



Libra-Scope

BURBANK-CALIFORNIA



ISSUE NO. 12

OCTOBER 5, 1942

JACK F. DURST RESIGNS

A bombshell exploded on Saturday, September 26, in the form of a resignation on the part of Mr. Durst, our then Executive Vice President. The tremor that ran through the organization was felt by everyone. Mr. Durst, mostly referred to as Jack, will be greatly missed by the whole Plant, not only in a strict business sense but also as a tried and true friend. We will all miss him and, I know, hold the hope that some day in the future we will have the opportunity to once again be associated with him.

Mild-mannered and soft-spoken Lieut. Comdr. Corydon M. Wassell - described by President Roosevelt as "Christ-like" - modestly told his own heroic story on September 28, 1942.

It was the story of the daring rescue of twelve survivors of the Battle of the Java Sea, the story of the heroic land and sea escape which won for Comdr. Wassell the Navy Cross.

Lieut. Comdr. Wassell is a retiring and unassuming man, just about the sort of fellow you'd picture as a kind-hearted missionary. So naturally he shied away from praise and honor of his rescue of the men.

He didn't hear President Roosevelt's fire-side chat when he was characterized as "Christ-like shepherd devoted to his flock". Nor would he, in his own words, "want to contradict the President in anything he has to say," but, said Dr. Wassell, "here I am -- take a look at me".

Dr. Wassell served as a medical missionary for the Episcopal Church in China from 1914 to 1921, joining the United States Naval Reserve as a lieutenant commander in 1921. At the outbreak of hostilities he was called to active service and assigned to duty in Java.

He is a physician, specializing in tropical diseases and parasitology.

In Java, Comdr. Wassell was in charge of the wounded from the cruisers Marblehead and Houston.

After the Java sea battle, when it was apparent that the Japs, with their overpowering strength, were getting the best of it, Dr. Wassell found himself with over forty rescued officers and members of the crew of the two cruisers, all wounded and ill from exposure.

With the help of "Providence" he hustled the injured men to a small seacoast town on the east coast of Java.

At this town he made arrangements with Captain Pass of the Dutch Motorship Janssen to get passage for his patients on the ship's trip south to Australia. The boat was already overcrowded with evacuees, but the Dutch skipper agreed to take on the patients.

"The first few days of the trip were h-e-l-l," he said, almost apologetically.

"We were eleven days on the zig-zag, unorthodox course to Australia. The first day out twenty-seven Zero fighters (Japanese Naval fighters) flew above us, using machine guns to strafe us. Eight of the ship's company were injured."

"The bullets contained a yellow phosphorous to start fires wherever they hit the ship. But we soon had these under control."

After the attack the boat put in at a little bay on the Java coast to put ashore the wounded and others who wanted to go ashore.

Lieut. Comdr. Wassell told his patients, "We are going to try to make Australia, but our chances are very slim. If you all want to leave the ship, I'll go with you and stick till hell freezes over. But I want an answer from you individually".

"Almost as one man they chorused, 'We'll stick by the ship', and in their condition they had what I call guts."

"We sailed again that same day after putting ashore almost two hundred passengers who had decided against attempting the voyage."

"The days that followed were a mental strain beyond anything I ever experienced. The tropical sun and full moon made our ship visible twenty-four hours a day - and all of the time we had a feeling of expectancy that more Jap planes would sight us any minute."

On the 11th day of the perilous trip Captain Pass, with but an old atlas owned by a crew member, guided his ship through the treacherous and dangerous waters of Australia, and steamed into Freemantle, missing by only ten minutes his calculated time of arrival.

Lieut. Comdr. Wassell used to live in a Los Angeles "dollar-a-week hotel on South Hill Street". That was in 1900 when he was in his teens.

Dr. Wassell was born fifty-seven years ago in Little Rock, the same city which claims Gen. Douglas MacArthur. He is on special assignment here to assist in a film production of the story of his heroic exploit.

From

ELEVENTH NAVAL DISTRICT
Public Relations Office
Los Angeles

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.

KEEP 'EM FLYING

W E L C O M E

A most hearty welcome is extended to the following people who have joined our organization in the past three weeks.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DEPARTMENT</u>
Rudolph S. Buddee	- Parts Manufacture
Marvin S. Dahl	- Assembly
Guy H. Kinney	- Production Control
William K. McAboy	- Drafting
Oliver E. Scott	- Parts Manufacture
Ethel B. Wahnish	- Drafting

P I C N I C C O M I N G U P

I have contacted a great many of the employees and they are all in favor of having another get-together.

As we know, the weather will be the most important thing to consider, so the sooner we have our picnic the more we can count on good weather.

We have had a few suggestions on where to hold it and would like to have more so we could investigate all conditions.

The date, as far as can be determined now, will be Sunday, October 18, 1942.

The above date gives everyone better than two weeks to plan for it.

Come on now - let's make this one even a bigger success than the last.

HARVEY WATKINS

If no one has any objections I would like to use this opportunity to say "goodbye" to all my friends at Librascope. I am leaving you, but I assure you I will not be forgetting you.

CHUCK REYNOLDS

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS

DO WE WANT SLAVERY HERE?

Do we want slavery here? Of course not; that's a very foolish question to ask. But neither did the peace-loving people of the many European countries who have been beaten to their knees by the ruthless tactics of their so-called "liberators".

The people of France, who were so animated by a spirit of unity scarcely equaled in any other country, betrayed by their government, are being forced to fight against everything in which they believe - freedom, brotherhood, and equal right.

As an example, the case of one Frenchman will be cited, which is indicative of the millions who have been forced into unemployment. He entered a store and asked for his meager ration, stating that his wife was very ill. His ration card revealed that he was unemployed. Although he saw an abundance of food he was promptly ridiculed and accused of having hallucinations. In desperation, having no alternative, he signed a contract to work in return for "high wages and plenty of food and clothing for his family". From that day on he, like his fellow-countrymen, became a slave to his conquerors. He did not receive the "high wages, food, and clothing", as promised, but toiled long hours at a starvation wage, most of which was deducted before he received it. Upon protestation he was thrown into a concentration camp.

Thus, this once gay, care-free country, now heavily burdened with sacrificial strife, bows her head and unwillingly serves her master.

THIS MUST NOT HAPPEN HERE

Then there is Poland, who has risen again and again from the ashes of destruction, showing a spirit that could not be killed or coerced. A country rich in coal and iron mines, and other mineral resources. A country who has made outstanding contributions to the world -- Madam Curie, the co-discoverer of radium -- the composer Chopin, the pianist-composer Paderewski -- and numerous other persons eminent in one or the other of the arts.

Three years ago these so-called "liberators" marched into Poland, and again their fight for freedom was suppressed. Men and

women alike were forced to leave their country to toil in the fields on foreign soil, and to produce armament to use against their allies. Out of the meager pittance of approximately \$1.00 a day, cost of their quarters, food, and clothing is deducted. Food rations have been cut to such a minimum, thousands have become consumptive, many dying.

Poland, a country of poignant interest, has likewise become a slave to her unscrupulous neighbor.

THIS CANNOT HAPPEN HERE

Holland - a picturesque land and people, Belgium - so thrifty and brave, and Norway - the rugged land of the Midnight Sun, whose beauty defies description, have likewise become victims of this "maddening" greed for power.

Several years ago a young girl of Norwegian descent left the United States to visit her grandparents in Norway, her grandfather being the dean of the largest college in Oslo. Shortly after her arrival she fell in love with a young Norwegian, and their wedding was an outstanding event. He owned a large automobile concern, and they looked to the future with optimism; what could mar their happiness? But something did and very soon.

One day he was told, "this business is no longer yours; we are taking it over. You will work for us". They were forced to leave their lovely home and move into a shack, the like of which she had never known. Their food ration was so severe she became extremely ill and her baby died of starvation. This young girl, like many, many others, has become a victim of circumstances, fighting against her own family and life-time friends in this country.

This is only one case, but one that will live forever in my memory. This young girl is, perhaps I should say "was", one of my closest friends since childhood. Her last letter, received in October 1941 - "What have we done; why must we suffer so?"

Other countries, too, have become victims of these rapacious so-called "liberators", but are we?

WE WILL NOT LET THIS HAPPEN HERE

BRAIN TEASERS

1. Three pretty girls and their three jealous fiancées want to get to a distant movie on a motorcycle which will hold only two. How to get the whole company there, never leaving a girl in the company of a boy unless her fiancée is present?
2. A Russian woman fills her samovar with 24 gills of tea. She wants to divide the tea equally among three people, and has in her possession three containers that hold 5, 11, and 13 gills. How can she do it?
3. Mr. C. commutes from the city on a train of uniform velocity and is met at the station by his chauffeur, who drives at a uniform velocity. One day he arrived at the station an hour early and started to walk home. He was picked up by his chauffeur and reached home ten minutes earlier than usual. How long did he walk?
4. There are three musicians; a violinist, a cellist, and a pianist. Each is the father of a grown-up son. The sons' names are Brown, Town, and Gown.
 - a. The cellist and Town, Jr. are six feet tall.
 - b. The pianist is five feet tall.
 - c. Gown, Jr. is six inches shorter than Town, Jr.
 - d. The violinist is five feet nine.
 - e. The violinist has exactly one third as many Victor records as that man (among the other five) who is nearest his height.
 - f. The pianist's son has 313 orchestral records and 409 vocal records.
 - g. Brown, Jr.'s father has more false teeth than the cellist.

What is the name of the violinist?

(Answers to appear in next issue)

Answers to "Brain Teasers" appearing in last issue:

2. She is 42, and he is 56.

3. 9567
+ 1085

\$106.52

Submitted By:
E. L. SCHLAGE

For the good of the United States and forces in general, we hope Wee Willie is not taken in as a working member. We have never doubted his patriotism or bravery, but just picture Willie and his little jeweler screw driver standing beside a General Grant tank and he suddenly finds something that could be improved upon. Well, I will just leave it up to your imagination as to what would happen -- you know Willie.

E. P. THOMPSON

S O S I E T Y N U S

On Friday, September 18, FERN AUSTILL gave a birthday luncheon at her very attractive residence on E. Cornell Drive. Those who had the pleasure of attending were: the guests of honor - KAY LEMLY and DICK GRAGG, NONA KITCHEN, BARBARA CALLISON, VIRGINIA IVES, PAT GRAGG, MABEL PARCHMAN, MAC MCCREARY, and GLENN AUSTILL.

On Saturday, September 26, PAT GRAGG, KAY LEMLY, NONA KITCHEN, FERN AUSTILL, and MABEL PARCHMAN enjoyed a delightful luncheon and "gossipy" chat at the home of VIRGINIA IVES, who was formerly with our organization.

Thursday, September 17, was a day of high festivity for the group of LIBRASCOPERS who had luncheon at the home of MABEL PARCHMAN. The occasion was held in honor of KAY LEMLY and DICK GRAGG, who celebrated their birthdays, and CHUCK REYNOLDS, who was leaving for another position. The sumptuous luncheon consisted of chicken with all the trimmings, and was prepared so temptingly that everyone present ate with Epicurean gusto. The climax of the afternoon was when MABEL played several piano selections to a hushed and appreciative audience.

Guests present were: KAY LEMLY, PAT GRAGG, CHUCK REYNOLDS, DICK GRAGG, DON WEBSTER, SKIPPY CASE, and ERNIE SCHLAGE.

TEAMWORK TODAY - VICTORY TOMORROW

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

DENNIS, the new checker in the Drafting Department, says he doesn't want to start off "Cold Turkey"; he wants to know where he's AT. If Siberell could only hear him.

The boys in the Drafting Room will have to quit swearing and stop their friendly little gestures toward each other now that a female of the species is among them.

SKIPPY CASE came back from his hunting trip smelling like a dove. Wait until he's reincarnated and turns into a dove; then he'll be sorry he had such itchy trigger fingers. Just call him BB eyes.

ANDY is a Grandpappy now; what do you say we all chip in and buy him a set of long whiskers? (It would be nice for him to have hair someplace on his head)

MARGARET (Tap 6-32 NC-2) SMITH says that Cold Roll isn't cold. We were only kidding MARGARET; it really looks like Half Hard Brass.

I wonder how NORBERG and THOMPSON will look in kackie. I can just see THOMPSON directing manoeuvres and NORBERG peeping a jeep.

"Late" Birthday Greetings to KAY LEMLY, DICK GRAGG, MIKE DeGRAFF, and DICK EGE.

We were glad to see NONA bust out with a new sweater last week - Yum Yum.

MIKE (the LIBRASCOPE cat) is permitted to go in and out of the plant now that he has a badge.

It's a good thing DUTCH didn't get CHAFEN's

new office. After drinking a quart of milk (?) in there he couldn't get out.

Overheard in the Mezzanine:

Harrison: "What's a girl's now?"

Ege: "What do you mean?"

Harrison: "You've heard that song, 'I Wonder Whose Kissing Her Now' ".
WOW!!!!!!

BONER OF THE WEEK:

ANDERSON building a vellum cabinet too large to get through the Drafting Room door. Why don't you try plumbing as a profession, ANDY???????

I'm glad everyone kicked through on the soft drinks the last couple of weeks, so there won't be any necessity to publish the previous offenders. Here's some startling news - in fact the first time it has ever happened. We were 70% over on our coke take. Thanks fellows - if it keeps up we will be out of the red soon.

"COOKIE" MANNAN has stopped phoning his wife at noon ----- N-O-W he meets her for lunch at McDonnells (so one of my spies tells me).

Do you know we have a minute man in our organization? THOMPSON, only he is a 45 minute man.

ROSS SMITH now lives in Burbank.

DARBY was seen shopping for a dachshund puppy - wrong nationality in these times, don't you think DARBY???????

What's this we hear about FERN AUSTIN walking to work to take off weight? Weight off where BESSIE?

Get that well known man-about-town to tell you about the super furnishings in the Jade Room, Hollywood.

THOUGHT: I wonder if the Army would consider using the staff of the "LIBRA-SCOPE" to help out on the Army paper.

ANSWER: Paper - no!!! Men - Yes - Draft!!!

Have you noticed the smell of a drug store in the Engineering Room of late? What's the deal boys?????

Restaurant Observations:

Guess MASEL hasn't heard that bread crusts make the hair curly. My, My, such a waste of food. Tsk Tsk Tsk Tsk

We are all sorry to see CHUCK REYNOLDS leave us. However, best of luck on the new job CHUCK.

Boys Have You Heard?

The women fair of our organization are soon going to wear slacks to work. I guess there is one pleasant outlook to war after all.

ENGLEBERT must be getting hard up for models. Pipe the "Puss" he whipped up for this issue (Stowe Face in Person).

CHARLEY STUART thought a horse had kicked him in the teeth the other day. He got too close to a "hot" wire and the juice jumped out and gave him the "works". In fact he even lost that pipe out of his mouth.

Did anybody see MAC McCREADY take that spill? He looked like a drunk walking off a cliff.

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

DIETRICH dating Mae West, HAROLD SMITH without a smile, THOMPSON with hair, ANDY crying because KALNUS left, VANDER BEE giving anyone a smile (the sour puss), GRAGG with a real mustache.

Some time just for fun point your finger at HARVEY WATKINS. He will look like a B-19 making a bad takeoff.

For the title of "man with best disposition" we would like to nominate HAROLD "Stinky" SMITH. He always is in a good humor.

If you happen to be talking to "Pinky" GRANSBURY be careful or he will talk your ears off just bragging about that baby daughter of his.

Ask HARVEY WATKINS about the trouble he had with the Indians a few nights ago. If he won't tell you, try FERN or NONA; they had the same trouble with the same group of Indians.

Looks as though winter must be here. WESLEY HANCOCK has started wearing that leather jacket in the mornings.

LIBRA - SCOPE

L - LIFE
I - N
B - BETTERMENT
R - EST
A - ASSURED

S - SAFETY
C - CONCERN
O - F
P - PEOPLE
E - EMPLOYED

S U B - A S S E M B L I E S

(SHOP'S TURN - NEXT ISSUE)

Art is sporting a classy pipe entitled 'The Londoner'.....a very classy moniker.....
'Short-Stuff' Mills is some bowler.....he insists, however, that his dog did bite him; Clif is looking for someone to haul him to work.....Plato (not the Greek) has difficulty crossing the road - he's no chicken, you know.....Troy needs a pencil for his other ear.....McKennon would make an ideal feather, he has enough cigars.....perhaps he should give them to Lynch.

QUESTION:

Mississippi Bay Naval Base is in Mississippi Bay, but do you know where Mississippi Bay is?
Answer is at end of this column.

NOTES IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING:

Don't be frightened by some people's dirty looks - it may be the only one they have.

Some people are too busy to be friendly - others are too friendly to be busy.

A pretty girl is like a melody because she often leaves a few sharp notes before leaving you flat.

The meek shall inherit the earth - and all its dirt.

A book should be written on 'How To Kill Japs and Influence People'.

With the first breath at the moment we are born, we are one breath nearer the last so, indeed, when does one start living?

OUR RIBBING DEPARTMENT: (which we hope will be accepted in the same spirit in which it is given).

The fellows in the Assembly Department have seen a name in the Libra-Scope with which they are very familiar, although they

are not very well acquainted with the person bearing the name.

Maybe 'Heart-ache' MARTIN would drop in sometime and clarify the situation.

A. Scott Omohundro

Little things no one cares about: I never speak to strange men! said the little blonde at Earl Carroll's.

ANSWER to the Question:

The Mississippi Bay Naval Base and Mississippi Bay are in Japan - about eight miles from Tokyo as a bomber flies.

P.S. Hi Ya! DARBY!

THE GANG

POP REDMON's vacation had the reaction of a transfusion, judging from the color of his cheeks.

L. MORT and MARVIN DAREL are welcome additions to this department.

CLEON CHAPEN has a new office - a sign reading "They Shall Not Pass" would be in order.

