



Libra — Scope



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C O U R A G E

It may seem to many of us that we have little for which to be thankful this Thanksgiving Day.

Let us be thankful that we are AMERICANS, with an added prayer of appreciation for the courage of our valiant men on the fighting fronts.

We owe it to our country and to ourselves to be courageous. Men will talk of these days in the years to come - the days when we must all have courage.

It is the quiet courage of the multifarious lives of the people that makes a nation great. The battle-field is not for all of us.

The strength to do great things is not in every man, but courage grows with the will to be brave. We must face life with confidence. We must believe that all is well. We must believe that "to the good man no evil things can happen". It will help us to endure whatever we have to face. It will make us unafraid of those who have power and use it harshly. We must not wince if life is not a bed of roses; we must not turn back when we come to stony ground.

Men have suffered agony and died that life for us might be enriched. In days gone by men fought to make our country free, with the courage that has written their names in letters of gold across the pages of history; and shall we fail our country now? Shall we be worthy of the glory that is ours?

A soldier on the battle-field faces death with dauntless courage. He does not turn back. He is not unafraid, but it is his courage that spurs him onward to whatever may be his fate.

Ours is not that glorious courage. Books are not written about us. We cannot prove our bravery by taking up arms and defending our homes. That has not been necessary because of the intrepid courage of our soldiers fighting on foreign shores.

But, we must learn to face the grim facts of this war unflinchingly. We must sacrifice uncomplainingly. We must be able to bravely bear the heartbreak that enters into our homes. If we have this courage our nation will be unified as one, able to fight through the darkest hours to win the ultimate victory which will be our reward.

Let us hold fast; let us stand firm; let us be strong and of good courage.

ASS'T EDITOR

R. W. Gragg.....Editor
Mabel Parchman.....Assistant Editor

Staff:

F. Austill E. L. Schlage
H. Darby H. Smith
D. Englebert J. Thomas
A. J. Martin H. Watkins

C E N S O R S H I P

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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.

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 two weeks.

<u>NAME</u>		<u>DEPARTMENT</u>
Mary P. Loudenback	-	Parts Production
Charles E. Stuart	-	Parts Production

B I R T H D A Y G R E E T I N G S

John F. Parkins	-	November 18
Carl H. Sanders	-	November 21

B O N D L O T T E R Y

So far the editor of the LIBRA-SCOPE has received the total of six answers as regards the lottery suggestion printed in the last issue. Five of these answers were favorable and one unfavorable.

Needless to say we will need more comments. As a matter of fact 100% before this can be carried through.

According to the girls in the office a most enjoyable evening was had at the home of PAT GRAGG on Tuesday, November 17.

B R A I N T E A S E R S

Answers to "Brain Teasers" appearing in last issue:

1. Five men, one woman, and ninety-four children.
2. The first time the boats meet they have together traveled the width of the river. The second time they meet they have together traveled three times the width of the river. Hence 700 yards (the distance one boat goes before they first meet) equals one third of the-width-of-the-river-plus-340 yards (the distance the same boat goes in all).

$$\begin{aligned}700 &= 1/3 (W + 340) \\2100 &= W + 340 \\1760 &= W\end{aligned}$$

And the river is a mile wide. It is amazing what logic can do. Reason is a powerful instrument.

1. A ship of the Lunard-Blue Star Line sails each noon from New York for Cherbourg, and another sails at the same hour each day from Cherbourg to New York. Each ship takes exactly a week to make the crossing. If an officer of the line takes passage on each of these boats, how many belonging to his line will he meet during the passage?
2. It is sixty miles from Springfield to New Haven. The mayor of Springfield starts for New Haven on a bicycle at the rate of 10 miles per hour. At the same time the mayor of New Haven starts for Springfield on a motorcycle at the rate of 20 miles per hour. Just as they start a fly leaves the nose of the mayor of Springfield and flies at the rate of 30 miles per hour toward the nose of the other mayor, and reaching it, starts back toward the nose of the first mayor at the same speed. If the fly keeps flying between the mayoral noses until he is crushed to death when the on-coming mayoral noses meet, how far has he flown?

Submitted By:
E. L. SCHLAGE

WE BUY TWO SCREWS (When the Payroll is full of them)

There seems to be some confusion in the minds of many of our employees as to the methods this company uses in the purchase of various parts and pieces supposed to be attached to computers. The purpose of this article is to clarify the simple procedure we follow. To illustrate our methods we will use a simple hypothetical example.

Suppose our company completes the fabrication of a computer. Just as we are about to send it out to "Brownie", Chapen discovers that the Engineering Department, in designing the instrument, failed to provide two screws needed to secure the handle to the case. It now becomes necessary to acquire these screws, so what does "Clem" do? After lunch he notifies Darby (Bertie for short). Darby notifies Guy, and Guy asks Van to issue a Shop Order (S.O.). This shop order is issued in quadruplicate. One copy goes to Kay, one copy goes to Guy, one copy is filed in the Production Office, and the other copy is thrown away. We now have a shop order. An engineering order is also issued at this time so that Art will have something to charge his time to.

We now find that what originally happened was that after the shop order was issued, someone discovered the only tool available in the Assembly Department for applying the screws was a Phillips screwdriver, a situation not provided for in the blue prints.

Now we are ready to get bids! Bid requests are sent out to three screw factories in accordance with Government regulations. One bid comes back so we decide to order the screws from Andrews Hardware.

The next step is to issue the actual Purchase Order. This operation is started by a group of persons in the Production Office, who, working together, produce a paper known as a requisition. On this paper the writers place various marks, signs, and blind figures. This is done by passing the paper back and forth until it is filled up. The requisition is then turned over to Tommy, who turns it over to Esther, who types the actual Purchase Order. This is done by simply copying the date shown on the requisition, and then adding various quotations, phrases, paragraphs, priority ratings, terms - in fact most anything. A quotation from the Bible usually goes over big.

The first copy of the Purchase Order is now sent to the vendor, the other copies are distributed to the Army, Navy, Marines, Gen. Pershing, Hitler, the F.B.I., Tommy, his secretary, her boy friend, and to our various departments. Four copies are filed in various files scattered around in our offices. The purpose of this is obvious. Suppose you want to find a copy of an old order. Instead of having to ask for it or to determine which file it is in, you just run around in a circle. The first file you fall over, just pull open a drawer and there it is.

One copy of the Purchase Order goes to "Dutch". As soon as "Dutch" gets wind that a new Purchase Order has been placed and issued, he flies into action. The unfortunate vendor who received the order now becomes the subject of guile, persuasion, threads, intimidation, and general harassment in an attempt to get his signature on a paper known as a Delivery Schedule. God help the Vendor who signs that paper. From then on, at every hour and at every turn, he will be confronted by Dutch demanding, "Where are those screws?"

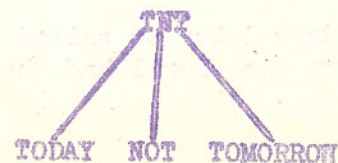
Months go by but in the meantime Troy, (not Helen of) finds two screws that fit the handle. Without authorization of the Stockroom, Accounting Department, Purchasing Department, or Production Control, he applies the screws and finishes the computer. It is then readjusted and reinspected, goes through final inspection, and is now ready for Naval inspection. When Mary and Brownie finish with it, Mike crates and ships it to its destination, where it is now waiting for someone to figure out how to use the darn thing.

SO WHAT DO WE DO? WE CANCEL THE ORDER, FOR THE TWO SCREWS.

Now to issue a Cancellation --
Oh, Heck, what's the use?

BUY SOME MORE BONDS, GUYS, "UNC." NEEDS THE DOUGH.

ANONYMOUS



"ELMER IN THE ARMY"

I'm one of the fellows who is making the world safe for Democracy. I fought and fought and fought --- but I had to go anyway. I was called in Class A. The next time I want to be in Class B -- (B here when they go and B here when they come back). I remember when I registered. I went up to a desk and the man in charge was my milkman. He said, "What's your name?" I said to him, "August Childs". He said, "Are you alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine." He asked me where I was born and I said Pittsburgh. He said, "When did you first see the light of day." I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was, so I told him Twenty-three the first day of September." He said, "The first day of September you'll be in China and that will be the last of August."

Then I went to Camp. I guess they didn't think I would live very long, for the first fellow I saw wrote on my card "Flying Corps". I went a little further and some fellow said, "Look what the wind is blowing in." I said, "Wind nothing, the draft is doing it." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you are in it, you think you could fight anybody. They have two sizes -- too small and too big. The pants are so tight I could not sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move.

What a raincoat they gave me. It strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed by?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about, look what they gave me."

One morning it was 5 degrees below and they called us out for underwear inspection. Talk about scenery, red flannels, B.V.D's, all kinds. The union suit they gave me would fit Tony Galento. The lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said, "I am up, sir, but this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me digging ditches. A little later he passed me and said, "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to throw it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it in there."

Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down the pier I had the worst luck.

I had a Sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier. The Captain came by and said "Fall in". I said, "I have been in, Sir."

I was on the boat 12 days --- seasick for 12 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. I leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of one of the leanings, the Captain rushed up and said "What Company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself, Sir." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He replied, "I knew they'd lose it, it's been hanging out ever since we left New York."

Well, we landed and were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights there, the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pop. I was shaking with patriotism and I tried to hide behind a tree, but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The Captain came around and said, "Go over the top at five o'clock." I said, "Captain, I'd like to have a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it."

At five o'clock we went over the top and 10,000 Japs came at us. The way they looked at me, you'd think I had started the war. Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will!" I didn't know anybody by the name of Will. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will because he fired his gun and shot me in the excitement.

Submitted By:

R. McMAHON

WELCOME MR. BAKER

We are happy to again welcome Mr. H. W. Baker of the International Projector Corp'n., who arrived at our Plant today, November 25.

Tallyho and a bit of a "Pip Pip". We are certainly sorry there were not more of you out "to ride to the hounds" when the Riding Club gathered for its initial meeting.

Sad to relate, however, is the fact that there were no hounds; but their place was well-filled by a few of our local "wolves". Quite an innovation having the "wolves" ride with the group rather than being chased by them - but then where else could you find such a deal but at LIBRASCOPE.

There were sixteen hardy souls who appeared on the scene of the crime, and the way those horses treat you it is a crime, and sallied forth for a two-hour ride. The general consensus among the "tender-seats" is that the western saddle with its horn, definitely not for honking, is the most practical approach to keeping astride your steed. There were no casualties from being toppled from the nags but there were several who received a nice tan where they once got it when they journeyed to the woodshed with Dad.

To mention a few of the more notable of our group we should throw the spot-light on that Modelman DOUG WOODFILL and his 4 x 4 steed - as smart a looking two-some as you could find in the group. Next up, and really looking the part, our own TEX FINCHER, riding as mean a saddle as ever straddled a pony's back. There was an idle rumor about that TEX had ridden before, but I don't know where it could have started. And we should rain disgrace on the whole affair should we fail to mention those two "bouncing boys" - "Buck Private" MARTIN and DAVE "Hocowl" HOOKER.

Representing the fair sex on our little escapade was the instigator of the ride, ELSIE McGREE, who deserves a lot of credit for a nice bit of effort. MARGARET SMITH, dodging the nite duties for a few hours, proved she knows her horse flesh, as well as the location of all that stock she works with.

Should any of you refrain from joining us because of your size --- forget it and come on out. We have them in all sizes, ranging from LORRAINE WILSON to our pride and joy, HARVEY WATKINS. Bring home a quart of milk for you know who WATKINS. And, you should see LORRAINE and HARVEY doing a bit of "light fantastic" after the ride.

In addition to the above "equestrians" the following also answered this call of the outdoors: MRS. WOODFILL, IVAN and MRS. TROY, DICK EGE, GREGG McCREADY, BERTIE and MABEL PARCHMAN, and JIM THOMAS.

If you are holding off because of your riding habit, why not change from that "old rocking chair variety" to a bit of a solid bounce and get back on your feet again?

The gang meets again on Friday, November 27, and we hope a lot more will come out and join the fun. There are plans afoot for a bit of a repast in the form of a weenie-bake after the ride to Laskies' Ranch, so if you intend to ride let ELSIE know.

Come one --- come all, and when the words "Tallyho" echo across the valley, you will not be missing out on the fun.

Sing this to the tune of "ONE DOZEN ROSES"

Give me one dozen "Brooklyns"
Four little "turkeys"
So I can bowl a perfect game;
I'll be glad to receive them
And you will have to
Believe them
For they will advertise my name.

I used to hit the one-three pocket
'Til the splits got too wide.
Now I've started shooting
Over on that "Brooklyn" side.

Give me one dozen "Brooklyns"
Just four little "turkeys"
So I can roll a perfect game!!!

Parody from Bowling News
November 15, 1942

Submitted By:

KAY LEMLY

B O W L I N G

PEEKING AROUND THE BOWLING BALL

I still haven't found my bowling notes so I have given up looking for them. Any-way, History Lesson No. 1 left bowling in the hands of the Puritans. What their scores were in those days will probably not be known, if they kept score at all; but I'll wager they would not hold a candle to the eight teams of LIBRASCOPE.

Did you see Nona the other night,
She made a 3 point landing.
What happened Nona, did your shoes
get slick,
Or do the bowling floors need sanding?

If you want to bowl scientifically,
Just talk to Cleon Chapen.
Believe me kids, when he throws that
ball,
That old boy ain't faking.

In closing take some good advice,
Watch yourself, not other rollers.
If you do this pal, I'll guarantee
You'll soon be among the top-notch
bowlers.

ANNONYMOUS

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

At first bowling in this country was enjoyed only as an outdoor sport on grass "greens". It moved indoors as its popularity increased and the weather demanded. Bowling went through a period in its history comparable to the "dark ages". The "old-timers" from the early 1900's can tell about the old "poolroom" alleys of those days. The smoke was so thick in the room that a gas mask salesman could have done a land-office business. The smell of liquor in those alleys was so bad that even MARTIN would have gone into his boots and saddle at one whiff. It was no place for a nice lady, or even a lady! A woman's reputation suffered almost irreparable damage if she was found near the place.

PHYLLIS (Yum Yum) REAL: "What are you intentions Cookie?"

"Cookie" MANNAN: "Strickly instrumentle, man, strickly instrumentle."

Then, through the effort of a few people who wanted to lift bowling to a higher level in the world of sports, the American Bowling Congress was formed in Chicago. This organization was determined to make bowling a better and cleaner sport. It seems that every sport, at some time or another, needs an organization to set certain ethical standards, make rules, suggestions, etc. It happened in the prize-ring, in basketball, and many other sports. Every enthusiastic bowler owes a good deal to the A.B.C. for its worthwhile work. I'd like to believe that this "clean-up" campaign in bowling was brought about by the entrance of women into the spot. Maybe the men will disagree, but at least now fellows are not ashamed to bring their wives or girls into our "stream-lined alleys" of today. It probably was the men who thought of the beautiful alleys we have now with heavy drapes, upholstered seats, luxuriously appointed bars, etc., but I'll bet only the women could have selected those "dusky pink" and "baby blue" color schemes.

Orchids to (Fattie) WATKINS for the enthusiasm he has shown since he was appointed Prexy of the Libra Fraternity. He's really doing one swell job.

Ask DAVID HARRISON why they call him "Lacy Pants".

To make sure that there isn't any embezzlement of coke funds, HARVEY WATKINS runs out to the Guard House every five minutes to check over. Is it because he's really interested or because KAY is chief counter of the coke money??????

IMA BUMM BOWLER

Congrats to CHAPEN on his 226 bowling score last Monday.

JERRY (Elien) SNELLA hears the call of the wolf every time he makes a play for a damsel at the bowling alley. And does this make him unhappy??????? Quote: "Cut it out, will ya fellas!!!"

They tell me the horseback riding club is having a fine turn out. ELSIE (you know who) is the gal to contact if you're interested. (MARTIN hasn't been able to sit down since, but you must remember, he was very, very interested).

Ask PAT GRAGG what all the fuss was over the little poster she had over her desk on Thursday morning of last week.

The other nite at the bowling alleys one HAROLD (Smitty) SMITH was seen blossoming out in a vivid red plush shirt. When asked what the deal was his answer was, quote: "MY LAUNDRY HASN'T COME BACK YET."

Congrats to one A. J. MARTIN on his being sworn into the Army Air Forces on Thursday of last week. By the by a good buy on chickens might be made when he is called; how about that MARTIN???????

On talking to the editor of this hyar paper the other day I was told that the employees of the plant were kind of sloughing off on their submittances for publication. Soooooo come on peoples, let's get to moving. You know this paper is no cinch to write up, and without contributions and lots of them it's dang near impossible.

What's this we hear about the race between (Pot) ANDERSON AND (PVT.) GRAGG as regards the getting out of the LP drawings and the Drafting Room Manual? We know who our money is bet on don't we fellows???????

NOTE: Don't blame rationing and so forth on your Government; blame it on the YELLOW YAP.

OVERHEARD COMMENT: "What PINKIE needs is a laughing robot to help him enjoy his own jokes."

Orchids to KAY LEMLY and ESTHER WILLIS on their work at the Control Center for civilian defense. Keep it up gals.

Ask SKIPFY CASE what the difference is between precise and precision. (Prices at the Old Ladies' Home have been lowered, I hear).

Congrats to LEONARD BRANVOLD, the proud daddy of a 7# 10 oz. baby girl born at 3 A.M. Friday, November 20.

CAN YOU IMAGIN:

No changes to be made...TOMMY without a shout...DUTCH without a smile...MARTIN without hair (and maybe you think I'm kidding)...EGE without an untimely remark...KALMUS expecting a homecoming party when he visited the plant the other day...BOB DIETRICH not worrying about whether his name will appear in this column or not...LLOYD KERNKAMP without his "jesus peases"...LEWIE IMM without some new recordings...MR. GRIFFIN without a worry...Princess YUM YUM without a ship to launch...the girls wearing dresses again...LORRAINE WILSON and HARVEY WATKINS dancing???

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