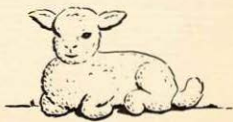




AMERICAN Parade

Vol. 12, No. 3

March, 1953



AMERICAN Parade

Published for Employees of
American Wheelabrator
& Equipment Corp.
Mishawaka, Indiana
Vol. 12, No. 3 — March, 1953
Joseph Flory, Editor

Is the PARADE Coming Your Way?

Have you been receiving your PARADE regularly? If not, please let your shop reporter or your editor know about it, for that is the only way we have of knowing. Due to circumstances beyond our control, we sometimes are forced to mail them late, but we make every effort to get them in the mail by the first day of each month. We have also contacted the Mishawaka Postmaster, and he assures us that PARADE will not be unnecessarily delayed at that point. We will appreciate your help in letting us know if you fail to receive future issues.

YOU are a PARADE Reporter!

If at times readers of PARADE feel that their own department is slighted in our pages, or that some individual has done something of interest without being given credit, perhaps all the blame is not the fault of your reporter — or your editor. We honestly strive at all times to be fair in our coverage of people and events, but, being human, we might miss a story here and there. On the other hand, there are news items which are passed up because you don't bring them to the attention of your shop reporter. Your editor does not mind admitting that it is his ambition to make PARADE the best industrial publication in this area — and to publish in it these things which mean the most to the greatest number of you. With your cooperation we can accomplish both these goals. Remember at all times that PARADE is not meant to be a "One Man Show" — or a "Five Man Show," but something real which belongs to all of us.

YOUTH

by Samuel Ulman

Youth is not a time of life, it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is the freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of 50 more than a boy of 20. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear, and despair — these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greenest spirit back to dust.

Whether 50 or 18, there is in every human being the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the

unfailing, childlike appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as you fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is an evergreen tree its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies you are old. In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage, and power from the earth, from men, and from the infinite, so long are you young.

When the wires are down, and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at 20; and may God have mercy upon your soul.

A Change of Time and Place

One score and nineteen years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this nation a new tax, conceived in desperation and dedicated to the proposition that all men are fair game. Now we are engaged in a great mass of calculations, testing whether that taxpayer or any taxpayer, so confused and so impoverished, can long endure. We are met on Form 1040. We have come to dedicate a large portion of our income to a final resting place with those men who here spent their lives that they may spend our money. It is altogether anguish and torture that we should do this. But in the legal sense we can't evade, we cannot cheat, we cannot under-estimate this tax. The collectors, clever and sly, who computed here, have gone far beyond our power to add and subtract. Our creditors will little note nor long remember what we pay here, but the Bureau of Internal Revenue can never forget what we report here. It is for us taxpayers rather to be devoted here to the tax return which the

government has thus far so nobly spent. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these vanishing dollars we take increased devotion to the few remaining; that we here highly resolve that next year will not find us in a higher income bracket, that this taxpayer, underpaid, shall figure out more deductions, and that taxation of the people by the congress for the government shall not cause our solvency to perish.

Whatever
became
of
SMOKEY STAN?

(See page ten)



AWECO Equipment in the Automotive Field

When the Ford Motor Company installed two special Wheelabrators recently in their new foundry in Cleveland, it was a memorable event for our company. It meant that Ford had

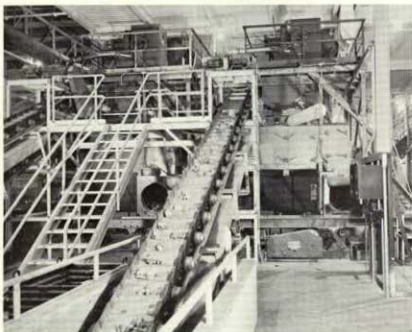
bought more than 100 machines for use in all their plants, and it was proof that they wanted the best on the market for this modern foundry.

The machines referred to are twin



Our 48" x 48" WATB being loaded with castings with burned in cores.

Twin 36" Continuous Wheelabrator Tumbblasts at Ford Motor Company.



36" continuous Tumbblasts, and a 48" x 48" WATB. They are now cleaning four different parts at this time—oil pumps, water connections, bearing caps and front covers for timing gears. As production gets under way for 1954 Ford 6 and 1954 Mercury engines, additional parts will be cleaned in these units.

Our 48" x 48" WATB thus far has been used only to clean such castings as were not completely cleaned in the continuous Tumbblasts. These castings sometimes require further cleaning after emerging from the 36" unit because a number of cores may be burned in the castings. These rejects, which are a small percentage of the total run, require about five minutes in the 48" x 48" for a satisfactory job.

AWECO Employees' Profit Sharing BOX SCORE

	Nov.-Dec.	Jan.-Feb.	Mar.-Apr.	May-June	July-Aug.	Sept.-Oct.
Each 2-month period shown	\$40,187	?	?	?	?	?
This year	\$40,187	?	?	?	?	?
Last Year	\$52,237	\$123,504	\$186,022	\$240,163	\$272,081	\$363,922



Three of our Vandalia, Michigan commuters, all of whom work nights in the Steel Shop. Left to right: Isaac Brown, who began work here in August, 1950; Charles Forney, who came to AWECO in July, 1947; James Davis, who has been here since November, 1944.

WE SALUTE THOSE WHO *Commute*

If any of us have been guilty of being tardy or absent an unreasonable number of times, we might benefit by considering the record of a group which drives a considerable distance to work. As far as your editor can learn very few of our commuters are absent or tardy—and some of them live 40 miles distant.

It was impossible to contact all our out-of-town employees, but we did inquire around for some time trying to single out the folks that might qualify for "top spot." We believe that three men from Cromwell, Indiana, which is 40 miles southeast of Mishawaka, have that distinction. If anyone else claims to be the "Charop" please call it to our attention.

So, regardless of weather conditions, our commuters seem to get to the job on time—and they leave home in time so that they may confine themselves to the limits of safe driving. "Typic" Tim, the night fireman, says that not long ago when the roads were exceptionally slippery, he left home before noon so that he might be on the job at 4 P. M.

Besides the employees mentioned here there are numerous others, coming from such points as Niles, Edwardsburg, Buchanan, Elkhart, Goshen, Syracuse, Lapaz, Plymouth, and Bremen.

When asked why they keep driving such distances our commuters come up with various answers, but they all boil down to this: "Well, we can drive a long way and still have more left from our pay than we would if we worked in our own towns—and besides we kind of like to work here."

This is Wilbert Mitchell, also from Vandalia, who is operator at nights of "the big crane" in the Steel Shop. Wilbert came along in May, 1944.



These three Cromwell lads, left to right, are Everett "Oppey" Line, night fireman, who came to AWECO in October, 1951; Ed Schlabach, Slipping, who took up his duties here in November, 1950; Kletica "Bill" Steiner, Steel Shop, who began here in November, 1950.



From Vandalia is Lacy Monroe, another night man in the Steel Shop. Lacy is a jeep driver, and joined AWECO in October, 1950.



From Upponia, Indiana, come two night workers who operate on an "exchange ride" basis, each taking turns driving his own car. On the left is Lester Blake, Steel Shop, who came here in November, 1942. The other fellow is Ralston Lehman, Machine Shop, who started in August, 1949.

The Story Behind Our Liquamatte

Not long ago our company was honored by receiving the Modern Designs Award presented by Design News Magazine for overall excellence of the Liquamatte. Merit deserves acknowledgement, which was true in this case, as a tremendous amount of research and experimentation had gone into the designing and construction of this machine. The story is an outstanding example of what can be done when a group of individuals pool their knowledge and basic ideas.

Our company had done preliminary experimental work on the wet blast machine for quite some time prior to the designing of this new one, but no definite conclusions had been arrived at in regard to going into production.

Finally it was decided that better and more conclusive results could be attained if a committee, or "round table," were set up. The members were composed of representatives of research, engineering, sales and management. We decided to enter the wet blast field only after extensive discussion and research.

The potential market was carefully surveyed. We made field trips to inspect the installations of competitors. The individual problems of potential customers were studied — what they liked or disliked about those competitive units then in use.



After many meetings, and after mock-ups were inspected for appearance, convenience, maintenance, etc., it was decided that there was a definite need of an improved machine in the wet blast field. An order for several units was turned over to the production department. Several features still needed change. Finally came production of the machine and the marketing.

The Liquamatte was formally introduced to the trade in October, 1951, and from that date on the findings of the "round table" have been fully justified.

Every Job at AWECO is Important **Personnel Secretary** This Job PLUS YOUR Job Makes Quality AWECO Products

Our Personnel Department is an information bureau — a clearing house for many varied problems — the connecting link between employee and management. Ray Steele,

Personnel Director, and his secretary, Delia Frisoni, work in close conjunction to keep this department operating at a high level of efficiency.

The Personnel Secretary must have the faculty of getting along well with other people; she must anticipate many of the questions which they have in mind; she must, at times, have a world of patience.

When new employees come to AWECO, our Secretary gathers many details from them which are necessary for company records. She keeps an accurate and up-to-the-minute record on such matters as employment, wage rates, seniority, insurance, accidents, tardiness, absenteeism, overtime, social security. Reports to her from employees cover such things as births, deaths, change of address, marriage, etc. This information is then channeled to the proper departments.

The above duties are more or less of a "regular" nature, but the Secretary is often faced with problems of an "irregular" nature, many of them quite amusing — and personal. Recently a woman employee phoned to ask, "Just what all does my insurance cover — I am going on a diet, and would like to know if there is any provision for that?"

Delia seems to be the right person for this particular job. She spent nearly two years in another department of AWECO before taking this job in October, 1945.



DELIA FRISONI
PERSONNEL SECRETARY



Off the Reporters' Cuffs

Steel Chips

Lynn Browne

I saw some non-political mud-slinging recently on one of our fine slushy days. Secm's George Emery parked in a mud hole, and upon thinking what would happen in case of a quick freeze, he decided to change parking places.

Then the mud slinging started. Under all that mud was ice! A heavy foot on the gas and a quick temper did no good at all. Ray Brodson wanted to help his co-worker in distress, so he lent his manly strength to George and helped him get out of the hole, still spinning his car wheels. The Ford came out of the mud hole and Ray looked as if he had fallen in one.

We find out that Ray also has a quick temper.

While looking for something different to give his wife for an anniversary present, Levi Hines has hit a new high. He set out in search of a big bouquet of red roses.

How they turned into a large side of bacon, I couldn't understand, but anyway, I suppose you can't eat roses, and bacon certainly smells good (while frying that is.)

Foundry Shake Out

Jack Binford

Due to numerous comments as to the honesty and integrity of this reporter's intentions, in writing this column, this month we will start at the top and air a few of these grievances and answers to them.

"Bony" Koleszar, says this writing is done with the idea that some day the reporter will be able to blackmail some one for enough to spend the rest of his life fishing. Now "Bony" lived in Chicago during the Capone era and

naturally his thoughts are a little warped along this line!

Next, there is Walter Ostrowski, who resents having his physique compared to that of a Mack truck. Now, what reporter could know that Walt failed to start smoking cigarettes in time to stunt his growth a little?

Al Blaskie says his fishing reputation was ruined by remarks printed here. Now, how would any reporter know that Mrs. Blaskie was filling the deep freezer with five pound bass while Al was breaking his fish poles on five inch blue gills?

Theo "Chubby" Hattnell says the reporter is the grandfather of "Baby-Face" Nelson, the gangster, because it was mentioned that a magazine failed to arrive on time. It was announced that the F.B.I. would probably be after him but only to congratulate him on his salesmanship.

"Mr. Peepers" of the Blade Room,



Bernice Madrecki, Purchasing, came to AWECO in March, 1931. Previously, she was employed by Wilson Brothers as salesmen record clerk in the Sample Department Office. She likes movies, T. V. and music. She also engages in the interesting hobby of raising ivy plants. Bernice is married and lives in a newly summered home in South Bend, where she gets a lot of fun out of all the modern features and equipment.

John Williams resents the comments on hunting wild geese with a hoe. How would anyone know John was afraid of fire arms and was using the hoe for self protection?

The short hairs on the back of Neal Spauld's neck stand on end, because it has been mentioned here that he is carrying quite a bit of excess poundage. Now the mention of that was done only in the hope that some of Neal's friends would tell him about the "Fat Boy's Chart."

Then our worthy "Senator Snort" calls this reporter "Key Hole Winchell II" because of a little incident involving wild ducks. When Calvin Q. Kelly and a flock of wild duck, both try to wade water on a moon lighted road, when there is no water there, that is news. Not news that Calvin would try this but news that the ducks were so badly fooled.

Incidentally, this reporter received a Christmas box beautifully wrapped, containing a lovely rope. This of course was to be used for a boat anchor and not for hauling purposes.

Charles Metzger, machine shop nights, and Maynard Nelson, machine shop, will be singing a different song for a couple of years. Both boys left for the navy February 9. Good luck to both of you.



Before coming to American in April of 1930, Betty Sprague, Cost Department, was employed by Dodge Manufacturing and American Trust Companies. Betty says that her family, aside from herself, consists of "one husband for nine years." She is an avid reader when not on the job - also gets a lot of fun out of visiting new places to go to when she and hubby dine out. Betty is a member of "Eis Chapter" Sigma Phi Gamma Society.

ROVING REPORTER

Pat Ward

"Beware the Ides of March" says Shakespeare, and there's a fellow who ought to know. Presumably the stork in charge of South Bend bundles doesn't read Shakespeare — or the Ides of March don't scare him! He left a new son, John Mark, at the Julius Skene residence, and a daughter, Linda Darlene, for the Willard Smiths. Julius is in the Sales Office, and Willard in the Cost Department.

As a standard for normal behavior — pediatricians now advocate that baby should be allowed to choose his own mealtimes, and the most popular choice seems to be dinner at midnight, lunch at 3 a.m., and breakfast at all hours!! Good luck to the little ones, and may the new parents get a little more sleep than most!

CAN IT BE SPRING? . . . This is the restless season, the season of hail and farewell. . . . Welcome to **Josephine Twardak** of Billing, and to **Duncan MacMillan**, now in Electrical Engineering, another "Canny Scot" who comes to us by way of Canada. With all the Scotties around AWBEC® nowadays, I'm looking forward to seeing some kilt on St. Andrews' Day!!

Gifts, good wishes, and farewell to **Janet Morris** of Billing, **Georgine Meunick** of Sules, and **Marie Menzie** of Parts Service, who left us to take up different spheres of life. We'll miss you all.

It appears that the little guy with the arrows is still around — (he must be cold in this weather). **Beverly Six** of Billing is now Mrs. Ed Hartley, while **Barbara Crisler's** eyes sparkle to match the diamond she got from fiancé Bob Wallace. Better keep an eye on the budget for a while Ed; Beverly got so excited when she left, she forgot her bag — left it lying on her desk! By the way, how did these guys get in here — they're both from Studebaker! Congratulations all.

SERVICE NOTES . . . With all the recent world-shaking events, it is reassuring to learn from **Paul Williams**, now in Fort Knox, Kentucky, that the Army — is still the army; and the legendary "ridge-running" top-kick is still calling the tune. Something must have gone wrong — I know that there were thousands of buck privates out to get that guy ever since World War II began. What happened to the law of averages that he should live so long?



Jacob Miller, one of the many Millers at AWBEC®, works in Soot Shop. He came here in December, 1950, having worked prior to that for General American Transportation Company of Elkhart. Jake is married and is of the home type. He likes to build bird houses in his spare time, but will drop this pursuit — if someone wants to take him on in a game of checkers.



Leo DeNeve, South Shipping Room, came to AWBEC® in September, 1951. Prior to that he had worked on a large Dairy Experimental Farm near Lansing, Michigan. Leo is married and has two daughters. He is a T. V. fan when he finds the time, but much of his spare time is spent with his three brothers. This team of brothers engage in building and remodeling of houses.

If the PARADE is coaching you, Paul, send us a picture in your new suit — we'll run it in our picture gallery.

IF WED KNOWS YOU WERE COMING . . . It was a very Mondayish morning in Engineering. Everything was nonchalant — even the rat which strolled through the department was singularly lacking in ambition — that is until it reached the Electrical Department, where Jim Evans, our Electrical Engineer, valiantly armed himself with a fly swatter and set forth in hot pursuit.

Being conservative, let me say simply that Jim's intentions were open to doubt — the popular school of thought being that he was bent, not on extermination, but on urging the rodent on to bigger and better things. However, as the two some rushed into Duel & Fume Sault, reinforcements awaited Jim.

But let not the rat pass "unhonored and unsung". — In the twilight of his life, he established two very interesting facts; namely that **Sadie Broecki** can nimbly clear four foot obstacles, without training, and from a sitting position yet; while **Bernie Lott** can produce a High C, very loud, very long, and very shrill, given the proper provocation! Practical jokers, please note.

WOMAN'S WORLD . . . In order to

convince at least myself of the superiority of the feminine species, I searched for further proof, and found an interesting article revealing how a Chicago lady, forsaken by her husband, found that cash was running low — a common complaint. Unfortunately, however, the gentleman vanished without a trace, and not even the local gardenermy were able to locate him for the purpose of extracting the necessary alimony.

The lady proceeded to triumph where the law had failed — she simply ran an advertisement in the local paper, announcing her own death, and when the — er . . . gentleman turned up to collect the insurance, he walked straight into the welcoming arms of the law. And so the lady got her alimony!

A WORD TO THE WISE . . . It would appear that the best beloved male is still he who returns at 5:30 p.m. daily, with a step just light enough to show he still loves his wife; and just heavy enough to show that he hasn't forgotten the groceries . . .

You know, I wondered why I had to search for inspiration, until I remembered that inspiration belongs to the young — and I was growing old. But, on second thought, growing old isn't so bad — if you consider the alternative!

Russell Duer — a 25-year "Doer"

One of our youngest "Old Times" with the present organization is Russell Duer, District Sales Manager in the Cincinnati district. The records show that he joined the company in March of 1928, but Russ says he actually has been around for 37 years.

It was in August, 1916, that he began working for the old company in Cleveland, known as The Sand Mixing Machine Company, and which was making only the Sandcutter. His first job was to keep the place clean, and to assist in filing gears. He soon was put on as a helper in the assembling of Sandcutters. He recalls that Charlie Beahm was Plant Superintendent at the time.

When the company was moved to Chicago after the merger with Elmer Rich, Russ left the company but returned in 1928. He reported directly to Ardee Freeman in Schenectady to take up his duties, and learn the routine of a service man. He continued in the capacity of an erector until 1938, when he was sent to Fishers in Switzerland. Five months later he returned to America. It was at this time that "Les Andrus decided it was time for me to go to work for a living and I was put on Sales in the Cincinnati territory on April Fools Day, 1939."

Russ has known the ups and downs of sales work, and says he owes much of his moderate success to the cooper-

ation of the "folks back home in Mishawaka." He cites the case of a customer in Ohio, who at that time was not yet "landed." Russ was having a tough time, since two or three competitors were on the scene bearing down also. Sensing the sale "going out the window," he hurried back to his hotel and called Mr. Pfaff long distance. The latter immediately called the top men of this company, and managed to have them hold their decision until the following week.

The result was that Mr. Pfaff came in person to Hamilton, and succeeded in helping Russ snatch the order from under the noses of the competitors. This got him so "fired-up" that he took Mr. Pfaff with him the same afternoon, and they made another good sale over in Indiana.

Russ has a store of unusual sales experiences, some good and others bad. He tells of the use a couple of years ago in which a party called on the phone and wanted to know something about "that machine with little discs on it." He talked with the man long enough to determine that he was referring to a Multi Table, and quoted him a price, saying that since it was so late in the day, he would call for an appointment the next morning. When Russ phoned the next morning, the man told him not to bother coming down — that they would mail him



the order which had already been filled out!

But Russ says the sale which he most likely will remember longer than all others was that first one as an AWECO representative. He had come home one warm day, feeling "way down" because he had been working hard for two months without a sale. He had picked up some ice cream in paper cups for the family. His wife met him to say that a wire had come, so Russ dropped the ice cream on the table and tore open the message. It was from Ann Sawyer, saying that he had finally come through with a good sale. Russ and his family rejoiced — while the ice cream "just melted away."

To Russ we say, "Good luck, and we hope you are around when it comes time to celebrate 50 years with the company."

The Cover Story

At times your artist and editor find themselves hard pressed to come up with an appropriate cover idea for PARAKE. In seeking an idea for our March cover, we came across a hobby story which had been published in PARAKE quite some time ago, and which also suggested a suitable theme for our current issue.



The published story was about one of our plant guards, Ernest Frankfather, and his hobby of carving animals and other subjects out of wood. We felt that since most people speak of March as the unpredictable month, it was perhaps only natural that the "Lion or Lamb" story came to mind. We had the right idea now, but among all of Ernie's miniature menagerie there was no lion — and not even a lamb.

Our problem was solved when Ernie kindly offered to carve us the two animals. We set a deadline for the job, and he beat it by a respectable margin. We think he did a good job on the two pieces as shown with him on the cover, but it seems as if Ernie hasn't yet made up his mind as to which animal will likely determine the course of the weather in March.

Since his hobby was mentioned in that older issue of PARAKE, Ernie has added many new and unusual pieces to his collection. He estimates that he has done at least a hundred. He has given away many of them, and they have found themselves being carried to far-away places by their new owners.

While most of his specimens are of animals, Ernie has considerable originality in carving out other subjects of "human interest" — such as Betty Grable playing baseball — in a bathing suit!

Our New South Parking Lot

It was a commendable act on the part of our management recently when they made possible additional parking facilities. While many have shown their appreciation of the new lot at the south end of the premises, others have not reacted as favorably as should be expected.

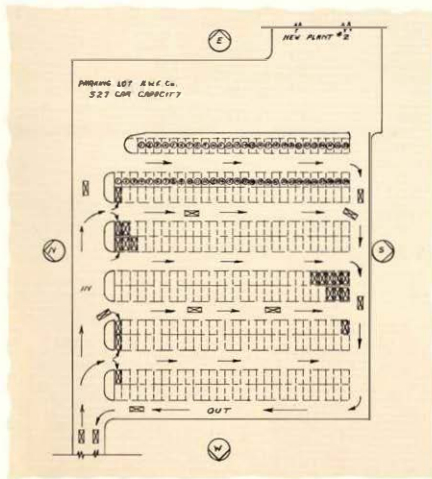
Those of us who are familiar with parking facilities furnished by some other industries in the area can not help but compare, or rather contrast, their lots with ours. The Mishawaka Police Department has commended us for this new project, but at the same time they advise us that restricted parking of two to three hours will be set up on neighboring streets if our workers do not take advantage of the company lots. The company requests again that factory personnel use the south lot, and that office and engineering folks use the north lot. They heartily thank those who have thus far done their part to make this project a success.

The new lot is 300' x 400' and will take care of 337 cars without crowding. Approximately 9' x 20' is allowed for each car, and a 25-foot driveway is provided both at the south and west ends in order to minimize confusion in entering and leaving the lot. This area is well-lighted and surfaced, and at night a plant guard makes an inspection trip—sometimes more. The total investment for the lot was \$15,000. By following a few regulations of the company in regard to parking, we will be helping the company, the other employees—and ourselves.

How Secure is Your Child's FUTURE?

Security is usually attained at the forfeiture of one's personal liberty, but there is one kind we can gain without paying a penalty. We are referring to a "marketable ability"—something which can demand a just reward in the complex social and economic world of today. If it is too late for some of us, we can still help make it possible for our children to take advantage of it.

There are opportunities in many

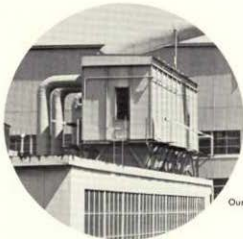


fields, but one of the best, in the opinion of unbiased observers, lies in engineering. Those who have children in grade school, or even in high school, owe it to the child to consider these facts, and to further investigate for details.

America needs engineers. Next June 19,000 young men and women will be graduated from U. S. engineering schools, and will enter positions at salaries above average. But these are not enough. The immediate demand is for 40,000 and an additional 30,000 each year to enter the profession. Because the low birth rate during the depression has resulted in fewer young people today, there is little likelihood of the demand being filled for some time.

Engineering training can lead to useful and interesting work—from T.V. operation to rocket design—from salesmanship to city planning. Engineers can serve mankind in numerous fields: food, shelter, clothing, transportation, communication, heat and light.

There are aptitude tests to indicate whether a youth is fitted for engineering, and there are scholarships for those who can qualify. Industry is fully aware of the crying need for all types of engineers, and are offering attractive incentives aside from these scholarships. Our country needs your help. Our youth can't all be engineers, but if they show a reasonable leaning toward it, you can help them along the road to a practical security.



Our Dustube Collector on roof at left.

When "Hot Air" is VALUABLE

Out at Boeing Airplane Company in Seattle they don't object to a great mass of "hot air" circulating about the plant. In fact, they try to conserve all they possibly can, for this is the kind of hot air which cuts their heating bill by \$5400 a year.

At one time sawdust, shavings and heated air were drawn off from around machines to a cyclone type collector

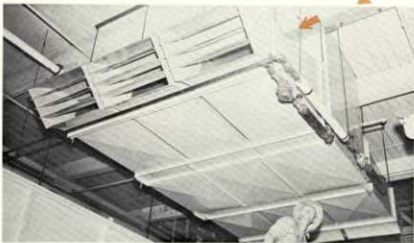
on the roof. Debris was removed, but the warm air was wasted at the same time. Now, this heated air goes through our Dustube Collector, additional dust is removed, and the hot air is recycled back into the plant at the rate of 40,000 cubic feet of air per minute and at a 70 degree temperature.

This clean air enters the factory just inside the large door, and close to

"It goes in here filled with debris and . . ."



. . . comes out here clean and warm."



a system of steam coils. When the door is opened in winter the heat automatically goes on, raising the temperature to 150 degrees, thus forming a "curtain" inside the door. During the summer, instead of the clean air being forced back inside the plant, it is routed outside.

So our Dustube is not only keeping the atmosphere clean at Boeing — it is helping them save so much in heating that the unit will pay for itself in three years.

SMALL WORLD

The old saying, "It's a small world" is quite often true it seems. Recently Walter Schamel, our District Sales Manager in the Los Angeles area was in the plant of the Kaynar Manufacturing Company to check the foundations for a 20 x 27 W/A which they had purchased. He was expecting the machine to arrive that day, but he didn't expect to see an old AWECO employee in the person of Alex Ket-

tlea, who formerly worked here on the pressure tank line. This ex-employee is probably best remembered by most folks as one of the most popular of Golden Glove Champs of several years ago. He later fought as a professional in the heavy-weight division, but hung up the gloves in 1940. He has been on the west coast for some time, but joined the Kaynar Company only a short time ago. Alex sends his regards to all the old friends here.

Smokey Stan refused to see—



—Now he pays big doctor's fee.



AWECO MAN RETURNS FROM SERVICE

Carl Halsey, Machine Shop, returned to the company January 7, having been discharged from service on the last day of 1952. Before entering the service of his country on Lincoln's birthday in 1951. Carl was a radial drill operator on the night shift.

PARADE REPORTER, Lena Turner, handed in this item on Carl in her regular report, but we felt it was a story in itself, so are running it along with Carl's picture.

Carl received his basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina with the 31st Division and later took part in a maneuver at Fort Hood, Texas (Operation Long Horn).

From Texas his company of 200 were flown to Camp Desert Rock, Nevada, in C-124s to take part in an atomic bomb experiment (Operation Big Shot). They spent about two weeks in preparation for the event with several lectures giving them instructions on what to do and when.

When the big day came the boys were installed in fox holes (2 in each). The plane carrying the bomb climbed to 30,000 feet and "unloaded," the men on the ground being advised at this point by loud speaker. Seconds ticked away—until at 3,500 feet they saw the explosion, and the voice from the loud speaker told them to look.

Carl says it was something hard to describe accurately. "It looked to me like a large ball of red hot molten metal going up in the air. The ground shook, and the vacuum created by the explosion sent out great clouds of dust which reached us—a distance of four miles. When the dust had completely drawn back we left our fox holes and proceeded. . . ."

Our New York Sales Office



● Left to right, Jack Pichard, District Sales Engineer; Ken Blessing, District Manager; Al Smith, Service Representative; David Logan, District Sales Engineer.

Our New York Sales Office is actually located in Hoboken, New Jersey, having been moved there recently for purposes of central location. This will allow our representatives there to more effectively serve the increasing demands in that area for AWECO products. Our office here in Hoboken will be in the midst of the home offices of many big industrial concerns with whom we do business, or which are potential customers.

It is interesting to note that the accumulated service record of our personnel in that office is more than 80 years. The "veteran" of the group is David Logan with 40 years AWECO experience behind him. The "baby" of the office is F. John Pichard, with a service of one year. Kenneth E. Blessing is the District Manager.

Margaret Whinnier, Secretary of the New York Office.



DOES YOUR WORK "STAND-UP"?

Slipshod workmanship was just as much a matter of concern 4000 years ago as it is today. Going back to the reign of Hammurabi of Babylon, 2285 to 2231 B. C., scholars find that he instituted a law which provided: "If a builder builds a home for a man, and has not made his work strong and the home has fallen and killed the owner of the house, then that builder shall be put to death." Unemployment among our professional executioners could be reduced to almost nothing, if we had a law like that, with the same penalty inflicted on all who turn out dangerously imperfect work.

In the building trades there is a story about a certain contractor who was putting up a great number of

small frame houses, of cheap and flimsy construction, on a new subdivision. The work was being rushed, every man willing to work who could handle a saw and hammer was put on the job, in order to have the houses ready for occupancy before winter. Early one morning the foreman telephoned the contractor.

"Say, boss," he began excitedly, "one of them new houses fell down last night."

"Fell down," replied the astonished contractor. "How did that happen?"

"Well, as near as I can figger it out," explained the foreman, "some of them bum carpenters took down the scaffolding before the paperhangers got the paper up."

The Story of Group Insurance



1

Together, Cavemen overcame dangers they dared not face alone.



2

Sea travel in 900 B.C. was risky business. When it rained, a merchant often was forced to list goods overboard. When that happened, other traders assumed the loss. (Rhodian Sea Law)



3

Roman soldiers had deductions taken from their pay for insurance. In the event of death, benefits were paid to their families.



4

Tinsmiths, cobblers, and other craftsmen in Europe and England formed Guilds and enjoyed, among other benefits, insurance protection.



5

When pirates roamed the seas, voyagers — before going on a trip — often bought insurance to be used for ransom if they were captured by pirates.



6

Ministers had to travel across dangerous country in the early days of this country. Many of them joined in a fund to insure their lives. (Presbyterian Ministers' Fund, 1759. Still in existence today.)



7

Men's forms of insurance followed until nearly 40 years ago the first plan for protecting groups of employees was started. Twenty million working men and women enjoy some form of Group Insurance arranged today.



8

Yes, the group-protecting plan that we all now depend upon today through our Group Insurance Plan is a far cry from the insecurity of the early company.