



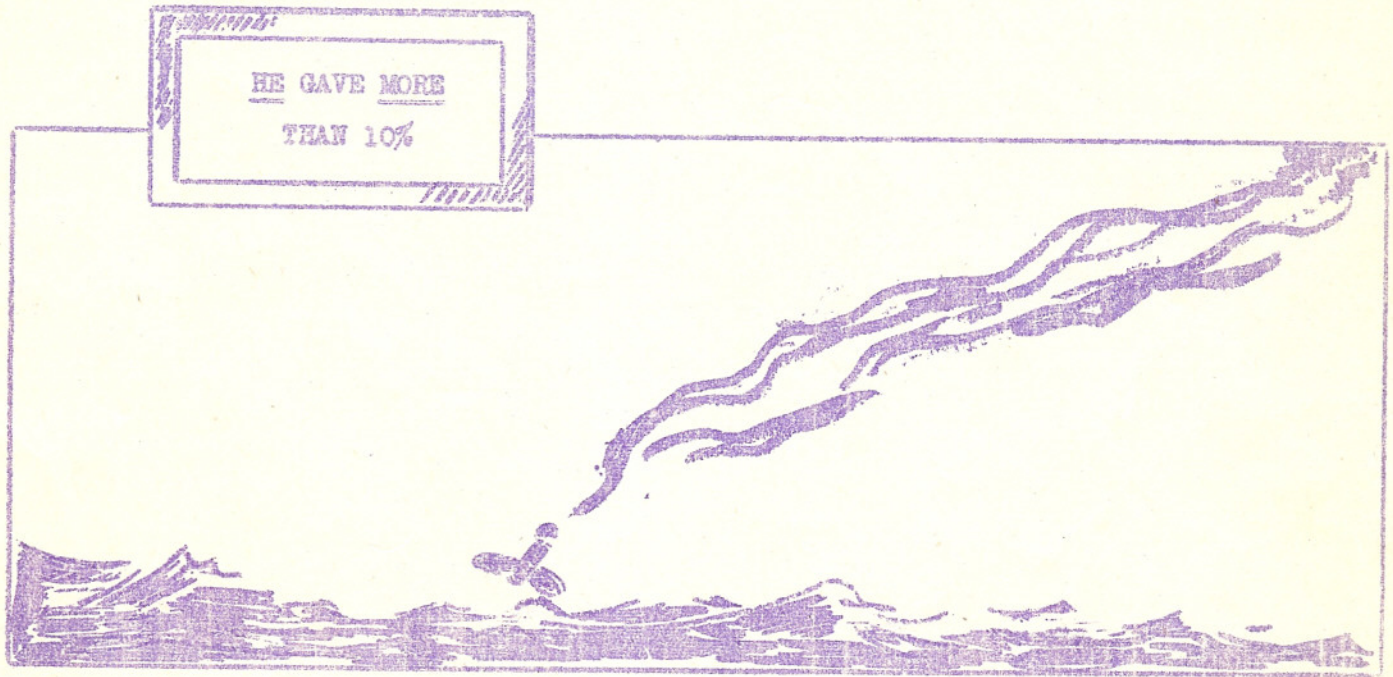
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BENJAMIN - CALIFORNIA



ISSUE NO. 7

JULY 20, 1942



This boy had lots to live for. Ask his mother, his family, or his pals or his school teacher of last year. He's given everything in the Fight for Freedom. Is 10% of your income too much for you????? Some of us are still only thinking about buying bonds WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR????? If this boy and all the others like him stopped to think things over we might not now hold MIDWAY or PEARL HARBOR or ALASKA.

PUT AT LEAST 10% in War Bonds starting today!!!!!!!!!!

THE EDITOR

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK???????

THAT:

When you go to bed at night, you go when you want to.

THAT:

If you're late for work you aren't beaten or killed.

THAT:

When you want to dance and sing you don't have to post a look-out.

THAT:

When you sit down to dinner it's to eat what you want; not just what you are allowed to have.

THAT:

When you walk down the street with your wife, mother, sister, or girl friend, you don't have to fight or get killed or beaten to protect them.

THAT:

When you go to church you go to the church of your choice and worship as you please.

THAT:

We have laws to protect our homes, ourselves.

THAT:

SNAG TOOTH and DOGFACE would like to take all this away from us.

THAT:

WAR BONDS and SAVINGS STAMPS can stop them.

THAT:

This is YOUR battle, MY battle, EVERY-ONE'S battle until the finish.

THAT:

No one can shirk.

THAT:

No one can call it quits.

IT'S THEM OR US ----- WHAT'S IT TO BE???????
FREEDOM OR SERVITUDE

THEN WHY NOT AID IN DRAWING TO A CLOSE THE MOST INFAMOUS CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY BOOK OF THE WORLD?? --- BLOT OUT THOSE TWO INFAMOUS CHARAC-

TERS WHO ARE SPREADING THE CREED OF L-U-S-T
----- G-R-E-E-D ----- H-A-T-R-E-D -----
AND UNAVOIDABLE DAMNATION.

It's your job, it's my job

SO
LET'S ALL GO
10%

THE EDITOR

G I V E

Remember those old golf balls you tucked into the bottom of the bag for an emergency?

N-O-W is the emergency!!!!!!!!!!!!

Part with those old golf balls even if it hurts.

They may end up in a recoil mechanism of a field gun and make a ---

HOLE - IN - ONE - Jap

C E N S O R S H I P

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.

TRY YOUR SKILL ON THIS PROBLEM

What are the dimensions of a hollow evacuated cast iron sphere with 1 inch wall thickness which will just float in water? Cast iron is 7.5 times as heavy as water.

"EXPLORING OURSELVES"

V.

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse" is a statement we have all heard, and we can well understand it's rational for if ignorance were an excuse, law would defeat its own purpose. When we think of laws we usually remind ourselves of traffic laws and laws formulated to protect the welfare of society; in short we think of man made laws. These laws are important because they form a matrix, the boundaries of which we must not trespass if we are to live in a society which we, as citizens, have found to be most satisfactory.

But behind all man made laws we will find the existence of natural laws as their basis. Speed laws are due to the natural law of inertia, both mechanical and mental. Mechanical because any moving body continues to remain in motion unless acted upon by some outside force -- in the case of an automobile this restraining force is the brakes plus the frictional contact of the tires upon the pavement. Mental inertia is also a factor because before the brakes can be applied, approximately 1/5 second elapses from the time of sighting an emergency until time of applying the brakes. At high speeds, a considerable distance is traveled in this time.

We can see the existence and operation of mechanical laws throughout all of nature. We would do well to understand mechanical laws. And we should all govern our mental and ethical activities as though they themselves were under the operation of law for where can one draw a line between mechanical laws and the application of these laws through the mental and ethical life we all lead.

NOTE: This is the fifth in a series of articles written. It is hoped by the author that these articles should be of interest to the reader and also provide some food for thought. It will be appreciated if comments will be dropped in the suggestion box regarding these articles as this series will be discontinued unless they prove of interest to enough readers.

AUTHOR'S NAME
WITHHELD BY
REQUEST

TO A SOLDIER BOY

There sleeps tonight across the sea, on a battlefield in France,
A golden-haired young soldier boy, who led our first advance.
He died while in a battle, at the dawning of day,
And to his comrades o'er in France, this lad still seems to say,
When I'm gone, just write to mother, tell her how I fought and fell,
How I kept Old Glory waving amid a rain of shot and shell,
When I'm gone just tell my sweetheart that I led the first advance,
That I died a Fighting Sammy on a battlefield in France.
Beneath the stars and stripes at dawn - a hero fought and fell,
He answered to his country's call, and he did his duty well.
He gave his life to save the flag, which marks his grave today.
And to his comrades o'er in France, this flag still seems to say,
When I'm gone just write to mother, tell her how I fought and fell,
How I kept Old Glory waving amid a rain of shot and shell,
When I'm gone just tell my country that I led our first advance,
That I died for truth and freedom on a battlefield in France.

Submitted By:

R. DALTON

WELL WORTH READING

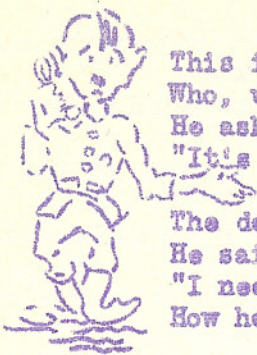
An article by the title of "The Heroic Defense of the Phillipines" by Colonel Clear, Washington, D. C., appeared in the July issue of the Reader's Digest. This article covers the last stand of Corrigador.

Submitted By:

J. F. DURST

LOST: One Parker "51" gray fountain pen with sterling silver cap. If found, please return to Barbara Callison, office.

THE DEVIL'S ABDICATION



This is the story of a madman, whom everyone knows well,
Who, when he needed some advice, telephoned to hell,
He asked the operator if the devil was at home,
"It's just his cousin Adolph who wants him on the phone."

The devil was very glad to talk to someone as mean as he.
He said, "Hello, what's cooking, Cos," in a voice so full of glee,
"I need your help," said Hitler, and he started in to tell,
How he was turning Mother Earth into a modern Hell.

"Nice work," the Devil shouted, "But how can I help you?
You have accomplished more right now than I could ever do."
"Well," said Hitler, "I must admit, I at first was doing fine,
There was Poland, France, and other lands that now I claim as mine."

"I started out for England, thought I'd use some poison gas,
But the British, Damn them, stopped us cold and would not let us pass,
I bombed her cities every day, both morning, noon and night,
It didn't help me very much, just made those Limeys fight.

"I soon began to have my doubts if the British could be licked,
So I cast my eyes around me for some other fruit to pick,
I decided to take Russia; for months my men did swell,
But now my once proud Army is scattered all over Hell."

"I got in touch with my good friend, Tojo of Japan,
And asked him please to help me. He replied, "I surely can,
Uncle Sam is aiding Russia to stop you in your tracks,
So I'll just double-cross him, I'll stab him in the back.

"We'll catch him when his back is turned and when this war we've won,
The flag that flies o'er all his lands will be the "Rising Sun",
But, alas, he failed," the Fuehrer moaned, "He was no help to me,
His men are falling back each day on land and on the sea.

"And Yankee planes have bombed Japan, with lots of damage done,
Soon Uncle Sam will wipe his feet on the flat of the Rising Sun.
I'm afraid my days as Fuehrer will soon come to an end,
They whipped us Germans once before, they'll whip us once again.

"That's why I called, Dear Cousin, for I need advice from you,
There's a million Yanks a coming, please tell me what to do."
"You want advice," the Devil cried, "Adolph you flatter me,
Your days on earth are numbered as far as I can see.

"Go up into your mountain fort and crawl into your shell,
For the Yanks will make it hotter than I can for you in hell;
I have led a wicked life, and I've raised the Dickens too,
But when you reach my Kingdom, I'll give my horns to you.

"And we'll have a celebration, with the fires so bright and high,
And your Army will salute you as they go goose-stepping by.
I'm sorry it happened this way, Pal, but you won't fare so well,
When the Yanks arrive in Europe, just watch here in Hell."



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

(Independently written - no connection with Walter Winchell)

Personal letter to JAMES J. RICHE (Hollywood socialite)

Dear Jas: You had better pop up with some more dates with Alexis, Sheridan, or Lamour ----- b-e-c-a-u-s-e one STUART ROY KALMUS has (so he says) been dating Ida Lupino and a top notch radio star. Better watch it boy or you will be watching the show from the balcony.

I think it's about time we have another one of those stag parties; what do you think fellows???????

That was a nice piece of poetry you did for this issue MANNAN, but I do hope hate didn't inspire you.

Whoever writes "EXPLORING OURSELVES", one of the featured articles of this hayer paper has something there; hope he continues.

I hear from a very authoritative source that the Palladium is full of stags Friday and Saturday nights. LONESOME???????

POP (give me a dime) WHITE says he has collected ten dimes from the more gullible element of Librascope, and has bought a dollars worth of war stamps which he is turning over to the Salvation Army. Good Boy POP. None of us mind biting on that gag when the dime ends up there.

Congratulations to WESLEY HANCOCK (the shop genius); he was married on JULY 4th. I wonder if that date forshadows any future battles???????

Understand that MARGARET ROOS, our new telephone operator, is a young lady of many versatilities, one of which is her study to be an opera singer. Have you noticed over the speaker system folks? WOW.

MARTIN must be working his way through college. Have you contacted him for your Readers Digest yet???????

CAN YOU IMAGIN????

LONG in a sarong, TROY as Charlie Foy, SKIPPY driving his own car to work or spending 30 cents for lunch, HOOKER in a tux, RICHE out with a girl, KAY turning down a date, MARTIN going to church, HARRISON teaching piano, DIETRICH drunk, MANNAN in a divorce court, ANDY without a luncheon companion, DURST with out a mustache, LEWIE without a pipe, SCHLAGE with his hair combed, NONA in a sweater, PAT with coal black hair, GRAGG not in a rush, MARGARET doing a ballet, TOMMY as unassuming, LEWIE six feet tall, WESLEY with Gable's lines, CHAPEN with a hair cut (it gets rougher as it goes along), WILLARD bald-headed, ROGER with a dateless nite, and yours truly saying nice things about anyone.



SUGGESTED OUTFIT FOR ART MARTIN'S
FRONT OFFICE TRAVELS

DRAFTING DEPARTMENT COMES THRU

The following is the Drafting Department's submittance. The Office will be next.

Toujours la Politesse

An old maid who lived in a London suburb was shocked at the language used by the men repairing the telephone wires near her house.

She wrote to the company about it, and the foreman was asked to report.

This he did in the following way:

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job. I was up the telephone pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall upon Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said, 'You really must be more careful Harry.'" (The Outlook)

Too Big to be True

A little girl was riding inside a tram-car with her mother, a woman of very slender build.

Presently an extremely stout woman walked heavily into the vehicle and sat down opposite the child.

Mollie contemplated the newcomer for some minutes, then turning to her mother, inquired in a loud voice, "Mummy is that all one lady?"

Too Much

The new country constable was being initiated into the mysteries of his duties by the resident sergeant, who warned him to keep a particularly sharp lookout for intoxicated motorists.

"And how will I know they're drunk, sir?"

"If you have any doubt ask the suspect to repeat after you, 'Surely Susan should suit shy Sam'."

"Very good sir; I'll write that down."

Later in the day a motor car pulled up outside the police station and unloaded the new constable with a handkerchief tied round his head. He had dislocated his jaw.

Beyond Him

He was a good-natured Irishman and was one of a number of men employed in erecting a new building. The owner, who knew him, said to him one day:-

"Pat, didn't you tell me once that a brother of yours is a bishop?"

"Yis, sor," replied Pat.

"And you a hod-carrier. The good things of this life are not equally divided, are they?"

"No, sor," said Pat, as he shouldered his hod. "Poor fellow. My brother couldn't do this to save his loife."

Merely the Meter

A visiting minister was preaching on the subject of "giving" at a small chapel, and during the sermon he noticed that a member of the congregation crept quietly out of his seat and going to the side of the chapel, placed a coin in a box. A little later another did the same thing.

Never, thought the minister, had his sermons met with such a practical response.

On leaving the chapel he was accosted by one of the members.

"I hope we didn't disturb you, sir," he said, "but ours is a penny-in-the-slot meter, and we should have been in darkness if we hadn't attended to it."

Heavy

An inspector paid a surprise visit to a village school. The teacher, who was of decidedly corpulent build, proceeded to question the children as follows:

"Now children tell me in what way I resemble a clock."

The response soon came. "Please, miss, you have a face, You have hands," and so on.

Then came the question: "Tell me some way in which I do not resemble a clock."

There was a long pause; then piped a small voice: "Please, miss, you have no spring."

What It Was Worth

A soldier called upon a brother of the profession and asked his opinion upon a certain point of law.

The solicitor to whom the question was addressed drew himself up and said, "I generally get paid for what I know."

The questioner took half a crown from his pocket, handed it to the other, and remarked, "Then, tell me all you know and give me the change."

Submitted By:

G. B. ANDERSON

CO-OPERATION

Two fool jackasses - now get this dope --
Were tied together with a piece of rope.
Said one to the other, "You come my way,
While I take a nibble at this new-mown hay".
"I won't" said the other. "You come with me.
For I, too, have some hay you see".
So they got nowhere, just pawed up dirt,
And oh, by golly, how that rope did hurt.
Then they faced about, those stubborn mules,
And said, "We are just like human fools
Let's pull together, I'll go your way,
Then come with me, and we'll both eat hay!"
Well, they ate their hay and liked it too,
And swore to be comrades good and true.
As the sun went down they were heard to say,
"Ah, this is the end of a perfect day."
Now get this lesson - don't let it pass;
Learn this one thing from the poor jackass:
We must pull together -- 'tis the only way
To put business on the map and put it to stay.

Submitted By:

C. G. HALL

OUR HERITAGE

They founded a new nation,
They died to give it birth
The restless and the weary
From the corners of the earth.

A curse upon the tyrants
Was a patriot's last breath,
And they won beneath the banner
Of liberty or death.

They cleared away the wilderness
They leveled off the hills,
They built a thousand cities
With factories, mines, and mills.

They battled for their freedom
And gave us all they won
And left the job of keeping it
To every mother's son.

The bloody hand of tyranny
Now threatens us again
And the battle cry of freedom
Is for ships and planes and men.

We'll rise to meet the challenge
Like our sturdy pioneers,
For the people's revolution
That is marching through the years.

We'll fight to keep our freedom
With our banners all unfurled
Till the people's revolution
Is won throughout the world.

(By Ruth Kremen)

Submitted By:

C. G. HALL

P O E M

Little Johnnie took a drink,
But he will drink no more,
For what he thought was H₂O
Was H₂SO₄.

Submitted By:

S. ROY KALFUSS

P O E M

He talks about most everyone,
Around Old Librascope.
And from the way he prints the stuff,
It's the authentic INSIDE DOPE.

In his witty column,
He spares no one the pain
Of seeing all the cold bare facts,
Connected with his name.

He seems to pick on Martin
More than anyone else in the place,
And he even takes his spite out
On pure sweet Skippy Case.

Some day he'll make a big mistake
While writing his column of dirt,
And when that time finally does arrive,
We'll crush the little squirt.

Composed By:

G. S. MANNAN
(Andy's Boy)

LIBRA-SCOOPINGS

Looking through our Librascope, Inc., we
note ROSS SMITH grabbing the Machine
Shop "bull" by the hornsreliable thing
in a responsible place the return of
our MR. KERNKAMP, Production Chief
from his recent trip East. His only remark,
quote - "Hope we can make it as hot for the
Japanazi's as it was back there." And then
the appearance of "our boys", the guards
upon the scene in a snappy kahki uniform in
place of the usual "dress blues" The
sudden literary outburst on the part of
"Dead Wolf" MARTIN for the Readers Digest...
probably working his way through a reforma-
tory that good-natured smile and that
"deep south" drawl of "TEX" when you ask
him to chase down some cokes - "O.K. I'll
see if I can find any for you all"
and upon DICK "Esquire" GRAGG'S reappearance
in the office, "CHUCK" REYNOLDS blossoming
out in that blue potato sack with the orange
dots thought you put that back under

the rock CHUCK When you pass the Stock-
room cast a glance at EUGENE "Atlas" MEYERS..
you too can change from the skinny weakling
to the body beautiful by joining the nite
crew and its weight-lifting class ROY
NELSON trying to maintain his girlish fig-
ure by patronizing the Good Humor man each
afternoon KAY LEMLY keeping the Stock-
room and Production Control boys on their
toes by turning on that appeal when she goes
out to check some part numbers "MAC"
McGREGOR burning the nite oil all through
the wee hours last Friday to get those bal-
ance sheets out. And in the smart luncheon
set ... last week we happened on JIM THOMAS
dining with a beautiful New York steak
and of course a blonde And who do you
think we saw dancing at the Palladium
yes sir, it was that certain triangle
(MARTIN-SCHLAGE-KALMUS) Our money's
on A.J. as S. ROY is soon to don a pair of
silver wings.

So for now we'll put down the scope and dash
off Remember he who lives an exciting
life has the most fun ... and publicity.

P O E M

"I honor the man who is ready to sink
Half his present reputé for the freedom
to think,
And when he has thought, be his cause
strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom
to speak,
Caring not for what vengeance the mob
has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten-thousand
or more.

(Quoted from a poem by
James Russell Lowell)

Submitted By:

C. G. HALL



GUESS WHO!!!