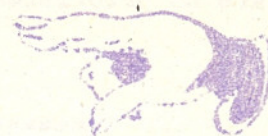




# Libra - Scope

BURBANK - CALIFORNIA



ISSUE NO. 6

JULY 6, 1942

## WELCOME

<u>Name</u>		<u>Department</u>
E. E. Biggie	-	Assembly
Barbara Callison	-	Office
John Durst	-	Model Shop
Ralph D. Fox	-	Drafting
Ralph W. Heywood	-	Drafting
Walter D. Newcomber	-	Drafting
Margaret Roos	-	Office
James J. Thomas	-	Drafting

\*\*\*\*\*

## CENSORSHIP

This publication is subject to the regulations of the War Department and the U. S. Office of the Censor.

These restrictions have been made severe in an effort to prevent information of value from reaching the enemy.

We strongly urge all LIBRASCOPE employees to co-operate with us in seeing that they refrain from imparting any information -- to relatives or friends -- that is not actually published in this paper.

\*\*\*\*\*

SPIES ARE HABITUALLY INQUISITIVE.

WHY DID THAT PERSON ASK THAT?

WHY DID HE WANT TO KNOW THAT?

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

\*\*\*\*\*

We are sorry to lose Mr. A. J. Palmer, our former New York Vice President, who found it necessary to resign from our company due to his ever-increasing duties among the several other plants of our parent company, General Precision Equipment Corporation.

The genial and able Patent Counsel of G.P.E., Mr. Hastings W. Baker, has been elected in Mr. Palmer's place, and we are happy to hear that he will spend about two weeks with us, arriving Saturday, July 4th.

WELCOME! MR. BAKER

\*\*\*\*\*

## LITTLE REMINDERS

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

\*\*\*\*\*

Only by guarding the truth itself can we guard the greatest of all our liberties -- the right to proclaim the truth. On that liberty rests the destiny of millions.

LORD SOUTHWOOD

\*\*\*\*\*

Victories that are cheap are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

\*\*\*\*\*



There are no priorities on good-will.

P O E M

ROBERT L. GIBSON

\*\*\*\*\*

We must not think of our time by months or weeks. We must think by days, hours, minutes. This is the time for the Big Minute.

EFFICIENCY MAGAZINE OF LONDON

\*\*\*\*\*

Make your troubles and defeats work for you; turn them into triumphs. The world is more than pleased to kick a man who lets a piece of hard luck get him down. But the world is just as pleased to shove out a helping hand to a man who doesn't.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

\*\*\*\*\*

Submitted By:

LEWIS W. IMM

\*\*\*\*\*

T R Y   Y O U R   S K I L L

O N

T H E S E   P R O B L E M S

(1) A hare and a tortoise run a race. The hare can run 100 yards in 5 seconds, while it takes the tortoise 10 minutes to cover the same distance. How long can the hare afford to sleep along the way if the tortoise crawls the race in 35 minutes?

(2) An aviator, flying at the rate of 100 miles per hour, has two hours start of another aviator, who flies 140 miles an hour in the same direction. After how many hours will the second aviator overtake the first?

\*\*\*\*\*

TEAMWORK TODAY - VICTORY TOMORROW

The plane in the hangar stretched its wings,  
And gave a mighty yawn,  
He thought as he wriggled his piston rings,  
My, what a beautiful dawn!

He partook of his breakfast of gasoline,  
And out on the runway he rolled,  
Then glancing to see if his face was clean,  
Up into the air he strolled.

He impolitely scared a tree,  
By zooming far too low,  
Then looking up, what did he see.  
It brought him grief and woe.

For scaring high above him,  
He saw his girl friend, Jane,  
She was acting coy with Tailspin Jim,  
Oh, it gave him a pain,

So up he went with a mighty roar,  
And knocked Jim in a spin,  
He watched him hit the floor  
And then, took Jane back down with him.

Jane thought that he was wonderful,  
And softly rubbed wing tips,  
She praised him till the little plane's heart,  
Was doing backward flips.

The little plane was very gay,  
His head was in a cloud,  
Then he and Jane went off to play.  
They both were very proud.

Submitted By:

MABEL PARCHMAN

\*\*\*\*\*

A B L E   M A B L E

The paper this week, we all agree,  
Is very good to a high degree.  
The Editor in Chief, you'll never guess  
Is just a girl, no less, no less.  
At her table with pen in hand,  
Our little Mabel takes her stand  
With our support, you've found out,  
Our paper was something to crow about.

P.S. Print this poem if you dare  
Just to show us that you care.

(ANONYMOUS)



## "EXPLORING OURSELVES"

## P O E M

We all know what a governor is. He is a person entrusted with responsibilities of state. But there is another type of governor -- the mechanical governor -- a device for maintaining uniform velocity under a variable load or resistance. Trucks are often governed not to exceed a certain speed in order to protect life and property. Electric clocks are governed to keep accurate time by controlling the cycle of alternating current. The field of applied mechanics and physics is full of governed principles.

What are we doing in order to govern ourselves? Are we lying back and assuming that we will take all that comes our way (providing we like it) and either reject or modify the unpleasant trials and tribulations? Or are we trying to build a firm foothold on conditions as we find them and cope with them intelligently and thoroughly?

We will discover that when we try to govern ourselves we make fewer mistakes because we have a sounder control over our motives, our mind, and our actions. But trying to govern anything without principles to guide us by is like trying to swim in a dried out pond-- it is impossible to swim because there is no fluid in which to swim. And so it is when we try to govern ourselves without sound principles.

The principles of our Government are the principles which everyone should employ in trying to govern himself. "So that a Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from this earth", as stated in Lincoln's Gettysburgh address, is a statement we would do well to understand and put in practice. No government is better than the people who compose it; and therefore, it is the duty of everyone to so govern himself that true Freedom and true Liberty "Shall not perish from this earth."

AUTHOR'S NAME  
WITHHELD BY  
REQUEST

\*\*\*\*\*

Wars are won by those who fight  
On battlefields and die.  
By those who man the guns we build  
And meet death in the sky.  
And wars are won by those at home  
Who build the planes and tanks.  
By those who sacrifice and work  
And do not ask for thanks.

Our soldiers ask for no reward;  
They ask no holiday.  
Their overtime may mean a chance  
to make the enemy pay.  
So those at home must lose no time  
If we're to win this strife.  
A minute lost may mean a gun  
To save a soldier's life.

Our soldiers question not, nor doubt  
The orders they receive;  
For they must fight in unity  
Their conquest to achieve.  
Thus we must fight this battle too;  
United we shall stand.  
We'll work together as one man  
To save our precious land.

BERDIE PARCHMAN

\*\*\*\*\*

## " O N T H E I N S I D E "

I want to thank the employees for the enthusiasm they have portrayed by handing in confidential news bits to this column. It's all in fun and nothing is printed that we think may be harmful.

I wonder what Miss Harmel Lee would think if she knew that CHUCK REYNOLDS referred to her as an appendix. CHUCK breezed in about ten o'clock Monday morning (two weeks ago) and his excuse for being late was, "His appendix had been giving him a little trouble". The night before he had been seen putting on the nose bag with said Miss Lee.

With our Editor away on his vacation we have done our best to put out an issue comparable to his. I hope this copy meets with his approval.



A fund is being raised for the installation of a doorway from the parking lot into the Engineering Department for the use of ART (HEAD WOLF) MARTIN.

The Reason: To keep him out of the front office. One hour after a new girl is employed he knows more about her than the Personnel Department. With his vast experience in "Human Relations" I think Mr. Durst should appoint him Personnel Manager. He'd get some cute ones, Jackson 8888 !!!! Even if he has to steal them from M.G.M.

One of the office girls remarked that DICK (smooth as silk) GRAGG looked like a model the other day when he showed up in a snazzy blue suit. You've got to give the kid credit. He and Adolfe Menjou know clothes pay off big dividends.

You should have seen ANDY ANDERSON'S face when BUCK PRIVATE KALMUS tried to run a block of wood thru the blue print machine. SKIPPY wishes to thank everyone for the donations of tin cans to add to his collection. "No more sardine cans, P L E A S E"!!!! VANDER BEE had no trouble recognizing his caricature in our last issue; you should have heard the vile language he used when it caught his eye. We're glad to see you're musically inclined VAN, old boy. I'll bet you can get fine music out of one of those "stomach organs".

JERRY (Rigor Mortis) SNELLA has a swell idea. He has a place card on his door, telling what part of the plant he is in. But tell me JERRY OLD BOY where do you point the knob when you go to the rest room, eh??????

I just heard a report that the Specifications Department is getting out a listing of all the periodicals and books that they have listed in their library files. This sounds like a fine idea and something we can all take advantage of, doesn't it??????

It seems that one MABEL PARCHMAN has taken over the Specifications Department for two weeks. Don't rush boys.

JERRY was heard the other day in the front office telling FERN how the Adjustment Department works; it seems there's tricks in the trade.

Here is an article that I misplaced last issue, but it is never too late for a good one, eh what????? It seems that one MARTIN took over the handing in of time cards to the front office while ANDY ANDERSON was on his vacation. Wonder why ----- as if we don't all know. You'll never catch him passing up a good thing.

VANDER BEE what was the trouble you were having with all those blue prints last Friday?? Too many at one time maybe, huh??????

It seems that DAVE HOOKER is taking on jobs of working over people's cars. Now that's what I call a good gamble. From what I hear you can depend on the fact that the job will be a good one; however, you don't know until you get it back whether it will still be a stock motor or a MUROAC Dry Lakes model.

It seems that the shop is looking for a poet-- what for boys??????

It seems that some of the boys said they had lots of articles for this column but they didn't think that I would print them. Send them in boys, and if I can't print them I will at least get a laugh out of them. P.S. There are some slips some times.

Judging from the enthusiastic manner in which "The Accordion Man" is recommending certain eating establishments, we suspect that he gets a commission. We wonder what he is going to do with all his money???

We've all been admiring KAY LEMLY'S rosy tan these last few days. It certainly makes it difficult to tell when she is blushing.

We've heard that IVAN TROY has his heart set on a certain cute Miss. When's the big event IVAN???

Perhaps you've heard that SKIPPY CASE is building an addition to his home. Wonder why??

MR. DARBY must have a very understanding and tolerant wife to let him spend night after night working overtime in Librascope's Assembly Department.

Since ART MARTIN left on his vacation things have been unusually quiet. Just wait till he gets back and discovers the new beauties in the front office. Oh boy!!!



## S H O P   C O M E S   T H R U

We appreciate the fine response from the Shop; the following is their submission. In the next issue we are going to give the Drafting Department a TRY.

\*\*\*\*\*

### WHAT IS SUCCESS?

It's doing your job the best you can,  
And being just to your fellow man;  
It's making money, but holding  
    friends,  
And staying true to your aims and  
    ends;  
It's figuring how and learning why,  
And looking forward and thinking  
    high,  
And dreaming little and doing  
    much;  
It's keeping always in closest touch  
With what is finest in word and  
    deed;  
It's being thorough, yet making  
    speed;  
It's daring blightly the field of chance  
While making of labor a brave ro-  
    mance;  
It's going onward despite defeat  
And fighting staunchly, but keep-  
    ing sweet.  
It's being clean and it's playing  
    fair;  
It's laughing lightly at Dame de-  
    spair;  
It's looking up at the stars above,  
And drinking deeply of life and  
    love;  
It's struggling on with the will to  
    win,  
But taking loss with a cheerful  
    grin;  
It's sharing sorrow, and work and  
    mirth,  
And making better this good old  
    earth;  
It's serving, striving thru strain  
and stress,  
It's doing your noblest -- that's  
SUCCESS.

Submitted By:

POP WHITE

Have you heard about the "Rubber Drive"?

"No rubber - no drive"

\*\*\*\*\*

A speaker was lecturing on Forest Reserve. "I don't suppose," said he, "That there is a person in the house who has done a single thing to conserve our timber resources."

Silence ruled for several seconds, and then BOB FOWLER in a very meek voice from the rear of the hall timidly retorted: "I once shot a woodpecker."

\*\*\*\*\*

Man: "What does your father do to make a living, little boy?"

Tommy: "He chops down trees."

Man: "And what does he do after he chops them down?"

Tommy: "He chops them up!"

\*\*\*\*\*

How about having a "Helpful Hints" column?

- (1) Candles will last twice as long if you shake a little salt around the wick after lighting them.
- (2) Removing bandages: A few drops of peroxide will loosen the bandage if it sticks and cleanses wound at the same time.

Please don't mention my name.

LEONARD BRANVOLD

\*\*\*\*\*

KEEP 'EM FLYING



S H O P (CONT'D.)

In spite of all the fatherly advice given by some of the shop boys, our enterprising young genius, WESLEY HANCOCK, left for town last Tuesday to purchase clothes for a certain coming event.

\*\*\*\*\*

We're all waiting to see "RED" CULLEN come in some time unable to sit down because the seat spring on his scooter broke.

\*\*\*\*\*

A suggestion for the box:

"Here's a jig that needs a bolt."

\*\*\*\*\*

When is "POP" WHITE going to out another finger so he can go to the doctor some more?

\*\*\*\*\*

Our Tooling Department thought they could build good mouse traps, but now they say the Model Shop has 'em backed off the map.

\*\*\*\*\*

Oh WESLEY, how do you run this band saw?

\*\*\*\*\*

If you really want to see high speed production, just watch "PINKIE" scraping the burrs off parts. He's good.

\*\*\*\*\*

The demon of the suggestion box, WESLEY HANCOCK, says that CHARLEY STUART sure is lucky.

CHARLEY says WESLEY should know. How's about it WESLEY?

\*\*\*\*\*

Famous last words: "Look at the big dent I put in CHARLEY'S pet grinder wheel."

\*\*\*\*\*

A familiar sight:

LUTHER and BOB comparing fallen chests.

\*\*\*\*\*

I wonder why our foreman, BOB FOWLER, has made so many mistakes on the time cards lately.

It couldn't be the assistance he gets in straightening them out, could it? Or could it?

\*\*\*\*\*

LEONARD, our screw machine man, says the Drafting Department slipped up once and gave him a whole thousandth tolerance.

\*\*\*\*\*

We understand that CHARLEY STUART, in the Tool Department, is serving waffles at 3:30 in the morning now.

\*\*\*\*\*



