. Too modest even to give his name, I shall forever be thankful for his compassion.

And the airplane? You ask. Ah yes, the airplane. It finally transpired that perfect though it was, no existing power-plant could lift it from the water; and so it was rigged with fore- and aft-main mizzen top-gallants'ls, and to this day she is still reported as having been hailed on moonlit nights, a ghostly thing. Cutters fire across her bow and she does not answer, does not the Flying Dutchman, but races the winds, all sails bellying and a bone in her teeth, heading for the roadsteads at the end of time.

U n q u a r t e

Six Perfect Years



Fred Tamrell, Maintenance, blowing out the candles on the cake which celebrated his six years of perfect attendance at Ryan.

Six years with Ryan and six years of perfect attendance—that's the record chalked up by Fred Tamrell of the Maintenance department. Some of the office workers decided that such a day shouldn't go unnoticed so they surprised Fred at lunch time with a huge cake bedecked with six candles in his honor. When he was asked to say something, Fred replied, "I like my job—I like the folks I work with—and I want to make it another six years." Tamrell came to Ryan on October 26th, 1937, and has had absolutely perfect attendance ever since.

Manifold Small Parts

NEW TALENT

The Olson tribe is fully represented at Ryan's now. In addition to CARL OLSON and wife DAPHNE, of Small Parts, Department 14 now has Daff's father, AL YORK, punching in daily. The latest recruit did machine work years ago, he says, but was sidetracked as a salesman and assistant hotel manager in Illinois for many years. This Al York has a handsome head of white hair that rivals the Persans pampadaur.

LOIS DAVIS, a newcomer to the department, is a bride of three months, whose former home was Indiana. Her Marine husband is stationed at Kearney Mesa. Transfer of CECIL RUDDICK's Marine Corps husband brought her to San Diego. She grew up and went to school around Puyallup and Tacoma, Wash. MARYETTA MAYABB left Idabell, Okla., only a short time ago.

LAURANE WILLARD, also a Marine wife, had factory experience back in Houston,

Texas. She was a turret lathe operator with the Hughes Tool company there. FLORA SPARKS, just to be different, has an Army husband at Fort Rosecrans, but had a job before this one. After leaving her family home in Kentucky, she worked with General Electric at Chicago.

ADA BOYD had been nursing on the staff of a Los Angeles hospital until she came to town to join her husband, Bill Boyd, of Manifolds. GEORGE MERTENS, on third shift, has been doing machine work for several years, but working in Army Ordnance instead of an aircraft plant.

HERE AND THERE

TED MURRAY is spending leave with his parents in Texas. AL SCHWAB is already back from seeing his folks in Denver, Cal. DAVE WILSON expects to be back Nov. 15 from Colorado, where he is straightening up some property.



Mo Loft Sez

by George



Confusions and rumors are at present reigning supreme in the department. However, we will try to sift a few of the more reliable morsels out of the tangled mess.

That fine upstanding and unpredictable young man, yes we mean "BUBBLES" CROUCH has daad it again. From one of the most reliable sources we have it that "Bubbles" has gone into the theatrical field. Say, Gypsy, how about making it the 12th at the dinner dance for the Wing group. I'm sure everyone would enjoy your song and dance very much.

We have a varied assortment of rumors on that quaint character who always has a good deal for somebody but strange as it seems, the young gentleman(?) always comes out on top. Sure enough, it's none other than PAT CARTER. Pat, as all should know, is now the owner of two boats, two cars and he is trying to lead a double life. What we mean is that Pat has (CENSORED * * *) and that should prove to be very exciting.

The next handsome man about town who has crapped up with a goodly share of rumors is LUKE BRUNOLD. Good old Luke is really having a very tough time convincing a certain someone, could be DOROTHY, that he is as good a piece of manhood as is available during these days of manpower shortages.

Well, the third man of the three eligible bachelors has finally had the hooks put to him. We are speaking of the ex-liftsman FRANK THORNTON. He has already awarded the young lady the first ring. That's what we call fast working, Frank.

Well, well, one mighty little giant, G. I. STONE, entertained us during the other noon hour with a buck and wing with FLORENCE. We can see a lot of room for improvement on G. I.'s part.

Here are a few rumors which have been circulated through the Wing group. These are strictly rumors and cannot be verified at all.

The one about LOU DUNFEE and the reason he has been so slap happy of late, and we wonder why he passed out those cigars. What's the reason for this, Lou? Could be, could be.

There is also one going about a certain fellow by the name of FRED. Perhaps the less said the better.

MORE ABOUT

BRITAIN

(Continued from page 1)

in normal times here, I found they were selling in London for \$5 (25 shillings) a pound.

Of course, part of the reason for this is the rigid class system which still endures in England. A gardener's son has no thought of growing up to be anything but a gardener. A cab driver's son would not be accepted in English life as anything but a cab driver. A British working man never expects to own a car, nor to have central heating or inside plumbing in his house.

The war is beginning to break this up, however. The government has power to yank a worker out of any occupation and put him in any other job where it thinks he'll be more useful to the war effort. It can, and does, make him leave his home and take a position in some other part of England. He can't quit the job assigned to him. Consequently a lot of people are getting a taste of jobs entirely new to them and their ancestors.

Another thing that surprised me was the pitifully antiquated methods of building airplanes which many British factories are still using. Rivets are still pounded in with a hammer, by hand. Pneumatic rivet guns, while in use in some places, are not prevalent. Countless other kinds of work which American factory workers always do with machines are still painfully turned out by hand.

With such methods, it's a wonder that the British turn out such good airplanes as they do. Even so, when I got a close look at the workmanship of their aircraft, none of it was better than average by American factory standards. With the manpower shortage a lot worse in England than it is here, I suppose skilled workers are rarer than six-headed hens.

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Salmon on what he saw during his recent tour of England. In the next issue, he'll tell what he saw of the air war.

Accounting Accounts

by Margaret Nelson

After having missed last issue entirely, we still aren't too snowed under with gossip for this scandal column. But, we'll try digging a little and see what we can find.

Back from being a housewife is ESTHER SHORT who has decided to trade the chores of mopping and dusting for the chores of Accounts Payable. Also new in that branch of the service is "KAY" PATTON. Accounts Payable really made a haul for they deprived us in Timekeeping of VIVIAN HUBBARD. We'll miss you, Vivian, but we know you'll enjoy your new work.

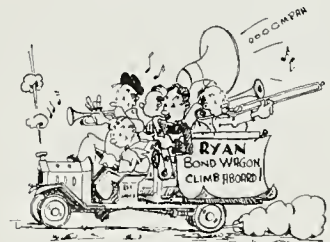
The Traffic division reports that traffic there has been heavy with ALICE LaMONT leaving for New York under the new name of Mrs. J. W. McGlathlin, bride of Lt. McGlathlin. In her place comes TONI ZANKA from Engineering, and also new in the department is GLADYS KENNEDY. Welcome to a swell department, girls.

DOROTHY MANNING of Tabulating has just returned from a vacation that she's still beaming over. What with breakfast at Sardi's and a ringside seat at the U.C.L.A. vs. U.C. football game, who wouldn't be? Off for a one-month leave is FAYE PERRYMAN, also of Tabulating.

Another Account-ess just back from vacation is ALDEAN SCHULZ who returned from a 15-day trip to Saginaw, Michigan. Aldean's husband was on furlough which was good reason for a leave and a wonderful trip together.

More new faces in Accounting, and very lovely additions they are too, are HELEN KING and CLARE GOODRICH in Accounting Inventory and BETTY RADEWAN whom you'll find in Mr. Naakes' office.

Seems as though we don't have much to say about the men in this issue but we do want to extend a welcome to DICK ANSLEY, whose cheerful disposition and pleasant smile have joined forces with the Tabulating department. Between now and next issue we'll keep our ears open for some dirt on the Accounting men.





From The Beam

by Pat Kelly

Bamboo. Most of us are familiar with that tropical plant, especially those who delight in matching wits with denizens of the deep sea. In these days of priorities bamboo has also advanced in value and become a common subject of conversation. However, have

you ever heard an individual addressed thusly, "Howdy, Bomboo?" Or it may have occurred in this fashion, "That chap, he's an old Bamboo." For an explanation of that rather puzzling designation we must go back to the days of '98 when the fighting men wore blue and the battered campaign hat which, when not serving as head-gear, made a fine bucket, pillow, quilt or forage sack. The term "Bamboo," as used above, signifies a veteran of the Philippine Insurrection.

In those days
"When the sweatin' traop train lay in a sidin' through the day
Where the 'eat would make yer bloamin' eyebrows crawl!"
the lads also dreamed of food, and per-

haps their favorite dish was "Mulligan." With the respect due MRS. ESTHER LONG, with bouquets to all the women who struggle to keep meals up to pre-war standards of nourishment and taste appeal, and keeping in mind the present rationing program (as if it could be forgotten), I offer for your consideration MRS. KELLY'S version of "Mulligan."

"As a base, or for the brath, save bones from chops, steaks, roasts, etc., during the week. Add to the solvaged bones all left-over vegetables and vegetable waters. Comes Friday morning, put the bones and "savings" in a large heavy pot with loads of minced onions, minced garlic (optional, of course), diced celery and celery tops (if available), and seasonings. Bring to a boil and simmer gently for several hours. Then add a bit of macarani, rice, dried beans, diced carrots, potatoes, or whatever may be on hand, for a very thick soup. If a tomato flavor is desired, add a can of condensed tomato saup. If short of bones necessary for a good broth, add o bouillon cube or two. I think you will find that acquiring the 'saup solvage habit' will be a tremendous help toward making these brown paints stretch. My family is exceedingly fond of soup; we make a meal of soup, a hearty salad, and o dessert. Sounds silly, I suppose, but I get a glow of satisfaction and a feeling of helping in some small measure to fight the war by moking a nourishing dish from table scraps I formerly tossed in the garbage pail."

Ryanites who work in the extreme eastern section of the plant were pleasantly surprised during a recent rest period to hear masculine voices raised in perfect harmony. Investigation revealed the "Foundry Sextet" picturesquely perched on a pile of castings and singing many of the old favorites. MANUEL LAZONA, EDGAR HENDERSON, BUD KLEIN, GENÉ PATTON, GERRY LOWE and CURLY HOERMANN compose this unique group of merry men.

A photostatic copy of a letter from ELMER RUSSELL, erstwhile M-2 welder, was pasted on the Maintenance bulletin board by RALPH GOTTSCHALK. Russell, now in the Aleutians with the Sea Bees, left here many months ago. He expressed an eagerness for letters from old friends; his address may be had for the asking; let's go!

The somewhat precarious position in which refrigeration man JACKSON wears his trousers has alarmed some observers and our attention was called to an impending catastrophe. We found, however, that a stout belt, backed up with galouses, is ample insurance against anything "happening."

O. L. "BROWNIE" BROWN is the new boss of M-2 welders. "Brownie" is a top hand with either torch or stinger and will do anything you ask providing you make the proper approach, which is to say, you must always bring him a big red apple.

CELIA MIRAMONTES, the little girl who operates the largest of the punch presses, was pursued by a strange-looking gentleman at the circus a few evenings ago. Who was he, may we ask?

If you wish to parlay your football bets, consult electrician PAUL LEONARD, the "Sage of Tuscaloosa." An alumnus of Alabama, where he majored in athletics, Leonard's hobby is picking winning teams throughout the country. Last year he batted out a 91.4 percent selection. This year, in spite of many military transfers of players, he is doing equally as well. Nice gain'.

Costume Dance Heralded Success



Top: The Rushes on the left and the Clingsmiths on the right are the happy winners of \$20 per couple in war stumps presented by Carl Palmer, president of the Foremen's Club at the recent costume Halloween dance. Clayton Rush of Drop Hammer and his wife, Alice, of Finishing, drew prizes for the best Western attire and the Clingsmiths for the most comical. Daor prize went to R. J. Harvey of the Paint Shop.

Lower: A group of Indians who invaded the "peace and quiet" of the party.

Dispatching

by Gerald Ryan



The visual aspects of this column will be improved in the near future by the addition of trim VIRGINIA BRIDGES, Airplane Dept. Clerk, First Shift, to the staff. The Texas girl flourishes under the namme de plume of "Butch," and after Editor Keith Manrae's kleig light coterie have prevailed upon her to smile, an attractive picture will join the balding apparition which has been staring out at you in the past.

All this has come about because of Ryan's continual growth. When Airplane Dispatching moved its office to the new building, your servant was caught with a deadline on his hands, and no working knowledge of the whereabouts of P. MILLS and aides. Ever demacritic in spirit—the writer gave his several readers a rest for an issue rather than alienate them by covering only half of Dispatching. The writer's "several readers" can be boiled down to JIM WHITFIELD, who balstered some said writer's faltering ega by asking, "Why Na Column?" This made a certain old busy-body so happy that he immediately set out to enlarge paints of view as regards Whitfield. Previous inspection had barne evidence that Jim was drummer enough for any big name band. But since Jim's question two weeks ago the writer has been spending many spare evenings along Braadway, accosting service men and callow youth. The line goes something like this, "Say, have you heard Jim Whitfield? You haven't!!! They tell me he's the hottest drummer since Krupa." If anyone whispers "Whitfield far Tawn Maderator" in your ear these next few weeks to come you'll know where it originated. This attack is bound to keep Jim as a reader.

Now the column is guaranteed a second reader—in Airplane Dispatching—because Virginia is bound to look over her own stuff.

Ten-second Dispatching biographies: Pennsylvanian BILL STRAW is one of Manifold Dispatching's venerables. Bill keeps the tough manifold half stamping storage area in perfect shape on the first shift. Bill's the kind of a guy who's been known to slip a buck into a letter to younger ex-Ryan employees now in the service. Although many men of his age would be inclined to hug the fireside easy chair with warm felt slippers on, Bill wants to give it all he's got to help get the war over with. Bill used to be in the grocery business—once had his own store. . . . A new Department Clerk in first shift Airplane is THEODORA "TEDDY" VIZZINI, alder sister of BOB, JR., who used to help Dispatcher GUS BRÉNNER keep manifolds together in pre-jig. Teddie comes to Ryan after employment with the government at North Island. My cupid-minded co-author adds the dash that Teddie is Miss. Kid brother Bab, in addition to attending San Diego High, is happily returning to Ryan on a four-hour shift. . . . We want to mention Miss KATHLEEN "KITTY" SHAMBERGER, but our data on this new Airplaner is meager. . . . Continuing in Airplane—Navy wife FRANCES FONTANA here from Los Angeles. . . . JULIA BATES is a San Diegan

of two years standing and has four children. Her experience hasn't been ordinary—from 1932 to 1934 she was a buyer for dress shaps in Kawlaon and Hang Kong, China. Mr. Bates is in the U. S. Civil Service. . . . An arrival from San Francisca is DOROTHY GASSER (single). She was with General Chemical Company formerly.

Brunette ONITA ENGEL, who seems to be always active in moving manifolds into pre-jig an Swing Shift, hopes her efforts will help get her back to Siaux Falls, South Dakata, and three-year-old son, Roger, saaner. Husband Leray Engel, spot welder on P-47 hoods same shift, was a crack pre-war automobile mechanic. When they came here in May the Engels left behind a cozy, five-room house and expect to return to it. Roger is staying with his grandmother, but Onita admits that the whole family might find the lure of California climate too favorable a comparison to South Dakota winters and return here eventually.

While most of us have been content to continue our daily research into the problem of why one and one make two, AERO M. CHENEY, Shap Follow-Up in jig on the second shift, has shown his versatility by being named Coordination Chairman of Linda Vista. The good citizens even shifted their meeting time to accomodate the affable Ohioan. The new honor is equivalent to that of an unofficial mayor. Cheney has been active in war chest work and musical activities—the daily press tells us.

We draw blinds with this quotation from a newspaper article of Oct. 25: "A new arrival in San Diego is William Howard, of Philadelphia, who seems to have grown up in the museum there. He has just established a studio in La Jalla and arranged for an exhibition of his water calars at the Vincent Pierce Gallery, Las Angeles."—This has to do with our old dispatching associate, WING HOWARD.



San Diegans Must Share Their Cars

Come what may, war plant warkers will get gas. But—they must share rides.

These cars now left at home must be put into service or else transpartation in the San Diego area will shartly become critical. That was the blunt message given to San Diegans by A. S. Segal, executive secretary of the War Area Board.

Segal stated that for the 130,000 wheels on cars used by aircrafters in this area, this manth's allowance by Washington was a mere 500 tires. Unless there is a radical change, Segal predicted the time approaches when gas and tires will be available only to matarists who share their cars. This would mean complete elimination of all "A" baoks.

Although 20 more busses have arrived in San Diego and are being put into public service at the rate of one a day, these are largely replacements for the present busses which, due to lack of mechanics and manpower, are rapidly becoming useless.

Segal, in urging car owners to put their cars to work on a share-the-ride basis, emphasized that the primary function of gas rationing baards was not to take away, but to give. Baards can do a real rationing job, he stated, only when all available cars are put on the road in a way that will aid the war effort.

Engineering Picnic



"It's o dorn good game," says Fred Thudium as he watches the ball game at the recent Engineering Department picnic.



But finding the ball amidst piles and piles of tumbleweeds isn't so much fun according to Bill Poul and Al Crooks.



Keep Your Draft Board Informed

All men are reminded again to notify their draft boards of any change in their marital status or a change in address or of any other change which would affect their selective service classification. It is important that you also notify the selective service desk in the Industrial Relations department of these changes.

Inspection Notes

by Dorothy Trudersheim



We wish to repeat that this column is especially written for all persons connected with the Inspection Department. There have been faint whispers that we write of only the favored few. That may be true but we must remember that each Inspection Crib is responsible for its own news items. (This includes the Second and Third Shifts.) Submit any news to MARY DURAND, Manifold, First Shift; MARJORIE BOLAS, Final Assembly, First Shift; EDNA FARNSWORTH, Receiving Inspection, First Shift, RUTH BARNETT, Crib No. 3, Second Shift, or DOROTHY TRUDERSHEIM, Crib No. 3, First Shift. We want our column to be of interest, but there can be no interest aroused if we have nothing about which to write. It's up to you, Inspectars!!!

Remember our colored Navy swing band who played at the lunch hour an October 29? Plenty of zip and zaz was put into the air.

MYRTLE NICOL, Richmand, Ma., formerly of Crib No. 5 has been away four months and is back in the Inspection Department again. . . . You can tell by the smiling face of PAT OPP, Final Assembly, that she is happy here at Ryan. You can ask her every day if she likes her job and you will always receive the reply, "I am crazy about it." . . . GENE MATTSON, formerly of Final Assembly, Second Shift, has recently entered Merchant Marine Training on Catalina Island. . . . ANNE HYTTINEN, formerly of Crib No. 3, Second Shift, was married to GEORGE PAUL of Dispatching, Third Shift on October 14th. Both left Ryan Oct. 16, to return to Detroit, their home town. . . . You should see the lovely ring MRS. KIRK gave to DELL for his birthday. The anyx-set diamond would make any girl envious. . . . "DUSTY" PRETTYMAN had to come back to work for a rest after his vacation. He spent all of his time putting the finishing touches on his lovely new home. . . . TOM HICKEY and LARRY ANDERSON should be quite contented working in Crib No. 5 now. If you don't know what I mean take a look into the crib sometime. WOW! . . . Wander what "MATE" CAMERON is going to do now that gas is so hard to get for baats? LA VERNE SALBY has to play "Mather" to the Navy, but she daesn't mind it at all. Her husband brings home his friends almost every evening and LaVerne listens to their tales and tries to give them good advice which they certainly seem to want. . . . There are several new women in the Crib No. 4 vicinity, with husbands in the service: TERESA McCORMICK, whose husband is a warrant officer in the Navy; MARCELLA DANIELS, whose husband is a corporal in the Marines; SYBIL MAGELLSSEN whose husband is a pilot of a B-24 in a convoy; NORMA STROMBERG, whose husband is an Army Staff Sergeant. . . . Other new faces in Manifold Inspection are ALMA MOSELY—o transfer from Produc-

tion, PHYLLIS STALNACKER and DOROTHY JOHNSON, the latter's husband is an employee of Ryan. . . . Several in Crib No. 4 and thereabouts have returned from vacations. . . . ALICE JOHNSON visited Portland, Newport Beach, Oregon, and Vancouver, Washington—certainly a wonderful trip! LENNIE CHESTNUT spent her vacation in Santa Barbara. MARY DURAND spent the first vacation she ever spent at home. VERA MALEY stayed home, washed, cooked, etc. . . . EVELYN REID and her husband had soldiers out to their house for dinner Sunday. A good time must have been had by all for the fellows stayed for two days. SHANNON LONG is still on his manth's leave to Vancouver. They miss him in Final Assembly—they admit it. Long is known as a mine pramater in Canada. . . . JACK BOULDIN, new to our Inspection Department, was formerly with Consolidated. A very likable fellow!!! . . . ANN BEVERS (Manifold Inspection), states that her husband who recently had a serious operation is home from the hospital and well on his way to recovery. . . . EMILY BEANE, also of Manifold Inspection has a brother, Hershel, wha was a gunner with the Army

Air Force in England, but now a prisoner in Germany. His father has received the young man's decoration of the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Clusters for Exceptional Meritorious Achievement—His record shows twenty-five trias across the "Channel" as a ball turret gunner in a Flying Fortress. . . . Crib No. 3 has really been a busy place—GEORGE TIEDEMAN is our new Supervisor. . . . WIN ALDERSON, was leadman on Second Shift, is new First Shift leadman. . . . And BUD BRAGDON, formerly First Article Insp. in Machine Shop is the new leadman for Second Shift. . . . LARRY HOWLE of Stamford, Connecticut, was with the Krone Scale & Manufacturing Co. is o new Inspector in Crib No. 3, First Shift. . . . Second Shift reports A. M. KIRKHART, M. P. WILSON, a former Navy Officer and C. L. INGRAHAM, all new in Final Assembly. . . . Manifold, Second Shift, reports several new Inspectars: M. T. PARSONS, P. C. BAIN, M. R. KENDALL, R. H. PORTER, A. V. KOLEY, M. M. ROMERO, and I. F. JENNGER. . . . AL JOHNSON, whom we reported to be improving in last issue was seen ot the Bamber Faatball game recently—you can't keep a good man down!

War Chest Drive



At Top: A. S. Billings, Sr., of Quality Control; Eddie Molloy, Vice President, and W. Frank Persons, Director of Industrial Relations, who directed the noontime broadcast inviting Ryanites to participate in the War Chest Drive and explaining the urgency of this drive in a war year.

Lower: Entertainment for the program was furnished by the colored Navy band which gave forth with some of the snoppiest tunes Ryanites have heard in a long time. The threatening wet weather didn't put a damper on their rhythm ond Ryonites ate it up!

Plant Engineering

by Bob Christy

With our most able columnist leaving us two days before the deadline for the last issue, we failed to report a column. (Which may or may not have been a blessing.) However, we are back again with the highlights from Plant Engineering for this issue.

Let me here issue a warning to all you male owners of "T" shirts. Don't wear them to work. I tried it a few times and aside from having no pocket for badge and I. D. card holders they create a riot wherever they appear in the office or plant. As witness my new nickname, "Sweater Boy." I'm not sure whether it was the sweater or the boy window I poured into it but I shall think twice before wearing one again.

D. H. PALMER was seen diligently searching the requisition files a while back muttering all the while something about being almost positive his requisition stated "1 only—Boy" to be delivered on or about October 16th, but you know how these war orders are, "Take what we have or wait for the duration." However, he seems terribly proud of his new daughter, "Mary Ann Palmer" and we offer our congratulations to both Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, knowing they are sure by now that a girl is darn nice to have around.

While speaking of newcomers we have 3 new employees in the office. Welcome MILDRED GREENE, LOIS GREEN (no they

are not sisters) and J. H. KERSHAW. Also let us say adios to J. R. KENNEDY and wish him luck in Inspection.

Since the opening of the new restaurant I have been missing the 11:15 gossip gatherings that are part of the standard equipment of Plant Engineering. What goes on during these sessions are the life blood of the department and as soon as they are over the participants shut up like clams and my source of news is practically cut off. I guess if I'm reelected to write this column I'll have to start taking a lunch again and attend the noonday gossip sessions. However, little trickles of information have leaked out now and then which leads me to believe that a few selected members of the armed forces have been the main topics of discussion of these sessions so I believe the ladies dominate the meetings.

Some day I'd like to meet the tap dancer who has taken up a defense job for the duration and has a desk on the Second Floor Factory Office. His or her dancing is going to be much improved when the war is over considering the hours spent in practicing from 7:30 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. every day.

We asked F. G. MOSSOP about the parasite that seems to be faintly taking root on his upper lip and he claims that it is a mustache. Well, it may be, but I'll bet it's rationed to three hairs a week. So if we see him after the war he will probably look like N. B. ARCHER, who wears one because without it he says little children scream and run for shelter when they see him.

gratulations, Howard, even if they are a little late—and thanks for the cigar.

VERNE HUMPHREY returned to work a morried man last Monday night having been married while on his vacation. No, Verne didn't say where he was married but did add that they had had a very nice trip. Best wishes to Verne and Eleanor in their married life.

W. J. VAN DEN AKKER, the man who builds himself up as he tears himself down—by putting vitamin pills in his gin, was with us for nearly two weeks. Sorry you weren't here that last day, Van, we missed you. I would gladly have loaned you a few vitamin pills. No kidding we were glad to have you look in on how "the other half lives—and works." Am glad also that your illness was of short duration and that you're back on the job.

I can't get over "Rosie" and after all the things that man said.

* * *

Mr. EARL VAUGHAN (the man who blended the famous Sir Earl tobacco at Ferris and Ferris Drug Co.) can't brag about himself in his own new column, "Dots and Dashes—News and Flosches," so here's the low-down on him. This hard working idea man was recently the first to receive a War Production Drive Award in Material Control Department. His was a silver award, and no doubt, he's planning on a gold one next. Congratulations to the man who has given other office employees a good example of what is possible for them to do also, because Production Drive Awards are not limited to shop mechanics.

H. M. ULBERG.

One Year Record



Mary McFarlane

When Mary McFarlane of Sheet Metal received her one-year service pin recently, there was a special sort of commendation went with it. For that pin represented not only a full year with the Ryon company but also a year during which she hasn't missed a single day of work. "Why don't you wait till next year and write it up for two years," Mrs. McFarlane asks, "because if the war's still on, I'll be here. And I'm willing to bet ahead of time that it'll be another year without a miss."

Mrs. McFarlane has plenty to buck up that bet. Perfect attendance records seem to be duck soup for the entire McFarlane family. Mrs. McFarlane's father worked 25 years for one company with only 5 days sick leave. Her husband has been 22 years with the same company and has had only 10 days sick leave. And her daughter Yvonne, has completed her 10th year of school in San Diego without ever being absent or tardy.



Get Out Your Old Records

Are there any old records kicking around in your record cabinet in the living room—any that you're tired of hearing or that you play only once in a long while? There are a lot of fellows out in the war zones who would like a chance to relax for a few minutes when things are quiet and listen to those very records. Whether they're classical or popular, they'll furnish hours of enjoyment and relaxation out where moments of peace are at a premium.

Go through your cabinet or get those records down off the closet shelf and find a few among them that you can get along without. All next week, starting Monday the Tool Room in the factory and the Personnel department in the office building will accept any records that Ryonites bring in and will turn them over to the American Legion to be shipped overseas.



Production Control

by Maynard Lovell

Second shift foreman slipping—

"ROSIE" BARTHOL, genial foreman of Finish on second shift, is now finished—with single blessedness. Yes, "Rosie" said "Wilt thou?" and she "Wilted." "Rosie" Barthol and LOUISE NAVA were married October 29th. The second shift wishes them the best of everything that life holds for the two nice people that they are.

In the last issue I asked that something happen. If RAY "BUTCH" ORTIZ will give me the information as "Rosie" did I'll gladly write it up for him in the next issue. So far as I can find out "Butch" is the last hold-out among the foremen on the second shift.

I questioned R. W. "ANDY" ANDERSON about his twins the other night and asked him what he had taught them to do. He said it was in reverse—I should ask what they had taught him. For one thing he says he has learned not to dress them all up and take them out on the lawn to take their pictures and then take them back into the house without going for a ride. It just doesn't work. HOWARD ULBERG will find this out in about a year from now when his son who was born just too late to be reported in the last issue of the Reporter, is old enough to "want to go for a ride." Con-

Wing Tips

by Jimmy Southwick

This is my first try at writing up the news and gossip of Wing Assembly. I hope that you like it.

Due to DICK HERSEY'S transfer from Wing Assembly to Inspection, there will be no news from Brooklyn today.

If you have been wondering what's happened to a lot of the older members of Wing, I think that BUD BEERY is to blame. HARRY SCHEIDLE, DAVID BAILEY, HAROLD ZOOK, TOMMIE SHOWS and JESS DILLOVAN all are over in Experimental with Bud.

RUTH HOLTE will be missed on the B-24 Final Assembly Jig. She was one of the

best little workers Wing Assembly had. Ruth had to quit when her Navy husband was transferred.

A. L. BENNETT was the latest worker to take up the job of leadman in Wing. Good luck to you, Bennett. Bennett is taking the place of CHUCK KELLOGG who transferred to Tooling Inspection. I think that Wing Assembly lost a good leadman when Chuck left us.

HAROLD ZOOK went fishing one Sunday all by himself but did not have the usual amount of fish to fill the frying pan. The reason was simple enough. He forgot to take along the fellow (that's me) who caught the fish for him.

The kid from Coronado, EASY NORTH to you folks, thinks that the Coronado Ferry belongs to him. He has spent enough money to buy it, or so he says.

The Downtown Frame-Up

by Willie Jessup

This is the first of a series of articles on the new Ryan Employment Office Downtown:

We are all wondering whether BILL ODOM will come back as a Texas Cowboy or as an Interviewer, since he went to Imperial Valley for his vacation.

We wondered what was wrong with our little "Southern Belle" MARILU BLAKEY, as she came in the office every morning saying "Please God." We finally found out it was only an apartment she was praying for.

MRS. McLEOD and M. MURPHY seem to be doing all right, polishing the floors. We only had to have three carpenters this

week to fix holes where they had fallen, but don't worry, everything is under control until next week.

Our Indian from Oklahoma, "PEARL SMITH" seems to make excitement for the office. When everything goes dull, she innocently takes books from the nearest drug store.

Before my boss comes I must tell you about the death of our Poor Herman. He was scalded to death. Of course it was only MR. SAYES pet mouse that he had trained to come into the kitchen and eat. Who did it? You twisted my arm . . . I will tell! It was his sweet little wife! She was tired of eating her meals standing on a chair.

Sooooo! long, until my next frame up.



Plant Personalities

by Jack Graham

Did you know we have a former nationally-known amateur billiard champion working here at Ryan? A man who has played the three different styles of billiards for 40 years? He has been equally at home playing a three-cushion, pocket, or balk line style of game. An ardent sports fan, he has an enviable record of sitting in the crowd when Balboa Stadium was dedicated and at every major athletic contest held there since that date.

He has fond remembrances of watching the great all time All-American Brick Muller begin his athletic career as a freshman at San Diego High—a football career that culminated in a blaze of glory at the University of California. He has also witnessed many other famous football stars such as Cotton Warburton and Russ Saunders.

He had the good fortune, if you call standing at a football game for at least three of the four quarters in a heavy rain-storm good fortune, to see the famous Centre College and Bo McMillan beat Gonzaga University.

As a baseball fan, he rarely misses a Padre game and he is a firm backer of all San Diego State College contests.

You've probably wondered how he can get away from home so many times for all these games. Well, he's a bachelor and he says he's always managed to run fast on Sadie Hawkins Day.

Meet our genial good friend, CHARLES J. DRAPER of Time Study, a long-time San Diegan.

* * *

Have you met Ryan's fair-haired young lady tooling inspector? If you haven't there's a treat in store for you. Gracious, efficient and with a vivacious smile, she is one of the industry's youngest inspectors and at the same time a very capable one.

Graduating from Hoover High before she was 17, she entered Vocational School. Having majored in Mathematics, she was soon at home with her blueprints in her mechanical drawing classes.

She passed her civil service examination for a job with the U. S. Engineers but was unable to accept it until June, 1942, when she reached 18.

She came to Ryan in the fall of 1942 deciding to follow up tooling. Her mathematical ability has won her much praise.

Her hobbies are music, sailing, designing, dressmaking and stamp collecting. She has been a member of several civic music groups and was a member of the Hoover High a cappella chorus. Her stamp collection is of unusual interest in that it has some of the finest Asiatic cancellations. Her brother-in-law was a member of the United States Navy Asiatic squadron for three and a half years prior to the war with Japan. He procured many rare stamps for her from little-known sections of Asia and the island empire of the Pacific.

The youngest of six children, she lives at home with her mother. You'll enjoy knowing her. She's Miss LOIS LUCILLE BRUCE of Tooling.



Manifold Production Control

by F. Marie Loudon

A picture here, is given you,
Of How and When and Where and Who,
The people in our humble nest
Work all day and never rest.

We know you'd like to meet them too,
So without furthermore ado,
We give you now our inside views,
And hope you like this bit of news.

— Helen Cox.

Many changes have taken place in our large department due to the recent moving of the Shipping Dept. personnel to their new factory offices. Mr. RAY NEARING is our new General Supervisor and Mr. JIM BARRY remains our well-liked Supervisor. With two such fine men as our Supervisors, I'm sure we will put forth our best efforts to cooperate with them in every way. Isn't that right, fellow workers?

Keeping it an air-tight secret until a week before the big event, HELEN BECKER and RALPH CALLOW stole a march on

us and joined hands in matrimony November 3, 1943. We heard Ralph took a course in learning "How to Dodge Rolling Pins in Six Easy Lessons"—(Don't believe a word of it—all of us that know Helen think that he is really getting a peach of a girl.) We're wishing you lots of happiness, Mr. and Mrs. C.

It's good seeing three missing faces back with us again—DORIS HALS, MARIAN MALEY, and MILDRED CUSEY who just came back from their vacations. A good time and well-earned rest was had by all.

Our deepest gratitude and appreciation go to the Nurses in the First Aid room and to GERRY WRIGHT for "bringing to" one of our employees—HELEN COX—who frightened more than a few of us when she fainted in Mr. Barton's office the other day. One can still see the bump on her head acquired when she hit the concrete floor. Ouche' (French for "ouch") take it easy the next time, Helen.

Dots and Dashes News and Flashes

by Earl Vaughan

Well, folks, a new column has been introduced to the Flying Reporter. My aim is to keep you posted on "what's new" in the Material Control department.

Since this is my first installment, I might state what constitutes this department. We are divided into three divisions: Manifold Material Control, Airplane Material Control, and Government Reports and Statistics.

Airplane Material Control is divided into four groups: "AN" Ports, Purchased Parts, Aluminum, and Steel. Our job is to requisition and control the flow of production material through our plant. Pens, pencils, and maybe an eraser or two are our main tools. Of course, we also have at our disposal typewriters, adding machines, and calculating machines to figure each job out to the lost decimal point.

Now for the news and flashes:

A few promotions have been made recently:

1. JOE WILLIAMS has been promoted to Material Control General Supervisor over Airplane and Manifold Material Control, Government Reports & Statistics, Receiving & Stores. (You've got all our support, Joe. Good luck and congratulations.)

2. C. B. JONES (or just Jonesy to his many friends) has been promoted to Airplane Material Control Supervisor—a hard-working boy who deserves the best. Good luck, Jonesy.

3. Harry Holthusen has been promoted to Assistant Material Control Supervisor in charge of Airplane Material Control second shift. (Good luck, Harry, and keep plenty of "No Doze" on hand for those night hours.)

4. FRANK WALLIS has been promoted to Group Leader of our Aluminum Group. (Best of luck, Frank.)

5. ARNIE FARKAS has been promoted to Group Leader of our Purchased Parts Group. (Atta boy, Arnie, good luck.)

Our congratulations go to HOWARD ULBERG, Supervisor of Government Reports & Statistics. Howard's wife recently presented him with a 10 lb. 3 oz. baby boy (their first). What a man, and a swell start, Howard. By the way, the boys say those were good cigars.

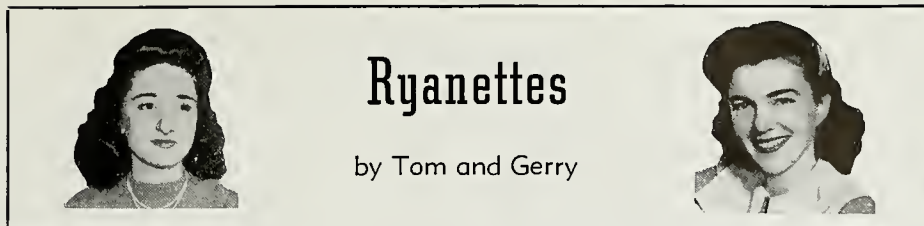
Happy Landing and Good Luck to PRICE ALLRED, former Group Leader of our Aluminum Group. Price has been with us for 2½ years, but is leaving to return to his home in Salt Lake City, Utah. He'll be greatly missed.

Congratulations to HELEN FREY, one of our hard working girls of our Government Reports Group. This little lady is wearing a flashy ring on that certain finger. The Lucky Mon—Lt. Donald Kile, U.S.N. (Keep 'em flying, Don.)

Another one of our girls has joined Uncle Sam's forces. Miss MARGARET LEACH of Manifold Material Control recently joined the Marines. (Now we know they've got the situation well in hand.) Good luck, Margaret, on land or sea, wherever you may be.

Good luck and congratulations to those of this department who have enrolled for the Ryan Aircraft Home Study Course. We hope you make that top grade.

A hearty welcome is extended to the fol-



Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry

MARRIAGE SHOPPE AND ENGAGEMENTS: CLAIRE MARIE OFENSTEIN, of the Laboratory became Mrs. Michael N. Romangolo, U.S.M.C. on October 14. And already Uncle Sam sent him overseas. (Boo Hoo!!!) Sorry to hear of his going Claire, but good luck.

Some weeks ago, it was mentioned in this column that a certain young lady would soon be announcing her intentions to wed. Well here 'tis. HELEN FRY of Material Control has received by mail, of all things, her beautiful engagement ring set in a crown mounting. Best wishes, Helen, and may "Unca" Don return soon.

FAREWELLS AND GOODBYES: Little CONNIE SULLIVAN, Ditto Room Operator, has done left our fold to join her husband up North. Mr. Sullivan is attending Officers' School.

Also MARIE BERLESS of Engineering left us on October 23. Good luck to you both.

BLESSED EVENTS: Only one this time, but congratulations are in order to Mr. and

Mrs. HOWARD ULBERG. Mrs. Ulberg presented Howard with a bouncing baby boy on October 15.

ERIC FAULWETTER'S horse Lolita is really keeping him in suspense. So far no more news. Here's hoping it won't be long, Eric.

FRANK DAVIS, formerly of Planning stopped in to see us the other day. Looking quite sharp in the uniform of Uncle Sam's Army. Also looking the picture of health. Looks like Army life agrees with you Frank.

Fried chicken, potato salad, pickles, olives, etc., but not to mention the coke, were the main items on October 21, for Gerry (yep, that's me folks) on her birthday. All that was left that anyone could see was the chicken bones.

Well Tom, it looks as if I just got back in time from my vacation to help compose the column for this issue. So with this parting word, we shall take our leave.

G'bye for now.

TOM & GERRY.

Stacks 'n' Stuff

by Manny Fahlde

"PORKY," self-styled line-up man who has often said that the only thing he had lined up before coming to work for Ryan was a few insurance policy prospects, was showing a few of the boys how to master a motorcycle a few days ago. Everything was going fine till our hero took a corner a bit too swiftly upsetting "Porky" and his calculations. As his two hundred some odd pounds hurtled through the air, Porky overheard a small boy spectator say to his mother, "Hey, Ma, look—no hands!" Needless to say, the motor was wrecked.

COLEMAN (how many of you guys know his real name?) "WHITEY" or "CURLEY" MURDOCK was grossly insulted the other night when accused of being a "Choke Puller" by a red-headed putt-putt operator. I, too, was included but in discussing it a little further, she told me that if she thought it had been me, she would have hit me right between the eyes! Tsk, tsk.

JOE McCULLOUGH, "Alabama muscle bound," had a cor that was an eye sore if there ever was one. He decided to get

rid of it, so sold it the other day just after dim out restrictions had been eased a bit. Perhaps he thought the combination of his multi-colored car and the bright lights now allowable would prove too much for the natives. We will agree that Joe certainly has a "vivid" imagination.

"BART" BARTHOLOMEW turned the tables in reality a short time ago. Bart, as you know, tinkers with radios in his spare time and the other day he was visited by a watchmaker who wished his radio repaired and demanded it within three days. Bart repaired the set on schedule and upon delivering it to the watchmaker promptly pulled out an ancient "turnip" that hadn't run for years and presented it to the man with the request that it too be repaired and returned within three days. How did yo' make out, Bart?

HERB SIMMERS played Good Samaritan to a host of Ryanites who ran off without bringing their lunches last Sunday. Sandwiches were, of course, the order of the day and Herb had to visit four places before finding the man with the hamburger.

lowing new employees of this department, and we hope you enjoy your work with us.

MRS. L. G. TAYLOR, entering our Manifold group.

GEORGE BALDWIN, HAROLD MILLER, HAROLD WRIGHT, entering our Aluminum group.

FRANK DELANEY, L. S. TIPPIE. Entering our Steel group.

MIKE RESCINETO, Material Control Follow-Up.

WALLY JAHN, entering our Government Reports & Statistics Group.

Miss RUTH LEEDY, the figure girl of Manifold Material Control, has just returned from a well-earned vacation. We missed seeing her special technique applied on the many purchase requisitions she figures out each day.

I hear ARNIE FARKAS is doing all right for himself and this department in the plant's ping pong tournament. In spite of his stiff opposition, he has pinged his way up to the semi-finals. Nice going, Arnie, and keep 'em ponging and get the name of Farkas engraved on that trophy.

Ryan Trading Post

FOR SALE—Photographic equipment. Cine Kodak Model K, F 3.5-20 m.m.; 50 feet of Cine Kodak No. 365 Kodachrome film; Eastman Kodascope Screen No. 2; Kodascope rapid splicer and rewind; 4 Kodalite Model B, 500 W.-115 V.; 5 Projection lamps, 500 W.-110 V.; 3 tripods and cross bars for flood lamps; Victor Cine Projector, Model No. 3. Volts 105-120 AC or DC, Watts-250. Front lens 2" Graf Optical Co.; one 6-foot tripod, 40° tilt, 360° pan. See Bill Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

WANTED—To rent a spray gun and compressor for a few days. Contact John Kinner, 1248, Drop Hammer, second shift.

FOR SALE—Baby play pen. \$5.00. See D. C. Richardson, 6483, Sheet Metal.

WANTED—Piano ployer. Must be able to read chords. Contact Bill Magellan, 2244, Arc Welding, third shift. Or phone Main 5978.

WANTED—Will pay up to \$20 for folding camera using 120 or 116 film. Contact Jim Stalnaker, Home phone J-9110.

FOR SALE—'36 Oldsmobile De Luxe Radio, separate speaker, cost \$75.00 new. Has been used only two years. Will sell for \$35.00 or trade for a rug. Bill Berry, Contract Engineering. Home phone Tolbot 2771.

FOR SALE—1942 Mercury 4-door sedan with all the trimmings including radio, heater, new spark plugs, perfect tires, new General spare and tube and set of chains. The mileage is only 11,000 miles. \$1550. Roy Feagan, Ext. 296.

FOR SALE—1939 Dodge business coupe. Good condition. \$750 takes it. M. M. Clancy, Methods Engineering. Ext. 244.

FOR SALE—.22 caliber Stevens rifle in excellent condition and equipped with Marble's sights. \$10.00 cash. Call Russ Stockwell, Contract Administration, Ext. 263.

FOR SALE—Star sailboat. Excellent sails, full flexible rigging, recently pointed, complete with dingy and mooring. See Pat Carter, Engineering, or call H8-3659.

FOR SALE—11 foot dory. Price. \$10.00. See John McCarthy, 1541, Tooling Inspection. First or second shift.

WANTED—16 mm. movie projector, Kodak or Keystone. Good condition. J. K. Swartz, 1191, Tooling.

WANTED—Small tricycle (2 year size). Contact George Duncan, Manifold, second shift. Or call Talbot 5726.

FOR SALE—Full size bed and springs. Also two good cots. See R. L. Wood, 1931, Manifold Assembly.

FOR SALE—12 Sprig and mallard light weight decoys. Dick Gillam, Stamping, Second shift. Home phone T-8657.

FOR SALE—1½ ton truck. If interested see R. L. Wood, 1931, Manifold Assembly.

FOR SALE—Univex Projector and Univex "Cine 8" movie comero. Make offer. 4707 Calle Tinto, Bayview Terrace. D. Nidoy, 4994, Wing Assembly, Second shift.

FOR SALE—Federal Enlarger No. 120. Takes up to 4x5. \$15.00. Also trimmer with 10-inch blade. \$1.50. See L. Moore, 1913, Wing Assembly, Second shift.

FOR SALE—One Press 50, six No. 11 and one No. 0 photo flash bulbs. Leave your written bid at the Police Desk. J. H. Marler, 5956, Plant Protection.

FOR SALE—16-foot two-place Kayak with two new paddles. \$15.00. L. Moore, 1913, Wing Assembly, Second shift.

WILL TRADE—1934 "74" H.D. generator, battery, transmission, forks, wheels, etc., for H.D. "61" barrell or 30-50 barrell. Also want battery for "61." See Harold Blevins, 1764, Tooling, Second shift. Phone T-6854.

RIDE WANTED—Anyone going to El Centro any week end call Main 6191 between 8 and 4:30. Willie Jessup, Downtown Employment Office.

WANTED—Old watch movements, running or not. Will buy regardless of condition. Win Alderson, Inspection Crib 3, Ext. 343.

FOR SALE—9x15 wool rug with leaf design. Good condition. R. H. Gillam, Stamping, Second shift. Home phone T-8657.

FOR SALE—Baby buggy. \$5.00. J. Maher, 3445, Wing Department.

WATCHES cleaned and repaired. Win Alderson, Inspection Crib 3. Ext. 343.

FOR SALE—Five-piece bedroom suite. Used only a few months, good as new. See Dorothy Wilson, 4055, Gas Welding, first shift.

FOR SALE—Gas furnace for plumbers with tools. R. L. Wood, 1931, Manifold Assembly.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Coliber .351 Winchester auto-loading rifle. Excellent deer gun especially in brushy country. About 35 or 40 shells go with the gun. \$50.00 cash or would like to trade for 30'06 rifle. See G. A. Gaylord, 1501, Mechanical Maintenance.

FOR SALE—Four-burner white enamel stove with medium high oven. B. M. Jennings, 651, Airplane Planning, Ext. 271.

FOR SALE—Occasional chair in very good condition. Wine colored. R. H. Gillam, Stamping, Second Shift. Home phone T-8657. Address 3123 Suncrest Drive.

FOR SALE—Smith and Wesson .38 caliber six shooter, like new. See Clyde W. Thompson, Receiving.

FOR SALE—New 6 H.P. twin alternate firing outboard motor. Also 15 foot skiff. Will sell one or both. Each has been used only a few hours. Contact G. W. Hay, Final Assembly Inspection, Second shift, or see at 1169 Tourmaline Street, Pacific Beach, before 3 p.m.

FOR SALE—Tennis racket. Carmock Berryman, 2615, Inspection Crib 3.

FOR SALE—Slightly used all wool, pre-war stock 9x15 rug with floor pad. \$45.00. H. D. Schriver, Contract Administration. Can be seen at 4676 Valencia Drive, Rolando Village.

FOR SALE—Star class boat. Two suits sails. Trailer. \$600.00. Robert Evans, 72, Engineering. Ext. 238.

WANTED—Any quantity of 12 gauge shotgun shells. William Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

WANTED—Want to buy jig saw. B. M. Jennings, 651, Airplane Planning, Ext. 271.

WANTED—Eastman precision enlarger or any enlarger that will take up to 4x5 size film, William Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—Steel tool box, 14"x7"x5" for \$3. Bob Vizzini, Manifold Production Control, Ext. 230.

WANTED—Four-hole table-top range, late model. Will pay cash. E. W. Noble, 8508, Manifold Small Parts, second shift.

FOR SALE—Rabbits; 6 does, one buck, and hutches; \$35.00. Contact J. D. Kinner, 1248, second shift.

WANTED—A complete set of Burgess Batteries for a Fisher 8-tube M-T Geophysical Scope, an instrument that locates metal to a depth of 250 feet. Usual price of these batteries is \$7.50. Will pay double or \$15.00 per set plus \$25.00 bonus—a total of \$40.00 cash.

As to type of batteries wanted, three "A" Burgess 4 F.H. Little Six, 1½ volts, General! Utility Batteries.

And two Burgess No. 5308 "B" batteries, 45 volts, 30 cells, especially designed for vacuum tube service. See Fred Mills, 3685, Maintenance.

FOR SALE—Set of Lufkin Inside Micrometer Calipers. Catalog No. 680A. Perfect condition. Price \$12.35. See J. McCarthy, 1541, Tool Inspection, first or second shift.

WANTED—Bass rod and reel. William S. Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—1940 Dodge four-door sedan. Good tires, paint and upholstery. Philco custom-built radio. Bill Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—Six or twelve-string guitar, very good condition, deep toned, Stella make. Will sell for \$14.75. See N. V. Descoteau, 1979, Manifold Assembly. Or call at 4037 Marlborough St.

FOR SALE—My equity in three-bedroom home; \$2,000, with balance of \$2,200 at \$22.15 a month, including taxes and fire insurance. One block from stores and bus, two blocks to school, two miles to plant. Contact J. D. Kinner, 1248, Drop Hammer, second shift.

WANTED—Chromatic harmonica in good condition. R. F. Ney, 4938, Manifold Assembly, tailpipe section.



What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG

HOLIDAY MENU

Consomme

Roast Turkey or Chicken with Sage Dressing

Mashed Potatoes and Gravy
or Condied Sweet Potatoes

Green Beans
or Broccoli

Cranberry Sauce

Grapefruit Sections

Tossed Green Salad

Pumpkin Pie and Coffee

SAGE DRESSING

1 cup bread crumbs ½ tsp. onion salt
¾ tsp. sage ½ tsp. paprika
¼-½ tsp. salt 2 tablepoons margarine
¾ tsp. celery salt ½ cup water

For an average size turkey, use 10 cups of bread crumbs and multiply the balance of the recipe by ten. Larger birds will naturally take more and smaller birds proportionately less. Four cups of bread crumbs will usually suffice for stuffing an average size chicken.

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

1 tbsp. gelatin 1¼ cups pumpkin
¼ cup cold water 2 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. each of ginger, allspice and nutmeg
½ tsp. salt 3 eggs separated
1 cup sugar ½ cup milk

Soften gelatin in the water. Then cook the sugar, egg yolks, pumpkin, milk, salt and spices until they thicken. Then add the gelatin, mix thoroughly and remove from the fire. When the mixture begins to curdle fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a baked pie shell and chill. Pumpkin chiffon pie with gingersnap pie crust makes a delightful combination. Above recipe makes one nine-inch pie.

GINGERSNAP CRUST

1½ cups crushed gingersnaps
¼ cup powdered sugar
¼-1/3 cup margarine

PUMPKIN PIE

2 cups pumpkin 1 tsp. salt
1 cup sugar 2 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. each of ginger, allspice and nutmeg
2 eggs 2 cups milk
½ cup conned milk or additional milk

Mix sugar, salt and spices thoroughly and combine with pumpkin. Add beaten eggs and milk. Bake in uncooked pie shell.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

4 cups cranberries few grains of salt
2 cups sugar

Boil gently for about ten minutes. Chill and serve.

4 cups cranberries 1 tsp. almond flavoring
2½ cups sugar ¼ cup water

Cut cranberries in half and soak in cold water for an hour or so. During this time a great many of the seeds will soak out and settle on the bottom. Cook sugar and water until it strings a fine thread. Pour in drained cranberries and cook just until cranberries start to change color. Take off stove and add flavoring. Allow to stand 24 hours before serving.

How To Choose Your Turkey

When you go into the butcher shop to make your decision on that holiday turkey you'll want to get the best one the butcher has. Pick one with a red comb and bright eyes. Watch for a smooth skin, one that has a yellow cast rather than a blue. The legs of the bird should be smooth and soft and free from spurs. Look for a plump breast and well developed thighs.

In buying young birds, here are three points to watch for:

1. supple wing joints
2. pliable breast bone, and
3. pin feathers



Pointers On Roasting

If you're putting money into a turkey this year, you'll want it to be all you've dreamed about for the last few months. Here are a few cooking pointers that'll help insure that tender and juicy morsel you're looking forward to.

1. Season with salt and pepper.
2. Place **breast down** on a rack in an open roasting pan.
3. Roast in a slow oven—300°.
4. Add no water. Do not cover and do not baste.
5. Roast to the desired degree of doneness. A small bird will take 20-25 minutes per pound; a medium size bird between 18-20 minutes per pound and a large turkey from 15-18 minutes a pound. If it's a chicken you're roasting, allow about 35 minutes a pound for four and five pounders.



Office Brush-up Class

Are you in need of a brush-up on general office practice? The San Diego Vocational school has established an office practice clinic designed to give instruction in all of the many fields of work secretaries are called upon to perform in this war emergency. Routine training in operation of office machines, Dictaphone or Ediphone, duplicating machines, cutting stencils involving drawings and charts, filing and similar office jobs will be offered on an individual basis. Classes are held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings on the fifth floor of the Spreckels Building. For further information and registration in the class, call at Room 501 of the Spreckels Building or phone Main 3071.





Beauty isn't Rationed

By Frances Stalter

Copyrighted 1943
by Frances Stalter

Just smell that Christmas tree, its odor permeates the air as you walk in the door. Maybe you're saying, "Well, doesn't she know that Christmas is 42 days off." Yes, I realize that, but nevertheless it isn't a bit too soon to start planning your Christmas Eve glamor outfit. You should sparkle like the tinsel on the tree—in fact even overshadow its glitter. For Christmas Eve is the one night you'll want to shine! Whether you'll be at home or visiting your friends over egg-nog or what-have-you! If you're playing hostess that night, why not plan to wear a pair of hostess pajamas—ebony black velvet trousers and a striped multi-colored metallic blouse? If you'll be flitting about from place to place, why not wear a sleek looking suit buttoned up tight like peas in a pod? However, this little number has a two-fold purpose for when you remove the jacket, you'll have on a white bead-encrusted crepe blouse that is definitely decollete.

Also in the way of Christmas trimming, why not break down and buy a really frivolous pair of shoes with your next ration coupon. After all every girl needs one pair of really dressy foot adorners. Perhaps you might choose a low-cut black suede pump with steel-cut buckle or an onkle strap sandal with a fluffy black lace pompon on the front.

The cosmetic houses are really going all-out in the way of luscious gift packages of perfume for Christmas. Schiaporelli for one has an inimitable set called "Suit Yourself" containing three famous perfumes—Shocking, Sleeping and Salut, each a miniature dram size of the larger bottles. Makes a nice gift for your best girl friend—only if she is to be trusted not to try and lure your best beau away with these alluring scents.

Do you like to make things? Something you've made yourself means a lot more to a close friend than something you dashed downtown and hurriedly bought. Why not use your ingenuity and make a felt butterfly with jeweled wings to top your favorite girl friend's hair-do or a felt drawstring bag with multi-colored applique felt flowers around the bottom. Velvet gloves, bright cheery aprons, hot pods, fluffy bed jackets and house scuffs to match. Jeweled hatpins. Velvet muff and hat sets. Fascinators bedecked with brilliants. If you're handy at knitting and crocheting, there are ideas galore: gloves, sweaters, scarfs, hand-crocheted bags which by the way are selling from \$15 on up at the stores downtown. Particularly nice for the kiddies are stuffed

terry-cloth animals and dolls. You can make these out of old bath towels, and trim with felt scraps cut from your old hats. However, if after racking your brain for ideas, you come up with nothing, drop by your pattern counter and you'll be sure to find many helpful hints. But, you'd better get started now, so they'll be ready in time for Christmas.

Restoration of your old leather purses is easy when you know how. If you have a good leather purse in your possession that isn't at all worn, but only slightly discolored and soiled, try smoothing on a thick lather of pure white soap. Use a little elbow-grease and rub it hard. Then leave the soap on for a few minutes to absorb the grease spots. Finish up by rubbing dry with a clean piece of flannel, and you'll have what appears to be a brand-new purse.

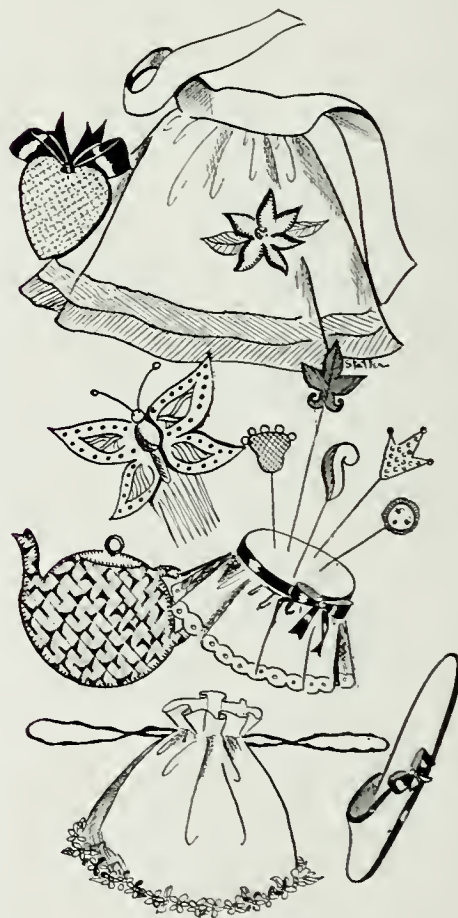
Gloves are always a problem for they have a habit of getting stuck down in the bottom of your drawers, so why not make cardboard forms by tracing around your own hand. No expense at all and it will keep your gloves new looking.

When buying gloves, always try to get those that are washable even in leather. You will be wise if you buy cotton or rayon gloves for every day, and save your leather ones for special occasions. One particularly good-looking new glove on the market is a rayon-cotton mixture with a cuff that turns back of bright colored satin. However, this is a definitely dressy number.

Nothing like a wilted veil on your hat to spoil an otherwise perfect ensemble. To add new life to your old veil, remove it from your hat and wash by shaking it in a jar of lukewarm mild soapsuds. In the same way, rinse it at least three times in clear lukewarm water. Dry it on a towel and then dip in a gum arabic solution. This solution is made by dissolving 1 tablespoon of gum arabic, which can be bought at any drug store, in 1 cup of hot water. However, as this will take from one to two hours, you should start this first. After you have dipped your veil in this solution, spread smooth on a towel and press with a warm iron after completely dry. Use extra care when pressing so as not to rip the veiling.

As you gals well know, rayon stockings require from 24 to 48 hours drying for best results. A nifty way to dry them is to take two wire clothes hangers and shape them so that you can spread the tops of the stockings, which take longer to dry, and it will also dry them more uniformly.

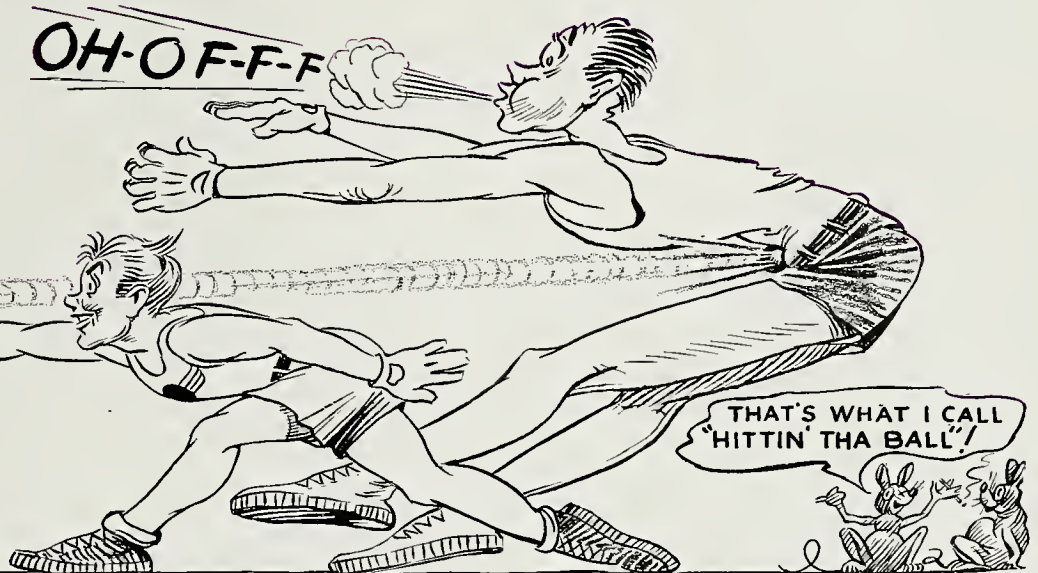
With colder weather coming on, be sure and give your face and hands extra care. During the winter months your skin needs extra lubrication to keep it from becoming dry and chapped. It might be well to use a grease-type foundation base for your face during these chillier months as it helps keep your skin soft and pliable. Another safeguard against chopped hands, especially if you have a job where you have to wash them frequently, is to dry your hands carefully and completely and always apply a good hand lotion after each washing. At night apply a light film of hand lubricating cream.



Christmas Suggestions

Sport of the Month

HANDBALL



Handball Hinders

If anyone is in doubt as to the success of our Handball Club, just ask Herman Cahen. He claims we're a cinch to go undefeated. Well, who am I to question his statement. I have to play with him.

We are still in the market for handball players. Anyone who can follow a small rubber ball around four walls and then hit it to a forward wall, is very eligible for our club. If you are interested in the game and need some instruction, this also can be arranged. Just call Extension 317 and leave your name and department or contact myself at Inspection Crib 5.

We have a "has been" handball player who will limp into the courts against Cansair this week. Yes! None other than the "great," "always-in-shape" KELLOGG! But we all have confidence in each other, we have the spirit and ability and, may we ask, who can successfully challenge that?—Answer, no one.

DICK HERSEY.

Ryan Ice Skating

Although plans had previously been made to form a Ryan Ice Skating Club to meet at Glacier Gardens on each Thursday night beginning Nov. 11, through a misunderstanding this night had been reserved for boxing matches. All other available nights have been reserved by other clubs. It is possible our club may be able to join with one of the other clubs on their night. Those interested in ice skating contact G. A. Ohlson, Extension 282, or Travis Hatfield of Personnel, Extension 309, for further details.

G. A. OHLSON.

Badminton

Six badminton courts are open exclusively for Ryanites Thursday night at the San Diego High School girls' gym. There's lots of room for some real competition. Showers are open in the boys' gym for an after-game cooler. We're in need of some more players from the factory. How about it?

Ping Pong

When it was requested that I knock out a column on this subject, I stood back with my mouth gaping open from the shock of what I would possibly say about Ping Pong, and before I could either shake my head or utter any guttural "no," my antagonist was gone with the assumption that I would complete this project.

Thereupon, resigned to my fate I steeled my nerve and proceeded to investigate this game. After conversing with a few of the enthusiasts and participating in a Tournament, the realization of my misconception dawned on me.—This game is rugged!—Go ahead, laugh, but before you do, investigate it a bit and find out who actually participates in it. Taking it for granted that this activity is not too well known to the majority of you people, we want you to know that the tournament is in its second stages and will continue indefinitely. The Ryan Company has a cup on display in the trophy case for the winner of three consecutive matches and it can be taken home by anyone capable of showing all contestants "who's who" in Ping Pong.

ARNIE FARKAS.

Here are the folks who are going to write the sports news. We haven't secured writers for all sports yet, so if your favorite isn't listed and you'd like to contribute each issue, just phone the Flying Reporter office, Ext. 298. In the meantime let us introduce the following sports writers:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| Badminton | L. E. DAVIDSON |
| Baseball | A. S. BILLINGS, SR. |
| Basketball: | |
| 2nd Shift Girls..... | JACK BALMER |
| Bowling: | |
| 1st Shift—Tower..... | F. GORDON MOSSOP |
| 1st Shift—Sunshine..... | JONNIE JOHNSON |
| 2nd and 3rd Shifts—Hillcrest..... | GLEN MILLER |
| Golf | M. M. CLANCY |
| Handball | DICK HERSEY |
| Ice Skating..... | G. A. OHLSON |
| Ping Pong..... | ARNIE FARKAS |
| Riding Club | WINONA MATTSON |
| Rifle | A. W. KILMER |
| Valleyball | TRAVIS HATFIELD |

Rifle Club News

The members of the Rifle Club will now have a range close to work. We have received permission to use the Ryan Police Range on the field at the back gate. Night crews will use the range on Wednesdays from 1:30 to 4 P.M., and day shift from 4 P.M. to 6:30 P.M. As soon as we receive confirmation from Washington, D.C., the date for starting our school and the use of the range will be announced.

As yet we have not been able to obtain qualified instructors. We have same in mind and are waiting permission from Washington, D.C., regarding their use.

A. W. KILMER.

SPORTS

Basketball

The girls first shift basketball team is now being formed. Anybody interested still has a chance for a spot on the team which is scheduled to play in the Industrial League one night a week. Practices are starting at once so contact Travis Hatfield or call Ext. 317 if you would like to play.

The second and third shift girls basketball team will be coached by Jack Balmer and will also play in the Industrial League. Jack has had a lot of experience in basketball, having managed a team in the city league for the past three years. He is also one of the outstanding players on the Ryan All Star team. For further details call Ext. 317.

Teams that will play in the Industrial League are Ryan, Solar, Consolidated Plant 1 and Consolidated Plant 2, Standard Parachute Company and Rohr.



Bowling

It's beginning to look as though this year's league is going to bring forth a little more competition for high team game than previous leagues. Already after only six weeks of play we have several teams that have shown us what a good team can bowl by stepping up and rolling well over 900.

Yours truly challenges any bowler in our league to be more consistent than he was last Monday having bowled three games of 144 each.

The Woodshop has suddenly put on a winning spurt, tying last week for first place with Manifold, Craggs and Experimental. Last night saw the Woodshop survivor of that four-way tie and putting two games between them and Manifold, runner-up. However, let me warn them that there are several teams hot on their trail. Although we've had our chance at them, we're still gunning for them and feel confident that we can continue our four-win streak longer than they. Attention Mr. Miller—that's a challenge!

Below is a listing of standings of the leading teams as of November 2, 1943:

| Team | Won | Lost |
|-----------------------|-----|------|
| Woodshop | 20 | 4 |
| Manifold | 18 | 6 |
| Experimental | 17 | 7 |
| Craggs | 17 | 7 |
| Thunderbolts | 16 | 8 |
| Jigs & Fixtures | 15 | 9 |
| Bumpers | 15 | 9 |
| Sub Assembly | 15 | 9 |
| Plant Engineers | 14 | 10 |
| Arc Welders | 14 | 10 |
| Night Owls | 13 | 11 |
| Drop Hammer | 13 | 11 |

F. GORDON MOSSOP.

Men's Basketball

The Ryan League composed of teams from Manifold, Inspection, Final Assembly and Sheet Metal are playing games every Thursday evening from 7 until 10 p.m. at the San Diego High School Gym. The teams are well matched but to date the Sheet Metal team is a slight favorite to lead the league.

There are also two other basketball teams which will compete against service and commercial teams. These teams are called the Ryan Sky Flyers and the Ryan All Stars. D. Unser working in Sheet Metal is captain of the Ryan Sky Flyers and C. Berryman working in Inspection is captain of the Ryan All Stars. Any new employee wishing to become a member of either of these can do so by contacting Unser or Berryman.



Elimination Golf

The elimination golf tournament is progressing toward the semi-finals. Two of our best golfers have already been eliminated, and it's a toss-up as to who will finish on top. Some of the favorites still in the running are: Whitcomb, Love, Goodman, Gillam, Nordlund, Callow and Finn. The remaining matches should prove to be very interesting as anyone can win.

There will be a regular handicap tournament on November 21, 1943. Please arrange your foursomes and turn them in before Thursday, November 18, 1943. The usual prizes will be up for this tournament.

M. M. CLANCY.

Beginners Bowling

The Pin Busters League is well under way with the sixth game coming up this week. Everyone is becoming more interested and working hard to be in on the final round. The winner of the first half plays the winner of the second for that well-known prize.

The league bowls every Tuesday night at 6:30 at the Sunshine Bowling Alley. The highlight of this Beginners League is that it consists of two-thirds women. The idea at the beginning was to have two or three men on each team, but we have some all men and some all women teams as well as some mixed. All in all they are doing very well and are fast becoming accomplished bowlers.

Ethel Lundstrom was elected president of this league, Dot Blake, vice-president and Jonnie Johnson, secretary.

These "other leagues" that are doing so well with their gutter-balls better watch out when they play the Pin Busters.

Next time we'll try to give the full league standings.

JONNIE JOHNSON.

Ryan Riders

Now that vacations are about over the Ryan Ryders are planning more and bigger rides.

Sunday, October 24th we rode from the San Diego Stable at 9:00 a.m. The day was cool and the horses were fresh and ready to go. Mr. Fry has traded off some of the "Crowbait" and really improved his string. Bud Curr joined us on "Tex" a mile or so out and led us out over the trail toward the beach. Everyone seemed in grand spirits so we trotted along and sang "Pistol Packin' Mama."

We were glad to have some new folks with us. Kay Slager and Lynn Barry said they enjoyed the ride and would be with us the next time. Wes Kohl rode with us for the first time after many threats to join us. Dick Sypniewski (Kelly for short) came along with Andy McReynolds.

The "regulars" for the day were: Andy McReynolds, Ed Spicer, Leonard Gare, Frances France, Tom Davidson, Larry Anderson, Louise Wilson, Carol Lawrence, Irving Wischmeyer and Winona Mattson.

After the ride we had a meeting and decided to ride again on Sunday, November 7th. We also plan to have more than one group riding due to limited number of horses. We make cash reservations on Thursday before the ride so come on out and have a good time with us.

WINONA MATTSON.



The Score Board

The Ryan All Stars with a very strong club in the field were defeated at Navy Field by the Marine ABG-2 team by a score of 9-2. This was a real ball game for eight innings with the score 2-2 up to the 8th inning. At that critical point a couple of errors, a wild pitch, a base on balls and a three-base hit by Forrest Main, Marine ABG-2 twirler, who hit one of French's pitch-outs over his head for a triple, settled the contest.

On Sunday, October 24th, the club came back to play good ball and defeat the Convair All Stars 6-1 at Golden Hill in a contest featured by the hitting and fielding of Erv Marlett, Bob Ballinger, Roy Smyers and the pitching of Bob Roxbourg.

There are six real clubs in this winter league and all games are free. A seat in the grandstand is a good deal for anyone on a Sunday afternoon.

Kent Parker's All Stars are also playing every Sunday against some high class colored teams, and these colored boys have really got some players who are not only Class AA, but some who are Major League.

If you like the best in San Diego, here it is, for at least the next six weeks, and I can assure you these games are really worth consideration.—A. S. BILLINGS, SR.

HILLCREST BOWLERS



Left: Members of the Precision Five team who are battling with the Plutocrats for the top notch in the league. Standing: Gail Simpson, Charlie Carlson and Bud Dillon. Seated are Ray Starr and Hal Glendenning.

Below: The Plutocrats go into a bull session before meeting the Drop Hammer team. Kneeling is Max Grimes. Standing are Walter Thorpe, Stanley Wilkinson, C. A. Sochs and Harry Oakland.

Lower right: Stanley "Tex" Wilkinson, captain of the Plutocrats warms up for another game which he hopes will beat his record of 232 which is high for the league so far.

The second and third shift bowling league which is bowling every Thursday morning at 10 a.m. is going full swing. This league is divided into two halves and the winner of the first half will play the winner of the second half for the winter league championship. The teams are bowling at the Hillcrest Bowling Alleys.

With the Plutocrats and the Precision Five team battling it out for top honors, we'll give you a team lineup and the batting average for each of the men.

Precision Five Team:

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| Buck Dillon | 138 |
| Hal Glendenning | 163 |
| Ray Starr | 141 |
| Gail Simpson | 148 |
| Chuck Carlson | 169 |

Plutocrats:

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| Mat Grimes | 137 |
| Harry Oakland | 150 |
| Walter Thorpe | 154 |
| Clair Sachs | 159 |
| Tex Wilkinsan | 164 |

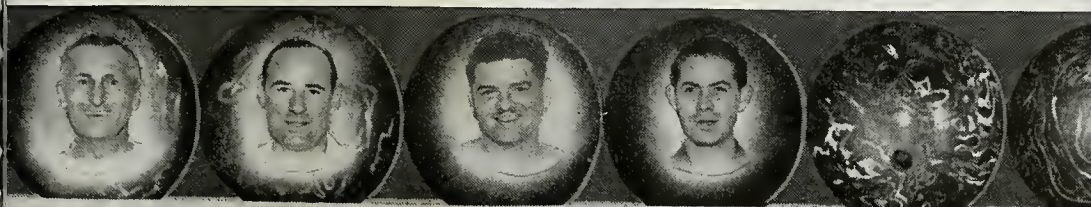


Below are the latest league standings.

| | Won | Last |
|----------------------|-----|------|
| Plutocrats | 17 | 7 |
| Precision Five | 17 | 7 |
| Nite Hawks | 16 | 8 |
| Manifold No. 2 | 16 | 8 |
| Electrocutors | 12 | 12 |
| Saws & Routers | 12 | 12 |
| Final Assembly | 11 | 13 |
| Drop Hammers | 9 | 15 |
| Ten Pins | 7 | 17 |
| Manifold No. 1 | 3 | 21 |



Team captains lined up below are: Top row, Glen Miller, the Hawks; Russ Bussard, Final Assembly; Tex Wilkinsan, Plutocrats; Jimmy Parks, Electrocutors. On the second row are Butch Ortiz, Manifold No. 2; George Anderson, Saws & Routers; Gail Simpson, Precision Five; John Kinner, Drop Hammer; William Bice, Manifold No. 1; G. W. Grosselfinger, Ten Pins.





1923
RYAN-STANDARD cabin plane, pioneer passenger airliner.



1925
RYAN BLUEBIRD, cabin monoplane, forerunner of "Spirit of St. Louis"



1934
RYAN S-T metal-fuselaged primary trainer; led trend to low-wing types.



1937
RYAN S-C, cabin plane for private-owner use, featured all-metal construction.



1939
RYAN STM, first low-wing primary trainer types (PT-16 and PT-20) used by Army.



1941
RYAN STM-S2 seaplane, exported for training Naval pilots.



1943
RYAN PT-25, superbly engineered plastic-banded plywood trainer

Earth-Bound No Longer

YOUNG HAWKS OF CHINA'S GROWING AIR FORCE FIND THEIR WINGS IN RYAN PLANES

Today the eyes of young China are in the sky. Chinese air cadets are now on an even footing with the flyers of other nations.

Ryan is proud of the part played in this by its military trainer airplanes. These sleek, highly maneuverable planes—similar to the Ryans in which American Army pilots get their first training — are being used in China, not only for primary training, but also for basic and transitional instruction.

Since 1940 Ryans have been reliable "work-horses" for the growing Chinese Air Force. Here, as elsewhere, Ryan planes in military service have proved

that RYAN BUILDS WELL.

Ryan's current activities include the engineering, development and manufacture of the most advanced type combat airplanes for the armed services of our country, detailed information regarding which is restricted.

"ESSENTIAL POINTS IN POST-WAR AVIATION." A comprehensive, but realistic, interview with T. Claude Ryan, President of Ryan Aeronautical Company, is now being published under the above title. A man who has been making airplanes for 20 years, gets down to the basic consideration in aviation following the war—one which will affect all business. A copy gladly sent at your request.

RYAN

Rely on Ryan to Build Well



RYAN BUILDS WELL

Ryan construction, proven in aviation's pioneer days, now proven in war, will tomorrow produce safer, more useful peacetime aircraft.



RYAN TRAINS WELL

Ryan School of Aeronautics, famous peacetime air school, now training fine U.S. Army pilots, follows one creed: Thoroughness.



RYAN PLANS WELL

Modern engineering + flying experience. Typical result: Ryan exhaust manifold systems are now used on the finest planes of other manufacturers.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, SAN DIEGO—MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.

Ryan Products: Army PT-22s; Navy NR-1s; Army PT-25s; S-T Commercial and Military Trainers; Exhaust Manifold Systems and Bomber Assemblies.

Ryan

Flying Reporter



We Still Remember

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

BILL HOLT COMES HOME

ADVENTURES OF A FORMER RYANITE OVER ITALY

Vol. 6 No. 10

DECEMBER

3RD

1943



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

LINDBERGH FIELD SAN DIEGO 12 CALIFORNIA U.S.A.
AERIAL DIVISION SAN DIEGO

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

TO ALL RYAN EMPLOYEES:

On next Tuesday we reach the end of our second year in the war.

This is no anniversary to celebrate -- just a date to glance up at the calendar, hitch our belt a notch tighter, spit on our hands and go back to work harder than ever.

I needn't say what this anniversary means to the Pearl Harbor widows who are working, dry-eyed and grim and bitterly intent, in our factory.

I needn't say what it means to the maimed veterans sent back from the front who labor, silently and tirelessly, in our factory.

I needn't say what it means to the gray-haired men and women who have come out of retirement to fight, for their children and their country, at benches in our factory.

They know -- we all know -- that victory cannot be won on the fighting fronts until it is won on the home front. Before our boys can avenge Pearl Harbor and Wake Island and Bataan and all the list of our other sorrows and humiliations, we must first forge all the weapons they need.

And so, as we enter the third year of war, we need no reminder except the calendar to rededicate ourselves to Victory. We stand shoulder to shoulder. Let's set our jaws and buckle down to the job ahead of us -- the job of turning out more and more planes faster and faster every day till Victory!

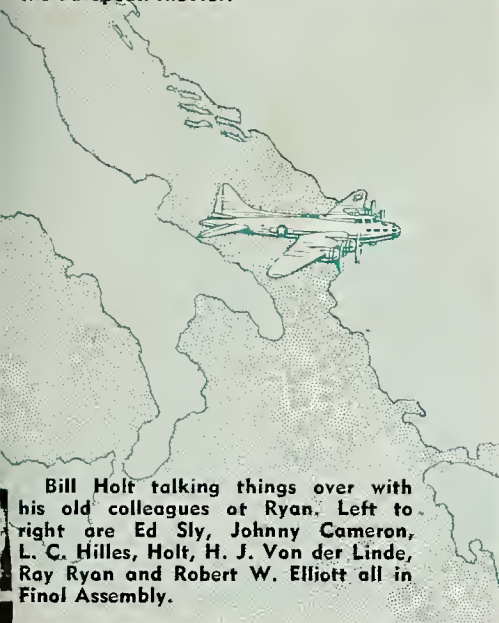
J. Claude Ryan

Bill Holt Comes Home

By KEITH MONROE



Lt. Bill Holt, home on furlough from the European theater.



Bill Holt talking things over with his old colleagues at Ryan. Left to right are Ed Sly, Johnny Cameron, L. C. Hilles, Holt, H. J. Von der Linde, Ray Ryan and Robert W. Elliott all in Final Assembly.

Behind him, the crew of his bomber was working frantically on the jammed doors of the bomb bay. Ahead of him, Lieutenant Bill Holt could see the other Flying Fortresses slowly gaining on him. Above and beneath, Messerschmitt 109's were circling patiently just out of range, waiting until the rest of Holt's squadron should be far enough ahead to leave him unprotected.

Holt could feel the perspiration oozing out of his forehead beneath his thick flying helmet and oxygen mask. It was freezing cold up here, five miles high over Italy, but he was beginning to sweat from anxiety. He knew this was it—this was the tightest spot of his life.

A few minutes earlier, when his bombardier had emptied the plane's load of bombs on a German-held city in Italy, the bomb bay doors had jammed open. Which meant that the flying speed of the Fortress was reduced about eight miles per hour. Yard

by yard the ship was falling behind its squadron, and Holt knew that in aerial warfare over the Continent these days a laggard bombing plane had only a thousand-to-one chance of getting home.

Holt thought of what he had seen a few days ago, when a whole element of Fortresses had become strung out instead of staying in tight formation. One at a time, they had gone down. The Me-109's had closed in on each in turn, like a pack of wolves tearing down a lone elk—sixty, seventy, even a hundred fast German planes to the one big American ship. That was how the Germans always finished off a straggler.

Holt had the throttles wide open, the waste-gate valve almost closed, and the propeller pitch increased above the automatic setting. His crew had thrown out everything possible to lighten the plane. But

(Continued on page 21)

A Ryanite, home from Italy, tells of harrowing flights through flak-filled skies with enemy planes waiting like vultures to polish off the straggler



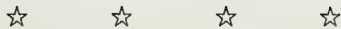
December 3
1943

Vol. 6
No. 10



Flying Reporter

Published every three weeks for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through the Public Relations Department



EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
EditorKeith Monroe
Associate Editor.....Sue Zinn Gunthorp
Staff Photographers.....Tommy Hixson; Frank Martin

Special Features

Page

| | |
|---|----|
| Bill Holt Comes Home..... | 1 |
| — <i>he flew B-17s over Italy.</i> | |
| Don't Let This Happen To You!..... | 3 |
| — <i>your hair is too precious to risk.</i> | |
| Are You a Parking-Lot Pest?..... | 4 |
| — <i>there's etiquette in parking, too.</i> | |
| Butch Ortiz..... | 5 |
| — <i>Manifold Assembly, Second Shift.</i> | |
| They Fly Through Hell..... | 6 |
| — <i>our flyers say the going's tough.</i> | |
| Meet Earl Prudden..... | 8 |
| Their Figures Tell the Story..... | 10 |
| G.H.Q. for First Aid..... | 12 |
| Sports..... | 25 |
| What's Cookin'?..... | 31 |
| Beauty Isn't Rationed..... | 32 |
| Ryan Trading Post..... | 33 |

Departmental News

| | |
|---|----|
| Accounting Accounts by Margaret Nelson.... | 18 |
| Airplane Dispatching by Katherine Kuyawa and Virginia Bridges.... | 18 |
| Cafeteria News by Potsun Panz..... | 23 |
| Chin Music by Herman Martindale..... | 24 |
| From the Beam by Pat Kelly..... | 20 |
| Here and There by Jonnie Johnson..... | 20 |
| Hither and Yon..... | 22 |
| Hot Air from Manifold by Evelyn Duncan..... | 15 |
| Inspection Notes by Dorothy Trudersheim.... | 24 |
| Life in Purchasing..... | 30 |
| Machine Shop by Dorothy Wheeler..... | 23 |
| Manifold Dispatching by Gerold Ryan..... | 17 |
| Manifold Production Control..... | 17 |
| Manifold Small Parts..... | 22 |
| News and Flashes by Earl Vaughan..... | 16 |
| Plant Engineering by Bob Christy..... | 19 |
| Time Study Observations by Dortha Dunston... | 13 |
| Wind Tunnel by Vic Odin..... | 14 |
| Wing Tips by Jimmy Southwick..... | 20 |
| Putt Putts on Parade by Millie Merritt..... | 30 |
| Ryanettes by Ruth Daugherty and Gerry Wright | 21 |
| Smoke From a Test Tube by Sally and Sue..... | 29 |
| Tattling in Tooling by Mary and Kay..... | 24 |

Copy deadline for next issue is December 15th

The Walking Reporter

By Ye Ed

Stenographer trouble reared its ugly head recently in the Sales department, according to Wilbur Green. He reports that just before lunchtime one of the departmental factotums was dictating a letter to his secretary, when somebody stuck a head in the door and announced the cafeteria's noon menu. The factotum ignored the interruption—kept on dictating full blast above and through it, in fact. But when the secretary transcribed her notes that afternoon, they read: "In reply to yours of the 20th, please be advised that the Ryan Aeronautical Company can make immediate delivery of three carloads of spaghetti and meat balls, although it may encounter difficulty in providing cabbage and manifolds in accordance with your request."



Salmon is to be strictly rationed, according to our spies in the Engineering department. So many people want to see our Chief Engineer that the boys claim they're going to assess point-coupons for every minute spent in Ben Salmon's office.



Incidentally, did you know that Ben used to be a parachute jumper? Yup. Made exhibition jumps on Sundays, to help accumulate wherewithal to enter M. I. T.



Started thinking about Christmas gifts yet? The best gift suggestion we've heard comes from the U. S. Treasury: give a War Bond. Can you think of any better present?



Earl Prudden has been muttering in his beard for several days about the ribbing he got from Claude Ryan at a recent Engineering dinner to hear about British aviation from Ben Salmon. (We seem to have a Salmon obsession this month.) The way our Vice-President tells it, President Ryan rose when the dessert had been cleared away and began: "We have a man with us tonight who for years has been embarrassing me by calling on me without warning. Tonight I'm going to turn the tables. We will now hear a talk from Earl Prudden on 'Why Ryan Is a Wonderful Company'." . . . After Earl had recovered from the first shock, delivered a rather neat five-minute extemporaneous talk, and sat down to mop his brow, Claude rose again and announced: "We'll now hear from Ben Salmon without wasting any more time." It brought down the house. . . Earl is threatening dire things the next time he gets a chance to introduce Claude at an informal Company dinner.



CORRECTION: In last issue, wrong identification was given on a picture showing Ryanites receiving awards for shop suggestions. In the caption Win Alderson's name appeared instead of E. L. Williams of Inspection. Williams won both a gold medal and a gold bar for his suggestions. Alderson also won a gold medal but was not present for the presentation.

Don't Let This Happen To You!



There's danger lurking in every stray lock
of hair . . . Cover yours with one of these
new hat styles

No. 1 Choice: Chic and tailored, of dark blue felt with dark blue royon snood. This model will run about \$1.40 in price.

No. 2 Choice: Bright blue with gold broid and black visor. Priced at about \$1.70. Attractive with Ryan insignia also obtainable at tool store.

No. 3 Choice: Made of light blue denim materiol with red, white and blue band. Visor is removable. Comes at approxi- mately \$1.25.



Some Ryan drivers try all the tricks in the book to get a few feet closer to the factory gate. But Ryan guards aren't easily fooled. They can spot a parking-lot pest with no trouble at all

Are you a parking-lot pest....?

"**W**HEN I saw how some people resent it when you try to do something to help them," mused the guard as he came off duty at Ryan's parking lot. "Take those fellows I just asked not to walk diagonally across the parking lot. You'd have thought I was trying to sell them into slavery, the way they glored at me."

The other guard nodded. "If they only knew how many narrow escapes people have had on this back field lot, trying to cut in front of the cars that are hurrying in to get parked, then they'd think twice about walking through a moving line of cars."

"They're Parking Lot Pests," said the first guard. "Anybody who blocks a whole line of cars, making them wait, just so he can save a few steps, is a Parking Lot Pest in my book."

"Right! They're not malicious—they just don't realize how much trouble they're causing. Take the guy who refuses to put a parking-lot sticker on his windshield. 'You can tell by my badge which area I belong in,' he says. Sure, but the Pest doesn't realize that a guard could see his sticker at a distance and wave him on in, instead of stopping a whole line of cars just to look at his badge."

"I think the prize Pest of all is the first shift fellow who works in the factory, but

persists in parking in the new parking lot, where he has no right to be. . . . I've been watching one for several weeks now. He started by parking just outside the new lot. Then he sneaked into the very farthest row of the B section. In a week or so he was parking up toward the middle of the section—now he's right up at the front, and if we give him rope for another week he'll probably move into the A section."

"Every now and then," agreed the other guard, "some Parking Lot Pest moves into that A section—which is supposed to be kept clear for physically handicapped people. The Pest usually has an alibi. One lady claimed she had a sprained back, and every morning for weeks she'd hobble out of that car like the Hunchback of Notre Dame. She doesn't know that I've seen her in the afternoon, running like a scared deer to punch the time-clock."

"I heard a honey of an alibi the other day," the other said with a grin. "Some fellow parked in the A section, and when we started checking up on him he said, 'Well, I gave blood to the Red Cross the other day, so naturally I don't feel very strong.'"

They both laughed. "Human nature is funny, isn't it?" said one. "Some people would rather do almost anything than walk fifty extra steps."

(Continued on page 17)

9 Rules for Parking-lot Etiquette

to make life easier for yourself
and for your fellow Ryanites

- 1 Put your parking-lot sticker on your windshield. If you don't have one, get one from your department head. Cars without stickers should not be admitted to the new parking lot.
- 2 Park only in the area assigned to you.
- 3 Fill out a card for the auto-license file, if you haven't yet done so.
- 4 Never try to leave the parking lot through the entrance gate, nor enter through the exit. (You'd be surprised how many drivers do!)
- 5 Don't pull out of line to discharge passengers, then try to swing back in. Take your passengers into the parking lot with you.
- 6 If you park in the back field lot, don't walk diagonally across the lot after parking. Walk behind the row of parked cars.
- 7 Park neatly enough so that you don't occupy more than one space.
- 8 Park where the guard signals you to. Don't block the whole line by stopping to argue.
- 9 Keep your ownership registration certificate visible inside the car. (That happens to be a state law, carrying serious penalties!)

On the records it may be "Roy" Ortiz, but to all the folks around Ryan, it's "Butch." Butch's sworthy complexion, twinkling eyes and million-dollar smile are sure-fire friend winners even without the magnetic personality he possesses. The people who work with him will testify that Butch never has any trouble keeping his workers happy. Butch just naturally likes people; he likes to undertsand them and know their problems.

"People in o department look to o foreman for results. They expect to see results —and I try not to disappoint them. They expect their foreman to be a square shooter, aboveboard and unprejudiced. And they have a right to expect these things." That's a little bit of Butch's philosophy about this business of being o foreman. No problem is too small for him to have an interest in, if it is of importance to someone in his department. He's done everything from helping collect debts owed to some of his workers to writing letters home for them.

"One point I try to put ocross to my people," Butch soys, "is that each individual isn't just putting in eight hours' work a day but that together we're working toward o combined goal. I wont our department to be o team. We've all got our hands in on an important job and working as a team we'll get it done. We all have positions to fill, responsibilities that are ours to finish."

Butch ocquired a lot of his ability to get along with people early in life. With seven brothers and one sister you either had to get along or be bigger than the others. Butch learned to get along. Three of his brothers ore now in the service; two in the Navy and one in the Air Corps. One of them is in New Guineo, one in New Zeolond and one in o hospital in Spokane.

Butch's experience along mechanical lines dates back as far os he can remember. He was always tearing something down and putting it together again. Bock in the early thirties when he was attending San Diego High School he spent all his spore time rebuilding old Fords and Chevvy's. He'd buy o mochine that was running on a song and o prayer, soup it up, put a big noisy muffler on it and then sell it to some of his fellow schoolmates. "I seldom had o car of my own," Butch recalls, "because by the time I got it souped up the way I wanted it, somebody always offered me a price I couldn't turn down."

Butch Ortiz

Manifold Assembly, Second Shift



Portrait by Glenn Munkelt

In the summer of 1933, however, he and a friend started out to see the country in a Model A. It was a good idea as far as it went. But in Konsos City the Model A developed an excessive appetite for gas and the boys ran out of money. They sold the jolopy, pocketed the \$36.00 and proceeded on their way via thumb and freight car. During that summer and the next Butch traveled up through most of western Canodo, clear to the East Coast, down through Florida and touched upon practically every state in the Union. In fact, in Texas he practically took root. "I tried for what seemed weeks to get out of that state," Butch soys. "Every time I hooked o ride on some freight, it ended up in some other port of Texas. I tried all points of the compass and still I was in Texas. Finolly I managed to get up

in the ponhandle, and then I kept my fingers crossed for feor the next one I hooked would take me back down to Houston or Dallas again. It didn't. I got out and I've never set foot in Texas again. One narrow escape is enough."

After he graduated from high school, Ortiz began making plans for attending college. As most plans do, this one involved some money. He took a job with Consolidated in 1936 and spent a year and o half at riveting and assembly work. That's where he first met Joe Love and Jock Zippwald. Then one day his foreman called him in and told him that they had to cut their force and were letting all their single men go. Butch was very single.

(Continued on page 16)



His department is a team and everybody in it has important work to do. Together they'll get it done



They Flew

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO



Through Hell

No one could figure out, afterward, how the thing happened.

How could eight German planes flash the correct identification signals, on a given night, for a British air base? The complicated code is changed nightly, and no two air bases have the same signals.

At the moment the thing was happening, no one at the airdrome seemed to have the faintest suspicion that anything was wrong. All they knew was that eight planes were circling in the darkness above the field, and that they had given the correct identification, by radio and signal light, for that particular field. How could there be any doubt that these were friendly planes?

So the landing lights were turned on and the rocket signals sent up, and six of the planes followed one another in for neat landings. It wasn't until the ships taxied through the landing lights that anyone noticed the big black crosses on their wings.

They were Fock-Wulfe 190's.

Instantly the lights went out and the anti-aircraft guns began erupting flak. The other two planes fled into the darkness — to our regret, as matters turned out. Because almost before the first six 190's had stopped rolling, the pilots were scrambling out of their cockpits, hands raised high overhead.

Motorcycles and jeeps (or peeps, as the British call them) bristling with machine guns swarmed onto the field and surrounded the six German planes. Onlookers noticed that the planes were sleek and shiny . . . unmarred by weather or bullet holes . . . in fact, brand new!

The six pilots walked forward, hands up, eyes squinting in the glare

of British flashlights. "We surrender. We are finished," said the leader in guttural English.

The British officer who moved to meet them was bewildered. "What's it all about? What were you trying to do?"

"We merely try to land and surrender," answered the Nazi. "We have flown tonight from Germany, because we have had enough of this war. Ach! We have been flying for four years, and that is too much. We know which way this war is going."

While I was in England this incident occurred at an air field somewhere in the British Isles. The news was published in London papers and caused a mild sensation all over the country. For eight Fock-Wulfe 190's to try to surrender en masse was somewhat of a novelty and some indication that the enemy was cracking badly, some people thought.

But the British and American pilots in England shook their heads. They knew differently.

"Germany won't be beaten for two years yet," an AAF officer told me at a British operational base. "Oh, some of her oldest pilots may be getting discouraged, but that doesn't count for much. There are thousands of young fliers coming up to replace the veterans—and they're damn good pilots, fighting fools, fanatics who've been brought up since childhood in the Hitler Youth and are glad to die for the Fuehrer."

Another flier chimed in. "One flight into Germany is enough to convince anybody that the Nazis are still full of fight. They've got a huge thirty-mile belt of air bases extending all along the French and Belgian coasts. Whenever any Allied planes start across, the Ger-

The fighting's tough, their planes and pilots are good, and we're a long way from final victory say Allied pilots who fly over Germany

BENJAMIN T. SALMON

relates their story, as he heard it in England recently, to Editor Keith Monroe

mans literally blacken the sky with Messerschmitt 109's and Fock-Wulfe 190's. Our boys just have to slug their way through, sometimes against odds as high as a hundred planes to one."

Wherever I went in Britain, the men who are flying over Germany had the same story to tell. We haven't yet made a real dent in enemy aircraft production.

The Germans appear to be concentrating on fighter planes now, and apparently aren't trying to build heavy bombers at present. The Luftwaffe is fighting a strictly defensive air war in western Europe. But the defense it's putting up is a mighty good one—so good that our men going up against the Germans see no immediate end in sight. The Reich may have countless underground factories, as well as those scattered over wide areas such as Czecho-Slovakia and Austria which are still virtually immune from bombing — so its staying power seems relatively undiminished.

I was particularly interested, during my month's stay in Britain, to talk to British and American fliers in PRU work. PRU stands for Photo Reconnaissance Unit. It also stands for some of the most daring air work this war has seen.

When a PRU pilot takes off in his Spitfire or P-38, he takes off alone—and unarmed. His plane is loaded with cameras, and he hasn't even

(Continued on page 28)

In circle: Ben Salmon, chief engineer at Ryon. Left: Mute evidence of the strength of air power.

Meet — Earl

He has been a salesman, factory worker, transcontinental trouble-shooter, and



Earl DeWitt Prudden is one of Ryan's transcontinental trouble-shooters, a widely-known figure in the aviation industry, and a man who can count his friends at Ryan in the hundreds. He climbed to his present eminence with the help of two outstanding traits of character: He never gets discouraged, and he is good—supremely good—at getting along with people.

Sixteen years ago Prudden decided to transfer his activities from the real estate business and took a job as a factory worker polishing airplane fuselages in order to get a start in aviation. Since then he has moved all the way up the ladder to his present double position as Vice-President of the Ryan Aeronautical Company as well as Vice-President (and General Manager) of the Ryan School of Aeronautics.

It was 1927 when Prudden left Detroit and brought his mother to San Diego, theoretically on a vacation. This has been their home ever since. They came to visit Earl's brother George, who had founded the Prudden-San Diego Airplane Company here, and had been writing glowing letters home about the California climate. Earl and his mother found themselves in agreement with all the fine things George had been saying about San Diego, so Earl asked his brother for a job in his airplane company.

The two Prudden brothers have always been very close to each other. (They still are, incidentally, although their careers have been in different companies. George is now Works Manager of the Vega Aircraft Co.) But George saw no way in which he could justify making a place for his younger brother in a struggling business enterprise. "Sorry, Earl," he said. "There just isn't any need for another man in the office."

But Earl Prudden is no man to be lightly brushed off. Hearing that one of the factory foremen needed an extra helper, he went to the shop and landed the job unknown to his brother.

After a period of polishing the corrugated metal skin of airplanes, Prudden heard that the Ryan School of Aeronautics was offering both flight and ground-school training. All the salesmanship in Prudden came to the surface; he promptly visited the school and talked himself into a position selling courses for it.



As Ryan expanded, Prudden's job expanded, too. He began spending Sundays at the airport as a sort of barker, persuading people to take sight-seeing rides in the Ryan planes. Before long he was selling airplanes as well as signing up pupils for the school. Later he took responsibility for looking after the morale of students—cheering them up if they got homesick, giving them pep talks if they weren't learning fast, arranging recreation for them if they got bored. Gradually everyone came to think of him as the number 2 man in the Ryan organization. In 1931 he was officially made vice-president of the company.

Prudden's solid talents for salesmanship were one of the most powerful influences in building up the Ryan organization during its early days when every dollar loomed large. He brought students to the school in droves. He sold private airplanes in carload lots—in fact, he and Claude Ryan together startled the whole aviation industry in 1931 by selling one whole carload in twenty-four hours, which was unheard-of in those days.

The friends Prudden made have been worth incalculable sums to the Ryan organization. Roy Ryan, Eddie Oberbauer, Mac Cattrill, Harley Rubish, Bob Close, Logan Bennett, Ed Baumgarten, Fred Thudium and many others have gone through the Ryan School and developed such warm feelings for it that they stayed on to become key men in the organization.

Prudden often acts as spokesman for the company at everything from legislative hearings to service-club luncheons. He is a member of the board of directors of the Aircraft War Production

D. Prudden

—today he is ace company spokesman,
in a million friends. Here's his story



Today, with the Ryan name filling a unique double position as one of the eight major war plane builders on the Pacific Coast, and simultaneously one of the nation's biggest flight-training schools for the AAF, Prudden's energy and his capacity for winning friends are both being put to harder use than ever before. He is on the go constantly—flying when priorities permit or driving all night to reach Tucson in time for an all-day round of conferences with Ryan School officials there; hopping a plane on a few minutes' notice to discuss Army training problems with the Flying Training Command in Fort Worth; entraining for Washington and a War Department conference; or driving a hundred miles to Hemet, Calif., to check on the Ryan School there.

Prudden loves it. He likes to be on the move; to be doing things. His brief case is always full of work to be done while traveling. He maintains offices at Hemet and Tucson as well as San Diego, and teletype messages are constantly being laid on his desks in all three places. He never relaxes if he can think of any reason to go somewhere.

If a Sunday finds him in Tucson or Hemet, he'll spend it dropping in for social calls at the homes of school employees. He's forever looking in on the Ryanites—prominent or obscure—whom he knows personally. If one of them falls sick or has a baby or gets engaged or moves to a new home, there's likely to be a phone call or a visit from Prudden. At the plant, he never walks down the hall without stopping to chat for a moment with a maintenance worker or any other acquaintance he happens to see.

Prudden doesn't do this just because it's good policy and builds up the "family spirit" at Ryan. He honestly enjoys it, and does as much of it with non-Ryanites as with Ryanites. He likes people.

A bachelor of long standing, Prudden this summer married Adelaide Smith, corporate secretary of the Ryan School of Aeronautics of Arizona. She is almost as well-known in the Ryan organization as he is, having been corporate secretary and director of the Ryan Company for a number of years, and one of the three key people in the organization during the early days in San Diego. The couple have bought a home in Tucson, but Prudden also continues to maintain the home with his mother in San Diego which he built for her some years ago. His filial feelings are very strong, and he considers that he owes everything to his

(Continued on page 23)

Council, which is composed of the eight major aircraft manufacturers on the coast. He has served as president of the San Diego chapter of the National Aeronautical Association; as a director of the Chamber of Commerce and chairman of its Aviation Committee; and as chairman, toastmaster, or principal speaker at innumerable banquets, rallies and other public occasions. He also represented the company during the negotiations with national CIO organizers which resulted in Ryan's union contract—a contract which has been the basis of friendly and cooperative relations with the CIO ever since.

Some salesmen are so smooth that people instinctively mistrust them. That has never been the case with Prudden. Everyone who knows him calls him quick-witted, but no one has ever accused him of being tricky. "It doesn't pay to try to fool the other fellow," he says. "You may be able to get the better of him on one deal, but when he finds you've foxed him up he'll never trust you on any other deal."

During the years of Prudden's regime as General Manager, the Ryan School of Aeronautics has grown steadily—both in size and in reputation. Before the war it was one of the best-known commercial aviation schools in the world, with students from South America and Europe as well as from all over this country. It held the highest government and commercial rating for its flight, mechanical, and engineering courses. And when the war came, the Ryan School was one of the nine schools originally chosen by the Army to give flight training to its air cadets.



Putting their heads together on a few figures are Dick Morse, left, Fred Dunn in the center and E. L. Sherman standing.

By
Sue Zinn
Gunthorp

Their Figures Tell The Story

What would you do if every time you had your shoes half-soled, every time you had a suit cleaned, every time you bought a loaf of bread or a pound of hamburger—if each of those times you had to figure just how much of that expense should be charged to vanity, how much to absolute necessity, how much as a justifiable pleasure expense and how much as sheer luxury? It would create quite a problem, wouldn't it? And most of us would end up with something that might look like—

$$\sqrt{\frac{2X - 3XY + 2 + X^2}{(3X - 4) + (4Y + 2)^2}}$$

—and probably be equally incomprehensible. In fact, most of us, I imagine, would have to quit work entirely in order to find time to keep our books.

The vein is a little different, but the idea is still there. This job of breaking down expenses and income and organizing them into a true and complete story is the work that

Fred Dunn, assistant comptroller, and his General Accounting group carry on for Ryan. They take all the figures which come to them from Jim Miller in Accounts Payable, from Phyllis Creel in Accounts Receivable, from Charlie Greenwood in Tabulating, and from Harry Kister in Inventory and get a picture of Ryan's total operations.

Suppose that among the hundreds of figures that come to Dunn's desk from Accounts Payable there are ten different charges to Account No. 4807. Suppose, too, that Inventory sends over a report of a considerable amount of material withdrawn from stock which is to be charged to Account No. 4807. Then Tabulating comes along with the bill for labor, derived from the work order numbers you have put down, to be added on the expense side of No. 4807. When Dunn and his group complete their accumulation and coordination of these figures, all of these items for Account No. 4807 will appear together. That's how, over a period of time, they're able to obtain a picture of what various operations and manufacturing processes cost. They know

just how much is spent for materials on Ryan projects, how much for productive labor, how much for overhead.

Once a month this General Accounting section takes the summary of the month's activities from the other departments and converts them all into various types of reports. The final assembly place of all this information is the General Ledger, which contains about 300 sheets, each devoted to a separate account. The figures entered in this ledger each month are the totals which, in themselves, would give only the barest details if it were not for the myriads of other ledgers in the department from which they come and which are always available for more elaborate information. From these concise sheets of the General Ledger the monthly balance sheet, profit and loss statement and expense statements are made up and presented to the officers of the company.

After these main statements have been completed each month, General Accounting can go back and break these down into de-

They accumulate the figures, total them, then break them down to obtain the complete story of Ryan's operations

tailed expense analyses. For instance, labor on a particular work order number can be followed back to the departments where the labor charge originated and, if it were ever necessary, to the individual men and women whose time cards bore that work order number. Here again the importance of putting down the right work order number comes to the front. If a Ryanite in the factory puts down an incorrect number and it is not caught any place along the line, this error becomes a permanent one affecting individual expense accounts and the monthly financial statements — in fact any summary where that item is involved.

Dunn's group also prepares the backlog report—a report of the business an order which has not yet been shipped. When Sales and Service issue a sales order, it is sent to General Accounting and recorded in a record showing the total amount of sales orders by customer. Once each month, from an analysis of the billings to customers and the amount shipped, the amount still to be shipped can be determined. Much of this work is done on the Tabulating machines and the report comes back to General Accounting showing each sales order with the amount shipped, summarized and totaled. This information is then transmitted to the backorder book.

In addition to preparing the financial statements and making analyses of accounts, General Accounting also carries out checks on the accuracy of the information being given to them. The Accounting people want to be sure that when the auditors arrive at the end of the year, Ryan's books will be strictly in order. That's one reason why every check that goes out in payment of a bill is first given a final going over by Dick Marse, Ryan's auditor, to be sure that the amount is correctly figured and that the correct accounts are being charged.

No mention has yet been made of the

tremendous job of keeping track of the material in Ryan stockrooms. That's the task of the Inventory section under Harry Kister. They determine the cost of the material that goes into the products Ryanites build. Up to the time a material requisition reaches Accounting—that is, while it is in the hands of Material Control, of the dispatcher who handles the flow of material on the factory floor or the hands of the people in the stockroom—it deals only with the **quantity** of material issued. However, when the requisition hits Accounting the concern is the **cost** of the material. The important job of the Inventory division is to see that the cost of the materials used is charged against the proper work order.

This is important not only to give a true picture of what present jobs are costing us to build, but to make estimates on future projects. Most of Ryan's contracts are based on a fixed price which has to be an **estimated** price, and the records of how much material cost on previous similar jobs plays a big role in determining the price that can be quoted on future contracts.

The inventory records must at all times reflect an absolutely true picture of what is in the stockroom. In fact, they must be so accurate that every three months an actual count is made of every item. If there are discrepancies they have to be found. It may take recounting or it may take a bit of detective work to find just exactly where the error lies—but it must be found. The Army and Navy won't tolerate discrepancies in inventories.

Figuring into this whole business of buying and selling is the problem of transportation, which, at Ryan, is up to E. L. Sherman, who heads the Traffic division. Just how many pounds of material comes in and goes out of Ryan each month is a military secret, but we can say it's up in the millions, which gives some idea of the problems which must be met by this group.

All purchase orders from Purchasing are routed direct to Traffic, where a carrier is selected who will get the goods to Ryan by the quickest and most practical method. Similarly, sales orders, if Ryan is to arrange and pay for the shipping, are routed through Sherman's division and arrangements are made by him for a carrier to transport the goods. Most of Ryan's deliveries have been made by trucks, but trucking is definitely on the decline. "Now," says Sherman, "it's a matter of personal pride with the trucking firms. A lot of them take particular care in giving war plants the best service they possibly can. And believe you me, we appreciate it."

When the goods have been delivered and the freight charges come in, they're carefully checked to see that the material has been properly classified (different materials take different rates) and that the figures have been extended correctly. All goods moving on government bill of lading are also handled in the Traffic division.

When any goods are damaged in transit, it is up to the Traffic division to make a claim to the carrier and estimate the damage done. Despite the heavy taxing of transportation facilities, however, Sherman's division report that very few claims have to be made.

Besides covering transportation of material, Sherman's group makes transportation reservations for Ryanites traveling on company business. Sometimes it's a rush job where seconds count, and Sherman has been known to secure priorities by long distance from the Army in Las Angeles and obtain plane reservations far the east for some Ryanite when his first advice on the trip came only twenty minutes before plane time. "We'll cooperate as much as we can on rush trips," Sherman says, "but we can't guarantee anything without more time—the more the better."

Two general views of the Accounting Department. The picture on the left shows the inventory, auditing, general accounting and timekeeping sections and the picture on the right includes accounts receivable and accounts payable.



They have several thousand visitors every month — and they're asking for more



They don't need any introductions, most of these folks in First Aid. But we would like to present our new medico, Dr. Granville J. Trinity, who come to Ryon this month to supervise and direct our First Aid work. Dr. Trinity hails from Detroit, Michigan, where, for several years, he has had his own practice.

Resplendent in their new headquarters, Dr. Trinity, Martin Mullins, head nurse, Mrs. Parham, Mrs. Lula Moy "Suzy" Stuard and Mrs. Edna McClain hold down the fort in the wing of the new Final Assembly building. With a reception room, two rest rooms, treatment room and doctor's office, all with pure white enameled walls which fairly scream their cleanliness, these new headquarters are a big improvement over the old office in the main plant building, which now is being used as a first aid station.

The rest rooms in the new building—one for men and one for women—provide an opportunity for injured Ryanites to lie down while being treated or to rest a while either before returning to work or going home. One new piece of equipment of which these first aiders are mighty proud is the new wheel stretcher for transporting injured Ryonites easily and swiftly.

All new employees visit these first aid headquarters for their physical examinations. The office also handles all first aid cases for the Final Assembly building and more serious accidents all over the plant. Besides that they do all the first aid paper work, and there's plenty of it, for both their own office and for the first aid station in the

main factory building. That paper work is a job in itself, because every injury has to be recorded on the employee's card, which contains a complete record of his or her injuries from the first physical examination till the day of termination. When you consider that the first aid room treats several thousand injuries a month, that makes quite an impressive bit of entering.

"No matter how small the injury, the entry is made just the same," explains Mrs. Parham. "And that entry can prove mighty important to Ryanites later on. In fact, we urge every Ryanite to report every injury, no matter how small. We don't like to be dogmatic, but we do believe that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. A good 80 percent of the infection cases we treat were not reported to us when they happened. The worker thought they were insignificant and just let them ride. It doesn't take long for infection to get a grip."

One of the women in the plant recently came in with her ankle swollen. The nurse asked her how it happened and the girl reported that she had fallen in the plant a

(Continued on page 28)

G. H. Q.

For
First Aid

Upper left: Dr. Granville J. Trinity, now in charge of all Ryon first aid work. Lower left: Mrs. Harriet Parham administers first aid in the new general treatment room. Right: Mrs. Stuard at the desk in one of the rest rooms. Notice how bed can be folded into wall when space is needed for other purposes.



Time Study Observations

By Dortha Dunston



Fascinating work is ours and we're all proud as pie;
 We all like the personnel and now I'll tell you why.
 The seven-thirty starting bell will find us in our seats
 Ready for a day that's full of typing and repeats.
 One wants to take a sneaking glance at morning news reports,
 But Ryan's poy check doesn't pay for comics and the sports.
 Gosh, visiting and wasting time is definitely out;
 We're here to do a bang-up job of bringing 'planes about.
 Now and then we take a walk back down the long, long hall,
 Then come right out and start to work—no loitering at all.
 We know that place is not for fun or gossiping and such.
 Our own department holds more charm—pleasanter—but
 much!

We've yet to have a lazy day with lots of time to kill.
 It's a false impression if we do—a vacancy to fill!
 A shirker or a waster will be ostracized for good;
 No time study girl or time study man would be one if he
 could.

If work's piled up we plug along, out of self respect.
 To do inhuman jobs of course, there's no one can except.
 Each person has a job to do—just think what it would mean
 If we'd all waste two hours per day—eight people lose six
 teen!

A loafer in a wartime job is a saboteur at heart,
 'Cause watching him breaks down morale of those who do
 their part.

'Course we have fun and talk and gab but work a steady pace.
 Not one of us who doesn't know that banter has its place.
 Childish pranks and childish talk is not for me or you;
 Schoolroom stuff and in the plant is utterly taboo.
 Our attitudes are all the same, and work we do put out;
 Until our jobs are all complete we do not give a shout.
 Admittedly I'm handing bouquets to the T. S. folks.
 I'm proud to be one of the same and appreciate our jokes.
 What I've been trying to say is this and hope it reaches par—
 What we do here helps them out there regardless of how
 small

Our little tasks might seem to us—so do them one and all!
 An elegy in memory a Ryan mother wrote
 of her son, a Navy boy. Her time she'll still devote
 Toward building ships and helping out in spite of dirt and
 grime;

And she and many others too will scorn those who waste time.

* * *

NEVER AGAIN

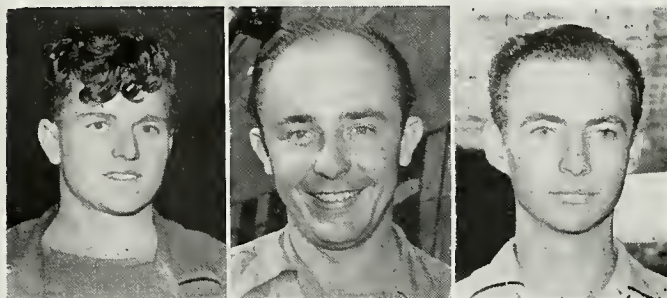
Never again will he walk this way,
 Never again will he romp in from play,
 Never again will he so gaily sing
 "Cherries are ripe!" in the sweet hours of Spring.

He gave up his books for a uniform blue,
 He gave up his life for ideals he held true,
 And now he is resting where heroes sleep,
 Soon gently around them bright ivy will creep.

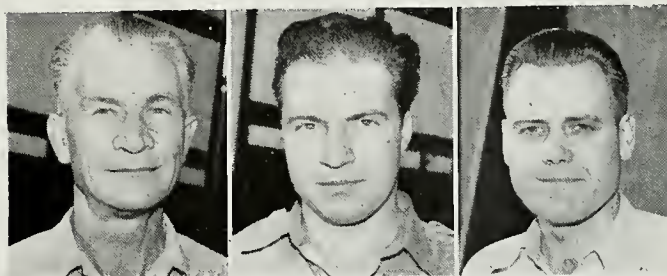
Let the Nation bow down, let grief have sway,
 For youth of the land who lived but a day,
 Giving up home and all things cherished,
 So young to have died, so bright to have perished.

Fall softly, fall slowly the leaves and rain;
 Disturb them not, they are out of all pain;
 Hang myrtle wreaths for the boys of today,
 Who never again will walk this way.

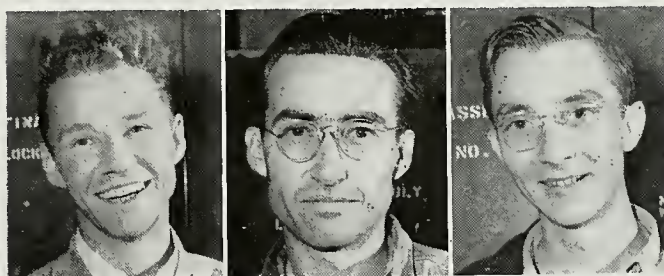
New Leadmen Appointed



New third shift leadman in Manifold Assembly is J. W. Chess, left. Center is Harold Peif, recently appointed leadman in Sheet Metal Cutting and Routing. K. T. Turner, right, is a new leadman in Sheet Metal Cutting and Routing on second shift.



New leadmen on second shift in Final Assembly are left to right: C. L. Pell, J. L. Conklin and W. D. Mortenson.



New leadmen on first shift in Final Assembly are left to right: Loren Cook, L. A. Ethridge and George Westover.

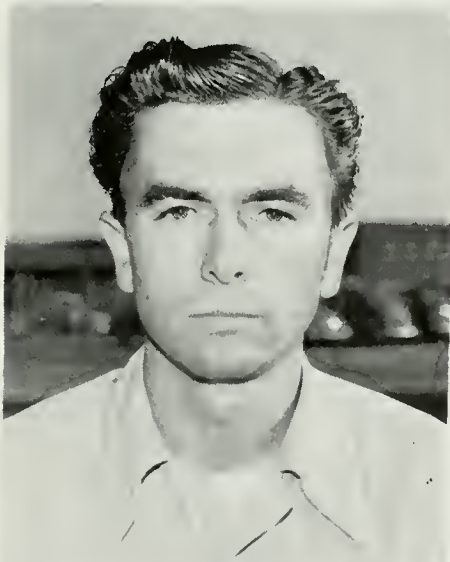


Newly appointed as leadman in Final Assembly on second shift is R. Schulz, left. Thomas Gorrett, center, is a new leadman in the Fuselage department. N. E. Carlton, right, is now a leadman in Manifold.

Promotions



Introducing J. M. Bussard who last month was made Assistant Foreman in the Final Assembly Department on second shift.



Congratulations are also in order for Lewis C. Hilles who has taken over the responsibilities of Assistant Foreman in Final Assembly on a first shift.

Lumber . . .

If you want small scrap lumber, left-over bits and pieces from the Ryan shops, come on and get it! From now on there will be a scrap lumber pile in the unpaved section of the new parking lot, back of the assembly building. On a first-come-first-served basis, Ryanites can take whatever lumber they want from the pile. Naturally, they'll have to do their own hauling, but the wood is theirs without cost.

A Letter to the Editor...

DEAR MR. MONROE (if you will pardon the expression):

You will, I trust, forgive the presumption that moves an old, crusty, but nevertheless lovable dodderer to take his pen in hand and address himself to you, on utter stronger. And I assure you that I am a stronger not by choice; were it not for some rather stupid prejudices entertained by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, I would gladly offer to join—noy, and work in, even!—your firm's engineering department. But I write principally to right a grievous wrong, to seek redress. O Justice, when driven from other habitations, make the office of the RYAN FLYING REPORTER thy dwelling place!

For many months now your periodical has been publishing certain scurrilous articles about myself under the not inappropriate heading of "Wind Tunnel." These appear under the name of Victor Odin. Odin, I must regretfully inform you, is a bockbiting viper who first ingrotiated himself to my family by pretending to be an insurance agent, but who exploited our hospitality in a manner which he has brazenly described: to wit, he stole a vast quantity of my private papers on aviation; a small loss indeed, I say modestly, were it not for the fact that the papers included a small black address book whose loss has seriously hampered my social life. Now this cad is rolling in ill-gotten wealth by peddling to you these documents at the fabulous rates which you are reputed to pay for material. To say nothing of the benefits that no doubt accrue to him as possessor of that lit le black book. . . .

I have often admired your own articles, which appear from time to time in "Esquire"—often my admiration reaches the point where I read a paragraph or two, but I find the cartoons more entertaining. Don't you? Now I wonder why it is that a person of such discerning literary sense should publish, sight unseen and unverified, that drivel of Odin's about myself. The least you can do, I feel, is publish this categorical denial of everything he has written; the most you can do is to lend me say about twenty dollars to tide me over a temporary financial embarrassment. . . .

To get the record straight, I am submitting the following item, copied from an obituary which was unfortunately published by a well-known editor who apparently arrived at a wrong conclusion after meeting me one morning when I was the hapless victim of a hangover:

"The world will little heed nor long remember Euthanasius Pilfer, whose colorful figure was a familiar sight at the hamburger stands of Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Tiajuano. Already his wit is legendary among the inmates of various institutions for the feeble-minded, as is the memory of his great-hearted generosity and his scrupulous honesty. Reliable witnesses have seen Professor Pilfer return a handkerchief to a woman who had dropped it, and who never would have noticed its loss. He was truly one of the great men of our time.

"Euthanasius Pilfer's beginnings are

shrouded in mystery; it is definitely known that he fought in the Confederate Army, and with the French in the Franco-Prussian War; malicious tongues ascribe their defeat to his presence, but this is largely unsubstantiated. He was largely self-educated, having attended Yale University; he served with some distinction on various teams, and was awarded an honorary H after the Harvard-Yale football classic of 1852. As a crew man, he introduced the innovation of attaching a rather crude outboard motor to his shell; with characteristic narrow-mindedness other college crews of the day frowned upon this contrivance, although it was a labor-saving and humane invention.

"His achievements in aviation are discussed at length elsewhere; but in other fields of science his contributions are almost incredible. Always a skeptic, he repeated Newton's famous falling-apple experiment several thousand times, thus verifying Newton's conclusions beyond doubt; furthermore, he had the daring and vision to substitute an orange for the apple, and eventually a watermelon. Only when he ran a series of experiments using a hydrogen-filled balloon was he baffled; eventually he formulated his concept of negative gravitation, which evolved into one of the bulwarks of modern aeronautical theory. In astronomy he postulated the Pilferion Hypothesis: i.e., he demonstrated the fact that the earth stands still and the sun circles around it, a fact so obvious that most scientists had overlooked it entirely. In mathematics, he is responsible for Pilfer's Theorem, which states that if a solution does not agree with the answer in the back of the book, there exists either (a) an error in the process of solution or (b) a typographical error in the text.

"Academic honors were heaped upon him by the hundred. In 1912, the President of Princeton conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Science of Harvard University; the Nobel Prize for physics was bestowed upon him shortly after his announcement, in 1927, that he had finished his life's work in that field and intended to retire from pure science. Among his clubs were the Fifth District Democratic Association, The University Avenue Card Room, and the Aces Social and Athletic Club of Brooklyn. Politically, he has always associated himself with the Whigs and Mugwumps, except for a renegade period when he was a member of the Free Soil Party."

I could show you countless clippings of that sort, but they would only bore you, as they bore me; I am old, and a little tired of fame. All I ask is that you print no more misinformation about myself; I am not the mad malicious character I am pictured as; beneath this gruff exterior there beats a heart of gold.

Hoping you are the same, I remain,

Yr humble & obdt servant,

EUTHANASIOUS PILFER.

Engineering Has Technical Library

A technical library is maintained in the Engineering Department serving not only the engineering personnel but all the departments of the company. Material and information may be had on all phases of aeronautics. This includes books, documents, specifications, reports, vendor catalogs and periodicals.

A bulletin is issued weekly listing current reports, books and technical data received. Those desiring to be placed on the mailing list may notify the librarian. Engineering reports from various aircraft companies are available through the Aircraft War Production Council. Emphasis has been placed upon reports covering airplane design, development, production and shop problems.

All those interested in reference and research on any specific subject may use the indexed files of engineering reports and periodical literature prepared by the Pacific Aeronautical Library of Hollywood. This is a card file of reports and articles, cross-indexed under many subject headings. A comprehensive index is also kept of all reports issued by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

Listed below are a few of the books in the library:

Aircraft hydraulics, by Adams.

Aerosphere—A worldwide encyclopedia

of modern aircraft including aircraft engines, with aircraft directory, 1939 and 1942 editions.

American Aviation Directory—1943.

Definitions of Electrical Terms.

Walker on Patents—4 volumes.

Dictionary of Aeronautical Terms—English, French, Japanese, German and Chinese. Published by the Army Air Forces Headquarters Director of Intelligence Service.

Aerodynamic Theory, by Durond. 6 volumes.

Introduction to Aircraft Design, by Foulconer.

Engineering Drawing, by French.

Mechanical Drawing, by French.

History of Combat Airplanes, by Grey.

Handbook of Chemistry and Physics.

Illustrated Aviation Dictionary, by Jordanoff.

Machinery Handbook.

Aircraft Detail Drafting, by Meadowcroft.

Aerodynamics of the Airplane, by Millikon.

Most Used Aviation Terms—One thousand terms defined. Also gives Gregg shorthand for terms.

Airplane Structural Analysis and Design, by Sechler & Dunn.

DOROTHY ELDER, Librarian.

Promotions



New Assistant Foreman in Final Assembly on second shift is G. M. Jackson.

Hot Air From Manifold

by Evelyn Duncan

Hello, people! Don't jump back—it's just me again. Last time it was "Putt Putts on Parade" (which is now being handled very ably by MILLIE MERRITT), but now I'm way over here in Manifold giving you the lowdowns. I have some helpers, too. In Department 14 a lovely, tiny red-head by the name of MARIE CARSON keeps both ears and eyes wide open. I hear she has helpers, too. In Department 15, Mrs. EVA PERRY brings in the lowdowns. LEW NICOT of Welding tells all about the welders. I do some snooping myself, so if your favorite skeleton comes creeping out of the closet, don't blame me—I could be responsible. If you see or hear anything funny, just report to one of the nice people or to me. If you don't know me, I'm friendly and will be glad to meet you. Any other department in Manifold which I have not mentioned is welcome to hand in news. In fact, I wish you would cooperate so we can make this a real column. So come on, people, let's all get together and get some good news about Manifold's big, happy family!

We hear by way of the grapevine that AL CLOCK got four quail the other day and he only used five boxes of shells. His gun could be a little off—or is it AI?

Have you heard AL GRIFFIN's new title? Super Wolf of Ryon.

Theme song of BILL ROSSI of Shipping—Me and My Shadow.

A committee of women has been selected to choose a type of hat for Ryon women to wear in order to prevent more accidents such as those that have happened in the past. PEGGY WOODY will model them in this issue of Flying Reporter. Won't you cooperate by making your selection and let's make Ryon an even safer place to work.

Wouldn't it be unusual to see JERRY STATEN not trying to look serious? . . . BRITTY LA PAGE when she was not smiling? . . . Inspector WILLIAMS when he

did not have some tall yarn to spin? . . . MAC McGUIRE with a mustache? . . . J. K. DEER being sensible for just one short minute of the day? . . . HENRY CARVAL (HANK) when he didn't have rhythm? . . . SHORTY INGLE when he wasn't rushing around trying to keep things going at just the right pace?

Department 14's vacation list includes BENNIE SPETTER and FRANK WALSH. Have a good time, pals!

FRED BRICCA surprised Department 15 by being absent one day recently. If you know Fred, you know it's very unusual not to see his hoppy face at work each morning.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY is back at work again after spending a few days at home with her mother in Oklahoma.

We have a new leadman in Tailpipe—Mr. BROOGEN.

ROY PINNEY left Ryan to help on the fighting front. He became one of Uncle Sam's men of the sea on Thanksgiving day. He is the son of Mrs. EVA PINNEY. He also has a sister at Ryon—VIVIAN RUBISH.

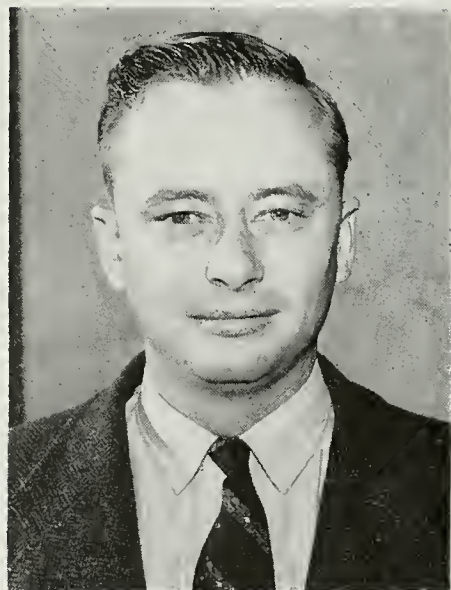
Well, folks, I'll be back again next issue to shoot you a line or two, so, until then, let's keep 'em flying!



Army-Navy Must Approve All Draft Deferments

All of this company's draft deferment requests must now be individually certified to by the Resident Army and Navy officials before the requests are forwarded to the local selective service boards.

The Resident Army and Navy officers will consider each deferment request not only on the basis of the productive ability of the individual, but also his conduct, punctuality and regular attendance. This certification for deferment does not mean the deferment will be continued if the individual's good record is not maintained, Army and Navy officials emphasized.



Up the ladder to the position of Assistant Foreman in the Wing Department on first shift goes W. D. "Easy" North.

TO MY FELLOW RYAN WORKERS:

I take this means of expressing my sincere thanks to you for the interest shown in me during my recent illness. The Ryon nurse made frequent calls on me and these were helpful and very much appreciated.

The cash donation presented me certainly was welcome and a very helpful gift.

I can truly say that Ryan is a better place to work. I will continue to give my best efforts to help win the war.

BETTY WEAVER.

DOTS AND FLASHES
News and Flashes
FROM MATERIAL CONTROL
by Earl Vaughan

Here we go again, after the smoke and fire has died down and is well under control—I hope. No, our building has not been on fire, but my column has. Many comments have been made pro and con on my first installment, which appeared in the last issue of the Flying Reporter. So sit tight, folks—here goes another try at decoding a few more dots and dashes from Material Control.

First Anniversary

Congratulations are in order to the following employees of this department who have caught up with that old boy with the white whiskers, better known as Father Time. These Ryanites have completed their first year of service and have been awarded their one-year service pins:

HELEN BLISS—Secretary to Production Control Superintendent.

MARJORIE WEST—Secretary to General Supervisor.

MARY WILLIAMSON—Government Reports Group.

MARY CHRISTOPHER—Purchase Parts Group.

MARIE RYAN—AN Parts Group.

RUTH LEEDY—Manifold Material Control.

MARY MELTON—Steel Group.

JEAN HARRIS—Steel Group.

ARNIE FARKAS—Purchase Parts Group Leader

BOB AMMONS—AN Parts Group Leader.

HARRY HAYS—Government Reports Group.

(They say the first year is always the hardest, so it should be a cinch to get that three-year pin.)

Flashes

People of this department have been suffering from a slight form of blindness the last few days, due to the increased **flashes** of light back and forth across the room from two new, huge sparklers on those certain fingers of those certain girls. Yes, sir! Those leathernecking marines have got **that situation** well in hand—or at least on their fingers. The happy victims of this well-planned strategic military maneuver are Miss PEGGY PAASKE, captured by BOB McLEAN, Pvt. 1c, and Miss BETTY GORSLINE, captured by G. TURNER DREHER, Tchn. Sergeant. Both of these marines are fighting over there for our freedom over here. We owe them a lot and are plenty proud of them and also the choice of theirs-to-be from this department.

News

Yes, sir, we've got everything! We've even got a Pistol Pocking Mamma in Material Control. Be it known to any prowling walves that a certain pretty young lady is now packing a rod for her protection after the sun goes down. "Oh, put that pistol down, Babe—put that pistol down!" (And give us guys a break.)

Vacation

MARY CHRISTOPHER, of Purchase Parts, has returned after enjoying an airplane trip to Los Angeles and a well earned week's

vacation. We are glad to see you back, Mary, and we hope you will enjoy your next year here as much as we will enjoy having you with us. By the way, Mary's husband, Chris, as he is known to his many friends, is also a Ryanite—an Inspector in the plant.

Prediction

Don't be surprised if one of these days those fellows dressed in long white coats drive up in their wagon and drag off R. S. SMITH and his side-kicks, J. L. HALLEY and O. B. KISSELL. These hard-working boys are contemplating a short visit to a sanitarium or rest home for the aged, due to the many recent revised delivery schedules of production material. But, all kidding aside, they have been doing a swell job of re-scheduling.

Giving Their Best

BLOOD—BLOOD—BLOOD — They need it, we've got it—Brother, can you Spare a Pint?

We are again proud of the many blood donors of this department who have given their blood so that others, giving their all, might live. Those who have rendered this service to their country and fellow men and also those who are awaiting this opportunity are as follows:

Men: H. M. ULBERG, J. L. HALLEY, D. J. LAMM, T. G. TIPPIC, G. W. CLAUSE, A. B. FARKAS, H. H. HOLTHUSEN, M. LEVIN, R. S. SMITH, B. JUNDT, C. B. JONES and E. VAUGHN. Women: MARIE

RYAN (a three-timer), MAXINE CARMAN, MYRTLE ANDERSON, NORMA WEIDLEIN, HELEN BLISS, MARJORIE WEST, NANCY NANCE, MAE STEVENIN, RUTH LEEDY, BETTY FIELDS and MARY WILLIAMSON.

The writer, speaking from experience, wants to tell all who are interested in volunteering to give their blood, that there is nothing to it. In fact, one feels much better after the short session than before. He or she knows that they have done something great, since their one pint of blood might save the life of one of our boys who are going through hell for them.

New Employees

A hearty welcome is extended to the three new additions to our big happy family. Mrs. L. D. McCLURE, the new clerk in Manifold Material Control, has joined the swing shifters and intends to really aid the war effort. She feels that by doing this it is helping her husband, who has been shipped out after they had been married only six days.

DOROTHY BALES — Material Control Clerk.

WILLIAM GUERIN — Manifold Material Control Clerk.

Will sign off with this reminder—wards **will not** win a war,

But

Airplanes and Bonds **will**. (Let's do our part.) EARL.

MORE ABOUT

BUTCH ORTIZ

(Continued from page 5)

Then Butch became an ice man. But the business left him cold and he went to Los Angeles to help with the construction of the I. Mognin building. When Santa Ana Junior College opened that fall, Butch was there.

After two years of schooling, Butch Ortiz was in need of some financial balsting. After a brief interlude at Lackheed he come down to San Diego to join his old friends Lave and Zippwald, who had changed allegiance to Ryan. A year later he left to round out his training at a mechanical technical school in Burbank, but he returned in 1939 to Ryan and second shift manifold work. Starting out clear down the line, Butch gradually worked his way up until, when Zippwald was transferred to days, Butch Ortiz became foreman of Manifold Assembly an second shift. He's seen the Manifold department grow from a mere pup to its present impressive stature. And a great many people who started to work at Ryan under him are now scattered throughout the plant, many of them in responsible positions. Butch takes special pride in that two of his men, Clarence Faushee and Floyd Bennett have also climbed the ladder to the spot of foreman.

Much of the time when Butch isn't on the job, he's busy at some sport. Handball and bowling are the sports at which he spends most of his spare time now, but back in junior college days it was football. He still recalls with a chuckle the game between Santa Ana and Pasadena. A member of the Pasadena team mistook him for a comrade

and threw him the ball, which Butch accepted with open arms and carried 80 yards for a touchdown.

Fishing has always occupied a top spot, too. Deep-sea fishing off the Coronado Islands has been his favorite despite the fact that it has also furnished some harrowing experiences. Butch was leaning against the rail one morning, completely oblivious to any of life's cares, when something terrific hit his line. Butch had only one thought. He had to get that fish. And when the fish headed away from the boat Butch went head first over the rail after it. With his pole clutched tightly in both hands he tabagganed along over the waves as the fish went hell bent for election away from the boat. When Butch finally decided that it was a losing fight and gave up his tenacious grip on the pole, he found himself a long way from the boat, 11 miles from shore and a mighty wet lad. "I never knew clothes could be so heavy. When I let go that pole, I sank like a ton of lead," Butch laughs. "My clothing and I parted company as fast as possible and our boat came in at night to protect my modesty."

Baating, too, has held its lure for Ortiz. Off in a power cruiser for a weekend on Catalina, Butch and his fellow seagoers missed the island entirely and didn't discover their mistake until they had run out of gas. Riding the swells, they settled down for a long, comfortable rest. With cards, a radio and plenty of nourishment aboard, they had visions of a good, long vacation with no telephone calls and no unexpected visitors. They were right on the first count, but they did get visitors. The Navy wanted to know why they were slowly drifting in toward San Clemente island, and sent a Coast Guard cutter out to investigate.

Manifold Dispatching

by Gerald Ryan



During the past several weeks RAY MORTON has been riding home with HERB RAWLINGS at the end of the first shift. A few afternoons ago Herb added a few hitch-hikers to his troupe, and Ray had to squeeze in between Herb and one of them. To widen the seating capacity a bit, Herb picked up a green box he had at first placed beside him on the front seat, and said, "Here, Ray, hold my lunch box and give yourself a little more room."

Ray did just that. In fact, when he entered his living quarters on Sixth Avenue, he was surprised to find a strange, green lunch container in his hand. Morton, thereupon, wheeled on his heel, took a street car, and a few minutes later he was approaching the Rawlings' doorstep at a pace which Herb later described as being not unlike that of "a ruptured duck."

Herb is having a lot of fun with his riders. Another young man who came to work in Herb's car one morning approached the Merlin Dispatcher breathlessly the same afternoon at 3:58 with this question: "Soy, Herb, how om I going to get home tonight? You didn't bring your car, did you?"

Recently the writer exhibited a presence of consciousness comparable to the above. After driving his own automobile to the Ryan plant on a particular morning several weeks ago because of the necessity for hastening on an errand right after work, the writer accepted generous JIM EDGIL'S offer of a ride home.

GEORGE KREBS, whose home in Libby, Montana, 60 miles from the Canadian border, is a far cry from Iceland, the South Pacific, New Hebrides, etc., where he has seen service in World War II in Marine aviation, has been transferred from small ports to Dispatching in tack and weld. Bronzed and friendly George has been with Ryan since Moy. Before the war he was an expert window-decorator for Montgomery-Ward, Great Falls, Montana. George is distinctly eligible, a bachelor.

RED JIMMY COOK, who used to handle Experimental Dispatching before he went into the Army Air Corps and top-flight golfer KEN BARNES took over, is taking his initial flight training at Santa Ana.

E. H. (MAC) McDANIEL wears a Shop Follow-up badge after one year and eight months at Ryan. He takes over in small parts where the day shift leaves off. Mac is single, very eligible, from Atlanta, Georgia. "I want to stay here after the war, get married," Mac tells the reporters. He added confidentially, "I'm not even spoken for yet." Swimming, fishing and a clean Ford tudor are Mac's main diversions.

BETTY PINEGAR, she of the ear-rings and co-ed face, is staying single until after the war. She is engaged to an aviation cadet at the University of Florida, Gainesville. Betty and the future are both from St. Louis. Before taking over as Dispatch clerk in shipping, Betty had been a clerk at Curtiss-Wright, St. Louis, for 19 months.

Big JOE MALLORY, 2nd shift shipping Dispatcher, originates from Tulsa, Okla., but he's been in San Diego for three years. Joe's evaluation of Ryan over other plants

he has worked in was on unequivocal "100%." Joe specialized in moth and military science at New Mexico Military Institute, Roswell.

"I love California," says LOIS ARLICH, who works with BILL HOTCHKISS in the area roamed by Bumpshd Ben during the day shift. She and husband Charles will locate on the Pacific slope for good when he returns from New Guinea, she predicts. Charles is with the Army amphibious engineers. They were married last January and he sailed the same month. She recently received a letter from him written on Japanese stationery!

Long-haired MILDRED RITTER of St. Paul, Minn., has gone and become a bride since the first notes were taken on her. Her husband is on duty here, so she spends her days in shipping stores.

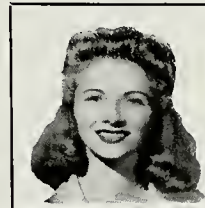
Headed for Texas A. and M. and a degree in agriculture after the war is JAMES MOORE, RALPH CALLOW's alert aide. Jim expects to pick up some Army pointers in the meantime since he is 18. He's the only one of the Marshall, Texas, Moores out this way. Another CALLOW-GREER protege, CURTIS GILES WISELY, has threatened

mayhem to the writer if his name appears in the column.

Blonde BETTY BRUCE, who keeps books on reworks for MORT ANDERSON, wears blue polka dot hair bows, eats lunch with her husband, Leadmon BERNARD BRUCE. They own a cozy little home in La Mesa and argue over the merits of their new scottie while driving to work.

E. H. (ROBBIE) ROBINSON, the last Dispatcher to clear a manifold before it leaves Ryan, is a genuine "native son." He's lived in San Diego 40 years. On May 1st he retired from a business career which had embraced a truck and transfer line, warehouse, and automobile agency. One of Robbie's sons is a 1st lieutenant in Army ordnance at Ford Ord; another will enter the service after the New Year.

Robbie can remember the time the Bennington blew up in the harbor, and San Diego's "horse and buggy" era of 30,000 population and muddy streets. At that time Julian was prospering with the Golden Choriot mine boom, and the moving of the county seat to the "back country" was under consideration. Robbie likes his work: "It's merely a case of adjustment. We old timers can take it."



Manifold Production Control

by F. Marie Loudon

With the faint aroma of roasted turkey with all the trimmings still lingering with us, we continue our fight here at Ryan's to help preserve all of the privileges that are significant of the first Thanksgiving Day. Fervently hoping that, as next Thanksgiving Day arrives, some of our wishing on this year's wishbones will have come true.

Hailing from the "windy city"—Chicago—JOAN SHUTNER has joined our forces; and, from all observations, we're happy that she "enlisted" with us.

EDITH FORMAN, formerly a diligent employee of Airplane Planning Dept., has taken over BOB VIZZINI's responsible job. Welcome to our throng, Edith. We were sorry to see you leave this Department, Bob, and we hope you will drop in to see your old friends once in a while. His new location is in Mr. McCANN's office.

As his last name is mispronounced so many times, DELL CHANDANAIS seldom recognizes himself unless you call him

"DELL." He is another new employee of this Dept., but most of us knew him when he was a Dispatcher in Dept. 32. It's nice seeing you in our midst, Dell.

If you want to relax your jagged nerves after work, MARGARET AMER suggests mastering the art of fencing. She's progressing nicely with the exception of a few sore muscles. Try using Absorbine, Jr., Margaret. We would like to witness an exhibition after a few more weeks of practice.

Incidentally, I believe a Ping Pong tournament was in full swing about a month ago. Could someone tell us what is holding up the final games to determine the champion? There are some ardent Ping Pong fans at Ryan's who are anxiously awaiting the outcome. The four men in the running, as yet, are JIM ATWILL, ART COLTRAINED, A. J. FARKAS and FRANK BARKER.

HELEN COX, one of our former popular employees, has taken a job with the Civil Service. Good luck to you, Helen.

MORE ABOUT

PARKING LOT PESTS

(Continued from page 4)

"There aren't many people like that, though. The Parking Lot Pest is really a pretty rare bird, if you figure it out by percentages. There's only one Ryanite in 200 who gives us trouble on the parking lot."

"Sure. But that one P.L.P. can sometimes jam up a whole line of cars two blocks long, or cause hours of trouble for the Plant Protection department."

"Hours of trouble? Well, sometimes. We do lose a lot of time when something goes wrong with somebody's car on the lot, and he hasn't left his license number on file so we can locate him."

"You said it! That's one of our worst headaches. In the winter when folks ore

driving to work in the dark, we have ten to twenty cases every morning of cars parked and locked with their lights on. I suppose we could just let the lights burn, but we try to locate the fellow and get his key to unlock the car—even if he hasn't filled out a card for our auto-license file, and maybe hasn't even left his registration certificate visible."

"That isn't the worst of it, either. This year we've found three cars locked with the motors left running, and four which caught fire from smoldering cigarette stubs. We sure need to know those license numbers."

The other guard nodded. "Wish we could educate that 1-in-200 Ryanite not to be a Pest. . . . I wonder if we could get something published about him in Flying Reporter."

Accounting Accounts

by Margaret Nelson

BETTY SELLER, housewife of four months, has returned to Ryan and to Tabulating to complete her three years with Ryan. And it won't take long, for she's an old-timer at Ryan.

PAT ELDRIDGE, who is also a farmer Ryanite, is back, and in Tabulating. The reason for her absence has been young Glenn Russell, who now has reached the tender age of six months. Pat has another reason for wanting to do her part in war work again. Her husband, a technical sergeant in the Army Air Corps, is now a prisoner of war, presumably somewhere in Germany.

New in Tabulating this month is KATHERINE BANNER. Welcome to a fine department, Katherine.

Also new on the accounting staff is WIL-

LIAM HOFFMANN, who formerly worked with U. S. Engineers as an auditor in Omaha, Nebraska.

Accounts Payable reports a new comer, GODFREY FEST. And Inventory comes along with two additions—VIRGINIA MONTGOMERY and JOHN F. OFFDENKAMP. HORACE SWEET leaves that department this month and will join forces with the Sales department.

Back after a month's vacation in Hutchinson, Kansas, is the every-cheerful, always-smiling ALIENE McDANIELS of Accounts Payable. We missed you, Aliene, but know from your enthusiasm since you got back that it was a fine trip.

NALLENE PARRISH has joined the staff of the Traffic Division and CONNIE HUDSON is new in Payroll. Farewells were said in Payroll this month to PAULINE YATES and MABEL CHAUSSEE, who both returned to their home towns, Pauline to Glasford, Illinois, and Mabel to Sacramento.

protection from moving machinery and in addition are highly inflammable.

2. It must cover your hair completely.
3. If it's a bandano, the loose corners must be carefully and firmly tucked in.

If you're in doubt as to whether your hat complies with the necessary requirements, ask your foreman. Or see Mrs. Long, our women's cancellor. There's no deadline for obtaining an approved style hat because, under present conditions, it's hard to foretell what delivery complications may arise on the hats that are ordered, but your foreman will be anxious that the women in his department be among the first to come out 100 percent with the new headgear. In fact, your foreman has the responsibility of seeing that the women in his department have all hair safely under cover. So don't be surprised if he shortly checks with you to be sure that you at least have a hat on order. It's a sure way to keep Ryan "a safer place to work," as well as "a better place to work."

Here is a section taken from the safety orders issued by the Industrial Accident Commission of the State of California. your employer to pay you while away.

Airplane Dispatching

by Katherine Kuyawa
and Virginia Bridges

To begin with we would like to welcome any new employees in the Dispatching department. We hope we are able to make your stay a pleasant one.

Our sincerest sympathy to a FRANK JANOS on the loss of his mother who passed away on October 28th. Sorry to hear he has left us indefinitely. Hurry back, Frank.

Our sincerest sympathy, too, to Mrs. ALICE SWITZER, whose son died in October. He served his country well.

It seems we have lots of congratulations to offer this month, what with birthdays, births and promotions, so the department joins us in saying congratulations:

To JOHNNY CRAMER on the birth of Mary Ann Cramer, born on Nov. 10. Last quite a few bets, aye Johnny? Better luck next time. Johnny's many friends at Ryan presented him with a beautiful blanket and bunting set.

Next, congratulations go to DON WALKER, our new Scheduling Supervisor, and to DOYLE LIGHT, the new Planning Supervisor. It means a lot to know that two more of our boys made good. Farewell and good luck!

Now as for birthdays (we won't mention ages—it just isn't safe these days). Congratulations to JIMMIE NEWMAN whose birthday is Nov. 24; ROBERT LANE, Nov. 29th; DALTON BAKER, Nov. 13th; Mrs. ELLEN LUNSFORD, Nov. 25th; DOLLA JACKSON, Nov. 20th, and Mrs. LOIS McCALL, Nov. 12th, who was given a very nice party by her sister. Incidentally, I too (Virginia) celebrated a birthday recently and failed to blow out six of my candles. Now, boys, do I really have to wait **that** long? Happy birthday, too, to anyone we have failed to mention.

We are glad to see MAC W. NEILL and DALTON J. BAKER back with us again.

Well, we had better leave you now, and until the next time,

So long, everybody!

DOOTS AND GINNY.

MORE ABOUT

THE NEW HATS

(Continued from page 3)

women in the plant are likely at some time or other to come near moving machinery. The mere fact that they aren't used to working around it makes the danger that much greater. That's why from now on, in order to comply with the orders of the Industrial Accident Commission and properly protect its women employees, the company must require that **all** women working in the plant wear an approved style protective headdress.

When this decision was reached, Safety Engineer L. A. Martin began to look around for something attractive in the way of hats. He wired manufacturers in the East to send us their samples. He phoned Los Angeles for models from manufacturers there. When they arrived he brought in a committee of representative women from three of the biggest departments in the plant—Enid Larsen from Final Assembly, Courtney Woody from Manifold Small Parts and Tresa Delaney from Sheet Metal.

Together they went over the advantages and disadvantages of each cap. They considered how attractive it was, how it would clean, its adaptability to various shapes of faces and different styles of hair-dos, how light and airy it was. They voted for the three styles they liked best. The vote was unanimous for Style No. 1. It is light weight—So light you scarcely know you have it on. It's dark and therefore won't soil easily. It's tailored and chic and it's fireproof. Perforations in the dark blue felt make it airy and comfortable and the snood is adjustable for all lengths of hair. It looks attractive straight or at a tilt. That's why the committee made it No. 1 and that's why Mr. Martin went to the telephone and phoned an initial order to the manufacturer for immediate delivery. The manufacturers said they'd do everything in their power to have them on hand for Ryan women at the company employees tool store tomorrow—Saturday. Stop and try one on. See which of the three styles is most becoming to you. Then, if the store is sold out on the model you select, leave your order and it'll be filled just as soon as possible.

If you prefer a hat you have purchased or can purchase elsewhere, that's fine—providing it meets these three requirements:

1. It must not be made of fluffy, loosely woven material. These are not ample

SAFETY ORDERS FOR WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

Order 2900. Application

These orders shall apply to every place of employment where there is a hazard which can be eliminated or lessened by the use of suitable clothing and other devices as set forth in these orders.

Order 2901. Head Protection

(a) Employers shall require all women whose work exposes them to the risk of injury from the moving parts of machinery to confine their hair to preclude its possibility of entanglement.

Order 2902. Outer Garments

(a) Employers shall require all women whose work exposes them to the risk of injury from the moving parts of machinery to wear outer garments designed to avoid the possibility of their entanglement in the machinery.

(b) Loose sleeves, tails, full skirts, flounces, ties, frills, lapels, cuffs, and similar garments which can be entangled in moving machinery should not be worn.

(b) Gloves which can be caught in moving machinery should not be worn.

Order 2904. Foot Protection

(a) Well fitted shoes should be worn around factory equipment or machines. Soft slippers, high heeled shoes, sneakers, or open toed shoes should not be worn.

(b) Where there is a hazard of foot injuries, foot guards shall be supplied by the employer.

Order 2905. Eye Protection

(a) Employers shall supply adequate eye protection to women while engaged in occupations where the eyes are customarily exposed to injurious light rays, flying particles, or similar eye hazards, and employers shall enforce the use of same.

Order 2906. General

(a) Wrist watches, pendant earrings, necklaces, or other pendant adornments, bracelets or finger rings should not be worn while working around moving machinery and/or electrical equipment.

Plant Engineering

by Bob Christy

Plant engineering or from Fleo Exterminator to Machine Designer in six easy lessons. Have you ever been asked to design an Automatic Feed for a Swaging Machine or a Hydraulic Press one moment and then before you could give it a thought been asked to rid a department of sand fleas that have invaded the building or any one of a million little, medium size, or large problems involving the business of keeping a factory and several thousand employees going at top production. If not, spend a day with us and if you haven't gone totally insane in 24 hours you are in line for a medal of some sort. Should you run across someone wearing a badge with Dept. 34 on it wandering about gibbering like an idiot, please return him or her to Plant Engineering. "It" will recover and be reasonably sane again as soon as the shock of the latest problem "It" is facing wears off.

After making slurring remarks about the mustoches of certain people in the department, I shaved my own off, and I'll wager a few dollars that to most of the people in this department this is going to be news." It is very discouraging because I have been painstakingly caring for that mustache for 11 years and the darn thing was so inconspicuous that no one missed it. I even had to tell my wife I had shaved it off. Gee Whiz! It's heart breaking.

Since when has it been the thing to do to send orchids to the male gender?—or perhaps in the case of orchids it should be the male "sex." Perhaps F. G. MOSSOP could tell us.

I ran across a story the other day that reminded me of the futility of trying to do too much work in too short a time. A man was driving along a lonely road and passed a car stuck in a ditch. He stopped to offer help and noticed that the man was carefully harnessing a pair of kittens to the front axle with string. "You're not going to try to pull that car out with those kittens, are you?" he asked. "Why, not?" the man replied rather irritably, "I have a whip."

CHRISTY's remarks about the mentality of a designer require a little amplification, it seems to me. As to sand fleas—Mrs. RICHARDSON's people were working on the Manifold Planning Office (next door) and asked us whether we wanted our office treated likewise. We said No, that we liked it that way. Captious people will say that this indicates an unsound state of mind. So what? No serious draftsman pretends to be sane, does he?

If a man had all his buttons, we wouldn't work at this business. And since we do work (restrain those snickers, please!) at it, we feel it only right to expect the indulgence of normal people.

In the privacy of our own daghouse (Al-right! Call it "zoo" if you like) we may be found talking to ourselves, or swinging on the chandeliers. But experience teaches that



Left to right: The three Machine Shop musketeers, Arthur Fuchs, Earl Holbrook and Edgar Leach.

Machine Shop Trio Have Excellent Record

The three musketeers of the Machine Shop, Edgar Leach, Earl Holbrook, and Arthur Fuchs, all veterans of sixty years or more, have a record that could well be the envy of younger war workers throughout the nation. They've all been at Ryan over three years. Two of them have had perfect attendance records for the entire three years. The third missed only a day and a half two years ago.

Attendance isn't their only point of similarity, however. They've all been machinists since very early in their careers. Leach started serving his apprenticeship as a machinist with Seagraves Fire Fighting Equipment Co. of Columbus, Ohio, at the age of nineteen. Earl Holbrook, better known to his co-workers as Barney started doing machine work about twenty years ago and has followed that line ever since. He has his own car repair shop and used to devote his time exclusively to that business before he came to Ryan in July of 1940. Arthur "Moc-Arthur" Fuchs, who has also been in the automobile repair business, started in the machinist trade as an apprentice at the shops of the Weber Gasoline Engine Company in Missouri.

All three of the men have had a spree of wandering during their lives. Barney followed the machinist trade through various localities from New York to San Diego—and so did the other two. With Eggy this wan-

this is better than seizures of violence. You'd be astonished at the number of visitors who don't get hit over the head.

We vos always behind before, but now come first or last. For we have dood a job which has attracted no brickbats—to-wit, our Hydraulic Stretch Press.

It's true that when first tried out it stood beating its gums, doing no work. But our alibi is water-tight. The Tooling boys forgot to provide teeth for its jaws. However, a little dental work fixed that. It can really

delrust is a hobby caused, so he soys, by an itchy foot.

The other two have hobbies, too. With Holbrook it's his Sunday ball games. Fuchs spends his extra hours raising chickens and tending the garden.

All three of these sixty-year-old young men are married, and they all own their own homes. Their only children are sons. The Leaches have a son in the Army, one in the Navy who survived the sinking of the carrier Lexington, and another who works for United Air Lines. Fuchs has a son in the Navy. Holbrook also has a son, Earl, Jr., but at 13 he's still a little young for the armed forces.

Furthermore, these three people all have some very definite ideas on being at work and on time. "I won't even miss work for a ball game, and that's going a long way," says Barney. "We've got to win the war first!" Eggy's record of three years stands as indication enough of what he thinks about being on the job. Fuchs gives all the credit for his attendance to his wife. "That's the only thing I don't like about my wife," he soys, with a twinkle in his eye. "She's always telling me—'Hurry up, Arthur! Get up, get out—it's late!'"

One thing more this trio has in common. The rest of the people in the department report that they're all three tops to work with. And as for retiring, well, Barney says, "Perhaps—in about two hundred years."

bite and hang on now. (Try your finger in it sometime!)

It's true that it might not have worked at all if GAYLORD, DEVINNEY and DURANT (of Mechanical Maintenance) hadn't done a good deal of covering-up for yours truly. Their skill and ingenuity compensated for many deficiencies.

That bald spot on the front of the machine (at the operator's station) is where the mechanical brain goes—if and when we get the opporota. (Oh, sure! Our baby will do its own thinking.)



From The Beam

by Pat Kelly

Thanksgiving Day. A few days ago a group of us casually discussed that November holiday in the sense that it might be a "time and one-half" pay day. That point was paramount, and significantly noted a trend of our thoughts today, though I did not know it until later. That evening, at home, my young daughter mentioned that she was to be in a Thanksgiving pageant at school. I questioned her about it, and her answers made me realize how shallow my wards had been that day.

She told me, in the naive language of a six-year-old, the story of the "rock" upon which the Pilgrims stepped as they came ashore from the Mayflower; that the first act of those courageous people was to offer thanks to the Almighty for their safe passage to the New World; how they struggled to establish and maintain homes in the wilderness; and then, after months of hardship and privation, they set aside one day, not for amusement, but to again offer humble thanks for the heaven-sent strength that helped them succeed, and invited the Indians to join them in the ceremonies!

I think it was Churchill who said, "So many of us owe so much to so few." Of course he referred to the RAF, but you and I can say the same words and refer to our own gallant lads who at this moment are on the firing lines of many far-flung battles. While we buy War Bonds, do without a few things that we hardly miss, and give pints of our blood, we should remember on this Thanksgiving Day, and on every other day, that we have so very, very much for which to be thankful.

F. A. COLE, pipe fitter from the Bow and Arrow country, was wreathed in smiles a morning or two ago. We soon learned that his eldest son, now in the Navy, was safe and sound somewhere in the South Pacific.

E. I. HEULER, the jolly, bow-legged tinsmith, has two sons in the armed forces, and one will soon be decorated with the Purple Heart for wounds received in Sicily.

While working in the yard recently I encountered L. H. HEYSER, formerly of the Accounting department. Now a storekeeper 2nd class in the Navy, he will shove off for one of the theatres of war after completing a furlough.

JOHNNY "THE WAG" WAGNER has returned to us from Kansas, admitting that he took many "samples" of California sunshine (distilled in Kentucky) to that benighted region. ERNIE "BLACKIE" JOHN spent his vacation combing the San Pedro beaches in search of a berth as ship's cook. And Johnny (s'help us, another —JOHN) MARTINEZ confronted us with a list of wards that would have staggered our old pal Noah Webster.

DICK GEMEINER, Buda chauffeur, has had difficulty keeping his putputter hitting an all one. With a stern glint in his eye he asked us "Why?" Our answer is "Quien sabe."

All of us, at some time, dream of having a little home, perhaps in the West, perhaps elsewhere. NOLAN JOHNSON, who dangles on the business end of a drop hammer rope, has realized that ambition. He just moved into a brand-new hacienda in Imig Park. Congrats.

Inspector LARRY ANDERSON, who labors in an atmosphere of pulchritude, nonchalantly felt in his pocket for a cigarette as he neared the north yard gate shortly after four o'clock. He found—his time card! And "PANCHITO" GILLONS pulled the same stunt in reverse. After marching briskly up to the time-clack, he chanced to recollect that he left his time card lying on his anvil.

CECIL WALL and San, Ltd., have announced startling results of experiments in the field of pneumatics. While all of their data has not been released to the general public, perhaps the most noteworthy discovery is that an ordinary bicycle tire, under standard conditions, will retain no more than 50 pounds pressure of air.

ED "WALKIE-TALKIE" LOTTES, from Kelca and eastward to Missouri, has arrived and made his presence known. Waound up or run down, he'll spot you fifty wards and leave you spellbound!



Here and There

by
Jonnie Johnson

Having put this off until deadline is now upon me, I must scribble down something and try to call it an article.

Last week I went to all the trouble to send FRANK FINN congratulations and all that kind of stuff for becoming Finish Inspection Supervisor. Now, what do you think? He started his new supervisor job on Monday, also his vacation on the same day. A week later he has an altogether different position. He is now in Master Scheduling.

Again we say congratulations, Frank, and wish you all the success you deserve. Although we miss you very much, we'll try to carry on.

There hasn't been too much excitement in and around Finishing these past few days. One of our "Live Five" girls overdid herself last week and has been taking a back seat lately. We'll overlook it this time, ELSIE—but be sure you take better care of that bowling arm in the future. Speaking of Bowling, I can't understand why we don't have a better attendance record. Maybe we should have a prize for perfect attendance or something. But I do know if we don't turn out more regularly we aren't going to have a league and we are definitely going to lose our prize money. Really, though, for all our misgivings, we are improving rapidly. I would like very much to see everyone take more interest and work just a bit harder and have something when we finish.

I've heard of "pipe dreams" and some "fish stories," but ERNIE NELSON told me the other day that takes the cake. Did anyone ever hear of an electric fish? It seems in this "pipe dream" he caught one and after after having it cooked, there was still life in the poor fish. A closer exami-

Wing Tips

by Jimmy Southwick

This is my second try at writing news for this column. Nobody shot me for my first try, so here I go again.

Here's a word about some of the big shot assistant foremen of Wing Assembly before I go to work on the small fry. NORTH and BEEBE have both changed over from day to night shift. To us on days, they will be "those guys on the night shift." CARPENTER came back on days, which greatly pleased his wife. We are glad to have you with us, Carp. Wing Assembly should benefit from the exchange of ideas that these assistant foremen will take with them from one shift to the other.

Here's a word about the attendance record of Wing Assembly. Since the beginning of the year, according to the records, the following people have not missed a single working day: FRED SIMONIDES, HARRY ZUEHLSDORF and WALTER SCOTT. Harry was late once. ESTHER MCGILL has not missed a day since she was hired in March. LENA DUNCAN has been here every day since May, when she was hired. If I've missed anybody, let me know.

ED HALL had his once-a-year birthday last week and is all set for another full year's work.

McFARLAND was passing out cigars to everybody that smoked them the other day. It seems the stork visited Mac's wife and left them a present—a girl. SPEEDY COLE of Inspection is also a proud father. That makes two boys you have now, doesn't it, Speedy?

Here is a price list of the company tools that we in Wing Assembly use most: Drill motor, 500 r.p.m., \$40.00 net; rivet gun, 2X, \$50.00; 1 8 Cleca., .08 each; rivet sets, .85 to \$1.25 per set; drills, No. 30, \$1.80 per dozen. Perhaps if we know the price of the different tools and how hard they are to replace, we will take better care of them.

Mr. HALS, foreman of the tool crib, wants all the broken Clecos turned in to the tool crib. They can be rebuilt and used again. Please do not throw them away.

The following people have completed one year's service and have been given their one-year pins: M. VOLLSTEDT, S. FABER, E. GAVIN, M. REYNOLDS, L. HECKMAN, G. DILLON, G. MILLER, L. PHILLIPS, E. PETTRET, M. BARKER, H. WELLS, H. BUTLER and E. DeVRIES.

If you folks will only let me in on more of the news and gossip, we can hear from everybody in Wing. The only news that I hear is what everybody already knows.

nation revealed a small battery with two wires to be disconnected before death could be pronounced. Now if that doesn't top them all. I wonder if it could be this dope shop, or is he just naturally clever in thinking up one like that.

Would like to thank MOSE MARTIN or whoever is responsible for sending us Navy Inspector FRANKIE MONETTA. He's certainly nice to work with. Would like to say farewell to all the Army Inspectors. We miss them very much, but the Navy is doing a splendid job of taking over where they left off. So long for now.

BILL HOLT COMES HOME

(Continued from Page 1)

still the other Fortresses were pulling away from him. Holt thought fleetingly of his wife waiting back home in San Diego—of his old gang at the Ryan plant where he'd worked. He wondered what they were doing now. Would he ever see them again? He jerked his mind back to piloting his ship.

The 109's were growing more daring now, making experimental swoops and dives near him. They had decided to leave the rest of the American squadron to itself; that was always the Nazi way. Everybody jump on the weakest man. Holt could hear the yammering of the machine guns, now and then, as his gunners traded bursts with a stabbing Nazi fighter.

He pressed a button on his throttle control and spoke over the interphone. Beneath his oxygen mask, the tiny throat microphone carried his words back to the crew. "How we doing, boys? Any luck with the bomb bay?"

"The doors are loosening up," came the blurred, metallic answer in his earphones. "Another minute or two and we'll have 'em closed."

Another minute or two. Could he stay within range of the other Fortresses for that long? He was almost out of range now, and dropping farther behind every second.

Holt looked at his manifold-pressure gauge. The needle was far beyond the red line that marked "maximum allowable" pressure. But he could push it farther, and

thereby force his engines to still faster speed. The engines might burn out or fly apart at any moment, under such pressure. Better to take the risk, though, than to lag so far behind the squadron that the Nazis would have him at their mercy. Holt pushed the waste-gate valve farther in.

The din of the machine guns seldom stopped now. Every few seconds a 109 whipped down at them, did its half-roll, firing all the while, and dropped out of sight. In another minute they'd start coming so thick and fast that there'd be no standing them off.

Suddenly there was a blatting in his ear-phones. Somebody in the plane had yelled. The blatting changed to words—excited, tumbling words. "We did it! We're okay! The doors are closed! Oh, you pilot. Give us some speed now, and let's go away from here."

Bill pressed his inter-phone button and called back, "Hold your hats, boys. We're gonna make tracks."

Already he could feel the beleaguered Fortress jumping ahead. There was a hornet-swarm of 109's around him now, and the guns were jabbering all the time, and the needle on his manifold-pressure gauge touched a frightening number, but Holt didn't care. His Fortress was moving a lot faster now; it was gaining on the squadron hand over hand. Bill Holt knew he was going to get through.

Haltingly, with a half-smile of embarrassment, Lieutenant William Holt of the U. S. Army Air Forces told his story this month to old friends in the Ryan factory. He left details to the imagination of his hearers, and spoke as quietly and deprecatingly as if he were talking of a rather dull fishing trip.

Halt and his crew came back uninjured to their base in North Africa from that raid in which their bomb-bay doors jammed. They came back from other raids, too, in which there were heavy odds against them. Once an engine quit, and they almost were separated from the squadron. Once a great burst of flak exploded so close to the nose of the plane that another two feet would have meant destruction. Once they had to fight their way through ninety enemy planes, with their tail gunner lying dead in his turret. And many, many times they came back with their Fortress scarred and punctured from bullets and flak.

"There were just fifty times when I wished I were back at work in the good old Ryan factory," Bill said. "I've flown fifty combat missions."

This quiet, level-eyed young man, who was one of the best leadmen that Final Assembly ever had—if you can believe the old-timers like John Van Der Linde and Roy Ryan—left the plant two years ago for the Air Corps, and wound up throwing his B-17 against France, all the Italian islands, and later Italy itself from bases near Algiers and Tunis. Those long, cold hops across the Mediterranean and back—lasting usually three or four hours, but sometimes as long as nine—were never pleasant.

"Don't let anyone tell you the Germans are about ready to give up," Bill said. "They're in there pitching all the time. Their ack-ack batteries in Italy are plenty sharp. We get scared out of our shoes every time we go over; we've seen too many of our ships get knocked to pieces. . . . Their fighter planes are really good, and there seems to be more and more of them now. The pilots? The ones we were coming up against when I left were every bit as tough as the ones we met when I started nine months earlier."

A pilot's life in North Africa isn't much fun, according to Bill Holt. There are only tents to live in. Water is so scarce that each man gets only a helmetful for washing and shaving. The food is dry, monotonous and unappetizing. Between raids there's nothing to do but sit around, play cards and talk.

"We just live for the day we've finished our fifty missions and can go back home," Bill said. "Going home is what we think about, talk about, and even dream about when we're asleep."

Where he'll be sent when his month's furlough ends is, of course, something which Bill Holt doesn't know. But he rather hopes it will be to the Pacific theatre. He'd like to get a crack at the Japs, and maybe help bomb Tokyo as he did Rome. (Bill was in on the first Rome raid, but he doesn't remember it as a very interesting one. In fact, he found it one of the easiest missions of his career. The enemy apparently hadn't believed we'd attack the Holy City, and there was little opposition.)

When the war is all over and there are no more of those long flights to make through flak-filled skies, Bill knows just what he wants to do. He wants to settle down with his wife in their home on F street—and go back to work in the Ryan plant. "I worked for a couple of other aircraft companies before I came to Ryan," he says, "but I never found any place I liked as well. In fact, my job back here has looked like the most attractive place I can think of since I've been living in a tent, shaving out of a helmet, and wondering if I'll still be alive at sunset."



Belles & Wedding Bells: Little HELEN FREY, Material Control, really started something, when, a couple of weeks ago, she received a beautiful engagement ring through the mail. Since then a mild epidemic has taken place, in the form of more rings coming through the mails. PEGGY PAASKE, Material Control, and BETTY GORSLINE, Manifold Material Control, received their rings. My word, but Material Control is really doing a land office business. But anyway, good luck and congratulations to you both.

Blessed Eventing: Finally the weight is lifted off of ERICH FAULWETTER's shoulders, because Lalita has finally presented him with a bounding baby colt. Congratulations, Erich. More Blessed Events: JOHN-NIE KRAMER, Airplane Dispatching, was presented with a baby. GEORGE GRAY's wife presented him with an 8-pound baby girl; name, Georgia Lee Gray. George is one of our Navy inspectors. Congratulations and the best of luck. Mrs. SPEEDY COLE presented her husband with a 7-pound baby boy.

ALBERTA (PEACHES) FLETCHER, formerly of Ryan, has just arrived safely in San Antonio, Texas, and has just about de-

clined to come back to the fold. Hope it won't be long before you return, Alberta.

News Right Off the Presses. MURRAY LEONARD, now an Ensign in Uncle Sam's Navy, arrived in town Sunday, and had to return immediately to New York, Floyd Bennett Field. He says he will be back to San Diego from time to time.

MARION KEY is all up in arms, at the present time, because she is still, or, should we say, that Uncle Sam is still undecided whether to take her husband and put the Olive Green or Navy Blue on him. Hope Uncle Sam won't take too long to decide.

Our sincerest sympathy is extended to both BETTY PHILLIPS and BEAU FLOERSCH, whose fathers passed away recently.

Who is the secret admirer of a certain young lass in the Navy Cost Office? It seems as though she received a gardenia corsage and red roses for her birthday last week.

CLAIRE ROMAGNOLO, of the Laboratory, who was married four days, when her husband was shipped, received five letters in one week. Hope he continues the landslide of correspondence, Claire.

That's "30" for this issue. See you next time.
TOM & GERRY.

Manifold Small Parts

This time of year it seems especially good to welcome members of the group who have been away. JOHNNY LONG is in the department once more, after an absence of nearly a year. He says he found the ranch at Lakeside looking just as fine as it did when he went into the Army Air Forces, and his family looking better than ever. Johnny is working the graveyard shift. BESSIE WOOD has picked up an first shift right where she left off when she went home to Kentucky last month.

Some of the long-timers have left fourteen for other departments of Ryan's. JENNIE SHINAFELT, moving next door to Dispatching, is still within hollering distance when some of the many things she handles far all of us baffle the replacements. ED KUEBLER and "DOC" HAEUSER transferred to their former outfit, Sub-Assembly. The work there may be familiar to them, but the location in the new building won't be, nor will their green associates.

DAVE WILSON came back from leave only to turn over his sand blaster to the next fellow. He tried to get his property straightened out, but couldn't find anybody to look after his place in Oregon, so from now on he'll be raising hops at Grant's pass. BETTY LINCOLN is farther north in Oregon with her mother and grandmother. She has hopes of being here again soon after the holidays.

Very good news comes from ED HOCKETT. He is home from the hospital and definitely on the mend in spite of the terrible time he had. He thinks he is lucky, not only to be alive, but because "very few men get such a chance to find out what good friends they have," he says. Ed will have to be very quiet for a long time, and hopes that we'll stop to see him at his home, 2438 Market Street.

FRANK WALSH had a busy vacation, working around his place at Mission Beach, but seems full of health as a result of it. He proved to his satisfaction that he is still a good painter, yard man and general tinkerer. GORDON JOHNS was off to the wilds just as soon as CHET WHITE came back from his vacation. Any resemblance between the date of vacation of the foreman of third shift and the peak of the hunting season is not at all coincidental.

ANDY YACHWAN had planned to take some leave after his "forty hours" and make a trip home to Pennsylvania, but decided the travel couldn't be done now. So he stayed here, had a good rest and gave some first aid to his golf game. ED MAZ-ZUCHI and Mrs. M. went to San Francisco for part of their free time and had some family visits they had been looking forward to for a long time.

HARRIET EASTIS took time off through the influence of her small son. Young Dave got quarantined on suspicion of scarlet fever. VIRGINIA RIEDEL decided to get a long-postponed tonsillectomy, but wasn't able to return to work as soon as she had hoped. Her report, painfully enunciated, is "Next time I hope they'll just cut my throat and let it go at that."

Both MARIE THAYER and NELLIE BROWN, of the second shift, had to get hasty leaves because their mothers were seriously ill. Marie left for her old home in Wyoming three weeks ago.

EVA RUPE's mother is right here with her. They came together from their former home in Flint, Mich. Eva lived in San Diego last year, before her Marine husband went overseas. MARY FILLEY has been following the Tarawa and Gilbert Island operations of the Marines very closely. Her son Bill is with the Second Division there.

Several of the department newcomers already have factory experience. RUTH GAVETT had a personnel job at Salar, but says she likes the production end of aircraft better. She is on the C-54 job, working with ETHELYN MASON, whom she knew before coming to Ryan's. THELMA NEWMAN came out here from Chicago, where she worked in the transportation section at Remington. GERRY McCRORY worked with the machines of Dick Mimeograph at Chicago, but seems happy turning out Manifold small parts. KATHERINE HEFLIN had 18 months of machine shop experience at Calumbus, O., making small parts for Curtiss Wright. Her Navy husband's transfer to school in this locality brought her to San Diego, too.

R. L. HAMILTON had aircraft experience at Consolidated before joining our second shift, but C. J. MEYERS had handled only the tools of a meat cutter. Abandoning the butcher and grocer trade, Meyers decided to get into an industry with a future.

Young men with a future are the new lead men of fourteen. GEORGE PEGLER has charge of Punch Presses on first shift, and MARTIN WEIR takes them over on second. WOODY YOUNG is lead man over the department welders until four o'clock daily, when NORMAN EDWARDS takes the responsibility.

Today a celebration is in order for MARY NUGENT, whose birthday is December third. SCOTTY DERR, now working daytimes, is looking forward to the arrival of his son Dan. Any day now, young Derr is due from the east, then the reunion will begin in a big way.

Electrical Exhibit At San Diego Hotel

An aircraft electrical exhibit of special interest to those interested in radio electrical fields is being held in the Sala Grande of the San Diego Hotel on the 7th and 8th of December. Cooperating to present this exhibit free to shop and engineering personnel are Rockbestos, Thomas & Betts, Cannon Electric Development Co., Bendix Aviation Ltd., Cutler-Hammer, Inc., and the Continental-Diamond Fibre Co. Two films will be shown at intervals during the display, one a Lockheed film on the P-38s and the other a Standard Oil film dealing with the progress of the war. The exhibit will be open from 1 p.m. until 10 p.m. to accommodate personnel from all shifts. Representatives from each of the participating companies will be on hand to answer questions on their products.

Hither and Yon

For E. W. Hackett of Manifold Small Parts this year has been just one operation after another. Although Hackett hasn't been at work since early in the year, neither the company nor his fellow workers in the department have forgotten him.

When Ryan's visiting nurse, Miss Bernice Johnson, who visited Hackett from time to time, called Manifold Small parts one morning to report how Ed was getting along, she mentioned that he'd received a number of transfusions. These, she said, were given by the hospital with the expectation that the blood would be replaced by Hackett's friends.

That was all that was needed. The Manifold Small Parts department had been anxious to do something and this was their opportunity. And when the Industrial Relations department learned that nine of Hackett's co-workers were anxious to contribute a pint of blood each, they went a step farther. They furnished a company car to transport the nine workers and Miss Johnson from the plant to the hospital and back, and out of the Employee Welfare Fund paid the volunteers their regular salary while they were away from the plant. The blood was repaid two to one.

But that still wasn't enough. Several members of the department got together and pooled their weekly bonus checks and turned the pool over to Hackett.

"I had no idea so many people cared," smiled Ed Hockett, who now is reported improving rapidly. "I can't wait until I can get back on the job and show those people how much I've appreciated all this."

Members of Manifold Small Parts who donated their blood were O. W. Schaefer, H. E. Ingle, G. E. Pegler, H. V. Snook, P. E. Gangaware, Andy Yachman, E. A. "Doc" Heuser, Harry Glasco and Mrs. Jo Viall.

His son got the DFC. Ryanites thrilled with George Sayre of Manifold Small Parts at the news that Sayre's son, Lt. Fred Sayre, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross by the war department for participation in the low-level bombing of the Ploesti oil refineries in Rumania. The Ploesti raid was credited with destroying 42 percent of Rumanian refining capacity in a devastating blow at Axis war economy. Of the 177 attacking B-24 Liberators, 53 failed to return to their bases.

Hurrah, it's here!—We've been waiting for it a long time, and as the weeks and days have rolled by, Photographer FRANK MARTIN's fingernails have dwindled to mere stubs. But at last it's here. A 7-pound 14-ounce baby girl! Congratulations to the Frank Martins.

Cleor from Missouri by air mail came one of the departmental articles for this issue. Our hats off to DOROTHY WHEELER of Machine Shop. Thanks a lot, Dorothy, and we hope you enjoyed the cold November breezes of Missouri . . . and are glad to get back to "sunny California."



Machine Shop

by Dorothy Wheeler

Vacations are once again popular. Recent indulgers were OPAL HALL, FRED HAWORTH, FRANK FLINT, IRMA LEE JOYCE, and myself. It's a nice feeling to realize that you've worked at some place long enough for your employer to pay you while away.

From Louisiana comes word that a fine baby boy was born to the former JESSIE CAGLE of second shift Machine Shop. The baby weighed eight pounds two ounces and was named Robert Thomas.

I wonder what it is that JIMMIE TURNER will never again carry in his pocket! Too bad they're broken—but probably they never felt quite at home there anyway.

Our day leadman over drill presses and burr bench, "LITTLE MAN" BURKE, has been transferred to Tool Planning. Had you

Cafeteria News

by Potsun Panz

We're late in doing it, but we're going to do it anyway. And that is introduce the cafeteria committee that are just going out. They deserve all the orchids we have to offer—and more, too. They've done a swell job. Any words we can say here can't express the thanks that both the factory and cafeteria management owe this group. Here they are, the retiring cafeteria committee: Roy Ryan, Final Assembly; Dick Koske, Engineering; Vince Kullberg, Production Control; Charlie LeClaire, Modeling; Wally Adams, Inspection; John Rosenquist, Maintenance; Claude Brown, Receiving and Shipping; Mildred Smotherman, Sheet Metal; Dorothy Wheeler, Machine Shop; Marie Vollstead; Wing Assembly; Gundo Hiott, Manifold Assembly; Esther T. Long, Industrial Relations; Bill Wagner or Horry Siegmund, Public Relations; Arthur Coltrain from the Factory Manager's office, and Jean Bovet, chairman.

By the way, have you noticed the nifty looking sign in the yard giving the menu? Looks real professional, doesn't it? And it's mighty nice to know today what's on the menu for tomorrow.

Incidentally, we heard someone remark the other day about the attractive way the solids are arranged on the a la carte stand. Someone over there has a mighty artistic touch and it hasn't gone unnoticed.

Serving on the committee which goes into effect next week are the following representatives: J. Litell, Foreman; P. F. Veal, Manifold Welding; Mrs. Marie Blamquist, Fuselage Assembly; W. E. Davies, Tooling; Mrs. Eleanor Leovitt, Hydro-Press; L. H. Schneider, Office-Administration; L. P. Chopmon, Experimental; Mrs. Cleora Jordan, Final Assembly second shift; Mrs. Ida Ayer, Finishing; Mrs. Della Weller, Manifold Small Parts, and J. L. Hanson, Dispatching second shift. Turn in all your cafeteria suggestions to one of these people. They're your "cook" for the next month.

Arrangements have been made so that hourly paid employees working overtime may buy their dinner at the cafeteria between 6:00 and 6:30 if they desire.

heard about the special recognition to be given him for his contribution concerning the vacuum-type jig which so greatly increased production of a problem part? Glad to hear of your success, Burke!

CONRAD ADAMS is planning to compete with the "Three Musketeers" in their perfect attendance, but he says he thinks probably it will have to wait until he's a little older or something.

ANN CARMER recently left us on a thirty-day leave of absence. Her serviceman husband is in San Diego for a short time at least. Hurry back, Annie.

GLENN STRICKLAND has been absent for some time because of his illness. We are very sorry and hope he's back soon. GENE JACK has also been absent for several weeks. It seemed a combination of nerves and sinus proved too much. Hurry back as soon as you feel able, Jock.

PEGGY DARE, who was a petite and vivacious favorite on second shift, is back in San Diego. Her husband works in Manifold Welding. Peggy will be welcomed back with great joy if she can arrange for her children's care.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all you kind friends for the lovely suitcase. It was perfect for use on my vacation trip to Missouri.

MORE ABOUT

EARL D. PRUDDEN

(Continued from Page 9)

mother and father. The latter died while Earl was in France during the last war.

Born in Duluth, Minnesota, Prudden moved with his parents to St. Paul when he was eight years old. At that age he sold S. E. Posts and newspapers, augmenting this work later with such jobs as hotel bellhop, bakery delivery boy, and railroad waybill clerk.

During one summer vacation from the University of Minnesota he took a job selling household brushes door-to-door. He had to walk around the block twice to summon

courage to ring the first doorbell. "But I made ten dollars that first day," he recalls. "From that time on, I wanted to be a salesman."

Prudden later became a real estate salesman. It was here that Prudden's bulldog tenacity really came into play. Once he started at the top of a seven-story office building, and spent several days working down floor by floor in a "cold canvass"—sales talks to office people he'd never met. It is the toughest possible way to sell real estate, and a less optimistic salesman than Prudden might have given up after canvassing six floors without a sale. But on the ground floor he made a big sale—big enough to cover a whole month's work.

Less than a month after graduation from Minnesota, Prudden was enroute to Paris, where he voluntarily signed up as a private in the French Army, driving ammunition trucks through combat zones for 5c a day. When American forces arrived in France he transferred to the U. S. Army at Soissons, later went to a French officers' training school at Meaux, and won his commission as a second lieutenant. He was immediately placed in command of a Motor Transport Company at the French front, where he remained until his return to the United States six months after the close of hostilities.

Prudden attained his pilot's license 12 years ago by coming down to the field at seven o'clock to take flying lessons before starting the working day.

Always busy, Prudden still finds time for interest in outside activities. He was the sparkplug and guiding genius in the Christmas parties which Ryan gave each year for San Diego children, until the war intervened. The first one consisted of a Christmas tree at the old Ryan Field and a Santa Clause who landed by airplane with presents for the 500 children present. By the time the last one was held it had grown to such a huge affair that it had to be moved to Bolboa Stadium to accommodate the 20,000 who wanted to attend. . . . Just one more example of what can be done by a fellow with a big heart and a lot of energy!

Veterans Receive Five-Year Pins



Special recognition went to six Ryonites this month when T. Claude Ryan presented five year service pins to these veterans. Left to right are Joe Love, E. W. Thayer, Jock Weyer, T. Claude Ryan, Ed Sly, Paul Veal and Adolph Bolger.

Inspection Notes

by Dorothy Trudersheim



We are getting more and more cooperation from fellow inspectors. Besides our help from MARGERY BOLES, Final Assembly; MARY DURAND, Manifold Small Parts, and EDNA FARNSWORTH, of Receiving, we have received very nice contributions from MARY SYMPSON of Crib No. 5, Sheet Metal Inspection, and EVELYN DUNCAN, Manifold Welding Inspection. We hope that other departments of Inspection will contribute, for then our column will be representative of all branches.

New offices are being built north of the Salvage Crib for the Assistant Chief Inspectors. WALT STEVENS will be out in the new location as soon as the improvements are finished. DON WILCOX will come out later.

The people in Final Assembly are glad for BILL JENNINGS that he is the night supervisor of Final Assembly, but the day shift misses him very much. More power to you, Jennings. . . SHANNON (MINER) LONG received a warm welcome when he returned from Canada. . . The CLARENCE COLES are very happy over the arrival of their baby boy. "Speedy" wanted a little girl, but a six-pound boy is an excellent substitute. Some of his friends in Final Assembly presented him with several gifts for the baby. Cole was bowled over—too much excitement. . . Two new inspectors in Receiving Inspection are Mrs. MARY NICOL, formerly of Douglas, and LEO FUNDARO, who hails from Detroit. Mrs. Nicol has a husband and two sons in the Navy. . . Farewell lunches were served in Crib No. 1 recently for BILL VOIGHT, who went to work for his Uncle Sam and will wear the regulation khaki, while EMIL YBARRA will work for Outside Production Inspection at the Standard Enameling Co. in Culver City, California, but is still an employee of Ryan. . . Our deepest sympathy goes to CATHERINE COOPER (Crib No. 1) and her mother (Spares Accumulations), who recently lost their brother and son, Maurice Rodrigas, a Chief Quartermaster in the Navy. . . VERA MALEY of Manifold Inspection has been with Ryan over one year. Vera had two sons to go in the service with the Army. Pvt. Larry Maley was studying to be a surgical technician when he passed away August 28 at San Antonio, Texas. Cpl. Glenn Maley, another son, is an M.P. in the Air Corps and expects to see overseas duty very soon. Vera buys a band each week. It is a mother like Vera who can say in the postwar period that she really did her bit in bringing back our boys. . .

Wanted—One pair of roller skates. Skates will get D. J. D. around a little faster and a lot easier. Do you know D. J. D.? . . . Believe it or not, we have a Ripley working an second shift in Manifold Inspection. He has an inspection mirror so long that the other night he was looking over same parts, and, believe it or not, he put the mirror into the manifold so far that what he thought was a crack was really a line on his face. . . It is getting to be nip and tuck as to who has the biggest

harem. Far many months BOB SOTHERN held the lead, but now it looks as if MAC LESTER is in the lead. . . The early morning howl which rises all over the plant—even above the din—is: "Where is my so'nal?" . . . We all wish the best of everything to NITA CRAMER (Crib No. 5), who left us recently to return to Denver. . . We hear that the valley fire almost made a ranger of TOM HICKEY. He is trying to buy a fire truck, just in case. . .

The laugh of the month came from CLAIRE SKINNER, Crib No. 5. The "wae is me" look on her face was due to the loss of her purse. Incidentally, several days later she found it under her mattress. Could she have been hiding it from Bill? . . . Oh yes, and E. BLACK, Crib No. 5, has a dislike for taxi cabs. We are all thankful that she wasn't hurt.



Chin Music

by
Herman
Martindale

While running a series of columns on servicemen being backed up by Ryanites, I was given a tip by HERB SIMMER, tail-pipe foreman, on what proved to be a most interesting interview with Mrs. T. J. KILCOURSE. Major T. J. Kilcourse, her husband, is adjutant at the Marine base at the present time.

Here is the story of a man who came up the hard way and whose devotion to duty rewarded him with some of the highest military honors given to a man.

Major Kilcourse enlisted in the U. S. Marines way back in 1901 and served continu-

ously for 31 years until 1932, when he was retired. When the present war broke out he volunteered for active duty and was detailed to duty at the Marine Corps Base. He held every rank as a non-commissioned officer and when World War I started, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant. When he retired in 1932 he held the rank of Captain and was appointed Major when recalled for present duty. His service in all parts of the world gave Mrs. Kilcourse an opportunity to see the world, for she lived in many different countries where he was stationed. Mrs. Kilcourse was in Shanghai, China, when the Japs first bombed that city. So you can see why she has several reasons for wanting to be able to hit back at them by working at Ryan.

Following is a list of some of the decorations and medals that have been bestowed upon Major Kilcourse: The Navy Cross for extraordinary heroism in action, the Nicaraguan Presidential Medal of Merit for distinguished service in that country, the Marine Corps Expeditionary Medal for service in the Philippine Islands, Korea, Cuba and San Domingo, and medals for the Philippine, Haitian, Nicaraguan and China campaigns, and the World War medal with one bronze star. There, fellows, is a record exceeded by only a few.

The other day BENNIE MARTINEZ and LYNN BLACKBURN were making "Chin Music." It seems that Bennie was bragging about his glasses and how far he could see with them. Sez he, "Why, I've seen a gnat four miles away." Not to be outdone, Blackie answered, "Well, I couldn't see him, but I could hear him walking."

We were sorry to see "TILLIE," that big, brawny and breathin', long, lean and livin' Texan, transfer to day shift. Naw our PT-22 staff is devoid of Texans, and I won't have anyone to lose money to betting on the football games.

Tattling in Tooling

by Mary La Rue Williams and Catherine Ann Slager

Have you ever successfully (that is without injury) crossed our four-foot center aisle immediately after the bell has rung calling us to lunch? It is an art that only an honored few have accomplished. When I first attempted it I had been so attracted by the ham on rye waiting for me on the other side that I failed to notice the maelstrom of humanity bearing down on me. Too late. A moment later I was tossed to and fro, whirled, pirouetted, revolved, twisted, turned, and generally whizzed about like a cork on a whirlpool. The harder I struggled to get out the nearer I was carried into the center itself. And talk about massages! I was rubbed this way, and scourged that way until I began to fear that I was about to be erased altogether. My strength was oozing, and my breath was coming in short pants, when, making a last final effort to get myself out of that surging eruption I was suddenly ejected from it, but alas, on the very side from which I had started. Later on I devised a method which at the time seemed foolproof. Join the mad onslaught, and while pretending to aid them slowly edge to the opposite border. This I have also given up as I found myself two miles south of my goal, and spent most of my lunch period making my way back.

Our one and only little southern belle, OUIDA HORN, will be leaving soon. Yes!

Back to Alabama to await the stork for a baby boy (she hopes). That old phrase of wishing you all the luck in the world has been used too many times; so we'll just say, "So long, Ouida, we will all miss you!"

Every issue finds us introducing new friends. This time we welcome HELEN SMITH from Chicago, Illinois, IRENE BYRD from Asheville, No. Carolina, and LESLIE LYALL from no farther away than La Mesa.

LaVERNE MOORE has her head in the clouds these days. Her husband, in the Marine Corps, received his sergeant stripes a few days ago. But we can understand why with a gal like LaVerne behind him.

Indians are far from extinct as we discovered after tripping over a redskin pow-wow being conducted by LOUIS (HIAWATHA) REID at the Foreman's Halloween Dance. RUTH OWENS seemed to be enjoying herself, too. Not a worry in the world. How about that, Ruth?

Confucius say "Wedding bells ring out in month of June." JEAN McLAUGHLIN attempted to confuse Confucius when she became Mrs. Eddie M. Ecker last October 31. Incidentally, she now works second shift in order to spend more time with hubby.

Back in the groove again is ED MORROW, who has spent several weeks in the hospital. We're glad to see you around, Ed!

Sport of the Month



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

There will be two girls' basketball teams representing Ryan during the coming basketball season. One team will be composed of first shift girls and one of girls working either second or third shifts. These teams will play in the Industrial League composed of teams from Consolidated, Rohr, Solar, N.T.S. Waves, Telephone Company and the

San Diego Club. The first shift girls' team will practice every Tuesday night at 8:00 o'clock at the San Diego High School Girls' gym and the second and third shift team will practice every Tuesday at 11:00 a.m. at the Y.W.C.A. court at 9th and C.

The first shifters are coached by Walter Joeger, working in Sheet Metal, and the

second and third shifters are coached by Jack Balmer, working in Manifold.

Both teams are in need of players, so if you are interested in becoming a member of either team, leave your name and clock number with the Industrial Relations department or call Ext. 317.

TRAVIS HATFIELD.

Golf Notes



Our Ryan Elimination Golf tournament at this writing is drawing to a close. However, we can't predict who the winners will be.

The players' cooperation in this tournament has been excellent. In spite of the fact that Sunday work has been necessary during the past few months, very few of the players have dropped out. We appreciate the interest and support of all concerned.

Beginning in January, 1944, we are organizing a round robin between Ryan, Consolidated, Solar, Rohr, and Concrete Ship. Each company will enter an 8-man scratch team and an 8-man handicap team. Rules and regulations, schedules and fees will be published in due time.

M. M. CLANCY.

Men's Basketball

The Ryan All Star Basketball Team coached by Carmack Berryman will represent Ryan in the City Industrial Basketball League this season. This league is composed of teams from Ryan, Solar, Consolidated, Rohr, the City Y.M.C.A., San Diego Club and Mission Beach All Stars. The games will be played every Wednesday evening at the San Diego High School Boys' gym.

In getting ready for league play, which tentatively is scheduled to begin December 15th, the Ryan All Stars have already defeated the Consolidated and City Y.M.C.A. teams and up to date are undefeated themselves. The All Stars have practice games booked with the Naval Training Station, Naval Air Station, San Diego Club and the Marines.

Carmack is highly pleased with the team and has boasted that any team in the city or county will be pressed to their fullest if they defeat the All Stars.

TRAVIS HATFIELD.

Hillcrest Bowling



The Precision Five team composed of Buck Dillon, Hal Glen, Ray Storr, Gail Simpson and Chuck Carlson won the first half in the League's first nine games with 26 wins to 10 losses, which is very good considering the real competition these ten teams are up against. I believe Chuck Carlson has the highest individual series of 592.

Bud Peffley holds the highest average at the end of the first half with a 178 average. Bud bowls with Butch Ortiz's Manifold No. 2 team. Chuck Carlson was a very close second with 175. Chuck is on the winning team for the first half. Keep your eyes turned to the sports page of the Flying Reporter for there is going to be greater competition in the last half.

G. R. MILLER.

Expert Bowler



Carl Huetter, who shot a 300 game at the same time he was establishing a near record with 19 successive strikes.

Chips Off the Ten Pins

I had an enjoyable chat with Carl Huetter the other day during our luncheon in regard to his perfect game.

Carl started bowling at the age of 15 and since then has been an ardent kegler. The ball he uses is the same one he was given 18 years ago by the manager of a house where he set pins.

Carl had rolled many years and in many tournaments before he achieved the bowler's dream, a 300 game. It was back in Colum-

bus, Ohio, during 1942 when Carl, then with the Columbus Division of the Curtiss-Wright Company, that it had happened. Not only was it a great day for him, but also for Olentangy Village where he was rolling, for that was the first 300 game bowled on those alleys. Carl wasn't quite satisfied with just a 300 game, so he continued his striking to roll up 19 consecutive strikes, just one strike shy of the city's all-time record for consecutive strikes. In addition to that his series of 746 for the night was within 15 pins of the 1941-42 season record at Columbus. Some Manday night when you're down at the Tower, ask Carl to show you the ring awarded him by the A.B.C. for that game.

Carl has bowled in eight of the A.B.C. tournaments back east, having rolled in Cleveland, Columbus, Buffalo, and New York City. He has one superstition, and if you have the chance to watch him, you'll notice he never lights a cigarette during a game. He'll smoke between lines, but once he has rolled the first ball of a game he won't light up till after the game.

It certainly makes us feel proud to have a bowler like Carl Huetter in our league, and I'm looking forward to seeing him roll his second 300 game in our league.

Here are the high standings at the present writing:

| | WON | LOST |
|-----------------|-----|------|
| Crags | 27 | 9 |
| Manifold | 26 | 10 |
| Woodshop | 26 | 10 |
| Experimental | 26 | 10 |
| Jigs & Fixtures | 24 | 12 |
| Bowlerettes | 23 | 13 |
| Sub Assembly | 22 | 14 |
| Bumpers | 21 | 15 |
| Arc Welders | 21 | 15 |
| Thunderbolts | 20 | 16 |
| Plant Engineers | 20 | 16 |
| Dag Catchers | 20 | 16 |
| Drop Hammer | 20 | 16 |
| Ryan Silents | 18 | 18 |
| Tool Room | 18 | 18 |

F. GORDON MOSSOP.

Are You Driving With Out-of-State Plates?

Many employees have been stopped by California Highway Patrol officers regarding the out-of-state plates on their vehicles. Warning was given that immediate compliance with California state laws must be observed. Two weeks' grace was given and unless regulations have been met at that time, you are apt to have your car taken from you and impounded.

California operates its license system on a reciprocity basis. This means that if your state does not require California residents located there to get a license in that state for six months, this state works the same way. For example: If you went to Connecticut with a California license on your car you would not have to get a Connecticut license for six months. If you came to California with a Connecticut license on your car, California would allow you six months grace before you had to get a California license plate.

However, some states do not allow reciprocity to California residents, and so, California does not allow any grace to residents of those states. If you are from Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota,

Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, W. Virginia, Wisconsin or Wyoming, your car bears a limited or non-reciprocal plate, and you must get a California license at once.

Unless you do so the Highway Patrol enforces the law by seizing your car and impounding it until you have obtained a California plate. If you are in doubt as to whether your state extends reciprocity or the length of time involved, it is suggested you telephone the Division of Registration, Franklin 5153. For your protection, you should take care of this at once.

Operators of non-resident motor vehicles who reside in San Diego County are urged by Department of Motor Vehicles to go to 310 Cedar street, San Diego, and determine whether they have the proper papers for renewing registrations.

With renewal season less than a month and a half away, Department of Motor Vehicles is concerned over the fact that many of the thousands of war workers recently arriving in California by car from other states have not obtained papers from their home states that will permit them to register their vehicles in California.

Non-resident motorists are required to turn in the plates they received from their home states when applying for California registration.

Handball Hinders

Once again the hinder and killer of the Ryan Handball Team fought their way to a "never a doubt" victory. This victory was with the very popular San Diego Club. The scores were 21-12, 21-10, 21-14. The last time we played the San Diego Club in a warm-up round, we were defeated just two out of three games. These games were published in good-size print in the San Diego Club News. I wonder if they can find the space this time?

We are still in the market for more handball players.

Both Herman Cohen and myself are members of the San Diego Rowing Club and our next games are matched with our brother members. P. S.—Cohen still thinks we're a cinch to win.

If Cohen would just let those cross corner right hand shots go to my left, the other team might give us some competition.

Hoping for another victory before the next issue, I remain just another little hinder of the Ryan Handball Club.

How about some more hinders? (Phone Ext. 317.)
DICK HERSEY.

Badminton

This Tournament is not restricted to men only, in fact it has been broken into individual tournaments for men and women. In the future we hope to run not only separate, but also mixed teams.

To date a little difficulty has confronted the players due to transportation facilities. All games have been played at the homes of those who have tables but a committee has been formed to arrange for nearer the premises for the benefit of the employees who participate in the tournament. All persons interested in entering will be accepted with a sporting anticipation by T. Hatfield, of the Industrial Relations department.

ARNIE.

Riding

Sunday morning, November 7th, was a big day at the San Diego Stable. The Ryan Ryders turned out early for one of the best and most exciting rides we have had yet. When TOMMIE FRY said, "Mount your horses" we struggled aboard and rode to the ring for the usual gathering before taking the trail to the hills.

TOMMIE HIXSON, our genial cameraman, took some shots of the Ryders in the ring and as we started out on the trail. And then—he mounted the friskiest, sportiest animal in this section of the country! Well—he got up, dusted himself and showed us how to handle a horse! Tammie is O. K. and we will be glad to have him ride with us again.

Now speaking of falls, WES and FRANCES got really fancy and showed us a double feature all from the same horse. Did they ask "Prince" if he would carry double? No! But they know now! Then MARION showed us how to let the horse have his way and you have yours, too. If one comes to a low-hanging limb across the trail and the horse wants to go under it, never argue

with him—just let him. One hangs on the limb thusly—(See cartoon of later date if you have no imagination of your own!) More fun and no one hurt!

BILL rode his new mount, "Diamond." "Diamond" is a cowpony from the mountains and a tough, rugged little animal. Bill was all dressed for the occasion in chaps, ten-gallon hat and all. He has ridden since he was a little shaver. He started out on a burro and worked up to ponies and saddles at an early age. He appreciates good horses and has the ability to handle them that comes only with experience.

The "regulars" for the day were: CARL HUETTER, BILL IMMENSCHUH, CAROL LAWRENCE, IRVING WISCHMEYER, VIRGIL JOHNSON, DOROTHY JOHNSON, ANDY McREYNOLDS, LEONARD GORE, ED SPICER, FRANCES FRANCE, DICK SYPNIEWSKI, LOUISE WILSON, WES KOHL, WINONA MATTSON, ANN MIKUS and GEORGE CRAW.

EDITH SMITH was a newcomer to the group. She says she will be a "regular" when she is over the "flu." ANDY brought a guest, LA FONNE PETERSON. GEORGE's guest was MARION MINER. Mr. GETCHEL saddled up "Nugget" and rode with us. TOMMIE HIXSON rode "Lester." DOROTHY and BUD CURR joined us for a while with a group from Hazard stables. Among them were some Ryan employees, WILLIAM WILKIN, Mr. COLE and Mr. GREY.

We couldn't get enough horses in the valley for all the people wanting to ride that day, so TOM DAVIDSON and LARRY ANDERSON rode with a group at Hazelwood Stable. They were: P. O. POWEL, Mrs. POWEL, JANE SNYDER, ELEANOR BLACK, HAROLD WALL, GLORIA BAWKER and FRED WILKERSON.

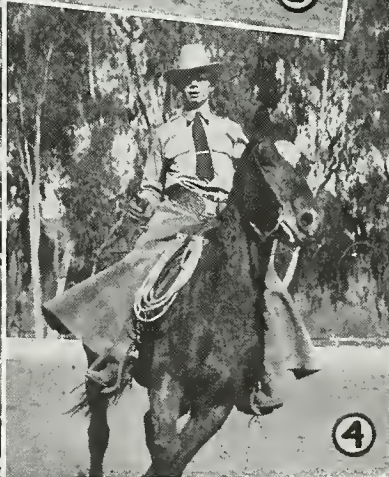
The following Sunday (November 14th) our second group made an attempt to ride. Everything went wrong. Some of them worked that day and some failed to make it for other reasons. JUNE YOUNG played the "Good Samaritan" trying to rescue a bird and fell in some mud. Cold, wasn't it, June? TOM DAVIDSON, ED SPICER, JUNE YOUNG and ELEANOR BLACK rode that day.

The San Diego Chamber of Commerce would say we had a "low fog" Sunday, November 21st, but it didn't stop the Ryan Ryders. They showed up at the appointed time to the man in spite of fogs and strikes. Some of the ambitious ones rode to Tecolote Canyon on a three-hour ride. It was a grand day for a long ride. The cold wind blowing in the horses faces made them hard to hold. GETCH led the ride at a fast gait and we were out on the hills overlooking the bay in just no time.

BILL had some hard luck but decided to ride from La Mesa on "Diamond." The two of them got rather damp with "fog" besides missing the group and having a long, cold ride home. That must have been one of Bill's "bad days."

We had one new member with us—GLADYS GUNTER. The "regulars" were: ED SPICER, VIRGIL JOHNSON, DOROTHY JOHNSON, GEORGE CRAW, LOUISE WILSON, LEONARD GORE, TOM DAVIDSON, CAROL LAWRENCE, DICK SYPNIEWSKI, IRVING WISCHMEYER, KAY SALGER, JUNE YOUNG, WINONA MATTSON and ANDY McREYNOLDS. Marion Miner came along as George's guest.

Ryan Ryders Hit The Trail



1. Members of the Ryan Ryders in the ring ready for the start. 2. Heading out over the trail with Bill Immenschuh in the lead. 3. Wes Kohl tightens up the cinch for Dick Sypniewski. 4. "Wild Bill" Immenschuh comes galloping up on "Diamond."

The Score Board

The Ryan All Stars finished the first half of the Winter League in fourth place in an 18-team league, being credited with 4 wins and 3 losses. ABG2 won the first half of the Winter League, winning 7 and losing none.

The second half of the league started on Sunday, Nov. 21, and the Ryan All Stars defeated Camp Elliott by a score of 7-3. The pitching of Roxborough and the hitting of Mose Martin, plus two beautifully executed plays by Jack and Erv Marlett, featured this contest.

For the information of baseball fans, the following former Ryan All Stars are now in the military services: Frank, Bob and Ted Kerr in the U. S. Army; Warren Kanagy, Tony Geli, Jack Billings, Tommy Ortiz and Bob Usher in the U. S. Navy. Nino Barnise is taking V-12 training at the University of San Francisco, and Ray Fitzpatrick has orders to report on December 6.

The following games are scheduled for the Ryan All Stars: November 28 at Navy Field, Ryan All Stars versus ABG2; December 5 at Golden Hills, Ryan All Stars versus Convair All Stars; December 12 at Golden Hill, Ryan All Stars versus Camp Miramar; December 19 at Memorial, Ryan All Stars versus Music Makers. All games start at 2:15.

A. S. BILLINGS.

Ryan Ice Skating Party

Let's go ice skating at Glacier Gardens.

DATE: Friday night, December 3rd.

TIME: Special session 6:15 p.m. to 7:45 p.m. Regular session starts at 8 p.m.

PLACE: Glacier Gardens, foot of 8th Ave.

PRICE: General admission, 55 cents; skates, 25 cents.

The Rohr Aircraft Co. was kind enough to share its night with our Skating Club beginning November 19th, and each Friday night thereafter. Let's all turn out and make a showing. For further details contact Travis Hatfield, Ex. 317, or G. A. Ohlson, Ex. 282.

G. A. OHLSON.

Interdepartmental Basketball

The Interdepartmental Basketball League will take in at least three teams from the Solar Aircraft Company and the games will be played on Thursday starting December 9th. All games are to be played at the San Diego High School Boys' gym. Games will start at 6, 7, 8 and 9 p.m. Teams from Ryan will represent the following departments: Sheet Metal, Inspection, Manifold, Final Assembly (the Aces and the Hawks). Up to date the Sheet Metal team is considered to head the Ryan list, having won four games and lost none. The Interdepartmental League is headed by Unser, leadman in Sheet Metal.

The Ryan swing-shifters basketball team managed by Ray Holkestad is practicing at the City Y.M.C.A. court. The team will play in the Industrial League composed of teams from Consolidated, Rohr, Solar and Concrete Ship. The following employees are practicing with the Ryan swingshifters: Jim Jardine, George Marsh, Jim Lutherback, Morris Roberts, R. Campbell, E. McDaniel, L. Peterson and M. Snipers, all under the management of Ray Holkestad.

TRAVIS HATFIELD.

Volleyball

The Ryan volleyball team has lined up several matches to be played out on Tuesday evenings at 5:30 o'clock. On December 7th the Ryan team plays the San Diego Club at the San Diego Club court located at 6th and B Streets. On December 14th they play the 11th Naval District team at the Army-Navy Y.M.C.A. court located at Broadway and India Streets. On December 22nd they will meet the Consolidated team at the City Y.M.C.A. court.

Anyone interested in becoming a member of the Ryan team may have a chance to practice by leaving his name and clock number with the Personnel department.

MORE ABOUT

FIRST AID

(Continued from page 8)

few days before. Her ankle had hurt for a little while, but seemed to get over it and she thought no more about it. The next day it hurt a little more and then began to swell.

"Did you report the accident to First Aid at the time it happened," asked the nurse.

"No."

"Did anyone see it happen?"

"I don't think so."

Well, there they were. The girl was at work eight hours a day and off work 16 hours a day. With no evidence at all of the fall in the plant, the insurance company is mighty hard to convince that the accident couldn't have happened just as easily outside the plant. Had the girl reported the fall, even though her ankle seemed all right at the time, when and if something developed later, she would have been protected. "That's why every accident, no matter how trivial it may seem at the time, should be reported to us," Mrs. Parham explains.

Another situation which many Ryanites do not completely understand is the difference between Workmen's Compensation Insurance which the company carries for them and the insurance which they buy themselves through deductions from their paychecks.

Workmen's Compensation Insurance must be carried for all employees by their employer. The Ryan company carries it for all Ryanites. There is no charge to the employee. This insurance covers all accidents which occur on or in company property. It covers you from the time you get in the Ryan bus at Laurel street in the morning until you get off the Ryan bus at the highway that evening. If you are injured while on the Ryan premises, it will pay your doctor bills and hospital expenses. In addition, starting with the eighth day after the injury, it will pay 65% of 95% of your salary or a minimum of \$30 a week while you are off work. Remember, this insurance is free to you—the company pays for it.

The group insurance that you pay for each week is a sickness and accident insurance to cover you for the 16 hours of each day and the one full day each week that you aren't covered by WCI. In other words, when you step off the Ryan bus at night you change from your workmen's compensation to your group insurance. If you become ill you can collect on this group insurance, payment beginning the eighth day of illness. However, if you are injured off the job—at home or downtown or any place off company property—your group insurance goes into immediate effect and payment of your salary allowance starts the very next day.

MORE ABOUT



THEY FLY THROUGH HELL

(Continued from page 7)

a cap pistol to protect himself. As he flies alone through that thirty-mile hornets nest on the Channel coast, his only defense is speed and altitude. He tries to dodge, outrun or outclimb the interceptors (of which there may be as many as a hundred, all aiming at him alone) till he gets beyond their range. Then he throttles down, or cuts out one engine to stretch his limited fuel supply as far as possible, and takes life a little easier while he's flying to his objective, taking his photographs, and flying back across the Continent. As he approaches the fighter belt coming back, he opens the throttle and streaks for home, hoping for the best.

He usually makes it, too. It's surprising how few PRU planes have been lost. Some of them barely limp home, riddled with holes, and others don't quite get to their own fields, but most of them land somewhere in England with valuable photos. One group of P-38's formed in Spokane, Washington, lost only one man out of 36 in eleven months of photo reconnaissance operations.

I heard plenty of arguments between PRU pilots as to the relative merits of the Spitfire and the P-38. Many American pilots are flying Spitfires, and many English boys are flying Lightnings. But regardless of nationality, and regardless of the relative merits of the two planes, the fliers are all of one mind: "We don't much care which one you give us, as long as we have at least one or the other. But don't ever take them both away from us if you want us to fight this war."

To sum up my impression of the air war against Europe, I'd say that Allied fliers are doing a skillful and daring job against heavy opposition. They're making steady progress in softening up Fortress Europe for the final assault, but the end still seems to be at least two years away. They're getting good planes, in large numbers . . . But they still need more and better planes.

We can do something about that, can't we?

Smoke From a Test Tube

by Sally and Sue

Members of the Laboratory Staff with their families and guests recently traveled en masse up to Del Mar to enjoy their second annual picnic on the 1000-acre ranch managed by the father of B. W. "BO" FLOERSCH, our jovial Process Engineer.

Upon arriving in the morning, a good many took to the hills for target practicing. The mighty battle papers must have been hoarding ammunition for weeks for this event because the shots rang out through the hills for an hour or more. We discovered that there were some straight-shooting dead-eye dicks in our midst, such gun-toting bandits as D. L. "DON" HEYSER, H. C. "HANK" CURTIS, E. L. "ED" SHELDON, W. L. "LES" NEEVES, and our popular boss, J. C. "JIM" SCURLOCK, could all draw a fine bead. And among the feminine sharpshooters was Mrs. LES NEEVES, a typical outdoor girl.

A real ball game was indulged in by almost everyone there, but eventually it was taken over by the masculine half of the staff, with two sides battling it out until the "come and get it" call was heard. Everyone put their whole heart, soul and lungs into this game, also a few skinned knees, elbows, etc. This point was well brought out the next morning when one by one people came limping into the Laboratory on crutches, and with their arms in slings, bandages, etc.

One of the most amazing sights of the day was that of Mr. CLAUDE C. HOUSER, dignified and reserved member of the Laboratory force, who simply out-did himself whizzing around from one outfield to the next during the ball game. Believe it or not, he engaged in a game of baseball and a game of football (both sufficiently rough and rugged to wear down a man of average energy) at one and the same time. He tried to blame it on the country air, but, personally (don't quote us, now), we suspect it was all for the benefit of his young daughter, who appeared no less astounded than the rest of us at the vivacity of her father. Mr. Hauser is still with us—in fact, he honestly and surprisingly did show up the next day. However, he warned us at the very start that we were not to make him laugh or talk a great deal, as his face was about to crack, as were his back, his legs, and other points of general importance to a man's well-being and disposition.

We were fortunate enough to have "JAKE" FLOERSCH and "RAY" HART prepare the steaks for us. Nothing is so impressive as to watch steaks being cooked outdoors over the coals, smothered in a super-delicious sauce. These two boys certainly know all the angles to outdoor cooking. They are famous in this line, so say we. Of course there were a few trimmings to go along with the steaks, such as baked potatoes, salad, cake, coffee. Need we say more? At a time like this?

Following the big feed, "BO" FLOERSCH led a group on a hike up the side of a mountain. It was rough and rugged, but worth all the effort it took. From the summit we could glimpse the ocean and the sun's setting rays, not to mention all the glories of nature seen along the way. "HAL" HASENBECK and his small son Eric made the trip with us. Eric was a good sport, riding on his father's back whenever the trail

Laboratory Holds Picnic



1. Wilson "Hub" Hubbell, on the right, watching the ancient and impressive order of cooking steaks in the great outdoors by Jake Flaersch and Ray Hart, two fellows who know their cookery. Need we call your attention to that hungry look in Hub's eyes?

2. B. W. "Ba" Flaersch, jovial host for the day. Note the 10 gallon hat.

3. Harald W. "Hal" Hasenbeck, giving his small son, Eric, a ride. Eric is making sure the hen gets a ride, too.

4. Claire Romagnolo caught in a fralicking moment in a hay stack on the big ranch.

called for a steep ascent or descent. FORD LEHMAN and MARY ZAGER also went on the hike, but took a short cut down to the ranch from the top-most vantage point.

Also on this mountain walk was a most attractive couple—that's what we thought of BOB FULLERTON and his wife BETTY, in their matching red and black plaid shirts. It was easy to see who belonged to the Fullerton family from almost any distance.

The only bad thing about the Lab picnic, from the Snooper's viewpoint, was the completely helpless feeling that came when the click of a camera's shutter warned us to close our mouths, straighten our spines, and

finally gaze horror-stricken at the grinning, triumphant face of one of our phata-fiends. (Confidentially, there was more than one picture the pose of which had some of us worried for several days.) We soon arrived at the conclusion that even when apparently relaxing, it was a wise woman who kept one eye open for these foxy little characters. This wisdom came to us, unfortunately, after the blackmail material had already been safely tucked away and was being zealously guarded by the proud and anticipating possessor. As we pledged last year, "I'll know better next time!"

Life In Purchasing

EDITH PIERCE has been out with a cold, so the Pierces here are numbered but one, and that's HILDA MAE, with WILKINSON. LORRAINE, our little Ookie, the files did flee and left DREW and PAULINE for a two weeks leave.

We have a guard named CHARLIE POPE who thinks I am an awful dope. Then there's STEVE with his morning coffee and MARIE with her talk of Joe. And something that always catches our eyes are BOB GROVE's noisy ties that he managed to pick up one day while shopping down in T. J.

PIPER says and allow me to quote, "I'm leaving this place and now you may gloat, for I'm going to work on my dad's dairy farm"—which all in all gave us quite an alarm.

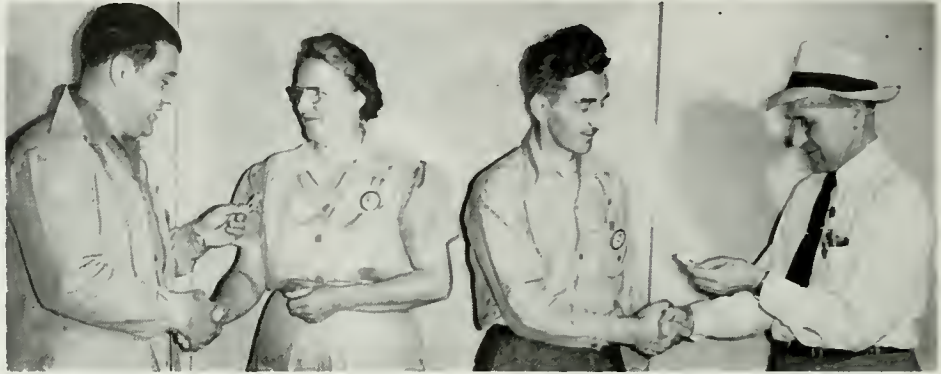
JEAN, FLORA, and LOLITA like to sit and chat, each about her own fella who wears a sailor hat. But we're still trying hard as we can to find out about ESTHER's man.

BECK'S been driving for 20 years and you'd think by now he could shift the gears. But he flunked flat his written examination and had to study with much determination. JANIE soon comes prancing through and leave us lots more work to do. Then RIG comes in with a "Hey, where's that bolt?" COX, it seems, is quite versatile. (He's buyer for the C-order file.)

BETTY, with that cute little walk, the one with all that southern talk, is going to leave NOMA, ELEANOR and DEANE and take the train back home to New Orleans.

WOODIE comes down from Engineering. Rumar has it, he's woman fearing. "I'm a confirmed bachelor," says he, trying to scawl. Aw, go on, Woodie, what nights do you howl?

Couple Receive Service Pins



Receiving their one year service pins at a joint presentation are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Earlywine, center. Presenting the pin to Mrs. Earlywine is her Manifold foreman, Butch Ortiz and Scotty Murray, foreman of the stockroom, presents one to Mr. Earlywine. This couple, one of them working first shift and one second, have neither been absent nor tardy during their first year at Ryan. They're putting \$200 a month into bonds.

SARA sits at her files all alone while her boss, Mr. THOMAS, is busy on the phone. By the end of the day she has the work all done and filed safely away. BERYL and MARGARET promise their new boss to work very hard if he just won't be cross. His name is JOHNNY FEENY, from Curry and Young. CHRISTINE JONES works for Mr. G. T. A very fine pair they turn out to be.

Now we come to the very last three, which consists of little ROSIE an D.P.C. and JANE and GLADYS of closed order files who never act in the least juvenile!

To wind up the works on this bunch of jerks, there is just one thing I can say. "When this they read, I hope not to need crutches the very next day."

Putt Putts On Parade

by Millie Merritt

Well, folks, another wortime Thanksgiving has come and gone. About all we can do these days is to look forward to the celebration we are going to have when our boys come home and be thankful that we were, in our humble way, able to help speed the victory we will be enjoying. Considering the sacrifices of those boys and the fact that our contribution amounted to hard work and doing without a few luxuries, we have been let off very easily. Our reward, in having them back, will be very great. I'm darned glad I can be here working for them. That is something to be really thankful for.

By now you have become acquainted with MARY PHILLIPS, first shift, and GLADYS SHAMBLIN, second shift. These two new girls are the latest arrivals in Factory Transportation. Mr. HUMPHREY says that we have reached, after several months of searching, the goal for which we have been striving. Two crews of sincere workers that are doing their jobs and doing them well. They surely are a swell bunch and all work well together.

In fact, we can now claim two shifts working in perfect harmony. We all realize that everyone makes a few mistakes from time to time, so each crew straightens out the other's errors when they find them just as a part of their regular work, rather than "running down" the other half of their team. And it's that kind of team work that makes any organization run smoothly.

We realize, however, that the support of the other departments is also vital to the proper operation of our own. Your willing cooperation has been instrumental in our keeping everything moving as it should. This is appreciated by all of us because every minute we save is helping us to reach additional stations and meet production requirements where and when they must be met.

Figures showing the number of parts and assemblies handled by your Transportation group each day would cause you no little surprise. Just remember that they handle and move practically everything that you produce, plus that which is produced by all of the many other departments.

New R.I.N.A. Comes To Ryan



Newly appointed as Resident Inspector of Naval Aircraft at Ryan is Lt. R. O. Deitzer, seated in the above picture. Other members of his staff here include Lt. (j.g.) S. H. Zeigler, Mochinist Robonic and Ens. S. S. Reeder standing.

The Know-How of Candy Making

1. Measure accurately, particularly the liquid.

2. Dissolve the sugar before the boiling point is reached for one crystal of undissolved sugar may turn the whole mass to sugar.

3. Cover the pan during the first few minutes of boiling in order to steam the crystals off the side of the pan.

4. Scraping the utensil when pouring out the mixture will cause coarse crystallization.

5. Rub the top of a saucepan with butter to prevent the candy from boiling over. Particularly true of fudge.

6. If there is not enough moisture, the candy will be dry, crumbly and hard.

7. Undercooking will keep the mixture from hardening.

8. Overcooking will make the candy, hard and grainy and will destroy its creaminess.

9. For crystalline candies such as fudge and fondant cool to room temperature before beating; then beat until it loses its luster and will hold shape.

10. For non-crystalline candies such as lollypops pour the mixture while hot, but do not stir. Loosen them from the slab while they're still just faintly warm. If they get cold, they'll stick.

11. For toffy, pull while the toffy is hot. This encloses air which expands the toffy and makes it light and porous. Pull as long as possible, using tips of the fingers only.

FRUIT CARMELS

1 c. figs
1 c. seeded raisins
1 c. stoned dates

2 to 4 tbsp. orange juice
Grated peel of 1/2 orange
1 c. walnut meats

Chop the fruit and nuts and moisten with orange juice until of right consistency to make into small balls.

PEANUT BRITTLE

2 cups sugar
1/8 teaspoon salt

1 cup peanuts

Melt sugar slowly in heavy iron frying pan, stirring constantly until mixture is a golden brown syrup. Remove from stove immediately, stir in salt and broken peanuts; pour on an ungreased tin. 1/4 teaspoon soda stirred in before the peanuts makes a porous brittle.



What's Cookin'?



Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG

LOLLYPOPS

2 c. sugar
2/3 c. corn syrup coloring

1 c. water
1/2 tsp. flavoring
24 wooden skewers or toothpicks

Cook sugar, water and syrup to about 310 F. or hard crack stage. Cool slightly and flavor and color. Drop slowly from tip of a tablespoon onto well-buttered baking sheet. Insert skewer or toothpick at once. Another drop may be added right over end of skewer if desired. Remove lollypops from plate just before they get cold.

DIVINITY

2 1/2 c. sugar
1/2 c. corn syrup
1 tsp. vanilla

1/2 c. water
2 egg whites

Cook sugar, syrup and water to a firm ball. **Let this stand while beating the eggs stiffly.** Pour syrup slowly over the egg whites, beating all the time. When dull and stiff enough to hold its shape, add vanilla. Nuts may also be added. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper or pour into buttered pan and cut into squares. Candied cherries or pineapple also may be added.

FUDGE

3 c. sugar
6 tbsp. chocolate (3 squares)
few grains of salt

1 1/2 c. liquid
2 tbsp. margarine
1 tsp. vanilla

Combine sugar, salt and chocolate. Add the liquid, cook to soft ball stage. Add margarine and vanilla but **do not stir.** Cool to lukewarm temperature, then beat until it loses its luster. (Most important part is to wait till it cools to start beating.) Knead, shape into a roll and cut—or pot into a buttered pan and cut into squares.

ATLANTIC CITY SALT WATER TAFFY

1 c. sugar
1/2 c. water
1/2 tbsp. cornstarch
1 tbsp. margarine

2/3 c. white corn syrup
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Mix sugar and cornstarch thoroughly. Add remaining ingredients, except vanilla, and stir until the mixture boils. Boil to 258 degrees F. or hard ball stage. Remove from fire, add flavoring and pour on greased platter after bubbling has ceased. When cool enough to handle, pull until light colored.

VARIATION: For honey kisses use 1/2 c. corn syrup and 1/2 c. honey in place of the 2/3 c. syrup.

CINNAMON NUTS

1 c. brown sugar
1/4 c. water
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/8 tsp. cream of tartar

1/2 tsp. vanilla
1 1/2 c. nuts
1 tbsp. margarine

Boil sugar, water, cream of tartar and cinnamon to soft ball stage. Add butter or margarine. Cool slightly and add vanilla and nut meats. Beat until it sugars and nuts break apart.

CANDY TIMETABLE

| Product | Consistency desired | Approx. temp. at which it will reach this consistency | Behavior at desired point |
|---|---------------------|---|--|
| Syrup | Thread | 232 F. | The syrup spins a two-inch thread when dropped from fork or spoon |
| Fondant Fudge | Soft ball | 236 F. | Syrup when dropped into very cold water forms a soft ball. This flattens on removal |
| Caramels | Firm ball | 246 F. | Syrup when dropped into very cold water forms a firm ball. This does not flatten on removal |
| Divinity Popcorn balls Salt-water taffy | Hard ball | 258 F. | Syrup when dropped into very cold water forms a ball which is hard enough to hold its shape, yet plastic |
| Butterscotch Taffies | Soft crack | 280 F. | Syrup when dropped into very cold water separates into threads which are hard but not brittle |
| Brittle | Hard crack | 305 F. | Syrup when dropped into very cold water separates into threads which are hard and brittle |



Beauty isn't Rationed

By Frances Staller

Copyright 1943
by Frances Staller

"You look just like Claudette Colbert," someone tells you—and you're walking on the treetaps. Maybe you've been deliberately copying Claudette or Veronico Lake or some other star. Well, my advice to you is—dan't! If anyone says you're an exact double for some lovely lady of the screen, those should be fightin' words. Nobody loves a carbon copy!

If you want to be noticed and remembered, then—be different. I can't remind you too often of the advantages of experimentation. Don't be afraid to try something new in your make-up and grooming. Nothing too bizarre, of course—unless you're going in for comedy—but develop a style of your own and stick to it.

Every girl can be classified in one of several distinct types. You may have blurred or hidden your type by trying to be something you're not—or by just not trying to be anything. But if you'll investigate the matter and look yourself over, you can "type" yourself. Perhaps you're an ingenue (the lovey-dovey clinging-vine type) or the typical American girl (bursting with health and full of bounce) or one of the more unusual types, the exotic (a la Mata Hari: sleek, sultry and sinuous) or the sophisticate (that smooth number). In any case, you should find your correct type—even if you have to ask someone—and then play it to the hilt.

Some of you, no doubt, are lucky chameleons who can change your type to suit your whim—one night a sweet young thing and the next a glittering Woman of the World. But most of us can't do that. If your hair's fluffy, your eyes just will twinkle, and your nose goes up like a ski jump, a wet hairbrush and a purple lipstick won't make you exotic.

Whatever your type, keep your whole appearance in tune with it. In other words, don't blossom out with a pair of lips registering oomph and kiss-papa at the same time you're wearing your hair in soft ringlets like Little Eva. Catch what I mean?

If we look at our sisters in the modeling business, we'll find them a good yardstick against which to measure our own deficiencies. Models have mastered the exact science of making themselves appear beautiful or interesting. No two are alike. Yet if you scraped off their plumage, you'd find they're just Plain Janes like the rest of us.

Nawadays there are so many beauty tricks that, if we really want beauty, we all have it at our fingertips. Yet most of us won't reach out and take it. Oh, don't let anyone kid you, it's **work** to acquire beauty. But you can have it if you'll persevere. So if you really want admiring glances from the males and envious ones from the females, grab your mirror—and let's go to work.

First of all, consider your face. Too bad

that pretty pan of yours has to stay out there in the atmosphere day after day—unprotected from dust, grease, wind and rain; baked and reddened in hot weather, frozen and chapped in cold. However, you can guard against Mather Nature's dirty work if you'll only cover your face with a protective film of some sort.

This protective make-up film might be one of several kinds—liquid, cake, grease-paint or their derivatives. Whatever type you decide on, please be sure to get a shade slightly darker—never lighter—than your natural skin coloring. With some types of make-up base, you won't need any powder at all. Most of you will probably prefer not to wear powder, anyhow, during the day—although at night you'll doubtless want to add powder to give you a smooth finished appearance! Your powder, of course, should follow the same shade as your make-up base.

Rouge these days is almost a matter of preference. Some like it, others don't. If you have unusual coloring, you'll probably do best to lay off the rouge. But if you're a rather drab all-one-color dish, a little rouge can do wonders for you. That is, if you use it in the correct way—which is **not** in small round dabs in the middle of your cheeks. Be discreet—that's the watchword in the use of rouge as well as in your entire make-up. Remember, if you're made up so subtly that nobody notices your make-up at all, you'll be promoted. But if you let yourself get that artificial painted-doll look, you lose your stripes.

Then there's lipstick—that little stick of war paint that can galvanize all gals from 16 to —! Perhaps you prefer a red that yells danger like a firetruck. Or maybe you're on the conservative side and go for a mild rose tinge. At any rate, 'tis the hope of the boys that you don't fancy that gory purple color that exactly matches a bruised and battered piece of flesh. Nature never intended anything as gruesome as that.

Well, anyway, now that you've decided on your favorite shade—how do you put it on? With the smeary, dobbing, heavy-handed technique that gun malls and burlesque queens use? Or with a brush? Take it from Aunt Frances, kids, a lipstick brush is the only way! You'll need a little practice at first, but once you acquire the technique you can do an impeccable job. A brush lets you fudge a bit if your lips aren't just the shape you desire. Give it a try, won't you?

Mascara is the dynamite of make-up, for it can blow your whole appearance to That Unpleasant Place. Or it can be dynamite in another sense by adding zest to the best. Apply it sparingly, with an almost dry brush. Use several applications, letting your lashes dry a little between each application, so they won't have a plastered appearance. You can also use mascara on your brows instead

of an eyebrow pencil. It gives a more natural look if you're careful not to let the color get on your skin under the brows.

Seen in all the better shops . . . a modified mantilla—either black lace with a ruffled edge, or a triangle of black net bordered with either black or vari-colored sequins. Only for night when you want to ring the belle!

Another particularly fetching number is a slim black skirt and blouse, topped off with a white satin coat. The coat is made like a man's sporting jacket with black jet epaulettes. A new white plush hat would be the ideal frosting for this dish.

A flash of light—that's your white wool dress! Why not add a white wool get-up to your winter wardrobe? They're not half as impractical as they sound, for you can always have them dyed any color your heart desires, and so you'll really have two in one.

So lush you'll want to keep it for yourself is Helena Rubinstein's Heaven-Sent Bath Soap. A huge bar of delicate pink soap tapped off with a white angel on top. For a dollar it's sheer opulence.



A modern derivative of a Grecian coiffure. The bun at the back is made by gathering the hair back with a rubber band and then combing it over crepe hair and covering with a net.

Ryan Trading Post

After this issue all ads carried in The Ryan Trading Post must carry the name of the employee. No ads will be printed where just the employee's number is given.

WANTED—Brother, do you need some Christmas money? Then sell your lawn mower. Please contact C. S. Craig, 5466, Drop Hammer, second shift.

WANT TO BUY—Small house, 1 acre, La Mesa or Spring Valley. Badge 3597, Manifold Small Parts, second shift.

LOST—Sterling silver Navy pin. \$1 reward. Delphine Telford, 6475, Engineering.

FOR SALE—Davenport with springs, 6 months old. A bargain for \$35. See Johnny Mestepey, 2175, Engineering.

FOR SALE—Nice, practically-new home in Mission Beach. Three large rooms, bath and garage. \$4000. \$2100 down and \$21 per month. Phone H 8-2132.

FOR SALE—Photographic light meter. 6.95. Russ Nordlund, Priorities, Ext. 214.

FOR SALE—Brand-new duplex, each with two bedrooms. Near bay, Mission Beach. \$7800. \$800 cash down. Only unhusbanded war workers considered. Call Humboldt 8-2132.

WANTED—Boy's 20"-wheel, regular-style bicycle. W. E. Montgomery, 1849, Manifold welding.

FOR SALE—Console gas heater, almost new, with pipes and fittings. \$15. J. C. Scurlock, Laboratory, Ext. 227, or call Woodcrest 4710.

FOR SALE—Double box springs. Used two months. One-half original price. Mrs. H. J. Buckowski, Ext. 296, or call evenings at 4412 Boundary St.

FOR SALE—Small Hotpoint electric iron. See Douglas Decker, 5858, Tool Room. Ext. 346.

WANTED—Typewriter (portable if possible) for a boy in school. See Lottie Fisher, 1931, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—Box spring and hair mattress for double bed. Has been fumigated. \$36.00. See Madalyn Taahey, Industrial Relations. Ext. 309.

FOR SALE—Circumstances compel me to sell my riding horse. Five and one-half year old Pinto Mare, 15 hands 1/2" in height, broke either Western or English, and will drive. Gentle enough for either woman or child, yet spirited for man. She makes an ideal pet. Large pictures of her may be seen in the Plant Protection Office. Contact Lt. G. R. Bills for appointments. Ext. 351.

FOR SALE—Photographic equipment. Cine Kodak Model K, F 3.5-20 m.m.; 50 feet of Cine Kodak No. 365 Kodachrome film; Eastman Kodascope Screen No. 2; Kodascope rapid splicer and rewind; 4 Kadalite Model B, 500 W.-115 V.; 5 Projection lamps, 500 W.-110 V.; 3 tripods and cross bars for flood lamps; Victor Cine Projector, Model No. 3. Volts 105-120 AC or DC, Watts-250. Front lens 2" Graf Optical Co.; one 6-foot tripod, 40° tilt, 360° pan. See Bill Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—11 foot dory. Price. \$10.00. See John McCarthy, 1541, Tooling Inspection. First or second shift.

FOR SALE—Full size bed and springs. Also two good cots. See R. L. Wood, 1931, Manifold Assembly.

FOR SALE—1 1/2 ton truck. If interested see R. L. Wood, 1931, Manifold Assembly.

FOR SALE—Univex Projector and Univex "Cine 8" movie camera. Make offer. 4707 Calle Tinto, Bayview Terrace. D. Niday, 4994, Wing Assembly, Second shift.

FOR SALE—Trimmer with 10-inch blade. \$1.50. See L. Moore, 1913, Wing Assembly, Second shift.

FOR SALE—Baby buggy bought in 1941. Pre-war stock, good condition, folds. \$5.00. Helen Shirley, 7834, Sheet Metal.

WILL TRADE—1934 "74" H.D. generator, battery, transmission, forks, wheels, etc., for H.D. "61" barrell or 30-50 barrell. Also want battery for "61." See Harold Blevins, 1764, Tooling, Second shift. Phone T-6854.

FOR SALE—New 6 H.P. twin alternate firing outboard motor. Also 15 foot skiff. Will sell one or both. Each has been used only a few hours. Contact G. W. Hay, Final Assembly Inspection, Second shift, or see at 1169 Tourmaline Street, Pacific Beach, before 3 p.m.

FOR SALE—Tennis racket. Carmack Berryman, 2615, Inspection Crib 3.

WANTED—Any quantity of 12 gauge shotgun shells. William Brown, 1425, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—My equity in three-bedroom home; \$2,000, with balance of \$2,200 at \$22.15 a month, including taxes and fire insurance. One block from stores and bus, two blocks to school, two miles to plant. Contact J. D. Kinner, 1248, Drop Hammer, second shift.

FOR SALE—Remington .22 cal. special repeating rifle. Tubular magazine. Box of shells. \$25.00. Sgt. D. W. Carney, Plant Police Dept.

FOR SALE—Motor scooter. Contact Mae Owens, in Accounts Payable or call G7-5833 in National City.

SWAP—41 Plymouth coupe (with extras—white walled tires, radio, bumper guards, etc.) for earlier model car and cash. See Johnny Mestepey, Engineering. Or see the car at 4011 First Ave.

FOR SALE—Soprano saxophone (Bluecher) or will trade for wooden type clarinet. See Kathleen Shamberger, 7210, Airplane Dispatching.

WANTED—Keystone R-8 8-mm Movie Projector in good condition. Will pay cash. Would consider other good makes. See Wm. G. Hubbard, 1769, Tooling.

WANTED—2-wheel trailer with good size box and with good tires. See Wm. G. Hubbard, 1769, Tooling.

FOR SALE—1937 Oldsmobile 6 four-door sedan in perfect condition. Radio and heater. Good tires. See Ralph Gerber, 3637, Jigs and Fixtures, in new building. Or phone F-1014 after 4 p.m.

WILL SWAP—Philco car radio for small house radio. See T. E. Stover, 7126, Inspection, Sub-Assembly.

FOR SALE—1935 Chevrolet Master Coupe, less knee action. See Ralph Gerber, 3637, Jigs and Fixtures in new building. Or phone F-1014 after 4 p.m.

FOR SALE—Lady's white gold wrist watch. \$12.50. See Russ Nordlund, Priorities, Ext. 214.

WANTED—Radio-phonograph combination; console type preferred. W. Kohl, 581, Engineering.

FOR SALE—Brand new picnic table with 2 benches. Varnished. Seats 8. \$25.00. See C. Hudson, Payroll, Room 145.

FOR SALE—One twin bed, coil springs, fluffy cotton mattress. \$20. J. C. Scurlock, Laboratory, Ext. 227, or call Woodcrest 4710.

FOR SALE—Star class boat No. 369 Brinney II. Just refinished, new 10-oz. canvas deck in June, 2 suits sails, stainless wire rigging, flexible mast and boom, 4 wheel trailer. All for \$600. May be seen any time at Coronado Yacht Club. Robert Evans, 72, Engineering. Ext. 238, 3731 Jewell, Pacific Beach, after 6:00 p.m.

WILL BUY OR SELL—If you want to buy, sell or trade a horse, see Bob Bradley, 7434, Airplane Dispatching.

FOR SALE—A pair of figure ice skates. Size 3 1/2. E. C. LaJoie, 2965, Manifold.

FOR SALE—16-foot two-place Kayak with two new paddles. \$15.00. L. Moore, 1913, Wing Assembly, Second shift.

FOR SALE—2" to 3" and 3" to 4" outside micrometer calipers. Price \$6.00 each. See J. McCarthy, 1541, Tooling Inspection, first or second shift.



1923

RYAN-STANDARD cabin plane; pioneer passenger airliner.



1925

RYAN M-1, first production monoplane in America.



1934

RYAN S-T metal-fuselaged primary trainer, led trend to low-wing types.



1937

RYAN S-C, cabin plane for private-owner use, featured all-metal construction.



1940

RYAN YO-51 "Dragonfly", Army observation plane with unique performance ability.



1941

RYAN PT-22, one of Army's standard primary training plane types.



1943

RYAN PT-25, superbly engineered plastic-banded plywood trainer.

The Ad Customers Wrote for Us

Advertising slogans are often created by advertising men instead of by the reputation of the products they describe. In contrast, the slogan "Ryan Builds Well" was inspired by the proven record of excellent performance and low maintenance of Ryan planes.

A SLOGAN THAT PROVES ITSELF

The head of a War Training Service flying school in the Southwest writes from a base at which Navy pilots are being trained: "As a trainer the Ryan S-T is tops. Maintenance is phenomenally low. Our S-T's have demonstrated they can take the exceptional abuse of flight training programs. . . . We regard it as the finest intermediate or secondary trainer we have ever used. . . . Many fighter pilots flying off carriers today can truthfully say they owe a lot to these silver beauties."

Another, the head of large scale training operations in Texas, writes: ". . . they have continued to be the most satisfactory secondary trainer we have ever used. . . . Their maintenance definitely outstanding. . . . We have never received better service from any company. . . . I believe the high quality of our students has been to a large degree directly attributable to their training in these Ryans. . . . I am keeping one especially for my own use and for pilot checking purposes."

BUILDING WELL FOR UNCLE SAM

Ryan's current activities include the engineering, development and manufacture of the most advanced type combatant airplanes and important assemblies for the armed services. Publication of detailed information on these is, of course, restricted.

RYAN

Rely on Ryan to Build Well



RYAN BUILDS WELL

Ryan construction, proven in aviation's pioneer days, now proven in war, will tomorrow produce safer, more useful peacetime aircraft.



RYAN TRAINS WELL

Ryan School of Aeronautics, famous peacetime air school, now training fine U.S. Army pilots, follows one creed: Thoroughness.



RYAN PLANS WELL

Modern engineering + flying experience. Typical result: Ryan exhaust manifold systems are now used on the finest planes of other manufacturers.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY, SAN DIEGO — MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.
 Ryan Products: Army PT-22s; Navy NR-1s; Army PT-25s; S-T Commercial and Military Trainers, Exhaust Manifold Systems and Bomber Assemblies.

Byron

Flying Reporter



"Merry Christmas!

God Bless Us, Every One"

HOME FROM THE SOLOMONS

HIGHLIGHTS OF 200 HOURS COMBAT WITH THE JAPS

Vol. 6 No. 11

DECEMBER

24TH

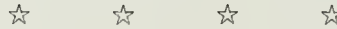
1943



Flying Reporter

December 24, 1943

Published every three weeks for Employees and Friends of
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
 Through the Public Relations Department



EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....WILLIAM WAGNER
 Editor Keith Manroe
 Associate Editor.....Sue Zinn Guntharp
 Staff Photographers.....Tammy Hixson; Frank Martin

| Special Features | Page |
|---|------|
| This Was Christmas—1942 | 2 |
| —five men on a raft sang carols. | |
| No More Tool Checks! | 3 |
| —a new system that'll save you time and trouble. | |
| Home From The Solomons | 4 |
| —a tale of exciting experiences in the South Pacific. | |
| We Have A Birthday | 6 |
| —the staff celebrates its third anniversary. | |
| Meet Maynard Lovell | 7 |
| —he started life over at 38. | |
| Men With Ideas | 8 |
| —Production Drive Medals were presented. | |
| Pete Pederson | 9 |
| —Sheet Metal Cutting and Routing. | |
| What's Cookin'? | 28 |
| Sports | 31 |
| Ryan Trading Post | 33 |

Departmental News

| | |
|--|----|
| Airplane Dispatching by Doots and Ginny..... | 27 |
| Cafeteria News by Potsun Panz..... | 23 |
| Chin Music by Herman Martindale..... | 26 |
| Downtown Frame-Up by Willie Jessup | 22 |
| Final News by Enid Larsen..... | 23 |
| From the Beom by Pat Kelly..... | 11 |
| Here and There by Jonnie Johnson..... | 20 |
| Hot Air From Manifold by Evelyn Duncan..... | 19 |
| Inspection Notes by Dorothy Trudersheim..... | 10 |
| Librory Lore by Dorothy Elder..... | 13 |
| Machine Shop by Dorothy Wheeler..... | 22 |
| Manifold Dispatching by Gerald Ryan..... | 10 |
| Manifold Production Control | 12 |
| News and Flashes by Earl Vaughan..... | 13 |
| Notes from Down Workers by Ralph Geist..... | 20 |
| Plant Engineering in the absence of Bob Christy..... | 14 |
| Production Control by Maynard Lovell..... | 11 |
| Putt Putts on Parade by Millie Merritt..... | 18 |
| Ryonettes by Ruth Daugherty and Gerry Wright..... | 22 |
| Sheet Metal Shorts by Marge and Jean..... | 20 |
| Slim's Pickin's by Slim Coats..... | 12 |
| Smoke from a Test Tube by Sally and Sue..... | 24 |
| Stress Report by Virginia Pixley..... | 14 |
| Tattling in Tooling by Mary and Kay..... | 10 |
| This Is It by Sheridan and Charles..... | 24 |
| Time Study Observations by Dortha Dunston..... | 21 |
| Wing Tips by Jimmie Southwick..... | 22 |

Copy deadline for next issue is January 15th



CHRISTMAS EVE AGAIN— CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1943

We won't soon forget 1943, will we? In our workaday lives at Ryan, the year has been full of big jobs, hard work, and high accomplishment. In our personal lives, 1943 has brought trouble to all of us, deep sorrow to many.

I think we all feel that Christmas is especially important this year. It is the symbol of man's brightest hope: the immortality of goodness. We need that symbol more than ever now. So let's try to make this Christmas the happiest one we can for our families and our friends.

And let's pledge ourselves anew to unselfishness and tolerance in dealing with our fellow men. All over the world we can see terrible examples of the results of individual and collective greed and hate.

God willing, by this time next year we may have played our part in the world victories that must be won before the real spirit of Christmas—Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men—can be reestablished. In the meantime, let me wish you all a very merry Christmas, and the best of happiness in the months ahead!

J. Claude Ryan

THIS WAS

Christmas—1942

It was Christmas Eve, 1942. The stars began to twinkle brightly in the tropical heavens as five half-starved men huddled together on a small raft. It was their 52nd day on the raft since their medium-size United Nations merchant vessel was torpedoed and sunk by an enemy submarine. The five men were without food and there was little water left.

The stillness of night was broken by the strains of "Silent Night, Holy Night" as the five men began to sing. They were thousands of miles from home and loved ones and the singing of carols was their only means of celebrating Christmas. They were singing their praises to the God in whom they had placed their faith for guidance to safety.

Christmas dawn broke clear and warm. There was to be no sumptuous feast that day for the five men. In fact, no food at all. Only a few swallows of water from their fast dwindling supply. So they sang again their favorite Christmas carols, their praise to their God.

That was Christmas, 1942, for

Ensign James Maddox USNR, Seaman 2/c Basil Dominic Izzi, Seaman 2/c George Beasley, and two Dutch merchant seaman, Cornelius Van der Slot and Nick Hoogendam. It was to be the last Christmas for Ensign Maddox and Seaman Beasley. They were to die before rescue arrived 30 days later.

Eighty-three days on a raft in the open ocean! Theirs is a story of agonizing thirst, blistering heat and gnawing hunger. It is a story of eating raw flesh of birds and fish to sustain life, of using their toes to entice sharks into a trap that they might be killed.

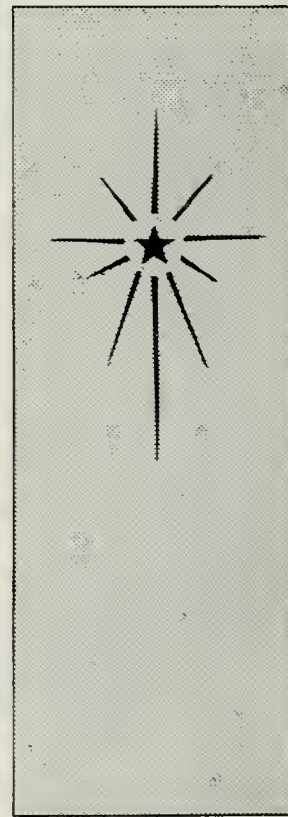
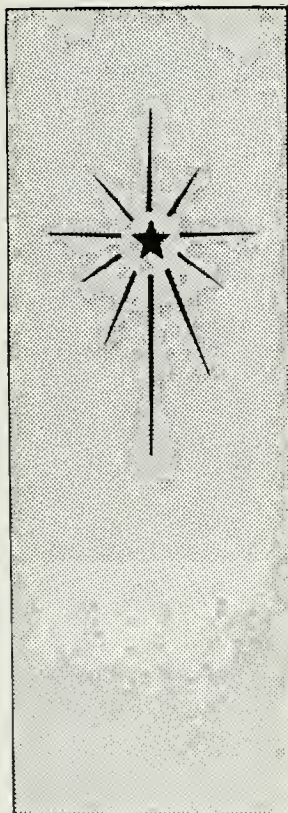
Small fish were scooped up with their hands from the water beneath the raft and swallowed whole. Birds landing on the raft to rest or roost at night were seized and their meat eaten raw, the entrails being used as bait to catch larger fish. Seaman Beasley died on the 66th day, Ensign Maddox on the 77th.

Several times during the journey in which they drifted over 2,200 miles the men sighted ships or planes, but were passed unseen.

The roar of a plane flying high overhead awakened them on the 83rd and final day aboard the raft, but it passed without seeing them. Later in the day a Navy seaplane passed overhead. It too passed on and the disappointment was almost too much for the fast failing trio.

Shortly after the seaplane had disappeared over the horizon a Navy PC boat was seen speeding toward them. The three emaciated, exhausted, sun-parched and starved men realized they had been spotted and rescue was at hand. They went wild with joy, babbling meaningless words and phrases.

Seaman Izzi, of South Barre, Massachusetts, had lost 65 pounds in weight during the journey. Proper medical care soon brought him back to health and for several months he has been making a tour of war plants making planes and ships for the Navy. He has been urging the workers to boost production, telling them of his experiences aboard the raft and of the important part planes and ships play in the fight against the Axis.



"SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT" ECHOED ACROSS THE WATER.

WORKMAN TOOL LOAN ORDER No. **63405**

Date _____

Emp. No. _____ Tool No. _____

SHOW YOUR BADGE

| QUANTITY | SIZE | DESCRIPTION OF TOOL |
|----------|------|---------------------|
| | | |

NOTICE: YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ABOVE ARTICLES. IF ABUSED OR LOST THEY WILL BE CHARGED TO YOU. RETURN YELLOW SLIP WITH ITEMS COVERED AND SECURE YOUR ORIGINAL WHITE RECEIPT SLIP. THIS TOOL IS CHARGED TO YOU UNTIL YOU OBTAIN WHITE RECEIPT

Signed _____

RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.

8-29

BROKEN OR DAMAGED TOOL REPORT

Emp. No. _____ Bin No. _____

Dept. _____ Date _____

Tool No. _____

| SIZE | KIND OF TOOL OR GAUGE | VALUE |
|------|-----------------------|-------|
| | | |

REASON _____

DISPOSITION

SCRAP

SALVAGE

REPAIR

Foreman _____

BRING THE BROKEN OR DAMAGED TOOL TO THE CRIB WITH THIS TICKET FOR REPLACEMENT.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.

No More Tool Checks!

On next Monday morning, December 27, a new streamlined system of tool lending goes into effect in the Ryan tool cribs.

You'll like it. Because it means that you'll no longer have to worry about keeping track of a pocketful of small brass tool checks. And that you can almost always be sure of getting the kind of tool you want, when you want it!

The new system is simple. It works this way:

Whenever you need a tool, you just go to the new writing-stand outside the tool crib, and fill out one of the small Tool Loan Orders. They're on pads fastened to the stand. (The orders have carbon on the back, so you'll be writing in triplicate. But **be sure** to put the cardboard backing of the pad under the third sheet—otherwise the carbon on the following sheets will register too, and you'll be writing in about octuplicate!)

Ryan's new streamlined tool crib system saves you time, trouble, and worry

You give the order, with its two carbon copies, to the attendant in the crib. He gives you the tool, which you can keep as long as you need.

When you've finished with the tool, you return it to the crib, and the attendant takes your order slip out of the file. He tears off your signature, gives it to you as a re-

ceipt, and keeps the rest of the slip for inventory purposes.

Once a month the tool crib will send each production worker a report, listing the tools he has out of the crib at that time. This is to be done simply as a service to the employee, to enable him to keep track of how many tools are charged to his name.

(Continued on page 12)

It takes about twenty seconds to fill out a Tool Loan Order at the new stand just outside the tool crib. Order pads are fastened to the stand.





Lieutenant
Dan Webber

Aviation cadets going out to their Ryan primary trainers on Lindbergh Field.

Home from the **SOLOMONS**

by
Sue Zinn Gunthorp

He's had six Japs on his tail at one time. But this P-38 pilot returned without a scratch

Fourteen pilots stood on deck and watched the Golden Gate bridge fade into the gathering fog. Fourteen pilots . . . of whom only four were to return. Behind them was the thorough training of the U. S. Army Air Forces. Ahead of them lay the opportunities to couple the skills they'd acquired with the courage and daring of American youth in the Battle for the Solomons.

As aviation cadets, two of the lads on deck that evening had first dusted the earth from their feet on the wings of Ryan primary trainers. They'd learned the

abc's of flying together at the Ryan School of Aeronautics on Lindbergh Field. They'd gone on through basic and advanced flight training together and in September, 1942, received their silver wings at the same graduation ceremony.

After that followed special twin-engine training and hours and hours of practice in Lockheed Lightning fighters.

At last they were on the way over. With the twelve other pilots, who had received similar training in other schools in other parts of the country, Don Webber and Don

White were soon to join forces with the other members of the 339th Fighter Squadron being formed in New Caledonia. There, in planes too riddled to serve in combat, they took their last-minute practice, perfecting their techniques, flying formation, dogfighting, mastering the little details that some day might spell the difference between success and failure of their mission. They all knew their stuff, every one of them. And the yen for actual combat was running high.

"White was awfully anxious for his first crack at the enemy," Don Webber recalls. "He'd talked about it a lot on the way over. Then he got orders for his first mission. He was to accompany bombers on a raid over Bougainville. Jap fighter defenses were unusually strong that day and the ack-ack was heavy, but thanks to Don White and the others who were flying P-38's with him, our bombers got through to the target. But Don didn't come back. A burst of Jap flak hit his tanks and his plane exploded."

Webber had plenty of opportunity during the 100 missions he flew to avenge the death of his friend. Later when he scored his own individual victory over a Zero perhaps he gleaned a deeper satisfaction as he watched the foe plummeting downward, knowing he had evened the score.

The Japs were still on Guadalcanal when Don arrived there in the latter part of January last year. The last Jap was disposed of on February 10th and by the latter part of that month Don and his group were busy covering American landings in the Russell Islands. Toward the end of June he helped furnish air protection for the landings at Munda, and just last month he covered the first foothold made by our troops on Bougainville. "If the men landing on the beaches are to live, the invading force must have control of the air," Don firmly believes. "Our duty was to prevent any Japanese air action while the troops were getting ashore and setting up their beachheads. And that's not as simple as it sounds. Quite frequently the Japs were able to throw in overwhelming numbers of fighters. I've had six Zeros on my tail at one time and I know that it's anything but a comfortable, home-like feeling. The P-38 is a sturdy ship, though, and it'll out-

climb, outdive and outrun any Zero the Japs can put against it. If it didn't, I wouldn't be here."

Despite the fact that the number of fighter planes the Japs put up has sometimes been tremendous, their losses in proportion to ours have been even more staggering. The Jap bomber pilots, Don says, are good. They work as a team and are a hard bunch to beat. But their fighter pilots are duck soup for Americans, even under stupendous odds. The Jap fighter pilots work on the theory of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. There's no teamwork and no thought of their fellow pilots. "The result is," Don explains, "that one at a time they get themselves in the hot spot. And that's about the end. Once a Jap gets in a ticklish spot he goes to pieces . . . and we pluck him off."

Don's most memorable experience came on his very first mission. The objective was a transport bringing reinforcements to a Jap garrison. The P-38's had orders to furnish high cover for a group of dive and torpedo bombers, but, if the aerial activity was light, to go down and strafe. Contact was made off Vella Lavella island and Don and the three others in his flight started down to strafe, leaving two other flights of P-38's on guard at 12,000 feet. The day was dark and

foreboding and the storm clouds which had been gathering all day were closing in. The boys knew they'd have to put in their punch and skit for home.

Scarcely had they swung away from the main formation when one of the planes developed engine trouble. It turned back. Don and the other two went on, down through banks of cumulus clouds. "Hey, Don, we've got Zeros on our tail," came booming over the short-wave radio. Sixteen of them had been just biding their time until a small group of our planes came down. Now they came streaking out of the clouds.

"The Japs are clever that way," Don recalls. "They won't stick their neck out on an attack unless they have either a perfect setup or overwhelming odds. Well, it looked as though they had both at that particular moment. I knew we were in trouble and lots of it, so I radioed the two flights above to come down and help us."

By that time, however, the two groups were pretty widely separated and in the growing storm they were never able to make contact. Even as Don was sending the message his thoughts were running to other matters than getting help. The three climbed, then dived, then flew straight . . . then went through the

(Continued on page 26)



Lockheed P-38 fighters in which many former Ryan students, like Lieut. Webber, are now carrying the battle to the enemy on fronts all over the world.



Glenn Munkelt, left, and Junie Bethke, right, seem to have the ropes on Gordon Mossop, and Gordon isn't too sure about where the whole thing is going to end.

We Have a Birthday

They knocked on the door, but we locked it. They came around to the windows, but we fastened them, too. We stacked tables and chairs in front of all the entrances just in case they tried to force their way in. Then we fortified everybody with ripe olives and boiled potatoes to use as ammunition if our other defenses failed. All of us had vowed never to be taken alive by the men in the little white jackets.

Who informed them that the Flying Reporter staff was having a party we haven't as yet found out. But evidently they hadn't had prospects of such a haul in years and they were out for the kill.

It's often conceded that you don't have to be crazy to write for the Reporter, but the editors contend that it does help. That's the reason, they claim, why they have such an unsurpassable staff working on our magazine. Whenever they hear of a new fugitive from a state institution around, they but-tunnel him or her and sign up a new staff reporter right then and there.

Master of ceremonies for the evening was the jovial, wise-cracking little man with the sunny disposition and equally brilliant ties, Bill Wagner, editor deluxe of the Flying Reporter. While we were all trembling in anticipation of being returned to the institution, his courage never faltered. His continual chatter bolstered our morale and, with the aid of the excellent dinner served by Jean Bovet, one might say put us on our feet again.

Gathered together, as oppressed groups always do, we had two distinct reasons for celebration. The first, of course, being that

none of those present, as was plain to see, had yet been tracked down. And the second being that with the present issue we complete three years of publication of Flying Reporter—o three year period in which under the continued direction of Bill Wagner and the recent supervision of Keith Monroe

we have grown from a ten page issue run off on the ditto machine and stapled together by a few men from the factory, to the present issue, with its goodly supply of pictures and copy bound together in a finished-looking printed edition.

Chief sustainer of entertainment for the evening was that charming little red-head, Mrs. Win Alderson, who played a number of piano selections for us and later accompanied our soloists. Gerry Wright gave us a lift with o couple of woo-woo whistling melodies in true Wright fashion, and Dortha Dunston played us two cello numbers, one of them her own arrangement. Dortha insisted the dust was an inch thick when she brought her cello out of hibernation the other night, but we still refused to believe it.

Slim Coats, who had unfortunately "left his ropes at home," gave a rendition—and we do mean rendition—of Frank Swoonatra and "Sunday, Monday, Always." The act was of such caliber and portrayed with such depth of feeling that twice during the performance the artist had to be lifted to his feet by M. M. Clancy and Eorl Vaughan. As the final phrase fell from his lips—and landed with a sickening thud—they helped the singer to his chair, where he sat in a state of collapse, too weak to accept the applause of his friends and return for an encore. Later, however, he did return to give us impressions of a young lad with a firecracker and the boy and the swing. If you've ever seen 'em you know what we mean.

Junie Bethke, ace magician, had collected several eggs out of Win Alderson's and Pat
(Continued on page 25)

The Flying Reporter

- ★ its editors
- ★ and its staff

wish for each of you
a pleasant Christmas
Season and join you
in the hope that the
New Year will bring
us all cause for great
rejoicing.

Meet—

Maynard Lovell

Four years ago he was a night watchman here; today he is head of Production Control's second shift. The story of a rancher who started life over at 38



The old adage that they never come back may be true in the prize ring. But it isn't true in aviation.

At least not for Maynard Lovell.

Lovell has made a comeback that would test the courage of any champion. He was part owner and general manager of far-flung Montana ranch holdings, then lost them all through lawsuits. At 38 he started his comeback by going to work as a night watchman on the graveyard shift at Ryan. Today, at 42, he holds one of the company's key second-shift management jobs: assistant superintendent of Production Control, in charge of the second shift.

Lovell was born, and grew up, on the 7,000-acre Montana ranch he was later to operate. Cattle, sheep, and horses were raised there; so Lovell was riding from the time he was four, and spent his whole boyhood in the saddle. He went to school in nearby Dillon, riding nine miles each way, even when the temperature was twenty below zero.

The ranch was owned by his family, who operated it as a closed-stack corporation. In 1914 his father died, leaving young Maynard as the head of the family, which meant that he had to give up the idea of a college education in order to stay and help manage the ranch. Shortly after finishing high school he became general manager—which he was to remain for ten years.

From 1921 to 1931 Lovell ran the ranch, building up its equipment and stock. It became a prosperous enterprise, and there seemed no reason why he should not live out his life in the comfortable position of co-owner and manager.

But in 1931 disaster hit him. Water-rights suits and other legal entanglements cost the Lovells their title to the ranch. At the age of 30, Maynard Lovell had to start all over.

He made his start by going into contract

farming work. His experience in operating power-driven farm equipment on his own ranch gave him a good background for doing special jobs at other men's ranches with the same machines.

Lovell succeeded at contract farming, and in six years of it built up the biggest and most modern assortment of special farm equipment in that part of the state. For two summers he also served as head of the government's Agricultural Adjustment Authority office in Whitehall. To prepare himself for his work at the AAA office, he took a course in civil engineering at the state university. That course was to prove a life-saver to him several years later.

In 1936 Lovell lost his wife, and felt that he needed a complete change of scene. So he sold out his business to his brother, and moved to San Diego to live with an aunt who had helped raise him as a boy. Then he began looking for work.

He kept on looking—for months.

He applied, not once but several times, at virtually every establishment in San Diego which might be able to use an untrained worker. It was tough going. Having always worked for himself, Lovell could supply no references whatever from former employers. And having always specialized in ranch and farm work, he was at a disadvantage in seeking a job in such an industrial city as San Diego.

However, Lovell finally did land a job at Consolidated, after appearing at the company's employment office so many times that the guards finally stopped asking him for identification.

He was put to work in the paint shop, on the third shift. In 1937 the shop was still small enough so that Lovell had to check parts for inspection when he finished them, and then distribute them throughout the plant. A year of work there made him familiar with airplane parts and

factory processes. He grew keenly interested in aircraft work, and decided he'd like to try to build a future for himself in it.

Then came the big lay-offs in 1938, and Lovell went out with thousands of others. Again he had to start hunting a job.

It was no easier to find one this time, but he finally walked into a Dodge agency which needed a night watchman. It wasn't much of a position for a man who'd had as big operations to supervise as had Lovell on his ranch. But he took it.

The job lasted eleven months, until the agency went bankrupt and Lovell was once more forced to start trudging the streets in search of work. Two months later, shortly after his 38th birthday, he found a job with Ryan.

The job was a night watchman's job on third shift, and also involved sweeping out offices and dusting off desks. Lovell went to work at it in October, 1939.

In January, 1940, he was still sticking grimly to the same work. But Al Gee, Ryan's chief of plant protection, had noticed him and knew he could fill a bigger job. And that month Al happened to hear of a bigger job that would soon be opening in another department.

Production Planning needed a man to keep things rolling during the second shift. He would have to hold the fort alone, because everyone else in the department was on first shift. So whoever got the job would need a lot of savvy.

Gee recommended Lovell. The factory production men were taken aback at the idea of putting a night watchman into that kind of a job. But fortunately Ryan's factory executives are open-minded. So they listened to Gee. And they called Lovell in for an interview.

Lovell had had no experience to talk about except his year at Consolidated, and

(Continued on page 24)

Men With Ideas



Left to right in the picture are gold medal winners Fred C. Burke, Spencer Purkey, Richard A. Keith, Lt. Holt (guest speaker), Bill Brown and E. L. Williams

This year aircraft companies over the nation have chalked up a production goal that most people two years ago thought beyond the realm of possibility. In fact, it **was** almost beyond the realm of possibility—but not quite. The ingenuity of the American people has made it possible.

One of the most important contributing factors in this ingenuity is the stream of ideas that have come from the workers themselves—suggestions which have cut down the time required for production, on small parts and on large parts. Sometimes the saving has amounted to only a few seconds on each piece, sometimes several minutes or even hours. Individually considered, a suggestion saving a few seconds might not be considered important. But multiply that by the thousands of times the operation is completed. And the thousands of other workers over the nation who are contributing similar time-saving ideas. The accumulation is tremendous.

In fact, it's one of the country's most promising indications of final victory. Our production will certainly go a long way toward winning this war. Our time-saving suggestions will help win it that much sooner.

The Ryan War Production Drive Committee has been deeply impressed with the caliber of the suggestions that Ryan workers are turning in. They're grand, and the company wants you to know that each one of them is welcome and that each one of them is given individual, serious consideration.

At the most recent presentation of awards to Ryanites whose suggestions have proved worthy of adoption, the guest speaker was Lt. Bill Holt, an ex-Ryanite, who's been flying over Italy. Gold medals or bars went to E. L. Williams, Inspection; W. S. Brown, Sheet Metal; H. A. Faris, Manifold Welding; Spencer Purkey, Manifold Welding; Richard Keith, Manifold Assembly, and Fred C. Burke, Machine Shop.

Silver medals or bars went to Albert T. Chevalier, Sheet Metal; Howard F. Johnson, Stainless Steel Welding; Carl E. Hyatt, Inspection; S. C. Wayte, Drop Hammer; Edwin Harris, Manifold Small Parts; M. J. Thompson, Sheet Metal; J. S. Humphrey, Machine Shop; John W. Wallace, Plating; H. W. Graham, Tool Room, and John Killian, Sheet Metal. Bronze awards went to James Turner, L. E. Syrios, J. P. Westler, E. E. Mayberry and C. T. Dennhardt.

The ideas which Ryanites and other production workers in other war plants all over the nation have put to work during the last year are hitting the enemy a heavy blow

**A rancher at heart, he's never
gotten over his love for horses.
But one airplane ride
convinced him his field
was aviation**

Pete Pederson isn't really Pete at all. Actually when he started to work at Ryan he was "Slim" Pedersan. But there was also Walt Balch, who was known as "Slim" Balch. The two were constantly answering each other's calls and often the situation became most confusing. Only one salution seemed feasible: "Slim" Balch, who now is coordinator of technical training and maintenance for both branches of the Ryan School of Aeronautics, was slimmer than "Slim" Pedersan — so Elbert P. Pedersan, alias Slim Pederson, had to find a new nome. His friends soon took care of that for him by dubbing him "Pete," and Pete it still remains.

"It's still confusing when our family gets together," says Pete, "because my brather is Pete, too. In fact, the nickname was tacked on to him so thoroughly that he finally changed his name to Peter."

Pete spent his early years in the Middle West. Born in Grand Island, Nebraska, he lived there and in Omaha until his father died when he was five. After that he and his mother moved to the family ranch in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, where Pete grew up.

While a kid on the ranch, Pete developed a liking for horses that has stuck with him through the years. Perhaps it was influenced by the fact that they lived seven miles from town and had no other form of transportation. "That makes a lot of difference in how you feel about horses," Pete comments.



Portrait Sketch by Paul Hoffman

Pete Pederson

Sheet Metal Cutting and Routing

Pete had some rather exciting moments while getting acquainted with horses. Every spring the cattle were let out on the ranch for the summer months and in the fall the boys went out and brought them back in. One fall day the men were bringing the

cattle in to the north grazing pasture when Pete took a notion to go out and help. He jumped on a horse, bareback, and headed out toward the pasture. Now a cow horse is a very difficult animal to manage, for when a steer heads off away from the group, the horse responds instantly and goes after it. Pete learned this lesson well. A steer headed off. And at the same instant Pete's horse turned and headed off after it. Pete was unprepared for such quick maneuvers and went head over heels into a rack pile. "I've often wondered what I'd be like today if I hadn't lit head first in that pile of racks," he reminisces. As it was, the horse went on, rounded in the steer and proceeded about its business.

"That's one thing I like about horses," Pete says. "They know their job and do it. If you get away from home and get lost, all

you have to do is to turn the horse loose. In time he'll get you home—and that's more than you can say for an automobile."

Pederson's ranch education included everything from several good kicks by horses and cows to the much less pleasant experience of being chased by a gander.

Pete has a lot to say about Wyoming's "invigorating" climate, and he even speaks about it with a straight face. Evidently he liked it. After all, according to him, it never got much colder than 63° below and never stayed that cold for much longer than a week at a time. It'd snow a little one evening and the next morning you couldn't find the fences, but it's really lovely country. Nothing like getting up at 5:00 on those crisp mornings to go out and milk the cow. It really does something to one.

(Continued on page 25)





Production Control

by Maynard Lovell

KENNETH RUSH left us to enter the service December 8th. Kenny is going into the Navy. He hasn't had time to tell us where he will receive his boot training, but said it probably would be Farrogut, Idaho. Best of luck, Kenny, in this latest venture.

Christmas is almost upon us again. It hardly seems a year since last Christmas and the Christmas shopping crowds, the Christmas cheer and well wishes of our friends and co-workers. Christmas is Christmas, even without the snow that some of us think belongs to Christmas season. ED GRAVELL and I took a little mental trip back to our old homes the other night—Ed is from South Dakota—and decided it much better we stay here. We both had discarded our long-handled undies, and you just don't live up there without long-handled undies—and stoy comfortable.

Second shift Production Control has asked that I extend their Christmas Greetings along with my own to all our readers, plus their best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We went easy on the cards this year to save the postman and put the money in War Stomps. Buying War Stomps and War Bonds is a good way to make next year a better one for us all and to hurry the time when our boys will return home.



From The Beam

by Pat Kelly

At the present writing my old friend J. Pluvius seems bent on breaking all existing records, and if he continues to work overtime, he surely will. Earlier in the season he was rather stingy with roin. Now, overcome with remorse, his copious tears appear uncontrollable. Most welcome they are, too, in order that the reservoirs in the mountains be filled to overflowing.

Speaking of old friends brings SLIM COATS to mind. Ran into him the other day and "The Voice" was in fine fettle. Hollywood attempted to corral him, he admitted, but he wouldn't stay hitched.

And another old friend of twenty years standing, DAVE HOLLAND by name, I found operating a lathe in the machine shop. "Sight Balance" Dove he was called in those halcyon days. Seems that running a lathe has been a hobby with this ex-banker ever since he gave up chasing dust devils across the plains of Texas. It never occurred to him that some day he would play an important role on a production line. Fate, maybe. Hmmmmm?

Say, that piping hot coffee o la Boyet really hits the spot these cool mornings,



Upper: Like it or not, boys, here it comes! Note the medley of expressions as the girls suddenly wheeled on their victims and planted a big smacker on their cheeks.

Lower: Al Polhamus and his All Girl Orchestra ready to give forth with a riotous musical entertainment, full of melody and fun, during a recent lunch period in the factory yard.

All Girl Orchestra Heralds Start of Ryan Music Program

There was a real treat in store for Ryanites at the regular lunch periods on Saturday, December 3rd, when Al Polhamus and his All Girl Orchestra put on a musical program in the factory yard. Best news of all was that Polhamus is going to direct an All Ryan band if a sufficient number of Ryanites are interested. And, so far, the number of first and second shifters who've expressed a desire to join is most encouraging.

First official practice for the band is at 2:00 January 5th at Fifth and C streets.

doesn't it? The coffee booths do a land-office business. Apropos, we might mention that fearless indeed is he who would step into line ahead of electrician HERB ARTHUR.

Yep, New Year's Day is just around the corner. You know, that glorious day when

This first practice is for members of the swing shift. A similar one for first shifters will also be scheduled in the very near future. Watch the bulletin boards for the announcement. If you have any musical talent or interest, here's an opportunity to put it to use in providing Ryanites with some real Ryan music. If you'd like more details or if you'd like to sign up for the band and have not already done so, see Gorrick O'Bryon in the Employee Service Division of Industrial Relations.

you conventionally drown the errors of the past year and make glowing resolutions for the coming year—resolutions you break with such enjoyment at the first opportunity.

In closing, allow me to wish all of you a very merry Christmas and a most prosperous—and victorious—New Year!



Slim's Pickin's

by Slim Coats

Slim Coats is now one of Ryan's travelling service representatives. This column was written en route from Salt Lake City to San Francisco on United Air Lines.

The aviation industry now boasts that no spot on earth is more than 60 hours flying time from your local airport. With progress what it is, the time will probably have been cut to 59 hours before this is published.

Ten years from now—well, honestly, I don't like to think about it. For half a dozen reasons. One of the reasons is a peculiar weakness I have for always breaking off conversations with people I don't like by asking them to come and visit me. When I can't think of anything else to say I wind up saying, "Well, so long, and be sure to come and visit us some time."

I have had some strange critters floating through my home because of this, even with the world loosely knit as it used to be. Now, with the world so reduced in size that if measles breaks out in Murmansk, the folks in Miami are likely to be quarantined, there is no telling what will inhabit my house over week-ends.

I'll have Magyors in the guest rooms, Amazon head-hunters sleeping on the couch downstairs, Bali beauties in the Murphy bed and Siamese twins on the sleeping porch.

It was bad enough in the old days when the relatives poured in by day coach, straw suitcases almost bursting to show they intended to stay a right smart spell. As little as I know about mathematics I can figure out that if the Egyptians are only 50 or 60 hours away from me now, my relatives are practically coming through the transom as I write this.

Another reason I hate to see the world brought down to volley-ball size is that so much of the romance will be taken away. Nothing will be strong. Nothing will be new to anyone. All the exotic places of the world will be as commonplace as Main Street.

A trip around the world will hold no flavor for the adventurer. The snake charmer he sees in India will have just come back from New York, \$134.47 round trip, meals included, and be charming his cobra in a zoot suit and with a Benny Goodman-indorsed clarinet. Let him sling a ruck-sack on his back and tramp the Alps, and at every turn of the road he will meet Joe Dokes and family over for the week-end to get a change from Chottonooga.

Let him return and show his snopshots of Victoria Falls and someone in the room will say that this is where his wife does most of her marketing—finds that it really pays to hop over there to get the cheap prices on vegetables and fruits.

In the near future people are going to reminisce about the dear old days when people saw one another off for places, the days when there were bon voyage baskets, parties in the stateroom, confetti throwing, flag waving and tearful farewells. There will be no more excuse for it than there

would be seeing off a friend who was catching a cross town bus.

But there is always a silver lining. When the guests pour in on you from all over the globe you can say, "Sorry, but I have to tear up to Little America to see a man about a husky."

It's really nice to be back with the old gong again, although I've noticed quite a few changes. Many of the "pipe benders" have gone into the armed forces: MYRT WILDER and CARL THOMAS into the Sea-Bees; JIM RUPERT, FLOYD BRENNAN, BUDDY AMISS into the Army Air Forces. Even CHIEF BRODERSON (Manifold Inspector) is in the service—his place now being taken by IDA "EAGLE-EYE" THURNELL.

We received a line recently from DON BRAZEE, who has just returned from Africa. Don was formerly one of our best orc welders and became first officer of a Flying Fort nine months after he left us. Don took the Fort "Rigor Mortis" on 54 bombing missions without having a single crew member injured, although the ship was riddled on almost every trip. He and his crew are now returned to the States as instructors.

While walking through the plant we've found new sources of supply for funny stories, namely, JIM NOAKES, SAM BREDER and JIM BUNNELL. Sorry we can't print the stories.

Attended a very nice party given for the staff and contributors of the Ryan Flying Reporter. It was a wonderful dinner highlighted by fine entertainment by DORTHA ALDERSON at the piano. DORTHA DUNSTON played several Irish numbers which were particularly pleasing to such Irishmen as GERALD RYAN, PAT KELLY, M. M. CLANCY and myself. GERRY WRIGHT of the Conary Islands whistled several new numbers, and is the only girl I know who does a good job of whistling back. JUNIE "THE GREAT JUNIUS" BETHKE was his usual debonair self with his mystifying magic.

I could go on and tell you more about the party, but you'll probably be reading about it elsewhere in this issue, and besides the stewardess has just announced that the ship will land at Reno, and I'm very thirsty—must find a drinking fountain.

For detailed information on Reno, see BUTCH ORTIZ or STEVE DEVER. If you needle them a bit they might even tell you about Virginia City, Nevada, and a pistol packin' mamma. Yup, here we go now, gotta fasten my safety belt. Here's how.

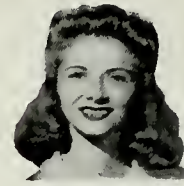


MORE ABOUT

NEW TOOL SYSTEM

(Continued from page 3)

This eliminates the old system whereby employees were given a set of brass tool checks when they joined the company, and were required to turn in a check whenever they borrowed a tool. This meant that if an employee lost his checks, or forgot to bring them to work on a day when he needed to check out a tool, he was out of luck. And a dishonest worker, if he found a lost check, could use it to take out an expensive tool which he'd never re-



Manifold Production Control

by F. Marie Loudon

Christmas—ushered in this year by the sounds of bursting bombs and the firing of guns rather than bells, once again is with us. But the true spirit of Christmas has been given a chance to live and breathe again, and it seems more real than ever before. There isn't one among us who hasn't been touched by the war in some way—even though it be only the rationing of gasoline.

Let us hope that this will be our last Christmas before the Peace.

The members of this department wish to extend a very **Merry Christmas** and a **Happy New Year** to other Ryan employees.

R. NEARING and J. BARRY

| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| M. AMER | A. LEWIS |
| A. ATWILL | L. McNEIL |
| D. BENTLEY | M. MALEY |
| H. CALLOW | D. MARSHALL |
| D. CHANDANAIS | I. NEES |
| N. CREWS | J. SHUTNER |
| M. CUPP | S. SKINNER |
| M. CUSEY | I. STARK |
| W. ELLIS | L. STRANGEMAN |
| E. GORMAN | C. WRIGHT |
| D. HALS | B. YOUNG |
| G. HOGUE | MYSELF |

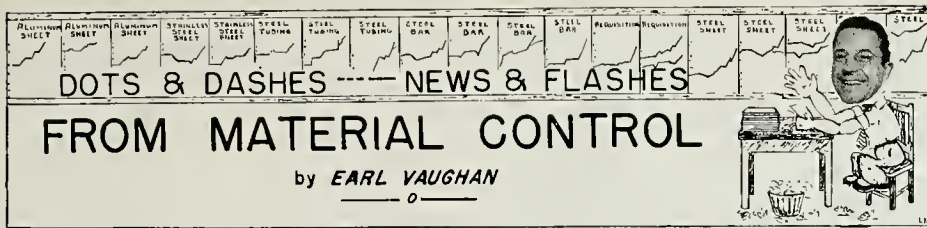
turn. The employee who lost the check would be charged with the tool.

The new system will also help the tool crib maintain a better-balanced stock of tools—because the written orders will give an exact count of the number of times each tool is borrowed. Tools for which there is a heavy demand can be reordered to maintain a larger supply.

All tool checks must be turned in by January 15. By that time the new system will be in full swing. However, there's nothing to keep you from turning in all your checks this Monday, if you'd like to get in ahead of the rush. From now on all tools must be ordered with the new forms, anyhow.

The form for reporting broken or damaged tools has also been simplified. Instead of making out the rather complicated form they have in the past, Ryanites can now get a small slip from their foreman, and turn it in with the tool to get a replacement at once.

These new developments, studied for weeks by the Ryan management before adoption, are designed not only to speed up production but to make things easier for Ryan employees. Making Ryan "A Better Place to Work" is a process that never stops!



Anchors Aweigh

Goodbye and happy landings to EVELYN BURNS of the Purchase Parts Group. Evelyn came to Ryan from Texas and is the wife of Bob Burns—not the Bob Burns, but Bob Burns, Second Class Yeoman of the USN. Evelyn left us to join Bob, who has been transferred to San Francisco. (Good luck, Evelyn and Bob.)

Glad Tidings

Yes indeed, I am glad to report that MARY NANCE is well on the way to recovery since her sojourn to the hospital November 30. Nancy has requested that your reporter extend a big "Thank You" to her co-workers of Material Control for the lovely flowers. (We miss you, Nancy, and hope you'll be back soon.)

Tomorrow—"Some will have turkey," Some will have hosh." As for me, I'll take the bird and be back in a dash with a flash for the next issue.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR" to you all from Material Control and myself.

Library Lore

by Dorothy Elder, Librarian

We had the pleasure of a visit of two aeronautical librarians from Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation this week. Miss Jewel Old, librarian at Vultee Field, and Mrs. Marcella Goller, librarian at San Diego Division. Library procedures were discussed, and ideas exchanged. Miss Old just returned from a trip to the library at the Fort Worth, Texas, division of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. She stopped at Ryan Aeronautical Company and San Diego Division of Consolidated to get acquainted with the libraries here. Both librarians were gracious in their praise of our library and methods used.

HELEN WALKER, assistant librarian, is joining her husband, Mr. Charles Walker, of the Mail Department, next Saturday on a trip to Berkeley to visit their new granddaughter, Carroll Ann Walker. They will spend Christmas in San Gabriel with another grandchild, David Mitchell, eight years old. We wish them a gala time but a hosty return.

Books now available in the library:
 "Airplane Structural Design," by Bruhn.
 "Airplane and Its Engine," by Chatfield.
 "Tables of Circular and Hyperbolic Sines and Cosines," Federal Works Agency.
 "Torque Converters or Transmissions," by Heldt.
 "Table of Functions," by Jahnke and Emde.

"Automatic Arms, Their History, Development and Use," by Johnson.
 "Airplane Structures," by Niles and Newell.

"Statistical Methods," by Shewhart.
 "Engineers' Manual of Statistical Methods," by Simon.

"Sweet's File for Product Designers," by Sweet.—A file of manufacturers' catalogs compiled especially for the use of engineers and executives concerned with product development and design.

"Aircraft Engines of the World," by Wilkinson.

"Preliminary Airplane Design," by Wilson.

DOROTHY ELDER, Librarian.

The Material Control Department has several employees who possess talent along other lines beside their regular work they are doing for Ryan and the war effort. Among these people, we have a very modest young lady who is quite talented at writing poetry, and after a lot of persuasion has volunteered to write a Christmas poem for this department. The quality of her work merits recognition, so, therefore, I present:

A PETITION TO SANTA—By Mary Melton

Of course, dear Santo, you are aware That Christmas now is in the air— And petitions are coming from far and near Imploring you to lend an ear; And so, without further ado, We will tell you what we want from you. First, dear Santo, don't think us bold, But please remember each one in Material Control.

We have all been good, each in his way— Never been absent nor tardy a day! We work very cheerfully—never complain. I'm sure our bosses would tell you the same. We read each memo—obey every rule; Our conduct is perfect—just like a big school.

And so, dear Santo, we're depending on you, So please don't forget us, whatever you do. Now there's JONESY and HOWARD and SMITTY and JOE—

Four fine bosses as we all know; And so, Santa dear, please heed this petition; Keep sending them good help to uphold our tradition.

Send them some short ones, thin ones or fat; Just those who are efficient and can add and subtract.

Please be choosy about whom you send, But they'll take women along with the men, And for the Group Leaders, whom we adore, The first one we'll mention is our Mr. MOORE.

He's not too particular—but he's made one resolution:

Bring him anything **outhentic**—but no **substitution**.

For FARKAS, dear Santa, who leads a troubled life,

You might add to his sorrows by bringing o wife.

For the arms of Morpheus, WALLIS does yeorn—

All reports and breakdowns he'd like you to burn.

And LEVIN, it seems, is having trouble to spare—

It seems that the draft board is still in his hair.

And for AMMONS—the professor to be— Just bring him a book on Psychology.

The Statistical Group—please do remember They've been working like fury, all thru' December.

There's WALLY and HARRY and HELEN and NANCY;

Also EARL VAUGHAN and MARY WILLIAMSON, who'd fancy

More adding moachines and mechanical thinkers,

To lighten their brain load and rest their poor "winkers."

And PEGGY would like on Christmas day To find her "Mac" was home to stay.

For MARJORIE, JOE WILLIAMS' sweet secretary,

Please arrange it so that "certain flier" she'll marry.

Then for JEANNIE we would like you to bring

That certain band—called a wedding ring. And there's PAT, who codes all day long— If you'd bring her a big desk, you wouldn't go wrong.

Just bring MARIE some more rinse of blue So she can keep up the pretty hair do.

Don't forget those who never dilly or dally, Among whom are CHRISTIE, BEN, RUTH and HALLEY.

To BETTY and VELMA and all the rest Please, Santa dear, bring only the best. And for the "Dad" of this column—"SIR EARL"

(When he reads this, he'll really be in o whirl)

Just bring him a sedative—something strong—

Anything that will make him sleep—soundly and long.

So now, dear Santa, we'll bid you adieu— And hope very soon to be seeing you.

P.S.—If these Xmas deliveries get too tryin' Why not come down and work for Ryan?

Off the Record

The Government Reports & Statistics Group have again stood the acid test and emerged the Win-nah! The Army CMP Auditors, after having spent a week checking and double checking the records, conceded defeat, as no major mistakes or grem-lins were found. HOWARD ULBERG, Supervisor, and his assistants, HELEN FREY, MARY NANCE, MARY WILLIAMSON, HARRY HAYS, WALLY JAHN and the writer can give a sigh of relief. By the way, these auditors remarked that it is always a pleasure to check the records in the different departments at Ryan and stated the cooperation received was excellent. They complimented the company on the meals served by our cafeteria and on the Flying Reporter, which they enjoyed reading. They agreed with the slogan "Ryan is a better place to work."

Inlows & Outlows

The Production Control Department has been brightened by two new pleasing personalities, both titians (red heads to you)—Mrs. JEAN VARDSVEEN (secretary to DOYLE LIGHT) and Miss GRACE SPOTTSWARD (ditto machine operator). These girls are sisters, both from Minot, North Dakota, and were introduced to Ryan by our MAXINE CARMAN, of Material Control's Aluminum Group.

Can you figure this one out? JEAN's husband is MAXINE's brother's brother-in-law—or, Jean is a sister-in-law to Maxine's brother—or, Maxine's brother married Jean's husband's sister. Anyhow somebody did something to somebody else, and in spite of it all, we are glad to have them at Ryan, thanks ogain to Moxine.

Plant Engineering

In the absence of
Bob Christy

Due to the absence of our regular "Column-writer-upper," paragraphs were solicited from everyone in the department. Distinctly prominent among those not submitting paragraphs was FRED BORTZMEYER.

So let's start with the "Impressions" of the Latest Recruit in Plant Layout and Engineering.

He notes that it's something of a jar to the nerves—but not by any means to the eyes!—to be approached by the lady who reigns at the department secretarial desk and asked to write your impressions of the plant, your department, your fellow workers, and your job.

Consider the hazards—

If you seem to know what's going on very much—you're a prying snoop.

If you don't—you're a sleepy dumb cluck.

If you criticize—you're a grouchy pessimist.

If you express a favorable reaction—you're an apple polisher, a small-timer trying to get ahead!

The only safe one seemed to be the one suggested by Mr. BORTZMEYER—"Give them the so-called 'View of the man in the street'"—Fred didn't know how right he was—the housing situation being what it is, this newcomer is certainly very much the "man in the street."

Seriously, the newcomer to this, or any other, coastal wartime industry is at first depressed by the drab ugliness of the "plants" until common-sense reminds him it's a low visibility necessity. He wonders if efficient work can possibly be done in these drab, hurriedly-expanded surroundings. He passes through a door, and on the inside he finds things humming and well-equipped people doing a bong-up job.

He finds everyone friendly, helpful, human and co-operative. He discovers each one has an interesting background and something on the ball. He finds the job in all phases—engineering, management, supervision, and actual fabrication—is being well done. He hopes to be able to have a part in it, eventually.

Out here on the Coast you San Diegans are fighting a war of reality, not newspaper headlines and radio commentation. One is much more actually aware of the National Emergency than when living inland. Having a small part in it makes the Latest Recruit feel like a better "United States-er."

If N. B. ARCHER's wife is the type that henpecks all the time he is in a very bad way. For he can't escape at work. For T. C. BOETTICHER is nagging him continuously every day with sharp little remarks every time Archer opens his mouth.

There is one point in the department's favor—that is, everyone but BORTZMEYER contributing to the issue instead of one individual receiving the brunt; hence, any avalanche of criticism will fall on many heads, not one.

The above reference to TOM BOETTICHER is pure fiction, if it were true—so what? A skilled heckler has been known in many instances to have contributed in no small way to the morale of a department. If the heckler goes too far, throw him to Archer's monster (Stretch Press)—which, by the way, hasn't even cut its baby teeth as yet.

Mr. PAYNE, by the way, was asked to contribute. After a week-end of labor the best he could produce was a meaty little problem involving static stress of a comfortable choir under his weight.

GORDON MOSSOP would like to thank Mr. T. C. RYAN for that grand Birthday Party celebrating the third year of our magazine. Thanks are also in order for Mr. WILLIAM "BILL" WAGNER, SUE GUN-

Stress Report

by Virginia Pixley

EDDIE OBERBAUER braced his mighty shoulders and took the fatal step a few weeks ago in spite of our forceful warning against the housework side of marriage. Our warning was in the form of a poem, and there the resemblance ends—and, besides, the main reason it was written was because we were too cheap to pitch in and buy a regular store-bought'n cord! Here 'tis—

Micki has her choice of keeping her nails long and slinky

Or scrubbing floors and washing and polishing up the sinky;

But, knowing girls, we know she'll choose to watch out for her nails,

So that will leave the work for you—like emptying garbage pails.

Mothers and laundries are easy on shirts and sheets from off the beds

Compared to brides who try too hard and tear them all to shreds.

If Micki has told you that she can cook, that is quite regrettable,

As brides go by a book, you see, and nothing turns out edible.

You're big and strong and healthy now, but in a month, by heck,

People will point to you and say, "There's Eddie, the old wreck."

He used to be a good old egg until that fatal day

When someone who didn't want her gave the bride away!!

Eddie was presented with a cute round coffee table in the lunch area, but with very bad timing, as we had already finished our lunches and couldn't break it in for him. Funny how many people come by to admire it and tried all the knobs on the fake drawers before they found the only one that really did open! Quite a mob gathered to watch Eddie cart his table up to Engineering to show it off, but he fooled them and sneaked it out to the parking lot instead.

BOB EVANS was another favorite son of Engineering who took himself a little woman and got as a gift from the gang a pair of bee-utiful table lamps. Heard some-

THORP and KEITH MONROE for their efforts in making it a smooth-running, never-a-dull-moment party. The food was delicious, and why not, when we had such an artist of cuisine as Mr. JEAN BOVET to prepare it? The entertainment was tops, with BILL WAGNER, that top-flight showman, as M. C. GORDON is puzzled as to just how that rope trick the magician tried on him was supposed to turn out. He heard several comments claiming it should have been tried on someone who did not eat so much. He is still wondering about that rope—perhaps it would have fitted better around his neck.

In summing it up, if this column is "much ado about nothing," consider the sources.

P. S.—We did finally get the cigars from Mr. PALMER. The reason for the delay is best known to him.

one wondering how Bob was going to look riding the motorcycle with one lamp under each arm! Understand LOU DUNFEE pulled a fast one and got married recently, but the only description I could get out of these aero'nautical engineers was that she used to wear a sweater. The Stress Group sincerely hopes that the bridal pairs all live very happily forever after and never find out that it costs twice as much for two to live as cheaply as one! Suppose FRED ROSACKER will give up next—if he doesn't read this pessimistic column and get discouraged. When we try asking who's going to be married next, and when, all we get is either "Two weeks" or "Too weak"!

Just about everybody in Stress shows up on Tuesday nights for the bloodthirsty bowling matches we've been having. CARL KABELITZ is top man with a score of 212 to his credit, and it was indeed a pleasure to watch him get those six explosive strikes in a row. Had a girl friend once whose husband was a champion bowler and she used to be disgusted when he got three strikes in a row. She said, "Strike, strike, strike, isn't so good; that means you're OUT." Runner up is PETER VANDERSLOOT, but his luck can't last much longer. Besides, we suspect the pin-boy is a relative. Oh no, he can't be! Not with a name like Vandersloot. O. K., go ahead and sue me, Peter, but how you'll get razed about the Vandersloot-Slander-suit!! JOHNNY MUCHEMORE always brings his wife along and we call them the Johnny-Mushmores now. Usual gang is PETER and GEORGIA VANDERSLOOT, SCHUYLER and SYBIL WHITNEY, JOHNNY and DETTA MUCHEMORE, BUD and LUCILLE SCROGGS, KEN and VIRGINIA PIXLEY, CARL KABELITZ, LLOYD LOOMER, JOHNNY BURGESON and DREW ALLEN. The gas problem is no problem to J. BURGESON—he always has Ethyl in his car.

J. W. BORDEN, better known as Wally, J. Wollington Burp, Warden Borden, etc., is a mighty swell guy, and the whole Stress Group is rooting for all the illness that has befallen his family to clear up as soon as possible. Wouldn't Santa Claus be sorry to find Garth sick in bed!

Hope DICK SYPNIEWSKI (Kelly to you) gets a nice conservative Xmas tie this year so he'll burn the one he's been wearing. We've tried for a long time to get him

(Continued on page 15)



M. M. Clancy



L. G. Boeing



H. W. Anderson

Executive Appointments Made This Month

Several new executive appointments were made this month, including the transfer of M. M. Clancy, supervisor of Methods Engineering, to the wage and salary administration division of the Industrial Relations department, where he will administer job classifications in accordance with recent directives of the War Labor Board.

To replace Mr. Clancy as supervisor of Methods Engineering, goes John T. Zihlman, formerly assistant to the factory manager. With Ryan for approximately a year now, Zihlman was previously affiliated with the Ford Motor Company, Crosley Corporation and Goodyear Aircraft.

New executive assistant to the factory manager is L. G. Boeing, who previously was director of industrial relations for the Allentown, Pa., division of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation. Boeing began his aircraft career as a mechanic on air mail planes operated by the U. S. Post Office department. Later he was a sheet metal worker for the Glenn L. Martin Company, and a bench assembly foreman for the Great Lakes

Aircraft Company, which was building the training planes then used at the Ryan School of Aeronautics. Later he formed his own company, the General Welding Company, to manufacture replacement parts for Wright Field, but dissolved it in 1938 to take charge of precision inspection and salvage operations for Consolidated's home plant in San Diego. He organized the company's training program at the Vocational School here, then transferred to Allentown to develop a training program at the plant there before becoming director of industrial relations.

H. W. Anderson, formerly general foreman of B-24 final assembly at Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, has joined the Ryan Aeronautical Company as staff assistant to Factory Manager G. E. Barton. Anderson is a 25-year veteran of aviation work, having begun in the first World War as a mechanic for the 315th Aero Squadron of the U. S. Army. He later was a barnstorming flier for the Gates Flying Circus, a mechanic for the Wright Aircraft



John T. Zihlman

Company, and a South American representative for the Atlanta Aircraft Company. Before joining Convair he was in charge of engine installations for the Glenn L. Martin Company.

to lean over unsuspectingly so that we could snip off a foot or two. Hasn't work yet! (I'm referring to our fiendish plans—not Dick.) Dick works so hard around here he even worries about it in his sleep, according to his roommate. He yelled out, "It won't add up" in the middle of the night and scared LLOYD to death.

IRVING DICKENS had a harrowing experience! Had to go down to the bus station to meet a guest and all he knew about her was that her name was BABE. Maybe you think he wasn't mobbed!!

Stress Group is full of wise-crackers. Don't ever mention around BERNARD BERNES that you banged your shin—he always asks, "Double-shin?" And don't let DREW ALLEN hear you drop your watch—he always warns you not to break the crystal as that will make you a "Crystal Crackin' Mama." Drew shaved off his installment maustache recently, but it was several days before anyone missed it. We call it his I.M., as there was a little down each week. (Ych, ych, ych!!)

LEONARD WOLSLAGER hasn't had to use his brush for cleaning off the dust on his drafting table ever since he grew that beard of his. He just rubs his chin gently over the table once or twice and all eraser crumbs are whisked away in a jiffy; Understand the president sent FRANK FILIPPI a nice Christmas card—that is he sent him GREETINGS! Goodbye and good luck, Frank.

WES KOHL wants a cellophane-wrapped, gorgeous brunette for Christmas, but we can't imagine why. He's had one all through the rainy season. A lot of Wes's former passengers would certainly like to have him stop by for them again, but, sorry boys, **standing room only!**

MCCORMICK and BOTELER and their three cronies have a few cooking tips for Christmas turkey. (To be used at your own risk!) They gained the experience on Thanksgiving and still seem to be bearing up O. K., but we're still watching out for delayed action! They bought a big bird and stuffed it into the refrigerator intact, with the exception of the head, which the far-

sighted butcher removed before they got hold of it. So their first tip is, in removing tough pin-feathers, by all means use a large, sturdy pair of pliers. Tip 2: If you don't have time enough to chop up bread for dressing, just stuff the bird with anything handy, such as newspapers, so that it will not collapse while in the oven. They discovered that various vegetables require longer cooking time than others, so Tip 3 is that as each particular vegetable is cooked, eat it immediately so that it will not spoil or get cold. This, by the way, also saves room on the stove. If the bird is not cooked at a respectable hour, Tip 4 is go to bed and take it easy, setting the alarm far when the turkey should be finished and removed from the oven. There is only one catch here—you might be dressed and half-way to Ryan before you realize why you set the alarm in the first place. Tip 5: Have a good supply of soda in the house and the telephone number of a good doctor. (Also a telephone.)

See you next month.



THE
BEST GIFT
OF ALL



Putt Putts On Parade

by Millie Merritt

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS to all Ryan employees from the Factory Transportation crew.

This Christmas is the second one we have spent engaged in war. Most of your sons, husbands, brothers and fathers are spending it away from home. But instead of looking upon it as a lonely Christmas spent away from loved ones, let's say that it is one more step toward our goal—Victory.

MARY PHILLIPS, our new employee, has been properly initiated into the Buda Bouncing Mama Club. It seems that those little Budas know when they have a new driver, as they delight in stalling in the middle of the aisle every two minutes, which necessitates cranking. The result of one's first day is a nice crop of blisters. After the first eight hours you feel like you could easily fly a P-38 or drive a tank with less effort. We know just how you felt, Mary, and we think you are a grand sport and are very glad to have you on our crew. Mary hails from the state of Texas and came out here to join her husband, who is a Marine stationed at the Naval Hospital.

Mr. L. L. HUMPHREY, who has been Supervisor of Factory Transportation since June 28, 1943, has done such a grand job of straightening out all of our problems and puzzles, that we no longer have any excitement or anything to scream about. It is really great to work in a department that is kept running so smoothly, and we believe that full credit goes to Mr. Humphrey.

DOROTHY HALL'S husband, HANK HALL, of Drop Hammer, is now working on the day shift. Could be the reason for all the cheery smiles and hard work we are getting from Dottie these days. We know that they make a cute pair at lunch every day, but we do hope that Hank isn't trying to keep up with Dottie as she dashes about in her Buda.

It seems that we have never paid any tribute to the fellows that keep us rolling out at Automotive Service. After all, if it wasn't for someone to fix our flats, repair our motors and adjust our brakes, where would we be?

Mr. KIRK SELLEW is the Automotive Service manager, and is a grand fellow to work around. His crew, which consists of RALPH GIFFIN, shop leadman; WALTER SELBY, L. V. COREY, LARRY GIFFIN, mechanics, are out there every day trying to keep the Move Girls, truck drivers and all the office personnel that use the company automobiles, happy. That is a whole of a job.

The fellows that keep our morale up, as well as keep the ladies happy, are the truck drivers, also under Mr. Sellew. We have MIKE TURNER, WOODY WOODSON, LEO BULLARD, JOHN STEPHENS, LEON KING and JIM BERRY, who are doing a fine job keeping a constant flow of finished parts between Ryan and Consolidated and the different warehouses, as well as rushing material to outgoing planes. There is a well-known slogan, "Production Begins With Transportation," and we are beginning to believe it.

The other day we ran across a little verse, and with a few changes we decided it just might fit a Move Girl. Title:

SWEET YOUNG THING

She tripped lightly into Transportation Office, her uniform pressed to

ultra-neatness. Did we say "tripped?" She floated in. And with her came a breath of sweet-scented blossoms nodding in the noon-day sun. In her eyes was the darkling sparkle of hidden blue pools, and on her peach-bloom cheeks the flush of dainty maidenhood. In her hesitating, almost shy, manner she glided up to the foreman, and her dulcet voice made itself heard above the clamor of machines, as she pointed to a Buda: "Listen, youse! The next time any you jerks try to shove me off on that there three-wheeled, broken-down, double-jointed excuse for a spavined camel on roller skates, I'm gonna sock ya in the puss, see!"

It just goes to show you that you can't tell what these "Sweet Young Things" will do or say next.

When Mr. HUMPHREY leaves for home every night he knows that he is leaving everything in competent hands. NINA RAY, swing shift transportation girl, is doing a nice job of keeping everything under control.

We also have in our cozy three-room office the Chief of Police, CHIEF PETER, who keeps us under control. There's never a dull moment around our office, even if we are exiled from Main street. We have a constant flow of guards, transportation personnel and every one else who happens to get lost and wonder out our way. It might be a good idea if we installed traffic lights to direct the traffic.

I'm sure that we all enjoyed the entertainment that was so ably furnished by the San Diego Debutantes. I sincerely believe that it's a great idea for Ryan to have a band for use at our social affairs as well as during the lunch periods. I know that all of us would enjoy it and it would certainly take our minds off our worries and cares and help to make our lunch periods more enjoyable. Come on all you hep-cots, long-haired violinists, and jive-at-fivers, there's a challenge for you. Walking through the plant, I have heard a lot of tenors, baritones and basses singing out over the drum of mochines. I can't see any reason why they wouldn't be willing to stand up and sing for all of us. So let's get going and put the idea over with a solid bang!

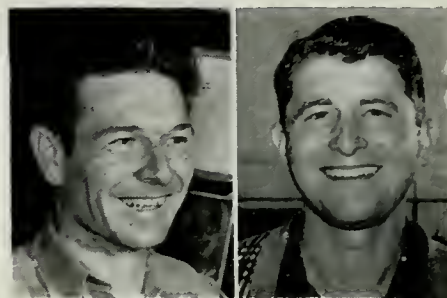
With all the rainy weather we have been having the girls on the trucks really took a beating and we know that they are all great gals to go out in the rain the way they do. Rain or shine, we have to deliver parts from building to building. So, maybe, Santa Claus will bring them new trucks with a roof and radio and throw in a heater, too. We can dream, can't we?

LEO BULLARD, of Automotive Service, had quite a surprise the other day. It seems that Leo had a waterproof jacket with pants to match. With a lot of confidence he strutted past us and out into the rain to load his truck. It wasn't long before Leo came tripping back soaked to the bone. The rest of the morning was spent drying Leo's clothing over our miniature heater. He is still trying to figure out just how that happened.

Here is a thought that we all might think over. "The joy of Christmas is a joy that war cannot kill, for it is the joy of the soul and the soul cannot die."

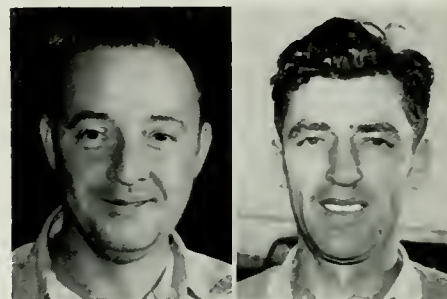
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Promotions



Left: Martin G. Weir, new leadman of punch presses in the Manifold Smell Parts Department, second shift.

Right: G.C. Headman, newly-appointed leadman in the Final Assembly Department, second shift.



Left: Chester Hoffman, who has been appointed leadman in Sheet Metal Assembly on the second shift.

Right: J. W. Bradley, new second shift leadman in Final Assembly.



Left: H. G. Walker, new second shift leadman in Final Assembly.

Right: J. L. Waggner, promoted to leadman in Final Assembly, second shift.



Left: Milton Papini, newly-appointed leadman in Sheet Metal Assembly.

Right: H. W. Williams of the Press Department has now been appointed leadman of hand finishing.

Hot Air From Manifold

by Evelyn Duncan

Hello and Merry Christmas, everybody! I had just finished decorating my tiny home and tree when I remembered that I got a little note from Sue that said "Deadline Monday." So here, in the midst of tinsel and evergreen, I'm writing "Hot Air" by a light whose red glow reminds me of mistletoe, sleighbells in the snow—everything that is Christmas. Maybe I'm getting sentimental—this is the time for sentimentality. Many of us are far from home this Christmas. We can shut our eyes and see the family gathered around the huge tree that Dad and Mother decorated in the big living room at home. Let us not pity ourselves, but let us think of those who are spending Christmas in foreign lands and on the world's battlefronts. They are our loved ones and they are over there fighting the battle of liberty because they love us. So, as we gather about our trees this year, let us not forget to send a prayer up to God, in the name of the One who lived and died for liberty, for our boys Over There, that they may be home for the next Christmas. And that those who will never return shall not have given their lives in vain.

As we face another New Year let us all resolve to work harder than we ever have before toward winning this war. Our work is not just a job—we are fighting, too. Minutes lost by our carelessness may result in the loss of the life of a loved one. If your loved one lost his life Over There, could you look yourself in the eye and say that you did your very best—that you didn't waste the minute that might have saved his life? Come on, soldiers in slacks and overalls! Let the year of 1944 prove that we know how to really fight.

Well, now for the news. Texas has produced a swell leadwoman in Department 14—RUTH WILKENSON. She's pretty good at keeping them busy, too.

WILLIAM HUDSON can sing "Pistol Packin' Mama" just like a Rough Rider.

WILLIAM "BILL" HEINDEL seems to be a regular Ryan wolf. He has that howling down pat.

EARLINE VANDEMAN is regarded as essential. She keeps up the morale of her fellow workers.

What's this we hear about JERRY STATEN leaving us far tooling? We'll miss you, Jerry.

The gang in Department 14 wish to offer congratulations to LOMA CASSITY and FRANK WILSON, who were married in Yuma, Arizona, on Saturday night, December the fourth.

Just for old times' sake, "ANNIE," what does "14" after your name mean?

Mr. McALLISTER is a new leadman in Department 15.

RUTH, you can lose your badge in the funniest places. Better watch your new one with the greatest of care while you are upstairs.

ALICE PULLIN is back at her old hitching post. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. HARRIS are the proud parents of a baby girl, born November 17th. His fellow workers in Boeing tail pipe department welcomed the new arrival with a gift.

CHARLIE SHAFER and LEW NICOT, my eagle eye for the welders, have been absent with flu. Due to Lew's absence, we haven't much news about the welders. None of them knew of any scandals, but all were

General Knudsen Visits Ryan



Eddie Molloy, center, explains the features of a Ryan manifold to General Knudsen during the General's tour of the factory this month. Looking on is T. Claude Ryan, president, and in the background is Lieut. R. O. Deitzer, Bureau of Aeronautics resident representative.



General Knudsen and Molloy discussing manifold blueprints with Bob Chase, manifold service representative. General Knudsen visited Ryan as a part of an inspection tour of west coast airplane production facilities.

ready to start one. However, one did loosen up enough to tell me that JOE SULLIVAN and DELL WOLLGAST seem to have something in common.

The hot air of Manifold seems to be too much for NORMAN DESCOTEAU—at least

he insists on plenty of fresh air even if he has to work in the rain and wear a wool-lined jacket and flannel shirt to keep warm.

I guess you've been bored enough now, so I'll be on my way. May I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sheet Metal Shorts

by Marge and Jean

First Shift

Hello, Folks—this is your Sheet Metal Scandal Scoop in our first attempt to bring you the news of your department. We need every news item you can think of; this is your column and your department—so help us out.

Deer and ducks, ducks and deer—BOB O'KEEFE (plus every other true sportsman) will beg, borrow, steal or trade his wife's new winter hat for a shotgun or rifle shell. News reaches us at this deadline that great hunting parties will be stalking the hills and sloughs for big game. So sit still, ducks, and stand by, fellow citizens, for the results of this week's scareless hunting excursions. An example of the perfect vacation hunting trip is the one taken by HOWARD ENGLER and JOE SWINGLE. Driving down the highway with a blazing mattress in the trailer (the result of Joe's tassing a lighted cigaret out the window), setting a brush fire while trying to extinguish the mattress blaze, flat tires, carburetor trouble (no, the wheels didn't fall off, but the transmission come apart and the sheriff arrested them because they looked like two rogues seen stealing gas in El Centro). That is the definition of a perfect hunting trip, and we hope you survive yours.

Our sympathy goes out to GERALDINE RINEHART, who severely injured her hand last week; to JACK WILSON, who has been ill with pneumonia, and MAHALIA LEMIEU, who is recovering from an operation. Quick recovery, and we hope you'll be back soon. That goes for all of you who have been wearing the "Flu" so miserably lately, too.

BASILIA MIRAMONTES, MARY LARSON, GLENN WILLIAMS and MABYN NICHOLAS have all returned from their vacations and are a picture of energy after one glorious week of laughing at their alarm clocks and sleeping until noon.

RAY GEISINGER is the proud father of a lovely baby girl, and his whole department congratulates him and the new arrival. Happy holidays, folks, and let's have your news.

"Turn in your shorts and make the headlines."

'Bye now.

MARGE.

Second Shift

To start off with a bang, the second shift had two babies Sunday the 5th. ORVAL HALL's bouncing boy was born in the morning and EMIL (Mac, as we know him) MAGDICK's wife presented him with a much-wanted baby girl. Mac is the boy who used to write such a swell column for the department, but he withstood all of our begging and pleading, and refused to help us out on this. I'm not so sure that we should pat him on the back, but I know the whole department joins me in congratulations and in wishing these two new popos, their wives and proud possessions, the very best of luck.

Congratulations also go to Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIP "CURLEY" STILLMAN, Mr. and Mrs. FRED BENDER, and Mr. and Mrs. E. DELAYO (TERESA TOTH). These are our newlyweds for the month. We extend best wishes for loads of happiness to them all.

BOBBY MILLER returned, slightly weakened, from his week's vacation, spent in a most entertaining manner at the Beach Club. Glad to see you made it, Bobby—not forgetting CATHERINE AUERSWALD,

BETHEL ELMORE, ETHEL FARR, BERNICE GARRETT, JUSTINA POWOLNY, and the Pheasant, CLAIR SACHS, who all returned from vacations in the past month. Hope you all had a good time and it's swell to have you back.

HELEN THOMAS, we believe, is the first girl to receive a Production Merit Award in the Sheet Metal Department. I guess this ought to show the fellows that we women have some genius among us, too.

By the way, did you hear about the high score for the Tuesday, 2nd Shift Bowling League? We were honored to see Mr. VERNON "HUMPTY DUMPTY" HUMPHREY bowl a smashing 107.

In closing my first attempt at writing, I know that Sheet Metal, Second Shift, wishes everyone a Merry Christmas and a very Hoppy New Year.

Here's hoping you will all let me hear your news.

'Bye.

JEAN.



Here and
There by
Jannie Johnson

Here it is again and me just making the deadline. Everyone has been quite busy in and around Finishing. To say nothing of being slightly damp. If there are any more storms like we just had, somebody should start a ferry boat to and from the parking lot.

We are glad to have EVELYN WESTBROOK back after spending a week at Big Bear. Being caught in a snowstorm and numerous other resort incidents, she is quite thrilled over her vacation. Naturally, when relating these incidents, she makes them more interesting than ever just so we'll be envious. (Just spending a week in the mountains is positively enough to make me turn green with envy.) Anyway, we're glad she is back and will expect to see a great improvement, especially 6:30 Tuesday nights at the Sunshine Bowling Alley.

Had a very nice little visitor the other day in the form of RUTH DAUGHERTY of Salvage. I understand it was her colling dog and she made the rounds. We were glad to see you, Ruth, and from now on don't make them so few and far between.

By the way, if anyone wants to be in on a so-called Ryon "get-together," just drop in at Monnings Coffee Shop downtown, anytime. By chance I dropped in for a "spot" one evening last week and for a moment I thought I was still at the plant. If you are interested, the coffee is delicious.

We've missed our little Navy inspector two days this week, and, just as a reminder, don't let it happen again, FRANKIE.

Incidentally, MOSE MARTIN would like to join the "Lanely Hearts" Club. I was just wondering if some cute little girl wouldn't cheer him up a bit. All you need to qualify is a "C" gasoline card.

The list of casualties has increased quite a bit this week. Mrs. ALDMAN of the Dope Shop hurt her arm during the first part of last week, but after staying home a few days she is getting along fine and is back doing light work. One of our "Live Five" girls was undecided about living for a couple of days, but has now recuperated enough to be back to work. So glad you are

better, ELSIE. Tomorrow we bowl—remember?

Also MARJORIE SPARKS had a bit of an accident on her way to work one of those "drenching" mornings. Outside of being a few minutes late and displaying a number of black-and-blue marks, she is doing quite well.

That's one of the reasons I like working in Finishing. Little things like storms, accidents and sickness don't stop us. Well, anyway, we get along, and that's saying a lot.

I'm so sorry I couldn't attend the Flying Reporter get-together, but it seems my day's work has only begun when I leave here at 4 o'clock. I hope everyone had a nice time, and I'll try to be present next time.

Notes From Dawn Workers

by Ralph Geist

Writing this column may be a shot in the the dork, but take it from us we do like this dawn patrol job. It could be there are several reasons, but chief among the advantages of the Third Shift hours are the cakes some of the "gals" bring to work. ILO MARSHALL and DOROTHY SPENCER are the cake bakers.

A recent survey of outside activities of Dawn Patrol shows a majority class "house-work" as first. Hats off to the ladies, who keep up their home chores during the day and work at night! Nearly all have husbands, brothers or sons in the service. Maybe that's why they are doing their part so gladly.

EDITH HARDMAN, spot welder, and "BOBBIE" JONES, Small Parts, were among the first of Third Shifters to donate a pint of blood to "Save A Life."

DEL BALLINGER swung at an imaginary curve ball tossed by Inspector WARD—result, a split eyebrow, etc. Watch those dolly stonds, Del!

JEWELL ASHTON, arc welder, underwent an appendectomy recently; last reports are that she is getting along fine.

Of birthdays—C. F. "MICKEY" MEYER, Third Shift Foreman, had one jump up at him last month; out popped a U. S. bond, a gift from his co-workers. A popular leader indeed, we think.

The Third Shifters are jumping around this month, many of our good friends being transferred to Second and First Shift work, because they are needed there. "STEVE" DEVER, assistant welding foreman, being one of the group. Congratulations, First Shift workers—a fine chop, this Steve.

Oh, by the way, we learn from direct headquarters what makes welder MILLER "HAPPY." Don't ask us—just ask Happy. Perhaps two can live as cheaply as one, we wouldn't know.

May we now extend best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. FRED BENDER, married Sunday, Nov. 28th. Mrs. Bender was our STELLA RUTH, arc welder. Mr. Bender is leadman, sheet metal, Second Shift. Joy go with you both is our thought.

Turkey for Christmas! "DEWEY" BEMENT, leadman for Third Shift, drags home one prize turkey—he learned to gobble while hauling it home. Nice vocabulary!

"IRISH" WHALEN returned from his vacation back in old Illinois. His card to HAPPY MILLER was one for the books—all address. Oh yes, one line of writing.

The Walking Reporter

By Ye Ed

Things we like at Ryan:

The cheery, helpful ladies in the cafeteria . . . so different from the public-be-damned waitresses in most downtown eating places.

* * *

The way Mrs. Robertson (T. Claude Ryan's secretary) makes visitors to his office feel welcome . . . whether T. Claude can see them or not. A notable change from the quick-freeze technique used by the President's secretary in most business organizations.

* * *

The way many of our foremen pile out work in superman quantities . . . yet remain highly popular with their people.

* * *

The way Fire Chief Dan Driscoll pitches in wherever he sees someone needing a helping hand . . . whether it's carrying chairs for a committee meeting or helping a short-handed cafeteria staff pour coffee.

* * *

The way our company photographers hustle out to shoot any and all assignments, night or day, without audible squawks.

* * *

Ernie Moore's thoughtfulness for the little shots in the organization . . . Carl Palmer's heart-warming grin . . . Frank Persons' bland efficiency at presiding over a meeting . . . Garrick O'Bryan's way of galvanizing any project he puts a finger in.

* * *

This paragraph is inserted at the personal request of Bill Rahn, the white-haired fellow with the ever-present smile from whom Ryanites have been buying daily papers at the plant gate for years. It's hard to turn old Bill down on a request. Because he's the kind of guy who didn't lose his smile when a heart attack kept him off the job for weeks. Who didn't lose that smile even when his battered old car—in which he made deliveries—was laid up for repairs. It would have been easy for Bill to sell his papers somewhere that's easier to get to, on foot, than Ryan is. Instead he trudged out to the plant each day, papers in his arms, in order not to disappoint his customers here. . . . Well, Bill is disturbed because the paper shortage no longer allows the publishers to give him as many newspapers as he needs, and some of his Ryan customers are irked when they can't buy a paper from him. They seem to think he brings too few papers just from laziness. Take it from us, kids, Bill Rahn brings every paper he can get; and if he doesn't have one to sell you there's no one sarrrier than he is. . . . Bill wanted this printed for the benefit of the hundreds of customers he has here, and we're glad to oblige.

Time Study Observations

By Dortha Dunston



Once more we hove maved, but this time we're dawnstoirs;
We simply have drapped through the floor—
Just picked up our typewriters, files, desks, and chairs
And traveled below—what a chore!
Mr. CLANCY left us—no langer aur chief;
Mr. ZIHLMAN now has his place.
We wish them both luck, and with this I'll be brief—
We give them the best with our grace.
A gift was extended in woy of farewell
To Clancy, our ex-chief and boss.
In this way we all were quite able to tell
How we felt of his leaving—great loss!
THE COLVINS returned fram vacation it seems
To find that their house had been sold;
So now they have purchasèd the home of their dreams
Where they can sit down and grow old!
If anyone wishes to go out at night
With no one to care for the kids
MAJ. will play nursemaid—the best one in sight.
He's right an the dat to high bids!
Nerves got the best of me a couple of days.
I had to stay locked in the house.
I might hove forgotten my ladylike ways
And punched someone's nose—man or mouse?
ELIZABETH's vacation—Thanksgiving week
She spent in L. A. with same folks.
DICK BRASS takes his at Christmas—subdued and meek
'Mid our railery and bum jokes.
ARLINE has returned fram vacation with toles
Of adventure and greatest fun.
Who's queerer than people, both males and females?
She'll tell you her views—atten-shun!
But the poor child was lost upon her return:
Our things weren't like this when she left!
Her work and surraundings she must again learn.
Of our small space upstairs we're bereft!
Now I may be wrang, but it's quite clear to me
That the main work of teeth is to chew.
Just because they happen ta "store baughten" be
I wouldn't just save them, would you?
Our "COOKIE" is proud of his new teeth no daubt,
But gee, he has some little quirks.
For when the bell rings, and our lunches come out
He won't chew but gums up the works.
Yes, JACK has found out that he's really nat old;
In the end he's the one who pays.
How to take care of measles he should be told;
On reverting to childhood days.
On clasing this issue each one extends
From our Time Study hearts you'll hear
Holiday greetings to ca-workers and friends
"MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR!"





Machine Shop

by Dorothy Wheeler

Two of our young men have recently been made leadmen on the day shift. STANLEY KNUDTSON is to be over drill presses, and GEORGE LAWTON over engine lathes and centerless grinder. Congratulations to you both!

On December 4 Machine Shop gained officially three old friends of long standing—our janitors formerly in Maintenance Department—F. M. STEVENS, L. B. COLLY and O. BRENNAN. Our welcome also goes to three new machine operators—G. A. FIEGER, C. W. LAWS and C. MELLISH.

For rainy day melancholics nothing will help quite so much as WIN ALDERSON's true story of the irate neighbor, the loud-voiced radio announcer, and the trespassing cow. Ask him and see.

To the list of our best bond-buyers may we add JOHN JACOBS, RALPH CLYDE and GLADYS PHILLIPS. Mrs. Phillips has recently been absent because she had developed a case of pneumonia. Ryan's visiting nurse reports her condition to be improving, so perhaps she'll be back soon.

Mrs. GENE JACK, who has been ill for some time is recuperating from an operation, so it will probably be several weeks before her health will permit her return to work.

Recent vacationers have been ROSE (always smiling) McCORMACK and EUNICE (perfect attendance) HAVENS. Quiet Mrs. RUTH GATES, who is now on leave, will

soon be back again. Jolly Mrs. RUTH MOSS is on the job again after a visit with her husband's family.

"SCHOOL BOY" KELLEY is really taking his dusting duties seriously. Says he, "We must do right by our little 'L. L.'"

"SLIM" McDOWELL's beatific mien is caused by great pride in his new battery. Incidentally, in order to get it he had to buy the car around it.

ANN CARMER wrote us a letter recently from Palacios, Texas, where her husband is stationed. She and her small son Robert are just fine, and may be back with us shortly.

An element of mystery entered our shop last week. It all started with an anonymous picture postcard from Lordsburgh, New Mexico. Recipient? Mr. HUNT. Sender? Your guess is as good as mine.

Occasionally, because of reasons out of anyone's control, people must leave us, but that doesn't keep us from missing them when they're gone. AL BIRD's health forced him to quit. FRED WHEAT, of Uncle Sam's Army, has left us because of necessity only. CLARENCE BOLDT's wife is critically ill in a Detroit hospital, and he very naturally had to go there so that he could be near her. JESSIE POST's husband was sent to Arizona for his health, so we lost Jessie. JOANNE McGUIRE's husband was transferred to Washington, so we lost her—a girl everyone liked and admired.

What is it that distinguishes one man from his fellows? In "PETE" COOKSIE it is his dry humor and helpfulness. In OSCAR WESTLUND, it is his habit of always being on the job. In ROCHFORD CRAWFORD, it is his friendly dignity. In VEDA TUCKER it is likeable personality and good character. In JACKSON MINAR it is that unassuming cheerfulness which makes all the world his friend.

Merry Christmas to you all.

Wing Tips

by Jimmy Southwick

Well, the deadline is running me a close race this issue, but here goes.

The choice bit of news is a little late, but still good. Some of the married women of Wing gave OPAL ANDERSON a party to celebrate her coming marriage. Who showed up for work the next day? Na one but Opal.

The roar coming from the center of the new Final Assembly building is the riveters on the Outer Panel jigs trying their best to keep up with the December schedule.

J. BURKE slipped the other day and ended up taking a swing at himself with a speed wrench. The result was a broken pair of glasses and a cut over one eye.

GLENN RICHARDSON, the happy bachelor of Wing, won a turkey at a recent union meeting. He made quite a sight as he strutted out, dressed as though he'd just stepped out of Esquire, with the turkey thrown over his shoulder. However, we have an idea he had not started out that evening with any plans of "taking out a turkey."

About twenty from our department answered the Red Cross call for blood donors last week. Among the more anxious donors was PEGGY DILLON, who went to the head of the line instead of waiting her turn. Could it be she was so frightened she didn't notice what part of the line she was in?

Downtown Frame-Up

by Willie Jessup

Wow! What a month for the downtown office. Christmas was forgotten this last week as other excitement took its place.

MURPHY, BRUNETTE, BLAKEY and JESSUP all had birthdays on the same day. At first everyone was feeling rather badly to think they were getting older, but then when the gifts started floating around, everybody was happy. I don't know, but a little bird told me some celebrating went on after working hours.

Since everyone has been so good up here, we got a letter from Santa, saying we could have anything we wanted. First came the Christmas tree, which was three feet too tall, but Cowboy "BILL" ODOM pulled out his jackknife and whittled away. (Poor tree!)

Then came MURPHY and MARILU, very wet from walking in the rain, looking for decorations. THELMA ALWIN and M. BRUNETTE gave orders on how it should look. I guess O'BRYAN and BUNNELL were afraid it couldn't be done without their help, so they also supervised the job. Finally the tree was up. "What's wrong?" Oh! No lights! Well, Mr. and Mrs. HIRES fixed that. They promised we could use their lights until midnight December 24. What goes on here? Could it be that's when they buy their tree?

Yes, a little bird told me we might have a Christmas party after work, so look out for the next issue—I'll really have the dirt.

"Merry Christmas to All."



Ryanettes

by Tom and Gerry



BERT HOLLAND, Quality Control Manager, vacationing in the mountains. MARGIE KOENIG, Mr. MOORE's secretary, also on her vacation. PEGGY PAASKE, Material Control, will be leaving for the Christmas holidays, back to St. Paul. Also IVY STARK, Manifold Control, flying back to North Dakota, to visit her "Future" for the Christmas holidays. Are congratulations in order now, Ivy, or do we wait until you get your return?

Hail and farewell to MILLIE KIENS, Engineering Vault, who is leaving for the North. Sorry to see you go, Millie, but the best of luck.

Welcoming back JEANNE STUTZ, who has just completed a ten-round bout with fever. Also MARION CONTRERAS, BILL HANSON, formerly of the armed services, is back with us again and again working with JOE WILLIAMS. Glad to have you all back with us again.

Congratulations are in order to DOYLE LIGHT and DON WALKER for their recent appointments. Good luck to both of you.

NANCY NANCE, Material Control, is

doing fine after her recent operation. Hope it won't be long before you're back in the fold, Nancy.

QUIDA HORN, Material Control, leaving for Alabama for her Blessed Adventure.

Mr. GRIMES, Stationery Stores, recently celebrated his 41st wedding anniversary. Congratulations, Mr. Grimes, and may there be 41 more.

PAUL MILLS and MARY SIMPSON, Sheet Metal Inspection, will be middle-aisling it January 5, in the Chapel of Roses, Chula Vista. Congratulations and good luck.

Saw D. H. PALMER passing cigars around the other day. Nope. Just a Christmas present.

GERRY WRIGHT, lucky winner of a December 7th band.

Ham, potatoes, salad, etc., were the main items on the menu the other night in the Cafeteria, for the get-together of the Flying Reporter staff. With entertainment supplied by the members. Oh me, that ham.

Well, boys and girls, that is "fini" for now. See you next issue. 'Bye for now.



Final News

by Enid Larsen

As the deadline swoops down on me again—a common occurrence—I'll try to step up on old brain cell, and do my darndest to get a column, or a reasonable facsimile of same, in this time. I've been threatened with dire results, such as knots on my head and strychnine in my zoop, by certain characters in Final Assembly if I don't kick through with the goods, so here goes.

The stork has visited two of our former employees. Best wishes to DOROTHY EVANS, one of our first women employees, who is the mother of a son. KAY LEHTON presented her husband, WHITEY LEHTON of Electrical Maintenance, with a bouncing baby boy last month. Congratulations, Kay and Whitey.

JOERG LITELL, our Assistant Foreman in charge of the Rudder and Elevator Section of Final Assembly, better known to the regular fellows as "The Vest Picket Department," has returned from his vocation. He tried on numerous occasions to inveigle the unsuspecting surf fish to nibble at a bit of bait, but to no avail.

You know, Final Assembly is made up of ordinary people, but also contains some very famous and colorful characters. First there is LEWIS "COAST-TO-COAST" HILLES, our newly appointed Assistant Foreman, whose popularity and notional recognition are becoming more outstanding each and every hour. There is a minor incident which happened during one of his many tours (incognito, of course) of the local "Cow Pasture Pool" fairways. This little episode took place on a set of links slightly south of San Diego (may have been Chula Vista), but Mr. Hilles could not be made to admit anything or even to mention the affair. It happened at the very beginning of an encounter with a most desperate foe. The story is written here, as related by his partner, and foe, DON WASSER, also of Final Assembly. Hilles removed the club-headed stick from his well-stocked bag of tricks (including a hoe, shovel, shotgun, compass, machete and numerous other items for playing off the fairways), set up a gutto-percha on the tee, and approached it cautiously, determined to drive into the next county. After the preliminary worm-up swings, he unleashed a terrific swing which will probably go down in the history of the game. The ball was still on the tee—stroke 1. A little frustration prevailed, but after a slight relaxation and numerous remarks (ungentlemanly) in the direction of the ball, he proceeded to get set again and made a good drive. The game was then in progress, and the only comment Mr. Hilles made was, "He pushed me!" Needless to say, Mr. Wasser completely trounced Mr. Hilles, who dropped farther into the cellar of the Consolation Flight of the Ryon Golf Tournament. Congratulations, Mr. Hilles.

Second, there is a certain character in Final Assembly by the name of ED "SLICKER" SLY, who has been bowling for quite some time on the local alleys. Recently, however, he has taken up the interesting game of golf. We have been receiving

Cafeteria News

by Potsun Panz

Best news for second shifters this month is that they're to be represented by a cafeteria committee all their own. Previously the one Cafeteria Committee has been made up of part first- and part second-shifters, but starting at the first of the year there will be two separate committees, each dealing with the problems of their own particular shift. Selection of members for the committee will continue to be on a basis of seniority.

Those whose spirits and clothing were dampened by the recent rainy spell will rejoice at the news that with the cooperation of the committee and the management we're going to have on owning which will extend the present sheltered area for eating purposes.

We've had a lot of requests from you folks for recipes on various dishes we've served in the cafeteria. They're always yours for the asking. Jot down the description of the dish you'd like to know how to make. Send in your request to me, Potsun Panz, in care of the Flying Reporter, and we'll send you the recipe.

Very shortly you'll see the girls in the cafeteria in spick and span new headgear for there are uniform cops on order that'll make our cafeteria look really professional.

Adios, with a cheery wish for a joyous Christmas and a plentiful New Year.

reports on the scores he has been turning in, on both Bowling and Golf matches, and we have decided definitely that if he could just transfer the scores he gets when he bowls, to that golf card, vice versa, he would be undisputed champ in both sports.

If you are ever strolling through the Final Assembly Department, stone sober, and you see something that resembles an angora goat, look again. It's probably just WILIAM "BUD" SLY, character number three, combing the crop of chin whiskers that he has been cultivating for some four months.

On December 4th, as the second lunch session reached the half-way point, a goodly crowd of workers gathered around Al Polhamus and his All Girl Orchestra to listen to some good music and fine singing by the vocalist. At the close of one number, the vocalist and two members of the orchestra dashed into the crowd and grabbed three unsuspecting young fellows, two of them being members of Final Assembly, namely, NEIL DUNHAM and GLENN L. HUMPHREY. The girls dragged their unwilling victims up to the microphone and sang to them very sweetly. When the song was ended, each fellow received a big kiss from the girl who was holding him. This was too much for the shy threesome, and they quickly broke away and got lost in the crowd—that is, all but one. He got trapped a second time. We don't like to mention names, or embarrass anyone, but his initials are GLENN "SINATRA" HUMPHREY. He was returned to the microphone by the vocalist, where she sang "Baby Face," using him as a target. Then came the climax. She handed him some lyrics, the orchestra supplied the melody, and before Glenn realized it, he was aggravating the multitude with a squalid rendition of "Elmer's Tune" or "Run for the Round House Nelly, the Brakemon Can't Corner You There." As he was in excellent voice that day, the selection was a masterpiece.

Tune In On

KGB

every

Tuesday, Thursday, Friday

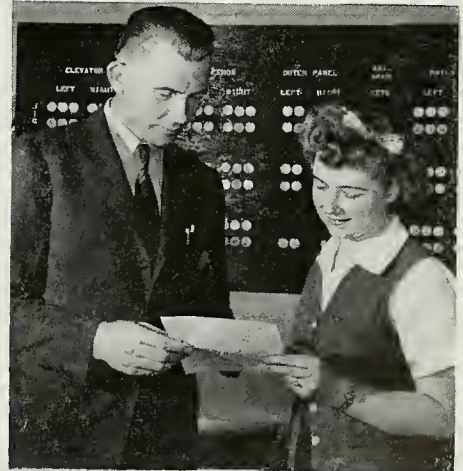
at 8:00 P. M.

for your Ryan program

Tune in on Ryon's Eight O'clock Serenade and listen to your favorite music every Tuesday and Thursday evening at eight over station KGB. Every Friday night over the same station and at the same time you'll hear Edward S. Hope presented by Ryan in a review and analysis of the week's news highlights. Tune in and listen to your company's programs—and tell your friends to listen in.

Each and everyone out here is doing his or her best in the war effort. It takes work, the sacrifice of a certain amount of comfort and leisure hours, and money to reap the harvest of victory and peace once more. This month MARCELLA STUDER, one of our loyal workers, purchased a \$1,000 war bond. "It is just my bit to help win the war. I know the money will do more good in a war bond than lying idle," she said. The seriousness of this war is brought close to her, as she has a brother in the service, Pfc. Vincent Studer, U. S. Army, who has been in England for the past four months. She also has two sisters in San Diego, both of whom are doing defense work.

\$1000 Bond Buyer



Roy Ryan, Final Assembly Foreman, looks over the \$1000 bond that Marcella Studer has just purchased "to do her part in the war effort."



Smoke From A Test Tube

by Sally and Sue



How often has one heard people (and men in general) talk about the crazy hats that women will wear; but, brothers and sisters, you "ain't seen nothin'" until this Southern California sunshine turns in a liquid sunshine, and then the male species completely outdo the women for all kinds and sizes of hats. Far sheer delight, girls, you should take a look at the little number that jovial GENE WILCOX of the Paint Shop brings out. It is a little buff topper with a dubannet band around the crown of many angles. Gene himself says it is something a fellow wears when he is overhauling his car. Then there is the head-piece that MARTY CHUDNOFF blossoms out with at the first rain of the season. It is a dream in magenta and has a style all its own. At one glance you can tell that it has been a favorite of Marty's for years and years. PAUL WHELAN of the Fabric Department also has a derby that we bet some of the girls would like to get their hands on. Or does he order them by the dozen in different colors? It seems to us we have seen more than one on Paul. We might mention the hat worn by Mr. J. B. McKEE of the Laboratory staff; at one angle it makes you think of those dare-devil racers, and he says that at this angle it simply pours the water down the back of his neck. For a good matching costume you might note the outfit worn by HAL HASENBECK, or the one that HUB HUBBELL blossomed out in (we didn't know he owned a chapeau until it rained). We also saw a bright red crown sauntering nonchalantly out to the lunch line—this really was a dream in corduroy; must have been left over from the deer season. Then there are the different versions of stocking caps—you know, those woolly things that cover up your ears and bear a large tassel on the top (the natives here use them for their annual trips to the snow). Of course a good many of these we are quite "smitten" with and wish we could get away with wearing them ourselves for other events than fishing trips. And while the men are blissfully blossoming forth in all this finery, the girls are nonchalantly braving the tempests with their tresses donned only in a turban or a bandana. Amazing, isn't it?

We have smelled lots of cigar smoke (we have extended lots of people lots of good wishes for lots of babies), but never have we had the pleasure before of being the recipients of delicious, cream-filled chocolates upon the arrival of a bouncing, beautiful girl. We are speaking of proud papa FRANK H. MARTIN (one of the famous Ryan photographers), who was so very nice to us when announcing the arrival of Patricia Ann. We think she is a very lucky little girl, and extend congratulations and best wishes to Frank and Ginny.

Having decided that waste of time is definitely unpatriotic, and pledging myself to make the most of every minute, I have been doing a lot of thinking on these cold,

shivery mornings while waiting for my ride on the street corner by the hardware store. And what do I think about? My mind paints vivid pictures of the warm and cozy, can-see-you-coming-for-a-mile flannel shirts, such as are worn by "CHIEF" WALKER, "DOC" WHITCOMB, BILL BATZLOFF and BOB FULLERTON. When questioned and complimented in regard to his gay apparel, "Doc" coyly looked down at his feet and remarked bravely that he wished he had a dozen more. "Chief," sticking his chest out with manly pride, explained that he got his six flannel shirts only for the sake of more comfortable motorcycle riding. That's okay, boys; consider yourselves envied. All the girls are busily trying to envision themselves in those shirts, so don't be surprised if we blossom out one of these days, too. It'll be a blinding sight, so be sure to bring your dark glasses along just in case.

Ah, pure ecstasy! Undiluted, unsurpassed delight! That, dear readers, is the

This Is It

by Sheridan and Charles

Got a couple of new gals in the Purchasing Department not long ago. They are KAY WILSON and FREDa CLAPTON, both in the typing room.

Taking a two-months leave, secretary JANE BRUSCH went back to Ohio the 10th. We're all hoping she has a marvelous time during her stay at home.

DEANE FLYNN traipsed down the middle aisle and said the usual things with LT. ROY SMITH, who is stationed at the Destroyer Base here. Congrats, chillun!

More work is on the calendar for ROSIE and DREW. Rosie is taking Jane's place while she's gone, and doing a super job, too; and Drew is getting some of WILLIAMS' file.

Oh yes, Mr. G. T. WILLIAMS. He was kinda late one of those rainy mornings—had trouble with that ancient auto of his. But we all agree it was a perfect morning to sleep late.

And also on one of those wet days we saw WILKINSON and BOB GROVE dashing madly out to the parking lot in their rain-coats, each with an umbrella. Couldn't figure it out 'til we saw them escorting RIG back. Seems he got "stuck" in his car during the downpour. We never did discover how he got a message of his predicament in to the boys.

The flu has been taking its toll. But one who stayed away from our halls was PAULEEN—and not from the flu. The story is that she simply went roller skating out at Mission Beach with JEAN, FLORA and HILDA MAE. The result was a sprained ankle for Pauly. We have her back habbling around now.

Well, kids, this is it. Merry Christmas!

only word picture—punctuated generously, of course, with exclamation points—that can describe the frame of mind of one Mrs. MICHAEL ROMAGNOLO (otherwise known as Claire, the stink chemist). It so happens that she was the proud and happy recipient of a dozen red, red roses (the equal of which has never been seen) from her "one-and-only" overseas, who arranged, with the aid of a kind and helpful friend, to have them delivered at just the most opportune moment in our gal's busy schedule. I'm telling you, Micke, she was positively overcome with joy. 'Tain't nathin' can boost one's vanity and disposition like a dozen roses, is there, Claire?

One of the social highlights at Ryan recently was the Flying Reporter party, at which time all the editors, photographers, illustrators and columnists got together, shook hands, and looked one another over. A most delicious dinner was served, after which members of the group did their stuff and entertained us royally. We of this column found it mighty interesting to meet all these people whose pictures we have seen and whose masterpieces we have read (wishing all the time we could juggle our vocabularies with as much success), and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Thanks for showing us such a wonderful time, and here's hoping it won't be too long before we have a repeat performance of the same.

THE END! (Made it again!)

MORE ABOUT

MAYNARD LOVELL

(Continued from page 7)

his university course in civil engineering. But aeronautical engineering has many principles in common with civil engineering, and Lovell impressed the Ryan executives as a steady, level-headed chap with a lot of common sense. So they gave him a chance.

Working all alone in the night hours, Lovell was his own dispatcher, his own follow-up man, his own transportation department. But he made good. Nine months later the company gave him an assistant to do some of the legwork, and since then his staff has been expanding constantly until now he has about 200 people to oversee. Production Planning has long since been merged into Production Control, but Lovell is still top man on the night side.

He is a kindly, unassuming fellow who is well liked by those under him. He knows his department workers well enough, and is interested enough in them, so that he is able to write a regular column about them for Flying Reporter. He has a son in the Navy—about whose whereabouts he knows only that the boy is stationed at a place which takes thirty days to reach from this country. He married a second time in 1942.

At 42, Lovell still has a long career ahead of him—his second career. He has no hankering to go back to his ranching days. He likes Ryan, and he hopes to stay here permanently. "But as long as I live," Lovell says quietly, "I'll never forget the fellow who really gave me my second start in life —Al Gee."

MORE ABOUT

PETE PEDERSON

(Continued from Page 9)

The Pederson ranch house was large and roomy and obtained its heat entirely from wood. That furnished hours and hours of "entertainment" for Pete. In 63° below weather it must have been delightful.

Another form of entertainment in the ranch country were the miniature rodeos that the ranchers would organize among themselves, one Sunday at one ranch and the next Sunday at another. Supplementing these were the shooting matches. Pete became quite an artist with firearms early in life. When he was a tot of 5, his uncle found him gazing nonchalantly down the barrel of a loaded rifle. That very afternoon he received his first lesson in the care and feeding of rifles and from then on he and his Springfield were the best of pals.

Pete did quite a bit of hunting back in Wyoming, but Wyoming hunting trips aren't very long, he complains. His first hunting excursion was exceptionally short. He leoned out the bedroom window early one morning and hit an elk over the head with the butt of his rifle. If he was after wild duck or geese, he could get all he wanted a couple hundred feet in back of the barn. The only hunting which took him farther afield were the huckleberry hunts every fall.

Pete's schooling was the result of a co-operative arrangement among the ranchers who between them hired a teacher for the enlightenment of their respective children. Later, when the Pedersons moved to San Diego, he attended the San Diego Army and Navy Academy for one year and San Diego High School for three years. He graduated in 1933 in the very heart of the lean years. In 1934 he went back for some post graduate work and also to act as assistant to the professor of military science. "I could yell orders to the fellows with the greatest ease," Pete recalls, "but when they put me in charge of the girls' drill team then being organized, I was completely speechless."

About this time, Pete had his first taste of aviation. A test pilot at North Island lived next door to the Pedersons and one day invited Pete to go for a ride. Up about 10,000 feet the pilot gave 'er the works. When he finally brought her down he lost altitude in a while of a hurry and Pete insists the plane actually landed leaving him up there in the clouds. Pete went home and started building model planes. Then, when he took a job as attendant and automobile mechanic in a service station the next year, he started saving every nickel and dime he could spare to take the Master Mechanics Course at the Ryan School of Aeronautics.

In 1936 he entered the school, taking his instruction under such old-time Ryanites as Mel Thompson, Millord Boyd and Walt "Slim" Bolch. When he finished the course he went right to work in Ryan's sheet metal department. If there was any getting in on the ground floor of sheet metal, that's where Pete got in. At one time or another, he's done just about everything there is to do in sheet metal, from the simplest job to the most complicated. Evidently he's done them well, too, for just about a year ago he was promoted to foreman of the Cutting and Routing division of Sheet Metal.

Pete has a philosophy of life which has won him many friends among his workers. He doesn't let things bother him. If things

aren't right, they've got to be corrected—Pete won't tolerate a slipshod job—but beyond that he remains as calm and collected as usual. "I don't see what good it does to get steamed up," Pete says. "Everybody makes mistakes—so when there's a mistake made, we just correct it. Gee, I'm still trying to pay people to forget one Thursday the 12th that occurred shortly after I started at Ryan. And I think Ernie Moore would just as leave not be reminded of the Friday the 13th that followed."

Pete makes it a point to know his workers. He wants to learn about their families, their homes and the experience they've had on previous jobs. "That helps us pick the most suitable person for a particular job," Pete explains. "And when people are doing the work they're best suited for, they're the happiest, they do the best work, and production is speeded up."



Title Of Navy Office Changed

The title of the office formerly known as "Resident Inspector of Naval Aircraft" has recently been changed to "Bureau of Aeronautics Resident Representative." Navy representatives in this office at Ryan are Lieut. R. O. Deitzer, USN, B.A.R.R.; Lt. (jg) S. H. Ziegler, USNR, Executive Assistant, B.A.R.R.; Ens. S. S. Reeder, USNR, Materials Department; Mach. J. M. Robonic, USN, Production Department.

In addition the following civilian force is on duty in the office: E. J. Eismon, Chief of Inspection; W. R. Otterson, Chief of Inspection; P. R. Pochl, Chief Engineer, and Mrs. Betty Entner, Chief Clerk. Assisting in the work of the department are 25 other Navy inspectors and four additional clerks.

MORE ABOUT

WE HAVE A BIRTHDAY

(Continued from page 6)

Kelly's coat pockets while they were standing around before the dinner. Kelly, looking a little surprised, explained it by saying that in these days of meat shortages, a fellow never knows when he's going to need an egg. After the dinner, Bethke persuaded Jerry Ryan to forget his modesty and produce his shirt tail. Then, after lighting a match to the shirt tail and letting it burn for a second, he crushed a raw egg in the smouldering ruins. Jerry looked as much surprised as anyone to find his shirt tail still in perfect condition after several minutes of uncertainty.

Gordon Mossop may have been a stooge, but we don't think so, for he looked utterly astounded when Junie began pulling red and green and purple handkerchiefs out of his coat. And he had a definite hanged-man look when Junie entwined him with some rather hefty looking rope. We're still trying to figure that trick out.

Notable among those present were the two new papos. George Duncan sat at one end of the long table, pole and drow, nibbling a little once in a while. We were worried for fear he wasn't going to finish that piece of ham on his plate. (Across the table, Vic Odin, with fork poised, kept a vulture-like eye on it all during the dinner.) Frank Martin, on the other hand, had almost completely recovered from the ordeal and was able to sit up and take nourishment—the more nourishment the better.

Sheet Metal Girls Celebrate



What could be a better way of celebrating a good beginning than with fried chicken? And deviled eggs? And salad? And a cake? Seven of the girls in Sheet Metal Department 3 joined Ryan just a year ago. At lunch period one day recently they officially celebrated the milestone with a feast, inviting as guests of honor the leadman under whom they all started to work, L. W. White, and the leadman under whom they're working now, Harold Wall. Seated from left to right around the table are Rhea Hoffman, White, Wall, Geroldine Rinehart, Marie Albright, Gale James, Myrtle Thomas, Moby Nicholas and Iva Rickard.



HOME FROM THE SOLOMONS

(Continued from page 5)

gamut again . . . and again, swooping in and out of the clouds trying to lose the enemy. They accounted for one Zero in the process, but one of their own planes lost an engine. A straggler would be easy money for the Japs, and the other two boys knew it. So back and forth they scissored above the injured plane, keeping it with the formation and protecting it from the Japs. "That's one of your first thoughts in combat," Don admits. "It's never too tough a spot to go down and help a buddy if there's a fighting chance you can save him."

Thanks to the thunderstorm, which later was to almost prove their undoing, they eluded the Japs. And in the meantime, while they were keeping the Zeros occupied, the dive and torpedo bombers had sunk the Jap transport and headed for home. The battle with the enemy was over, but by now the three realized that they were to have an even greater battle against time. Their gas supply was rapidly diminishing. Their home field was at best a long way off . . . probably about 200 miles, they figured. The storm had broken around them and the lightning and thunder didn't lend much comfort to their frayed nerves. Furthermore, they weren't at all sure of their exact location.

They headed in the general direction of home, flying blind, keeping as close together as they dared and pinning their hopes on being able to find, somewhere in that vast expanse of water, the little landing strip they knew as home. How infinitesimally small it seemed as they feasted their eyes hopefully on any tiny speck that they could see through the gathering darkness. The distance seemed interminable and the storm lashed at them with all the fury of the South Pacific. They became separated. Every man for himself from there on in. Don's gas gauge hovered at empty. Time seemed interminable . . . then suddenly he caught it. Just a flicker and then it was gone, but it was the sweetest flicker he'd ever seen . . . the searchlight from the Guadalcanal airfield.

With every bit of horsepower his P-38 could muster, Don streaked toward the light. His gas tanks showed entirely empty now. He knew the other fellows must be in the same fix. Second by second he expected to hear that final cough that would mean a forced landing on the ocean even in sight of the home field, and all the time he prayed it would hold off just long enough to get him within gliding distance of the field.

Then over the radio came the voice of the chap who had gamely brought his plane back with one engine shot away. "Turn on the landing lights. I'm coming in . . . Turn on the landing lights. I'm coming in . . ." Then silence.

The landing lights went on and shortly the other two planes came rolling down the runway . . . but the lad who'd fought his way back through overwhelming odds had lost the battle with time when victory was almost at his fingertips. When the mechanics drained the tanks of Don's plane he had just enough gas for two minutes' flying time, just about the same amount that the boy who went down lacked.

"I don't know why I was so fortunate," Don muses. "I went through 200 hours of combat and came out without a scratch. My plane got pretty well riddled a few times, but I never got hit. When we left, the Battle for the Solomons was going into its last phases and I think it'll be cleaned up in pretty short order. The equipment the boys are getting over there now is so much better and so much more plentiful than it was when we first went over. And that makes a whole of a lot of difference in the morale of the boys who fly the planes. There's nothing that hurts a pilot more than to have his plane grounded when he's needed for a job in the air."

"If the Yank fliers have the equipment," Don continues, "they'll turn in a good job every time. They're fighting fools, and their pluck and courage have become traditional in the South Pacific. Several of the fellows in the squadron have been forced down or have had to parachute into jungle areas and, after weeks of cutting through jungle terrain and with the help of the friendly natives, they've come back to fly again. One member of our squadron shot down a Zero, but in the process was disabled himself. The Jap parachuted into a

jungle island and the American made a forced landing on the water, just offshore. He swam ashore, rounded up the Jap, took him prisoner and with the aid of the natives got back with his prisoner to an American camp."

During his duty in the South Pacific Don from time to time came across other pilots who had trained with him at Ryan in Ryan primary trainers. They'd exchange experiences and then they'd fall to discussing old days on Lindbergh Field. "We all seemed to have one idea in common," Don says, "and that was that those Ryan trainers were as sweet a little ship as we'd ever flown."

Don Webber left New Caledonia for home one day last month. Forty-seven hours later, less than two days, he was sitting in the living room of his parents' home in San Diego. Don's father, Sherman Webber, is associated with Frye & Smith, the local printers who do the work on Flying Reporter.



Chin Music

by
Herman
Martindale

Meet DAVE WHITTIER, the new leadman. Congratulations, Dave. WALDO OPFER, former leadman, is an A20G. AL GLANDINI received form through the Red Cross that his nephew, reported missing in action since last spring, is in a German prison camp.

Here's F. CROSBY, who says he's a cousin of Bing's. We'll know when we hear him croon. I'm potently shadowing him in hopes of catching him in the act of exercising his gilded tonsils.

Every now and then we see HENRY ARGUELLO, who is a direct heir to the Arguello Estate you have been reading about recently. This estate includes the Caliente race track and bull ring. He works here in Manifold Assembly.

RUTH JOE told me her brother has been decorated with the silver star for gallantry in action. He is in the Navy, by the way. "Joe" really believes in the good neighbor policy. How about that, Tex?

Newcomer to our gang is RALPH KAMB, who hails from points east.

WALDO was telling this one about a Marine from Oklohoma who heard someone in the thick jungle undergrowth. Challenging him, he called out, "Where ya from?"

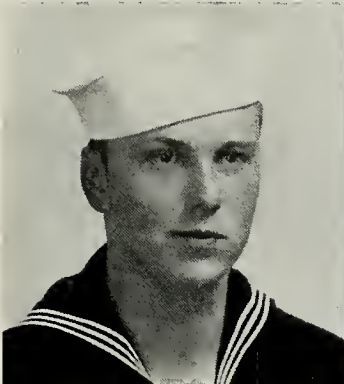
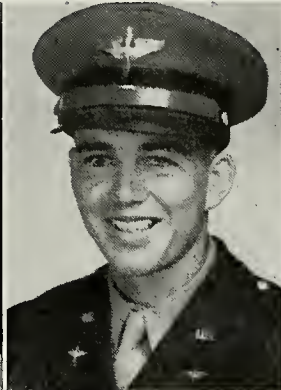
A Jap answered, "Yakahoma."
The Marine called back, "Come on out, buddy. I'm from Tulsa myself."

Before signing off I would like to take this opportunity to wish my fellow workers at Ryan "A Merry Christmas and a Hoppy New Year."

They're Teamed Up For Victory



Clarence Harper, Sheet Metal foreman, and his wife, Wilma, in Manifold Inspection, are going all-out for their son Clarence, Jr., now receiving his advanced Army Air Forces training in four-engine bombers at Fort Sumner, New Mexico.



Mrs. Grace Randall in Sheet Metal has a son Charles, Pharmacists Mate 2/c, who spent a year with the Marine fliers on Guadalcanal and is now stationed at the Oakland Naval Hospital, where he is training in dentistry.



Bill Wagner, director of Public Relations, has a brother, Lt. James N. Wagner, who is now stationed at the Naval Training Station at Newport, R. I.



Airplane Dispatching

by Doots and Ginny

Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Years! We hope this New Year will be much brighter than the past. Let's all hope and pray that peace will come to us soon. Let's make this Christmas a real one by offering our prayers and all we can give to our boys out there, and to their families and loved ones here. We join our department in wishing Ryan's a more prosperous New Year and hope we can help in making it possible.

Shall we give you the bad news first? Well, we think it's bad because we hate to see him go. SPIKING has left the "Ole" homestead to join the Air Forces. Honestly, Spike, we hated to see you go, but, too, we really think it's wonderful to be able to serve our country, and we know you will do it as well as you did your work here at Ryan; so we all say good-bye, good luck, and may you remember your many friends, for we won't be forgetting you. By the way, Spike's many friends presented him with a pair of goggles and money in appreciation of his friendship here at Ryan. . . . We are also losing another of our boys. KENNY RUSH, of the night shift, has joined the Navy. So to you, too, Kenny, we bid a fond farewell. Good luck, and may we be seeing you again real soon!

We are happy to announce the coming marriage of our Chief Disptocher, PAUL W. MILLS, and Miss MARY CATHERINE SIMPSON, Inspector at Crib 5, who are taking the vows on Sunday, January 9th, at the Little Chapel of Roses in Chula Vista. They are spending their honeymoon at Lake Arrowhead and will reside at 2435 Adams Avenue, San Diego. May your marriage be a long and happy one. Oh, almost forgot to inform their many friends here at Ryan, the doorbell and 'phone will be temporarily out of order—until the 23rd of January.

Congratulations to CATHERINE GARRATT and GLADYS McMATH, who received their one-year pins this month. Let's hope they will be with us the coming year. . . . Mrs. HELEN GILLAM celebrated her first anniversary the 20th of this month. Many happy returns, Helen, and may your marriage continue to be a happy and successful one.

Happy birthday to BILL CROVER, KATY GARDNER and HAZEL MOORE, who celebrated their birthdays this month. May you have many, many more. . . . I (Doots), too, had a birthday this month, but please don't ask me my age. Being an old maid is bad enough, but, an old, old maid, well—had a very nice birthday. Mrs. SHELL MOORE baked a cake with a few candles on it (couldn't get them all on)—and my very good friend, Miss MARJORIE BOLIS of Inspection, treated me to a show and dinner.

Our sincere sympathy to Mrs. IVY (ZOE) GAYLORD, who lost her little girl this month.

Who is the Sir Walter So-and-So in our midst who helped a poor lady in distress by lending her his coat? It seems it was one very cold day at noon that the lady was shivery and a slightly blushing gentleman gingerly doffed his coat as the audience looked on and cheered. . . . A very grave decision was made recently when two girls of this department tossed a coin for a certain handsome young "eligible," and I (Ginny) won. Now that I have my chance, should I accept?

What's Cookin'?

Edited by MRS. ESTHER T. LONG

All of us like a shower, a change of clothes and perhaps forty winks of sleep to freshen us up after work before we step out in the evening. But how would you like to have such an opportunity downtown so that you wouldn't have to traipse home and then back again? Have you ever tried stopping at the Women's U.S.O. at First and Ash Streets for a fresh-up before a date? Or did you think that U.S.O. meant just for service girls? Well, it doesn't. It's for industrial girls as well. There's a shower room at your convenience any time. If you desire you can follow that up with a nap in the Nap Room. Or you can sit down in the Games Room and play a game of solitaire or write a couple of letters home. The stationery is all there. If your date dress needs a quick press, there's an iron for your convenience, too.

Or do you have a husband who's in the service and has only a short time off in the evening? How would you like a place downtown where you could fix him a scrumptious dinner with your own hands and let him enjoy a home-cooked meal with you? Naturally you bring the food, but the staples and dishes are there, together with a good ice box and gas range which are at your service. Make your reservations for the kitchen ahead of time by calling Main 3029. The cost is only a few cents—just enough to keep the supply of staples going.

Or do you have a number of dresses or suits that are beginning to rip out in spots and need a little mending? It's so easy to do on a sewing machine, but it's a boring job by hand and one that you'll keep putting off from night to night. Pack them all in your overnight bag and take them down to the U.S.O. some evening, or during the day if you're on second or third shift. There's a sewing machine waiting to be

used. And sewing instruction, too, if you're interested, on Monday evenings from 7 until 9.

If it's dancing you're interested in—and who isn't?—here's a program that should fit anybody's likes. On Monday night there's a beginners' dance class from 7:30 until 8:30 o'clock. On Thursday evenings from 8:00 until 10:00 the floor is given over to a square dance. For swingshifters it's held after the Wednesday night shift, starting at 1:00 Thursday morning. Friday nights are open for military and industrial groups who would like to reserve the various rooms for their own private parties. The facilities are there for the asking. On Christmas night, December 25th, a special Christmas ball will be in full swing and you'll want to put on your new formal for the gala New Year's ball on New Year's eve.

For crafts classes you'll want to be around on Tuesday or Thursday evenings from 6:30 to 9:30. Or if you work the swing shift, drop down to the U.S.O. at 1:00 Wednes-

day morning after the Tuesday night shift. If you have a few minutes to spare you'll find sandwiches, pie, coffee, and donuts at the Snack Bar.

There's recreation of all sizes and descriptions available at all hours of the day. Several ping-pong tables, a badminton court and all sorts of table games are there for your use. If you'd like to take your exercise where it'll do your figure the most good, drop in for the Slim Gym glass from 7:30 until 8:30 on Tuesday evenings.

The music room is a homey sort of room with a piano, radio and record player. If you have a few hours to while away stop in and play some of your favorite recordings, classical or popular.

On Sunday evenings there's a special Music-As-You-Like-It program of recordings and commentary from 8:00 until 10:00. The program from Sunday the 26th includes Cesar Franck's Symphony in D Minor, Debussy's Clair de Lune and Pavane for a Dead Princess and Ave Maria by Schubert.



Here's the Nap Room where you can stop for a short rest after work, or even spend the night if you wish. There's a shower and dressing room handy with locker space if you want it.



Here's the dressing room where you can primp to your heart's content. Don't go crazy trying to figure this picture out—it's a reflection in a mirror. And just to make it confusing, photographer Frank Martin picked up a reflection in the reflection. Anyway, you'll enjoy the cheerful chintz and the lovely mirrors.



The music room of the U.S.O., where you'll find a good piano with popular sheet music always on hand. Or, if you prefer, select your favorite classical or popular recordings and play them while you browse over a magazine or book which you can pick from the shelves on the other side of the room.



If you're interested in handicrafts, you'll have a good time just looking around this interesting Craft Room. And at the far end by the big windows you'll find the sewing machines and ironing boards ready for your use.

The Game Room on the balcony offers an opportunity to rest your weary feet while you write a letter home—there's stationery furnished. Or, if there are several of you, play a hand or two of bridge before you go on about your shopping.



Chips From The Ten Pins

Well, last night we wound up our twelfth week, so next Monday finds us smack dag in the middle of play. Those Experimental boys got a little hot last night, bowling a 2651 series, which should be high for the first half. Carl Huetter shot high individual series for the first half by chalking up 648 last night. Carl's high game of 261 the first night still stands. Wonder who's going to try and take it away from him in the last half? Here are the standings to date:

| | Won | Lost |
|-----------------------|-----|------|
| Crags | 34 | 14 |
| Experimental | 33 | 15 |
| Jigs & Fixtures | 33 | 15 |
| Woodshop | 32 | 16 |
| Sub Assembly | 30 | 18 |
| Manifold | 30 | 18 |
| Drop Hammer | 29 | 19 |
| Thunderbolts | 28 | 20 |
| Plant Engineers | 27 | 21 |
| Bumpers | 27 | 21 |
| Bowlerettes | 26 | 22 |
| Dog Catchers | 26 | 22 |
| Arc Welders | 26 | 22 |
| Tool Room | 26 | 22 |
| Ryan Silents | 25 | 23 |
| Bees | 25 | 23 |

Just a word in closing: I want to express my thanks to Mr. RYAN, BILL WAGNER, KEITH MONROE, SUE GUNTHORP and all those responsible for that swell party given the staff of the Flying Reporter. It was certainly enjoyed and appreciated by yours truly.

F. GORDON MOSSOP.



Ping Pong

After a month's lapse of time, I am finally returning to the fold. By all outward appearances I should have said "return for the fold-up," but as all ping pong enthusiasts do, we stand by our paddles.

This game is hundreds of years old. Now I could, at random, name a date of origination, say at 1434 A.D., and probably most of you would take it as an encyclopedia fact, but then there is bound to be a few distrustful people who are liable to check up and make a liar of me. Ping pong has come through the toughest periods of history with flying colors, but we at Ryan are attempting to kill the game. Not only are we killing it, but we are burying it, and it's not even mentioned in the time capsule. I shouldn't be quite so brutal in my statements because this appearance in writing might be disastrous to some of our temperamental runner-ups. No, I'm not excluding myself; I'm merely calling to the attention of the Ryan public what effect semi-victory has on most people.

The point I've been driving at is the gasoline excuse we've all been using no

longer holds true. The Outside Activities Office has finally beaten this obstacle to the ground by making arrangements with the Y.M.C.A., downtown, for the use of their tables for our tournaments. Arrangements have been made for matches to be played on Monday afternoons or evenings, every second week. All new contestants are warmly anticipated and all spectators will be graciously welcomed. For any further information regarding entry blanks, see T. Hatfield in the Outside Activities Office.

"ARNIE" FARKAS.

Ryan Ice Skating

The Ryan Ice Skating Club held their first session at Glacier Gardens on Friday night, November 26th. On account of limit of time, this party was not advertised to any extent, so the attendance was poor. Those who did attend had good ice and enjoyed the evening.

The second and third parties were given on Friday night, December 3rd and 10th, and these parties were well advertised on both the P. A. system and by posters, but we still didn't get as many Ryan skaters as we'd like.

The next skating party will be sometime in January. All you skaters come out and support your club.

G. A. OHLSON.

Bowlerettes Lead Women's Teams



The top Ryan girls team at the Tower Bowling Alleys are the Bowlerettes. Left to right, they are Enid Larson, captain, of Final Assembly; Marie Sieczkowski of Final Assembly, Doots Kuyawa of Dispatching, who holds high average of 146; Erma Dunn of Final Assembly and Kathrine Cooper.

Beginners Bowling

After missing the last issue, I'll try to make up for last time.

Our league started off with eight teams, but we're polling only six now and we're badly in need of some enthusiastic bowlers that'll come out and join us. If there are any women or men who would be interested, just step right up.

The prize money has been accumulating and is becoming a sizable amount. That alone should be enticing enough to bring in several new members. If you know you'd like to bowl, or even just think you might like to, give me a ring on Extension 348. It doesn't make any difference whether you consider yourself a fairly good bowler or if you've never bowled before. As long as you're not bowling with any other league, we'd be glad to have you with us.

If time prevents your calling me, what about coming up to the Sunshine Bowling Alley Tuesday night at 6 or 6:30? I'll be there and will explain all I can about the league. This sounds like a desperate want ad, but really you'll find that we do have a lot of fun. And we do need some more interested bowlers, and badly.

The league standings are progressing very well and if we are better organized by next issue I'll do my best to send them in. And now, with that said and done, I'll hope to see several more out next Tuesday.

JOHNNIE JOHNSON.

Ryan Ryders

TOMMIE FRY thought I was kidding when I asked for his five best and fastest horses for Sunday, November 28th. He just didn't know what good riders HAROLD WALL, FRED WILKERSON, JANE SNYDER, P. O. POWELL and LARRY ANDERSON really are. They rode them and reported a good time.

We really gave GETCH a work-out Sunday, December 5th. We found out he can cook as well as he rides. He served breakfast to fifteen of us that day. It was good, too, after our two hours in the cold wind and rain.

The ride started on time (Forward, march!) and the rain clouds gathered overhead. BILL led us out through the trees (Right turn!) and up the trail toward Linda Vista. Up the hill we rode in single file (No crowding!) and out on top. (Halt!) There we stopped to tighten cinches and discuss the weather. It was just beginning to sprinkle. No one wanted to run back, so on we went (Giddy-yap!)

By the peak of the next hill it was really coming down! (Hold your horses in!) We paused to let the horses rest after the climb. "Amigo" turned his tail to the wind and dropped his head. CHIEF "RAIN-IN-THE-FACE" DAVIDSON sat in the saddle all hunched over and shivering, with little rivulets trickling down through his hair and over his glasses. Just too good a pose for our sketch artist to miss! Others complained of needing windshield wipers for their "specs," but forward they went with their hair flying and sweaters soaked! (Go around that bush!) LOUISE daubed at her glasses with her "hankie" and gave "Hi Pockets" another kick in the ribs. (Don't run up hill!) The horses seemed to catch the spirit and jained in the game of riding in the rain.

Going down the steep side of the canyon (Zig zag here!) was fun. Then over the racks in the canyon floor to the trail again and (Car!) back to the stable. Wasn't that hot coffee good?

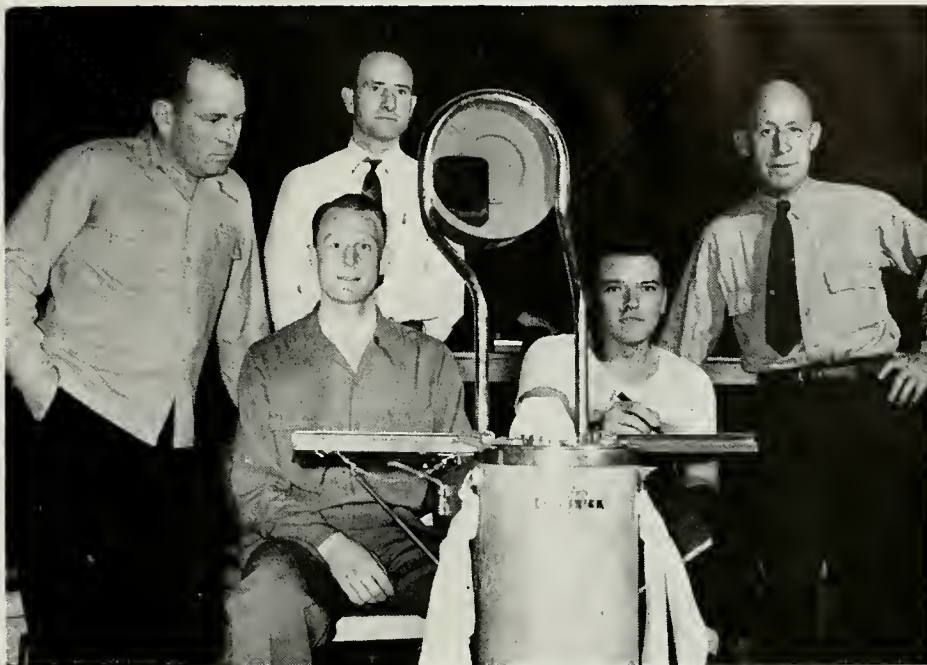
Those riding were: TOM DAVIDSON (Chief Rain-in-the-Face), ANN MIKUS, VIRGIL JOHNSON, DOROTHY JOHNSON, CAROL LAWRENCE, DICK SYPNIEWSKI, LOUISE WILSON, GEORGE CRAW, MARION MINER, IRVING WISCHMEYER, KAY SLAGER, WINONA MATTSON, FRANCES FRANCE, DAVE BRACKEN and a newcomer, GEORGE BEAN.

Oh me! That white horse! (Whoa!)

WINONA MATTSON.



Crags Hold High Spot At Tower



At the present writing the Crags are an tap in the Winter Bowling League. Standing are M. M. Clancy, captain, Walt Stevens and Bill Billings. Seated are George Dew and Rudy Riesz.

Golf News

Due to bad weather and Sunday wark, we had rather a small turnout for our last Ryan golf tournament. Here are the winners:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Bernie Bills | 81 |
| Law grass, 6 golf balls | |
| Keith Whitcomb | 86 |
| 2nd low grass, 3 golf balls | |
| Russ Nordlund | 88 |
| 3rd low grass, 3 golf balls | |
| Don Wasser | 72 |
| Low net tied, 4 golf balls | |
| Charles Sachs | 72 |
| Low net tied, 4 golf balls | |
| Larry Kulander | 73 |
| 3rd low net, 3 golf balls | |
| Ray Berner | |
| Mast pars, 3 golf balls | |
| Dave Bracken | 129 |
| High score, score book | |

Dave Bracken's score involved such large number that the ordinary score card couldn't be used. The prize selected for Dave will be much more adequate for him to keep an accurate score in the future.

The elimination tournament at this writing is complete up to the semi-finals in both the championship and consolation flights. Keith Whitcomb, Bill Goodman, Charlie Smith and Frank Finn will battle it out for the final play-off in the championship flight. Ray Markowski, Bill Putnam, Dave Wasser and M. Clancy will annihilate each other for the consolation winner.

Prizes for this tournament are as follows:

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| Championship Flight | |
| 1. \$50 War Band | 3. \$10 War Stamps |
| 2. 25 War Band | 4. 10 War Stamps |
| Consolation Flight | |
| 1. \$25 War Band | 3. \$ 5 War Stamps |
| 2. 10 War Stamps | 4. 5 War Stamps |
| | M. M. CLANCY. |

The Score Board

Well, we really got the door shut in our face at Navy Field, Sunday, November 28, by ABG2 in our second Winter League game by a score of 4-0.

Farrest Main, ABG2 pitcher, who is the property of a Major League club, came up with a na-hit pitching performance which was really something. Our own Bob Raxbaugh pitched good enough to win, allowing only 5 hits that, unfortunately, were mixed up with a couple of walks.

The club is playing a fine brand of baseball against the best of competition and, with the return of Luther French and Bob Ballinger to the line-up, we will have some added strength for the balance of the season.

We have been rained out the last two Sundays, but should be in action again on Sunday, December 19, with Camp Miramar at Golden Hills.

A. S. BILLINGS.

Badminton

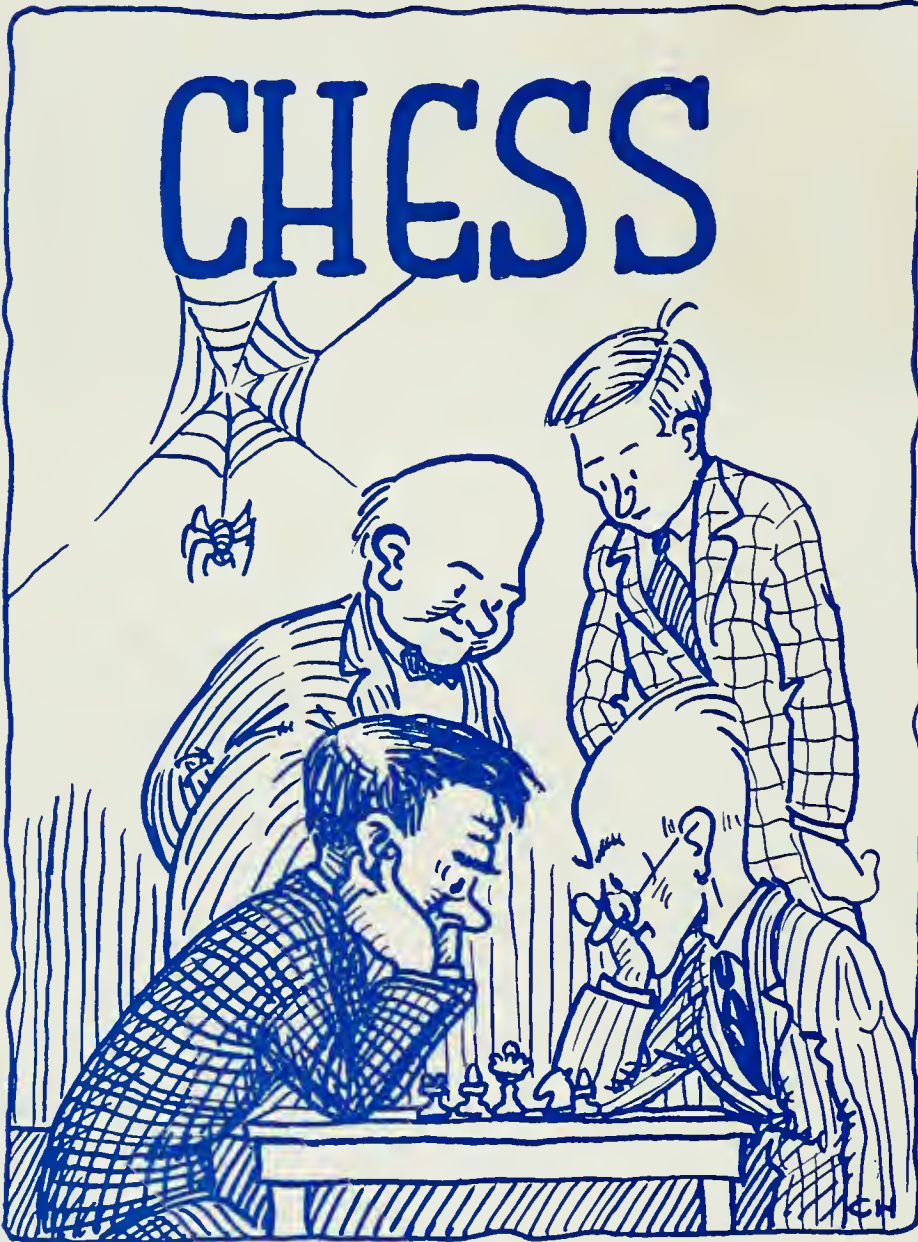
The Ryan Badminton Club is still using the San Diego High School Girls Gym every Thursday evening from 7:30 until 10:00 o'clock for badminton practice games. The City Playground Department certainly has done everything possible to help us keep this club together by reserving the gym for us on this night. Ryan employees have the opportunity to bring their friends and play on the school courts, but so far the attendance has been very bad!

So pack up your racket next Thursday night, bring a couple of your friends and come out for a good, stiff badminton game. In doing it, you'll help Ryan keep the gym on Thursday nights.

TRAVIS HATFIELD.

Sport of the Month

CHESS



Are you a chess addict? If so, there's going to be a goodly supply of the drug available to Ryanites, for a club is now being formed and a tournament is going to be under way in the very near future. If you're interested in joining this mental struggle, drop in at the factory conference room during lunch hour any Thursday. Or see one of the Chess Committee members, Harry Kister of Accounting Inventory, Floyd Crayne of Engineering or John Williams of Estimating. Or call Travis Hatfield on Extension 317.

Second Shift Bowling

The second shift bowling news has come to life again after one week has elapsed an account of Thanksgiving. The second half of the contest started off with a bang on December 2nd with the real out-to-win spirit of good sportsmanship. There was a lot of real competition in the first game of this second half and there will be many surprises in the standings at the completion of the contest. Your guess is as good as ours as to who will head the list when the playing is over. Several new bowlers have made their appearances of late on the different teams. Mace Fillmore put in his appearance December 2nd, replacing Mr. Campbell, who could not bowl the second half with the Night Hawks. Mace captained the Night Hawks the past seasons, but Pop Miller took over the team when Mace took a leave of absence and is out and out to win the second half.

G. R. MILLER.

Girls' Basketball

Both the day and night shifts are represented by Ryan Women's Basketball teams in the City Industrial League.

The Ryan First Shift team last to the San Diego Club by a score of 20 to 18, losing in the last two minutes of play. The team later played the Solar team and defeated them by a score of 17, 60, 23. Their next game ended in a 20 to 20 tie against the United States Cadets. The Cadets tied the score with but 10 seconds left to play. This team plays every Tuesday evening at the San Diego High School Girls Gym.

The Ryan Second and Third Shift team is playing every Tuesday morning at 11:00 a'clock at the Y.W.C.A. located at 10th and C Sts. The team last to the Solar girls by a score of 16 to 21. They later defeated the Queenettes by 24 to 30.

Both of these teams are in need of more players, so all women who would like to play the game call Travis Hatfield on Extension 317.

TRAVIS HATFIELD.

Men's Basketball

The Ryan All Star Basketball Team is going full speed as far as getting ready for the coming season is concerned. To date the team has defeated the Destroyer Base, Coast Patrol, City Y.M.C.A., Coast Guard, Ships Repair and Consolidated, losing only to the U. S. Marine Base. The team is playing at least two games a week and the schedule you'll find listed in the Weekly Sports Bulletin.

The All Stars will play in the strongest league in the city and are expected to be one of the favorites to win the league. For further information on this team call Travis Hatfield at Extension 317.

The Ryan Swing Shifters basketball team managed by Ray Halkestad is practicing at the City Y.M.C.A. every Tuesday and Thursday morning, getting ready for the swing shifters Industrial League, which games will be played every Saturday morning at the San Diego High School Boys Gym. This team can use a number of additional players, so if you wish to play, call Travis Hatfield at Extension 317. The league will start the first week of January.

TRAVIS HATFIELD.

Ryan Trading Post

WANT TO BUY—Recording outfit, cabinet not necessary. Call G. C. Rupp, Public Relations, Ext. 298 or home phone Main 9668.

WANT TO BUY—Fishing reels, fresh or salt water. Guns of all kinds. Golf clubs. Outboard motors. Contact Sid Smith, Airplane Dispatching.

FOR SALE—1936 four-door Ford sedan. Best offer gets it. Bob Booth, Manifold Dispatching, Ext. 284.

FOR SALE—One pair figure skates with wood guards. Size 9. Good condition. G. A. Ohlson. Call Ext. 282 or Talbot 4967.

WILL SWAP—Beautifully furnished single apartment on corner of Fifth and Olive, 2 blocks from shopping district, 20-minute walk from Ryan. Will swap for furnished double apartment or two-bedroom house or flat. Mark L. Cripe, 184, Inventory Accounting.

WANT TO BUY—One lunch bucket equipped with belts. Left by motorcycle parking place. J. M. Skains, 1251, Manifold Development, Ext. 381.

FOR SALE—1935 Chevrolet Master Coupe, less knee action. See Ralph Gerber, 3637, Jigs and Fixtures in new building. Or phone F-1014 after 4 p.m.

WILL SWAP—Philco car radio for small house radio. See T. E. Stover, 7126, Wage Administration, Ext. 320.

FOR SALE—If you haven't already purchased your wife's Christmas present, I have a lawnmower for sale. E. E. Hyder, 1846, Ship Welding.

FOR SALE—Large baby crib with inner-spring mattress. Drop sides. See Tex McCurdy, 4507, Manifold Dispatching.

LOST—Schaeffer Lifetime Military Pencil. Value lies in that it is a cherished gift. Owner very anxious to recover and will pay \$2.50 reward to finder. Anyone finding this pencil, lost about the 8th of December, can claim reward at Flying Reporter office, Room 286 in new office building.

WANTED—Two-wheel trailer. J. F. Moher, 3445, Wing Assembly.

FOR SALE—9x12 rug and pad (never used). Alexander Smith. See G. E. Quidort, Plant Police, or call Randolph 7488.

WILL BUY—Or trade for Raleigh coupons, any amount of U. S. Flag stamps (occupied nations). Will buy or trade as follows: 2 cents or 3 coupons for each nice copy. 10 cents or 15 coupons for blocks of four. Same for U. S. China used copies. Frank DeMoor, 2098, Manifold Small Parts. Home address, 2124 Westinghouse St.

WANTED—Small electric heater. Virginia Miller, 5955, Dope Shop.

FOR SALE—1935 Harley 74 motorcycle. New paint job. High lift cam. J. M. Skains, 1251, Manifold Development. Ext. 381.

FOR SALE OR SWAP—Graflex camera using 116 roll film. Picture size 2½x4¼ (8 exposures). f4.5 lens. Focal plane shutter 1/10 to 1/1000. 12 rolls of Super XX film. Can be seen at 528 Gavin (near 44th and Market) or call H. M. Braverman in Power Plant Engineering. Home Phone Main 6041.

WANTED—Ride to Los Angeles on Christmas Day and return Sunday or Monday. Clara Hiatt, Sheet Metal Department 3, second shift. Home phone Talbot 2245.

FOR SALE—One 30-'06 Winchester Model 54 rifle and 200 rounds of ammunition. See Bob Wall or L. A. Prchal, 33, Tool Design and Planning.

FOR SALE—Good buy for transportation. 1931 Buick four-door sedan. Motor and brakes in good condition. Tires not so good. \$215.00 cash. Grace Monroe, Tool Room, Ext. 346.

FOR SALE—9x12 Pastel rug made by Bigelow Weavers—used five months. \$60.00. T. A. Smith, 8130, Tooling Inspection.

WANTED—Liberty seated silver dollars or halves. Also Indian cents prior to 1880. See Al Conyne, 2181, Tooling, second shift.

WANTED—Anyone with trumpet or trombone for sale contact "Pat" Patterson, 1687, Manifold Small Parts, second shift.

WANTED—A piano in playing condition and fairly cheap. Also electric toaster. See F. B. Wilson, 2015, Manifold Small Parts.

FOR SALE—"Blessing-Elkhart" cornet. A good instrument in a good case. \$25.00. F. A. Kocher, Ext. 288, second shift. Or call H-4-5657.

WANTED—An upright piano. See Garrick O'Bryan in Employee Service. Ext. 310.

FOR SALE—1937 Plymouth convertible coupe. Three new Dayton first grade tires, pre-war, white sidewalls. One good retread. White top. \$625. See V. E. Humphrey, Sheet Metal, second shift.

FOR SALE—One pre-war baby buggy. See Bob Wall or L. A. Prchal, Tool Design and Planning.

FOR SALE—One 250-yard non-corrosive, star drag, deep sea, Penn. reel. In excellent condition. Pre-war made. \$5.00. See Al Gee, Plant Protection, or call J 8495.

FOR SALE—One practically new automobile tarp. See Bob Wall or L. A. Prchal, Tool Design and Planning.

WANTED—Electric waffle and sandwich grill. Clara Hiatt, Sheet Metal Department 3, second shift. Home phone Talbot 2245.

FOR SALE—Upholstered fibre davenport that makes out into double bed. See E. E. Hyder, Airplane Welding. Or call Humboldt 8-3274.

FOR SALE—Davenport with springs, 6 months old. A bargain for \$35. See Johnny Mestepey, 2175, Engineering.

WANTED—Typewriter (portable if possible) for a boy in school. See Lottie Fisher, 1931, Sheet Metal.

FOR SALE—Box spring and hair mattress for double bed. Has been fumigated. \$36.00. See Madalyn Toohey, Industrial Relations. Ext. 309.

FOR SALE—Motor scooter. Contact Mae Owens, in Accounts Payable or call G7-5833 in National City.

SWAP—41 Plymouth coupe (with extras—white walled tires, radio, bumper guards, etc.) for earlier model car and cash. See Johnny Mestepey, Engineering. Or see the car at 4011 First Ave.

FOR SALE—Soprano saxophone (Bluecher) or will trade for wooden type clarinet. See Kathleen Shamberger, 7210, Airplane Dispatching.

WANTED—Keystone R-8 8-mm Movie Projector in good condition. Will pay cash. Would consider other good makes. See Wm. G. Hubbard, 1769, Tooling.

FOR SALE—1937 Oldsmobile 6 four-door sedan in perfect condition. Radio and heater. Good tires. See Ralph Gerber, 3637, Jigs and Fixtures, in new building. Or phone F-1014 after 4 p.m.

FOR SALE—Dinette set with four chairs. Royal blue leather seats. Slightly used. G. E. Quidort, Plant Police. Or call Randolph 7488.

FOR SALE—Brand new picnic table with 2 benches. Varnished. Seats 8. \$25.00. See C. Hudson, Payroll, Room 145.

WILL BUY OR SELL—If you want to buy, sell or trade a horse, see Bob Bradley, 7434, Airplane Dispatching.

YWCA Offers Thursday Fun

Come just as you are, right from work. There's a special program for you every Thursday at the Y.W.C.A. It begins just as soon as you get there and is just what you want it to be. If you're tired and want to rest for a while, there are cots. Then there's a chance for a shower, a swim, music if you like to play records, discussions, book reviews, and a host of other interesting and informal things. Supper is served at 6:15, reservations for which must be made by Wednesday noon. Call the Y.W.C.A., Main 8115.



Yank Boy Gets Jap!

OUR BOY GETS JAP! LOCAL BOY GETS JAP! NEIGHBOR'S BOY GETS JAP!

Large numbers of Ryan planes are in the war. But close to the hearts of the men who build them, are the Ryan trained flyers—thousands of them—now doing such a magnificent job on all fronts.

Over Tokyo with Doolittle were four alumni of Ryan flying schools. From Europe, from Africa, from the South Pacific now come letters from Ryan graduates—fighting flyers whose appreciation of the Ryan schools' creed of "Thoroughness," is its highest tribute.

Ryan Aeronautical Company is the only major aircraft manufacturer which also, through its subsidiaries the Ryan Schools, operates hundreds of airplanes

in daily service. In peace, as in war, such extensive first hand operational knowledge has enabled Ryan to design and build unique flying experience into a twenty-year succession of performance-proven aircraft.

Although now 100% devoted to the all-important assignment of training U.S. Army pilots, the Ryan Schools look forward to again including civilian training following Victory. If you or any member of your family expects to play a part in the future of aviation, write today for the interesting new booklet, "So Your Boy Wants to Fly." RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS, San Diego, Calif. Operating bases: Hemet, Calif., Tucson, Ariz.



RYAN

Rely on Ryan to Build Well



1923
RYAN-STANDARD cabin plane; pioneer passenger airliner.



1925
RYAN M-1, first production monoplane in America.



1934
RYAN S-T metal-fuselaged primary trainer, led trend to low-wing types



1937
RYAN S-C, cabin plane for private-owner use, featured all-metal construction



1940
RYAN YO-51 "Dragonfly", Army observation plane with unique performance ability.



1941
RYAN PT-22, one of Army's standard primary training plane types.



1943
RYAN PT-25, superbly engineered plastic-bonded plywood trainer.



RYAN BUILDS WELL
Ryan construction, proven in aviation's pioneer days, now proven in war, will tomorrow produce safer, more useful peacetime aircraft.



RYAN TRAINS WELL
Ryan School of Aeronautics, famous peacetime air school, now training fine U.S. Army pilots, follows one creed: Thoroughness.



RYAN PLANS WELL
Modern engineering + flying experience. Typical result. Ryan exhaust manifold systems are now used on the finest planes of other manufacturers.

GENERAL OFFICES: LINDBERGH FIELD, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

2989-24