

BASIC BOMBARDIER

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July 14, 1944



BMI EMPLOYERS ARE AFFECTED BY RULING OF FEDERAL AGENCY

Employers and employees of critical war plants all over the country are affected by the recent ruling of the War Manpower Commission governing terminations and re-hiring.

In substance the directive positively forbids any employer to hire any person who does not have an availability slip issued by the United States Employment Service. This means that an employee who quits his job in a critical war plant and who does not get the necessary clearance from the USES will not be able to get another job—either in another war plant or elsewhere.

This ruling was made after it became evident that the President's request for the conscription of all workers in the country would not pass Congress. Officials of the USES and the War Manpower Commission explained the new ruling to executives of BMI recently. They emphasized the fact that severe sanctions will be imposed upon employers who hire persons without the required clearances from the United States Employment Service.

This places the responsibility directly in the lap of employers. But it also should serve as a warning to employees—for sure as shooting they can't get another job unless they have the right papers.

BMI employees should know that this plant is considered critical. Its product is needed. All workers here are therefore affected by the new strict ruling of the War Manpower Commission.

DENTIST IS PRACTISING AT BASIC HOSPITAL

Dr. R. C. Nelson, D.D.S. has opened an office for the practice of dentistry at the Clinic, Basic Hospital.

The new wing at the hospital has been opened, greatly relieving congestion.

What the Basic family saw just after Hugh Shamberger had presented token awards to representatives of 31 Basic divisions and sections. The representatives are standing. Each has been given a National Security Award emblem.

BASIC RECEIVES NATIONAL AWARD

With ceremony informal but impressive, Army Navy and civilian officials brought honor to BMI and BMI employees Wednesday night. The occasion was the presentation to Basic of the National Security Award, coveted trophy given to industries with a record of exceptional accomplishment in matters of plant protection against fire, sabotage and accidents.

Theme of the program as high officers of the armed forces and high officials of OCD lauded the record made by Basic and the employees of Basic, was the outstanding contribution this plant has made to the victory of Allied arms.

Climax of the program before some 1500 spectators came when Hugh Shamberger, State Director of the Office of Civilian Defense awarded token emblems to 31 representatives of as many divisions and sections who received them on behalf of their fellow members of BMI's industrial family.

It was the climax because all speakers and particularly F. O. Case, general manager, emphasized that only the devotion of employees to the cause of their country at war made the honor possible.

Enthusiastically received by employees was the announcement that every worker in the plant will be presented with a lapel emblem purchased by the company and that these emblems will be distributed to all in a few days.

The program opened with stirring patriotic airs by the Las Vegas Army Air Field band.

Introduced by W. Harold Kingsley, temporary chairman, Joe Stewart and Al Weinberg officiated in presentation of the colors. Then Mrs. E. M. Fitchett led in the singing of "America".

After an invocation by Rev. Peter Moran of St. Peter's Parish, Mr. Shamberger introduced Vail Pittman, Nevada's Lieutenant Governor. Other speakers were Col. Allen Kimberly, Commanding Officer, Southern Security District, 9th Service Command; Lt. Commander Willard Bretz, Assistant District Security Officer, 11th Naval District.

Col. J. W. Leedom, Senior Field Representative, Protection Services Division, 9th Region of OCD presented the award to F. O. Case, General Manager of BMI.

Mr. Shamberger then made the token awards to representatives of employees.

Rev. Roy C. Crouch pronounced the benediction. High lights from the several addresses which drove home the deep significance of the whole memorable occasion were:

SHAMBERGER: "BMI's marvelous production, so essential to victory could not have been

Every employee will get one in a few days. In front, F. O. Case and Col. Leedom, who are holding the certificate which was awarded to the company. Beside them is Mr. Shamberger who made the award to representatives

achieved without the great security program to which every employee of the great plant contributed."

PITTMAN: "BMI has been and is one of the outstanding war producers of the nation. Your records in security, production and cost cutting are almost unbelievable."

COL. KIMBERLY: "I congratulate all of you on the masterful manner in which this plant is being operated."

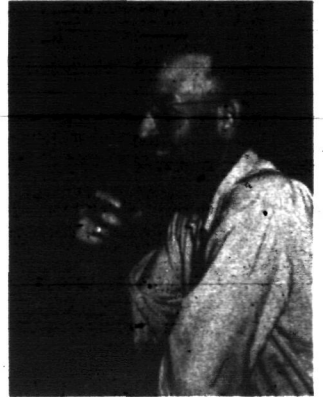
LT. COMM. BRETZ: "Only a high degree of efficiency by all hands brought you this award. The Commandant of the 11th Naval District congratulates you."

COL. LEEDOM: "You at BMI have met the test of all-out war. Soldiers and war workers are all on the same team. You have done your part exceptionally well."

F. O. CASE: "This plant would not now be running if you men and women had not teamed up to operate it at high efficiency and low cost. I am proud to be associated with an organization that has made such a record."

Employee representatives who received the token awards on behalf of fellow workers were: Chlorine and Caustic, Henry C. Weideman; Prep., James Ryan, Oscar McDonald; Chlorination, G. W. Neal, W. G. Blankenship; Electrolysis, A. Webster, C. B. Johnson, Charles Franklin; Refineries, Frank Greenleaf, John C. Davis, Evelyn Malm; Metal Plant Repair, W. B. Malnor; Drafting, Joy Syphus; Water, James Keller; Electrical, A. I. Parker; Plumbing, Yolande Mirabelli; Metal Shops, Betty Bradshaw; General Service, Wm. C. Daniel; Boiler Plant, Lloyd Isham; Bldy. Maint., Evelyn Cherry; Refractories, Jack Arnold; Gen. Ledger, Leona Gravelle; Gen. Office, Ruth Lusch; Accounting, John Hanson; Traffic, John Van der Laan; Safety, Transportation, Beth Schwartz; Guards, Sgt. Stanley Nelson; Firemen, John T. Taylor; Hospital, Bill Byrne; Purchasing, Stores, Jake Schmidt; Technical Service, Donald Musser.

F. O. Case read telegrams of congratulation from President Hobbins and Vice President Laist of BMI, U. S. Senator, Pat McCarran, Gov. Carville, William Green, A. F. of L. president; Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce; Maj. Gen. D. McCoach, Jr. Commander of Army Service Forces; Sam H. Husbands, President of D.P.C.; Albert B. Bassett, D.P.C. Vice President; John P. Frey, President, Metal Trades Department, A. F. of L.; Charles B. Henderson, Chairman, REC; Frank W. Ingram, State Director, WMC; Maurice Sullivan, Nevada Congressman.



Good crowds, good games--and now the gals are in there playing. It's Softball--but sharp at BMI this summer. Up came the gals with a sizzling team. Call themselves the Ingot Packers--and in their first game they trounced the Boulder City Gee-Gees by a score of 17 to 0. Left above is their short fielder, Iona Laur of J-2 Refinery. In between the girls' pictures is Jim Horne--14-year old pitcher for the BMI Engineers. Jim really does all right in there, too. The two

partners in the next picture are Rose Placevich of J-2, who pitches for the Ingot Packers and Nig Ladner of the Service Station who is catcher and captain. Watch for announcement of future girls' games. Feature of the night tilts is announcing by members of the Toastmasters Club. These boys donate their services to help out. The shot at the right shows Jay Robinson, Transportation, giving the crowd the dope.



Yucca bound, our BMIfuls loaded into Army buses and were off to entertain and be entertained at the Army camp in Arizona where a thousand lonely boys waited to greet them. As usual it was "simply swell" dancing, swimming and shooting the breeze. Pictured here are Beth Schwartz, Lorraine Wilson and Nancy Heber. A letter from Headquarters, following the visit, stated: "The party was a tremendous success...it is indeed a privilege to know these young ladies who work all week in the defense plant and drive 250 miles to help the morale of the soldiers in the desert. The effect on the morale of the men is still lingering and I have heard nothing but favorable comments...."

Smith's phone. The Navy must be docking at Lake Mead. This week we've seen: Bob Campbell, Seabees; and Bill Elwell, Armed Guard. Laura Hooper of Office Supplies brot around a sailor son and a Lt. brother; Doctor Ansell introduced his Navy boy, and to be in the swim Marion Brooks (Process Control) managed to receive his commission as Ensign, and is off to Tucson to learn the Navy pattern.

Ucinda Portenier, Asst. Treasurer's Office and her husband had a lucky landfall. They bought a piece of farming country in Colorado as an investment, thinking it was only acreage they were getting, but at a rock-bottom bargain. Then the farmer selling the parcel dropped this bombshell: "Now you folks jist let us know when ya want us to vacate the house and we'll git right out." Seems he was throwing in an adjoining acre with a four-room dwelling on it! The new owners allowed as how he could take his time.

Up and down the halls: T. S. Walker won the Invasion Pool of Fifty Dollars. He was one of eight who correctly guessed the 6th of June, and his name was the lucky one drawn from a hat. Anybody want to buy a roomy drafting room? A certain magnesium paper weight bore the inscription "STOLEN FROM" and by golly, somebody took the legend to heart and "lifted" the piece from the owner's desk. Ray Coulter suggests that the winner of the case of whiskey should have been protected and the name not revealed.

Out of the blue, Jane DeVore (Maps and Files) opened her door and there stood her brother, overseas for two years, back from Italy and grinning at her confusion. We hear she was a total loss to the company that day.

GENERAL OFFICE

There's a certain star-passer who publishes a paper around here who must dress in a closet. Twice this week he's arrived at work, haughtily, with a cleaning tab safety-pinned to his tie. Today he was labeled, "Wednesday."

It sounds like musical chairs, but here's the new switchabouts in secretarial talent: Ruth Henatach has taken over Barbara Welsh's post (Tom Harris' office). Barbara has gone to Calif. to be with her husband on another job. Betty Burke has taken over the reins in Hugh Richardson's office (where the DPC pot boils) due to the marriage of Helen Beavers. Irene Simonton is now Tom War's shield, and Mide DeRoco will replace her on the end of Bob



"It's the most Outlandish thing" says Hazel Outland as she views with pride her two new contributions to humanity. Born June 29, only a day old when this picture was taken, the twins, Donna Fay (with the bow in her hair) and Donald Ray are the latest additions to a rather large family. David Outland, proud papa, works in the Prep Plant.



Not what the well dressed woman is going to wear this fall--it's a protective suit worn by the men who train our Guard dogs. And you're only seeing half of it--there are trousers too. Ruby Mulliner and Sarah Hanson (who is modeling the little number) have been sewing like mad--so far they've used 2 1/2 yards of canvas, and stuffed it with 25 pounds of cotton. Well, here's one suit the dogs won't bark the seat of the pants out of.

TECHNICAL SERVICE

The Karsten Skarrs, he of Research and Development welcomed the birth of their second baby. The father, a member of the Camera Club, evidently did a bit of high talking at the hospital and got permission to take a picture of the three-day-old Karen with her mother.

Technical Service made good use of an opportunity and had a grand time for itself. The occasion was H. L. Smith's leaving--so, we had a party at the Last Frontier. The attendance was good since everyone liked Smitty and wanted to give him a really grand send-off. The food was excellent, the music better than that and the crowd on its very best behavior. Mr. Smith received a War Bond which, to quote Mr. Fitchett, was more or less poetic justice, since Mr. Smith always did such a good job as our War Bond Salesman. The surprise of the evening was Dr. Parsons who turned out to be quite a rabid rug cutter.

Harold Leitch of Research and Development returned from a seven-week trip to Gabbs where he helped in their pilot plant. He couldn't say much about the work since it's all hush-hush, but he did say that they are a grand bunch to work with. He expects to return to Gabbs in a few weeks.

Joan Bernardin, our lady metallurgist has left us in favor of the WACS. To take her place in Statistical work is Bette Hitler who would be some

addition to any department.

A great deal can be said of the Pony that takes us to and from the Gate; it's as unpredictable as a woman, it's certainly not luxurious, but it has given us plenty of laughs. First of all the wisecracks float through the air with the greatest of ease. Mr. Wisser, the impatient one, can't seem to wait for the ladies to file out first. The standing joke is our own Donagene who is always the last one out and invariably gets a rousing cheer when she finally appears. The laugh of the week was Frank Darrow, who missed the bus and made a hundred-yard-dash in the four o'clock sun to catch up with us. Was his face red! And it wasn't from embarrassment either!

TRANSPORTATION-SAFETY

Thought for a bit we would soon have the west forty ready for spring plantin'--only to discover those new bright red tractors are gonna replace some of the jeeps at the Prep. Plant. It's another of the many new wrinkles to speed production and cut costs. Riggy igh! We almost lost our Chief Bond Saleswoman, Virginia Odette, when Della Charlesworth of the Safety Repair Unit paid for a bond in pennies, 1833 of 'em. Ask Virginia, she counted 'em and tried to glom on to the extra 48 as accountant's fees.

We welcome F. C. Baxter to the Safety Department. Although new to our department he's an old-timer at the Plant, having worked for Mr. Turchan.

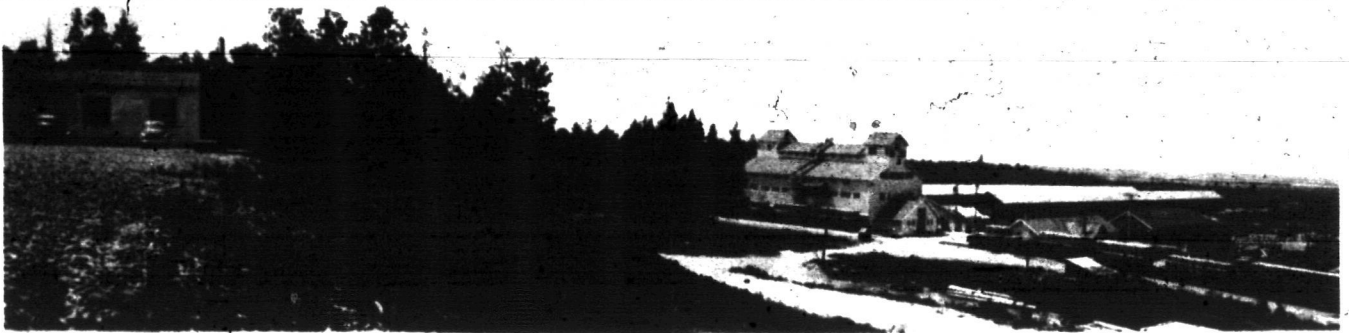
SAFETY SUE SAYS: "Measure the distance before you try to go between two objects, especially if you weigh 225 lbs. as does C. W. Harper, Battery Man at the Garage, who lost his trousers the other day when he underestimated the distance between two flat racks."

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

D. P. Anderson joins the rank of proud fathers. Yes indeed, on June 29 an eight-pound boy was born to the Andersons. This is the second son.

Jack Hargrove, former Electrical operator with Basic surprised his many friends with a visit after just completing his boot training at Barragut. (yes, he is now a full-fledged seaman with Uncle Sam's Navy).

The familiar face of R. L. (Bob) Campbell was also seen about the project last week. Bob is now a Chief Electrician Mate with the Seabees and it looks like his new job agrees with him.



Here is another unit in BMI's production. Know where it is and what it produces? It's the peat plant and bog at New Westminster, British Columbia, up near Vancouver. From the hill at the left one looks down on the plant with Burns bog in the distance at the far right. Of course BMI didn't start

out to harvest and sell peat. We used the moss in the process. Then Basic technicians found out how to eliminate the peat. So now we've got the product from the bog and the plant and peat for sale. That pleases a lot of gardeners in California where peat for the past two years has been scarce as hen's teeth. Tom Harris took the picture.

BUILDING MAINTENANCE

Frank Sharp back from a fishing vacation has the saddest story of all--he not only didn't get a big fish but the customary "big one" didn't even bite and get away. However, he would happily accept an additional month.

In addition to the regular bond drawings, the entire department staged a sizeable drawing netting ten winners who divided \$425.25. "Mac" McCoy got the 25¢ stamp but he didn't complain because he had already drawn a \$50 bond.

We thought solid comfort had arrived when six beds were brought in--but Tony Martin insisted they be crated and sent far away.

With the temperature 396 degrees it is a comfort to look out and see all the paddle boards and surf boards for the Red Cross swimming classes. If only we could follow them to the lake.

Those tilesetters are really conscientious. Come down on Sundays--to bring milk to their kitten. The Cannonball.

NEW LAWNMOWERS

Hurrah! At last--DPC has been able to buy some new lawnmowers--from now on there is no excuse for those seedy looking lawns. Fred Unsworth requests that water not be wasted. Do not neglect your lawns but don't let your water run all day in one place, or stand in the road.



Feelin' like goin' out on a bust because of something you think's unjust? Feelin' like givin' the whole place hell? Go see that fellow in Personnel. There is a gent you can never bother. Just like talking it out with father. He sows kindness for bounteous yield in that little 8 X 10 down in the field. Never too busy to listen to yammerin' Field Personnel man--that's Ben Cameron.

BASIC GIRLS ARE ASKED TO DANCES FOR SOLDIERS

The Las Vegas Gunnery School is holding open air dancing, with a GI floorshow, refreshments and good fun. They want all the BMI girls to come--so if you're able, be at the Las Vegas USO on Tuesday night and an Army bus will transport you.

BMI OPENERS

By PETE MOSS

Our favorite contemporary, the Gabbs Gabb, with its customary powers of penetrating observations, remarks that night clubs these days remind them of the Gay Nineties. The women are gay and the men are ninety. Grampa Slugg got back from a trip to the Northwest yesterday mad as a hornet. While he was away the rumor business lapsed back into its old ways. Up came a guy, for example, to FPHA Housing and wanted to know if it was true that all the houses in Victory Village are going to be rented to soldiers and all present tenants put out. He said he heard it around and about. Grampa says it's getting so he can't leave here without everything going to hell.

Grampa was away on leave of absence for Uncle Sam showing the Army how to operate a camp kitchen and mess hall of world record size. It seems there is a big construction job up there and there was a lot of trouble getting everybody fed. Grampa says the chow lines were so long the workers would eat breakfast and then go around to the end of the line and move up slowly for the noon meal--and that even then they sometimes wouldn't get fed the second time until supper. Grampa says this slowed down production very much. So they called Grampa up to solve the problem. Grampa, you see, was in charge of a huge feeding arrangement in Russia during the first five-year plan.

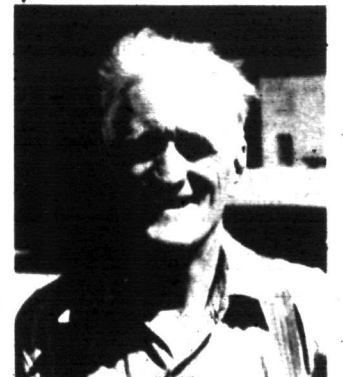
Grampa solved the problem for the Army. He's kinda modest but we got him to describe his installations and system for cooking breakfast. Grampa run some railroad tracks alongside the three-mile mess hall. There was an entrance to the mess hall every fifty feet. The freight cars pull up. Some are loaded with eggs, some with coffee, some with flour, and some are tank cars full of milk and water. Eggs move out of the cars on flexible metal conveyor belts. As the eggs pass along toward the mess hall they are broken by taps from small, automatic magnesium hammers and the shells are sucked off into air pipes. The belts then pass over the stoves, the eggs are fried and the belts then carry them along the mess tables where the belts tip and slide them off onto big platters.

Grampa installed a battery of 900 concrete mixers into which the flour and milk and other hot cake ingredients are conveyed automatically. The batter then is carried in pipes which run along above the hot cake griddles, which are a mile and a half long. The pipes revolve as they move and the exact

amount of batter for six inch hot cakes spurts out of holes in the pipes to the griddle. The griddles jump at regular intervals flopping the hotcakes over and then tip and slide the cakes to conveyor belts. Small pipes over these belts spurt jets of butter and syrup on the cakes after which they pass along the mess tables and the boys fork them off as they come by.

Kitchen police with bacon rind under their feet skate over the griddles to keep them greased, Grampa says.

A mess sergeant, trained by Grampa, directs the whole procedure over a public address system.



Brother of Montana Jack and Dan Sullivan, both fancy with their fists as any old timer can tell you--Gene Sullivan, electrician is no mean boxer himself. Back in 1907 he won the amateur lightweight title for the West Coast. We found him working in one of the units, on the bus bar, had to take his picture. Incidentally--he is Irish.



This Sky Shark is a B-25 Mitchell medium bomber. Picture of the business end of this sky-terror shows how the 75-mm cannon is set in the nose. Mounted above are two 50 calibre machine guns. On the upper left nose, partially hidden by a machine gun muzzle, is a camera for recording action. This plane has proved itself in combat. It has sunk ships at sea with direct hits from the cannon. These Mitchells use considerable magnesium. Several parts are made from metal produced at BMI.

BASIC BOMBARDIER

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Money in their jeans and golf titles after their names! That's why six BMI divot-diggers had their chests out this week. Last Sunday the finals in the first annual golf tournament at BMI were played. The winners are pictured above. From the left they are: Champ flight winner, Plant Protection's Luther Horner; Second-flight winner, Tech. Service's Teeter Martin;

Third flight winner, Engineering's Jack Miller; First consolation flight winner, Purchasing's Carl Sonnenberg; Second consolation flight winner, Ralph Meeder of Administration; Third consolation flight winner, Timekeeping's Clark Higgins. Prizes: Champ flights, \$20; Consolation flights, \$15. And all hands had a lot of fun.

BMIFULS

By BASIC MAGGIE

Speaking of Victory Gardens perhaps the most unusual one in Henderson, if not Clark Co. is at No. 2 Magnesium Street. That is where I live.

About two months ago I was cleaning out the car, and finding a few handfuls of wheat, spilled from a sack of horse feed, I planted it around the tree in the backyard. I was also feeding my horse corn from Northern Nevada, so I took a handful of that and planted it too. The corn is a foot high now, and a fine stand of wheat is crowding it. Next, I discovered some long-forgotten, carefully hoarded melon seeds--and extra luscious Persian melon enjoyed some two years ago. I remember it had a flavor like perfume. So I planted those seeds in the same little space around the tree, and a row along the back of the house. They are growing riotously now, all carrying big yellow blossoms.

With this amazing start I couldn't resist a big potato that had sprouted in the bin, so I cut it up, chopped a few holes in the yard, and dropped in the pieces. Lo and behold! I have six fine young potato plants.

My success as an amateur gardener has gone to my head. I am dizzy with success. My only gardening experience in the past has been confined to avocado seeds, sweet potatoes and once, a rare fern, which it was discovered several weeks too late I had planted upside-down.

But if the wheat makes wheat and the corn grows ears, what in the world will I do with the stuff? I have sold my horse.

Ah! But I still have a chicken. A white rooster. His name is Cock Robin and he has quite a history. He was destined for the frying pan, but much to my amazement (and disappointment) he arrived alive and squawking--thin and worn from his long journey and looking extremely unedible.

As I remember we had toasted cheese sandwiches for our Sunday dinner and we took the rooster up to the corrals behind the Townsite to keep Joe, my horse, company. Cock Robin languished for several days--I think he suffered from sunstroke, but finally he began to perk up. Joe was delighted with his little friend, nudging him about the manger while he munched his hay. Soon Cock Robin was strutting about the corrals, learning to crow and taking to the top rail when

dogs appeared.

When Joe left Cock Robin took up with Paint, Bob Smith's pinto. In fact, he roosts on Paint's neck at night, which doesn't annoy Paint in the least. Cock Robin is the mascot of the corrals now, and although I occasionally go up to see him with a few lettuce leaves, etc. I wouldn't dream of taking him away. I must confess I look at his grain-fed plumpness and smug strut with a speculative eye, but I know I wouldn't enjoy him half as much on the dinner table as I do in the corral.

I have come to the conclusion he doesn't know he's a chicken--he must think he's a horse--for he lives up there all alone in a world of horses.

Perhaps I had better find a nice young pullet to keep him company. Then he'll know.

MCNEIL PHOTOGRAPHER IS BACK HERE FOR FEW DAYS

Ted Watterson, known by all old-timers around here and known favorably as the man who took the history of the BMI construction job in photographs is back with us for a few days taking moving pictures of the Basic process. Ted's a McNeil man.

BIG CROWD ATTENDS 4TH OF JULY EVENT AT PARK

More than 600 persons attended the big barbecue and Fourth of July celebration at Carver Park on Independence Day. Many score inspected the dwellings and praised the fine facilities for living and recreation.

GIRLS, MEN TO PLAY IN SOFTBALL TILTS TO ASSIST INJURED

Two ball games--one between gals' teams and one with just plain men in the lineups--and then a dance to top off the night. That's the program stirred up by the BMI Softball League for Saturday night, July 15.

Couple of the ball players got hurt recently and ran up pretty big hospital bills--to say nothing of time and pay lost on the job. So the rest of the ball players decided to help out. All proceeds from the event will go into this benefit fund.

At 7 o'clock BMI's girls, the Ingot Handlers will tangle with the Gee Gee girls from Boulder City.

At 8:30 Gunnery School All Stars will meet a picked team from the four BMI league outfits.

The dance will start at Anderson's Plant cafeteria at 10 o'clock and will close at 12:30. There will be beer and other refreshments on hand.

The big feature of last week's play was the no hit, one run game pitched at Boulder City by Leo Downing, BMI Riggers' chucker. He beat Gunnery No. one, 9 to 1. A disputed decision on a ball which hit a runner and was deflected, scoring a run, lost him a shut-out.

Increasingly large crowds are attending the Monday through Friday night tilts at Basic's diamond.

VICTORY VILLAGE COUNCIL TO STAGE DANCING PARTIES

Victory Village Council is going to stage the first of a series of Friday night dances starting tonight (July 14). The event and those to follow each Friday will be in the All-Purposes room in the Village cafeteria.

BILL TRETHERWAY'S ALWAYS DOING THESE NICE THINGS

Bill Trettheway, headed Greg Fallsward promises to bring back the toupe Ross lost in Jack Dempsey's place.

WHY NOT



SAVE your FACE

NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL



Combining the joys of the old swimmin' hole with the advantages of instruction, the Henderson Branch, American Red Cross is giving lessons to more than 100 boys and girls every week this summer. Picture shows one of the classes just about to duck under before going into the real routine of learning to swim, but properly. It's at Vegas Wash, Lake Mead.