

PLAINTIFF'S
EXHIBIT

ETCO-127

Elhyl BULLETIN BOARD

JANUARY, 1943



YOUR LETTERS MAKE THEM HAPPY
(See Page 16)

ETC 05693

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD—by and for Ethyl employee

**WHAT
ONE MAN
HAS DONE
IN THE WAR**

PAGE 4

**WHAT
YOU CAN DO
IN THE WAR**

PAGE 5

**ETHYL
TEAMS WITH THE STORK**

PAGE 7

**LATEST WORD
FROM THE BOYS IN SERVICE**

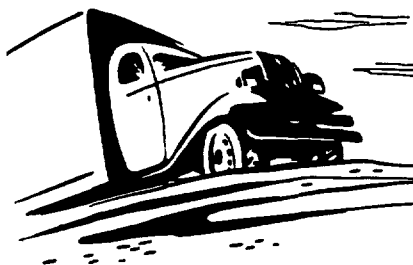
PAGE 10

ORDER YOUR BOUND VOLUME

PAGE 23

NEW SALES PROGRAM TO AID TRUCK CONSERVATION

**Advertising, Sales and Technical Service
Plan To Be Announced Soon Will Be Real
Contribution To The War Effort At Home**



Following the substantial success in the farm tractor field, the joint planning board of the Sales, Technical Service and Advertising Departments is preparing another program which, it is hoped, will be as great an aid in the conservation of trucks and truck equipment as the farm program has proven to be in the conservation of tractors and tractor parts. Details of the proposed plan have been discussed with the Office of Defense Transportation, which has given its enthusiastic approval.

The United States Truck Conservation Corps, promoted by the Office of Defense Transportation following President Roosevelt's letter to truck owners of last May, has been only a partial success. The message and the detailed information required for a sound preventive maintenance program have been heeded by operators of fleets and trucks and buses all

over the country; but the "little fellows," the owners of only one or two trucks, who own a majority of all the trucks in the country, have done little to insure that their equipment will last for the duration. The Office of Defense Transportation has limited facilities for reaching these truck owners, either to spur them on to greater effort or to give them the full information needed.

Fortunately, the past experiences of our sales representatives and technical service personnel has equipped them with just the information and organization needed at this time. By working through our customer oil companies, every truck owner in the nation can be reached. Material is now being prepared and an integrated plan for carrying the story of preventive maintenance to owners of one and two trucks will be announced in January.

Jack Martin, Eastern Regional Manager for the Sales Department, has been named as coordinator for the entire program just as Dick Murphy, Western Regional Manager, is coordinating the farm tractor program for all divisions. Jack says he believes the program will make a substantial contribution to the maintenance of American trucks and at the same time perform a real service for our customer oil companies.

One Man's Contribution

Let's call him Jack White. That isn't his right name, but it will do because it is a typical American name and he is a typical American soldier.

Jack was in the crew of a Flying Fortress which was bombing Japs in New Guinea, when out of nowhere came a Zero and poured a burst of fire into the big bomber. The Fortress' rear gunner shot down the Zero, but too late. Smoke and flame began to pour from one of the bomber's engines.

"Bail out, boys!" said the pilot.

A stiff wind spread the billowing parachutes over a wide stretch of sky. Jack came down in a tree. He yelled several times to find out if any of his comrades had landed nearby, but his only answer was the weird cries of jungle birds.

He was all alone in a trackless wilderness, so the only thing to do was to start walking. It was tough going. Vines and undergrowth tripped him. Branches clawed at him. Myriad mosquitoes and other jungle insects swarmed about his head.

As if this weren't enough, darkness brought a heavy rain. Drenched and shivering, Jack kept going, stumbling along in the inky blackness while thorns and sharp sticks tore at his clothes and flesh. Before long he was slogging through mud that came halfway to his knees.

Days later he was still pushing on through the jungle. His meagre supply of emergency rations had given out, so he ate wild fruits and berries.

As this diet was insufficient to sustain his strength, he found himself growing steadily weaker. Often he tripped and sprawled in the mud, yet he forced himself to rise again and go on.

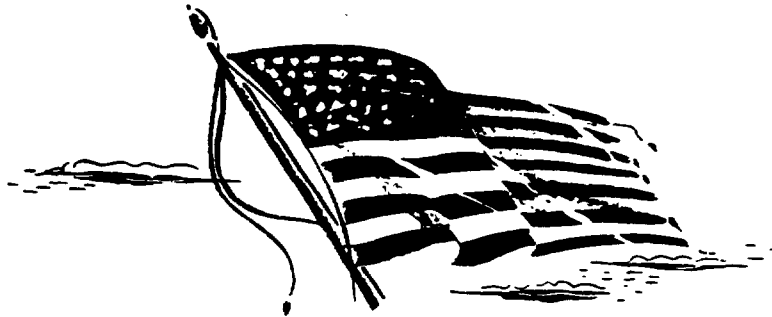
Days and nights went by — days when he was scorched by a tropical sun and nights when equatorial showers soaked him. He often wondered why he walked and walked — why he didn't stay down when he fell and abandon himself to the pleasant lethargy which stole over him. But a small insistent voice inside him kept urging him to go on a little farther — just a little farther —

After 25 days natives found him. He was reeling along like a drunken man and muttering to himself that he must live in order to go back and fight those Japs again. He looked like a walking skeleton.

The natives kept him in their village until he was a little stronger. Then they carried him on a stretcher over rough and rugged jungle trails to the base hospital, where he is slowly recovering his strength.

But Jack isn't a very good patient. He is too restless and eager to board another Flying Fortress and return to Jap hunting. Though his body is still emaciated, there is nothing wrong with his spirit.

So think of Jack White when you read the War Bond story on the next page, and if you have had a tougher time in this man's war than he had, just disregard this appeal.



OUR PART OF THE JOB

Look, folks, we're not doing too well with our war bond buying. Figures for the corporation as a whole show that only 82.9% of our employees are buying bonds through the payroll deduction plan and that the percentage of total payroll going into bonds is 5.98%. These figures would look a lot worse were it not for the fact that one or two departments show a high average of participation and payroll deductions.

The Manufacturing Department is tops in participation, 90.5%, and second in percentage of payroll allocated to bonds, 8.47%. Aeronautical Research leads the way in payroll allocation, 9.30%, while Chemical Research is second in the participation column, 88.1%.

Here is a box score showing the standings of the various departments. The percentages are based on the latest figures available, but do not include bond pledges which were received after the December 15th payroll was made up.

	% OF PARTICIPATION	% OF TOTAL PAYROLL
Manufacturing	90.5	8.47
Chemical Research	88.1	6.46
Aeronautical Research	84.6	9.30
Engineering Research	84.4	6.23
Technical Service	81.8	4.33
Finance	80.0	4.53
Sales	78.9	4.40
Adv. and Public Relations	76.9	3.18
Administration	64.3	3.84
Medical	55.6	7.14

Not very good, is it? Part of the trouble lies in the fact that certain groups within departments are very low on participation. One group shows only 28.57% participation, another only 40.0% and still another only 45.5%.

We can do better than that! The corporation as a whole should show 100% participation. Under the payroll deduction plan you can make arrangements for as little as 50 cents a week to be taken out. Certainly everyone can afford to allocate that much. And it isn't as if you were throwing the money down the drain. It's an investment — one of the best in the world. For every \$3 you put

in you get back \$4. These bond purchases represent savings you will be glad to have later on.

Remember we're in a war up to our necks and we've all got to do our part to help win it. If you think you're having a tough time here at home just remember that several million guys have given up everything and are out slogging around in the mud and snow trying to win this war for you. They're being bombed, shot at and torpedoed. If they're willing to do that we ought to be willing to put some of our cash on the line.

The Baton Rouge Rotary Club heard a talk by Bill Munding on Ethyl's services and organization. Bill spoke at the regular weekly meeting December 9.

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Lila Peterson, who works in the office of the Bulletin Board and Ethyl News, became the bride of Don Ramme in the Lutheran Church of the Resurrection at St. Albans, L. I., N. Y., on December 13. The couple are living in St. Albans.

Engineering Veteran Wins 15-Year Award

William O. Schulze, head of the engineering division at San Berdu, joins the ranks of the 15-year pin winners this month. Away back in 1927 Bill Schulze came from Oklahoma to join our engineering department in Detroit.

After eight years in the Motor City he was transferred in 1935 to San

Berdu. Two years later he celebrated the New Year of 1937 by taking charge of the engineering division out there, a post he has held ever since.

A 10-year pin goes to Charles W. Sortman, Aeronautical Research chemist at Detroit. Charlie joined the company in Detroit in 1932 as a laboratory assistant in Chemical Research on a temporary basis. This arrangement soon became permanent, and by 1938 he was a full-fledged chemist. His transfer to Aeronautical Research occurred in 1939.

The only person to win a five-year pin this month is Dr. Lewis Hess, research chemist at Detroit.

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Tom Stephenson, news editor of The Anti-Knock, Baton Rouge plant publication, made his debut as a father recently. The baby, a boy, bowed into this world at 3 o'clock in the morning of December 4.



Ethyl Booklet Booms Baby Shop



"Merrily We Roll Along" could easily be the title of a song written about the distribution of Ethyl's "What's in a Name?" booklet. The number of copies passed out to an eager public has almost tripled in six weeks, soaring to the surprising total of 611,839 copies as of December 9.

What's more, the Ethyl booklet is really teaming up with Colonel Stork, himself. Out in Green Bay, Wis., Flatow's, a first class baby shoppe in that city, has obtained a number of the booklets from us and is passing them out to anyone who comes into the store and asks for a copy. The local radio station, WTAQ, is broadcasting far and wide the fact that these booklets can be obtained at Flatow's, which should bring the customers swarming to that bonnet and bootie emporium.

At the time of going to press an up-to-the-minute state-by-state breakdown of the booklet's distribution was not available, but enough figures were on hand to indicate that

New York's demands were far out in front of those from other states and would remain so, barring an unprecedented landslide from some other locality. In second place, also by a wide margin, was sun-bathed California where the skies are always blue (advt.).

But requests for the booklet aren't confined to the United States alone. We had one request from Iceland, where someone probably wants to know the meaning of such fine old Scandinavian names as Yohn, Yames, Yacob, and Yoseph. We also have had requests from Canada, Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Ecuador and the British West Indies. Ethyl is becoming a very prominent gal in the western half of the globe at least.

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Alan Tully, Atlanta Division manager, lost his appendix to a surgeon on December 1. When we went to press, Alan was making satisfactory progress on the way back toward his usual health and vigor.



June L. Renn



Doris Spence



Eleanor Pawling
John J. Gibbs



Deepwater Data

The first girl chemist employed at Deepwater is June L. Renn. June graduated from Bucknell University in 1941 and had a year's practical experience in the chemical field before coming to Ethyl. She lives in Penns Grove, N. J., and spends her leisure hours studying the fine points of photography.

Two recent additions to the clerical office force are Doris J. Spence and Eleanor R. Pawling. Both girls came to us direct from Beacom Business College in Wilmington, Del. Doris, who hails from Penns Grove, prefers dancing as her chief form of recreation, while Eleanor, whose home is in Salem, N. J., spends her idle hours in various sports.

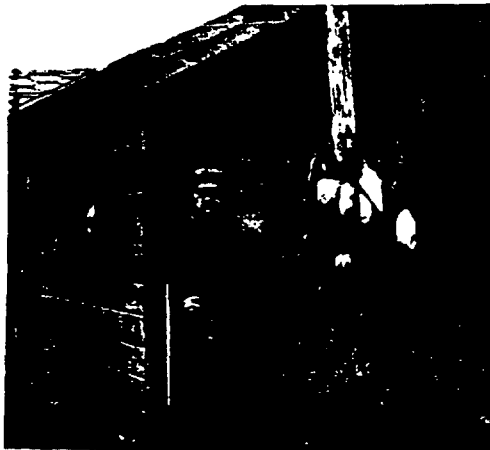
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Those two new operators in the blender are John J. Gibbs and Frank G. Thomas, who hail from Wilmington and Salem, respectively. Both boys are too busy these days, keeping drums for defense and fluid for flyers on the move, to have any time for hobbies.

Frank G. Thomas



A dashing sailor lad is Dick Arthur, latest addition to the New York Mail Room staff. Dick, who owns his own boat with which he has won several club championships at the Larchmont Yacht Club, came to Ethyl from the U. S. Naval Reserve. He joined the Navy last May, spent the summer in training at Newport, R. I., and then received an honorable medical discharge in August. Dick, who lives in New York, is a native of Westchester County, where he attended the Irving School in Tarrytown.



L. A. ("Dolly") Dellahan, of the Chicago Division, bagged himself a nice covey of ducks on a recent hunting trip. Here he is in front of a cabin he occupied at Houghton Lake, Mich. If you look closely at the picture, you'll see a cottontail rabbit included in the day's bag. It's not due to Dolly's marksmanship, however. The poor rabbit met up with the front bumper on his car!

Karin Holm of New York Financial became the bride on November 14 of Lieutenant E. L. Klemens of the U. S. Army Engineers. The ceremony was performed at the Good Shepherd Church in New York and was followed by a reception in the Hunter College Alumnae Rooms in the Hotel Woodward. As the groom was on furlough before reporting to his new post at Fort Benning, Ga., the couple took a 700-mile auto trip through New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Karin then accompanied her husband to Fort Benning, where she tried out the Army food by having Thanksgiving dinner there. Not bad, she said. As Lieutenant Klemens' assignment is not permanent, Karin for the present is living in New York and reporting for work at the office as usual.



MILITARY MAIL BAG



October 27

I've really enjoyed the two or three letters since the exchange plan went into effect. It looks like part of the gang is seeing a lot of the world these days.

I finished my sixteenth month here at Aberdeen on the 19th, and have no idea about how much longer I'll be here. Most of my work has been with medium tanks, both gasoline and diesel. From some of the letters it looks as though quite a few of the Ethyl gang are getting some experience with the "coal oil stoves." Fine thing! And the damn things run, too.

Herb Sumner and I get together occasionally (to be truthful, it's darn seldom) and chew the fat — that is what there is left of it. He tells me he is now taking training in navigation and some of the other "stuff" that the Navy gives out with. I must also add that Jack Bailie and I had one terrific golf game in Washington the first part of last summer.

Art Brown and I keep the old home fires burning here in "B" Barracks. The barracks are called bachelor quarters, so that is going to let Art out shortly — and he had the necessary makings of a good bachelor, too.

Lt. Irvin Trowbridge
The Proving Center
Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.

October 6

Time is sure going along at a fast clip here. I've passed the half year mark, so the remainder ought to be easy. In line with Army life, I'm now in school. One usually goes to school for so long, and then starts the other half of the cycle, teaching school.

Lt. William J. Ryan
Co. M., 11th Infantry
3rd Battalion
APO 5, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

October 17

It was swell to hear about the rest of the fellows in the service and how they are getting along. It (the October service letter) reminded me that I have not contributed lately.

Since I last wrote, I have been temporarily assigned to Fort Sill, Oklahoma; I am taking a three months Battery Officers course. This course consists of a brief study of motors, of field artillery weapons, and a six weeks course in gunnery, plus a little tactics and communications thrown in.

It is quite a lot of fun, and I like it fine. We keep plenty busy, and have very little free time.

It seems to me from what Joe Cipolla and Doug Blackburn write that the Navy

must be a place of leisure. I guess that the field artillery was the wrong place to get.

Lt. John Link
Box 71
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

★ ★ ★

October 4

Well, I've finished basic training and am now in school — a school boy again. I've finished the course in direct current and am half through with alternating current now. I've been moved to a new location and new company. Also, I am a technical corporal now, why I don't know.

T/S Albert W. Ramsey
Co. A. 804th S.S.R.
Camp Crowder, Missouri

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November 12

First, my apologies for not writing before. My intentions were right but I have been d — busy learning this job of being a soldier, and haven't had time for much else.

I was inducted in due course and after a final two weeks fishing fling I reported here. As yet I am unassigned although attached to the Medical Corps Administration Pool of the 3rd Air Force. My work is quite interesting and not foreign completely to my previous training. Ever since I arrived here I have worked in Personnel Administration and teach a class on Medical Administration in the Officers' School. So I'm still public speaking though not relative to gasoline and engines.

Military censorship prevents my telling you much about the Field here or the activities connected thereto. But my lot is good, my quarters overlook Tampa Bay, the weather so far hot, the food good, and I'm getting fit as a fiddle. Regulations state that I must exercise at least one and one half hours each day or else drill. So I'm forced to play tennis and golf every day. It's a rough go.

I have been studying a lot and working pretty hard and hope to go to school by the first of the year. May not though. I like the work here a lot and if possible

to get promotions would not mind staying put. I mean the only drawback is financial.

This is one of the larger bomber bases in the South and Detachments of various Corps are maintained here. Also several schools and training centers located here. In connection with the Medical Detachment and School there is a very large Gen. Hospital serving a large section around here. It's a beautiful spot for an embryo medic student. I'm not so sure about an ex-oilman.

With no previous military experience everything was very new to me. But I have learned to make beds, sew on buttons, salute, carry a gun, and all those other little things that make a soldier a soldier. Withal, it's had a brighter side. There were moments when I wasn't sure but I haven't been hurt yet. You can take it from me, it's tough to get up off your fanny after many years of the soft life and drill two hours with a full pack; or take two hours of calisthenics. But you get used to it. Sometimes you even like it.

I arise each day at 5:45 (never thought I'd do that) and by 8 I have exercised ½ hour, made a bed, shaved, shined, breakfasted and am ready for class. Believe it or not.

Must close this and get to work. Drop me a line with all the news and I'll attempt to answer almost immediately.

Private First Class John A. Clark
Det. Med. Dept.
McDill Field
Tampa, Fla.

Helen Lankau, of Detroit, said "I do" to John A. Blatecky, a tool and die maker at the Micromatic Hone Co., Detroit, October 17. The bride designed her white wedding gown for the event. She has been with Ethyl at the Engineering Research Laboratories for about a year and is continuing her work as secretary in the accounting office.



Jessie B. Davis



Marguerite Chadwick



Sue M. Carbo



Doris A. Smith



Walter P. Simmons

New Employees

Technical Division

Jessie B. Davis, laboratory helper, went to school in Pine Grove, La., is married and has three children. He was formerly a millwright helper at Stone & Webster.

TEL Division

Marguerite Chadwick, junior stenographer, was with Ethyl less than a week when she changed her name to Mrs. Louis A. Pellerin. She attended Louisiana State University and Baton Rouge Business College, and came to Ethyl from the offices of a local attorney.

Finance Department

Sue M. Carbo, junior clerk, likes to swim and play softball. She went to school in White Castle, La., and was formerly employed by the Dutton Motor Co., Ford dealers.

Ethyl Chloride Division

Doris A. Smith, junior data clerk, went to Louisiana State University and Baton Rouge Business College. She comes to Ethyl from Baton Rouge Motors. She likes swimming, bowling and dancing.

Walter P. Simmons, mechanical helper, was formerly employed as a radio technician. He attended the National Radio Institute and Oklahoma A. & M. College, is married, and has one child.

is at Baton Rouge

Rudolph Brown, mechanical helper, is a former sawmill employee. He is married and has four children.



Rudolph Brown

William C. Ferrington, mechanical helper, was formerly in the tractor repair business. He is married and the father of five children.



William C. Ferrington

Glenn H. Watts, mechanical helper, is married and has two children. He was formerly a mechanic at Harding Field.



Glenn H. Watts

Samson Baum, operator helper, was formerly employed by a bakery in Port Allen, La. He is the father of three children.

Earl J. Andre, mechanical helper, comes to Ethyl from the Louisiana Highway Commission. He is married and has two children.

Raymond J. Gascon, operator helper, comes to Ethyl from the Gulf Refining Co. at Plaquemine, La. He is married and has five children.



Samson Baum

Roosevelt P. Dupuy, operator helper, was formerly a bakery salesman in Independence, La. He went to school in Marksville, La., is married and has two children.



Roosevelt P. Dupuy

Raymond J. Gascon



Earl J. Andre



Meat on the Table

Jack Cole, Seattle Division's safety engineer at Casper, Wyo., had promised us a snapshot of his yearly deer or elk, but look at what he came up with instead! Anyway, his one day's take of geese and pheasant looks mighty good to us. That big one he's holding in his hand is enough to make your mouth water. With marksmen such

as Jack around, there's no need to worry about meat rationing.

On a trip through Utah recently with Dr. Sanders, Jack came upon the sign, "All Sheep and Cattle Turn Here." What goes on here, anyhow? Can the livestock in that territory honestly read, or is someone pulling our leg? All Jack tells us is that the sign speaks for itself. But how about the cattle?



Busy Week-end

The last week-end in November was one of the most important in the life of Redge Bushell, formerly of the New York Division and now on military leave. On November 28 Redge became the husband of the former Caroline Brookins of Bernardsville, N. J., in a wedding ceremony performed at the Little Church of the Flowers, Glendale, Calif.

Two days later Redge, who for the past nine months has been an Air Corps cadet studying meteorology at California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, graduated with a second lieutenant's commission. Redge's work in this course was so good that he was one of a group of six men, out of a class of nearly a hundred, who were picked to remain at California Tech as instructors for the next group of students.

What's Doing in San Berdu

Rollin Gish reports from the Desert Training Center at Camp Young, Cal., where he, Gil Way and Dick Rice are engaged in some test work for the Army. Says he: "We are living in tents, shaving with cold water, eating sand, and proving to our satisfaction that there's no place like home."

Lieutenant Paul Straub, who was a research engineer at San Berdu, paid a visit to the lab just before leaving for action in the Pacific. Paul was assigned to the post of chief engineering officer on a new submarine. Before obtaining this assignment he had served as a repair officer at the Mare Island Navy Yard. The gang at San Berdu hopes his Jap hunting in the Pacific will be as good as his duck hunting on the Salton Sea in California. The picture of Paul in uniform was taken in front of the lab during his visit.

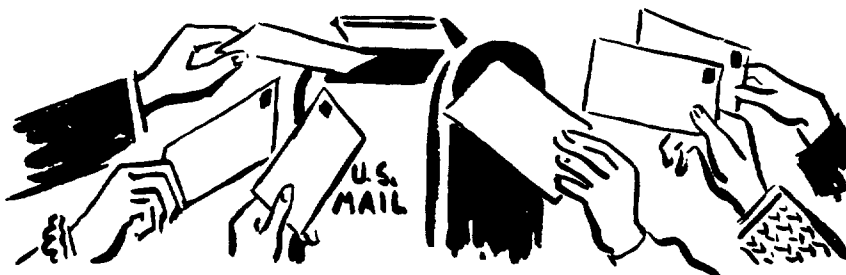


Lieutenant Paul Straub

Elmer Malhke, of the Gasoline Testing Department, San Berdu, became the proud father of a son on October 29. The youngster's name is David. Although Elmer has been demoted to third best at home and must do KP duty every night, he has a smile that won't wear off.

Dr. Ed Kurt of Baton Rouge was one of the Quiz Kids on a radio program over station WJBO, that city, on November 30. The East Baton Rouge Parish Civil Defense Council sponsored the program, which was one of a weekly series on "Chemistry and War." Ed and two other chemical engineers of Baton Rouge answered the questions, but it was all in the bag for Ed, as Barry Barringer, our public relations man at Baton Rouge, wrote the script.

Ethyl gave up two executives to the Army recently when Claire Dees, Baltimore Division manager, and Jim Boudreau, former Chicago Division manager who is acting Western Regional Manager, donned the khaki. Both men were commissioned captains. We haven't much detailed information on their duties at press time, but we understand that Claire is with the Service of Supply in Washington, while Jim is in Chicago.



Write the Boys in the Service!

Following is a list of the 160 Ethyl men reported in service when we went to press, classified according to where they worked when they received military leave from the company. As far as possible, we have included the address and rank of each man, but transfers are so frequent these days and promotions come so suddenly that we cannot always be 100% accurate. So don't feel hurt if we give a wrong address and rank for any one of you. Instead, help us out by sending us the correction.

And you boys and girls who are not in service would be doing a big thing for these boys if you would write them often. Some of them are in isolated posts where letters from outside are their only diversion. Give them a lift by writing them, even if it is only a few lines.

Died in Service

Ensign Kenneth G. Lee

★ ★ ★

Detroit

Private Robert A. Ackerman II
No address

Private James M. Anders, Jr.
Box 786
Kanawa, Okla.

Ensign M. J. Anderson
532 Burnside
Eastport, Md.

Lieutenant John D. Bailie
Bradley Hills Country Club
Bethesda, Md.

Private Marilyn J. Beane
1921st QM Co.
Dale Mabry Field
Tallahassee, Fla.

Lieutenant Walter R. Benson
602nd FA Battalion
Camp Carson, Colo.

Lieutenant James F. Bessire
33rd Armored Eng. Bn.
7th Armored Division
Camp Polk, La.

Ensign Douglas B. Blackburn
Section Base
Morehead City, N. C.

George J. Burcal
No address

Ensign W. L. Carlson
U. S. Naval Eng. Exp. Station
Annapolis, Md.

Private Ralph A. Carpenter
Platoon 872
Marine Corps Base
San Diego, Calif.

Ensign Joseph A. Cipolla
26 State Normal Place
Jersey City, N. J.

Lieutenant Theodore S. DuBose
Infantry School
Fort Benning, Ga.

Private Charles D. Ehrhardt, Jr.
Co. C, Training Group, A.F.S.
Fort Knox, Ky.

Lieutenant R. R. Faller
Naval Training School
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

Lieutenant Howard E. Hesselberg
Hq. 1st Bn., 30th FA, APO 942
Seattle, Wash.

Lieutenant Daniel A. Hirschler
12th Photographic Squadron
Army Air Base
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Lieutenant John R. Howard
Aberdeen Proving Grounds
Aberdeen, Md.

Major William H. Hubner
APO 501 Hq.
U.S.A.F.I.A.
San Francisco, Calif.

Lieutenant Arthur E. Huffman
Palmer Lane Apts.
State Fair & Woodward
Detroit, Mich.

Lieutenant Thomas B. Jones
2423 N. Underwood St.
East Falls Church, Va.

Lieutenant Karl H. Kuhn
Wright Field
Power Plant Lab. E.E.S.
Dayton, Ohio

Master Sergeant E. J. Kukla
Headquarters Battery
27th Div. Artillery, APO 27
San Francisco, Calif.

Private Joseph Laetham
Co. C, 14th Tr. Bn.
Fort McClellan, Ala.

Lieutenant John B. Link
Box 71
Fort Sill, Okla.

Lieutenant Norman J. Linstromberg
640 TD Bn., APO 1288
San Francisco, Calif.

Lieutenant James M. Mason, Jr.
Ground School
Naval Air Station
Jacksonville, Fla.

Aviation Cadet J. E. Minnock
Air Force Detachment
Valley Forge Military Academy
Wayne, Pa.

Private Andrew Pallay
No address

Technical Sergeant Albert W. Ramsey
Co. A, 804th SSR
Camp Crowder, Miss.

Ensign H. C. Sumner
4 Revell Street
Annapolis, Md.

Lieutenant Irwin Trowbridge
Aberdeen Proving Ground
Aberdeen, Md.

Lieutenant A. E. Vallier
210 East Mount Hope
Lansing, Mich.

Ensign Ralph J. Wahrenbrock
U. S. Naval Eng. Exp. Station
Annapolis, Md.

Lieutenant Eugene J. Ziurys
U. S. Navy
University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.

New York

Private Edward A. Britt
USMC
No address

Lieut. R. D. Bushell
34 Hudson Place
Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.

Cadet Northrop Clarey, Jr.
Coast Guard Academy
New London, Conn.

Coxswain Donald Forsdick
U. S. Coast Guard Station
Pier 18
Stapleton, S. I., N. Y.

Chief Specialist Gerald Forsdick
Aviation Free Gunnery School
Hollywood, Fla.

George Geiger
No address

Lieutenant Benjamin D. Harrison
Parkview Apts.
Market at 23rd
Harrisburg, Pa.

D. Frank Hayes
265 Eighteenth Avenue
Paterson, N. J.

John Higgins
No address

Philip King
No address

Private John McMaster
No address

Seaman Kenneth G. Morse
Receiving Station
495 Summer Street
Boston, Mass.

Lester B. Roberts
No address

James Russell
No address

Lieutenant William J. Ryan
Co. M, 3rd Bn., APO 5
New York, N. Y.

Captain Russell Schell
593rd Engineer Boat Regiment
Camp Carabelle, Fla.

F. D. Williams
No address

Baton Rouge

Lieutenant F. D. Atkinson
C.O. Ordnance Detachment
A.B. Detachment, Wright Field
Dayton, Ohio

Motor Machinist J. L. Bagents
USCGR, South Yacht Club
New Orleans, La.

Private John P. Black
Co. D Replacement Center
Bowman Field, Ky.

Private Burl G. Boggs
Co. B, 326 Glider Inf.
83 Airborne Drive
Camp Clairborne, La.

Corporal D. C. Bolin, Jr.
316 Adams Street
Montgomery, Ala.

Private P. L. Breeden
318th Q.M. Depot (MT)
Camp Bowie, Texas

James F. Bridges
Coast Guard Training School
Machinist Mates School
Curtis Bay, Md.

Private Thomas E. Bridges
Squadron 303, Flight VOC
Air Technical School
Keesler Field, Miss.

Private Adams L. Brooks
Co. B, 428th Sig. Construction Bn. Avn.
Camp Pinedale, Calif.

Randolph S. Charlton
Medinah Club of Chicago
505 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

George William Chavers
General Delivery
Ardmore, Okla.

Henry Clemons
USCGR Co. 21
8th Naval District
New Orleans, La.

Chief Specialist Reynolds M. Collins
217 Oak Grove Drive
Norfolk, Va.

Aviation Cadet Richard H. Colvin
Cadet Squadron 109, Flight H
San Antonio Avn. Cadet Center
San Antonio, Texas

Douglas D. Davis
Co. C, 5th Sig. Tr. Bn.
Camp Kohler
Sacramento, Calif.

Edward G. Duffard, Jr.
3319 Cleveland Avenue
New Orleans, La.

Coxswain Jason D. Fenlason
USCGR, Gulfport Yacht Club
Gulfport, Miss.

Private William Roy Flory
Reception Center
Camp Beauregard, La.

Private Wilford E. Frazier
Battery G, 204th CA (AA)
San Diego, Calif.

Lieutenant B. W. Fridge
No address

Edgar W. Gates
3802 Plank Road
Baton Rouge, La.

Lou D. Hill
Armed Guard Pacific
Treasure Island
San Francisco, Calif.

Corporal H. J. Holdridge
744 Ordnance Co.
44th Inf. Division
Fort Lewis, Wash.

Private Phebus N. Hotard
Battery E, AAS, OCD
Platoon 2
Camp Davis, N. C.

Private Rufus M. Jackson
Battery B
7th FA Observation Bn.
Camp Shelby, Miss.

James N. Johnson
Co. A, 123rd Q.M. Bn. (Trk.)
New Orleans Staging Area
New Orleans, La.

Luther Conley Juban
Co. C, 363rd Engineering Regt.
Camp Clairborne, La.

Lieutenant R. C. Kendrick
Co. 18, B 39
1st Student Training Regt.
Fort Benning, Ga.

Robert C. Lambert, Jr.
No address

William Gordon Lefeaux
Co. D, 80th Inf. Training Bn.
Camp Roberts, Calif.

Russell H. Mahan
U. S. Army
Co. C, Reception Center
Camp Beauregard, La.

Corporal J. B. Marshall
907 Air Base Security Bn., Co. A
Camp Rucker, Ala.

Private L. E. Massey
Co. B, 2nd Bn. SCRTC
Camp Kohler
Sacramento, Calif.

Charles H. Mathis
No address

Private Richard T. McCraime
O'Reilly Gen. Hospital
Med. Det., U. S. Army
Springfield, Mo.

Seaman David Henry McNeil
No address

Lieutenant George T. Mercier,
USN
Wesson, Miss.

Private Woodrow W. Merritt
Hdqs. & Serv. Co.
86th Engrs. (HP)
Camp Gordon, Ga.

Raymond H. Metternick
No address

Lieutenant Arthur H. Middleton
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, La.

Lieutenant Leo A. Miller
Reception Center
Camp Beauregard, La.

Ensign Cooper N. Mills
599 Bedford Road
Pleasantville, N. Y.

Private T. A. Mitchell
301 Tech. School Sqdn.
Flight 565, Bks. 24
Keesler Field, Miss.

Lieutenant T. M. Mixon
care H. B. Overstreet
Moss Point, Miss.

Staff Sergeant John R. Montgomery
766th MP Bn., Camp Robinson
Little Rock, Ark.

Seaman First Class R. H. Murphy
Co. C, Pln. 6, 27th Naval Constn. Bn.
Camp Bradford
Norfolk, Va.

Private Frank S. Neal
Training Detachment 3, Co. G
533rd Engineering Shore Regt.
Camp Edwards, Mass.

Corporal George B. Noland
Battery A, 47th FA
Fort Bragg, N. C.

Sergeant Robert D. Norwood
Detachment Medical Dept.
Station Hospital
Camp Bowie, Texas

Private Walter J. Rantanen
Co. C, 82nd Chem. Bn.
Fort Bliss, Texas

Seaman Joseph T. Reed
111 First Street
Panama City, Fla.

Homer E. Sanders
No address

Private Arnold Severson
Flight 4-A
354th Technical School Sq. (SP)
ORTC, AAFTTC
Kearns, Utah

Herbert Ross Warnock
No address

Lieutenant Hubert N. Wax
4122 Military Road
Washington, D. C.

David C. Whittington
No address

Allen White
Co. B, 365th Eng. Reg. (GS)
Camp Campbell, Ky.

Henry K. Wright
No address

Cadet Woodrow F. Zachariah
318th Tech. School Sqd.
Barracks 637
Sheppard Field, Texas

Deepwater

Sergeant Everett L. Clough
OCS Overhead, FAS K 1
Fort Sill, Okla.

Radio Tech. Second Class J. L. Ebell
Fleet Service School
Virginia Beach, Va.

Corporal J. P. Giffing
Hq. 33rd CA Brigade (AA)
San Diego, Calif.

Captain J. Robert Greenwood
A Battery
311th CA Barrage Balloon Bn.
Camp Tyson, Tenn.

Stephen N. Hall
USNR, 505 Tower Hall
Chicago, Ill.

Private John A. Miller
7th SS, Flight 384
Chanute Field
Rantoul, Ill.

Coxswain Noble Joe Nixon
Naval Detachment
c/o Postmaster, APO
San Francisco, Calif.

Lieutenant John F. Wallis
Battery C, 57th CA, APO 952
San Francisco, Calif.

Private Lynn A. Wilmot
Medical Detachment
Room 956, Haddon Hall
Atlantic City, N. J.

Atlanta

Lieutenant Arthur S. Brown
Main Post
Aberdeen Proving Grounds
Aberdeen, Md.

Private Stuart Forbes
1530 Seward Avenue
Detroit, Mich.

Lieutenant Raymond H. Luke
8th Federal District Naval Bldg.
New Orleans, La.

Lieutenant W. H. Phipps
9 Story Street
Cambridge, Mass.

George P. Rosser
No address

Captain Wayland W. Sweeney
No address

Captain S. J. Warner, Jr.
APO 871
c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

Joseph E. Williams
Officers Training School
Aberdeen, Md.

Baltimore

Dwight F. Andrews
No address

Captain H. Claire Dees
No address

Captain Robert W. Hogan
No address

Lieutenant John S. Maynard
Industrial Dept.
U. S. Navy Yard
Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

Lieutenant Fritz Y. Mercer
c/o Postmaster
San Diego, Calif.

Ensign Marshall McDorman
No address

Boston

Lieutenant L. H. Blatchford
Plaza Hotel
San Antonio, Texas

Robert W. Richardson
No address

Chicago

Captain James E. Boudreau
No address

John A. Clark
No address

Lieutenant Idan E. Flaa
360 Bradley Avenue
Flint, Mich.

Lieutenant Howard B. Hudiburg
123 Cascade Drive
Mill Valley, Calif.

Lieutenant Miles A. Kinley
4906 Eleventh Street North
Arlington, Va.

Lieutenant John W. Miller
508 Rex Street
Elmhurst, Ill.

Samuel P. Rady
No address

Charles Towerly
No address

Dayton

Emerson Blair
No address

Lieutenant S. T. Pruitt
Sacramento Air Depot
Sacramento, Calif.

Kansas City

D. W. Bell
No address

Los Angeles

Lieutenant Hamilton G. Greenup
No address

Captain Monroe F. Weill
Co. C, 58th Q.M. (HM)
Presidio
San Francisco, Calif.

Seattle

Ray M. Brown, Jr.
No address

Lieutenant Robert R. Mead
422 Eleventh Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah

Tulsa

Franklin E. DeVore
No address

Lieutenant W. Webster Downer
Ordnance Department
Augusta Arsenal
Augusta, Ga.

Lieutenant Levan R. Fleck
AAS
Camp Davis, N. C.

Lieutenant Arthur Dale Miller
69th CA (AA)
Battery C
San Diego, Calif.

Ensign Fred W. Ramin
USNR, Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

Lieutenant J. M. Rollins
4136 Emerson Street
Dallas, Texas

San Bernardino

Lieutenant Paul F. Straub
Navy Yard
Mare Island, Calif.

Cincinnati

Lieutenant Colonel Willard F. Machle
Armored Force Physiological Lab.
Fort Knox, Ky.

Here He Comes, Girls!

Although the gals in the vicinity of Camp Edwards, Mass., may be mourning, the Southern belles who live near Camp Carabelle, Fla., are in a gala mood, for Captain Russ Schell of the 593rd Engineer Boat Regiment, Ethyl's most dashing Don Juan, was recently transferred from the northern to the southern base. The handsome Captain, looking fit and sassy in his uniform, dropped in at his former headquarters, the New York office, on his way to the Sunny Southland. His only complaint was that he had had to sleep in a tent all through the cold weather of a New England autumn.

"That kind of thing is all right for young fellows who still like to camp out," said the Captain. "But a soft, wide bed is the answer for an old fellow like me."

At this point someone remarked that the Captain's age hadn't decreased his irresistible lure for the fair sex, whereupon the Captain grinned wickedly.

Russ didn't know how long he was going to be at Camp Carabelle, but he thought, to put it into the words of the fortune teller, he would soon be taking a long trip over water. What a break that will be for the gals in some distant corner of the globe!

No Longer With Us

Lorena Mazal, Detroit
Irene Staley, Detroit
Donald L. Boren, San Bernardino
Elma I. Smith, Dayton
Walter Hooper, Detroit
Emily Wright, New York
Harry Perkins, Detroit
Edward J. Ryan, Jr., New York
Louis G. Richter, Atlanta

★ ★ ★

To Readers and Correspondents

Miss your December Bulletin Board? You weren't the only one, because there wasn't any December issue. The loss of North Clarey to the Coast Guard and shifts in our staff of correspondents jammed up our schedule, so we decided to drop one issue in order to get out succeeding issues on time.

To keep on schedule we are going to adhere to a rigid deadline, which will be the 15th of the month previous to the month of issue. Thus, for the February issue, the deadline will be January 15, so help your correspondent by giving to him or her a couple of days ahead of this deadline date any news items you may have.

Incidentally, I have been placed in charge of getting out the Bulletin Board, and it is my wish to continue to turn out a publication which will please you readers. If you have any ideas or suggestions for the improvement of our magazine, be sure to let me know about them. I will welcome any criticism, whether constructive

or destructive. Also, if it is easier for you to send me a story direct instead of through your correspondent, let me have it, provided such a course does not conflict with the wishes of your department head.

Let's work together to build a bigger and better Bulletin Board!

Frank Adriance

BOUND VOLUMES AVAILABLE

How many of you want bound volumes of Ethyl News for the year 1942? They will be available as in the past, and at the same price — \$2.25 per volume. However, we have only enough extra sets to make up 125 volumes so we'll have to operate on a "first come, first served" basis.

Last year we weren't foresighted enough to lay aside extra copies of the Bulletin Board for binding and as a result had to turn down a number of requests. We've done a little better this year and there are enough extra copies on hand to make up 70 volumes. They will be bound in a dark blue buckram and priced at \$1.75 per copy. Again it's a case of "first come, first served" — only more so.

Will you send in your orders as soon as possible so we can give the binders some idea of how many volumes will be required? Orders for both Ethyl News and Bulletin Board should be sent to Bill Heggen, care the company, Chrysler Building, New York.



Donald L. Jennings, new accountant-in-charge at the Engineering Laboratories at Detroit, is a graduate of DePaw University and of Indiana University, where he studied business administration. Before coming to Ethyl Don was associated with the Equitable Life Assurance Society for ten years, working for the company in Des Moines, Chicago, New York, Rochester and Detroit. He and Mrs. Jennings live in Detroit where he pursues his hobbies, photography and wood-working, and she pursues their two little girls, aged two and five.

Eugene Betzold, new member of the Detroit Engineering Laboratories, will assist in handling the business affairs of the Lab. Born in Catonsville, Maryland, he studied engineering and played football at Johns Hopkins. Gene's extra-curricular activities include being secretary of the Reimway Woods Home Owners' Association and senior post warden for the OCD. He has also been a three-time blood donor. Gene plays a little golf and hunts pheasant and quail for relaxation.



Kaye Donahue, the new mail girl at the Laboratories in Detroit, is a veteran entertainer, having made her debut in the entertainment world at the age of 1 1/2 years by sitting on a piano and singing "Springtime in the Rockies." The nine Donahue children all sing and dance, with Mrs. Donahue at the keyboard. Kaye says the farthest they ever transported their talents in person was to Chicago, but they have appeared on the radio as "The Kennedy Kids," sponsored by a milk company. For the past ten years the family has put on its own minstrel show, "The Donahue Review," but since five of the nine children are boys and three are in the Army, this is out for the duration at least. Kaye also plays basketball and ice skates, and her ambition is to continue her art studies.

Two members of the Baton Rouge staff have just completed late vacations. Jesse Savario anticipated gasoline rationing and brushed up on riding at a dude ranch in Texas. Phyllis Barton went home to Napoleonville, Louisiana, and, as she described it, "I just sat on the porch and rocked."

Ed Minnock of the Engineering Research Laboratories at Detroit, who has been a pilot since 1936, up and sold his airplane, joined the Army Air Forces, and reported for basic training at Valley Forge Military Academy, Wayne, Pa., on Nov. 23. After graduation from Texas A. & M. College in 1941, Ed became a Faller student in the class of '42. He worked on the bus tests in St. Louis for a while, coming from there to the Engineering Lab Oct. 1.

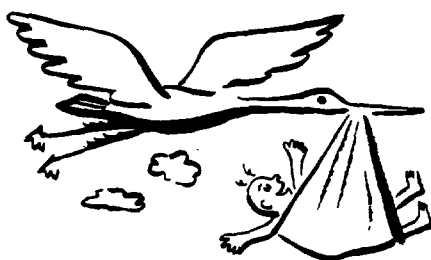
Bob Ackerman was inducted in the Army Nov. 25, from his home district in New Jersey. Bob was graduated from Lehigh University, and entered the Ethyl organization through the Faller course. After completion of his training, Bob was in the field organization, in the New York and the Baltimore divisions, and was in charge of bus tests at Hagerstown, Md.

Patricia Ann Beyer is the beautiful new addition at Tulsa Lab. Pat, a native Tulsan, comes to us from Douglas Aircraft, and takes over the duties of Gladys Rodgers, who resigned her position as secretary to join her Coast Guardsman husband in Miami, Fla. Pat's hobby is music.



It's Ensign Fred Ramin now. Fred, formerly of the Tulsa Lab, reported for indoctrination at Dartmouth College on November 23. He was replaced by an old-timer, William C. Ludt, formerly of the Yonkers Gasoline Testing Laboratory.



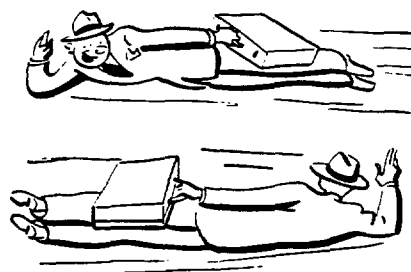


Stork Busy at Deepwater

There was much cigar smoking during the latter part of November around the office at Deepwater in celebration of the arrival of two more Ethyl newcomers. On November 17 Merritt Martin, his chest inflated at least a foot, reported for work bearing the news that it was a 7¼-pound boy, Robert Ulrich Martin, who had arrived at the Memorial Hospital in Wilmington.

Not to be outdone by a blender operator, Tom Davis of the traffic department sent word to the office November 23 that the arrival of his fourth daughter had added another half pound a week to the Davis family sugar ration. Dorothy Taylor Davis, weighing just a quarter ounce under seven pounds, was born in the Salem Hospital.

Following the trend of the times, our Baton Rouge plant has begun to hire women workers. Except for office workers, this is the first time members of the fair sex have been employed in the plant. Five have already reported for duty and six more will be taken on shortly. The new girls are working in the store rooms.



The Shift Key

Frank Jobs, Engineering, Detroit to Tulsa Division

N. B. Hedden, Sales, Chicago to Engineering, Detroit

B. G. Crane, Sales, Chicago to New York General

William C. Ludt, Technical Service, Yonkers to Technical Service, Tulsa

George Krieger, our agricultural engineering division manager and the fellow who sparked the trend toward high compression farm tractors, has received a summons from the War Production Board. His recent appointment as deputy director of the Board's farm machinery and equipment division has been announced from Washington.

Miss Ollie Porter was married to Lieutenant Arthur S. Brown, U. S. Army, on November 28 in the Main Chapel, Aberdeen Proving Ground. Before being called into the service, the bridegroom was connected with the clinic in the Atlanta Division. He was inducted into the Army at Aberdeen and has been stationed there ever since.



ETC 05719

Ethyl BULLETIN BOARD

FEBRUARY, 1943



WE AID THE ARMED FORCES

(See Page 3)

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — *by and for Ethyl employees*

**ANOTHER
HONOR
FOR
MIDGLEY**

PAGE 5

**DETROIT
GIVES
BLOOD**

PAGE 20

DEEPWATER DOES IT!

PAGE 27

ETHYL'S PIONEERS

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OUR PLANT POSTERS

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WE AID THE ARMED FORCES

It's gasoline that makes the wheels go round on vehicles of the fighting services, but gasoline won't do a jeep or a tank much good if that machine breaks down. That is why the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard are operating so many schools to train both officers and men on repair and maintenance. And that is where Ethyl representatives come in.

Do you know that our field men and safety engineers are working hand in hand with the armed forces to keep the wheels and propellers turning? They are taking part in many of the educational programs set up by the different branches of the service — conducting meetings, giving lectures and demonstrations, advising on motor transport complaints. They are helping to inaugurate programs to teach engine maintenance, trouble shooting, tune-up and allied subjects to service mechanics. They are conducting classes for company commanders, motor officers and civilian advisors.

In addition, we are loaning to the armed forces necessary equipment, including dynamometers, demonstration engines, movies of combustion and other subjects, carburetors with lucite windows so mechanics can see what goes on inside, slides on fuels and engines, etc. Frank Jobs of the Tulsa Division has compiled into a textbook for Army use a large amount of preventive maintenance material.

Every one of our divisions is working with the armed forces. In Seattle the big job is at Camp Lewis, about which you read in the October issue of Ethyl News. In addition, this division is organizing similar driver training programs at Camp Adair and Camp White. The Los Angeles Division has loaned Frank Elliott and Charlie White to the Army at Camp Young, Calif., where for several weeks they have been at work on the testing of new tanks and new tank designs under desert conditions. Los Angeles has also been cooperating with the Pre-

sidio at San Francisco and with the Army Air Corps mechanics who are training at the Boeing School of Aeronautics in Oakland, Calif.

The Tulsa and Kansas City Divisions have a wealth of camps and bases in their territories. The Tulsa schedule includes aid to mechanics' schools at Sheppard Field, Spartan School of Aeronautics, Southwestern Technical School of Aeronautics, Normoyle Quartermaster Depot, Camp Wolters, Army Air Corps Technical Training Command, Brady School of Aviation, Kelly Field, Terrell Aviation School, Hicks Field, and the Army Air Corps Primary Pilot Training School, among others. Kansas City has been active at Fort Riley, Camp Crowder, Fort Crook, the Quartermaster Corps Motor Mechanics School, Fort Leonard Wood, the Missouri Aviation School, the National School of Aeronautics, and various other posts in the Seventh Corps Area.

Coming east to Chicago we find that Bill Polachek has set up a prac-

tical training program at Camp McCoy. Meetings are also being conducted by us at Fort Sheridan, Fort Brady, Chanute Field, Great Lakes Naval Base, Navy Pier, Navy Teachers Training School, Navy Glen View Base, Aeronautical University, and Camp Custer.

In Atlanta the boys are concentrating most of their efforts on the Fourth Service Command Motor School, but they are also giving time to Fort Benning and other posts in the Southland. Dayton's big outpost is Fort Knox, but other important units which welcome our assistance are the Fifth Corps Area, Fort Hayes, Wright Field, Signal Corps Depot, Camp Atterbury, Camp Campbell, and several Army mechanics' schools located throughout the territory.

The Boston Division did an outstanding job at Pine Camp. Its men also are working with Fort Devens, the Coast Guard Academy, the United States Military Academy, the Quartermaster's Depot at Schenectady, the Army Base at Bangor, Me., Stewart Field at Newburgh, N. Y., the pre-flight cadets at Hamilton College and Colgate University, the reserve forces students at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the Navy Schools at Wentworth Institute in Boston, the Groton Coast Guard Training Station, and the Army and Navy Officers' Engine School in Hartford.

Out of the New York Division they are assisting the Motor Transport School at Miller Field, the Coast Guard, the Brooklyn Navy



Yard, the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command, the Navy Technical Combat Squadron, the Marine Corps Motor Transport School, the Port of Embarkation, Fort Dix, and Camp Kilmer. Baltimore looks after the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, the Aberdeen Ordnance Replacement Center, the Edgewood Arsenal, Camp Holabird, the Third Service Command Trans-

port School, Fort Pendleton, Fort Monroe, Fort Eustis, Fort Bragg, Fort Jackson, and the Quantico and Cherry Point Marine bases.

Quite an extensive schedule of aid to our armed forces, isn't it? Even if most of our divisions weren't short handed because of the boys going into the service, they would have plenty of work to keep them busy from now until the demise of Hitler.

Midgley Named Chemical Society Head

Tom Midgley, our vice president, has added another to the long list of honors which he has accumulated. This time he has been named president of the American Chemical Society for 1944. Formerly chairman of the board of the Society, he took office as president-elect on January 1, when Dr. Per K. Frolich, director of the Chemical Division of Esso Laboratories, became president.

One week later, on January 8, Mr. Midgley was a speaker at a meeting of scientists and industrialists at the Hotel Commodore in New York, at which Dr. Robert E. Wilson, president of the Pan American Petroleum & Transport Company, was awarded the Perkin Medal, an award for scientific achievement. At this meeting Mr. Midgley and Dr. Wilson were in reversed positions, for on January 8, 1937, when Mr. Midgley was awarded the Perkin Medal, Dr. Wilson spoke on the accomplishments of Mr. Midgley.

Ever since this nation became actively engaged in a program of national defense Mr. Midgley has been a member of the National Defense Council, a group which has done a tremendous amount for the promotion of wartime research. Any invention submitted to the Council, no matter how screwy it may appear, is given careful attention. As a result not a few devices have been discovered and developed which will aid us to win the war.

But don't write this off as Mr. Midgley's chief contribution to our win-the-war drive. If it were not for his discovery of tetraethyl lead our bombing planes would not fly anywhere near as far or as fast, nor would they be able to lift such heavy loads out of comparatively small fields. The development of synthetic rubber, too, has received invaluable aid from the research of Tom Midgley. When you stop to think of it, this is quite a sizeable

contribution for one man, so there is no reason for surprise whenever he receives another well deserved award.

* * *

TO YOU BOYS IN UNIFORM!

Do you expect to be sent overseas? If so, do you wish to keep on receiving the *Bulletin Board*? If you do wish us to continue mailing the *Bulletin Board* to you, we must have a letter from you to that effect.

Here is the new military regulation about employee publications:

"Magazines and newspapers may be mailed to a soldier only by the publisher and only if the soldier is a subscriber. (*A subscriber of an employee publication, which is distributed free, is one who has asked for it in writing.*) However, the soldier will be free to subscribe to any newspaper or magazine he wishes, and will not require special permission to do so."

A word to the wise is sufficient!

The Boys Want Mail



Wouldn't you like to get as many letters as possible if you were far from home? Well, so do the boys in the armed services. So write them as often as you can. And don't say you can't write because you don't know the right address. The *Bulletin Board* has listed addresses in almost every issue and right now we are inaugurating an entirely new service. Here it is:

If you don't know a service man's address and can't find it anywhere, just send your letter to him to the New York office, care of the *Bulletin Board*. From the time we receive it

we will do our darndest to see that it is forwarded to the right address. Here in New York we have ways and means of digging out obscure addresses which are unavailable to most of you, so we will be more than glad to assist you to get in touch with your friends in the Army, Navy, Marines or Coast Guard.

Ten new names have been added to the military honor roll since the last issue of the *Bulletin Board* went to press. Included among these are Arnold Webb and Dan Renshaw from New York, Joe Hobart and Bob Stevenson from Detroit, and Claude Ezell, Curtis Williams, Ellis Hogan, John Gryar, John Carter, and Robert Rich from Baton Rouge. Their addresses are given below.

Private E. Arnold Webb
Co. G, Barrack 6
1st Signal Training Regt.
Fort Monmouth, N. J.

Seaman Robert W. Stevenson
Lyons Hall, Room 103
Naval Training Station
Cornell University
Ithaca, N. Y.

Private Daniel E. Renshaw
Co. H, 399 Infantry, APO 100
Fort Jackson, S. C.

Aviation Cadet Joseph A. Hobart
43-9, T-499
Air Cadet Detachment
Chanute Field
Rantoul, Ill.

Claude B. Ezell, AMM 2/c
V2-M, USS Essex
Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.

Curtis Williams
814 Reddy Street
Baton Rouge, La.

Ellis L. Hogan
428 Atkinson Street
Baton Rouge, La.

John C. Gryar
509 Cambouze Street
Baton Rouge, La.

John F. Carter
2321 Florida Street
Baton Rouge, La.

Robert W. Rich
604 St. Ferdinand Street
Baton Rouge, La.

★ ★ ★

A Message from MacArthur

A telegram from General Douglas MacArthur, addressed "To The Men And Women Of E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Company, Inc., And Of Ethyl Corporation, Baton Rouge, Louisiana," was read at a recent foremen's safety meeting at the plant. The message, which was sent in recognition of the accomplishments of the plant in the war effort, was as follows:

"On this sacred day of our Lord we soldiers on the firing line give thanks to you soldiers on the production line for the sinews of war that make victory possible. We are dedicating this Christmas Day, the day after, and every day thereafter until we establish Peace on Earth and Good Will To Men."

Goes to Mexico for Ethyl

Lynn Phillips, recently named our representative in Mexico and Central America, paid a visit to the New York office in December. Before his definite appointment, Lynn, who formerly was a field man in the Tulsa Division, spent four months in his new territory, where he made a thorough survey of existing conditions. Lynn's headquarters are in Mexico City, where he is living at the Hotel Reforma.

★ ★ ★

Joseph A. Hobart, engineer at the Detroit Lab, entered the armed forces as an aviation cadet November 27. You can write him at 43-9, T-499, Air Cadet Detachment, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.

Is Our Face Red!

Just as the printer was reaching out an ink stained hand to take the last bit of February copy from us, we received a letter from Ray Wyrick, informing us that out of the eight men from the Chicago Division who are in military service and whose names we listed in last month's *Bulletin Board*, we gave a correct address for Idan Flaa alone. That's a batting average of only .125, which isn't too hot in any league, so we hasten to give below the correct addresses for the seven we misfired on—adding the gentle suggestion that all correspondents follow Ray's example and send us up-to-date addresses for the men in their divisions.

Captain J. E. Boudreau
Sunset Ridge Road
Northbrook, Ill.

Candidate John A. Clark
Company I
M.A.C., O.C.S., R.T.C.
Camp Barkley, Texas

Captain Howard B. Hudiburg
612th CA (AA)
Camp Stewart, Ga.

Captain M. A. Kinley, IGD
U. S. Army
HQ, 86 Division
Camp Howze, Texas

Lieutenant J. W. Miller
Company A, 193 Tank Bn.
APO 957 PM
San Francisco, Calif.

Private S. P. Rady
806 T.S.S.
Bks. 1515
Sioux Falls Air Base
Sioux Falls, S. D.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Charles Towery
2222 Welch
Houston, Texas

* * *

Navy Bride

Dorothy Rakestraw of the Detroit Chem Lab marched to the altar last October 17 with Ensign Douglas Gould, the ceremony taking place in Lakeland, Ohio, Dorothy's home town. The couple flew back to Boston next day so the bridegroom would not miss any of his classes at Harvard, where he is training. Dorothy set up housekeeping in Cambridge for the duration of her husband's stay there, but on the completion of his training she expects to return to Chem Research. Workers in the Chem Lab and girls from other departments presented the couple with two silver plates.

The Navy summoned George Burcal from the Detroit Chem Lab in November, but his address was unknown to the Bulletin Board when the last issue went to press. Temporarily, mail will reach him at AS, U-7, USNR, U.S.S. Prairie State, New York, N. Y., where he is studying hard for his ensign's commission. Workers in the Chem Lab gave him a going-away present of one-year subscriptions to *Fortune* and *Esquire*.

Kenny McKellop, busboy in the cafeteria at the Detroit Lab, was born in Windsor, Ontario, but crossed over into the United States in 1930. When not patrolling the Ethyl eat emporium, Kenny attends Lincoln High School in Ferndale, from which he will graduate come June. He is fond of hunting and all outdoor sports, and he hopes to enlist in the Air Corps as soon as he reaches his 18th birthday.



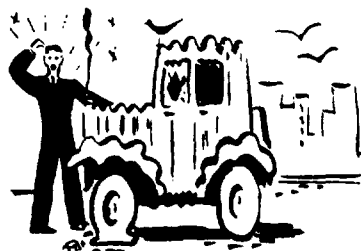
Fred Green, who works in the fuel blending plant at Detroit, is a follower of the great outdoors, going for hunting, fishing, golf, and similar fresh air sports. He is married and the papa of two girls, Bonnie Jean, aged 8, and Sharon Lee, aged 3. Fred attended high school in Pontiac, Mich., and was in business for himself as a painting contractor before joining Ethyl.

Paul Danielson was born in Lulen, Sweden, and came to these shores in 1924. Previous to joining the maintenance department at the Detroit Engineering Lab, he worked for Mattson & Thompson, painting and decorating contractors. In his spare time he likes to play the accordion and the violin and he collects stamps.



Edward Beaver, who works in the machine shop at the Detroit Lab, graduated from high school in Elkton, Mich., his native town which he claims is the best pheasant hunting spot in the state, so hunting is naturally one of his favorite pastimes. Before going to work with us he was in business for himself, making refrigeration installations and servicing cooling systems.





Jinx on the Warpath

Old Man Jinx got in some telling punches on Tulsa Division cars recently. First, Ed Hendrick borrowed Harry Cottrell's means of transportation for a business trip to Houston. While Ed was making a call, an auto, which had been parked in a parking lot across the street, rolled out, minus driver, and smacked into Harry's vehicle. The parking lot owner paid the repair bill, but no sooner had the damage been fixed and the car placed in a garage, where it was supposedly safe, than a truck backed into it, mangling it all over again. About a week after these incidents took place, Jake Balzer left his auto parked outside an office building in Houston and returned to find the whole front end caved in. But Jake was not as fortunate as Ed and Harry, for he never did discover whodunnit.

★ ★ ★

Jack Fuller of Technical Service and Cap Hall of Engineering Research, Detroit, have taken up new quarters in suburban Birmingham, where their street address is 2673 Bradley.

It's in the Bag Now!

Arnold Webb, who has been in charge of A.I.S. in New York, remembered Pearl Harbor by joining the Army on the first anniversary of that fateful day. He reported to Fort Dix, N. J., to begin basic training, but now he is at Fort Monmouth, N. J., where he is working hard for a commission in the Signal Corps. "I don't see how this war is going to last much longer, now that I am in it," Arnold remarked to the *Bulletin Board* interviewer shortly before his departure.

★ ★ ★

It's a Girl!

Judy Kay, an eight pound bundle of feminine pulchritude, arrived in this world on November 14 to brighten the home of Janet Van Horn Brown and her husband, Donald W. Brown. Janet, who is secretary to Len Huxtable, assistant manager of the Tulsa Division, is on leave of absence from the company but expects to return to her job early in 1943.

★ ★ ★

George Rosser, assistant manager of the Atlanta Division, was inducted into the Army in December as a captain in the Ordnance Department. Last reports placed George at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Aberdeen, Md., where he was taking a 30-day training course in basic military tactics, but you had better write him at his old address, 501 Peachtree Battle Avenue, Atlanta, from where the letter will be forwarded to his current address.

Ethel News Rides The Goat

Lou Shank, Tulsa Division manager, sent us the following clipping from an Oklahoma newspaper:

"Miss Ethel News, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George News, has been recently initiated into the Alpha Chi chapter of Chi Delta Phi, national honorary English sorority. Miss News is a graduate of Monte Cassino Junior College and is now attending Oklahoma College for Women at Chickasha."



Ray Leonard, a native Detroiter, joined Ethyl to take charge of the fuel blending plant at the Lab. He is a graduate of Lawrence Institute of Technology, where he received a B.S. degree in chemical engineering, besides managing the student band. Before coming to work for Ethyl he was an experimental and control chemist for the Howard Flint Company. In addition to music, his favorite recreational activities are golf and winter sports.



Ensign Stuart Forbes, formerly Florida field representative for the Atlanta Division, is stationed at present at the Aviation Corporation, Toledo, Ohio, where he is acting as an inspector of Naval aircraft. Stuart looks pretty spiffy in his uniform.

★ ★ ★

Captain Warner in Britain

Jack Troy, sports editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, recently published in his daily column a letter written from England by Major Ervin Leon Keener, a guard on Georgia Tech's 1928 Rose Bowl eleven. Major Keener wrote:

"We have a lot of Tech men here . . . You remember Major LeCraw, former mayor, also Captain Jack Warner, who was at Tech along about '34, and many others."

Captain Jack Warner, most readers will recall, is our own "Stonewall" Jackson Warner, who is one of the eight men on military leave from the Atlanta Division and one of that division's four captains.



James Stratton, Detroit Engineering Lab mechanic, first saw the light of day in London, England, and arrived in the United States in 1921. He came to Ethyl from a truck maintenance job with the Detroit City Ice and Fuel Company. In addition to Jim and Mrs. Stratton, Peggy, James Jr., and Gertrude, aged 16, 15 and 12, respectively, reside in the Stratton home in Ferndale. Jim is a great man for hobbies, going in for gardening, baseball, swimming, and building model airplanes.



LeRoy Volberding, who has had wide experience as a sales and research engineer, has joined the engineering staff at Detroit. A native of Bensenville, Ill., LeRoy studied for his engineering degree at Crane Tech in Chicago and at Northwestern University. He lives in Clarks-ton, Mich., with his wife and their three children, Adrian, Mary Lee and LeRoy Jr., whose respective ages are fifteen, ten and five years. LeRoy is active in Boy Scout activities in Clarks-ton and is an air raid warden. He also is interested in photography, model building, wood working, sailing and fishing.



Alex McLeod, a mechanic in the Detroit Engineering Lab, was born in Saulte Ste. Marie, Canada, coming to the United States in 1929. Before joining Ethyl he worked on truck maintenance for the Detroit City Ice and Fuel Company. During the warmer months Alex spends a lot of his spare time looking after his garden, which is a valuable hobby in these times.

Hiya, Chief!

Chief Specialist Gerry Forsdick, on leave from the Safety Department in New York, visited the Chrysler Building offices during a holiday furlough from Navy duty. Gerry is teaching aerial gunnery at Hollywood, Fla., where the warm southern sun has adorned his face with a handsome coat of tan. He said he is working hard but in a pinch could work harder, and the southern gals ain't bad!

★ ★ ★

Stork Rides with Santa

A Yuletide gift in the form of a 7-pound 5-ounce girl came into the August Allen household in Detroit on Christmas Day. Winifred, who, her Pop says, will hereafter be called Freddie, is the third daughter in the Allen family.



The cavalry seems to be the preference of Henry Bradford Jr., whose pappy is one of the chemists in the TEL Division control laboratory at Baton Rouge. Henry, who was six months old when this picture was snapped, is quite a lot of boy for that age.

Ruth Baerreis, typist in Order & Shipping, New York, came to us from the Marine Hospital in Norfolk, Va., where she was engaged in personnel work. She is a native of New York's metropolitan area, however, and lives in Floral Park, Long Island. She attended Adelphi College, Garden City, L. I., where she majored in business administration. She used to be a stamp collector, she said, but of late she hasn't had much time for hobbies.





Mary O'Brien, who came to the New York Payroll Department from General Motors, is a member of the large Bronxville contingent which commutes daily to the Chrysler Building. She is a graduate of Mount Vernon High School and of Our Lady of Victory Business College, also in Mount Vernon.



Christopher C. Vogel, who left the editorial staff of Barron's and the Wall Street Journal to go to work on Ethyl News, has an extensive journalistic background. Chris used to write the page 1 column, "What's News," for the Wall Street Journal, in addition to a prolific amount of other material. He has also worked for Business Week and for the Literary Digest before it folded, but he claims he was in no way responsible for the Digest's rather considerable error in its Presidential straw vote of 1936—in fact, he bet against the poll. A native of the Bronx, Chris attended Columbia University, where he prepared for his editorial career by majoring in economics and finance. He is fond of reading, playing cards and fishing. What's more, he used to play the violin for real dough, which ought to make him a professional musician and subject to Jimmy Petrillo.

Ormsby Brings 'Em Back Alive!

(Special to the Bulletin Board)

A worthy rival of Frank Buck has come to light in the person of Ralph Ormsby, field representative in Minneapolis for the Chicago Division, who recently ventured into darkest South Dakota to bring back alive a full blooded Canadian wild goose. It happened thus:

The honker was winged by Nimrod Ormsby, but slightly. Then followed a stirring chase through half the cornfields of South Dakota almost to the Nebraska line, where our feathered friend was forced to yield to human ingenuity. Named "Honky" by his captor, he was brought back to Minneapolis, penned up and fattened for the Ormsby Yule table. Incidentally, during his two day hunt for the wary migratory fowl, Dead-Eye Ormsby also brought back the legal limit in deceased geese and ducks.



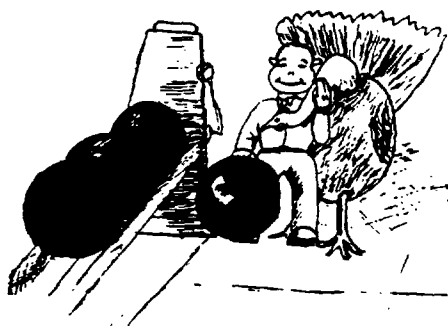
Ralph Ormsby and Honky

This little girl with the great big personality is Patricia Nelson, stenographic assistant in Charlie Kass' road testing division at the Detroit Lab. Though born in Pittsburgh, she doesn't remember much about the Smoky City, for her folks brought her to Detroit when she was only two years old. Patricia came to us from the Standard Accident Insurance Company, her first job after graduating from Lincoln High School in Ferndale last spring. She likes winter sports, swimming and dancing, and she collects phonograph records.



Topples Tenpins to Take Turkey

Men's League			Girls' League		
High	Doughty	176	Helmi Burkleo	138	
average	Johnson	168	Jewel Ahonen	131	
	Soroos	162	Anne Chalifoux	129	
High single	Johnson	242	Myra Willis	189	
High triple	Rometti	609	Helmi Burkleo	472	



Cap Hall, a lightweight in avoirdupois but hefty with the big ball, flattened the maples handily on the evening of December 17 to top all other keggers in the Ethyl League at Detroit and romp off with a Christmas turkey. The turk was the prize put up for the pin smasher who could roll the highest score above his average for the year. Cap came through with a 483 triple, which was just 93 pins over his season's three game average of 390.

The battle for top spot in the league continues, with Team 6 in the lead by the slender margin of one point. Ed Johnson of the Chem

Lab holds the record for high single with 242, a mark he set up the opening night of the season. Mike Rometti of the machine shop holds the high triple mark of 609, which he scored during the contest for the Thanksgiving turkey.

Over on the girls' side of the house, Helmi Burkleo of Technical Service continues to show the way with a 36-game average of 138. Close on her heels are Jewel Ahonen of Technical Service with 131. Anne Chalifoux of Engineering Research with 129, and Myra Willis of Technical Service with 128.

* * *

Cupid Wins Again

Junile Vandruff, receptionist in the Tulsa Division office, entered into the bonds of holy matrimony on December 3. Her husband is Warren Seeling, an instructor at the Spartan School of Aeronautics. If you want to call on the happy couple, they live at 3216 East Fourth Street, Tulsa.

War News from Baltimore

Uniforms are blossoming like the rose in the Baltimore Division. Captain Claire Dees, division manager, is stationed in the Requirements Section, Service of Supply, Washington, and is continuing for the time being to live at his home in Severna Park, Md. Captain Bob Hogan, former field representative, is in the Tank Maintenance Section of the Ordnance Department in Detroit where his address is 6055 Kensington Road. Lieutenant (j.g.) Dwight Andrews, USNR, former safety engineer in the Carolinas, was scheduled to complete his indoctrination course at Dartmouth College over a month ago. Ensign Marshall McDorman, who handled safety work in the northern half of the division, has reported to Hollywood, Fla., to learn how they do things in the Navy.

To help relieve the manpower shortage caused by the rush to the Army and Navy, Bill Trelease has been transferred from the Dayton Division to Baltimore to help cover safety work there.

★ ★ ★

Dickson Ellis Neunherz of the Detroit Chem Lab received his ensign's commission in the Navy in December and departed for training at a base in the West. Before leaving, Ellis was presented with a traveling case and a Schaefer pencil by the folks in the Chem Lab.

Manager's Daily Presentation



R. L. JORDAN, Manager
310 SOUTH MICHIGAN
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Puree of Lima Beans or Melon or Tomato Juice Cocktail

Roast Loin of Pork, Dressing, Apple Sauce
Potatoes and Vegetable

Chef's Salad Bowl, Isbell's Dressing

Your Choice of Dessert from Luncheon
Coca-Cola
75

Hostess Luncheonette
From 45

Fresh Tomato Juice or Puree of Lima Beans or Choice

Corn Fritters with Maple Syrup or Hot
Spaghetti and Chicken GIBLETS Fricassee
Scrambled Eggs with Peas, Potatoes

To tempt the appetite of Bob Jordan, Chicago Division manager, Isbell's Restaurant in the Windy City issued this menu during the lunch hour recently. According to Ray Wyrick, who often lunches with Bob, this was an entirely superfluous gesture, as Bob's appetite needs no additional stimulus.

★ ★ ★

"What's in a Name" Goes Hollywood

"What's In A Name" received an entire column of space in newspapers throughout the nation recently when Sidney Skolsky, widely syndicated Hollywood columnist, commented on the meanings of the names of various movie stars as he found them in the Ethyl booklet. Skolsky's interest in "What's In A Name" was aroused when he received a copy from a service station attendant.



Detroit Girls Have Yule Party

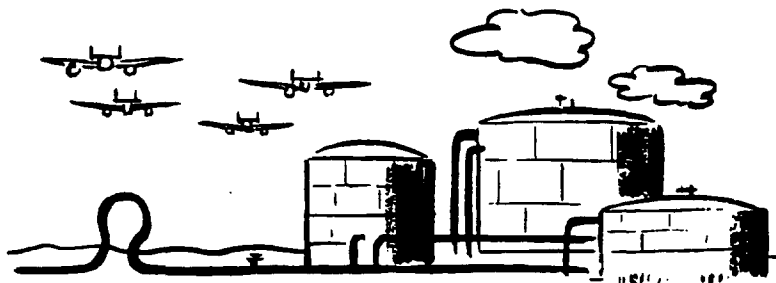
The girls of the Detroit Laboratories held their annual Christmas party on December 21 in the Lab cafeteria, where they took care of a meal which included turkey, candied sweet potatoes, home made rolls and mince pie. There were 35 girls at the party, including several post grads, and each brought a small gift so that there would be presents for all.

This year the dinner table was arranged in a hollow square with gifts piled high on a small table in the center. Ribbon streamers led from each gift to a place card, and after dinner everyone pulled the streamer attached to her card. On the outside of each gift were direc-

tions for a stunt which must be performed before the recipient could open her package. Stunts ranged from singing a song to imitating a tobacco auctioneer.

The different departments take turns in sponsoring this annual party, and this year it was the turn of the girls in Technical Service. Besides making arrangements for the dinner and providing decorations and entertainment, the chief duty of the hostesses is to gold dig flowers and other favors out of the men of the Lab. This was easy. Earl Bartholomew, Cal Calingaert and Frank Fricker came across with carnation corsages, while the Technical Service men gave favors.

**"We" Were There!
— And Not Too Little, Nor Too Late**



When the Yanks banged their way into Morocco and Algiers, the strategic airfields of Oran were taken largely by parachute troops who had flown — fifteen hundred miles non-stop — from England

They could not have made this flight without Ethyl Fluid.

When Montgomery's troops in Egypt broke up Rommel's defenses and put the Afrika Korps to rout, it was RAF and AAF planes that cut the fleeing columns to ribbons, smashed their tanks and vehicles, and bombed the supply ships bringing aid and reinforcements to them.

Those planes could not have left the ground without Ethyl Fluid.

When swift Motor Torpedo Boats swarmed in to deliver their deadly "tin fish" in the naval fight for the base at Casablanca, it took 4,000-odd horsepower to give each boat the lightning speed it needed.

Without Ethyl Fluid that horsepower wouldn't have come to life.

Each one of us who plays a part in the Ethyl organization had a share in these glowing achievements!

Sometimes our particular contribution to the war may seem pretty

far removed from the fighting front. Maybe it would be more exciting to make airplane engines, or "block buster" bombs. . . .

But we are making airplane engines! Ethyl Fluid is as much a part of a Flying Fortress motor as the spark plugs are.

The Army and the Navy are going to need two-thirds of all the Ethyl Fluid we can make. This means that every one of us — typist, chemist, operator, safety engineer, tractor doctor or supervisor — has a direct obligation to the young Americans in uniform, some of them from this plant or office, who are doing their bit in the Army or the Navy. They expect us to do our bit here.

We who make Ethyl are making an indispensable ingredient in every success American and British forces will have. Wherever gasoline gives the "push" that keeps our mechanized might on the move, or lifts a fighter into the air, we who make Ethyl are partners in their effort. For the magic drops of "Fluid" we put into each tankful of gasoline helps give our gasoline, and our boys, an all-important fighting edge.



Bloodshed at Detroit

When an emergency call came from the American Red Cross for volunteers to give their blood at the Ferndale blood bank, Ethyl folks at the Detroit Labs hastened to respond. The donors pictured here are, left to right, top row, Howard Pearsall, Larry Stinson, James Carlisle, William Katz, Merrill Doughty, Ben Brewster, Jane Jordan, Mary Thor, Keith Pfundstein, M. Layton Willans, Eugene Betzold, Morley Morgana, H. M. McMenemy, Wilson Sauter, Helmer Abramson, Emil Gillig, and Burndt Carley; bottom row, left to right, William Gilpin, Helmi McLean, Charles Kass, William Ross, Clinton Leacock, Robert Gourley, James Martin, and Edward Johnson.

According to Helmi McLean,

nurse at the Lab, quite a few of this group are now wearing silver buttons, which means they have donated three times. A two-time donor gets a bronze button, while those giving five times receive buttons of gold. Did we hear someone suggest that after a sixth donation the donor should be presented with an extra ration of beefsteak?

★ ★ ★

Lieutenant Karl Kuhn and Captain Ed Rothman, both of the Army Air Corps at Dayton, Ohio, and Lieutenant Ray Faller, USN, were among the recent visitors to the Detroit Lab. It was the unanimous verdict of all who saw them that a few calisthenics will do wonders for the human figure.

MILITARY MAIL BAG

December 11, 1942

My Dear Chicago Division:

That sounds clumsy as hell, doesn't it? I wanted it to be a lot friendlier but the old brain just doesn't click. Also, I'd like to be able to think up a more suitable way to thank all of you for the finger nail set that arrived yesterday. It's really so nice and so complete that I have only today figured out just what all the gadgets are for. Ann says my nails are looking a lot better already as I spent an hour this morning experimenting with the various scissors trying to find which pair is for the left hand and which is for the right.

After leaving Washington and before reporting in Houston I was given five days leave so here we are having a nice visit with my folks. Had big plans of going out in shirt sleeves and playing golf for a few days but, darn the luck, a big "Blue Norther" blows up (Juanita will explain that) and here we are hovering over and around the fires and half my time is spent splitting kindling and carrying in wood.

Upon reporting in Houston next Monday I will be an inspector of petroleum products and that means everything from aviation fuel to residual fuels and greases. The inspector goes into the refineries and witnesses the tests run on all cargoes before and after loading. He also attempts to get the refineries to rush through the products most desired and to see that they are handled as safely as possible. I can see right now that it is going to involve some long hours because a loading can't stop for an inspector to sleep.

I surely wish that some of you would sit down and write me sometime. It seems like the Bulletin Board is about two months old when it gets here and I'm terribly curious to know what's happening. Ray, why don't you detail Torbin to do that? He's a good writer. I don't even know whether Sam and Boehme are

still there. When the papers carried the announcement about not drafting men over 38 I could hear Ben and Bond sigh all the way to Crockett.

Again I want to thank you for the gift. It really makes one feel good because it makes him realize he's one of the gang and we've got about the swellest bunch you'll find anywhere.

Lieut. (j. g.) Charles Towery, USN
Houston, Texas

★ ★ ★

December 22, 1942

I thank you for having a copy of the Ethyl Service Men's Letter Exchange sent to me. The circular keeps me informed of the whereabouts and doings of the fellows that I have had the pleasure of knowing during my stay at Ethyl. I am glad to get the good news of the positions most of the men have been able to obtain in the Services. I am sure these men will be able to put to good use the experience they are acquiring here when they return to civilian life after the settlement of these world differences.



I believe that I had moved off one of the islands just about a week after Lt. Linstromberg arrived at that same island. I was not able to locate him while I was there but perhaps we will be able to contact each other at some later date.

I received a letter from Al Ramsey this morning that he sent from Camp

Crowder, Missouri. He writes that he is already being exposed to the "Army way" of doing things and that he is overlooking the incidents and is making the best of them. With the experience and training that Al has I am sure he will be an asset to our forces.

How are the star bowlers at the lab doing this season? I hope they finish this season with as much, or more, success than they had last year.

I hope that you are all in good health and will be able to drop me a line soon.

M/Sgt. E. J. Kukla
Headquarters Battery,
27th Div. Art. Hq.
A. P. O. 27, U. S. Army
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

I am enjoying this western country very much. It is something I never saw before and hardly believe that this country could be described in plain words. One can only appreciate the beauty of the west by an actual visit.

I also am enjoying the course of indoctrination. It is difficult, but interesting, and vital to every reserve naval officer. We are learning more than I ever thought of learning in such a short period of time.

Lt. (j.g.) Eugene J. Ziurys, USNR
(143-43)
Naval Training School
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

This is to let you know of my latest change in address.

So far, I have received two of the Service Men's Letters and sincerely hope more of them reach me where I am "somewhere in the Pacific." I think it's a great idea.

I am sorry that censorship prevents me from saying much about my duties at the present time. However, I can say that I

am a Squadron Engineering Officer and am in charge of the squadron ground crew. As such it is my job to see that our airplanes are kept in the best possible condition, and to supervise the use and care of our ground equipment such as trucks, trailers and various other tools. I find it a very interesting job.

I want to extend my best wishes to my friends at the laboratory and to those also now serving in the Armed Forces.

Lt. D. A. Hirschler
A. P. O. 3330
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California
(formerly of Detroit)



Well, to tell you a little of my activities in the Marines. The first two months were tough but now it is fun. In what is known as boot camp, you don't have a minute to yourself for the whole period. They keep you marching, rifle drill, washing clothes and moving your equipment from one place to another — some fun.

Since I have been transferred to north island, I am on guard duty most of the time but we still march a little to keep in trim.

This is a beautiful place, this naval air station. On the recreation center there is a beautiful outdoor pool, hand, basket and volley ball field and all sorts of sports to entertain yourself. The weather is swell out here for swimming every day and the bay is a pretty blue. I can see downtown San Diego from the island and it's a pretty city. The people are friendly but it is overcrowded with service men. I was told the population has

doubled since last year so you can see for yourself.

The section I am in will see action soon and I will like that. You get tired standing still too long.

The Navy has a lot of good cooks and bakers for I like the food they serve us. Lots of pie and cake and that's one thing I go for. The U.S.O.'s are swell. They are always sponsoring a dance and refreshments, besides shows. We can get along on little money.

Pvt. A. R. Carpenter
A. R. S. 3, M. A. W. S. Pacific
Ser. Gr. F. M. F. N. A. S.
San Diego, California
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

Dear Bill:

It's one hell of a time since I dropped you a line—but every once in a while the old octane (or lack of it) joggles my mind.

How is Ethyl? and does Oscar approve of the U. S. Army whoozit for filtering the T.E.L. out of "petrol?"

I suppose it's basically an activated charcoal or clay filter.

Gordon McIntyre (Maj.) came around the shop several weeks ago on a trip to settle some discussions on tank lubrication—he has the same trouble I'm having, doesn't look as young as he used to.

Ralph Hudson is on the Pacific Coast I believe—probably the "age limit" will catch up with me yet, but I'm still able to bend the corners of English lanes on a one lung Horton M/C. And throttle snapping on English lanes in wet weather is something! I turned a bend yesterday and coming down a slight hill toward me was a bus just passing a tank—such odds are had on roads about 12 ft. wide and with banks on each side. They have macadam on roads here even if they're only about 10 ft. wide—and very often the fields on each side are slightly higher than the road.

I notice in the advts. "The Ethyl Corporation" and that any gasoline with Ethyl fluid is Ethyl gasoline—or words

to that effect—quite a change goes on!

My mother sent me a clipping re Mary's wedding—so now there's a Marine in the family!—my compliments to Mrs. Leroy Fallon, Jr.

Incidentally this pen landed on the concrete floor nib down, and is not what it used to be—but it's better than one a Major Turnley (from Manitoba) left with a bottle of ink on the mess stove—a dumb steward lit the fire and burnt the pen and boiled the ink.

Freemon Redson (Capt.) is with the G.G.H.G.'s, Capt. Wells R.C.A.S.C., Lt. Jack Hanney, I. C. O. R. U.—Les Burns (Maj.) I haven't seen yet. I met Cornfield, Toronto office, one day.

I might here begin to lay it on heavy by saying I had afternoon tea with the Duke of Argyll a couple of weeks ago—he even held my coat when I left (probably to check if my pockets were filled with souvenirs). He showed three of us around his castle which is lousy with heirlooms and oil paintings.

The Campbells of Argyll were quite a family—a couple picked the wrong side in the "good old days" and were beheaded.

Purely from a scientific angle I've found the Daphnes, Phyllises and Joans in England not quite as fair complexioned on the average as I had been led to believe, but there are some definite cases where they more than meet specifications. But there is a Betty in Cornwall (where at St. Austell the name Olver was enough for a drink several times) who makes up for any of my other disappointments. "Pub crawling" is a very interesting and friendly pastime in this country. Leave usually consists of jumps from one to another. But you've got to get used to English wartime beer.

Hoping both Mrs. Turnley and yourself are well, and remember me to the Ethyl gang—if there are any left of the old crew.

Captain A. S. Olver
53 LAD
Att'd Cdn. Armed Rgt.
Cdn. Army Overseas
(formerly of Toronto)

December 20, 1942

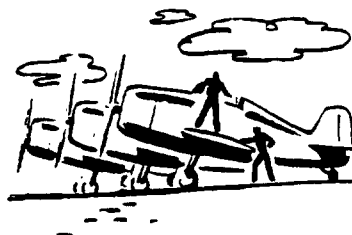
Hello everybody:

One reason I haven't written before is that the life of a Coast Guard Cadet, from the moment he arrives at "boot" camp, is on such a strange basis, in such different terms, with such different values applied to everything, that I am at loose ends for means to give you a description.

We live in buildings known as "bar-racks"; we wash in the "head"; upstairs is "topside" or "second deck"; we go "ashore" when we leave the reservation; we are forever mustering for some formation or other and being marched off to a class, for "chow," or to a work detail—"Hut, two, three, four, hut, two, three, four, hut!"

But these are only the superficial differences. The real changes are subtle and psychological. The purpose of this training program is to take hundreds of bright-eyed, eager, dumb civilians like myself and inoculate us with enough nautical science, discipline, and sea-going sense to make us useful, dependable pawns in the game of sea warfare now going on. They have only four months in which to weed out the clucks, the Army-dodgers, the wobbly-willed, and those who simply lack the ability to keep going when the going is impossible, or keep their heads and "put out" the work in the face of pressure or exhaustion or anything else. The Coast Guard has a hard-boiled, deliver-the-goods tradition which ranks with that of the Marines. No one knows about the Coast Guard—they think we just patrol pierheads and keep the lighthouses lit. But each of us may have the chance someday to take his own little boat out into the wide, restless water and scare up a sub or two to pick a fight with.

In order to make sure you are capable of doing just that, they give you the works up here before you can get a commission as "officer of the line." Hence the "psychological" part of the training program I referred to. Every morning several hours before sunrise they blow



Reveille. In exactly 10 minutes we have to be lined up in formation, lockers and compartments tidied up (the term here is "squared away"). We are marched to "chow." At the door of the mess hall we may have to wait 15 minutes before they are ready for us, but you don't ask why the all-fired rush to get there in 10 minutes. If you don't like it, fella, you can go home.

Every other night, or sometimes every single night, we stand a 2-hour guard duty—with rifle and fixed bayonet, insufficient clothing, and no complaints. Last night I had an easy watch—prowling the basements of all buildings and unfinished buildings looking for fires or anything amiss. Tonight I go on duty at 4 A.M., and for 2 hours I will scramble up and down an obstacle course which runs along one of the boundary fences here. The snow is very lovely, until you slide into a pile of it. The thermometer touches 4° or 5° every night here, with a wind whooping up and down the gosh darn river valley here. We have neither golashes, boots, nor mufflers—and if I don't like it, I can go home.

Every morning we make up our bunks—according to regulations, with everything taut and tucked in just so. If any one else should drop a magazine or flick a cigarette ash on it, we get a day's liberty taken away. If we "explain" what happened, it is 2 days. If we preface our explanation with the phrase, "But, sir—" it is 3 days. If we don't like it, we can always go home.

Then there is the matter of studies, against which anything else is purely incidental. I will not bore you with a list

of courses and so on. You will get the idea if I say that the curriculum is designed to include 2 more courses than a man can reasonably handle, and the few precious "study hours" on our schedule usually turn out to be a work detail of some sort—usually scrubbing down the blinkety-blank decks (floors) for the seventeenth time in a week and waxing them. Of course, if we don't like it —

The funny thing is that I do. My cheeks are as bright and pink as they ever were after a big night, and I have gained back all the weight I worked so hard to lose, in order to get here. Clean living and lots of wholesome food and fresh air are taking their awful toll. I have the glazed, healthy, stupid look of the physical culture addict. My brain has become like the bag of a vacuum-cleaner which scientifically sifts out the bits of hard knowledge from all the wind that carries

it there. This will continue for three more months—then I'll get a blue suit and I'll be an Ensign.

Cadet Northrop Clarey
Coast Guard Academy
New London, Conn.
(formerly of New York)

★ ★ ★

MACKAY RADIO

99HB MS AA

AMIBFO EFM

NEWYORK OFFICE ETHYL

GASOLINE CORP

CHRYSLER BLDG NYC

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR ALL WELL

W H HUBNER

War Bond Purchases Up

Aeronautical Research shot into the lead during January in the War Bond Sweepstakes with a perfect score for participation, 100%, and an exceptionally good showing in the percentage-of-payroll column, 11.20. Advertising and Public Relations gained the most ground during the month, jumping from eighth to second place in the standings — participation 100%; percentage of payroll, 5.16. The next best gain was made by Technical Service — from 81.8% participation to 94.7%.

As a matter of fact, nearly all departments showed substantial gains in both columns over last month and the company as a whole is nearing

the 90% mark in participation. If we can make as big a gain next month we will almost certainly go over that figure.

Let's make that our next goal — more than 90% participation in March. Here are the standings, based on the January payroll:

	% of Par- ticipation	% of Total Payroll
Aeronautical Research ..	100	11.20
Adv. and Public Relations	100	5.16
Technical Service	94.7	5.26
Manufacturing	94.1	8.75
Chemical Research	93.0	8.63
Finance	84.3	4.81
Sales	84.1	4.64
Engineering Research...	80.0	7.63
Administration	61.8	3.91
Medical	55.6	7.14



Betty Trumble

GIRLS REPLACE OFFICE BOYS

Two pretty young ladies, both named Betty, are the first of their sex to fill vacancies left in the New

York Mail Room by office boys who have gone off to the wars. In alphabetical order they are Betty Trumble and Betty Zottoli, more easily referred to as Betty T. and Betty Z.

Betty T. resides in Elmhurst, L. I., to which village she came not long ago from her home town of Watertown in upstate New York. A graduate of Watertown High School, Betty T. played on the girls' basketball team at that school and is a good swimmer and tennis player. Before coming to the Big Town she worked for the Agricultural Insurance Company in Watertown.

Betty Z. commutes to work from the Bronx, where she has lived all her life. She is a graduate of Evander Childs High School, and before joining Ethyl she worked for Bonwit Teller, one of Gotham's most fashionable department stores. When she is free from the cares of the office, she likes to ride horseback and to dance.

Betty Zottoli



HATS OFF TO DEEPWATER!

There may be a harder working gang than our boys and girls at Deepwater, but as yet we haven't been able to locate it. Going at top speed during the month of December to fill the unprecedented volume of orders which swept in, the Deepwater plant turned out enough drums of Ethyl Fluid to smash to smithereens all previous production records. We can't tell you the exact number of drums which went out because it is a military secret, but we can tell you that the month's mark was considerably more than a third of the average annual output of peacetime years.

To set up this record every department pitched in and helped. During one week of the month the entire blender staff worked from 90 to 100 hours. This meant a 16-hour day during five days of the week, with a "short" eight hour day on the other two days. It meant that the men had to leave home before 7 A.M. and did not get back again to crawl into bed until after 2 A.M., which is quite a long day when you stop to figure it out.

Because of these hours transportation was a problem. In many cases

men who lived some distance from the plant stayed with others who lived nearby, instead of returning home to sleep. As New Jersey sets ten hours as the maximum time a woman can work in any one day, a staggered schedule had to be adopted so that some of the office staff would be on duty at all times during the long work day.

There were heartbreaking instances of changes in bookings whereby the order on which work was being done would be deferred and another order advanced, which meant that all the toil put in on the first order wouldn't count on the month's production record. Despite these setbacks and the long overtime hours, the entire personnel kept their chins up and gave everything they had to the job. In his telegram of congratulation to Charlie Wasserman, John Schaefer said:

"Mr. Webb joins me in congratulating the men and women at Deepwater on the superlatively excellent performance. Facts of your record speak for themselves in answering the question, 'Will it help win the war?'"



Ethyl Team Tops Wilmington Pin Loop

The Ethyl Gas bowlers from Deepwater walked away with top honors in the first half of the Central Wilmington Bowling League schedule. The Ethylmen led the five other teams in the circuit to the wire with a record of 42 games won and 18 lost for a percentage of .700. The Deepwater club also hung up the high team single game of 969.

Ed Herbert of Ethyl carried off individual high average honors for the half with a mark of 179.9 for the 44 games he rolled. Close on his heels was Pete Jackson, also of Ethyl, who captured second position in the league with 177.

Following are the records of Deepwater's top keglers during the opening half of the season:

	Ed Herbert	249
High Single	Bud Johnson	244
	Pete Jackson	224

	Bud Johnson	633
High Triple	Ed Herbert	632
	Pete Jackson	632
	Ed Herbert	180
High Average	Pete Jackson	177
	Bud Johnson	168

Team Total

(Total of 5 high averages)—168

* * *

The whereabouts of Lester Roberts have come to light through a letter from Iola Sheppard, our correspondent at the Kettering Laboratory in Cincinnati. "Since we wouldn't want our handsome captain to become the Unknown Soldier," she wrote, "here is his present address: Captain Lester B. Roberts, Armored Force Medical Research Laboratory, Fort Knox, Ky."

Back to Work

Chuck Colvin received a gala welcome from his friends in the New York office on his return to his desk in the Manufacturing Department January 4, after an illness which had confined him to his home since last May. Chuck looks in the pink of condition, despite his long siege, and unless our eyes are deceiving us, that chubby appearance means he has put on quite a bit of weight. Welcome back, Chuck, and may you continue in good health.

No Longer With Us

Elmer L. Barringer, New York
Anne W. Smith, Detroit
Verna Lathrop, Chicago
Jean Nash, Detroit
Robert Finn, New York
Gladys G. Rodgers, Tulsa
Shirley S. Custer, Deepwater
James Burns, Deepwater
Marguerite C. Pellerin,
Baton Rouge
Clifford Wrigley, Detroit
William J. Clements, Detroit

Heyward L. Kinard, assistant head of the Payroll Department in New York, is a native South Carolinian and grew up in Branchville in that state. He attended Branchville High School and graduated from Furman University, Greenville, S. C., with a Bachelor of Science degree. For ten years before coming to Ethyl he was with GMAC in Jacksonville, Fla., where in his spare time he had lots of opportunity to indulge in his favorite sports, hunting and fishing. He commutes to work daily from Hastings-on-Hudson in beautiful Westchester.



Lieutenant (j.g.) Charlie Towery, formerly a safety engineer with the Chicago Division, is located at present in Houston, Texas, where he is doing work with oil refineries for the Navy. A letter from Charlie, describing his new job, is printed in this month's Military Mail Bag.

Could be a tintype from grandpappy's photo album, only it isn't. The happy couple in pre-Gay Nineties attire are Gel Howell, New York Division field man, and the young lady he escorted to a fancy dress party in Warren, Pa.



Mary Elizabeth Eddy of the New York Payroll Department came to Ethyl from the treasury department of Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. She attended high school in her home town of Orange, N. J. Music, reading, and skating are her favorite off-the-job activities.



TWENTY YEARS OF ETHYL

Twenty years ago the first Ethyl Gasoline was sold to the public. It was sold in a service station owned by the Refiners Oil Company and located on Main Street, Dayton, Ohio. There was no Ethyl Corporation in those days. Ethyl gasoline was a product of the General Motors Research Corporation and the or-

Thomas Midgley, Jr.



N. D. Siebenthaler



ganization which had charge of selling it was the General Motors Chemical Corporation.

Five men who were with this organization back in those early days are still with the Ethyl Corporation. They are Tom Midgley, Norm Siebenthaler, Pat Harding, Bob Jordan, and Harry Mack.

Tom Midgley, who discovered tetraethyl lead after testing over 30,000 chemical substances, has won for himself numerous scientific honors and is now Vice President of the Corporation. Norm Siebenthaler, one of our first field engineers, who in the early days installed and serviced Ethyl meters on gasoline pumps—they used to mix Ethyl Fluid and gasoline right at the pumps twenty years ago—is now a safety engineer and is located in the Dayton Division with his old friend, Harry Mack.

Pat Harding, who was one of our first field men and who is an expert at fixing almost anything mechani-

C. P. Harding





Robert L. Jordan

cal, is located at present in the Detroit Engineering Lab. Bob Jordan, another pioneer field man who teamed up with Pat Harding on many an important job of education on the antiknock properties of early Ethyl Gasoline, is manager of the Chicago Division. Harry Mack, who was the first general business manager for the young company and who did a lot of the preliminary work necessary for the opening of our New York office, is manager of the Dayton Division.

★ ★ ★

HE'S NO LADY!

Just between us girls, a *Bulletin Board* correspondent recently sent in a letter addressed to Miss Francis V. V. Adriance. Although he is very fond of the ladies, Frank Adriance, who at one stage of his career was a professional rassler, would prefer to remain a mere man. So give us a break, will you, girls?



Harry P. Mack

Donald Pulleyblank of the Detroit Lab breathed a sigh of relief and passed around the cigars last December 12, when little Ronald became a member of the Pulleyblank household. Martha Pulleyblank, aged 2, was very happy over the arrival of a brother.

★ ★ ★

Two Given Send-Off at Detroit

Jean Nash and Cliff Wrigley were guests of honor at a farewell party given for them by a group of Detroit Ethyl folks. Harry Prince was master of ceremonies, Pat Harding and Tom Roberts took turns at the piano, and that Old Man River basso Joe Mescher directed song festivities. Jean, the petite and talented photographic artist at the Lab, left to join her soldier husband in Florida, while Cliff, who has been in charge of fuel blending at Detroit, departed for the General Motors Products Study as a research engineer.

Eight Chalk Up Anniversaries

Entering the select company of 15-year veterans this month are Art Stover, Assistant General Manager of the Manufacturing Department, and Charlie Gambrill, who has charge of the analytical department of the Chem Lab in Detroit.

The day after Christmas in 1927 Art joined the company as a chemist in Deepwater. After a year he became assistant plant manager and later was put in charge of operations. In the spring of 1939 he went to Baton Rouge to take charge there and early in 1942 he moved to the New York office. During the summer of 1938, when the war of nerves was getting into full swing in Europe, Art was in France, supervising the start of operations at the Painboeuf TEL plant.

Art was born in Chambersburg,

Arthur P. Stover



Charles M. Gambrill

Penna., and was educated at Mercersburg Academy and Lehigh University in the Keystone State. He shoots golf in the eighties and is no pushover as a bowler. He lives in Larchmont with Mrs. Stover and their two young daughters, June and Janet.

Charlie Gambrill became a member of the Ethyl family just two weeks after Art, when he went to work in the Chem Lab, then located in Yonkers. A graduate of the University of Maryland, he came to us from the Mathieson Alkali Works, Inc., of Niagara Falls, where he had been assistant to the works chemist. When the Chem Lab was moved to Detroit in 1932 Charlie went along. During February and March of 1936

he studied analytical methods of microscopy at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Charlie's department, with four lady lab workers in it, at present leads all others at Detroit in this respect.

Most of Charlie's spare time during the past few years has been devoted to organizing the Analytical Chemists Group in Detroit, an organization of which he is president for 1943. He is married and has a son, John Charles, with whom he is developing an extensive model railroad. Charlie also goes in for collecting stamps.

Ten-year pin winners are Carrie MacMillan, Lillian Johnson, and Doug Jeppe. Carrie first became associated with Ethyl in 1929 on a temporary basis as assistant to her sister, who was Earl Bartholomew's secretary. The association became permanent in 1933 when she went to work in the Accounting Department in Detroit as a stenographer and file clerk. Since 1937 she has been in charge of the decimal filing system at the Lab.

Lillian Johnson joined the company as Dr. Edgar's secretary, a job she has held ever since. Doug Jeppe, field man in the Tulsa Division, started in the Baltimore Division. He was sent to Australia in 1936 and went to Tulsa in 1939.

The three five-year veterans this month are Martha Warren and Jud Biehle of the Manufacturing Department in New York and Dot Locke, receptionist for the New York Accounting Department.

Posters Tell Our War Story

To show the close tie-up between Ethyl Fluid and the war, the company is getting out a series of posters which are tacked up in prominent places in all divisions, plants, and laboratories. These posters, which have no time to grow stale because new ones are issued at the rate of two a month, have been enthusiastically received in all branches of the company.

If you haven't seen one of our war posters yet, take a look at the back inside cover of the *Bulletin Board*. In this issue and in several succeeding issues we are going to run copies of them there. We may also run copies inside the book from time to time. They tell at a glance far better than words just how important Ethyl is in this war.

★ ★ ★

Deepwater Workers Win War Stamps

A total of \$285 in War Savings stamps was given to 57 employees at Deepwater in recognition of the plant's winning the General Manager's safety award. Each eligible employee received \$5 worth of stamps. Awards were made at the annual Christmas party to those who attended. Others received their stamps when they reported for work or, if they were absent from the plant but eligible, by registered mail. The next safety award toward which Deepwater workers are aiming is the President's prize.

New Employees at Baton Rouge

The ladies are rapidly coming into the picture at Ethyl's Baton Rouge plant. In the last group of workers hired there were 19 women as against only 11 men. Sixteen of the girls are mechanical helpers in the Ethyl Chloride Division, two are laboratory helpers in that division, and one is a laboratory helper in the Technical Division. The list of new employees follows:

★ ★ ★

WOMEN

Finance Department

Kathleen Todd

Ethyl Chloride Division

Mechanical Helpers (Special)

Edna W. Ott
Mary C. Babin
Alma M. Ott
Willie H. Mixon
Martha W. Kinchen
Dixie K. Owens
Thonsa C. Rice
Georgia K. Haley
Loretta P. Brashear
Georgia F. Glover
Leota N. Whittet
Juanita Rowell
Pauline Clark
Betty Jane Wax
Robert R. Roy
Mary A. Gore

Laboratory Helpers (Special)

Adah P. Sturgis
Ouida L. Smith

Technical Division

Laboratory Helper (Special)

Evelyn B. Baker

★ ★ ★

MEN

Ethyl Chloride Division

Data Group

Bernard Manuel

Mechanical Helpers, Third Class

Elson J. Sanchez
Rudolph Brown
Virgil G. Joiner
Roy O. Bankston
Woodrow W. McDonald
Hiram W. Kennedy
Harold J. Patin
Robert R. Mullins
John L. Breau

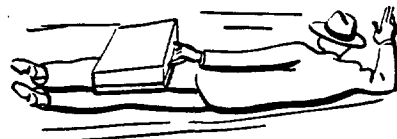
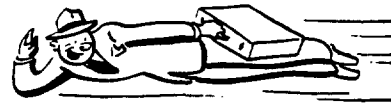
Technical Division

Laboratory Helpers, Second Class

Jessie B. Davis
Daniel C. Martin

★ ★ ★

The Shift Key



William Trelease Jr., Sales
Dayton, to Sales, Baltimore.

Herschel F. Dedo, Sales, Dayton
to Engineering, Detroit.



Ethyl BULLETIN BOARD

MARCH, 1943



THEY BELIEVED IN ANTIKNOCK

(See Page 5)

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — by and for Ethyl employees

**CIVILIAN
SOLDIERS**

PAGE 7

**CARL
SWIPES SOME
PICTURES**

PAGE 8

**RUSS SCHELL
A BRIDEGROOM**

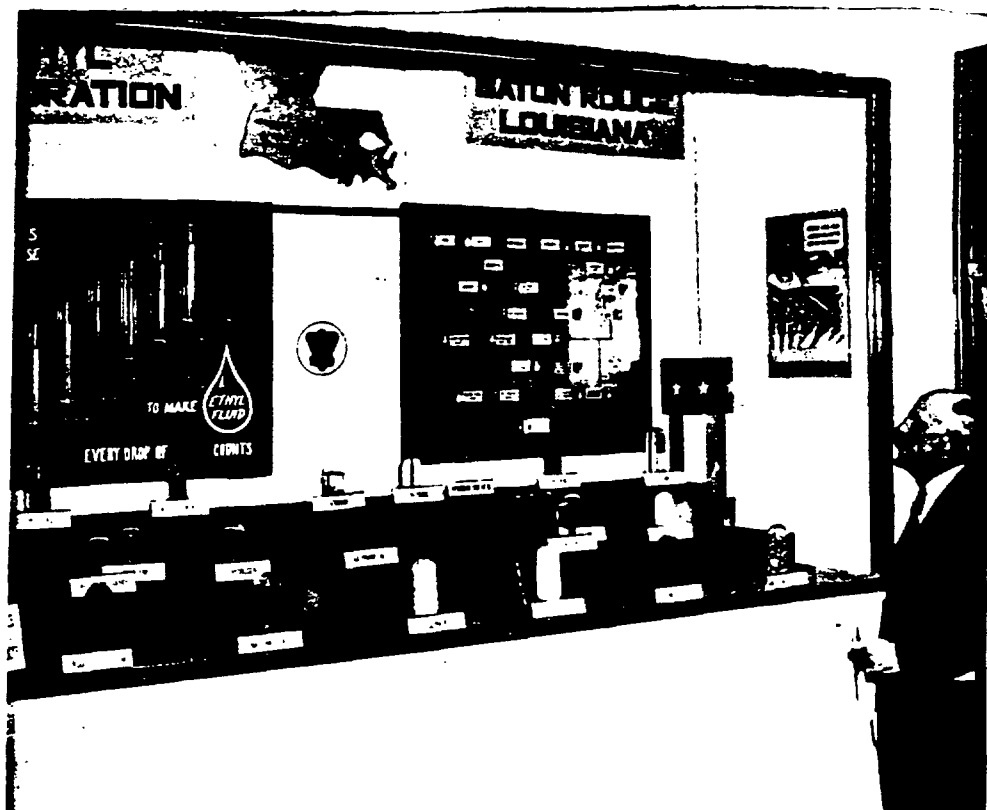
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MAILROOM GLAMOUR

PAGE 21

HEADS BOND PARADE

PAGE 22



ETHYL SHOW AT LOUISIANA STATE

An exhibit featuring the use of raw materials available in Louisiana for the production of Ethyl Fluid was on display during the last two weeks of January in a show window at Himes Hall, College of Commerce building at Louisiana State University. Bill Mundinger of the Atlanta Division is the man who wins the credit for organizing this company-sponsored display.

In the exhibit, streamers from jars of crude oil, natural gas, sulfur, salt,

molasses, and lime rock led to various intermediate products and eventually to a flow chart on the back wall, where steps in the manufacture of Ethyl Fluid were revealed. Also in a prominent position on the back wall was an enlargement of one of our plant posters which showed the many raw materials that go into Ethyl Fluid. Other plant posters were used here, too, to illustrate the need for Ethyl in airplanes, tanks and other important

ANTIKNOCK ANNIVERSARY

Fred Chase, right, then a General Motors Research storekeeper, was responsible for the accidental discovery of iodine as the first antiknock substance. Tom Midgley, left, asked Fred for an oil soluble dye to color gasoline. Having none handy, Fred asked if iodine would do. When the iodine was dissolved in the gasoline, knocking in the test engine stopped suddenly.



The first Ethyl Gasoline was sold in a service station in Dayton, Ohio, on February 2, 1923. Just twenty years later a group of antiknock pioneers and Ethylmen gathered at the Worthington, Ohio, home of Thomas Midgley, Jr., discoverer of tetraethyl lead, to commemorate the event. The five men most closely connected with the discovery are, left to right, seated, Mr. Midgley, Charles Kettering and T. A. Boyd; standing, Carroll Hochwalt and Charles Thomas. Mr. Kettering, then president of General Motors Research Corporation, told Midgley and Boyd, co-discoverer of tetraethyl lead, to search until they found a practical antiknock compound. Ted Hochwalt and Charlie Thomas were the laboratory assistants.



The President and the four Vice-Presidents are the top officers of the Ethyl Corporation of 1943. Standing, left to right, are Graham Edgar, Earle W. Webb and J. Coard Taylor; seated, Thomas Midgley, Jr. and Percy Griffiths.



Five men who have been with the Ethyl Corporation since the first Ethyl Gasoline was sold were awarded their 20-year service pins at the Worthington meeting. They are, left to right, seated, Thomas Midgley, Jr., and Bob Jordan, Chicago Division manager, standing, Harry Mack, Dayton Division manager, N. D. "Sieb" Siebenthaler, Dayton Division safety engineer, and C. P. "Pat" Harding of the Detroit Engineering Lab.

WANT TO BE A SOLDIER?

The New York State Guard needs men. If you are between the ages of 18 and 55 and eager to do your bit toward winning the war, select the regiment you like best and sign up. You don't have to be as physically fit as a commando, as the physical examinations are a lot easier than those for the Army.

All the State Guard members are civilians like you. They are taught almost everything the regular Army learns. As a result, when a State Guardsman is inducted into the Army, he stands an excellent chance of getting a commission. Leading enthusiasts for the State Guard in the New York office are Elmer Chellborg, purchasing agent, and Andy Anderson of the Manufacturing Department, both of whom are members of the famous Seventh Regiment. Arnold Webb of A.I.S. was also in this unit before he decided to sign up with the Army.

In order to give *Bulletin Board* readers an idea of what the State Guard does on a drill night, Elmer Chellborg invited your correspondent to accompany him to the Seventh Regiment Armory. First off, we would like to say that the interior of this armory practically knocked our eye out. Its many rooms are furnished like those of the city's finest clubs. Oil paintings of famous members look down from the panelled walls.

A few martinis in the luxurious lounge helped make still more tasty the delicious dinner which was

served in the big dining hall. After dinner came drill on the huge floor of the armory, while your correspondent looked on from the balcony. Although most of the units going through military maneuvers were composed of comparative rookies, they drilled with snap and precision which indicated the high quality of their instruction.

After about an hour of drill Elmer Chellborg's unit marched upstairs to the big gymnasium on the top floor, where the boys were given toughening up calisthenics on the wrestling mat. Then they were treated to a session of real commando tactics in rendering an enemy totally harmless. The instructor in this branch of training is Harry Scott, football and wrestling star at Columbia University several years ago, who is now in charge of the gym at the armory. The evening ended with brief meetings of the companies present in their individual company rooms, and the Guardsmen were free to go home at about 10:15.

What we saw of the State Guard's activities gave us the impression that membership in this organization is a swell way to get valuable training practically free of charge and at the same time do a real job in the war effort. The Guard has many vacancies because it is continually losing men to the Army. We would suggest that anyone in the New York office who is interested get in touch with either Elmer Chellborg or Andy Anderson.



An intermission should never be long enough to start a crap game.

Carl's Corner

Santa Maria, Calif.

Dear "Boss":

I should have written to you a long time ago and acknowledged your letter of December 14, and also



done something about your request that you receive "Carl's Corner" regularly. But I didn't. I assure you that there was nothing personal about the neglect. During this same period I have also assured my wife that there was nothing personal about my neglect also, and sad to relate there is evidence that it has not carried conviction. But doggone it, F.V.V.A., it looks as if I would not have so much to do if I were actually in the Army instead of just doing volunteer work for the Army in locations scattered from Hell to breakfast.

I hope you understand my failure to provide has not been on account

Coard Taylor finds that the boys are all present or accounted for.

of lack of material that could have been written up. Do you know how early the Army asks its volunteer assistant teachers to go to work? Typical examples are 4:22 a.m., 6:10 a.m., 8:00 a.m. (35 miles from where I am staying), etc. My day's work today began at 8 a.m. and will not be over until after ten tonight. And I take off for Camp Cooke at 7 a.m. tomorrow.

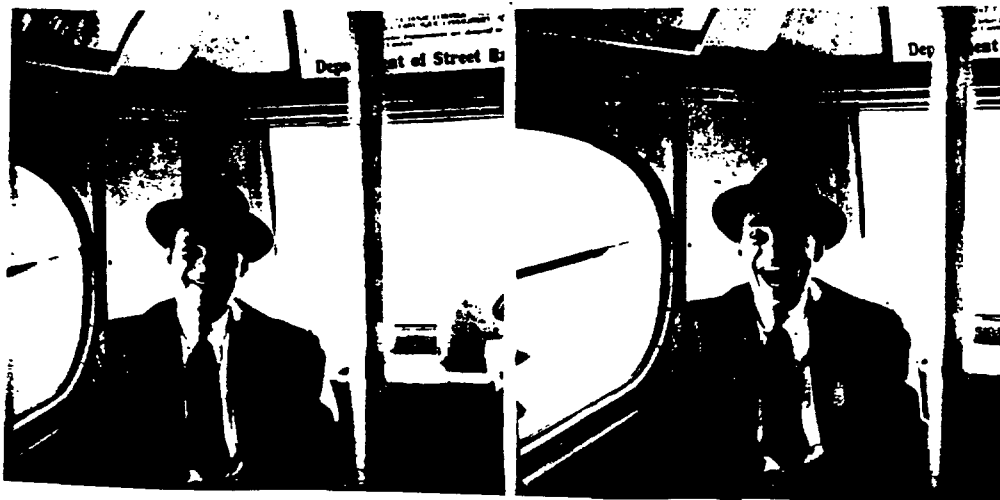
There is another factor that I want you to consider before I go into much production — I am away from the office so much that I do not hear very much of the activities of the rest of the staff which would make suitable material for the column as I have written it in the past. If you will review the previous contributions, you will note that my column has been largely the personal history of Carl Abell — so much so that you might suspect that this is a one man division and I am the man. We have nine men and two women, all of them very capable— glowing personalities and all that sort of thing. I hesitate, because of



This is Charlie. He wasn't sore at anyone —he looks that way all the time.

the manifest unfairness to the rest of the staff. Maybe you should take a few minutes out of your busy day and consider the situation. You realize that hogging the glory will not endear me to the rest of the division staff, no matter how amusing it might be to the rest of your sub-

Art Acken "at ease"—and after he found out that the meeting was over.



scribers to read these chapters from the life of our own little Alexander Botts. So how about an expression of well considered editorial policy based on adequate consideration of the factors influencing employee morale? After all, that's the purpose of the Bullboard, isn't it?

Yours.

CARL ABELL

P.S. Charlie White turned his back the other day, and I reached into his private file of evidence that he had attended the Fleet Meeting in Detroit last spring. I wasn't at the meeting, but this is the way it looks to a rank outsider (see picture captions).



Fred Naylor contemplates the intricacies of the Technical Service Book binder and thinks he finally has the answer.



Murdock and Goltz get together—looks like the Indians are plotting against the Whites.

(Editorial comment: We think "Carl's Corner" has a buoyant humor which has brought forth many a chuckle from readers of the Bulletin Board. For our part, we would hate to see it discontinued, despite the difficulties Carl mentions in the above edition. And we don't think the Los Angeles Division will object, because they probably get as big a kick out of it as we do.)

LAB VETERANS WIN 15-YEAR PINS

Two veterans of the Detroit Engineering Lab, August Roemer and William B. Ransier, were awarded their 15-year pins this month. Gus Roemer came to us from the Green Engineering Company of Dayton, Ohio, and went to work in the engineering machine shop, where he has been ever since. His principal hobby is wood working, and he has achieved quite a reputation for the Dutch windmills he builds. Gus used to be active in all kinds of sports, such as baseball, football, skating, etc., but now he gets most of his outdoor exercise by playing golf with Mrs. Roemer.

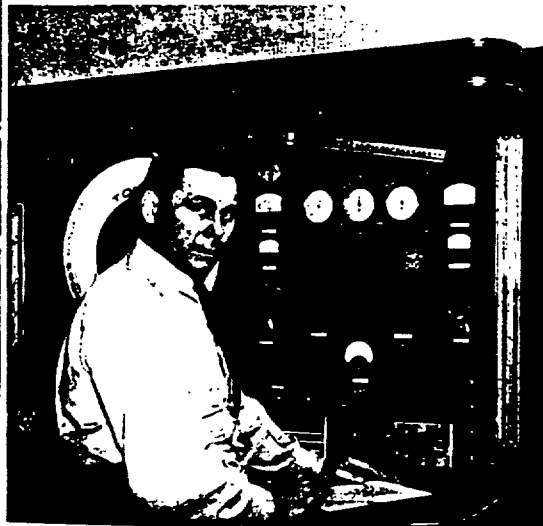
August Roemer



Bill Ransier came to Ethyl from the Detroit branch of the Delco Light and Frigidaire Company. He first worked for three years with Joe Mescher in the machine shop, then for more than a year with Cal Calingaert. The rest of the time he has been in the dynamometer section at the Lab. Bill is a noted outdoor man, going on fly fishing excursions into northern Canada and on hunting trips in search of deer, ducks, pheasant, bear and moose. And when Bill says he hunts bear and moose, he's not kidding, for he has brought home his share of these giants of the forest.

The only 10-year service award this month goes to Sam Heron, who heads Aeronautical Research at Detroit. The lone five-year pin winner is Arnold F. Larges, who works for Sam Heron in Aeronautical Research.

William B. Ransier





Jeanne E. Jaggard



Florence A. Clark



Etta J. Dryden and daughter

New Faces at Deepwater

The first lady blender operator to be employed at Deepwater is Jeanne E. Jaggard, who has lived in that community all her life. Her work consists mainly in checking drum numbers, and according to latest reports she is doing a swell job. When she is off duty Jeanne can often be found at a roller skating rink.

Two other girls besides Jeanne have been added to the blender operating force. They are Mrs. Florence A. Clark and Mrs. Etta J. Dryden. Florence came to Ethyl from the Delaware Ordnance Depot, so she is familiar with industrial work. She lives in Salem, N. J., and her principal hobby is keeping those drums for defense rolling.

Etta Dryden is a native of Alabama, but she resides now in Salem. With her husband in the armed



Robert J. Buechler

forces, she decided the best way for her to do her part toward winning the war was to go to work for Ethyl. After putting in eight hours on the job, she likes to pick out a comfortable chair and spend her evening hours knitting.

Robert J. Buechler is the only masculine addition to the blender force. A wood carver in his spare time, Bob is a native of the City of Brotherly Love — Philadelphia to you — and now makes his home in Salem.

Three recent additions to the office force are Florence V. Winters, Betty Jane Mason, and Lorraine H. Hahn. Florence and Betty Jane are handling some of the drum card file duties, while Lorraine is helping keep cost sheets up to date. All three are native Jerseyites. In their respective leisure hours, Florence likes to sew, Betty Jane to bowl, while Lorraine prefers the movies.

And just before deadline time we received word that Edna A. Gledhill had joined the office staff right after her graduation from Beacom College in Wilmington. She is assisting with the drum card files.



Lorraine H. Hahn



Edna A. Gledhill

Florence V. Winters

Betty Jane Mason





Russ Schell

A Wedding Bell for Captain Schell

Captain Russ Schell, assistant director of the Safety Department, now on military leave, deserted the gay and carefree ranks of the bachelors on February 1, when he married Miss Betty Brown of Miami, Fla. The ceremony was performed at 6 p.m. in the Riverside Baptist Church, with Marian and Jack Martin acting as matron-of-honor and best man, respectively. About 25 were present at the church, most of them Ethyl folk.

Afterward, the bride and groom gave a cocktail party at the Waldorf-Astoria, and then the wedding party and guests adjourned to a

Russian restaurant, where a program of Russian dances and songs enlivened the proceedings until the wee sma' hours. Count Ivan Podgoursky, a real Russian count who attended the wedding, acted as master of ceremonies for the occasion.

Russ demonstrated his eagle eye by picking his bride out of the 2,000 girls at the school in Tallahassee, Fla., where she was taking a pre-medical course. There were just enough complications about her trip north to keep Russ on the jump right up to the time of the wedding. Starting out to fly to New York, Betty's plane was grounded at Tampa because of bad weather, so she sent a telegram to her future husband at Camp Edwards, Mass. Russ, however, was already on his way to New York and never received the wire.

When Betty failed to arrive in New York and it was learned her plane had been grounded, Russ was all in a dither about what to do next. After giving the matter some consideration, he decided to send a bunch of telegrams to her in care of the conductors of several north-bound trains. This system brought satisfactory results, and his worries ended when he was reunited with Betty as soon as her train reached the Big City.

After the festivities were over, the couple left for the South, where Russ will be stationed for the time being at Camp Gordon Johnson, Fla.



Erwina Carr, page girl in New York Financial, resides in Brooklyn and is a Dodger fan, but she is a native of Rochester, N. Y. She has lived in Brooklyn for eight years, graduated from Girls' High School there, and attended Brooklyn College for a short time before joining Ethyl. Winnie is fond of bowling and basketball—she emphasized the fact that her team plays boys' rules in the latter sport—but her chief interest is journalism. She was editor of her high school paper and took a course in journalism at the same time. She hopes to continue her studies in the fourth estate at night school.



Verne W. Brinkerhoff of the dynamometer section of the Detroit Engineering Lab is a native of Rock Island, Ill., where he attended high school. He graduated from the University of Illinois in 1916 with a B.S. degree in engineering. During World War I he served 13 months with the U. S. Army Air Service, moving to Detroit after his discharge. He came to us from the engineering department of the Chrysler Corporation. He is married and has three grown children, John Ralston, 20, Mary Cornelia, 23, and Nina Jane, 22. His family, gardening, and general home maintenance keep him busy in his spare time.



Bob Kalkitis, receiving clerk at the Detroit Lab, is a graduate of Detroit's Central High School and came to us from the Bohn-Aluminum Corporation. Right now he is attending night school, where he is learning all about aircraft engines and commercial art. When he has any time to spare, he goes in for illustrating, swimming and baseball.

BEWARE THE

An old Roman soothsayer gave this warning to one J. Caesar about two thousand years ago, but it is equally applicable to the American taxpayer today. From the looks of things at present, even if we do eventually get a pay-as-you-go plan for income tax

Only 6 Things to Do With Simplified Form

1
Your name,
address, and
occupation.

2
Your
dependents.

3
List your
income.

FORM 1040 A
PREPARED BY DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY
(Simplified Return System)

OPTIONAL UNITED STATES INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX RETURN
THIS RETURN MAY BE FILED INSTEAD OF FORM 1040 BY CITIZENS (OR RESIDENT ALIENS) REPORTING ON THE CASH BASIS IF GROSS INCOME IS NOT MORE THAN \$1,000 AND IS ONLY FROM SALARY, WAGES, DIVIDENDS, INTEREST, AND ANNUITIES

CALENDAR YEAR 1942

Do not write in these spaces

PRINT NAME AND HOME OR RESIDENTIAL ADDRESS PLAINLY BELOW

1 → JOHN and MARY DOE
(Name) (Use your name if both husband and wife; if not, use your name)
100 OAK STREET
(Street and number, or rural route)
DOEVILLE, DOE CO. DOE
(Post office) (County) (State)

Machinist (Occupation)
Name and address of employer Doyle Tool Co.
Doyleville, Pa.
(Post office) (County) (State)

Send money if on GOV. REG. 604

IF you had more than one occupation, attach to this return a statement of each occupation and address.

DEPENDENTS ON JULY 1, 1942
List persons (other than husband or wife) deriving their chief support from you if they are under 18 years of age or if they are mentally or physically incapable of self-support

NAME OF DEPENDENT	RELATIONSHIP	IF 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER, GIVE SEASON FOR LISTING
<u>John Doe Jr.</u>	<u>Son</u>	

GROSS INCOME LESS ALLOWANCE FOR DEPENDENTS

1. Salary, wages, and compensation for personal services	\$22 00 00
2. Dividends, interest, and annuities	32 88
3. Total	\$22 32 88
4. Less: \$145 for each dependent (If you are the head of a family (see definition under item 4 on other side) only because of dependent(s) listed above, \$145 for each listed dependent count only.)	37 30 00
5. INCOME SUBJECT TO TAX	\$18 47 00
TAX	\$ 90 00

6. Tax on item 5 (from Column A, B, or C of table on other side)

I declare, under the penalties of perjury, that this return has been examined by me or, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, is a true, correct, and complete return, made in good faith, for the taxable year stated, pursuant to the Internal Revenue Code and regulations issued under authority thereof; and that I am not a resident alien, and that I am not a partner in a partnership.

(Date) 1943 (Signature)

Footnotes:

File your return.—An income tax return must be filed by single persons having a gross income (less a deduction of \$200 or more and certain persons having a gross income either exemptly or nonexemptly of \$1,000 or more).

Married couple joint return.—Members of the military or naval forces of the United States before the date of commencement of their service on December 31, 1942, should not include in gross income the first \$200 of each year's gross income in computing the family unit.

Exemption of husband and wife.—Husband and wife may use this form as a joint return if they were living together on July 1, 1942, and their combined gross income for the calendar year is not more than \$2,000. A dependent return may be made on this form if the gross income for the calendar year of the wife filing also returns is not more than \$2,000.

Exemption of dependents.—If a qualified taxpayer elects to use this form, dependent returns may not be made on Form 1040.

Filing of returns and payment of tax.—The return must be filed with the Collector of Internal Revenue for your district on or before March 15, 1943. The tax must be paid in equal quarterly installments commencing March 15, 1943. Pay one, if any, to the Collector and if payment is made by check or money order, make payable to "Collector of Internal Revenue."

Use the Simplified form 1040
your Employer or your Local

payments, Mr. Whiskers will expect you to get the first installment of your tax for 1942 income on the line by March 15. So give careful attention to the information given below. It comes direct from the Internal Revenue Department.

[illegible]

**Read your tax
directly from
the table.**

**A—You can get it NOW from
INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICE**



MILITARY MAIL BAG

Detroit
January 13, 1943

Hello, Everybody. Hi ya all! Hope you're all feeling fine and dandy and had a swell Christmas. Mine was just perfect. I was allowed a pass for Christmas Eve, Christmas Day and the Sunday following. We all had to go to school Saturday though.

With all the soldier boys on leave, everything in Champaign and Urbana was just jammed. On Christmas Day in the U.S.O. where I happened to be at the time, "Santa" came around with a gift for each and every man in uniform. I am writing this on one of mine.

The few hours that I have already spent in the U.S.O. have assured me of one thing — the U.S.O. is a worthwhile organization and is doing more than its share not only to provide entertainment but also to keep the boys in a place more pleasant and homelike than some places into which they would eventually wander. This one is a converted school house which looks like anything but a school house from the inside. Downstairs consists of a guest room, a very large lounge, a library, a soda bar and tables and a check room. Upstairs has a very large dance hall and a game room for ping pong and pool mainly. I never realized that such an outfit could mean so much to the boys. It isn't necessary to ask them if they're satisfied — you can see it. What between radios, electric phonographs, electric trains, books, games and all,

practically all desires are fulfilled. A girl hasn't much of a chance to dance though. She'll probably get cut ten or fifteen times per dance, and if you have a girl, it's just cut, cut and cut again.

Thanks a lot for your letter. Don't think you realize how much I enjoyed it. I've still got plenty of that candy left. It's good all right. It's just that there's so much of it!

Have you heard from Ed yet? And what about Al?

It is definitely decided that we are to go to Yale on the 8th of January. At last I'll go to Yale even though it took the Army to get me there. I'll notify you of my address upon landing. I've received my letter from New York. Boy, what a Christmas present.

We lack nothing here in the line of food—butter, meat, fruit, everything. No shots in the arm yet and no first aid needed.

Loads of luck.

A/C Jos. A. Hobart
43-9, T-499
Air Cadet Detachment
Chanute Field, Ill.
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

Here is a letter that I should have written a long time ago but the Army keeps a fellow pretty busy these days so please pardon the delay. I am no longer at my old station in Florida and since that time

have seen quite a bit of our grand country. We are now in a staging area preparatory to being shipped overseas so maybe we will see some action yet. Who knows? I am in a truck company that services the Air Corps and I suppose we will be plenty busy over across.

Tell Joe Laethem that I am awfully sorry that I haven't had a chance yet to write to him but we will get together one of these days and compare notes. I have been promoted to Private First Class and am working in the Company Orderly Room with our officers. It is a grand job and I like the work fine. Keep the home fires burning at good old Ethyl until I can get back.

PFC Merlyn J. Beane
(ASN 36527521)
1921st Q.M. Co. (T) AVN
A.P.O. 3380
c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Detroit)



Lieutenant (j.g.) Eugene J. Ziurys, USNR

Finally I got through with my indoctrination course and was sent directly to Annapolis. I wanted very much to spend some time at Detroit but it was beyond my control. Hope to get a short leave in the near future for coming up to Detroit.

I like my assignment and the station very much. My job is interesting, pleasant and educational. What more can a fellow ask!

Life here at Annapolis is pleasant, especially for those connected with the Academy. We have all kinds of activities including educational programs.

I hope that you people are not freezing in Detroit. We nearly did here!

Eugene J. Ziurys, Lt. (j.g.) USNR
250 Prince George Street
Annapolis, Maryland
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

I cannot think of any good reason for not writing more often except that I haven't been around lately to gather any new dope! Perhaps in the near future I may do a little more wandering so I will probably have more to write about.

Time has certainly passed rapidly during my stay on these islands. Christmas has already come and gone and I am still miles away from home but I am becoming more hopeful day by day of that time when I will be among you again.

I have had an opportunity in the past week to see at least some of the views around here. After a very delicious Christmas meal, we went on a sightseeing tour along the shore and stopped a while for the fellows to go in for a dip. Later on we continued our tour and made our way back through some very beautiful mountain country. Perhaps one of the best things about these islands is that you don't have to go very far to enjoy the type of topography that pleases you most for there is quite a variety in selection. I would like to tell you more of what may be seen there, but perhaps you can get a much better picture of things by thumbing through some of the late issues of the popular magazines.

I wish you all a very Happy New Year

and I hope I may be among you by the next Christmas holidays.

Master Sergeant Edward Kukla
Hq. Bty., 27th Div. Art.
A.P.O. No. 27, U. S. Army
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

They have finally let us stop marching for a few minutes so will get off a short card. This is the busiest place imaginable—but this is darn good training and I like it a lot.

You were right about Ithaca being a cold place. I don't have any trouble eating—just shove the chow in and let my teeth chatter!

Would like to hear from you fellows occasionally. Hope everything is o.k. with all of you.

R. W. Stevenson, A.S.-V-11, USNA
Lyon Hall, Room 103
Naval Training School
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

— CABLEGRAM —

MERRY XMAS HAPPY NEW YEAR
ALL WELL.

Major William H. Hubner, O-168831
Hq. A.S.C. 5th Air Force
A.P.O. 923
San Francisco, California
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

January 10, 1943

I want to thank sincerely you and all the other "Ethyl People" for the swell set of manicure equipment and kit you sent me. I can't imagine how you managed to get all that strategic material in these times but it's an elegant outfit and already has been put to use.

As you have probably gathered from the address, I am now attending Officers Candidate School deep in the heart of Texas. Arrived here last week and you

can quote me it's plenty rugged. If I have the fortitude, stamina, brains, bearing, voice, temperament and luck necessary I may be a shavetail in three months. If I don't make the grade I'll be a sergeant.

The routine is plenty stiff and very little time to write but I'll try and drop you a line occasionally to let you know how I'm progressing. Would appreciate the news from you when you have time.

Give my regards to Bob Jordan and the others.

Candidate John A. Clark
Company I
M.A.C., O.C.S., M.R.T.C.
Camp Barkeley, Texas
(formerly of Chicago)

★ ★ ★

January 21, 1943

Having sent my new address to several other offices of the company, I thought it would filter through to you, but the January issue shows me that I'm wrong—hence this note.

War Department decided that at my age I should be serving with troops rather than working in (or rather, out of) a Washington office, so now, instead of the traveling automotive inspection job on which I was working there, I am serving as assistant inspector general of a newly formed division. Don't know what the future holds in store, but at present am being kept very busy making preparations for receipt of the bulk of our troops, which have not as yet arrived. When they do, we start from scratch with the usual training program.

Surely appreciate the frequent mailings of the *Bulletin Board* and the *News*—hope to continue receiving them. Only one piece of literature not received to date and that is the much discussed "What's in a Name?" booklet. Wrote for a copy months ago but never received one. How's about letting me in on it?

Captain Miles A. Kinley, IGD
Ass't Inspector General
86th Infantry Division
Camp Howze, Texas
(formerly of Chicago)

HELLZAPOPPIN? NOT QUITE

Olsen and Johnstone are working in the New York Mailroom, and we think you will agree they are a lot easier on the eyes than Olsen and Johnson, famed comedians of Hellzapoppin. Carol Olsen and Irene Johnstone are both natives of Brooklyn and have lived there all their lives, but—strange as it may seem—neither of the young ladies cares a hang whether the Dodgers win or lose. Carol, Irene and Winnie Carr, page girl in New York Financial, all play on the same basketball

team in their spare time. Carol is a graduate of Girls' Commercial High School in Brooklyn, while Irene graduated from plain Girls' High.

Before coming to Ethyl Carol worked for Bell Telephone Laboratories and Irene was a salesgirl in the Kress five-and-dime store on New York's Fifth Avenue. In addition to basketball, Carol goes in for music, specializing in singing. Irene used to like to go out on dates with the boys, but now she says the field has been narrowed down to one boy.



Carol Olsen, left, and Irene Johnstone

Baton Rouge Goes Over the Top on War Bond Purchases

Baton Rouge was the star performer in the War Bond Sweepstakes during the month of February. When the dust had settled the score board showed 100% participation and 10.72% of payroll allotted to bonds. Considering the number of employees involved, this is a magnificent achievement. Nice work, B.R.! Another nice gain was chalked up in February by Administration. Percentage of participation figures jumped from 61.8 to 71.9, a gain of more than ten points. The Sales Department also made a nice gain—from 84.1% participation to 89.3%.

Balanced against these gains were slight losses in two or three depart-

ments, but the company averages as a whole showed improvement. We're now hovering right on the 90% mark for participation. Another half dozen participants would put us over!

Here are the standings, based on the February payroll:

Aeronautical Research	100	11.20
Manufacturing	95.4	9.28
Chemical Research	95.3	8.66
Technical Research	93.2	5.29
Adv. and Public Relations	91.7	4.71
Sales	89.3	4.96
Finance	82.9	5.26
Engineering Research	79.1	7.71
Administration	71.9	4.01
Medical	55.6	7.14

ATTENTION!

Because of the confusion caused by the constant stream of requests for changes in payroll deductions for the purchase of War Bonds, the Payroll Section has had to make a new ruling. Beginning with April, changes must be received before the fifth of the month if they are to become effective in the same month. For example: if your request is received on or before April 5, the change will be included in check you get on April 15. If received later than the fifth, the change won't be made until the May 15th check.

Julie Sweeney, who works in New York Advertising, came originally from Norwalk, Conn., where she graduated from Norwalk High School, but now she lives in Manhattan. Before joining Ethyl she had several years of experience in advertising and publishing, a lot of it with McGraw-Hill's "Business Week." The theatre is her favorite form of recreation. As a member of the American Women's Voluntary Services, she has sold her share of War Bonds and Stamps.



Bridge with Culbertson, Von Zedwick, and Charles Gorn is nothing new for Belle Megdall, stenographer in the Financial Department at Detroit. She has played with them all. What's more, she was Michigan State Champion for 1940-41. But bridge isn't her only spare time activity, for she is active in Red Cross work and is financial secretary of the Bonacamica Club, a charitable organization. Belle was born in Boston, but she moved to Detroit when she was just a small girl. She attended Northern High School and Detroit Business University, and before coming to Ethyl she was with the Green Management Company. And unless our eyes deceive us, she could double for Bette Davis of the movies.

Her name was Doris Durant when she went to work as a stenographer in the Financial Department at Detroit, but on January 27 she changed it to Mrs. Roland Maier. Doris graduated from Royal Oak High School and came to Ethyl from the Detroit Edison Company. Her favorite forms of relaxation are music and the theatre.



Violet Hoffman, stenographer in the dynamometer section at Detroit, would be a WAAC, only the meanies won't lower the age limit to 19 years. Violet graduated last June from Cooley High School in the Motor City, where she took a commercial course and was active in intramural sports. She likes to keep scrap books containing odd items and she is also fond of horseback riding, swimming, dancing and bowling. She came to us from the Equitable Life Insurance Company.



Baton Rouge Military Transfers

To bring the Baton Rouge military mailing list up to date, we give you the following changes of addresses as of February 1. New names on the list are those of Joseph E. Christy, Morris W. Stonecipher, and Frank W. Hill. Don't forget to write the boys often!

Corporal John P. Black
411 Base Headquarters
Army Air Base
Alliance, Neb.

Joseph E. Christy, S.F.1c.
Plt. 47, Sec. A, 4-B Area
U.S.N.C.T.C.
Camp Peary,
Williamsburg, Va.

Av/C Phebus N. Hotard
Group 10, Sqd. 1, Flight A
Pre-flight (Pilot)
S.A.A.C.C.
San Antonio, Texas

Pfc. Rufus M. Jackson
Camp Signal Office
Camp Shelby, Miss.

Robert W. Rich, S.F.1c
Batt. 66, Co. B, Plat. 4
N.C.T.C.
Davisville, R. I.

A/C Henry K. Wright
S.A.C.C.
Pre-flight Group XVI
Sqd. 11, Flight D
San Antonio, Texas

Private Woodrow F. Zachariah
Sqn. F, Class 43-6
Lyndalle Field, Fla.

Private Curtis Williams
Co. C, 484th Port Bn.
T.C.U.T.C.
Indiantown Gap, Penna.

Edgar W. Gates
Glider Replacement Center
Class 43-A, Bar. T-38
Kirtland Field
Albuquerque, N. M.

Private Ellis L. Hogan
408 Technical Squad. School (SP)
Sheppard Field, Texas

Private Douglas D. Davis
Co. C, Reception Center
Camp Beauregard, La.

Private Morris W. Stonecipher
Chemical Warfare Service
Co. G, 2nd CWS Tng. Regt.
Camp Sibert, Ala.

Private John F. Carter, Jr.
Recruit Detachment
183 F.A., Battery B
Fort Lewis, Wash.

Private John C. Gryar
Battery A, 319th CA Bar. Bln. Bn.
Camp Tyson, Tenn.

Seaman Frank W. Hill
Co. 106, 19th Batt.
14th Regt.
Great Lakes, Ill.

Lieutenant Thomas M. Mion, A C
410 T.S.S.
Amarillo Army Air Field
Amarillo, Texas

Atlanta Boys on the Move

The latest report from Atlanta informs us that four of that division's military addresses have been changed recently, so we are listing below the corrected addresses together with any changes in rank. Quite a number of those left in the division received "V" Christmas cards from Captain Jack Warner, who is overseas.

Ensign Stuart Forbes
Resident Inspector of Naval
Aircraft
The Aviation Corporation
Toledo, Ohio

Captain W. H. Phipps
New Cumberland Signal Depot
New Cumberland, Penna.

Captain George P. Rosser
Maintenance Engineering Unit
Holabird Ordnance Base
Baltimore, Md.

Captain Wayand W. Sweeney
Headquarters E.U.T.C.
Camp Claiborne, La.

★ ★ ★

Adds Another Bar

It's Captain Don Phipps now, suh! The Atlanta Division's former Florida field representative was promoted on Thanksgiving Day but nobody told us until just recently. Captain Don is stationed at New Cumberland Signal Depot, New Cumberland, Penna., where he has been located since completing his special training course.

Uncle Promotes Two

Their Uncle Samuel has hiked upward the rank of two of the boys on military leave from the Los Angeles Division. Ham Greenup has been promoted to captain and his new address is Army Air Corps, 2773 17th Street, Sacramento, Calif. Monroe Weill now wears the gold oak leaves of a major and mail will reach him at G-4 (Automotive Division), W.D.C. & Fourth Army, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

★ ★ ★

Army Engineer

Jess Carmichael of the Kansas City Testing Lab has been commissioned a first lieutenant in the Army. First assigned to the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, N. J., Jess was soon transferred to the Army Engineers when his engineering background became known. Latest reports had him located temporarily at Fort Dix, N. J.

★ ★ ★

No Longer with Us

Mary V. Thor, Detroit,
Green V. Snowden, Detroit
Anna L. Braun, New York
June E. Swingle, New York
Richard Arthur, New York
Alexander Hamilton, Kansas City
Magnus Jacobsen, Detroit
Raymond G. Hammond, Kansas City
Ruth Keeler, New York
Helmi McLean, Detroit
Hilda Tregonning, Detroit
Robert W. Mason, Detroit



Marie Genca, photographer at Detroit, graduated from St. Stanislaus High School and then attended the Savigny Art School for two years to study portrait work. She took charge of the Lab's photographic department after spending ten years with the Genca Studios, which are operated by her father. When away from cameras and photographic files, she goes in for sailing in a big way, navigating out of the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club. She also is no trifling hand at ping pong, winter sports and golf.



Constance Newby, nurse in charge at the Detroit Lab, was born in Yorkshire, England, and came to these shores in 1914. She attended Leeds School for Girls and business college for two years in England, but on arriving in the United States she began training at the Woman's Hospital in Detroit. She was engaged in private nursing before joining Ethyl. Her favorite diversions are literature, gardening and music.



A ball player is Clem Morel, receiving clerk at the Detroit Lab. He is a native of Chester, New Hampshire, and graduated from Amesbury High School in Massachusetts, where he starred on the diamond. In addition to baseball, Clem likes roller skating and fishing. He operated his own gasoline station before joining Ethyl.



Maribelle Tucker, comptometer operator in Detroit's Financial Department, was born in Danville in old Kaintuck, but she came north to Detroit when she was seven years old. She attended Northern High School and came to Ethyl from the Standard Vacuum Oil Company in New York. She is fond of ice skating and of going to the theatre, and she is active in Red Cross work.

Anne Chalifoux, technical file clerk at Detroit, is also one of the Lab's leading feminine bowlers. After completing a commercial course at St. Agnes High School, she attended Detroit Business College for two years. In addition to knocking down the tenpins, Anne likes to go roller skating, swimming or dancing. Before coming to the Lab she was an operator for the Michigan Bell Telephone Company.



Shirley W. Shepherd, stenographer in the Financial Department at Detroit, was born in the bailiwick of the famous Brooklyn Dodgers. She attended Northfield Seminary in Massachusetts and then took a year of nurse's training in Brooklyn. Before joining us, she worked for the Merchants Refrigeration Company, and while on this job she married her husband, who is a Detroitier and an engineer for the Chrysler Corporation. Shirley goes in for winter sports, tennis, sailing and swimming.



Muriel Anderson, stenographer-clerk in New York Payroll, was a Wall Street girl before joining Ethyl, coming to us from the Irving Trust Company at 1 Wall. She is a native of Brooklyn and has lived in that borough all her life. She is a graduate of Erasmus Hall High School and of Packer Collegiate Institute, both located in the home of the Dodgers. In her spare time her favorite pastimes are painting in oils and waiting for the return of her husband, who is an ensign in the Coast Guard.

★ ★ ★

Muriel Homer, page girl in New York Financial, hails from Great Neck, Long Island. She is a graduate of Great Neck High, where she was a member of the girls' field hockey team. Before joining Ethyl she was a clerk in Macy's department store. She is fond of skating and goes in quite seriously for vocal music by taking singing lessons and gaining practical experience in a church choir.



No Bulletin Boards Overseas

The military authorities have reversed themselves since our notice on page 6 of last month's issue of the *Bulletin Board*, with the result that no publication weighing more than two ounces may be mailed out of the country. So no more copies of the *Bulletin Board* can be sent you if you are shipped out of the U.S.A. We're as sorry as you are about it, but as the French used to say in World War I, *c'est la guerre!*

★ ★ ★

ARMY-NAVY TIE

The Army and Navy scored one apiece at the Detroit Engineering Lab recently, when Hugh Macy became a private in the land branch of the service and Rollie Ostrander signed up as a midshipman in the Naval Reserve. If you want to write Hugh, address your letter to him at Service Company, 130th Infantry, APO 33, Fort Lewis, Wash. Rollie is located on the eastern side of the continent and may be reached by mail at Room 4242, Bancroft Hall, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

★ ★ ★

Joe Laethem, formerly connected with Charlie Kass' road testing division at the Detroit Lab, dropped into his old stamping ground recently. Joe is a member of Company A, 360th Engineering Regiment, G.S., Camp Claiborne, La. His Sunny South tan made the folks in frost bitten Detroit writhe with envy.

Joseph Schwanzer, senior clerk in New York Administration, just went upstairs a few flights when he came to work for Ethyl. He previously was with the Crucible Steel Company of America on the 11th floor of the Chrysler Building. He is a graduate of Bushwick High in Brooklyn and of Pace Institute in New York. His home town is Flushing, where he resides with his wife and 12-year-old daughter, Carol. Golf, swimming and baseball are his favorite pastimes.



Edwin Enoch, newcomer to the Advertising Department in New York, is a Philadelphian by birth but a New Englander by adoption. After acquiring an education at Philadelphia's Central High School and the University of Pennsylvania, he enlisted in the Army during World War I. Shortly before the Armistice, he was transferred to Springfield, Mass. where he met the future Mrs. Enoch. Eventually he settled in Springfield, where he worked for several years with the Gilbert & Barker Manufacturing Company before joining Ethyl. He has been active in New England American Legion activities and in advertising circles. His favorite sport is baseball, although he claims he is getting too old to play a very fast game. Although his residence is still Springfield, he plans to move Mrs. Enoch and their 11-year-old daughter, Bev. to New Rochelle, N. Y., in the near future. Their two sons are in Uncle Sam's Army.

James B. Lonergan, cost accountant in New York Financial, left Chevrolet in Tarrytown on the Hudson to come to work in the Chrysler Building. He is a member of Ethyl's Yonkers contingent and a graduate of Gorton High School in that city and of Manhattan College, where he majored in business administration. At Manhattan he won his varsity letter in track, specializing in that mankilling event, the quarter mile, but nowadays he prefers a milder form of athletics, such as swimming or ice skating. And here's an item of interest, girls—he's a bachelor!



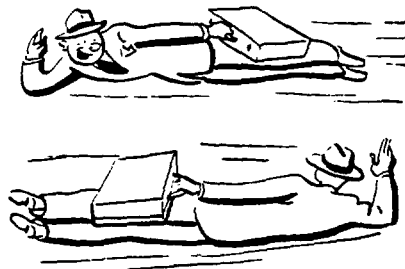
Winter Holidays

Two of the boys from Dayton enjoyed cold weather vacations. Sieb Siebenthaler, veteran safety engineer who has been with the company ever since the first Ethyl Gasoline was sold, came to New York to visit his daughter and her family. But the trip turned out to be a busman's holiday for Sieb, for he spent so much time in the New York Safety Department office that he didn't get around to seeing anyone else.

George Pearce, Dayton's Kentucky representative, chose to flee from the icy blasts of the North. He hustled his family to Florida to spend his vacation under sunny skies.

★ ★ ★

The Shift Key



Lorraine M. Hahn, Manufacturing, Deepwater, to Finance, Deepwater.

Robert Kimpton, Engineering, Detroit, to Sales, New York.

N. Bond Hedden, Engineering, Detroit, to Sales, Chicago.

Paul Walton, Manufacturing, Deepwater to Baton Rouge.

Gives Out Gas Ration Cards

Lieutenant Jack Pruitt of the Army Air Corps, formerly assistant manager of the Dayton Division, is stationed at McClellan Field, Calif., where he has been placed in charge of issuing gasoline ration cards to civilian and military personnel. An ironical fate, Jack calls his new job. When he first arrived there, who should he bump into but Captain Ham Greenup of the Los Angeles Division, formerly of Dayton, and the two of them saw a great deal of each other until Ham was transferred to Mather Field. Jack also gets together with some of the boys from the Los Angeles Division every now and then, he reports.



**YOU GIVE US
*ETHYL***



**WE'LL GIVE'EM
*HELL!***

★ ★ ***EVERY DROP OF ETHYL COUNTS*** ★ ★

Ethyl BULLETIN BOARD

APRIL, 1943



WE WIN!

(See Page 4)

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — *by and for Ethyl employees*

**'AD' CAMPAIGN
A WINNER**

PAGE 6

**BOND
BUYING
BOOMS**

PAGE 10

**RADIO QUIZ
EXPERT**

PAGE 12

MAIL FROM THE BOYS

PAGE 18

FARMING FOR VICTORY

PAGE 25

SCHAEFER A VICE-PRESIDENT

John H. Schaefer, for many years General Manager of the Manufacturing Department, was promoted to the position of Vice-President in charge of manufacturing at a recent meeting of our Board of Directors.

John came to Ethyl from a job at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1926, when the blending plant at Deepwater was put into operation. He was placed in charge of the plant laboratory at Deepwater and the following year was appointed manager of manufacturing and transportation activities of the company.

Born in Buffalo, N. Y., on February 19, 1902, John moved to Wilmington, Del., while he was still a youngster. He attended public and high school there, and then entered the University of Delaware, where

he was president of the student council in his senior year and a member of the football team.

After obtaining his Bachelor of

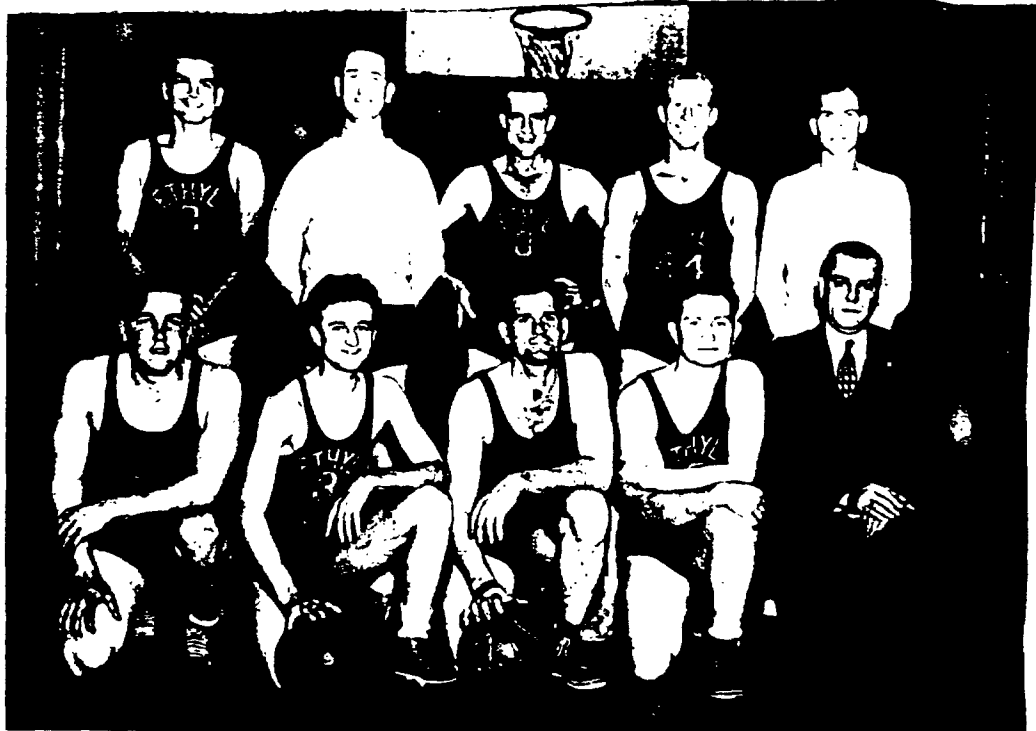
Science degree at Delaware, John went to Massachusetts Tech to become a Master of Science. He received this degree and then remained at M.I.T. for a short time as a chemical engineer in the Research Laboratory of Applied Chemistry before going to Deepwater. While



John H. Schaefer

he was working at M.I.T. he was closely associated with George Calingaert, who now heads our Chem Lab in Detroit.

John commutes to the New York office (and frequently to Wilmington, Detroit, Baton Rouge and points east) from Larchmont, where he lives with Mrs. Schaefer and their daughter, Jane.



Ethyl's championship aggregation; standing, left to right, Wallace Mixon, M. H. Batte, Charles McKnight, Frank Bunch, Leo Devall; kneeling, left to right, James French, Sam Roberts, Ed Lorio, Lilburn Smith, H. A. Demouy, coach and manager.

BATON ROUGE FIVE TOPS HOOP LOOP

Fighting its way through a tough season and plenty of rugged competition, the Ethyl basketball team at Baton Rouge won the City Industrial League championship. The Ethyl hoopsters downed the Essos by a 33-24 score in the final playoff game.

The league season was divided into two halves, with each half divided into two rounds. Both the first and second rounds ended in three-way ties between du Pont, the Essos,

and Ethyl, but in each half the Ethyl quintet defeated the other two teams in playoff tilts to emerge the final victor.

The third round, or first round of the second half, finished with Ethyl, du Pont, and Chemical Products all tied up in a knot. Once again Ethyl set back the du Ponts, while Chemical Products forfeited to us. The Essos emerged undisputed victor in the fourth round, but they weren't quite good enough to hold off our

boys in the final championship playoff.

The Ethyl squad included Wallace Mixon, M. H. Batte, Charles McKnight, Frank Bunch, Leo Devall, James French, Sam Roberts, Ed Lorio, and Lilburn Smith. H. A. Demouy, who is operating supervisor of the Ethyl Chloride plants, coached and managed the team.

The league competition was organized by the Industrial Division of the U.S.O.

The accompanying pictures of the basketball team were taken and developed by T. H. Kalencki, an operator in the TEL blender.

Jim French, number 42, breaks up an Esso play with some close guarding under the basket.



Frank Bunch of Ethyl, number 44, and an Esso cager go aloft after the referee's toss.

Campaign Wins 'Ad' Award

Our "What's In A Name?" ad campaign has won top honors by being classed among the three best campaigns appearing in national magazines during 1942. The classifying authority was no less than the jury of Annual Advertising Awards, consisting of 19 well known advertising and business men. The Awards, among advertising's highest honors, were started in 1942 by the late Edward Bok through the Harvard School of Business Administration. That the jury's verdict received the enthusiastic endorsement of the general public was indicated by our receipt of the millionth

request for a "What's In A Name?" booklet.

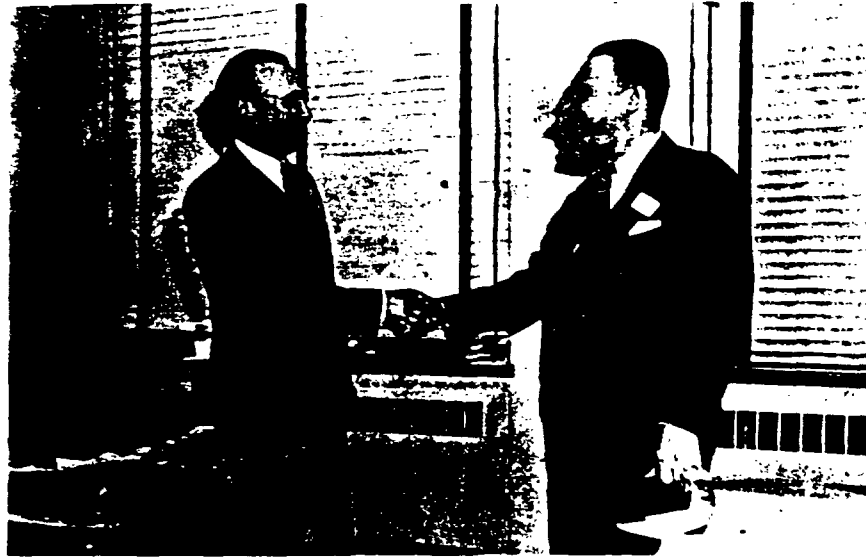
Ethyl shared the spotlight in the competition with Carnation Milk Company and American Airlines, the milk company winning the first place medal while Ethyl and American Airlines received honorable mention. Our campaign was one of 241 national magazine campaigns entered in the contest. And the competition was tough — so tough, according to the chairman of the Awards, that he doubted if some winners of previous years would have been among the 12 finalists from which the winners were chosen.

In The Spotlight

Dot Locke, receptionist for New York Financial, was prominently mentioned in a story in the New York Sun, which appeared under the by-line of Gault MacGowan, ace reporter. The story told of the arrival in Africa of Dot's husband, Lieutenant Theodore Bessunger, who was an artillery officer in the British Army in the first World War and a school master in New York in civilian life prior to World War II. Lieutenant Bessunger is now in Military Intelligence Censorship with the U. S. Army.

His Valentine A Bride

Captain Leo A. Miller, chemist in the TEL control laboratory at Baton Rouge before Uncle Sam called him to active duty, was married on St. Valentine's Day to Miss Sybil Funchess of Monroe, La. The ceremony was performed in the Post Chapel at Camp Beauregard, La., where Leo is stationed, and a reception was held afterward at the home of Mrs. J. A. Spielman near Alexandria. The couple spent their honeymoon on the Gulf Coast and are now at home at Camp Beauregard.



Bill Sterrett and George Roberts

Congratulations Chum!

The Mutual Admiration Society seen going into action in the accompanying photo is composed of Bill Sterrett and George Roberts, both of New York Financial. The lads are congratulating each other on a tough job well done. Bill, a budget expert who joined the company about a year ago, barely had time to hang up his hat in the New York office before he was sent to Detroit on a special assignment which was supposed to last only three weeks. But after assisting in the preparation of 1942 budgets, Bill was assigned to the distribution of equipment construction orders for the new Detroit Lab, so the first thing

he knew ten months had sped by.

"Take Me Back To New York" was fast becoming the theme song of Mrs. Sterrett and little Warren and Cynthia, aged four and two respectively, when George Roberts, who handles fixed assets for the Financial Department, appeared on the scene the end of January. George had come to Detroit to find out what had happened to Bill. By applying the heavy pressure and by burning a flock of extra rations of midnight oil, the boys brought the ECO ledger up to date in thirty days. Take a look at the picture and then judge for yourself if they are happy about the whole thing.



Graduation night for this Coast Guard Auxiliary class took place in our sales promotion auditorium in Los Angeles, formerly occupied by the Los Angeles clinic. The Coast Guard Auxiliary, in case you have forgotten, is made up of small boat owners who have volunteered for patrol duty one night a week or so. This group is the first internal combustion class to be instructed by the Coast Guard and is the forerunner of numerous other schools now operating up and down the Pacific Coast, using the material developed in Los Angeles. The peerless instructor on fuels for this class was our own Carl Abell, who also helped develop the outline for parts of the course.

Becomes Assistant Manager

Robert S. Asbury has been promoted to assistant manager of the Baton Rouge Technical Division by Dr. O. E. Kurt, division manager. In his new job Bob has charge of purchasing, deferments, employment of personnel and other administrative work in the division. Bob joined the company in October, 1937, as a chemist in Chemical Research at Detroit. In May, 1940, he was transferred to the Manufacturing Department at Baton Rouge to supervise technical activities in the chemical section of the Technical Division. He graduated from Brown University in 1928 with a B.S. degree and two years later was made a



Robert S. Asbury

Master of Science by Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

James D. Quist of Chem Research at Detroit hails from Holland, Mich., the town that is famous for its annual Tulip Festival. He received his A.B. degree from Hope College and his Ph.D. from the University of Nebraska. Before joining Ethyl he spent two years in the plastics department of the U. S. Rubber Company. Jim is married and the father of two small daughters, aged six months and four years. He is a member of the American Chemical Society, Sigma Xi, and Phi Lambda Upsilon.



Martha W. Fisher, who recently joined the Ethyl family at Deepwater, is helping to keep the drum card records straight, which today is a pretty big job when you stop to consider the number of drums that are being shipped. Martha graduated in 1941 from Penns Grove High School, where she took a commercial course. And, boys, in her spare time she just loves to dance!



Ivar T. Krohn of Chem Research in Detroit is a native of Minneapolis. He graduated with a B.S. degree from the University of Minnesota in 1937 and obtained a Ph.D. in physical chemistry from the University of Illinois in 1941, then remained one more year at Illinois as a special research assistant. He is a member of the American Chemical Society. Away from the laboratory Ivar goes in for tennis, golf, and flying, and he was formerly a member of the Civilian Air Patrol.

WAR BOND PURCHASES HIT NEW HIGH

We're over the first hurdle! March figures show that on a company-wide basis participation in the payroll deduction plan for the purchase of War Bonds went over the 90% mark last month. Substantial gains by two departments, Sales and Administration, furnished the impetus needed. There was a little backsliding in March in some departments, but the gains more than offset the losses.

While the 90% mark represents

a definite achievement, let's not rest on our oars. Some departments are still far from 90% participation. Not everybody can give 10% of his or her salary, but we can all invest something in victory. They call this a peoples' war which means that the burdens fall on the fighting man and the civilian alike. Our burden is much the lighter. Let's all try to bear our share.

Here are the standings, based on the March payroll:

	% of Participation	% of salary allotted
Aeronautical Research	100	11.09
Adv. and Public Relations	100	5.15
Manufacturing	96.4	8.98
Chemical Research	95.2	9.00
Technical Service	92.0	5.23
Sales	92.0	4.83
Finance	80.7	4.91
Engineering Research	77.4	7.85
Administration	75.0	3.96
Medical	55.6	7.14

KC Ethylmen SAE Officers

The Kansas City Division is well represented in that section of the Society of Automotive Engineers. Harold Berg, division manager, was chairman in 1942 and this year is on the governing board. Don Flynn, assistant division manager, is vice chairman for 1943, and Carl Berry, field representative, is secretary.

★ ★ ★

Reports drifting back to San Bernardino have it that Melzer "Pop"

Prior and Jack Abbott, two former Ethyl test drivers who are now in the Army, were stationed at Camp White, Oregon, at the same time, but neither one knew the other was there.

★ ★ ★

Private George Geiger, formerly of the New York Mailroom, is located in the Old Dominion — Virginia to you — where his address is D.E.M.L. Co. Hq. Sta. Comp. Bn., Camp Patrick Henry, Newport News. Drop him a line when you get a chance.



Private John P. Black

1st Lieutenant Hubert N. Wax

Private Woodrow W. Merritt

*Petty Officer 2nd Class
Edward G. Duffard*

Baton Rouge Visitors

Seven of the boys in uniform were among the recent visitors to the Baton Rouge plant. They included Private Woodrow W. Merritt of Camp Gordon, Ga., Sergeant George B. Noland of Fort Bragg, N. C., Petty Officer 2nd Class Edward G. Duffard of the Navy unit at New Orleans, Seaman David H. McNeil of Manitowoc, Wis., Lieutenant Hubert N. Wax of the Army

Engineers at Dallas, Tex., Flying Sergeant George W. Chavers of San Antonio, Tex., and Private John P. Black of Bowman Field, Ky.

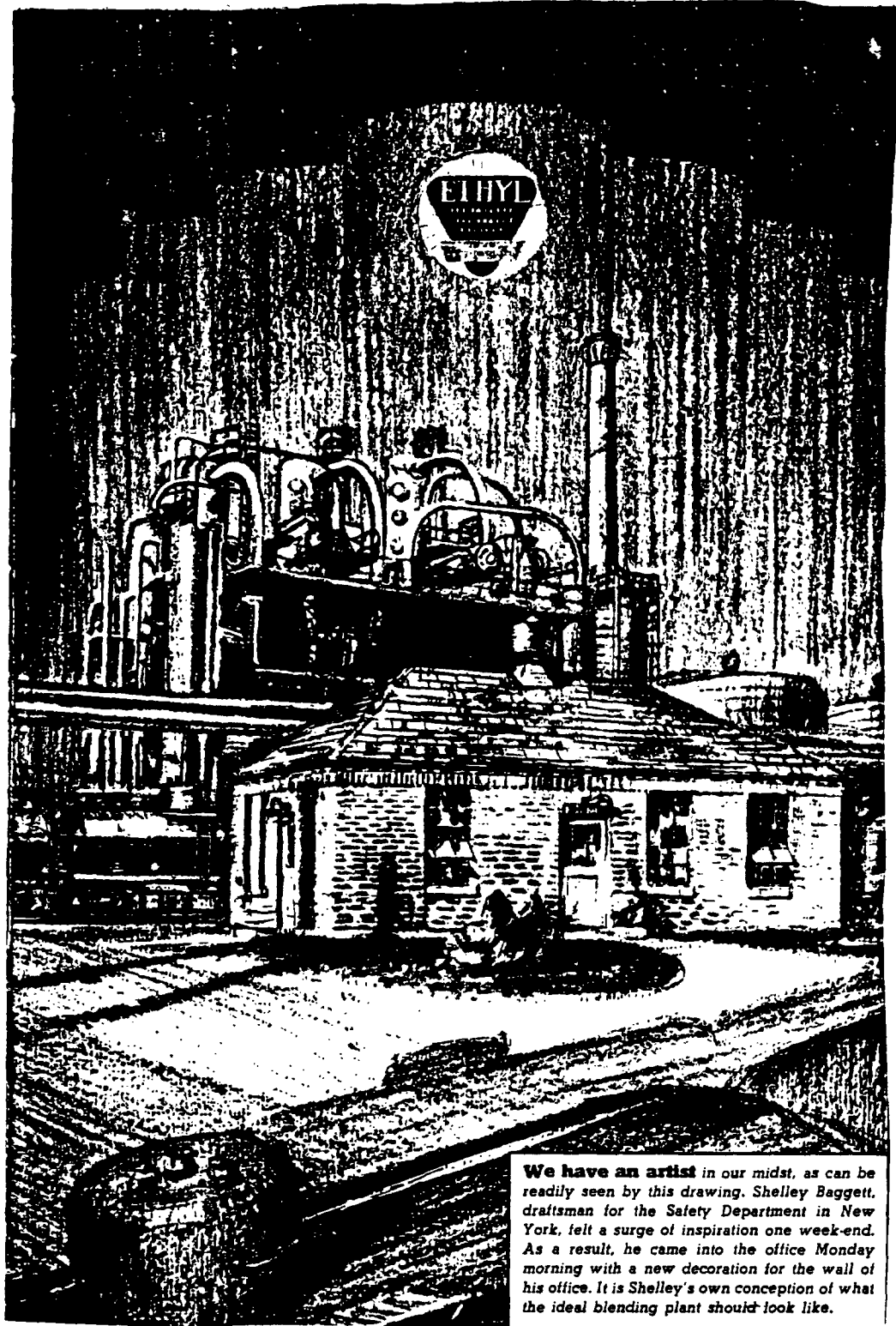
Woody Merritt, George Noland, Ed Duffard, George Chavers, and John Black all used to work in Ethyl Chloride. Dave McNeil was a TEL blender operator and Hubert Wax was head of the personnel section of the TEL Division.

Flying Sergeant George W. Chavers

Seaman David H. McNeil

Sergeant George B. Noland





We have an artist in our midst, as can be readily seen by this drawing. Shelley Baggett, draftsman for the Safety Department in New York, felt a surge of inspiration one week-end. As a result, he came into the office Monday morning with a new decoration for the wall of his office. It is Shelley's own conception of what the ideal blending plant should look like.

ETC 05796



MILITARY MAIL BAG

Just a quick note in the midst of the confusion of starting on a new job to give you my new address and to request that you keep the *Bulletin Board* coming to me, regardless of my station. Don't know if, or when, I might hit foreign shores, but if I should, I certainly want the mag to follow me. You may, therefore, file this away as my official request for the *Bulletin Board*, in line with the item on page 6 of the February issue.

And now, as a follow up on your address item on page 8 of the same issue, I have moved again, so having changed the records on me once, you may now do it again! Am one of a group brought together from all over the country to form a new corps.

Have been here only a few days, but hope to "get in the groove" soon. Attractive post, relatively speaking — horribly crowded town, but was lucky enough to find quarters for my family—life may be rather pleasant for a little while, I hope.

Will appreciate your arranging to have the *News*, as well as the *B. B.*, sent to me at the new address.

Captain Miles A. Kinley, IGD
Ass't. Inspector General
15th Corps
Camp Beauregard, La.
(formerly of Chicago)

★ ★ ★

Time seems to go very fast for me now, too fast when I think of March 15 coming up. Have been quite busy at work, getting settled in our new place, etc. Moved in on Sunday, February 7. Expected to get a lot done on Sunday, the 14th, but was advised on Saturday I was to be Officer-of-the-Day at Union Guardian Building, from 9 A.M. Sunday to 9 A.M. Monday. So that was that—and of course had to stay for work as usual on Monday.

Have been more settled since I was assigned to Technical Section of Maintenance Branch on January 11. Was in the Tank Unit that afternoon but was transferred to Wheeled Vehicle Unit the next morning as Assistant Chief. The Chief of that unit, also a captain, took advantage of his new help and shortly went away on a ten day trip. Soon after he returned, he became Acting Assistant Chief of the Section, so I have had about all to myself and am now "Acting Chief," or trying to do so. It's really very interesting and I hope they leave me where I am. It's the largest unit in the Technical Section (25 persons) and we handle all the wheeled vehicles, except tractors, including scout cars, armored cars, and half trucks. What with military and civilian personnel, military correspondence and Army regulations and checking everything that comes in and initialing or signing everything going out—



Captain Bob Hogan

well, there's always something to do.

Have seen Julian Frey once since the S.A.E. national meeting here. Talked with him on the phone yesterday about some fuel information and may go out to the Laboratory soon on that. We don't get into the fuel question very much, as that is more related to the Development and Engineering Branches.

Should anyone in the company drop in here of a sudden, you can reach me at Cherry 4900, Extension 2103, Room 2320. Union Guard Building.

Captain Robert W. Hogan
6055 Kensington Road
Detroit, Mich.
Tel. Tuxedo 1-3958
(formerly of Baltimore)

★ ★ ★

We were paid a sort of surprise visit by none other than Lieutenant R. R. Fallor himself. He has been stationed in Washington going to some kind of school, I think, and dropped down with Jack Bailie to visit the Andersons. Gene Ziurys had just arrived in town, so we had quite a reunion. The highlight of the evening was one of Connie's specialties—cooking.

Herb Sumner has been detached from the Experiment Station, and is now in Miami, Florida, going to submarine chaser school. He seems to be enjoying the work very much.

I have been temporarily detached from the station and sent to the indoctrination course at the Academy. We take navigation, seamanship, ordnance, history, physical training, etc. This all happens within two months, so we are kept pretty busy night and day. So far it's been very interesting, and a hell of a lot of fun.

Who's taking the pictures for the *Bulletin Board*? As far as I can determine they are O.K.

Wish you would thank the Ethyl Debutantes for sending me such nice Christmas cards.

Ensign Walton L. Carlson
4 Revell
Annapolis, Maryland
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

Am no longer stationed at Fort Douglas, though am still with the Service Command under Colonel Seger. A new Ordnance Service Command Shop is being organized at Vancouver Barracks, Wash., to which I have been transferred. It is a Heavy Maintenance organization upon which will be based for higher echelon maintenance all Army vehicles in this territory. The C.O., a Captain Falls, has put me in charge of all Inspection and Reclamation. Since my department will therefore decide the fate of every vehicle, assembly, part, etc., and will write all job orders for every vehicle entering the shop, there is considerable responsibility involved.

So I am back in Portland!

Lieutenant Robert R. Mead
Ordnance Service Command Shops
Ordnance Department
Vancouver Barracks, Wash.
(formerly of Seattle)

★ ★ ★

Just a note to let you know that I am well under way with the course which keeps me busy from 6:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. Although discipline is strict and the life is rather rigorous, I am thoroughly enjoying the experience. If I am not a better man when I return, it will be my own fault.

I have seen Ralph Wahrenbrock and Walt Carlson briefly, but have not contacted any of the other men.

Our first month here consisted of infantry drill, seamanship and physical culture, with a little ordnance work thrown in. The next three months will be almost entirely engineering classes.

I consider myself very fortunate to be located here at the Academy, for I am sure I would miss a lot of Navy tradition by being elsewhere. Furthermore, the equipment here is undoubtedly the very best available and quite plentiful. In conclusion, I have never eaten any better anywhere — there are no shortages here.

There are many people at the lab that I would like to write to, but this is obviously out of the question, so please say hello to everyone. Hoping that this finds all members of the Ethyl Corporation healthy and happy, I remain

Midshipman Roland J. Ostrander
4242 Bancroft Hall
Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

I am busy training army mechanics here. Have been in an Army uniform since September 18. We wear a compromise between an officer's and an enlisted man's, in order to show we are civilians hired by the U.S.

We are still in our shirt sleeves here and never think of such a thing as anti-freeze. However, it did snow here four years ago.

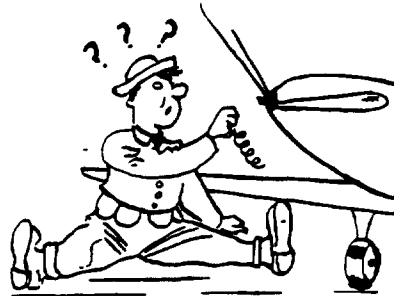
R. G. Hammond
P. O. Box 462
Pineville, Louisiana
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

As you know, Jack Pruitt is at McClellan Field near Sacramento, and up to January 1 I was stationed there; in fact, I was there from the time of my entry on active duty September 30, 1941, to January 1, but on that date I was transferred to Mather Field which is also near Sacramento. The transfer involved

no movement of my family since we have been living in Sacramento since I reported to McClellan in 1941.

I can divulge a little about my work without giving away any military secrets. Mather Field, as you may know, is an Advanced Flying Training Field, and my specific duties are those of a Squadron Engineering Officer with the responsibility of maintaining 46 airplanes, as well as supervising 160 enlisted personnel who do the actual work.



Ted Littlefield is in Sacramento every two or three weeks working with the Army at Mather and McClellan Fields on instruction of personnel relative to fuels. I saw Ted quite often when I was at McClellan for we usually had lunch at the Officer's Mess; think Ted rather enjoyed coming for he was able to get his fill of coffee and that is something he couldn't get in the hotels. Ted is the only one of the Los Angeles Division I have seen since I left the Division, with the exception of Hume Chenault whom I saw once when he was in Sacramento for a tank cleaning; they must be staying close to L.A. these days.

Sorry that I have not kept you advised as to my changes of address, but will try to do better if you put my name back on the mailing list for the *Bulletin Board*.

Another bit of news is that the War Department changed my rank from 1st Lieutenant to Captain on October 13, 1942.

Captain Hamilton B. Greenup
2773 17th Street
Sacramento, Calif.
(formerly of Los Angeles)

Haven't time for much conversation but wanted to send back your January 26 bulletin so thought I'd drop a line.

Life goes on here in a plenty rugged way, but I'm getting tougher every day, too, so— We have lost about 40 out of my class so far but I'm still pitching. The West Texas weather makes it a lot tougher but it's "take it and like it" or else.

I have finished my basic phase here and am now entering the technical part of the course. But the next eight weeks can't be much tougher than the first four were, so I'm still shooting at those bars.

Give my regards to the force and drop me a note when you have time.

Candidate John Clark
Co. I, Class 12
M.A.C., O.C.S., M.R.T.C.
Camp Barkeley, Texas
(formerly of Chicago)

★ ★ ★

The pace here is terrific! Though tough, it is certainly an excellent school and I have learned a great deal. We have actually just finished fundamentals and will soon be entering the real meat of the course. After some of the problems poured on us, I feel that I was not cut out to be a tactician!!

Received the *Bulletin Board* today. It's always very, very welcome and makes me feel that I haven't lost touch completely.

Have no idea what the immediate future will bring. Most officers expect re-assignment from here. However, will probably return to Camp Stewart for a while at least.

The first week of the month brought me a promotion, so I'll now have to quit cussing "brass hats".

At present it does not appear that I will have an opportunity to return through Chicago. Please give my regards to all.

Major Howard B. Hudiburg, CAC
321 Pope Avenue, Apt. 7
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.
(formerly of Chicago)

I've had the pleasure of having my mother, grandmother and uncle out here for ten days. Certainly have been having the time of my life going places and seeing things.

I read my letter in the Servicemen's Letter Exchange which was sent you from North Island. Well, I am now at Santa Barbara, California. This is a huge marine air station. I am a plane mechanic, and my work is general repair to keep the one ship I am assigned to in good shape.

On my way here from San Diego I passed by San Bernardino and I certainly wanted to stop and see the Ethyl Corporation west branch. San Bernardino is a swell town and the people are friendly. It apparently has a lot of retired millionnaires.

So long for now. Say hello to everyone for me.

Private A. R. Carpenter
Marine Corps Air Base
Santa Barbara, California
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

Dear Gang: I am stationed at Elgin Field, Florida, the Army Air Forces Proving Ground. I am in the Post Engineer's Office as a mechanical engineer. So far my job has included everything from buying and installing well pumps to supervision of maintenance of the Post Engineer's motor pool. Also, am in charge of maintenance of refrigerators (for mess hall, etc.), motor vehicles (Post Engineer), and gasoline pumps—oh, yes, I am in charge of the aqua system for pumping fuel to the planes—this is very interesting as it covers the supervision of maintenance of fuel lift pumps, water pumps, and any other repair which might come under mechanical engineering. I certainly am getting a world of varied experience, but, at least the motor vehicle maintenance is right down my line. Just finished designing a refrigerator unit for the refrigeration of a trailer transport for the Post Commissary.

I sure would like to see all of you again—if you ever get down the west coast of Florida, do drop off and look me up. This post is about 50 miles east of Pensacola.

My papers for O.C.S. have been signed, so now all I have to wait on is the examining board and the physical.

The work I am doing isn't just exactly what I wanted, but it's better than I expected. I work directly under the Post Engineer and take orders from no one but him, which is very nice.

Incidentally, Florida, or at least this part of Florida, isn't a very good place to spend the winter as it really gets cold here—we had ice the other morning.

Well, I guess I had better stop—here comes the corporal of the guard to turn out the light. I will write more later.

Private James M. Anders
51st Air Base Squadron
Elgin Field, Florida
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

It was a pleasure to read your V-mail letter that I received today. Hardly a day passes that I don't think of the day you told me how you and your buddies in the last war would wonder if there would ever be an end to the war. My buddies and I are saying the same thing now, although we are having a much easier time of it here than most soldiers on foreign soil. The clothes are warm, the food is much better than I expected. For example right now we have a case of apples and grapefruit in the hut to eat anytime a man gets the notion. We are all in the best of health, most of us haven't even had so much as a slight head cold.

Since my last letter my work has changed to instrument work. This consists of the inspection, adjustment and repair. Hardly a day goes by but some new problem presents itself in this work. It is very interesting work and the time goes fast. A little tiring for the eyes, but they are still 20-20.

I would like very much to have Bill Cole's address. I was quite surprised

when I read of him joining the Coast Guards. Who knows if I keep my eyes open I may even run into him here. One of my buddies here in the Ordnance section ran into his brother here whom he hadn't seen for years. His brother is in the Navy and they actually passed one another on the streets of (censored), but they both looked back and recognized one another. It was quite a reunion.

Enclosed you will find a picture that was taken of me up here.

T/5th Andy Pallay
Hq. Co. 5th Inf. Div.
APO 5, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Detroit)



Technician Andy Pallay

★ ★ ★

Alberta Randall, file clerk in New York Administration, is a twin, and she and her twin sister once won four wrist watches as prizes on the *Battle of the Sexes* radio quiz program of Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson. Alberta lives in Great Neck, Long Island, and is a graduate of Great Neck High. She also attended the New York School of Filing. Before coming to Ethyl she was with J. R. Woods & Sons, Inc., jewelers. Her hobby is short story writing, and at present she is devoting her evenings to a course in that subject.



These two junior airplane spotters sitting on the steps of the State Capitol at Baton Rouge are, left to right, Billy Ann Edwards and Sue Ann Harrell. Their pappys are W. T. Edwards and Charles O. Harrell of the Ethyl Chloride laboratory.



Tommy Guy, son of Dan Guy of Technical Service, Detroit, looks very much at home among the snowbanks of the frozen North, although his mommie and pappy moved to Detroit only a short time ago from sunny Texas, where snow is something you see in the movies. We would say offhand that little Tommy is quite a Guy.



IRELAND WINS AWARD

Elton H. Ireland, mechanic in Charlie Kass' Road Testing Division at Detroit, is the only Ethylman to join during March that select group of boys and girls who have been with the company 15 years or more. He went to work for the company March 9, 1928, as a motor mechanic. Before that he was with Harwith Motor Sales, distributors of Hudson and Essex cars.

Elton served in the Navy for 28 months during World War I and is a member of Fairview Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. Shortly after his discharge in 1919, he forsook his bachelor status. He has a 13-year-old son and resides in Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

In his spare time, when he is not

tearing down and rebuilding motors, Elton likes to take an airplane up in the clouds or to cut through the white caps in a fast motorboat. During the duck season he can usually be found in a blind, waiting for a shot at a flock of mallards.

There were no ten-year pin winners during March, but an even sextet passed the five-year mark. Included in this group are Gelston Howell, New York Division field man; Robert C. Bloodwell, Deepwater Administration; Francis G. Huyler, tune-up engineer, Boston Division; Frank M. Jobs, Tulsa Division fleet engineer; Herbert C. Moseley, Jr., Boston Division safety engineer, and John W. Pauli, Detroit Engineering.

Elton H. Ireland



Thanks from a Farm Instructor

What are we doing to help the farmer produce enough food for victory? The following testimonial, written by N. J. Wardle, a vocational agricultural instructor of the State of Idaho, should give some idea. The letter was sent to the Sinclair Refining Company at Salt Lake City, Utah, after Mr. Wardle had attended a Sinclair "Farming for Victory" meeting, in which our Seattle Division's fleet and tractor engineer, Harry F. Manning, played a big role.

"Something new has come into the relationship of producer and consumer. I attended the educational meeting put on by your representative and the representative of the Ethyl Corporation which was held in Preston, Idaho, last night. I know of nothing which has built more good will here. The meeting was just a good old get together, yet it was filled with helpful suggestions to every owner of power equipment.

"Congratulations to Ethyl Corporation and Sinclair for forgetting the almighty dollar long enough to make friends of the consumers."

Deepwater Girl Joins WAAC

Seven Ethyl folks have gone into one or another of Uncle Sam's uniforms since our last issue, among them Winifred Duddy, formerly of Deepwater, who has signed up with the Women's Army Auxiliary

Corps, better known as the WAAC. The other six, who are mere men, include Henry Field, Robert Pitcher, and Lloyd Boyles, all of Baton Rouge; Edwin Desmond of Aeronautical Research at Detroit, James Boag of Chemical Research at Detroit, and Larry Reis of the Tulsa Division. When you write them, address the letters as follows:

James Boag
No. 1, M Depot, RCAF
Toronto, Ontario

Fireman 2nd Class Lloyd Boyles
District Training Station
U. S. Coast Guard
La Porte, Texas

Seaman Edwin Desmond
V-7, Sect. 4, U.S.S. Prairie State
135th Street and North River
New York, N. Y.

Auxiliary Winifred Duddy
19th Co., 21st Regiment
3rd WAAC Training Center
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

A/C Henry H. Field, Jr.
Squadron 17, Flight A
S.A.A.A.B.
Santa Ana, Calif.

Private Robert M. Pitcher
Battery A, 6th AART Bn.
Fort Eustis, Va.

Lieutenant (j.g.) L. D. Reis
Naval Training School
University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.



Bonnie McDonald, petite newcomer to the secretarial staff at the Detroit Chem Lab, first saw the light of day in Pollard, Arkansas. She graduated with honors last June from Northern High School in Detroit. Bonnie collects popular records and enjoys dancing, swimming and horseback riding. She is a U.S.O. hostess and has a warm spot in her heart for the Navy, in which branch of the service she has a brother who is a first class petty officer.

Alice Clark, secretary to John Lachowicz, patent attorney at the Detroit Lab, worked for a firm of patent attorneys before joining Ethyl. She is a graduate of Eastern High School in Detroit and as an air raid warden does her bit for civilian defense. When she has time to spare, literature is her favorite diversion.

Geraldine Harms, New York Stenographic, commutes to the Chrysler Building from Flushing, Long Island. She is a graduate of Thevenet Hall Academy at Highland Mills, N. Y., where she received her business training. Before coming to Ethyl she was with A. W. Miller, insurance broker. Reading historical and travel books are her favorite diversions.





Alice Unger, payroll clerk at the Detroit Lab, was born in Pontiac, Mich., but since attaining the ripe old age of one year she has lived in Detroit and Ferndale. She is a graduate of Lincoln High School, where she took a commercial course, and she came to Ethyl from the Vickers Corporation. Music, collecting phonograph records, and playing gin rummy with her husband are her favorite diversions, and she has also been active in civilian defense work. The Ungers have an 11-year-old daughter, Marilyn.

★ ★ ★

Alfred J. Kolka, native of Wisconsin, came to Chem Research, Detroit, from the National Aniline Division of the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, where he had worked since receiving his Ph.D. degree from Notre Dame in 1939. Since moving to Detroit, Al and his wife have been busy getting settled and doing a job of interior decorating on their new home, but when he can find the time, he likes bowling, skiing, golf, riding, and gardening. He is a member of the American Chemical Society.



Wins Award in Radio Quiz

Phil Perry of the Safety Department in New York was a recent winner on Bob Hawk's "Thanks to the Yanks" radio program, sponsored by the makers of Camel cigarettes. Phil was asked the question: "How would you determine you were near wet paint by the use of your olfactory senses?"

The answer is simply: "By smelling the paint."

For giving a correct answer Phil won 2,000 Camels which, according to the rules of the contest, must be sent to a man in the armed forces. Phil selected his brother Bill, who used to be with our Boston Clinic, as the lucky recipient. Bill is at present in the Army and is stationed at Camp Langdon, Portsmouth, N. H., where he is editor of "The Harbor News," the camp newspaper.

Phil conversed with Bob Hawk over the air for a few minutes, stating that he was a safety engineer by profession. When Bob asked about the duties of a safety engineer, Phil replied: "He attempts to keep people from killing themselves through carelessness."

★ ★ ★

The sympathy of his fellow workers in the Baton Rouge plant and of the *Bulletin Board* goes out to Rudolph Brown, a mechanical helper at the Ethyl Chloride operation, whose three-year-old daughter, Nedra, was killed the evening of March 12 by a hit-and-run driver.

Visitors at Deepwater

Radio Technician Second Class John L. Ebell, Captain J. Robert Greenwood, and their wives were among the recent visitors at Deepwater. Before enlisting in Uncle Sam's Navy, Jack Ebell was a blender shipping clerk. Jack has always been interested in the intricacies of radio and he says he is getting a big kick out of his present assignment at Virginia Beach, Va.

Bob Greenwood, formerly a chemist in the Deepwater control lab, entered the Army as a second lieutenant away back in December, 1940, and was assigned to duty at Fort Hancock, N. J., as a troop teaching officer. After several months there he was shifted to his present base at Camp Tyson, Tenn., where he is in charge of a balloon barrage battery. Every time Bob appears at Deepwater he has a different bar or set of bars on his shoulders, so the folks won't be surprised if before long he shows up with the gilt oak leaves of a major.

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Stork Runs Wild

Two little guys named Michael first saw the light of day in Baton Rouge recently. Their fathers are George Kirby of the Technical Division and Jerry Monahan of TEL. In addition, Howard Rodekohr and George Rieger, both of the Technical Division, celebrated the birth of daughters not long ago. Judy Rieger and Susan Rodekohr made their world debut on the same day.

Change Signals Again, Boys!

You fellows in the armed services who are going overseas or who are already there may receive the *Bulletin Board* regularly after all, but don't count on it too much. For the third time in as many months the military regulations governing publications have been changed. Here is an excerpt from the latest memorandum sent us by the War Department.

"In response to complaints that the two-ounce weight limit recently imposed on employee publications mailed to soldiers overseas would oblige many companies to stop sending their house organs to workers now in the service, the Post Office Department has raised the maximum weight allowance for such publications to eight ounces. Under the revised ruling, house organs must still be sent as first class mail, but the weight may run as high as eight ounces."

So hope for the best, boys!

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The Ad Which Came to Dinner

Miss Berta Parish, a young lady in the New York office of BBD&O, seems to be the discoverer of a new way to use the "What's in a Name?" ads which are appearing currently in all the leading magazines. She cuts out the individual illustrations, pastes them on squares of cardboard, and then uses them as place cards for dinner parties.



Fern Newberry, secretary to Charlie Kass at the Detroit Lab, was born in St. Paul, Minn., and graduated from high school there before embarking for Detroit. She came to Ethyl after five years with Harry J. Durbin, building contractor. She lives in Detroit with her 18-year-old daughter and is fond of working in her garden during her spare moments.

Has He a Poet's License?

Like the flowers that bloom in the spring *tra-la*, a poet has blossomed forth in the Kansas City Division. He is John Fischer, safety engineer, and his latest effort is as follows:

*And when I die please bury me
'Neath a ton of sugar under a rubber tree.*

*Lay me to rest in a new auto machine
And water my grave with Ethyl Gasoline.*

Club Sponsors Benefit Ball

The Tune-Up Safety Club, Ethyl's safety organization at Baton Rouge, sponsored the only President's Birthday Ball in Louisiana's capital city. The club paid all expenses, so the entire proceeds from the sale of tickets were turned over to the city's Infantile Paralysis Fund Committee. A large number of Ethyl employees attended, as well as soldiers and sailors from nearby bases and numerous Baton Rouge citizens.

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Faulty Lubrication

Three is not a crowd, says Glen Grant, Seattle Division field man, who joined the ranks of the pops January 22. Carol Ann weighed in at eight pounds two ounces and is a howling success as well as a success at howling. However, when Glen complained to the doctor that Carol Ann was breaking out with the hives, it was discovered he wasn't practicing what he preaches. The text of Glen's lectures to the soldiers at Fort Lewis plainly recommends "thorough cleansing followed by lubrication," yet the medico found that Glen's little girl was being rubbed with oil before, instead of after, her bath.

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Ted Mabley, formerly purchasing agent at the Detroit Lab, is now with the Ford Motor Company, doing construction work. He is located in sunny California, where his address is 1327½ Olive Drive, Hollywood.

Virginia McGill of New York Stenographic hails from Valley Stream, Long Island, and is a graduate of Woodmere High School, where she majored in commercial subjects. Before coming to Ethyl she was a secretary in the export department of the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation in New York. In her spare time she likes to knit and hope for letters from her husband, who is a warrant officer with the Army somewhere in the Pacific area.



Jean Aubeck, receptionist on the 36th floor of the Chrysler Building, makes the daily commute to New York from Forest Hills, Long Island. She is a graduate of Richmond Hill High School and of the New York School of Applied Design for Women, where she studied fashion design and illustrating. She did sketching and modeling for the designing firm of Charles Armour, in New York, before joining Ethyl. Before the country went on a war basis travel was her favorite form of diversion, but now she contents herself with horseback riding and writing letters to boys in the armed services. This is one of those times we sort of wish they were in the armed services.

Dorothea L. Dunning, stenographer in the Safety Department at New York, was secretary of C.R.F. Wickenden and Associates, Inc., an estate planning corporation, before joining Ethyl. She commutes to work from Richmond Hill, Long Island, is a graduate of Richmond Hill High School and of Dekan Secretarial Institute in Jamaica. In the dear, dead days when one used to drive into a service station and say "Fill her up!", riding around the country in a car was her favorite pastime, but now she has to be satisfied with such humdrum activities as swimming and knitting. And in case you're interested, her favorite color is blue.





Julius Dammann, who recently went to work in the New York Mailroom, is no stranger to the Ethyl Corporation. For the past 12 years he has been an employee of the Chrysler Building, looking after the 34th, 35th and 36th floors, and he remembers well the days when we occupied only the 35th floor, so he was among friends when he laid aside his overalls and donned the cafe-au-lait colored jacket of the Mailroom. Jules, as he is more familiarly known, is married, lives in Jersey City and goes in for deep sea fishing. He and his wife used to go out every weekend on a fishing boat, until Coast Guard regulations suspended this sport for the duration.

Luke J. Governale, of the Technical Division at Baton Rouge, and his bride, the former Jacqueline Hartley, look very happy as they pose for the camera at their wedding reception at the home of the bride. They were married January 31 at St. Augustine, Fla., in the rectory of the Cathedral Catholic Church. After a honeymoon on the Gulf Coast they returned home to 718 Park Boulevard, Baton Rouge.



Joyce N. Erickson, stenographer-clerk in Detroit Financial, graduated in 1942 from Redford High School and then took a commercial course at Detroit Business College. She came to Ethyl from the Central Procurement District of the Army Air Forces. Joyce likes tennis and bowling and recently has taken up knitting, primarily for her soldier boy friend, who is in the Army Air Corps. And from the looks of things this soldier is more than just another boy friend, for Joyce wears a sparkling diamond on a certain finger of her left hand.

New Employees At Baton Rouge

Many new faces, both male and female, are seen at the Baton Rouge plant these days. The two lady newcomers in the Finance Department are Hilda L. Nurdin, clerk, and Mary B. Bronson, stenographer. In the Ethyl Chloride Division are Geraldine Ferguson and Hallie E. Boles, special mechanical helpers, and Margaret Simmons, Marie T. Woodard, and Dorothy Ann Goodman, special laboratory helpers.

Alletha F. McIlwain and Janice Shepard have joined the TEL Division as stenographer and clerk, respectively, while Nonie B. Parsons and Rose W. Morgan are the new data clerks in the Technical Division. Special laboratory helpers who recently went to work in the Technical Division are Margaret C. Terrell, Ida S. Bliss, Cleo B. Strange, Anna H. Wilson, Tirzah J. Cook, Josephine G. Heath, Geraldine G. Kukachka and Jewel P. Leftwich.

The new male workers in the TEL Division are Henry Johnson, Jr., John L. Holloway, Earl W. Brignac, and Harry P. Lemoine, all laboratory helpers. In the Ethyl Chloride Division, Brace E. Duplessie, Earl J. Blanchard, Norman E. Durbin, Selmer A. Thomason, Allen M. Zachary, Joseph E. Trabeau, Henry M. Welda, Dean C. Purvis, and Guy B. Calhoun are mechanical helpers, while Thomas I. Arnold, Gus D. Smith, Edwin N. Edwards, Ivan H. Fleniken, Joseph E. Andre, Marcell I. Strickland, and John R. McLa-more are operator helpers. Clarence M. Solberg is an operator supervisor in the Ethyl Chloride Division and Harry L. Bridgeman is a laboratory helper in the Technical Division.

In addition, Paul R. Walton, formerly a chemist at our Deepwater plant, has been transferred to the Technical Division's chemical department.

Rices Now a Foursome

A baby girl, Janith Elizabeth, joined the Richard M. Rice family at San Bernardino on January 30. This makes the Rices a quartet, as they have a son, Dickie, aged three years. Janith Elizabeth's and Dickie's old gentleman is a research engineer at the San Bernardino Lab.

Line Forms on the Right, Lads

Jake Balzer, Tulsa Division safety engineer, sent in the following "Help Wanted" ad, which he clipped from a Houston, Texas, newspaper.

"Truck Driver, white, with wench experience; salary. Olshan Demolishing Company, 2600 Canal."



Harold Lindholm was born in Kinney, Minn., and came to Detroit after graduating from high school at Buhl, Minn. He came to work as a dynamometer operator in the Detroit Lab from the United States Naval Ordnance in Detroit, where he was a machinist. His wife and two children, Harold Jr. and Josephine, aged four and five, respectively, complete the Lindholm household in Ferndale. For relaxation Harold is a hunter and fisherman.



Audrey M. Lyon, stenographic assistant in the Gasoline Testing Lab at Detroit, was born in Pontiac, Mich., graduated from Pontiac High, and then took a commercial course at Pontiac Business Institute. To make the cycle complete, she came to Ethyl from the Pontiac Motor Company, where she was secretary to the chief engineer. Audrey's favorite pastimes are gardening, dancing, and attending the theatre with her husband. She is a recent bride and her husband is an engineer, but, strange as it may seem, he does not work for Pontiac.



Viola Stromback came to the Detroit Lab soon after her graduation last January from Lincoln High School in Ferndale, where she took a commercial course. She assists Carrie McMullan with the files and frequently lends a hand in the photographic department. For recreational purposes, Viola likes dancing, swimming and outdoor sports.



Double Cradle

Twin boys arrived the morning of January 19 in the Royal Hospital, Bronx, N. Y., to brighten the home of Chris Vogel of the Ethyl News staff. Christopher Charles, Jr., and Jon Alan arrived slightly ahead of schedule and weighed in at three and a half and three pounds respectively, but both they and their mother came through the ordeal in good shape. Papa Chris looked slightly worn but very happy. It was his first experience in fatherhood.

★ ★ ★

No Longer with Us

Marjorie Swearingen, Detroit
Lena P. Young, Detroit
Bernadine F. Poepelman, Dayton
Susan R. Hill, New York
Jayne Walley, Detroit
Berndt B. Carley, Detroit
Isabella M. Kennedy, Detroit
Frances Wilson, Baltimore
Ruth R. King, New York
Patricia Ann Beyer, Tulsa
Jane Baldwin, Detroit
Walter Eilermann, New York
Charles D. Boehme, Chicago
A. R. Dunn, New York
Helen Ruth Nolan, New York
Helmi Burkleo, Detroit

★ ★ ★

The arrival of Linda Joe on January 2 made the family of Al Basye, Kansas City Division safety engineer, a trio.

Fish Don't Perspire

Are goldfish self sufficient? This serious problem of ichthyological research seems to have been solved at the Chem Lab in Detroit, according to Anne Caplan, our correspondent out there. Away back in mid-November two of the finny beauties, confined in a sealed flask which contained only water, sand and seaweed, were left on Charlie Gambrell's desk, together with a note which said: "Please feed the fish, as I will be away over the weekend." Of course Charlie couldn't feed the fish because they were in the sealed flask, but he moved them, flask and all, to the general office of the Chem Lab. There the fish are still swimming happily about, waxing fatter and sassier with each passing day.

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A Wire for Sieb and Harry

The following telegram was received recently by Harry Mack and Sieb Siebenthaler of the Dayton Division. It was sent by Ham Greenup and Jack Pruitt, both of whom are in the Army in California, after Ham and Jack had seen the story on Ethyl's 20th anniversary, which appeared in the February issue of the *Bulletin Board*.

"JUST SAW BULLETIN.
LOVE TO YOU GRAYHEADED
OLD DASTARDS. SPELLING
ALTERED BY WESTERN
UNION. GREENUP AND
PRUITT."

Seattle Soldiers Shifted

Two of the boys on military leave from the Seattle Division have changed their addresses since our last listing. Lieutenant Bob Mead can now be reached at Ordnance Department, Ordnance Service Command Shops, Vancouver Barracks, Wash. Aviation Cadet Ray Brown picks up his mail at Squadron 3, Flight "A", S.A.A.B., Santa Ana, Calif. ★ ★ ★

Aviation Cadet Joseph A. Hobart has recently been transferred from Chanute Field, Ill., to New Haven, Conn., where his address is AAF TTC CATC No. 1, 1731 Entrance B, Silliman Hall. ★ ★ ★

Emerson B. Blair, formerly of Dayton, is now a second lieutenant in the Air Corps and is stationed at Hamilton Field, California, where he was assigned as squadron engineer following his graduation from Chanute Field, Ill., last September. You can drop him a line there at A.T.C. South Pacific Wing. ★ ★ ★

Stephen N. Hall, formerly of Deepwater, is now an ensign in the Navy and his address has been changed to 5030 Golden Gate Avenue, Oakland, Calif. ★ ★ ★

If you want to drop a line or two to Major Don Williams, formerly of the New York Division, his most up-to-date address, as obtained from Mrs. Williams, is First Engineer Amphibian Brigade, APO 700, care of Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

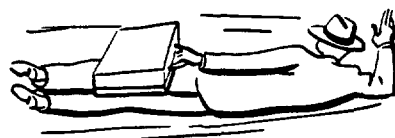
Howard Hudiburg, formerly of the Chicago Division, reports that he was recently promoted to the rank of major. A letter from Howard is included in this month's Military Mail Bag. ★ ★ ★

Walter J. Rantanen, formerly of the Baton Rouge testing laboratory, has written in to suggest that, because of frequent changes in his military address, mail for him be sent to his parents' home at 36 Roanoke Parkway, Buffalo, N. Y. He also informed us he is no longer a private, but a technician fifth grade. ★ ★ ★

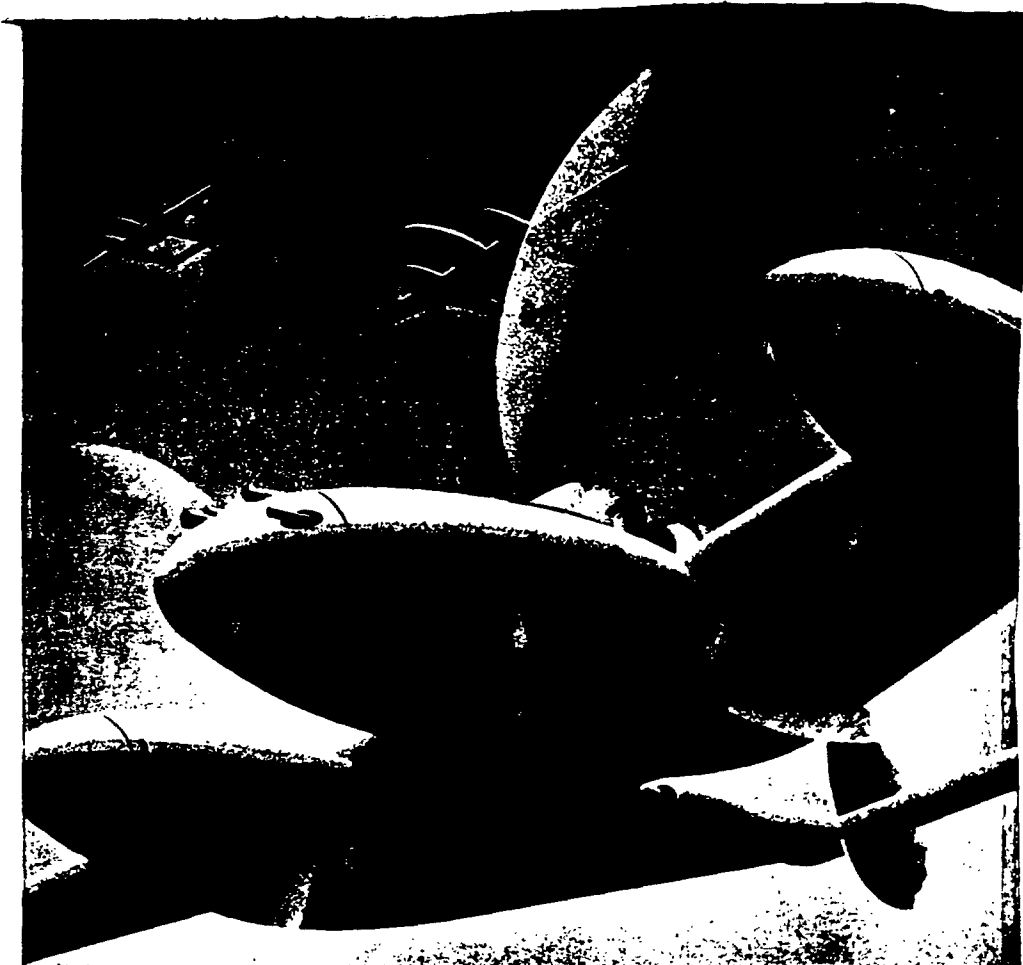
Arthur Dale Miller, formerly of the Tulsa Division, now wears the gold oak leaves of a major in Uncle Sam's Army. A letter will reach him if addressed to APO 3623, San Francisco, Calif. ★ ★ ★

Lieutenant Ray Luke, formerly of the Atlanta Division, has said farewell to New Orleans. Mail will now reach him at U. S. Navy Section Base, Panama City, Florida.

The Shift Key



Edward E. Muller, Sales, New York, to Sales, Atlanta.



***IT TAKES ETHYL
TO "KEEP 'EM FLYING!"***

IT TAKES YOU TO MAKE ETHYL

Ethyl BULLETIN BOARD

MAY, 1943



ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — *by and for Ethyl employees*

**PLENTY OF
VEGETABLES**

PAGE 6

**AFTER
13 YEARS—**

PAGE 10

LADIES INVADE LAB

PAGE 12

YOUR DRAFT STATUS

PAGE 18

PIN CHAMPIONS

PAGE 21



Jack Martin explains how Preventive Maintenance is vital to the war effort.

KEEPING 'EM ROLLING

A large crowd of New York office people recently heard Jack Martin, eastern regional manager, give a sample of the presentation which he and Dick Murphy, western regional manager, are giving before groups of officials of customer companies in various key cities throughout the country.

The presentation concerns itself with the Ethyl Program for Preventive Maintenance Control, which is proposed as a cooperative venture with our customer oil companies, and has the approval of the Office of Defense Transportation. The plan is designed to appeal to the small business man—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—and to the farmer, who own just one or two small trucks, rather than to the large fleet owner. It simplifies preventive maintenance for these little fellows, who are not equipped

to handle the minutely detailed records used by the big fleets.

All instructions are simply worded, and the set of records for the owner is simple, complete, compact and easy to keep. By following the program the small business man can prevent trouble before it happens and can maintain his truck for the duration of the war at the lowest cost per mile.

The plan was designed with an eye to the shortage of skilled maintenance mechanics and to enable less experienced operators to do the work. The clear, concise instructions, contained in a 28-page booklet entitled "Preventive Maintenance Control," tell in simple language exactly what to do, when to do it, and how to do it, and by following these specific directions carefully, station operators can insure a complete maintenance job on a truck or car.



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THE PREVENTIVE MAINTENANCE CONTROL KIT

It provides the truck owner (and the service station operator) with a simple means of keeping tab on the work done at every service interval — and also the work that will be needed at scheduled intervals in the future.



"Preventive Maintenance Control" is similar to a comprehensive preventive maintenance prescription book previously prepared by Ethyl engineers for the U. S. Army.

Since careful driving plays a large part in vehicle maintenance, a 72-page book called "Professional Driving" is a part of the Preventive Maintenance Control plan. This contains numerous driving tips from the top notch drivers who drive the trucks and buses of the outstanding fleets of the nation.

To help along the service stations and garages which are cooperating in the Preventive Maintenance Control program, we are placing advertisements in numerous trade journals which reach small business men and truck owners.

This program, it is hoped, is not something that will go out of style when the war ends. Its designers hope that truck owners will see its value in increasing the life of their equipment and so will form the habit of having maintenance service performed at regular intervals.

The presentation in the Chrysler Building, at which Jack showed the numerous diagrams and charts he is displaying to our customer representatives, was a trial horse rehearsal and was followed by a discussion session to iron out any kinks which were evident. Also, it enabled other departments to hear the full story on one of the joint activities of the sales, technical service, and public relations groups.

Dick Murphy opens his swing through the West with a meeting at the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago.





How's Your Victory Garden?

With the coming of spring many of the boys are bending their backs and toughening up their muscles by planting Victory gardens to help grow the food which will help lar-rup the Axis. After giving the situation the sharp double-o, we have reached the conclusion that Jay Goux, assistant secretary, who has charge of Order and Shipping, has the largest Victory garden of anyone in the New York office.

Jay's garden is approximately 50 by 175 feet in size, which is quite a lot of garden if you have to turn the earth with a spade. Jay doesn't have to. He gets a neighboring farmer to plow his land and then break it down by pulling a harrow over it several times. After those operations are performed Jay is on his own, taking care of all planting and cultivating. Getting a plow and a harrow on his place is easy, because he lives in Brinckerhoff, away up in Dutchess County, where he owns over 30 acres of land.

As his main crops, Jay is growing corn and lima beans. "And you can't

grow succotash by planting the two of 'em together," Jay was careful to inform us. In addition, he is raising strawberries, red raspberries, string beans, corn, tomatoes, radishes, cucumbers, squash, carrots and peas.

Although living up there in the country gives Jay plenty of space in which to spread out, his distance from the office is also a disadvantage, because he spends four hours a day commuting and can find time to work in his garden only on weekends. He takes the train from Beacon daily, but to get to the station he must drive eight miles over country roads.

In contrast to Jay's big Victory garden are the pint size plots in the vacant property next to the apartment house where your correspondent has his domicile. When permission was granted by the owner of the aforementioned property for the apartment house cliff dwellers to use it for Victory gardens, there was a stampede which resembled a miniature gold rush, each eager to stake out his 20 by 40 foot claim.



Jay Goux goes in for Victory gardening in a big way.

Your correspondent marked out his little piece of property and then went inside to wolf his Sunday victuals. When he returned to farm his soil, he found a claim jumping neighbor had usurped part of it. "Swords or pistols, suh?" was almost in order before the difficulty was straightened out with a reasonable degree of satisfaction to both parties.

Your correspondent at last got down to the serious business of digging his plot, but not for long. He was soon to discover that neighbor-

hood gardens are infested with those windy individuals who, in baseball parlance, are known as "barbers." A barber's main purposes in life are to talk, talk, talk and talk, and unless you wish to be branded a grouch or a sourpuss, you must give him your undivided attention. Your correspondent estimates conservatively that at least half of the working time in a suburban Victory garden must be spent in listening to the dissertations of various barbers.

All in all, we think Jay Goux maybe has the right idea.

Members of the Detroit Finance Department are attending a bi-weekly class in general and cost accounting, which is conducted by Kingsley Jones. Kingsley, who is standing next to the blackboard, is an assistant company auditor on loan to the Detroit Lab for coordinating the activities of the Finance Department.



Helen McGoldrick, comptometer operator in New York Financial, hails from Brooklyn and is a graduate of Bushwick High School in that borough. She came to us from the General Exchange Insurance Corporation, a subsidiary of General Motors. Helen is married and her husband is in England with the Army Aviation Engineers. She is fond of sports, but best of all she likes to receive letters from overseas.

Janice Stevenson, who looks after the safety records in the Dayton Division, came to Ethyl from the Dayton Power & Light Company. A native of Dayton, she was educated in the schools of that city and is a graduate of Dickinson Secretarial School. Janice devotes much of her spare time to her work as a Red Cross nurse's aid. She is also fond of outdoor sports and dancing, and she attends the USO soldiers' dances which are held weekly in Dayton. Incidentally, Janice is smiling so sweetly at Charlie Boehme, formerly of the Chicago Division, who snapped this picture. Dayton folks say that smile is her usual expression.



John F. Palmer, accountant in New York Financial, lives in Hempstead, Long Island, with his wife and three kiddies. He attended the New York Preparatory School in Brooklyn and is a graduate of New York University's School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance. For many years before coming to Ethyl he was with Kidder, Peabody & Company, investment bankers. He is an amateur photographer and his favorite subjects are his daughter, nine years old, and his two sons, aged five and three years.



The Spirit of Charity

Durwood Rossman, left, is happy not only because he captained the winning Ethyl Bowling League team during the 1942-43 season, but also because of a little token he is receiving from Punch Pfundstein, acting in behalf of the Road Testing Division. The gift card attached to the watering can carries the following inscription:

"We have noticed from time to time dynamometer mechanics trudging wearily from 'C' Wing to

the garage. These footsore individuals are in search of water cans, drain pans, creepers, etc., and it no end depresses us to observe their pitiful quests. It is, therefore, with an altruistic view and a heartfelt, charitable spirit that we present to the Dynamometer Section this watering can so as to somewhat lighten the daily burdens of those staunch souls who perforce earn their daily bread under most discouraging circumstances."

Tommy Keenan, formerly of New York Purchasing, has joined the ever growing throng of Ethylmen in the Army. He is located at Camp Davis, N. C., where his address is Battalion A, 559th Coast Artillery (AA).

Mrs. Alan Tully, wife of our Atlanta Division manager, is convalescing after a serious attack of pneumonia. The Tullys have had their share of sickness this past winter, with Alan losing his appendix early in December.



Farewell to Elizabeth



Elizabeth Medlin and son, Stan.

After 13 years with the Tulsa Division, Elizabeth Colburn Medlin gave up her career as a business woman to devote her entire time to making a home for her husband and young son, Stan. Elizabeth came to work for us in January, 1930, and was secretary to Jack Martin for more than two years. When Tom Ronan came to Tulsa in 1932, she became his secretary and continued in that capacity for seven years. From 1939 until her resignation from the company she was Lou Shank's secretary.

Lou and Len Huxtable, assistant manager of the Tulsa Division, gave her a farewell dinner at the Tulsa Club on February 26, at which she wore an orchid corsage presented to her by the Shanks. As a parting gift the personnel of the Tulsa Division and Dick Murphy, western regional manager, gave her a gold Longines wrist watch. Matched sterling compote dishes were presented by Lou Shank, acting in behalf of Jack Mar-

tin and Tom Ronan.

During the dinner the honor guest received telegrams from Dick Murphy and Harry Kuhe, Seattle Division manager. Harry also wired American Beauty roses. Ed Hendrick, Tulsa Division field engineer, did a fine job as master of ceremonies, and Harry Cottrell, senior member of the division, gave a moving farewell address.

Soon after her departure, the following interesting letter was written by Elizabeth to the *Bulletin Board*:

"At the request of Mr. Huxtable, I am enclosing herewith a snapshot of my son, Stan, and myself, which is to accompany the story sent you on the farewell dinner party which Mr. Shank and Mr. Huxtable gave for me.

"In the event they might have been a little modest in their write-up, I'd like everyone to know that it was the loveliest dinner party ever and the beautiful Longines

wrist watch given to me by present and some past members of the Tulsa Division is certainly a cherished gift. I hope you can also mention the lovely silver compotes sent to me by my two former employers, Messrs. Jack Martin and Tom Roman, as well as the two dozen red roses sent to me by Harry Kuhe, who was also formerly in this division.

"Leaving the Ethyl Corporation was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life—13 years is a long time to be with one company. I saw the Tulsa Division grow from a force of a division manager—Jack Martin—and two field men to its present capacity of a division manager, assistant division manager, and 11 men on active duty plus some four or five in the armed forces; also saw the growth from two small rooms to four in our new laboratory building and then to the very spacious eight-room office they now have, and from only one girl to five at one time—now only four due to the war situation.

"But, my goodness, I'm only supposed to be sending a picture, not sitting here remembering highlights of my 13 years—crammed full years, too, with the grandest organization in the world.

"Mr. Murphy, our regional manager, also took time to send me a wire, bidding me farewell and saying that after meeting my son, Stan, he couldn't doubt the wisdom of my decision to quit work and take care of him.

"Thank you!"



Herbert Case of A.I.S., New York, travels to the Chrysler Building daily from Westfield, N. J., where he lives with his wife and two-year-old daughter. He attended high school in Flemington, N. J., went to Colgate University for one year, and then finished off his college career at Lafayette, where he was graduated in 1927 with an A.B. degree. Before coming to Ethyl, Herb worked for some time in the whiskey business with Schenley Distillers. His favorite diversions are tennis and Victory gardening, and he is also interested in antiques.

★ ★ ★

Mary Marshall of New York Stenographic, is a native, believe it or not, of Marshalltown, Iowa, but at an early age her family moved to New York. She lives in Flushing and attended Bayside High School on Long Island, Milwaukee Downer College in Milwaukee, Wis., and Washington School for Secretaries in New York City. Before coming to us Mary was a receptionist and stenographer for Bates-Thompson, Inc., retailers of men's hats. Red Cross work takes up a large part of her free time.





Ladies of the

**If you don't think the girls have
take a look**

Anne Wilson weighs out just the right
amount of a compound.



Jewel Leftwich peers into a colorimeter and
records what she sees.



Evelyn Baker selects what she needs from
the stockroom.

Laboratory

taken over at Baton Rouge,
at these pictures

Geraldine Kukachka works on titrations.



Rose Morgan jots down chemical data.



Cleo Strange and **Evelyn Baker** are experts
in operating the distillation apparatus.

Risk Runs Risks, Pages Paige

The accompanying sketch shows a ticklish situation which developed after Tom Risk of the refinery technology division of Technical Service bought a deep freeze unit. After Tom had rented a trailer and made his own delivery with the assistance of Bill Wanderer of Detroit Road Testing, it was discovered that all doors leading to the basement of his home were too narrow to permit passage of the half-ton cold storage chest.

With the help of a few carpenter tools, a wider door was constructed, but then a new complication developed. Half way down the stairway leading to the basement a right angle turn was encountered, which proved a tough problem for even a couple of bright engineers. After sweating and swearing for several

hours, it was decided additional manpower was needed.

The sketch shows the situation at one a.m., when Tom Risk was frantically paging Ed Paige by telephone. The paged Paige didn't enjoy being paged at that hour of the morning, since he had long since gone to bed, but he sleepily consented to come to the rescue. Reports have it that the boys finally maneuvered the deep freeze unit to its permanent resting place along about sun-up.

★ ★ ★

Rapid Movement

From the meager information on dates and places Jess Carmichael, formerly of the Kansas City Testing Lab, is permitted by the Army to give out, the Engineers' unit to which he is attached had urgent business overseas about two weeks after he joined it at Fort Dix, N. J. According to late reports, no luggage, pay or mail had caught up with his rapid movements, yet Jess reports that the going hasn't been too tough and he has even had time for some golf and fishing. Jess is a first lieutenant and if you want to drop him a line, his address is 702nd Engineers Petroleum Distribution Unit, APO 4015, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

Fourth Little Dedo

Douglas Donald Dedo, weight six pounds, joined the Homer Dedo household on March 18, to bring the total of little Dedos to four. The others are Herb, Dick and Dottie.



Kind Words from Mr. Ickes . . .

PETROLEUM ADMINISTRATION FOR WAR

WASHINGTON

MAR - 8 1943

My dear Mr. Boyd:

It was, in a sense, just a part of the morning report when Deputy Administrator Davies told me the other day that March 10 was to be the deadline for shipment by the oil companies of the remainder of the scrap rubber which they collected during last Summer's campaign.

But, to me, it was much more than merely that. To me, it was a reminder of an outstandingly important job that was done outstandingly well.

It was last June 12 that President Roosevelt called upon the oil industry to undertake a short-term, intensive campaign for the collection of reclaimable rubber. The President said, in part:

"If the collection campaign yields a large amount of rubber, it may be possible to protect the country's military supply of rubber, as well as help meet essential civilian needs."

The Petroleum Industry War Council spearheaded the campaign, enlisting the million men and women of the oil business, and putting into the effort the industry's 400,000 filling stations, its automotive equipment and its money.

The results are now history: approximately 454,000 tons of scrap rubber added to the Nation's stockpile. My thought at this time, however, is that I earnestly hope that, because it is history, the campaign will not be forgotten. I hope that the American public may realize, and appreciate, the fact that the recaps which they are getting were made possible because of that scrap rubber drive of last Summer. That the President voiced as a possibility, you of the oil industry have transformed into reality.

As the head of the Government agency through which the petroleum industry channeled its efforts, I want to renew my previously expressed appreciation of the job that was accomplished.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Z. Ickes

Petroleum Administrator for War.

Mr. William R. Boyd, Jr., Chairman,
Petroleum Industry War Council,
1625 K Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.



Soldiers Learn Maintenance

In the February issue of the *Bulletin Board* you read about what our various divisions are doing to help along the war effort. Thinking you would like to know more about this, we decided to pick out a specific instance of our cooperation with the armed forces and investigate it.

Since the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, we went upstairs to the New York Division and laid our problem before Roy Goltz, acting manager of that division. Said Roy:

"Why don't you take a trip out to Miller Field on Staten Island with Bill Ball, one of our field engineers? Bill conducts a meeting and demonstration out there every week for Army motor mechanics."

So we went with Bill to the Miller Field Ordnance Automotive School, which is under the command of Col. N. W. Thomas and which is turning out Army mechanics by the hundreds.

The group Bill addressed was composed of about sixty men, and every Tuesday afternoon he tells a class of similar size all about fuel and maintenance troubles. The meeting was split into three 45-minute periods with ten minute rest periods in between, and we particularly noted that the men paid good attention and took notes during this entire time.

The importance of good gasoline to the armed forces was stressed. Bill explained in detail the causes and cures for problems such as gum, vapor lock, water, aggravated deton-

ation, and many other practical problems which arise in field operations.

The Ethyl film, "What Is Good Gasoline?", was shown and the soldiers were told how to cope with problems resulting from gasoline which might differ considerably from U. S. Army specifications. They saw our movies of combustion, which show the slow, regular burning of normal combustion as compared with the explosive flash of knocking combustion.

Probably the most impressive event of the afternoon for the embryo soldier mechanics was the dem-



Bill Ball

onstration of knock on one of our small demonstration engines. Gasolines of different octane numbers were used in this engine, while the loss of power and increase in engine temperature from engine knock were flashed on a screen. Loss of power and speed were also shown as the result of retarding the ignition or using rich mixtures, even though these steps might be necessary in a combat emergency where a loss of fuel supply required the temporary use of a very low octane fuel. Bill told his audience about numerous troubles in the carburetor and ignition systems and what to do to them in the event of an emergency.

After attending this meeting, which is similar to many meetings Ethylmen are conducting throughout the country for men in the armed services, we came away convinced that service mechanics who follow these instructions will be better equipped to keep Uncle Sam's motor vehicles rolling. Ethyl is making a man-sized donation to the war effort by providing specialized information on fuel and maintenance problems.

★ ★ ★

Author of History

A book on the history of Alsace, France, particularly that period immediately before and after its seizure by Germany in 1870, has been written by Jacques Daibel, father of Viola Wells of our New York Ethyl-Dow office. Because of intolerable conditions there after the Germans took over in 1870, Viola's parents came to the United States from

Alsace, where her family had lived since the time of the ancient Celts. Viola sent a copy of the book to Tom Midgley, who thought it contained valuable historical data and turned it over to Ohio State University for its historical archives.

★ ★ ★

A Young Man's Fancy

Florence Liebermuth, our Atlanta correspondent, sends in the following:

Just how spring affects Easterners I cannot be too sure, but down South it seems to have quite an effect on some people. Take Joe Williams, for example. Joe, you will remember was connected with Clinic II and then with the Atlanta Division as Mississippi representative. Joe has just come through Officers Candidate School and is now a lieutenant. He is stationed at a little place called Warner Robins Field, Warner Robins, Ga. (We cannot find Warner Robins on the map.)

Now spring has turned Joe's mind to thoughts of love and we heard from him just lately that he is going to be married — to "one of those Mississippi gals," to use his own language. Knowing Joe's taste, we naturally assume his sweetheart is beautiful and charming — in fact a real Southern belle. Spring has affected Joe to such an extent that he neglected to give us the name of the future Mrs. Joe or any particulars — just the statement that he was to be married — no date, mind you, no nothing but a statement of accomplishment of objective. We have asked for details, also pictures.

Classification Categories of Reg

This chart is for ready-reference on Selective Service classifications. Most Ethyl employees without dependents are entitled to 2A or 2B classifications. Request for 2A or 2B classification must be initiated by the employer. Detailed statement of work of registrant is sometimes needed to strengthen request. However, no present Selective Service ruling makes such requirement. The description of the other classes are sufficiently specific for general reference.	GROUPS
	1 Subject to active military service
	2 No dependents Key man Deferred
	3 Dependents Deferred
	4 Not subject to military service

gistrants under Selective Service

CLASSIFICATIONS

1A Available for military service	1AO Conscientious objector available for non- combatant military service	1c Member of land or naval reserve forces, who was once inducted but released subject to recall to engage in agricultural or other essential work
2A Necessary in civilian essential capacity	2B Necessary to the war production program	2C Deferred by reason of agricultural occupation or endeavor
3A Man with child or children deferred by reason of maintaining bona-fide family relationship	3C Man with dependents who is regularly engaged in agricul- tural occupation or endeavor	3D Man deferred because induction would cause extreme hardship and privation to a wife, child or parent with whom he maintains a bona-fide family relationship
4A Man forty-five years old, or over, who is deferred by reason of age	4B Official deferred by law	4C Neutral aliens request- ing relief from liability for training and service and aliens not accept- able to the armed forces
4D Minister of religion or divinity student	4E Conscientious objector available for work of national importance	4F Physically, mentally or morally unfit
4H	Men thirty-eight to forty-five now deferred because their age group is not being accepted for military service. (This group is being reclassified in case of eventual call.)	



Winsome Workers

These Baton Rouge girls weren't trained for men's work, but they are doing a good job at the Ethyl Plant.

Willie Nixon, 22 years old, gives out equipment over the counter. She likes her job but she thinks she will return to housework after the war.



Roberta Roy is 22 years old and had always done office and stenographic work. She enjoys her job in the carpenter shop so much she would like to remain in that occupation permanently.

Edna Ott, aged 20, studied to do secretarial work. She has a job in the Ethyl store, but she says she will stay for the duration only.

Rossman's Keglers Win Crown

Team 2, captained by Durwood Rossman, emerged triumphant in the Detroit Ethyl Bowling League race, which ended April 1. It was a tough battle, with teams 2, 6, 1 and 8 separated by only a few points until six weeks before the end of the season. In the stretch, however, Captain Rossman's lads put on the pressure to grab the leadership and win going away.

Highlights of the season were Ed Johnson's 242 single game, which he scored on the opening night, and Mike Rometti's triple of 609, which

was hung up around Thanksgiving time.

In the girls' league Jewel Ahonen set a fast pace to take the championship, though she was closely pressed throughout the season by Myra Willis and Anne Chalifoux. High single honors went to Myra Willis with a 189 game, while Anne Chalifoux scored the high triple of 474.

All the bowlers are looking forward to the annual bowling banquet, which will be held May 22 at the Bonnie Brook Country Club.

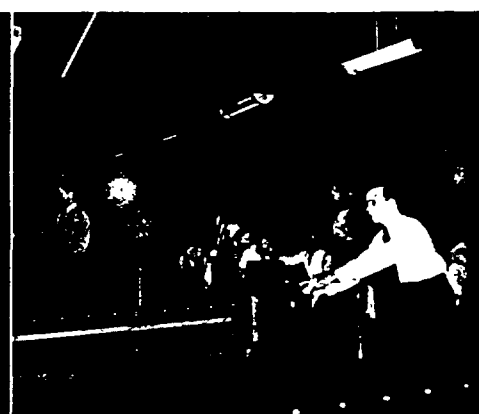
Men's League			Girls' League		
High	Doughty	174	High	Jewel Ahonen	133
average	Johnson	165	average	Myra Willis	128
	Prince	160		Anne Chalifoux	127
High	Johnson	242	High		
single			single	Myra Willis	189
High	Rometti	609	High		
triple			triple	Anne Chalifoux	474

Team high single (men), Team 9, 909; team high triple (men), Team 9, 2545.

Ben Brewster sees the birdie



Cap Hall lets one go





Winning team: Bob Mescher, Durwood Rossman, Steve Droege, Nelson Gage, Mike Rometti



League officers: Bob Gourlay, Joe Weaver, Merrill Doughty



Some of the girls caught off guard



Pat Harding after rolling a gutter ball



Merrill Doughty, high man for seas



Jewel Ahonen, girls' champion



*Dick, Harry Lee, Wally and Jerry Prince
come to see Papa Harry roll 'em*



The Frank Feltner

Four Off to War from Baton Rouge

Four new names have been added this month to the military honor roll at Baton Rouge, among them Winnie Dugas, who thereby gains the distinction of being the first lady at our Louisiana plant to join the WAAC. The boys who have gone on Uncle Sam's payroll are Henry Miller, Clement Eiswirth and Aristide Treloar. Their addresses, and the addresses of several Baton Rougers who have changed their bases recently, are listed below:

Auxiliary Winifred Dugas
4th Company, 23rd Regiment
3rd WAAC Training Center
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Private Henry Miller
611 Training Group
Flight 374, Tent Area
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Private Clement C. Eiswirth
630 T.S.S. Fl. 376
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Aristide D. Treloar, Jr., CMM
U. S. Maritime Service
Officers Training School
202 Young American Hall
Alameda, Calif.

Av/C Phebus N. Hotard
307th HHFFTD
Hicks Field
Fort Worth, Texas

Joseph E. Christy, S.F. 1/c
75th Battalion
Co. C, Plt. 2
Camp Parks, Calif.

T 5 Leonard E. Massey
Co. G, 801 Signal Training Regt.
Camp Murphy, Fla.

S/Sgt. James N. Johnson
384 Q.M. Tnk. Co.
Indiantown Gap, Penna.

Corporal Frank S. Neal
Co. B, 563 EBM Bn.
3 E.A.B.
Camp Bell, Fla.

S/Sgt. Woodrow F. Zachariah
479 Bombing Squadron
Avon Park, Fla.

Lieutenant Hubert N. Wax
4227 Herschel Avenue
Apartment 11
Dallas, Texas

★ ★ ★

Newcomers at Baton Rouge

We have an even dozen new employees at Baton Rouge to present to you this month. In the Ethyl Chloride Division Carl V. Hunt and Marion E. Kaiser are operator helpers, and the new mechanical helpers are Lynwood R. Sharon, Hebert H. Rasberry, Marvin M. Meadows, John T. Allen and Minton R. Carson. Annie L. Houston is a stenographer in the personnel department of TEL, and Mary F. Hoggatt and Grace Moffett are stenos in TEL's purchasing department. John H. Tate is an intermediate clerk in TEL purchasing and Arthur J. Haas, Jr., is a chemist in the Technical Division.

We Hear from Freeport

We have at last lined up a correspondent at Ethyl-Dow in Freeport. His name is Bill Murk and he fires the opening gun with the following:

This is the first time we Texans have been in the *Bulletin Board*, therefore, by way of introduction, we are your neighbors and fellow workers in the Southwest, part of the Texas Division of Ethyl-Dow. We already feel a kinship to all other parts of the Ethyl Corporation, because our work is related and the direction of our combined efforts is toward the same end.

From observing past issues of the *Bulletin Board*, we would say our interests are much the same as those of you in Deepwater, Baton Rouge, Atlanta or Seattle. We like fishing, horseback riding, barbecues and dancing—Texas style. We buy War Bonds (a Treasury Department 10¢ flag hangs in the office building lobby) and we have given generously of our employees to the armed services.

At present there are 32 former employees in the armed services—22 in the Army, four in the Navy, one in the Marine Corps, three in the Air Corps, and two in the Coast Guard. A large service board in the lobby of the office building lists them in the order of departure and is a constant reminder to those of us on the production front of the greater sacrifice some of us are making elsewhere. By the name of one,

an Air Force lieutenant, we have placed a gold star.

Three of the nicer things about Ethyl-Dow are the first young ladies to break a precedent by becoming employees here. Bess "Liz" Truman handles insurance records, while Nina Dean "Butch" Gotcher and Leslie Lou "Linda" Blair are stenographers extraordinary. Sophistication, modernity, glamour—we have it!

We hope in later issues to introduce some of us in pictures, but right now this will have to do as our debut into the *Bulletin Board* family. When some of those record fish are caught, whenever we can persuade the fairer sex to pose, or whenever we can snap some shots of life in Texas, we will send along these items to you.

★ ★ ★

Five with Us Five Years

Grizzled veterans who have been with the company fifteen or even ten years are conspicuous by their absence this month. We can give you, however, the names of five people who won their five-year awards. They are Beatrice E. Cook and Arthur P. Deverill of New York Financial; Isabelle Gerland, Manufacturing, Baton Rouge; Ben F. Penrose, Seattle Division safety engineer, and Patricia Watson, secretary to Jack Martin in New York.



If Injured,

This Elhyl First Aid team at Baton Rouge placed second in the First Aid contest sponsored by the Standard Oil Company of Louisiana. Standing, left to right, are: W. J. Henry, sponsor; Wallace Mixon, J. W. Darby, and B. P. Himel. In the front row, left to right, are: H. R. Allen, captain; Dennis J. O'Banion, alternate; and Frank Hill. J. F. Carter was unable to appear in the picture because he had left to join the armed forces.

Little Miss Seven-by-Seven

If seven is a lucky number, then fortune should beam on Catherine Marie Muller, who bowed into this world the night of January 25. The little girl tipped the scales at exactly seven pounds seven ounces. Ed Muller, Atlanta Division safety engineer, is a mighty proud man.

No Longer with Us

Stella Pilat, Detroit
Elizabeth C. Medlin, Tulsa
Anna Hiop, Detroit
Frederick M. Rahn, Atlanta
Joseph J. Martin, Detroit
Pierre Celto, New York
Madelaine Tamm, Detroit
Kaye R. Hargie, Detroit
Samuel T. Stafford, Jr., Yonkers
Lawrence K. Moore, Chicago
John D. Rowe, New York



Call on Them

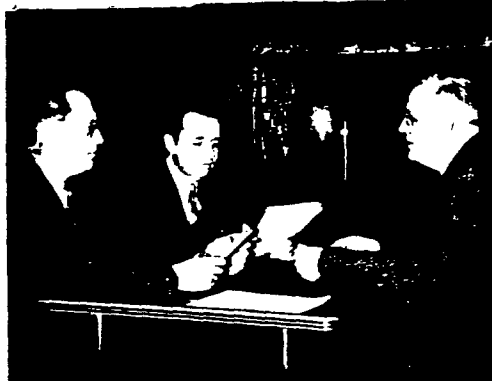
The Mechanical Department at Baton Rouge has its own First Aid team. Standing, left to right, are: M. C. Hudgins, sponsor; E. J. Lorio and C. L. McKnight. In front row, left to right, are: George H. Doran, R. D. Thrasher, J. T. Adams and R. L. LeBoeuf.

Lab Tops in Red Cross Drive

Ferndale's Chamber of Commerce recently announced that our Detroit Lab employees led those of all industrial plants in that area in average per capita contributions to the Red Cross drive. The average employee donation at the Lab was over \$5. Since there are approximately 85 plants located in the Ferndale community, Detroit Ethyl folks are mighty proud of their record.

Tells it to the Marines

Glen D. Grant of the Seattle Division, who for the past year has been conducting the Preventive Maintenance and Driver Training School for first and second echelon men at Fort Lewis, Wash., is now a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve and has started a month's training at San Diego, Calif. Glen is the third member of the Seattle Division to don a uniform.



Left to right: Chet Becker, Art Wilt and Dave Thompson

Tips on Tractors

Two Ethylmen took to the airwaves recently to give out preventive maintenance tips on tractors to farmers. Art Wilt of the agricultural department of Technical Service at Detroit broadcast March 18 over Station WLS, Chicago. With him on the program were Chet Becker, general manager of the Illinois Farm Supply Company, and Dave Thompson, associate editor of *Prairie Farmer*, who acted as interlocutor. This was Art's second broadcast over WLS within a month.

In New York, Frank Stablein, New York Division tractor engineer, hauled himself out of the feathers long before sun-up on April 6 to take part in the "Modern Farmer" program over WEA. The time of this broadcast was from 6:30 to 7:00 A.M., which isn't exactly a "witching hour" for us city slickers.

★ ★ ★

Bob Richardson, formerly of the Boston Division, is a lieutenant in the Navy and is located in Detroit. His address there is Office of Supervisor of Ship Building, 9666 East Jefferson Avenue.

There's That Bird Again

Three alumnae of Ethyl, all ex-secretaries, recently added two girls and a boy to the nation's population. A daughter, Edith, weight just one ounce short of seven pounds, was born April 11 in the French Hospital in New York to Esther Stapley Lyman, formerly secretary to Julian Gonzales. As good luck would have it, Esther's husband was home on leave that day from Officers Training School at Aberdeen, Md.

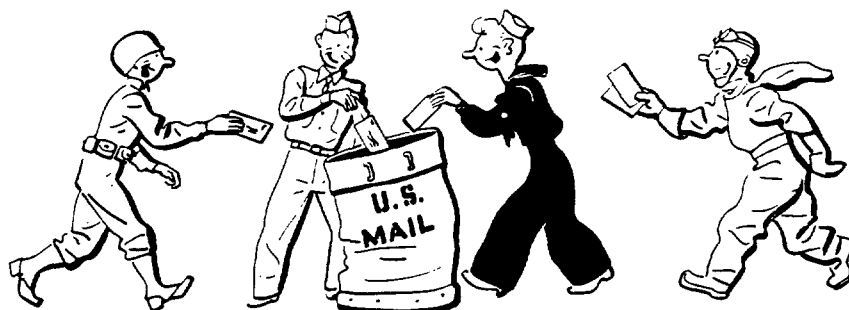
A son, Willard Joseph, weighing six pounds seven ounces, was born April 5 to Margaret Spalding Freeman, formerly secretary to Roy Goltz of the New York Division, and her husband, Dr. Gilbert Freeman, in the M.I. Bassett Hospital in Cooperstown, N. Y.

To Wynn Porter Sanders, who was secretary to John Schaefer when he first moved to New York, a daughter, Maria Christie, was born March 18 in Gotham Hospital, New York. She weighed six pounds nine ounces.

★ ★ ★

Gay Back from Africa

Errol Gay, director of the fleet division of the Technical Service Department, recently returned from the Tunisian front in North Africa. Efforts to pump information out of Errol were unsuccessful, but he admits he had quite an adventurous trip. At any rate, it's our guess he was Gay when he got back in the good old U. S.



★ ★ ★

VICTORY MAIL

★ ★ ★

My indoctrination course has been completed, and I am now back at the station. I expected to get out and get a little salt on my nice new uniform, but the Bureau of Ships aren't releasing their men at present. Oh, well, I am enjoying the work, so why fret.

Got a letter from Herb Sumner about two weeks ago. He is the Executive Officer, Medical Officer, Engineering Officer, and First Lieutenant. As he put it, "just a couple of jobs to keep me out of mischief."

I am planning a big trip to Washington this week-end. Will report later on what happened.

Ensign Walton L. Carlson
U. S. Naval Eng. Exp. Sta.
Annapolis, Maryland
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

I believe I have settled down for a while, though one cannot predict too far in the future in the Army. It's worse than tank cleaning for quick, unexpected moves.

I've covered quite a lot of ground since I saw you last fall. We had four more weeks of prop school at the Hamilton plant at Westerly, R. I., and then headed for the Aeroproducts Division of G.M. for two more weeks of an entirely new

and revolutionary type of propeller. Leave it to G.M. to beat the other boys to the gun. All in all I have a fairly good background now of both propellers and engines, and since the two function more or less as a unit, they make an excellent combination.

We were fortunate in that we had a week's layover at Patterson Field, near Dayton, and also had an opportunity to visit some of the engine and propeller testing labs at Wright Field.

Two weeks at Will Rogers and I was shipped out in a cadre (nucleus for a new squadron) and landed in this hell hole. Victoria, with a population of 700, lies about midway between Kansas City and Denver. The base is new (the soldiers have been here but a month) and



as a result we lack all recreational facilities. All in all it's a swell spot to relax, reminisce and think of one's sins.

While at Aeroproducts we stayed in an ultra ultra tourist hotel with bar attached—frequent trips to that bar were vital to compensate for that cold, damp Ohio air. Now that I am in Kansas, which is *dry*, I haven't regretted my past indiscretions one bit.

The picture isn't as bad as it's painted — the town of Hays (7,000) is sixteen miles away, liquor can be had at four dollars a pint and there is a faint possibility of a blonde doctor's daughter with a "C" card.

At your convenience will you be kind enough to send me the January, February and March *Bulletin Boards*, a copy of *Practical Pointers*, and the '42 or '43 Truck Specs.

Now that my school days are over for a while, I've started papers through for Officers Candidate School again. I feel that I've spent enough time as an enlisted man to make a fairly decent officer. I plan to apply for technical ground officer, which means following along technical lines, utilizing the experience I have gained and staying in the Air Corps. It means nine weeks of pre-technical training in Florida and nineteen weeks at Yale. I believe I could get a direct commission, but why pass up six months of schooling and a chance for a bit of background?

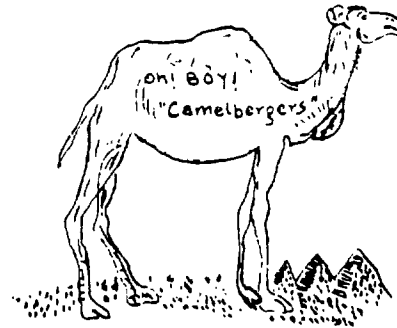
How about a newsy letter on the doings around New York when either you or Roy get the opportunity? Meanwhile my best to all the crowd.

Sergeant D. Frank Hayes
400th Sub-Depot
Walker Air Base
Victoria, Kans.
(formerly of New York)

★ ★ ★

Somewhere in Africa

The inspiration for this letter was quite a sight the other morning — at a clipper base to see black grinning native boys rolling drums of "100 octane Ethyl" gasoline down for fueling the ships. Glad to see Ethyl doing its part.



The trip has been extremely interesting and hats off to the first gang over who are making our trip relatively easy. Good transient camps with running water, beds, toilet, good food, landing fields, recreation facilities, laundries, cars, trucks and buses, electric lights, etc. Believe me, the Air Corps has done an outstanding job — not that we roll in luxuries, but it has been a gigantic undertaking.

The use of native labor in itself is quite an accomplishment — but they are used extensively — current prices being 20¢ to 40¢ per day — at one place some hundreds of men and women in a field — the native labor market all register and as they are needed called up and given a job.

No American money accepted in this part of the country by either merchants or banks — the first of our boys over here did too good a job on selling the natives hunting licenses, cigarette coupons, driver's licenses, as being American money. One place here the largest denomination currency was a two-cent piece — natives only want "hard money", and they bury it.

Town filled with beggars, blind men and etc., should see the kids do our "boogie woogie" dances when they hear American music.

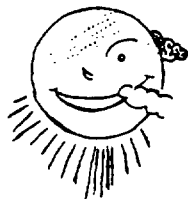
Our pilots, fliers, etc., have great times bargaining for native jewelry, knives, slippers, curios of all kinds — lots of it looks like the stuff Americans brought over here fifty years ago.

The boys refer to meat as "Camelbergers".

Every American thinks his home town is heaven compared to any place here — surprising the large number who are planning on buying farms when the war is over and settling down to raise "white faced cattle" — tell George Krieger's boys they have a fertile tractor market with all this gang.

Best regards to all.

Captain Edward E. Rothman
A.P.O. 10189
c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Detroit)



Hello Everybody — Just a short line to give you my new address. I arrived here at Drew Field two weeks ago last Saturday night, and was temporarily in the A staff of the 501st S.A.W.R. After seven days there, I was transferred to my present battalion.

So far, the sunny south is not all sunshine, though when the sun does shine, it does a good job of it, as I am acquiring quite a tan already. Up to the present time my training here has been all a repetition of my basic training at Camp Crowder, with a few advanced exercises added.

We are on a seven-day week here at Drew Field, though in the 563 battalion they will allow each soldier a one-day pass each week, which is very nice — they don't do that in very many of the battalions here.

Lights go out at 9:30 P. M. and it's 9:10 P. M. now, so will close here. Will write later. Good luck to all.

T/5 Albert W. Ramsey
U. S. Army
Headquarters and Plotting Co.
563rd S.A.W. Battalion
Drew Field, Florida
(formerly of Detroit)



ALOHA!

Territory of Hawaii

Dear Gang:

The fact that I have not sent you a letter in many weeks has made me so uneasy that I now find it almost absolutely necessary to get this letter off in a hurry if I expect to have any peace of mind. To tell the truth, I began this letter by dating it the 4th of the month, but I have now found it possible to correct the date by inserting a unit digit before the 4.

Very little of anything that I may write to you has occurred since my last letter of several long weeks ago. A couple of days ago, I had the opportunity to witness some very excellent artillery firing during a service practice exercise. It may seem a little strange to you that I should consider this as something out of the ordinary for me, but since I am, or have been, remaining around the office so much in the past several months, I have not been able to view much of what goes on outside of the headquarters.

About a week ago I went on a tour of one of the many points of military interest. Naturally, I cannot give you any details of the visit, but I believe you can get a much better picture of what I have seen by reviewing some of the illustrations that have appeared in the Ethyl News of a couple of months ago.

I have spent a few enjoyable evenings recently discussing a few of the problems and changes pertaining to engines and related units with the boys in the Motor Pool. These discussions reminded me very much of the sessions I used to have back home with a neighbor of mine

who operated a repair garage. My interests were aroused to such an extent that I believe I will spend my next pass day in the Motor Pool.

It appears as though I will have to depend upon the Ethyl Service Men's Letter Exchange for all the news from the company, for I received word from the New York Office that recent postal regulations made it impossible for me to get the Ethyl Bulletin and News in the future. This suspense in delivery is regrettable, but I suppose it must be for a time at least.

I hope you are all well and have survived the long winter months of rationing. I heard that the recent sudden rationing of shoes caught many people bare-footed, or was it flat-footed.

Regards to all.

Master/Sergeant Edward J. Kukla
Headquarters Battery
27th Division Artillery
A.P.O. #27, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

Somewhere in England

Well, how are things going back at good old Ethyl? I hope most of our old gang are still around. Tell everyone I said hello, and to hurry up and win this war from that end, and we will do our best over here. It has been some time now since I received any Ethyl publications, but I suppose they are in the mail. At least I sure hope so, because I like to read about what all the gang is doing.

Since arriving over here I have had one leave, and I spent it down in London, believe me, that sure is some town — but I suppose you have been there and know all about it. I had a very nice Christmas card from Bob Loser, and I wish you would thank him for me, and I will write a few lines to him in the near future.

The people over here are just grand to us, and all the girls go out of their way to make us feel contented in being over here. They sure are a friendly lot of people. I have been feeling just fine,



and I think putting on a little weight. Please write as often as you can, as mail call is one call always looked forward to.

Pfc. Merlyn Beane
1921st Q. M. Co. (T)AVN
12th Rep. Control Depot #3
A.P.O. #635, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Detroit)

★ ★ ★

Hello Everybody —

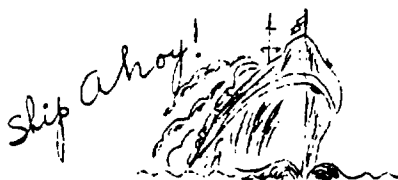
Thanks a lot for the Christmas cards. They arrived somewhere around the first of February, and this will probably reach you all in time for a Happy Easter.

From the various pictures I have seen of the new office, you sure have a place somewhat different from 723 East Milwaukee. Sure could stand a bit of Detroit now. Well, maybe this time next year.

Regards to all.

Lt. William J. Ryan
Headquarters, 3rd Battalion
11th Infantry
A.P.O. #5
c/o Postmaster, N. Y.
(formerly of Detroit)





I received your most welcome letter today and needless to say I was pleased to get it.

We are back now for a little rest after almost five months on the front. I slept in a bed the other night for the first time since we landed. Boy, was that good. I slept for 15 hours straight. However, I have no kick coming as the food is good and plenty of it, also plenty of clothes.

Ethyl is doing a swell job, as the fuels are very good that we get here. All the equipment runs until it is blown out of existence by shell fire or bombs.

So far I have been able to hang on and feel good.

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition and we will throw it.

Best regards to everyone and write again.

Major Frederick D. Williams
1st Amphibian Brigade
A.P.O. 700,
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of New York)

★ ★ ★

Received your letter today. I have meant to write you but I just neglected it. I am on Oahu Island and don't get to the others.

I was promoted about four months ago and was made the maintenance officer for our battalion. I really like the work and the climate here is swell.

One of my brothers in the Air Corps was over here with me last year but he was killed just before Christmas.

Hope you people at home are all right. I'll look you up if I get back.

Captain J. W. Miller
Hq. 193 Tank Bn.
APO 957, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Chicago)

Just settled in another new assignment, when a *Bulletin Board* arrived, carrying a letter from me in which I announced my arrival at my last station! So — we'll start all over again . . . you can cancel the address printed in the March issue.

We were just beginning to receive the "fillers," or inductees, at the division to which I was assigned when the word came out that a new corps was being formed, and then, before I realized what was happening, I found myself with orders in hand, punching the "shift key" once again, and landing here in Louisiana.

Am living in Alexandria, a medium sized town, but really a metropolis by contrast with the one near my last station. With three large camps, plus a small one and several air fields in the vicinity, the town is overrun, but I was fortunate enough to find a very attractive house, and am settled now for another stay of an indeterminate length.

Have several divisions, plus a variety of miscellaneous troops, under corps control — will be visiting a number of camps in Louisiana and Mississippi — feels almost like getting in the harness for Ethyl again! Only trouble is that in our travels to date, I have learned that a jeep or a C & R car is nowhere near as comfortable as a Buick — I surely do miss that car I left behind in Chicago!

Regards to all the Ethyl gang — and if any of them land in the vicinity, would like to hear from them.

Captain Miles A. Kinley, IGD
Ass't. Inspector General
15th Corps
Camp Beauregard, La.
(formerly of Chicago)

★ ★ ★

Your pleasant Christmas cards left me very pleasantly nonplussed. It was mighty nice. Thanks.

It has only been ten months since I left the "labs", but so much has happened since then, that it seems like ages. One thing is certain I think the Navy has cured me of my yearn to travel. Even tho the past months have been trying

at times. I think I shall always remember them as pleasant days. I don't think I'll ever forget my first torpedo (I'm Torpedo Officer) or the first time I took the ship out to sea (even tho the Captain was right on the bridge with me).

There being a world between us I am enjoying plenty of sunshine, swimming, and cocoanuts. I am wearing my hair short as a habit formed from the day of my purging. I am no longer a slimy pollywog.

Ensign J. A. Cipolla, USNR
USS Eaton
c/o Fleet P. O.
San Francisco, California
(formerly of Detroit)



Change of Base

We have been notified of the following changes of address:

Captain George P. Rosser
Book Cadillac Hotel
Detroit, Mich.

Lieutenant Idan E. Flaa
24054 Boston Street
Dearborn, Mich.

Captain Benjamin D. Harrison
109 Central Avenue
Dayton, Ohio

Boosted in Rank

Five of the boys from Baton Rouge have advanced in rank in the armed services, according to recent dispatches. Percy L. Breeden, formerly of Ethyl Chloride, graduated from Officers Training School with a second lieutenant's commission. Randolph L. Charlton, formerly of TEL purchasing, is a lieutenant in the Navy. Leo A. Miller, who used to work in the TEL control lab, is a captain of Infantry. B. W. Fridge, ex-Technical Division, is a captain in the Air Corps. Hubert N. Wax, formerly of TEL personnel, is a first lieutenant in the Engineers Corps.

★ ★ ★

Malaria Convalescent

Word was received at Detroit recently from Major Bill Hubner, who at last reports was located in New Guinea. At the time of writing, Bill was recuperating from an attack of jungle malaria. When you write him, address the letter to 0-168831, Hq., A.S.C., 5th Air Force, APO 925, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

★ ★ ★



SHIFT

Arthur W. Roberts, Sales, Chicago, to Sales, Tulsa.

Arthur F. Johnson, Sales, Kansas City, to Engineering, Detroit.

Herschel Dedo, Engineering, Detroit, to Sales, Dayton.

**TWO THINGS HE'S EXPECTING
FROM YOU...**

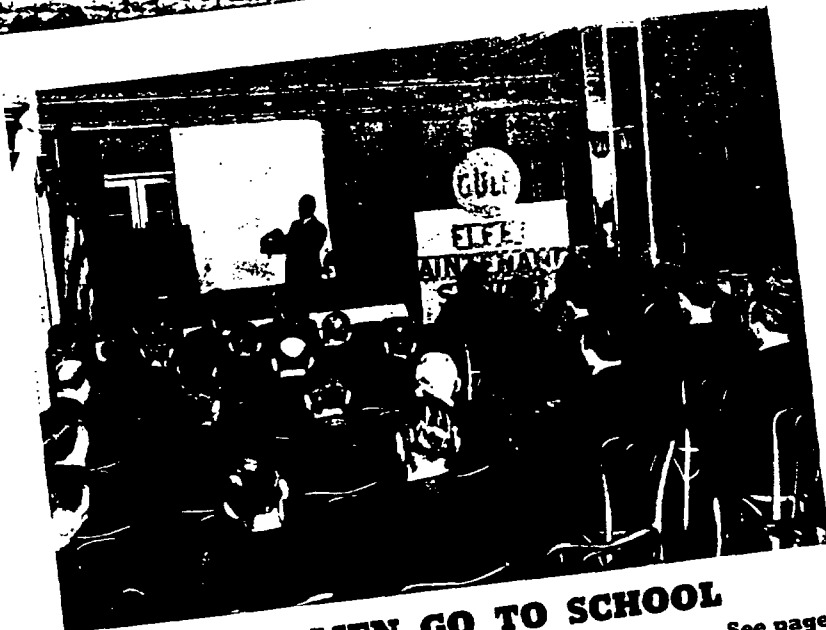
***MORE MAIL
MORE ETHYL***



EVERY DROP OF ETHYL COUNTS

Ethyl BULLETIN BOARD

JUNE, 1943



FLEET MEN GO TO SCHOOL

See page 3

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — by and for Ethyl employees

**RUBBER
FOR RETREADS**

PAGE 6

**HOW TO GET
RUGGED**

PAGE 10

ETHYLMAN AT DIEPPE

PAGE 12

THE BOYS WRITE HOME

PAGE 22

KEGLERS KOP KROWN

PAGE 30



Art Acken conducts a meeting in Baltimore.

Ethylmen Professors at Gulf Fleet School

To give the fleet owner valuable instruction in how to keep his trucks and buses in good condition for the duration, the Gulf Oil Corporation is conducting a Fleet Maintenance School in several eastern states, in which Ethylmen from the New York and Baltimore divisions are playing an important role.

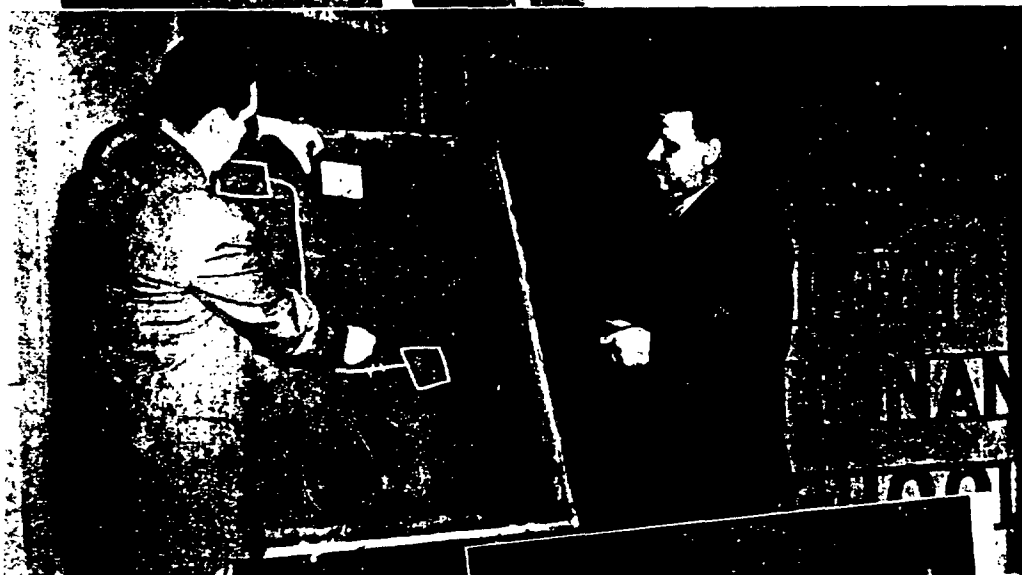
Guy Donahue, our New York Division fleet engineer, is lecturing at all school sessions which are held in

the territory of his division, while Art Acken, Baltimore Division fleet engineer, is instructing at meetings in his territory. One of the important textbooks of the course is our "Practical Pointers."

Each term of the Fleet Maintenance School consists of four meetings. Subjects taken up are "Compression and Engine Reconditioning," "The Fuel System and Carburetion," "Gasoline and Combustion," and "Lubrication."



Guy Donahue talks over the program with H. J. Porter, Gulf agent at Scranton, and F. D. Koons, district manager for Gulf at Wilkes-Barre.



Don Smith, superintendent of maintenance of the Hudson Coal Company, Scranton, has his question cleared up by Guy Donahue.



Guy Donahue discusses a problem with William Boyd, district manager of the ODT; E. J. Prall, White truck dealer, and Fred Evans, White service manager, after the meeting in Scranton.

tion," and "General Tune-up and Ignition." In connection with "Gasoline and Combustion," our film "What Is Good Gasoline" is shown."

Sessions have been conducted by the Philadelphia Sales Division of Gulf in Wilkes-Barre, Philadelphia, Scranton, Allentown, Harrisburg and Williamsport, Penna., Trenton, N. J., Richmond, Va., Wilmington, Dela., Washington and Baltimore. Additional meetings are scheduled for Lancaster, York and Reading, Penna. Gulf's New York Division has held sessions in Brooklyn and Buffalo, and is planning meetings for Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Albany, and the Bronx. Other meetings may be held in Newark, Jersey City and Paterson, N. J., and in Binghamton and Jamestown, N. Y. Gulf's Pittsburgh Division has conducted sessions in that city and has tentatively slated others for Erie and Johnstown, Penna.

For the convenience of those who attend, all sessions adhere rigidly to schedule, beginning each evening at eight and ending at ten sharp. At the close of each lecture there is a 15-minute "Question Box" period,

when Guy or Art answer queries. All questions are written out on cards furnished for that purpose and are anonymous, thus eliminating any embarrassment a man might feel about asking a question.

Regarding the school, William Boyd, Office of Defense Transportation manager at Scranton, said it couldn't be better if specially set up by the government. Mr. Boyd attended the sessions with his staff.

Those taking the course were asked to comment on it on cards furnished them for that purpose. Without exception the comments were high in their praise of the school program.

As we go to press, we have learned that Gulf is so pleased with the results of the Fleet Maintenance School that plans are going ahead for meetings throughout the company's entire marketing area. So by the time this issue of the *Bulletin Board* reaches you, Ethylmen from several other divisions will probably be conducting sessions similar to those at which Guy Donahue and Art Acken are lecturing.

Income Tax Cut

George Zelyez of New York Cost Accounting became a proud father for the third time when Anita was born April 27 in Tarrytown Hospital. Papa George was a bit hazy about his new daughter's birth weight, but he thought it was around seven pounds. The other Zelyez youngsters are Georgiana, aged 12, and Ronald, eight years old.

Secretaries Depart

Two secretaries have resigned at Baton Rouge. Eliza B. Sims, secretary to C. W. Bond, has left to return to her former home at Natchez, Miss., while Jesse Savario, secretary to Lew Barnum, has been lured away by the peal of wedding bells with Lieutenant Harold Etchen, USN, as the bridegroom.

Oil Industry

THIS IS THE REASON YOU CAN



6

BULLETIN BOARD-JUNE

ETC 05856

Goes to Town

GET YOUR TIRES RETREADED

For 26 hectic days and nights early last summer America's petroleum industry set aside all other business and went to work a million strong to collect scrap rubber at a penny a pound. As a result enough scrap for reclaimed rubber was collected so that everyone is now permitted to have recapped tires. What's more, \$2,433,185.20 in proceeds from the drive has already been distributed to the four great national service organizations.

President Roosevelt ordered the nationwide scrap drive on June 12, 1942, and Petroleum Administrator Harold L. Ickes immediately delegated the job to the Petroleum Industry War Council. The drive began at midnight June 14, and the petroleum industry's more than a million employees, its 400,000 service stations, its 30,000 bulk plants, its cash and every other facility were enlisted en masse.

The industry offered a penny a pound for all scrap rubber, which brought about the whole hearted cooperation of the kiddies, who were eager to make a little spending money and at the same time help their country. They swarmed into service stations every day with neighborhood collections.

All expenses of the drive, estimated at several millions of dollars, were paid by the oil companies. And when the curtain was rung down on July 10, an estimated 454,000 tons

of scrap rubber had been collected, which was four and a half times as much as the highest expert estimate and enough to keep the nation's reclaiming mills operating at full blast for a year and a half.

The government's Rubber Reserve Company, which has bought and stockpiled the rubber, paid \$25 a ton for all it received from the oil industry. The difference between these payments and the penny-a-pound payments made by the oil companies was pledged to charity. The Petroleum Industry War Council established a trust fund to which individual companies have reported and submitted their proceeds from the drive.

Final reports have been received so far from more than 1,500 companies and a total of \$2,433,185.20 has been deposited in the President's Rubber Drive Trust Fund. This has been divided into four equal shares of \$608,296.30 and donated to the American Red Cross, Army Emergency Relief, Navy Relief Society, and the United Service Organizations.

"You and your associates have done a grand job and I want you to know that your government appreciates the splendid results achieved," President Roosevelt wrote to William R. Boyd, chairman of the Petroleum Industry War Council. "My heartfelt thanks to you and to all who work with you."

Aviatrix Ends Training

Gertrude Loeffler Brown, who left the company in October to join the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadrons—the WAFS—returned to pay a visit to the New York office recently. Gertrude, former secretary to Safety Department boss Oscar Lewis, trained for her new flying assignment at Houston, Tex., Municipal Airport and graduated with a class of 23 lady flyers on April 24.

On May 9 she reported to Romulus Field in Detroit, where she is stationed. Her assignment is to ferry single engine and twin engine planes to various points in the U. S.

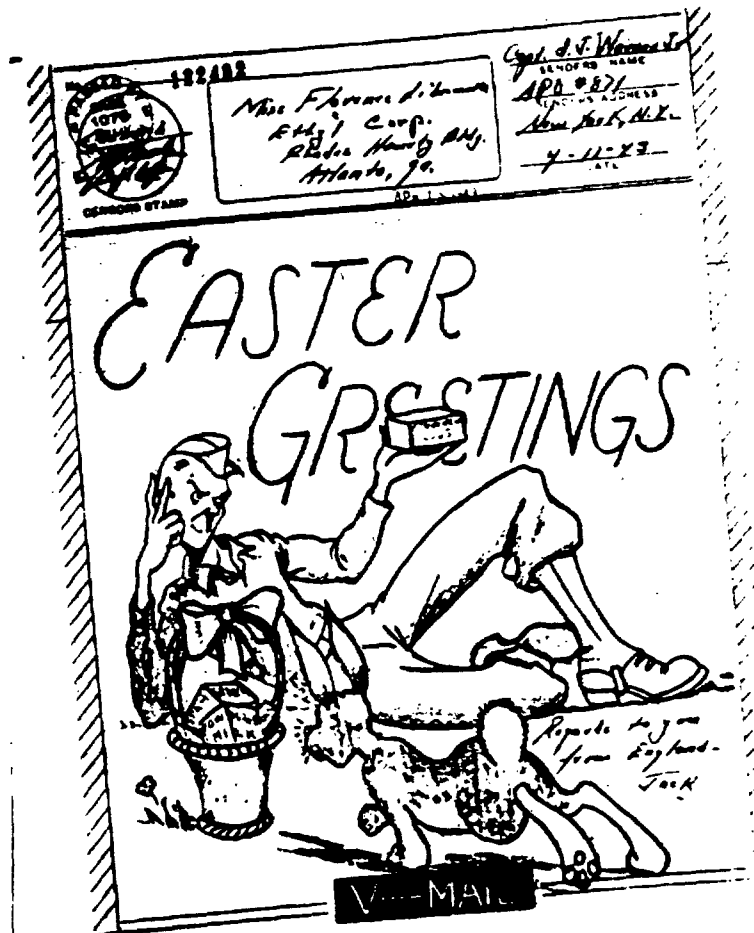
The WAFS, which are headed by Nancy Harkness Love as Squadron

Commander, were organized last September to free male ferry pilots for combat duty. In charge of their training program is Jacqueline Cochran, famous woman flyer. Candidates for the WAFS must be American citizens between the ages of 21 and 35, hold a commercial pilot's certificate with over 500 solo hours and at least a 200 horsepower rating, and must pass a regular U. S. Army flight physical exam.

Gertrude gained the experience necessary for this service through seven years of flying experience as a private pilot. She owns a plane and for some time prior to joining the WAFS was a member of the Civil Air Patrol.



A crowd of girls from the New York office entertained Gertrude Loeffler Brown at lunch during her recent visit. Left to right, they are Millie Roberts, Emma Koster Brown, Martha Warren, Gertrude, Judy Burglin, and Ruth Peabody.



This V-mail Easter Greetings Card was received by Florence Liebermuth, our Atlanta correspondent, from Captain Stonewall Jackson Warner, formerly of the Atlanta Division, who is now in England. Report has it that other Easter Greetings were received in Atlanta from Captain Warner, which would never have passed the censor if the censor had been anyone other than the aforementioned Capt. Warner.

Seaman Frank W. Hill was a recent visitor at the Baton Rouge plant. Formerly a mechanical helper in Ethyl Chloride, Frank is stationed at present at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Other former Baton Rougers who visited the plant recently include Lieutenant Randolph W. Charlton of the Navy, Sergeant John R. Montgomery of the Army, SF 1/c Robert W. Rich of the Navy, and Sergeant Woodrow W. Zachariah of the Army Air Forces.



See Here, Candidate Clark



Special Communique

To: The Bulletin Board, Number 87535
From: John A. Clark . . . suppressed, depressed, oppressed
Subject: LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD . . . as related to
R. H. "Horatio Alger" Ormsby

Once upon a time I was an Ethyl employee. On a certain day, my draft board notified me that the Great White Father did now need my assistance to help him out of an unstrategic position that he had gotten himself into. With the aid and political pull that I exercised, I was able to get the commission of BUCK PRIVATE.

Consequently, I reported to Fort Snelling, and after being probed at, poked at, pushed around, and other-

wise physically torn apart, they decided I was fit material for the Uncle's fighting forces.

I was subsequently shipped to MacDill Field, Florida, and there-with went into my elementary training. On January 5 I was fortunate enough to be selected as a candidate for the Medical Administrative Corps officers' training school. Now, I have always figured that the so-called 90-day wonders didn't do much in order to get that bar on

their shoulders, but I was certainly wrong when I landed in Camp Barkeley, somewhere in Texas. And I'm still not glad about it—the camp, I mean. Or, maybe not the camp, but the locality. No matter what they say about deep in the heart of Texas, you still have to dig latrines.

It was some misguided guy's idea that 5:30 was late in the morning, so they appoint another misguided guy to play the trumpet and deal out a few notes (not bank notes). So with that I arise and fumble around for my shoes, socks and other apparel, and get out to the assembly line. After inspection, I have a quiet rest period of perhaps five minutes. Then the cornet player blasts out with another cute little ditty, and I rush for mess hall. In the Army I am always rushing. If I eat in a hurry, I have another five minute rest period, which I can utilize greatly by polishing buttons, shoes, or any other brass that happens to be around.

By now I am fully awake and ready to start the life of a prospective officer. There is, of course, the little matter of traveling with a 90-pound pack on your back for five miles at double time, and returning to camp with a huge sigh of relief, only to have the relief broken by the C.O. barking, "Take the obstacle course!" This is a mere nothing, consisting of scaling a 12-foot wall, crawling through fifty feet of sewer pipe, jumping twelve feet across a stream, and running several hundred yards through mud and all sorts of terrain. At this time the C.O. orders up the ambulances to carry off the

unfortunate. After this before lunch workout, we are ready for the classroom, in which I am instructed in military strategy, etc. (censored by the War Department).

After about ninety days of such pleasant pastimes, one is called to the graduation exercises, in which one is presented with papers of this and that nature and finally informed that one is now a lieutenant in the United States Army, so it is plain to see that it's quite easy to become a lieutenant if one has the brains and the brawn.

I am now back at Camp Barkeley, taking a short course in specialized automotive work, and if I come through this okay, I will have a commission as first lieutenant and will probably be put in charge of some motor pool. My address, in case you want to know, is Lieutenant John A. Clark, M.R.P., M.R.T.C., Camp Barkeley, Texas.

★ ★ ★

Soldier's Bride

Grace Scorzari of the Statistical Department in New York was married May 18 to Private First Class Henry W. Kleindienst of the Army Air Corps, who is stationed at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. The ceremony, which took place just in time so we could sneak this story in after the deadline for the June issue, was a civil one performed at New York's City Hall. The bridegroom left next day to return to duty, but on his next furlough the couple are planning for a religious ceremony and a belated honeymoon. Grace and her husband both come from Brooklyn.

VETERAN OF DIEPPE

When the British and Canadians raided Dieppe, 85 Americans went along. Of the latter only 15 returned without wounds, and one of these 15 was Major Don Williams, formerly of the New York Division. Following Dieppe, Don was sent to Madagascar, where he took part in the occupation of that island. From there he progressed to Oran and Algiers, and according to a letter received recently by Mrs. Williams, he hopes to return to the United States by way of Shanghai and Tokio.

Don entered the Army in May, 1942, and was assigned to the Tank Corps. He was later transferred to the Amphibian Corps and stationed at Camp Edwards, Mass. From Camp Edwards he flew to England, where he was shifted to the Rangers, the American version of the British Commandos, and that was how he got in on the Dieppe attack. His latest move has been back to an Amphibian brigade.

Due to lack of comfortable writing facilities, Don scribbled a recent letter to his wife while squatting on his heels somewhere in North Africa. In it he told her that his rugged experiences had brought him down to a tough 167 pounds, as compared with his peacetime avoirdupois of around 200. He said that he has two principal cravings right now—a physical craving for caviar and a mental craving for comic strips. He also wants mail from his Ethyl pals, and he suggested that

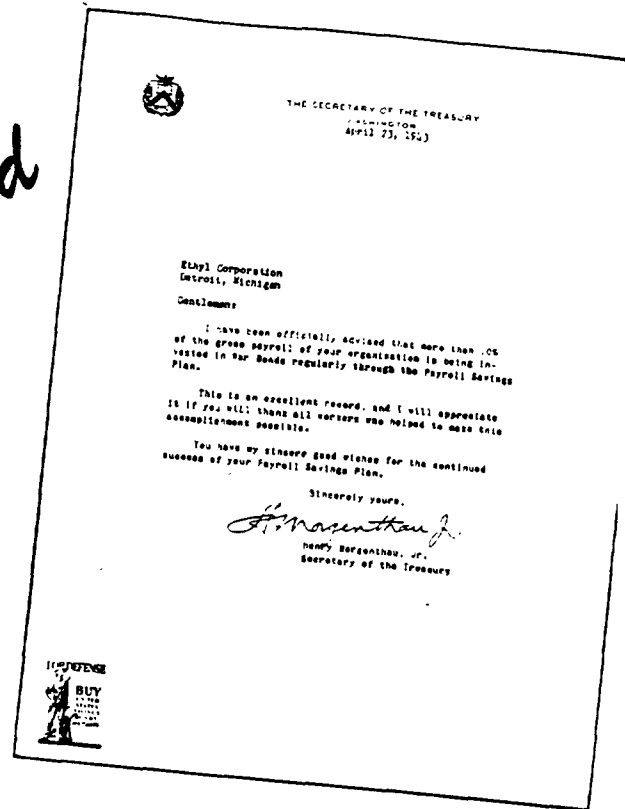


Major Don Williams

people who write him enclose comic strips with their missives. He didn't have any ideas about sending caviar to him, however.

So clip the funnies from your favorite daily and send them along to Don, together with your letter. His address is 1st Amphibian Brigade, A.P.O. 700, New York, N. Y. And if you can figure out any way to get a nice mess of caviar to him in an edible condition, by all means send that along, too.

Nuff Said



Wilson Y. Hancock, dynamometer operator at the Detroit Lab, came to Ethyl after five years of research work on fuel performance with the Esso Laboratory. A native of Metuchen, N. J., he graduated from Pratt Institute in Brooklyn with a degree in mechanical engineering. Wilson, who lives in Birmingham, Mich., has two children—Wilson MacKenzie, aged three, and Bruce Young, nine months. Wilson is an outdoor sports enthusiast and he does caricature charcoal drawings, but he says his chief hobby is his family and home.



BATTER UP!

The Detroit Lab will sponsor a softball team in the Ferndale Church and Service Club League. The Ethyl Flashes will play on Tuesday of each week, with the five other teams in the league furnishing the opposition. Every third game will be played under the lights, while the other two will be played during twilight hours.

The Ethyl athletes are a snappy looking bunch of ball players in their bright new uniforms. Those who have responded to the call issued by managers Gene Betzold and Emil Gillig are Bob Kalkitis, Fritz Schroeter, Bob Mescher, Clyde Stump, Harold Faucher, Harry Prince, Mike Remondino, Mike Rometti, Wes Price, Martin Alspaugh, Ed Girard, George Vaughn, Laurel Wilkinson, Halbert Bean, George

Voyle, John Capinjola and Clyde Wade.

This array of talent and the pre-season form give rise to the belief that Ethyl may be accused of running in a bunch of ringers.

★ ★ ★

We Get George Washington

George Washington has gone to work for Ethyl. Yes, he has too! He's a laborer in the TEL Division at Baton Rouge. In addition to George, twelve others have joined our ranks in Louisiana, including seven men and five ladies. The girls are Ruth M. Eiswirth, typist clerk in Purchasing; Annie Bell DuBose, stenographer in Shipping; Grethel A. White, data clerk in the Technical Division; Irene M. Lea and Virginia P. Kroll, both special operator helpers in Ethyl Chloride.

The lads are John L. Schober, clerk in the TEL Division; Edward F. Boyd, cost accountant in the Finance Department; James P. Barbre, Elmer Ducote, Roch H. Pedarre, Harold W. Scruggs, and James C. Williams, all mechanical helpers in Ethyl Chloride.

★ ★ ★

War Bond Purchases

Although employees at the Detroit Lab recently increased payroll subscriptions sufficiently to become eligible for the Treasury "E" flag, they purchased an additional \$13,000 worth of bonds during the Second Victory War Bond Drive.

New York Girl to WAAC

Catherine E. Rowney, a chartist in Walt. Resler's Statistical Department, is the first lady from the New York office to join the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. She reported for duty May 3 and was sent to Fort Devens, Mass., where her address is Company 3, Regiment 32, 4th WAAC Training Center. Before her departure the girls in the Statistical Department gave her a luncheon and cocktail party. Farewell gifts included a suitcase and barracks bag from the girls and a shoe shining outfit and gabardine case from Walt. Resler and Bob Cleveland.

Catherine, whose home is in the Bronx, is a graduate of Hunter College, where she majored in geology and thus developed an interest in maps and cartography. She hopes the WAAC will eventually assign her to an aerial mapping job.

* * *

Service Milestones

For the second month in a row no fifteen year anniversaries were chalked up, but Helen T. McGowan, who works in the mechanical book-keeping department of New York Financial, received her ten year award. Three people completed their fifth year with the company. They are Arthur W. Roberts of the Tulsa Division, Daniel C. Walsh of Manufacturing, Baton Rouge, and Torbin F. Yates of the Chicago Division.



Hubner Having Fun

Bill Hubner, formerly of Detroit, who at last reports was in New Guinea, sent in two snapshots which would seem to indicate that life in the Southwest Pacific isn't too bad. We'll let Bill write his own caption.

"The pictures were taken after one month in the hospital and ten days on the beach. I weighed 170 stripped, now I weigh 180. I hope to keep it between 175 and 180. I joined the Army at 175. The girls are two of our secretaries who were on leave the same time I was on sick leave. The white shadow is one of my colonel friends with whom I bum around quite a bit."

When writing to Bill, address your letter to Major William H. Hubner, O-168831 H.Q.—A.S.C. 5th Air Force, APO 925, c o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.





Clyde F. Wade of the shipping department at the Detroit Lab was born in Waukegan, Ill., where he went to high school. Before moving to Detroit and joining Ethyl, he put in five years with the American Steel and Wire Company in his native town. Clyde goes in for sports, particularly swimming, ice skating and fishing.

★ ★ ★

Ruth Wheelon of New York Payroll commutes to work from Westwood, N. J., but she is a native of Salt Lake City, Utah. She came East a year ago to visit her sister and decided to stay, but she says she still misses the lolly peaks of the Wasatch Mountains. Ruth was educated at Twin Falls, Idaho, High School and the University of Utah, and she came to Ethyl from Haskins & Sells, New York accounting firm. She is active in Red Cross work and she likes to play golf when she can get balls. She is also fond of gardening, reading and cooking.



Helen Marie Robinson, glamorous receptionist at the Tulsa Division office, first saw the light of day in Tulsa 22 years ago. She graduated in 1937 from Tulsa Central High School and then attended the University of Oklahoma at Norman for three years, taking a course in social work. Before joining Ethyl she was with the Stanolind Crude Oil Purchasing Company. Helen Marie's favorite pastimes, according to her, are golf and writing, but the belief persists around the Tulsa Division that she also must harbor a secret love for the culinary art, as she attends a glorified cooking school faithfully. She also devotes much of her spare time to working with the Tulsa Little Theatre and to entertaining the boys in uniform at the USO.

How to Start the Day Right

A roving member of the Atlanta Division was amazed at the operating efficiency in the home of Dr. Ed Kurt, the company's technical pillar at Baton Rouge. Being of a curious nature, he investigated and found aforesaid efficiency to be tied up closely with a system developed by

Ed and pasted up on the wall of his kitchen. A copy of this schedule was acquired with no little difficulty, and since we believe such a system might be of value to the married men of the company as a method of helping out the overworked Little Woman, we are presenting it to you.

DOROTHY: You don't have to get up any earlier if you will just stick to these schedules.

I. Mornings When Tom Goes to School

Time	Dorothy	Ed	Tom
6:15	Rise and dress		
6:45	Prepare breakfast	Rise and shave	
6:55	Make Tom's lunch	Bath	Rise and dress
7:05	Make Ed's lunch	Dress	
7:10	Supervise Tom		Breakfast
7:20	Make Ed's breakfast	Breakfast	
7:30	Tom's clothes		Bathroom
7:35	Care for Tom		Get ready to leave
7:40	Send Tom off. Feed M and C*	Leave for work	Leave for school
8:00	Eat breakfast while Evelyn minds children, dresses them, and cares for them in bathroom. Put away dishes.		
8:30	All set for the day.		

II. Mornings When Tom Does Not Go to School

6:30	Rise and dress	
6:45		Rise, shave, bath, dress
7:00	Prepare breakfast	
7:20	Make Ed's lunch	Breakfast
7:30	Feed Tom and Martha and Carolyn	
7:40		Leave for work
8:00	Eat breakfast while Evelyn minds children, dresses them, and cares for them in bathroom. Put away dishes.	
8:30	All set for the day.	

*Maid and Children

Important Job

Lieutenant Idan Flaa, former Chicago field representative who is now chief ordnance inspector at Cadillac, Mich., recently had his picture in the *Cadillac War Craftsman*. Said the *Craftsman* about the importance of Idan's job:

"The Army Air Corps and Ordnance Inspectors at Cadillac know full well the loss of life and suffering our boys will take if the equipment we send them is not dependable in the crucial hour of battle—that's why they are here—to advise us and guide us in the technical checks that are so necessary to assure the kind of quality our boys can depend on. Let every man of us take their advice—be guided by their suggestions and cooperate with them every way we can."

★ ★ ★

New Army Job

Lieutenant John M. Rollins, formerly of the Tulsa Division but now with the Corps of Engineers, U.S.A., is still located in Dallas, Tex., but is no longer with the Southwestern Division Engineer Office. At present he is at Love Field, Station of the Fifth Ferrying Group, Air Transport Command, where he is assistant post engineer.

★ ★ ★

Bob Richardson, formerly of the Boston Division, is a lieutenant in the Navy and is located in Detroit. His address there is Office of Supervisor of Ship Building, 9666 East Jefferson Avenue.

Lead—Not Tetraethyl —Kills 'Gator

Each large tank cleaning presents its own kind of problems. Recently the Atlanta Division received notification of the cleaning of a large terminal tank at Savannah, Ga. The field personnel being otherwise committed, Alan Tully, division manager, took charge. After observing the cleaning, he made the customary report, adding:

"A six foot alligator visited the job and was duly shot and killed. The negro help fought over the tail, which is considered a delicacy. This was the only real hazard."

★ ★ ★

No Longer with Us

Edward Beaver, Detroit

Verne W. Brinckerhoff, Detroit

Paul Danielson, Detroit

Doris P. Giles, New York

Ruth Ann Payne, Chicago

Ruth C. Barreis, New York

Helmer A. Abramson, Detroit

Edward A. Nealer, Detroit

James Gilbert, New York

Lila P. Ramme, New York

Muriel M. Anderson, New York

★ ★ ★

Jack Maynard, former safety engineer with the Baltimore Division, has moved up from the rank of lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy to that of lieutenant.

We present to you this photo of Ellis Locher of the Safety Department just to give you a slight idea of what one year of tangling with priorities for equipment for the 100 octane gasoline program will do to a man.



Nina Crisham of New York Stenographic was born in Liverpool, England, but came to New York when she was two and a half years old and has lived there ever since. She is a graduate of Julia Richmond High School and attended Franklin Business School. Before joining Ethyl she was with the Electric Meter Corporation. Nina's husband is a staff sergeant in the Army, located at present in California, and her favorite spare time activity is writing letters to him. She also is fond of dancing.

★ ★ ★

Rita C. Reymont of Public Relations, New York, commutes to the Chrysler Building from Woodside, N. J. She is a graduate of Linden, N. J., High School and attended Drake Business College in Elizabeth, N. J. Before coming to Ethyl she was with Socony-Vacuum in Brooklyn. One of Rita's favorite pastimes is hiking in the country with her husband. "My hobby is my hubby," she informed us. She is also fond of bowling and music and is an accomplished





Audrey Gerbig, stenographer-clerk in New York Financial, lives in Ridgewood, N. J., and has been a loyal Jerseyite all her life. She is a graduate of Lodi, N. J., High School and worked for the Paterson, N. J., branch of General Motors Acceptance Corporation before joining Ethyl. Audrey likes bowling and other sports. "Anything to keep in action," says she.

William Fitzgerald, accountant in New York Financial, lives in Highland Park, Long Island, with his wife and three children. He is a graduate of Long Beach, L. I., High School and attended Columbia University for one year and St. Johns College, Brooklyn, for three years. Before coming to Ethyl he worked for the Discount Corporation of New York, private bankers. Bill's favorite pastime is fishing in the ocean off the shores of Long Island. He is also toying with the idea of raising chickens.



Catherine Z. Humphries of New York Payroll has lived in New Jersey most of her life, but she went to school away up in Vermont's beautiful Green Mountains at Villa Barlow Academy in St. Albans. She lives in Fairview, N. J., and before coming to Ethyl worked for the Employers Mutual Insurance Company in New York. For recreation Catherine prefers horseback riding and swimming, but she also spends a great deal of time writing letters to her husband, who is in the Army Air Corps at Men-



Rita Adams, who is assisting Kingley Jones on war contracts at Detroit, attended St. Gregory High School and Marygrove College and then took a business course. After three and a half years with the L. A. Young Spring and Wire Corporation, where she was employed in the cost accounting department, she joined Ethyl. She divides her spare time between writing letters to her boy friend, who is an ensign in the Navy, and playing bridge and pinochle.



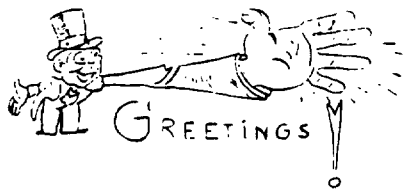
Edwin A. Acker, Jr., accountant in New York Financial, catches the subway daily at Forest Hills, Long Island, where he lives with his wife. He attended Newton, Long Island, High School and New York University, and he came to Ethyl from the Associated Hospital Service. Ed likes fishing and bowling and he used to play some baseball, but he claims he is getting too old for the diamond sport.



The good folk in St. Louis have been hearing so much about the A. F. Johnson Victory Garden out in Brentwood, Mo., that it was decided an investigation and picture were in order. Upon arriving on the scene, the Bulletin Board investigator found not A. F. Johnson, the alleged Victory gardener, at work, but 14-month-old Ginny Sue a-hoeing in her garden, which can be seen directly behind the word, SOAP. A. F., who was formerly with the Kansas City Division and is now in St. Louis doing dynamometer and road test work for Detroit Engineering, was found indoors engaged in the



VICTORY MAIL



Dear Ethyl Service Men:

I have thought so much about you and have been remembered from time to time by so many of you, that for a long time I have wanted to write to you; therefore, I am grateful for an opportunity to send a note.

The work of our laboratories, for the most part, is in connection with war research. Although designed for peacetime research, the laboratories have been converted to accommodate many of the engines and vehicles used by the armed forces, in programs designed to improve efficiency and durability and to adapt engines to available fuels. It is our hope that the work being done is helping to create our growing advantage over the Axis in military equipment and reducing by many thousands the man-days required in its servicing. The field and technical organization of our company has proved itself as valuable in war as in the previous era of peace. It

should be even more important during the period of peace to follow when the results of technical developments under the pressure of war will be applied to our civilian transportation.

The pattern of evolution of engines and fuels has been apparent for a long time. The effect of the war will be to crowd a decade of progress into a fraction of that time. Wherever technical men of the oil and automotive industries are gathered, one senses the eagerness to break with the past. Millions of men—and women—whose knowledge of automotive equipment was limited to driving automobiles are learning the engineering principles and building and servicing vehicles. This can have but one result—an enlightened and critical motoring public. The challenge of technical men in the oil and automotive industries will be tremendous.

We are always happy to hear from you and to learn of your work and experiences. By putting all we have into the effort at home and abroad, let's hope that we can finish the job soon!

With kindest regards and best wishes from all of us.

Sincerely yours,

Earl Bartholomew
(Detroit)



This Yale University isn't what it used to be. It is true I didn't know just what it was, but I do know what it is, and it's not hard to interpret from the sad looks of the remaining Sons of Eli. The change can also be verified by the Western Union delivery boy who walked into a group of cadets last week and collected twenty-five salutes before he could find his way out.

In a word, Yale University overnight became strictly "on the ball," a refuge for that specie, terrible "Second Lieutenant," and a rather military establishment. Witness the cadet waving wildly out of a third story window, wool shirt on one arm, cotton on the other, yelling "which one? which one?" The topics of discussion here include: (1) airplanes, (2) airplanes, (3) airplanes. This does not include profanity which, of course, excludes the tactical officers as a topic of discussion.

I am enrolled in the school of maintenance engineering, known locally as the "tearer downers." My crew has just torn down a P-38 which, if left alone, is a perfectly good airplane. Unfortunately, our P-38 is never left alone. In fact, there is a part of it in my left hand top desk drawer, and my first Sergeant has a perfectly marvelous collection of spare parts from it. If there is a part that just doesn't seem to fit anywhere, it will usually work very well in the coverall pocket. When (if) we get the P-38 back together, we start on the P-47—I can hardly wait. (My collection is growing.)

The Gods of War have smiled on me; in fact, they laughed in my face, for I have been made a Squadron Commander.

My squadron is "I" Squadron, Group 2, which some nitwit nicknamed "Ole Black Eye Squadron." In spite of the inglorious monicker, my boys are the snappiest crew in the whole damn school, and I can lick the guy who says they aren't.

The strangest part of the whole thing is that everybody professes extreme loathing for the lowly Shave-tail, but everybody longs for graduation day when he becomes "of all things" a Shave-tail.

A/C Ed Minnock
Entry L, Silliman College
AAFTTC, Group 2
New Haven, Conn.
(formerly of Detroit)



I was glad for the few words of post-script in your letter of March 24. Very few days go by that I don't think of my friends at Ethyl.

I have had many varied experiences here in the Army, and could spend many hours telling you about the rough, tough ways of the Army. I had my basic training at Fort Lewis, Washington—a period of six weeks and was then permanently assigned to the Service Company, 130th Battalion, 33rd Division. A period of two weeks in drivers' school followed, the latter being spent on Mt. Rainier.

We had two four-day field problems or maneuvers during the next two following weeks during which we worked under the pretense of actual combat conditions. Thousands of men, equipment and approximately 500 vehicles were involved. We left Fort Lewis in the early morning and returned late at night on the fourth day and to me it was most interesting to

observe the movements of operation. Nights were spent huddled around camp fires. The officers would plan their activities for the next day—maps spread out on the ground and read by fire light.

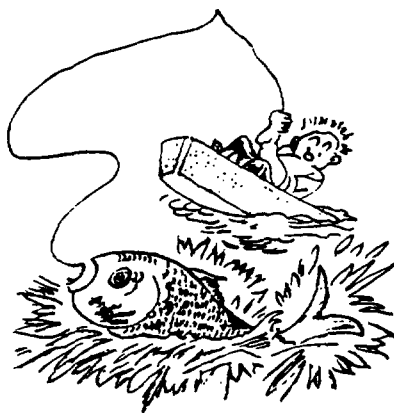
After our maneuvers were over, I was assigned Vehicle Dispatcher for the 130th Regiment and fill that capacity at the present time. I am ambitious for the opportunity to attend the Army Engineers Ordnance School and be commissioned. Such an application could not be approved until I had served three months in the Army. I have made investigation into various fields and expect an interview with my Company Commander next week.

I certainly enjoyed my March issue of the *Bulletin Board* and anxiously await the April issue.

We moved from Fort Lewis to take up desert operations last week, and are now camped in the Mojave Desert.

I hope that this writing finds everyone well and busy, and would appreciate greatly a thought my way.

Private Hugh D. Macy
Service Co., 130th Inf.
A.P.O. 33, c/o Postmaster
Los Angeles, Calif.
(formerly of Detroit)



Well, hot weather has set in down here. We are working day and night with the troops except Sunday, and then we

all go out back of camp and fish. This state certainly has the best fishing ever.

R. G. Hammond
3rd Hqs. & Hqs. Detachment
3rd Army, Special Troops
Camp Livingston, La.
(formerly of Kansas City)



Your letter of January 27 certainly did me a world of good. Mail certainly is well received aboard ship though I bet most of it goes unanswered for a while. Your story of Harry Prince was a killer. Good old Harry! Say, incidentally, how does Doug B. get leave—I thought he was a deep sea sailor.

Right now I am in an area that is hot in more ways than one, but we don't seem any worse for it. Sunshine in abundance and an occasional swim make everyone happy. When I saw some of King Neptune's handiwork, I said "no wonder we can't have cameras."

I guess you know my primary job aboard ship is Torpedo Officer. Also, I am Ordnance Division Officer and Chief Censor. Watches are on the regular destroyer system—one in three—alternating between bridge and director.

Best regards to all from "hot, straight

and normal," as I am now called aboard ship.

Ensign J. A. Cipolla, USNR
USS Eaton
c/o F.P.O.
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Detroit)



Howdy!

Surprised? Well, I was too—thought you had forgotten that I was one of your buddies. Your letter was a surprise and much appreciated by both Mabel and myself.

No, I haven't flunked any courses. The original 16 week course turned out to be 20, and approximately two weeks were lost in my getting started last November and in moving here in January. But don't get the idea that our original class is still intact—it isn't. The course in aircraft instruments, which started about 5 weeks ago, was our first disaster—we lost 10% of our men. Since then, the course in engine installation, the operation of planes on the ground, and the hospital has claimed others. In all, approximately eight or ten men out of an original twenty-two are gone. The last hurdle is coming up now, and if I make it, my name shall be signed a little differently from then on.

In my last course we had the chance to go through a few of the planes here. A few were the B-17, B-24 and B-26. They are the important ones and are very interesting. I never saw so many gadgets anywhere before, except for the time I visited the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company Houdry Process. We have had a

very thorough course in instruments, hydraulics, electrical systems, engines, structure of a ship and propellers, so there is very little about the dials, levers, switches, etc., in the cockpit that have not been stressed.

Believe it or not, we have a large part of Glenn Miller's band to play for us at noon meal formations. Other members of the band hail from the bands of Bob Crosby, Rudy Vallee, and many others. Boy! Are they good!

The *Bulletin Board* is received here and is greatly appreciated. Glad to hear that the Army can recognize Al's value. The more one gets to know the Army, the more it amazes you.

I shall find out tonight (I hope) where it is that I am to be sent. We are to be lined up in order of grades. The highest grade shall receive first choice of available posts. The official orders will be issued to us Monday after our graduation. We buy our tickets and leave the same day. Practically no furloughs at all are allowed. I will send you my new address upon arrival.

A few of the boys have already chosen posts with the new B-29 squadrons to be formed. These new ships shall have an Engineering Officer aboard when they go into battle. A very rigid physical examination must first be passed.

Loads of luck to all of you.

A/C Jos. C. Hobart
AAFTTC-CATC No. 1
1731 Entrance B
Silliman Hall
New Haven, Conn.
(formerly of Detroit)



I am down here at Drew Field doing whatever they want me to do. Right now

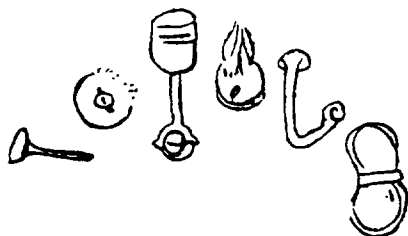
I am doing basic training (again), but I am getting one or two things I did not get before—namely, the 45 Thompson sub-machine gun and the 50 caliber machine gun. The 50 caliber gun is a young cannon. Hope I never get in front of one when the gunner is looking for targets.

Our C.O. allows us a day pass once a week which is not bad. It gives us a chance to get away from camp occasionally which is better than when going to school at Crowder where little time off was permitted.

Last Saturday our battalion moved its location to a new one near the center of Drew Field. We used to ride into the base from our location in trucks that ran every now and then and our PX was a makeshift affair and all the shops were on the base. Now we are near a good post theatre and a good PX though neither compare with those at Camp Crowder.

Today our battalion is going through another stage of processing, but my papers haven't come through yet, so I will be held up for a while, I suppose. However, it won't be long before some of our battalion takes off for parts unknown. The Florida weather has been very agreeable so far. Drew Field being an air base, there is a constant roar of airplanes night and day.

T/S Albert W. Ramsey
U. S. Army
563rd SAW Battalion
Drew Field, Fla.
(formerly of Detroit)



To the Ethyl Gang:

Taking heed to the words of your latest communication, I hasten to get back into the "good graces" again.

First, I want you to know how much I appreciated the Easter card. Nothing makes a soldier's heart beat faster than news from the gang "back home" and I was certainly pleased with the greetings from so many of my old friends.

Believe me, I've thought of you all many times but the rigid schedule of an O.C.S. student doesn't afford time for letter writing so I had to put this off for a more leisurely moment—enjoying the fruit so to speak. Much has been said about O.C.S. already, and anything I could put in a letter would be an understatement, so I'm content to let it go at that. You can quote me, "it's a rugged three months but a very good education."

At least I learned enough to know that it's going to take a lot more work and study before I know this art of war. So I'm in school again. This time I'm working in my own back yard. I'm attending the Motor Transport Officers School and you can find me any day in a pair of coveralls trying to find out what makes Army vehicles tick. It's a good school, and I'm learning plenty.

Hope to be finished here in two more weeks, and then will be assigned to active duty somewhere, and will have the opportunity to put to practical use some of the material I've been absorbing for eight months.

Thanks again for remembering me, and give my regards to all. I promise not to wait so long to write next time.

Lt. John A. Clark
M.R.P.—M.R.T.C.
Camp Barkeley, Texas
(formerly of Chicago)



This is just a little note to inform you that I have just been graduated from the Engineer Field Officers School at Fort Belvoir, Va., and have returned to my regular station. While there I had dinner with the Joe Costellos in Washington and missed seeing Errol Gay and

George Rosser by about a week.

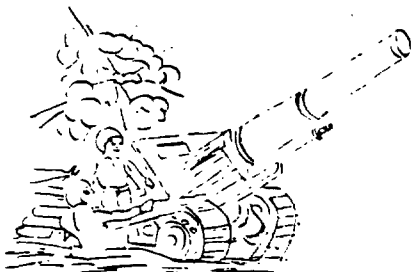
The work that I am engaged in at present is supervision of basic training of Engineer troops. We do everything from fight to expert use of the pick and shovel.

On March 30 I was promoted to major, Corps of Engineers, and am now feeling very grateful.

For your information I was formerly a safety engineer in the Ethyl Atlanta Division and came into military service on May 5, 1941.

Best regards to everyone.

Maj. W. Whitney Sweeney, C.E.
Headquarters
Engineer Unit Training Center
Camp Claiborne, La.
(formerly of Atlanta)



My contribution to the Military Mail Bag has been very small—about like my contribution to the Nazi War Relief.

Since I last wrote you, which must have been when I was at Ft. Sill, I have been transferred a couple of times. When I completed my three months Battery Officers Course at Sill, I went to Camp Shelby, Miss., and was assigned to a medium artillery organization. While I was there, the wheels of time brought me a promotion to first lieutenant.

I stayed at Shelby until about a month ago, when my commander sent me on temporary duty to Third Army. I attended a one-week school at Camp Polk, near Leesville, La. This school pertained to umpiring with special emphasis on field artillery fire marking.

My division is now on the Louisiana maneuvers, which now are about three weeks old. We should be here until around June 6. My crew and I are mark-

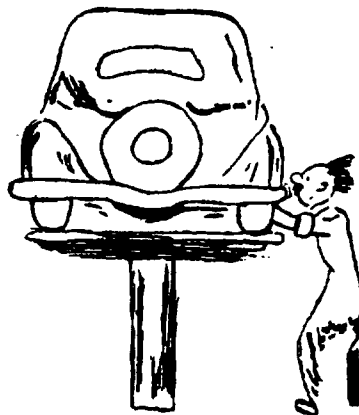
ing artillery fire for our division.

I have taken the Air Corps physical examination and passed it. My papers have been in Washington for about a week now. I am going to be transferred soon to the Air Corps as a bomber pilot. Keep your fingers crossed.

Have heard from Ed Minnock a couple of times. He seems to be enjoying his studies at New Haven. Hope everything is fine at the lab. Give my best regards to all our friends.

P.S. Thanks for the Ethyl *Bulletin Board*.

Lt. John P. Link
A.P.O. 85; c. o Postmaster
403 F.A. Bn., Battery B
Shreveport, La.
(formerly of Detroit)



I was very much surprised when I read about Merlyn Beane over in England. I thought I would be over there long ago, but doggone it, he beat me to it. He has also got me beat on getting a stripe, but one of these days I'll get mine.

I am now moving all over California, but not getting out. We have had a long summer. Detroit never has winters like this. However, I was happy to spend a winter in the sun, which is one thing I always wanted to do.

I am hoping to get a leave to San Francisco one of these week-ends. This is the best base for liberty we have hit yet, which is all right with me.

I am a plane mechanic, and when we are not tearing down motors, I am working on my car. One of the generous "Mr. Smiths" gave me a Model A 1930. It needs a little work on it, but that is fun and just like old times. Being on the desert one can make good use of a car. I expect to stay here for a while. The desert weather is mostly sunny, but plenty windy at times. Say "Hello" to everyone.

Pvt. Arthur R. Carpenter
Marine Corps Air Station
MBDG 44 Service Sqd.
Mojave, Calif.
(formerly of Detroit)



I've purposely been negligent in thanking you for the hours you entertained me in Baltimore, because I wanted to give you a fairly accurate story of my set-up here at Aberdeen. It's not bad!

Food and living conditions are really surprising in their contrast to what I had in the old CA(AA). Hardly up to civilian par, but livable. The work story is good—really good—and runs like this:

I'm practically like a defense worker—eight hours a day, six days a week. The only "army" I see is the food, the barracks, and the clothes—there's no K.P., no drill, no nothin', other than those three items. Right now I'm finishing up a two weeks drivers' school during which time I learn to operate everything the Army has to offer from a motorcycle to the mammoth heavy tanks. Frankly, I've been having the time of my life batting these track laying vehicles about the countryside—good stuff!

The completion of the course will see me assigned to the Field Dynamometer Section—an outfit now headed by a first lieutenant and manned by some 15 civilians. I'll be the first soldier in the section. The work will involve road testing of all types of vehicles, both Allied and Axis. They have four Mack dynamome-

ter units that are beautiful—run about \$40,000 each and use the "hydraulic drag" principle of applying load to the unit undergoing test. We'll work unit horsepower, economics, efficiencies, drawbar pulls, track slippages, gear ratio work, etc., etc. It'll involve considerable of the old reports, records, and statistics and should be very similar to my old Ethyl Corporation work.

I believe I'm qualified to step right in and do some valuable work—if they'll let me. However, I'll probably be the one to sump out the garage—privates seem to rate that sort of work somehow. I get the maximum time off that the Army can give as far as passes and furloughs go—home this past week-end, which was a nice Easter present—so maybe I shouldn't kick, no matter what my work may be. I'll be better able to let you know about the Ackerman war effort in a few weeks, though.

I met Art Brown (first lieutenant) in record time—we were in the same group, automotive, and I see him most every day. Seems like a good boy, but the difference in rank makes finding out a bit difficult.

Again my gratitude for those few hours of "white man" living you afforded me in Baltimore—they were really appreciated. I'll drop you a line from time to time if I may.

Private Robert Ackerman
Co. D, Bks. T-135
Proving Ground Detachment
Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.
(formerly of Detroit)



A very belated note of thanks for informing me that I was no longer to receive the *Bulletin Board*. When Sherman said war is hell he didn't know the half of it. I am going to regret missing the issues of the *Bulletin Board* since that seemed to me to be the one link between me and the company. However, war needs must be met. I want all of you to know

that I appreciate everything that you have done for me and hope someday to return.

I hear from some of the Deepwater gang from time to time. Alma Brasure has been doing a good job of keeping me informed, so I shall have to rely on her even more now. Of course my star reporter from Deepwater was L. O. Schaefer, but he has forgotten me lately. I shall have to jog his memory.

Everything goes along well at this outpost and our life is very easy compared to other places. Since arriving here I have been promoted to the grade of captain and am in command of a gun battery. There is a lot of work but also a feeling of satisfaction in doing a good job. We have never been in any engagement but are just itching for a chance.

Give my best wishes to all and I want to thank each and every one of you for the *Bulletin Board*. May the regulations be changed so I can receive it again. In the meantime drop me a line when and if you or any of the others get the time.

Captain John F. Wallis
Battery C, 57th C.A.
APO 952, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Deepwater)



Among the many Navy regulations, a new one puts us in the Army class of having a long, complicated address and number. Hard to understand when civilians using the Navy Yard post office continue with (censored).

Very little I can report except we moved from the Navy Housing project to (censored). Have a nice apartment only a block and a half from the beach. Swim most every afternoon following work and now have one of those life guard sun tans. If this keeps up, I will be in a class with the natives, although I can always prove otherwise in the area

around the swim trunks. Say, I understand you are having trouble with point rationing while I've had to put myself on a diet. Three big meals a day are too much for the waistline. How about a three-inch steak, a roast of beef or some sugar and coffee? Can't buy granulated sugar in less than five pound bags so we use powdered in one pound cartons.

The ban on liquor in Army reservations really hit the boys out here for there is none available in the islands. They howled so loud the Navy cut us to one quart per week. But we manage with a good reserve stock on hand. Right now my social activities are almost nil, with one girl friend in the hospital with the flu and the other has me in the doghouse. Still I'm doing pretty well with the Army and Navy continuing to pour men out here and latest census indicates 276 men to every girl. Received a Christmas card from Harry Kettell of Standard refinery originally mailed on Dec. 15.

Would like to hear from you and how you. Art and Lowell are making out, also news of the Baltimore Division. You might pass my new number on to the other men and let me have their addresses, particularly those of Claire and Bob Hogan. Regards to Mibs and hello to the gang.

Lieut. John S. Maynard, USNR
Industrial Dept., Navy Yard
Navy Number 128
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Baltimore)





Ed Herbert

Deepwater Pin

Deepwater pinmen, competing in the Central Wilmington League, won the championship of that circuit by defeating Rodney Street, three games to two, in a roll off match. The Ethyl bowlers came from behind to win, after trailing Rodney Street, two games to one, earlier in the match.

Eight teams rolled in the league during the season. The Deepwater maple mashers won the first half and finished second to Rodney Street in the second half, making the roll off necessary. The team's average in



Pete Jackson

ners Top Circuit

this five game final match was 864, or 173 pins per man per game.

In addition to winning the league title, individual honors were taken by members of the team. Ed Herbert wound up with second high individual average and Pete Jackson fin-

ished third. Ed Herbert just missed having top high single in a closely contested race. Herbert and Bud Johnson finished first and third, respectively, in the high triple competition. Ethyl's six-man team and team statistics are as follows:

	Average	High Single	High Triple	No. of 200 Games
Ed Herbert	179	268	667	16
Pete Jackson	178	236	632	17
Bud Johnson	166	244	633	5
Charlie Remsburg	162	214	578	3
Army Armstrong	158	198	519	0
Charlie Wasserman	150	213	518	3
Team scores	168	968	2843	44

Deepwater Newcomers

Jennie M. Norton and Anne E. Davis are the two new lady operators who are taking care of miscellaneous shipments and the recording of drum numbers at the Deepwater plant. As both of them had had previous plant and industrial experience, it didn't take them long to catch on to their duties with Ethyl. Both are Jerseyites, Jennie Norton hailing from Swedesboro and Anne Davis from Penns Grove. When away from the plant Jennie goes in for raising flowers and also likes to accompany her husband on hunting and fishing trips, while Anne prefers dancing and bowling in her leisure hours.

Moves East

John S. Lachowitz, patent attorney, will leave the Detroit Lab June 1 to head the newly organized patent department of Standard Brands, Inc. His headquarters will be at the Standard Brands offices, 57th Street and Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

Gold Star at Freeport

The first gold star in the Ethyl-Dow service flag at Freeport is for Arthur Mizell Watson, aged 24, a lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, who was killed in the crash of his plane at Greer Field, Florida, last Christmas Eve.

OFF TO THE WARS

Six names have been added to the military honor roll since you received the last issue of the *Bulletin Board*. Ed Ellerbe of the Atlanta Division is an ensign in the Navy. Torbin Yates, Chicago Division field engineer, is a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy. Joseph Pratt Carswell, chemist in TEL at Baton Rouge, is a private in the Army. Bill Laswell,

student engineer at Detroit, and Bill Thompson of Manufacturing, Deepwater, are both Army privates, while Homer Sanders, an Ethyl Chloride operator at Baton Rouge, is an aviation cadet.

The addresses of these men, plus any changes of address which have come to our attention during the past month, are listed below:

Ensign S. E. Ellerbe
Naval Aircraft Factory
Plant Divisions
Navy Yard
Philadelphia, Penna.

A/C Homer E. Sanders
Group 9, Sq. D. Class 43-14 (NAV.)
U. S. Army Pre-Flight School
(Bomb-Nav.)
Ellington Field, Tex.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Torbin Yates
Engineers Volunteer Specialist Div.
University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.

Private S. William Laswell
Baldwin Hall Mailbox
University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio

Private Joseph Pratt Carswell
Co. E, 2nd TWS Tng. Rgt. RTC
Camp Sibert, Ala.

Private William H. Thompson
Btry. D, 115th CA Bn. (AA)
A.A.T.C.
Camp Davis, N. C.

Sergeant Dayton C. Bolin, Jr.
1306 North Kentucky Street
Roswell, N. M.

Captain William W. Downer
402 Dalzell Street
Shreveport, La.

Donald Forsdick, B.M. 2/c
C.G. 38633
U. S. Coast Guard Station
Pier 9, East River
New York, N. Y.

Lieutenant Joseph A. Hobart
A.C.A.T.C.
Hotel Robidoux
St. Joseph, Mo.

Major Howard B. Hudiburg
Hq. 31st AAA Group
Camp Stewart, Ga.

Henry Clemons, O.S.
LCI (L) 320
Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.

Joseph E. Christy, S.F. 1/c
75th Naval Construction Batt.
Co. C, Plat. 2
Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Auxiliary Winifred Dugas
112th WAAC Post H.Q. Co.
Fort Hamilton
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lieut. (j.g.) George T. Mercier, Jr.
Lion One, Echelon
Ord. Division
Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Lieutenant (j.g.) John S. Maynard
Ind. Dept., Navy Yard
Navy Number 128
Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Lieutenant (j.g.) L. D. Reis
District Security Office
3rd Naval District
Woolworth Building
233 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

Gay Talks at Long Last

With hell kicked out of the Axis and the Battle of Africa a complete victory, Errol Gay, director of the fleet division, Technical Service, at last agreed to tell the high lights of his recent trip by air to the Tunisian front. At a recent meeting of the Society of Ethyl Engineers, Errol held an audience of 150 people spellbound for two hours. He was sent to the African war theatre by the War Department to inspect military installations and the mechanized equipment of our armed forces.

★ ★ ★

Larry Blatchford, formerly of the Boston Division, has been promoted to the rank of captain in the Army Air Corps. He is located at 16th Air Depot, Duncan Field, San Antonio, Tex.

Things Are Quiet, Sho' Nuff!

Reporting on spring extra-curricular activities, or lack of them, in Atlanta, Florence Liebermuth, our correspondent in those parts, writes:

"Just so there will be at least one patriotic citizen in the Atlanta Division, I have planted one dozen tomato plants and one package of parsley seed. This constitutes my entire garden, since four oak trees, two wild cherry trees, several sweetshrub bushes and some honeysuckle take up the remaining space. I might say Nettie Rose O'Neal has a participating interest in a garden belonging to her brother-in-law, since she is anticipating sharing in the crop of onions and cabbages that to date she has never seen. Other than this, no gardens.

"We are much too busy for golf. Anyway, there is gasoline rationing in these parts and the golf links are far away."

★ ★ ★

Army Visitor

Private Dan Renshaw, formerly of the New York Mailroom, dropped into his former haunts recently looking healthy and tanned after long hours in the South Carolina sunshine. Dan is with the 100th Division and is stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C. Looking around him at the young ladies who now are members of the Mailroom staff, Dan allowed as how the new scenery was not bad.

LIFE

Jack Lee, described by Papa Hudson Kellogg of the Yonkers Lab as weighing eight pounds and having one tooth, made his initial appearance May 4. Other Kellogg children are blonde Anne, aged 7; brunette Jean, aged 5, and red-head Alan, aged 3. At this stage Jack Lee is a baldy, we presume.



"LATEST ADDITION"

DATE *MAY 4, 1943*

Letter in Circulation

A recent issue of a bulletin issued by the public relations department of the General Motors Parade of Progress contained an excerpt from a letter by Harry Manning of our Seattle Division. Harry wrote:

"My big job was at Fort Lewis, Washington. I had to make up an entire new training program complete with drawings and then I had to type in all the training material and make all the drawings on mimeograph stencil sheets so that the office staff at IX Corps School could print up the work and clamp them

into a training course sequence.

"The Ethyl Corporation has been doing a splendid job cooperating with ODT and USDA. I presented special programs on farm tractor maintenance to about 50 Vocational Agricultural Schools in Oregon and Washington and have also presented programs to aviation groups in both the above mentioned states. Along with this I have been busy with fleets of busses and trucks rendering assistance to keep 'em rolling for the day when victory will be ours and we can all get back to living again in the good old American way."

❖ Freeport Facts ❖

Often quoted, but never more right, is the Yankee general who made the statement—"War is Hell." We had hoped this issue to submit some pictures but our camera suddenly developed a mild case of "unfix" and had to be sent off for repairs—and parts which probably are no longer available. So, our excuse offered, let's proceed with the news at hand.

J. H. Thomas of the purchasing department received a letter last week from Hiram K. Waters, former Ethyl-Dower who is now with the U. S. Army in India. H. K. wrote of Army life and informed us that he had married since leaving for the Army. His letter was a gem and we wish it could be reproduced here. Suffice to say, however, that we got a big kick out of it and hope to hear many more times.

Currently missing from our ranks is Linda Blair of the office. Linda had the misfortune to pick a rather spirited horse the other evening with the result that she is suffering from bruises and a severe shaking up. It seems the horse broke into a gallop and Linda, unable to stop him, called out loudly for help. Her would-be

rescuer made a gallant try, but without success. Both his horse and Linda's stumbled to a halt, with the result Linda is now confined to her bed while the horse (none the worse for the incident) contentedly grazes and impatiently waits for the next daring rider to lead him forth to the bridle path.

The first domino tournament of 1943 is now under way. The teams have been paired and are now feverishly making rash statements, laying bets, etc. At week's end the overboastful will have been found out and the victorious will be on their way to winning new laurels.

Andrew Jackson Burnett is the latest Ethyl-Dower to depart for service with Uncle Sam's Navy. A. J. left us on May 6. Here is wishing him an early return—with lots of mementos to pass around through the courtesy of Hitlerhita & Co.

The newest birth on record, let us state, is an eight pound boy for the Robert S. Walkers. Robert S. is in the Plant Protection Department and, incidentally, a mighty proud pop.

Correcting a statement erroneously made in the last issue of the *Bulletin Board*, we should like to say here that we have a 90% partici-

pation flag for War Bond purchases, with over 10% deductions being made, but we have not as yet received the 10% flag as mentioned.

Oklahoma Fauna Invade New York

Dick Murphy, western regional manager, recently received a package done up in pink wrapping paper and marked "Confidential." After debating for a while as to whether or not he should call the bomb squad, he decided to unwrap it.

Removal of the pink paper revealed only a cigar box with holes punched in its sides. But imagine Dick's surprise when he opened this cigar box and a long and lanky lizard jumped out and scooted behind his bookcase, from where it later was rescued by Ed Downs of the Sales Department.

Occupying the other half of the box was a horned toad, who remained where he was after the cover was lifted, his dour expression indicating that he took a sad and gloomy view of life, despite the sunshine in which he suddenly found himself.

After Ed Down's heroic recapture of the lizard, he (the lizard, not Ed) was put back in his prison and the lid closed tight. Dick then took the critturs home to his kiddies.

Dick had a suspicion who sent him the livestock, as just a short time before he had sent a similar gift to M. E. "Bones" Foster of Phillips Petroleum at Bartlesville, Okla., identifying the gift's sender only as "U-Guess." His suspicion was further confirmed by the following letter which came to him about the same time as the animals:

Dear "U-Guess":

Your little turtle arrived safely the other day and has already established a

definite position in our household. The boys named him Murgatroyd. My gratitude at your thoughtfulness and consideration knows no bounds and knowing your penchant for small things, I am endeavoring to repay your generosity somewhat in kind. I think, with proper care and patience, the things I am sending you may be taught to sit up and bark, and other common domestic accomplishments.

Trusting that you enjoy them as much as I enjoy the turtle, I am

"Now-U-Guess"

P.S. Care should be exercised in opening the package.

* * *

Stork Visits Montana

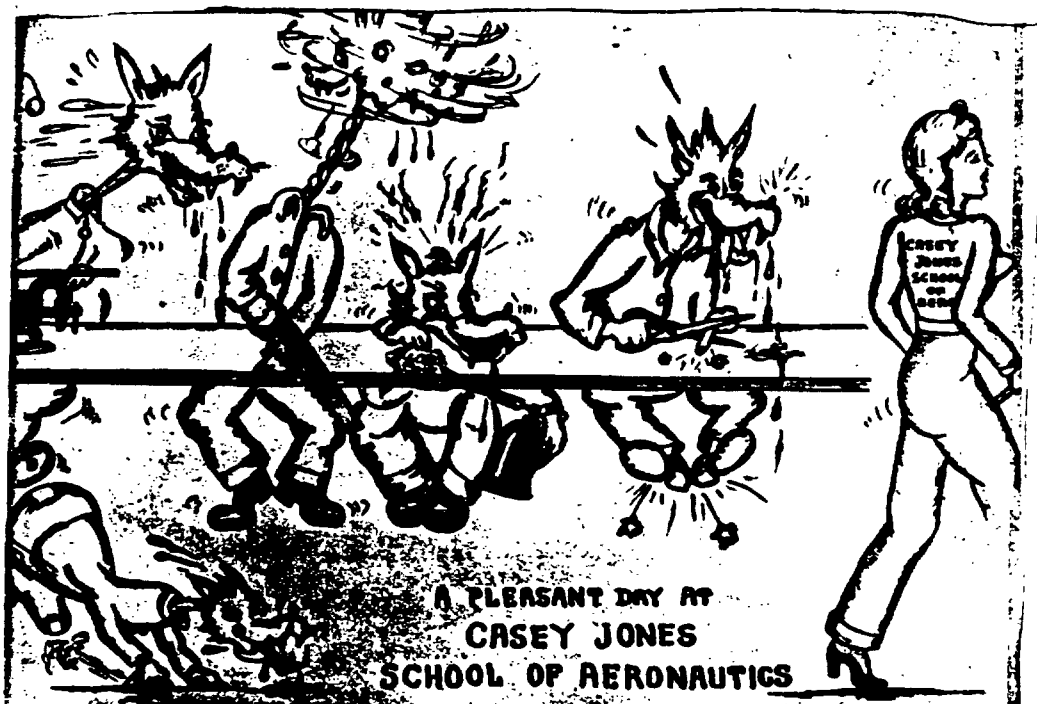
Ben F. Penrose, Seattle Division safety engineer who makes his headquarters in Great Falls, Mont., burst a few of the buttons on his vest last March 18, when a second heir joined the Penrose family. James F., who hit the eight pound mark almost exactly on the nose, was promptly nicknamed Jay by his fond pappy.

* * *

We Go Hollywood

We play a small role in the moving picture "Chetniks." Hollywood's idea of life among General Mihailovitch's Yugoslav guerillas. In a scene just after the General—don't ask us to spell his name again—has captured several Italian officers, he calls German headquarters and offers to exchange the Italians for tins of gasoline, the number of tins for each officer depending on his rank. For an Italian major he asks ten cans of low test gasoline, whereupon the crestfallen prisoner remarks ruefully:

"Not even Ethyl!"



After one of his numerous lectures at the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics in Newark, Bill Ball of the New York Division captured this work of art and bore it in triumph to the Bulletin Board office. We are offering it to you as a study in contrast, as of course there are no such wolves among our Ethyl boys.

A Toothy Bit

Martha Warren of Manufacturing, New York, recently joined the ever growing throng of Ethyl folks who have appeared on Bob Hawk's "Thanks To The Yanks" radio program, which is sponsored by the makers of Camel cigarettes (free advt.). Competing for 2000 Camels (free advt.) to be sent to a member of the armed forces, Martha unfortunately gave a wrong answer to the question, a difficult one, which was asked her. The question was:

"Who loses their teeth first, men or women?"

Not being an expert on dental matters, Martha promptly replied

that male molars and incisors go into the discard before those of the fairer gender. And that, boys, should cause you all to break into a toothy grin, because the girls are way ahead of you in the rush for store teeth. By the way, has anybody seen my upper plate?

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Fourth Daughter

A late flash has just come in, stating that Meredith "Ted" Littlefield, Los Angeles Division field engineer, has just become the father of a fourth daughter. The little girl was born on May 10, but we haven't learned her name or birth weight.

Carl's Corner

This is a matter of self defense. Acting on the general theory that if I had sent you some regular material you would not have published what you used in the March issue, I have decided to "lay another egg." And you know you have asked for it several times.

The war boom has changed many things in this, our recently rugged frontier country. Our truck and bus drivers all used to be regular he-guys, full of vim, vigor and masculine language. Now a great many of these fellows have swelled the ranks of the Marines and the other more vigorous types of fighting forces, and given over the middle of the road to — women. Probably our district is not unique in that respect, but it is the only district that I see, and it has led to some interesting observations.

One of San Diego's lady bus drivers rose from her seat the other day, with her skirt caught in the emergency brake lever. While she was rising, the skirt was staying. Her face and its environs for quite a distance were very red. This silk shortage is really getting to be quite a problem.

Herb Peters, our famous long distance safety man, left us the other day for his new assignment in Houston, Texas. Before he left he called our attention to something which he has been studying with quiet amusement for some little time. He had noticed that the cars which overtake us on the highway — and quite a number of them do — generally have

their license plates framed with signs which read, "I AM AN AMERICAN." I have followed Pete's investigation on my own account, and I find after considerable research that the signs come in three sizes, entitling the bearers to go, respectively, fifty, sixty, and seventy miles per hour. There seems to be some connection, not yet clearly determined, between the seventy-mile size and Cadillacs with 'C' rations registered through the Hollywood branch of the Auto Club. Amazing people, these Egyptians.

★ ★ ★

PLANT PROTECTION BOSS

Harold "Mac" McMenemy, head of maintenance of the Detroit Lab, has recently been appointed to the post of Commanding Officer for Plant Protection, U. S. Citizens Defense Corps for the City of Ferndale. This means that Mac will coordinate and supervise the plant protection corps for all the 85 industrial plants in Ferndale.

★ ★ ★

Dayton Stopovers

The Dayton Division is a popular stopping off place for Ethylmen in military service, as many of them pass through Wright or Patterson Field at some stage of their careers. Among Harry Mack's most recent visitors were Captain Claire Dees, former Baltimore Division manager, who was on his way to California; Lieutenant Ben Harrison, formerly of New York Manufacturing, and Lieutenant Don Bell, erstwhile Kansas City tractor engineer.

**P.T. means
PLENTY TROUBLE,
Mr. Tojo!**

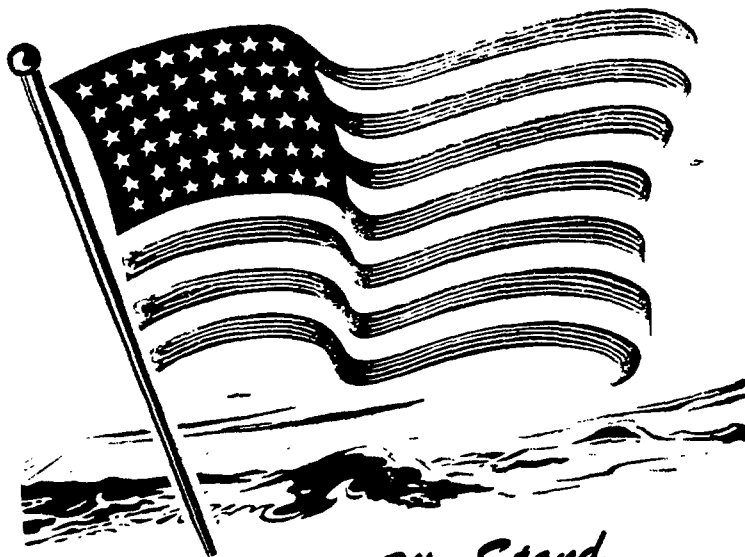


ETHYL HELPS THEM DISH IT OUT"
Every drop of ETHYL counts

ETC 05889

Ethyl BULLETIN BOARD

JULY, 1943



United We Stand

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — *by and for Ethyl employees*

**ETHYL
VETERANS**

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JOURNEY**

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HOW ABOUT TAXES?

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LAB SHERLOCK

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★ ★ ★ **JULY, 1943** ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

The July issue of the *Bulletin Board* displays the Flag of the United States of America on its cover, and it might be well at this time for us to pause a moment and consider what the month of July has meant to us and to this flag. On July 4, 1776, a little group of determined men adopted a document which was to become a famous milestone in man's fight for freedom and which concluded with the stirring words:

"We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions do, in the Name, and by authority of the Good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be, Free and Independent States . . . And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor."

In early July, just 87 years later, a great battle took place which was to determine "whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so

dedicated can long endure." Few people had heard of the sleepy little Pennsylvania town of Gettysburg previous to July, 1863, but there, in peach orchard and meadow, the tides of blue and gray rolled back and forth for three grim and bloody days, while the fate of the union hung in the balance.

Fifty-five more years brought us to another July day—July 19, 1918. On that date the Kaiser's hordes began their retreat from the Marne River. That was the beginning of the retreat which led to the decisive battles of St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne and which ended with the Hun begging for peace.

And so we come to another July—a July which may well be a decisive month in man's eternal struggle to be free. Our soldiers, sailors and marines are fighting throughout the world, giving everything they have to convert a hope for world freedom into a reality. Let us on the home front make a new resolve to back them to the limit in every way we can—"that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TRIO OF VETERANS

Paul F. Johnson of the Kansas City Division, **Elwood R. Anderson** of New York, and **Merritt E. Collins** of Yonkers are the three winners of 15-year service pins this month.

Paul Johnson came to Ethyl from the Thomas and Hochwalt Laboratories in Dayton and began work as a field representative in the Chicago Division. When the Kansas City Division was started he moved there and has been there ever since, working on both sales and safety engineering assignments. At present he is a safety engineer, working out of Omaha, Neb., where he lives with Mrs. Johnson and their two children.

Reminiscing of the Ethyl Corporation of 15 years and more ago, Paul writes:

"It seems like yesterday that Ethyl had its first national convention at the Thomas and Hochwalt Laboratories. I wonder if some of the present division managers remember when they learned how to run distillations, sulphurs, gums, etc., and then went into the library to tell Midge what they had learned. How 'Bull' Durham had to move up to the front of the meeting room so the stenographer could take down his talk, because she couldn't hear him. How Pat Harding stuck his head through the hole in the door we had cut for Charlie Thomas' dog and did a little barking himself.

"Yes, I think about the dinner at the Dayton Engineers Club where Boss Ket told all of us that some

day Ethyl would be internationally known, and about the later events at the Miami Hotel. Art Mittnacht and Eddie Walters bring back pleasant memories—they were such grand fellows.

"By the way, all this happened before I came officially with Ethyl. I'll never forget how scared I was when I met Bob Jordan June 1, 1928, at the Standard Oil office in Chicago. About all there was for me to do at that time was to take samples and check pump markings over eleven states. There weren't any reports at that time. Then came jobber investigations, the car rotation program, demonstration schedules, various surveys, new installations to build, automobile agency contacts, service station surveys, fleet contacts, and all kinds of reports.

"Time goes very fast when you are doing something you like to do and when you like the company and people you are doing it for. It really doesn't seem like 15 years. And I'll bet if Midge knew what the damn Japs were planning, he would have stayed with the synthetic rubber research program."

Merritt Collins stepped out of the University of Nebraska, where he received bachelor of science degrees in both electrical and mechanical engineering, to take charge of the old gasoline testing lab at Omaha. Merritt and one assistant comprised the personnel of the lab, and they did everything from testing gasoline to sweeping out the building.



Paul F. Johnson



Merritt E. Collins



Elwood R. Anderson

The Omaha lab was closed down when the new Kansas City lab was finished in May 1930, and Merritt went to the Missouri city to take charge. He remained in Kansas City until August 1938, when he moved west to San Bernardino, to head that gasoline testing lab. He came to Yonkers as assistant manager of Ethyl's Gasoline Testing Division in May 1941.

Between his electrical engineering and mechanical engineering degrees, Merritt worked for a while with Westinghouse in Pittsburgh, Penna., but except for this brief period his entire business career has been spent with Ethyl. He lives in Crestwood, N. Y., with Mrs. Collins and their son and daughter. In his spare time he gets his exercise in his Victory garden and on the badminton court.

Andy Anderson's start with the company was almost a duplicate of that of Merritt Collins. He went direct from M.I.T. to New Orleans, to take charge of our old lab there. The lab personnel consisted of Andy, an assistant, and a porter—no stenographers, no receptionist, no nothin'!

With the completion of the Baton Rouge lab in 1931, Andy moved over as head man. Working with him were Coleman Davidson and Dale Thompson, now of Detroit, and Tucker Dawson, who is still in Baton Rouge. Came April 1936 and Andy was shifted north to Yonkers to supervise all gasoline testing, but in January 1938 he was back in Baton Rouge, this time for the Manufacturing Department, doing some

work in connection with the new Ethyl Chloride plant. A year later he went to Deepwater to do technical and operations work in the TEL and Ethyl Chloride plants, and in January 1942 he came to the New York office to be a special assistant to John Schaefer, in which job he is working at present.

Andy and Mrs. Anderson live in Tuckahoe, N. Y. His Victory garden and his boat are his favorite diversions. He also is an active member of the Seventh Regiment, New York State Guard.

Four passed the 10-year milestone this month and received their awards. They are Edna Muldoon, J. David Chalfant and Charles A. Wilmot, all of Manufacturing, Deepwater, and Giraud E. "Jerry" Townsend of New York Financial.

The only five-year pin winner is Bernhard "Barney" Weyhrauch of New York Financial.



Stork Club Notes

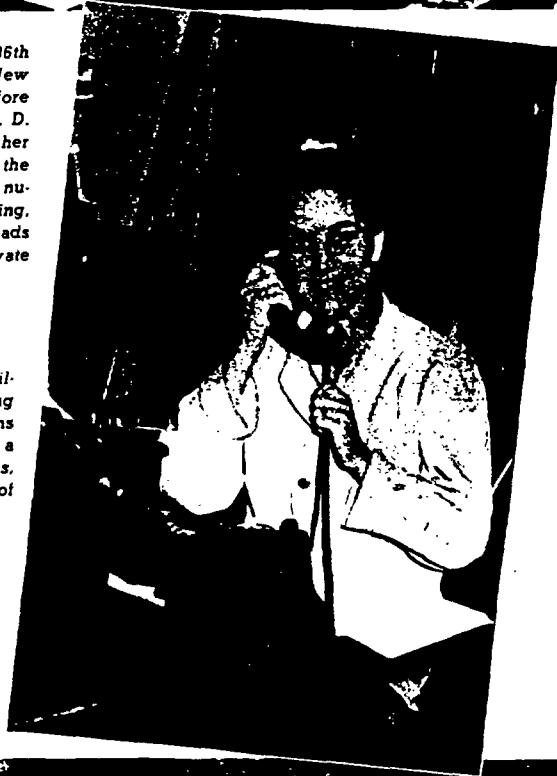
A daughter, Gwendolyn Maria, was born June 4 in Fitch Sanitarium, the Bronx, to Anna Braun, who used to work in New York Stenographic. The little lady is named after both her grandmothers.

A daughter, Katherine Kerns Elder, was born June 12 to Kit Kerns Elder, who used to be secretary to Roy Goltz of the New York Division. The little lady tilted the beam at six pounds thirteen ounces.



Cynthia Decheri, receptionist on the 36th floor of the Chrysler Building, is a native New Yorker who still resides in Manhattan. Before coming to Ethyl she was secretary to Dr. S. D. Bell, an allergy specialist. She received her early schooling in France and then attended the Spence School in New York. Cynthia has numerous hobbies, but her favorites are skiing, riding, flying, and building miniature railroads with her father. She used to hold a private pilot's license.

Carole Cooke came to the New York Mailroom direct from high school in Jamaica, Long Island, where she lives. Her favorite diversions are bowling, reading, and swimming. As a result of long hours on the Long Island beaches, she has a suntan which is the envy of most of us pallid office workers.



Another outstanding Victory gardener has been discovered in Atlanta. He is none other than Alan Tully, division manager, who is shown here, inspecting his abundant lettuce crop with his daughter Belinda.





Errol Gay

GAY ODESSEY

At long last we have managed to dig up some interesting details about the recent trip to Africa of Errol Gay, director of the fleet division of Technical Service. Errol was sent to North Africa last February by the War Department to inspect military installations and mechanized equipment of our armed forces.

Errol's round trip by air covered about 24,000 miles. He left Miami in an ATC transport that followed a route via South America and then across the Atlantic to Africa. There

he transferred to another plane which set him down in Algiers just 49 flying hours after leaving Miami.

In this famous old city he joined forces with the British Ordnance office who was to accompany him on his tour of inspection. With field rations for three weeks, including water, which had to be carried along, bed rolls and extra heavy clothing, the party started in an open touring car on a trip of several hundred miles which turned out to be anything but a joy ride.

Due to Army regulations and a jittery chauffeur, it became necessary for Errol to take over the driving. The threat of enemy planes was constant, which meant eyes on the sky as well as on the road and a quick dive into a protecting ditch if the car was spotted by a Hun dive bomber.

The weather in northern Africa during February is cold and damp, and with nothing but a wet bedroll spread under the olive trees for protection, it is easy for a man to become chilled through and through, even though he is wearing two suits of heavy underwear and three pairs of woolen socks. At one place, however, the party got a break when they were permitted to spread their bedrolls on the concrete floor of a maternity hospital.

On the Tunisian front Errol and party were constantly on the move, inspecting British and American maintenance shops. Taking time out for a sight-seeing trip just 15 miles

from the German lines at Dougga, they visited an old Carthaginian ruin which in the days of Hannibal had been used as an outdoor amphitheater and sports arena. Despite the wear and tear of time, this old Punic ball yard was found to be well preserved.

The Arabs of North Africa, particularly the children, looked undernourished to Errol, food, milk and clothing being scarce since the Huns had confiscated nearly everything for shipment to Europe. Errol believes it is the responsibility of the United States to feed these people. He was impressed with the friendliness of the natives for the United States and said they did a fine job of cooperating with the American and British armies.

Errol was in Africa for forty days and covered hundreds of miles by motor car. He foresees a great future for that country in the post-war development of its natural resources.

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Tribute from a Marine

Viola Wells of the New York Ethyl-Dow office recently received a letter from her nephew, Private Robert Baldwin of the Marine Corps, who is on duty somewhere in the Pacific. At the conclusion of his letter Private Baldwin said: "Us guys will really have to take our hats off to you guys. I don't know what the hell we'd do without Ethyl Fluid in our gasoline."

Two Advance in Rank

Two of the boys who formerly worked at Deepwater have advanced in rank in the Army. John L. Ebell is now a radio technician first class and John A. Miller is a corporal. In case you have forgotten, John Ebell is located at the Fleet Service School, Virginia Beach, Va., and John Miller is at the 41st Army Air Base Squadron, Geiger Field, Spokane, Wash.



Praise the Lord and Pass the Aspirin!

By Frank Dezendorf (*Tax Expert*)

Beginning this month, we income taxpayers will start the series of steps which will eventually get us out of debt to the Federal Government. The Current Tax Payment Act of 1943 will give us a severe headache, but we will gradually recover as time goes on.

The new law doesn't change the tax rates which prevailed before it was passed. It provides that the tax on income shall be paid in the year in which the income is earned.

For tax purposes, the Government recognizes two kinds of income. One is wages and salaries and the other is less regular kinds of income. To collect the tax on salaries and wages, the new law provides that employers shall withhold part of the pay of each worker. For less regular income, the taxpayer is required

to estimate in advance what his income will be for the year, and to pay it up quarterly as it comes in.

The law provides for two rates for withholding. One is 20% after exemptions for family status; the other is 3% for the Victory tax, over and above smaller deductions. Either one or the other is to be applied by employers, but not both. They must withhold at the rate which will yield the highest tax.

Your first step under the law is to file with the company a certificate of family status withholding exemption. This amounts to \$12 a week if you are single, \$24 if married, and \$6 a week for each dependent (see table).

The exemptions under the 3% Victory tax are the same as for a single person, as shown in the table. You get no extra

credit if you are married or have dependents.

The lowest salaried persons will be subject to the 3% Victory tax instead of the 20% withholding tax. If you are single with no dependents, the 20% rate will prevail at all times. If you are married with dependents, however, there will be cases where the 3% rate will produce a higher amount to be withheld than the 20% rate with its greater exemptions. A married person with one dependent would pay the 3% withholding rate if he earned approximately \$33 a week or less, but would pay the 20% rate if he earned more than that sum.

In general, this 20% withholding tax applies to all salaried employees. There are some exemptions—such as ministers of the gospel, domestic help, agricultural workers and others—but there won't be many of these.

Employers have the option of computing the amount of wages and salaries to be withheld on an exact basis, or of using a schedule of deductions provided in the new law.

Under the schedule, the deductions are based on a figure mid-way between the high and low salary figure in each class. For example, where your salary is at least \$30, but is less than \$40, the 20% deduction is based on the middle figure of \$35.

This means that if you are earning \$30 a week and the company uses the deduction schedule, too much probably is being deducted each week. On the other hand, on a salary of \$39.50 a week, the deduction probable isn't big enough. But if you pay too much now, however, you get credit for it next year against taxes then due, or you can ask for a refund. If you haven't paid enough, you will have to make an additional payment to clear up your tax debt when you file a return for your 1943 income tax on March 15 next.

Those are the general provisions of the withholding by employers. They apply to the office boy as well as the president of the company. The main difference is that for the office boy, the amount

withheld probably will cover all the tax he owes.

For higher salaried persons, however, it's quite likely that some extra payment will have to be made. A man earning \$5,000 a year, with two children, probably will find himself in the second surtax bracket which is 16%. That means his income tax is 22%—6% normal and 16% surtax—and he must also pay the 5% Victory tax. As earnings go higher, the 20% withholding will fall short by even greater amounts of meeting the full tax liability.

To permit taxpayers to get on a current basis without paying two years' taxes in one, 75% of the 1942 tax was forgiven if that tax was more than \$66.67. (If last year's tax was \$50 or less, all of it was forgiven; if it was between \$50 and \$66.67, \$50 of it was forgiven.) The remaining tax must be added to the payments which will be made on March 15, 1944, and March 15, 1945.

Thus, if you owed \$400 on your 1942 income, you have already paid \$200 of the total in your March 15 and June 15 instalments. Since 75% of the tax is forgiven, this means you only owe \$100. Therefore, the \$200 already paid is applied against the tax on 1943 income. One-half of the \$100 still owed will be added to the March 15 payment next year and a similar amount a year later.

To prevent a "windfall" to certain taxpayers, the law provides that the 75% forgiveness is to apply to the 1943 tax, instead of the 1942 tax, if the 1943 tax is lower. In such cases, the taxpayer must add the difference between the 1942 tax and the 1943 tax to the 1943 tax.

Thus, if your tax for 1942 was \$5,000 and for 1943 it was only \$1,000, the difference between the two—\$4,000—must be added to this year's tax of \$1,000, making a total of \$5,000. In addition, since 75% of the 1943 tax is now forgiven, you must also pay the remaining 25% or \$250 of your 1943 tax, making a total tax of \$5,250 to be paid for this year.

Another provision of the law requires that taxpayers (1) earning more than \$2,700 a year, if single, (2) more than

In the computation of the amount of tax to be withheld from wage payments an exemption is allowable against the wages paid for each payroll period determined in accordance with the schedules below.

Family Status Withholding Exemption Schedule

Payroll period	Single person	Married person claiming whole of personal exemption for withholding or head of family	Married person claiming half of personal exemption for withholding	Married person claiming none of personal exemption for withholding	Each dependent, other than the first dependent in the case of the head of a family
Weekly	\$12	\$24	\$12	0	\$6
Biweekly	24	48	24	0	12
Semimonthly	26	52	26	0	13
Monthly	52	104	52	0	26
Quarterly	156	312	156	0	78
Semiannual	312	624	312	0	156
Annual	624	1,248	624	0	312
Daily or miscellaneous (per day of such period)	1.70	3.40	1.70	0	.85

\$3,500 a year if married, or (3) having an income of more than \$100 from sources other than salaries or wages, must file a declaration of their income and tax on September 15. Taxes on any income not covered by the withholding provision must then be paid in quarterly instalments as that income is earned.

For these taxpayers, it will be necessary for them to file quarterly statements of their income if that income changes substantially—because their tax payments must total at least 80% of the tax finally adjudged due, or a penalty must be paid on the deficiency.

Question: How do I decide on which year's income (1942 or 1943) I pay a full tax? Is it the larger total income or the larger total tax?

Answer: The larger total tax is what counts—and must be paid in full.

Question: How do I figure income tax liability for 1943?

Answer: The same way as you figured your income tax for 1942. In other words, the same tax rates apply; the new law simply changes the method of payment. Therefore, when you fill out

your 1943 income tax return next March 15, you compute your total tax just as you did in 1942. Then, you deduct the payments you will have made through the withholding tax and in the quarterly instalments you paid on March 15 and June 15. The balance, if any, must be paid at that time. Any refund accruing to the taxpayer will be remitted by the Treasury.

Question: How does the 75% tax forgiveness apply?

Answer: The 75% forgiveness applies to whichever tax is lower—1942 or 1943. The remaining 25% is to be paid in two equal instalments on March 15, 1944, and March 15, 1945.

Question: What do I do on Sept. 15?

Answer: Nothing—unless your annual salary exceeds \$2700 if single, \$3500 if married, or if you have more than \$100 annual income from sources other than salaries and wages. In these cases, you must file on September 15 a declaration of your 1943 income and pay a tax half then and half on December 15 on any 1943 income not covered by the withholding tax.

Question: What credit do I get for insurance premiums on my income tax under the new law?

Answer: None, except as a credit against the Victory tax. However, other special deductions allowed under the 1942 tax law—for example, unusual medical expenses—may be deducted.

Question: Must I still pay the 5% Victory tax next March 15?

Answer: Yes. On March 15 next, the taxpayer will figure what he owes on his 1943 income tax. To this he will add his Victory tax liability for 1943. From that total he will deduct the credits allowed under the Victory tax, which will show him his total tax for 1943. Against this, he will deduct the amount he paid in 1943 through (1) the Victory tax the first half of the year, (2) the new withholding tax during the second half, (3) the two installments he paid on March 15 and June 15. If these payments exceed his tax liability, he will get a refund. If they are less, he must pay the difference.

Question: What do I do on March 16 next?

Answer: Enter a sanitarium for a few days of rest and recuperation.

* * *

Carl's Corner

The Army posts continue to intrigue, particularly the new mechanical equipment. Latest is the "Seep" which is a sort of sheet iron bathtub with a built-in Peep. I was explaining it to my better seventeights the other night, telling her how this whole series of names was descended from the Jeep, and she claimed that if we were to trace the ancestry all the way back we would find that it originated with our family Heap.

Well, anyway, no matter how that argument comes out, it was nice to be at Camp Cooke when their first Seeps came in, simultaneously with an oversize rain. The marsh buggies stood out all night, and in the morning there were several inches of water in the bodies. Along came the tech sergeant, who had been out somewhere else all night, and he did not care whether he or these new mechanical marvels had the biggest overhang, or vice versa—he just got aboard one of them and started. The moisture got annoying, so he decided to pump ship with the quick acting bilge pump provided for that purpose.

It seems that the pump was geared to the engine, and speed provided pressure—and fun. All went well for some time while he cruised the camp, spoiling the morning for those of fewer stripes and less authority, but finally he failed to detect the blue MP armband on an approaching private. He really did a job on that fellow—just like a fire hose. By the way, have you heard that there is a reason why they still peel potatoes by hand in the Army—and that sergeants can generally do it better than privates?

Commenting on the recent photographing of employees, Mac Murdock says we should all be glad that we were hired first and photographed afterward. Please, Frank, never publish any of those "fronts and sides" in the *Bulletin Board*, because if you do and the head men up in New York take a look, our names will be prominent in the next month's "No Longer With Us."



Freddie Hughes, custodian of the Stock Room at the Detroit Lab, proudly exhibits **Frederick James, Jr.**, who was born May 16 and weighed into this world at six pounds eleven ounces. Freddie is also the father of a daughter, **Patricia Ann**, aged three.

★ ★ ★

No Longer a Bachelor

Jim Lonergan, handsome young cost accountant in New York, took himself out of circulation on May 8 by marrying Miss Ruby Russell at St. Denis' Church in Yonkers. The bride attended Hunter College and is employed by the Vanadium Corporation in the Graybar Building, just across the street from our New York office, where she can keep tabs on her husband. Jim and his bride are making their home in Yonkers.

14

BULLETIN BOARD—JULY

Calls Himself to Order

Ed Cottrell, at present the only field representative left in the Tulsa Division, recently went into a tight huddle with himself and came up with the following letter to his boss, Lou Shank:

Houston, Texas
May 1, 1943

Mr. L. W. Shank
Dear Lou:

Re: Circular Letter No. 59

A meeting of the entire organization representing the field force of the Tulsa Division was recently held and I called to my attention the contents of Mr. T. E. Ronan's bulletin relating to the wave of car thefts and I warned myself to be more careful when parking my car.

All hands agreed to be more careful regarding the above in the future as I realize when my car stops. I stop.

Very truly yours,

s H. E. Cottrell
H. E. Cottrell
Director of
Field Representatives
Tulsa Division

★ ★ ★

Southern Wedding

Lieutenant Joe Williams, U.S.A., who used to be with the Atlanta Division, has been in the ranks of the benedicts since April 24, when he married Yula Carolyn Beatty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Beatty, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. According to the wedding announcement, Joe and his bride are residing in Perry, Ga.

War Poster Stamps

The War Poster Stamps sent to you with this copy of the *Bulletin Board*, as a gift from the company, reproduce fifty of the leading posters in the recent National War Poster Contest conducted by Artists for Victory, Inc. All told, there were 2,243 in the contest. All money cleared from these stamps will go into additional morale building moves by the 10,000 artists in the organization.

If you wish more sheets of these stamps for yourself or for your friends, you may obtain them at one fourth of the regular price, or four sheets—200 stamps—for a dollar, by mentioning the Ethyl Corporation when you write to Artists for Victory, 101 Park Avenue, New York.

★ ★ ★

No Longer with Us

Betty Trumble, New York

Augustus O. Allen, Detroit

Audrey M. Lyon, Detroit

Frances C. Burchett, New York

Alberta Randall, New York

Edward Horsman, Detroit

Clyde F. Wade, Detroit

Frank Lombardi, New York

John S. Lachowicz, Detroit

William D. Buskin, Detroit

Jean Aubeck, New York



Jane Jordan

Makes Hit on Radio

The afternoon of June 1 found the personnel of the Detroit Lab hovering around every available radio, for Jane Jordan, assistant to Julian Frey, was on the air, telling the radio audience of Station WWJ some of the things Ethyl is doing to help win the war. Jane appeared on the regular weekly program called "Fran Harris Reports," in which Miss Harris interviews women in Detroit who hold important jobs in war production plants.

As a result of Jane's broadcast, they liked her radio voice so well at WWJ that they asked her to sign up as a fill-in announcer at the station.



Vince Hnizda and Captain Loren G. Farrell inspect the sample of gasoline extracted from a roll of toweling.

Laboratory Legerdemain

RE INVESTIGATION BUREAU
IN A RESEARCH CHAIRMAN
CHIEF

ARSON SQUAD
CHIEF OF ARSON, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

City of Detroit
FIRE DEPARTMENT
LABORATORY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

June 9, 1943.

Dr. George Calingaert,
Research Laboratories,
Ethyl Corporation,
1800 West Eight Mile Rd.,
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Doctor Calingaert:

Please accept my thanks for the cooperation given our Captain Farrell in extracting and identifying certain inflammable liquid from cloth taken from the scene of an incendiary fire which recently occurred in a laundry in Detroit. Although knowing your ability to frequently accomplish the seemingly impossible in a chemical laboratory, the results of this test certainly exceeded my expectations as we have frequently been given to understand that such an extracting operation was impossible and that identification could not be made unless at least two ounces of liquid was available.

We hope to incorporate similar equipment in our laboratory which, as you know, is now in the making. It is with your assistance and splendid advice in this instance as well as on numerous occasions in the past that we hope to make our laboratory one of the best in the country for the particular type of work we are required to do.

Very truly yours,

George W. Smith
George W. Smith
Detective Inspector.

GWS/rfs

Dr. "Cal" Calingaert, director of the Chem Research Lab at Detroit, doubled for Sherlock Holmes recently. Following a fire in one of Detroit's commercial laundries, Captain Loren G. Farrell of the Arson Squad, Detroit Police and Fire Department, called on Cal, handed him a roll of gasoline scented toweling, which had been salvaged from the fire, and asked him to produce the gasoline in a bottle.

Vince Hnizda of Chem Research undertook the task of recovering the sample of gasoline from the toweling. The latter was placed, with-

out unrolling, in an autoclave, to which was attached a system of traps and a vacuum pump. Approximately 20 ccs. of gasoline were collected, at reduced pressure, in about half an hour.

With this valuable evidence in hand, the Arson Squad was able to start looking at once for the guys whodunnit. This method of recovering gasoline is being adopted by the newly instituted laboratory of the Arson Squad.

★ ★ ★

One Colonel, Five Majors

That shower of metal that fell all around you was just a few of our Ethyl boys tossing aside their captain's bars and replacing them with the gold oak leaves of the major. And just by way of variety, one Ethylman swapped his silver oak leaves for a pair of eagles. The new wearer of the colonel's eagles is Dr. Willard Machle, formerly of Cincinnati, who is now in charge of the Medical Research Laboratory of the Armored Force at Fort Knox, Ky.

The five new majors are Stonewall Jackson Warner, formerly of Atlanta; Jim Boudreau, formerly of Chicago; Les Roberts, formerly of Cincinnati; Bob Greenwood, formerly of Deepwater, and Miles Kinley, formerly of Chicago. Jack Warner is now in England, Bob Greenwood is at Camp Tyson, Tenn., Les Roberts is assisting Dr. Machle at Fort Knox, Miles Kinley is at Camp Beauregard, La., and Jim Boudreau is in Chicago.



Smiling at you is Louise M. Hardan, stenographer-clerk in the Gasoline Testing Lab at Detroit. She is a graduate of Lincoln High in Ferndale, attended Kalamazoo College for two years and then went to business college, from where she came direct to Ethyl. She likes swimming, horseback riding, badminton and bicycling.

★ ★ ★

Patricia Corrigan, chemist in the Gasoline Testing Lab at Detroit, is a graduate of St. Theresa High School and of Marygrove College, where she obtained a B.S. degree in chemistry. She came to Ethyl direct from the campus. Patricia is a young lady who has many interests. She likes to read, knit, swim, play tennis, and bowl, and she collects phonograph records.





QUESTION FOR

A war w
What can
by R. L.

What did you do for Freedom today?
A Marine on Guadalcanal,
Through a hail of lead and jungle hell,
Crept out to a wounded pal;
And he dragged him back through the
slime and muck,
Then, with never a thought of rest,
Back over that deadly route he went
And smashed a machine-gun nest.
It wasn't much fun—the bullets—the
mud—
He may have been scared, but he hid it;
He only knew of a job to do
And he didn't quibble, he did it.
What did you do for Freedom today?
"All that you could." Think well—
One-millionth as much as that Leather-
neck did?
—They buried the boy where he fell.

What did you do for Freedom today?
A Gob on a rubber raft
Drained the last wet drop from his water-
flask
Then threw it away and laughed.
For eighteen days on an endless sea
In a torment of pain he lay;
Drenched and chilled to the bone at
night,
And burned to a crisp by day.
He wanted to live, but he knew in his
heart
That the odds were a thousand to one;
But he drifted and hoped, consoled by
a prayer,
And the thought of a job well done.
What did you do for Freedom today?
"All that you could," you declare.
But when you say it, remember the Gob
Who died on the raft out there.



Just stop every one
When your lot seen
And think of a Gob
And nine boys in a

Reprinted from THE
May

R AMERICANS



ter asks it.

ou answer?

Nicholson

What did you do for Freedom today?
 Nine lads in a B-17
 Ran into a flock of Messerschmitts
 And died in their wrecked machine.
 Oh, they didn't do bad with what they
 had,
 But they flew through hell to do it;
 They had smashed Berlin and a dozen
 "one-ten's,"
 But their number was up and they knew
 it.
 They were full of holes, with no controls,
 And their ship was a comet of flame;
 But they stuck to their guns and the
 useless stick
 And battled on just the same.
What did you do for Freedom today?
"All that you could." O.K.;
But if those nine boys in the B-17
Were to ask you, what would you say?

What did you do for Freedom today?
 I think they've a right to ask.
 You're in this fight just as much as they.
 And with just as important a task.
 Were you at your desk, or bench, or
 press,
 And at work at the starting bell?
 Did every minute of this day count?
 And the job—did you do it well?
 Did you buy a Bond or a Stamp today?
 Or collect any scrap for the pile?
 Did you save your grease or throw it
 away?
 Did you drive just an extra mile?
 Have you been down to the Red Cross
 Bank
 And given a pint of your blood?
 Did you send that V-mail letter today?
 Did you hoard any rationed food?
 Before you begin to complain and gripe
 That life is all work and no fun—
 Would you trade your dinner for
 Ration K?
 Or your overtime pay for a gun?

In a while today
 hard and lean,
 and a Leatherneck,
 -17.



WEEK Magazine
 1943.



Hazel M. Anderson, stenographer-clerk in New York Administration, commutes to the office from Richmond Hill, Long Island. She attended John Adams High School in Ozone Park, obtained her B.A. degree from Brooklyn College, and did graduate work at Columbia University. She came to us from the Air Reduction Company. In her spare time activities, Hazel is versatile. She does war work for the Red Cross, makes and designs clothes for herself, and plays the piano, with the accent on classical music.



Hello, folks! We're Peter and Eileen Adriance and our pop edits the Bulletin Board, so we put the pressure on him to let us break into print. Peter was three years old May 2 and Eileen celebrated her first birthday February 4. And don't tell a soul, but we're going to have a little brother or sister in August.

Clementine C. Parchen of New York Stenographic lives in the Bronx. On a casual basis for several months, she recently was changed to a permanent status. She was a housewife for several years before coming to Ethyl, but before that was with Western Electric. Clementine attended Morris High School in the Bronx and took a secretarial course at Normal Commercial School. She likes to play bridge, read, and go fishing with her husband, provided she doesn't have to put a worm on the hook or handle a fish.



Major Howard E. Hudiburg, formerly a safety engineer with the Chicago Division, is stationed at Camp Stewart, Ga. Said Howard in a recent letter: "Very busy now and starting into the real old South Georgia weather — the tropics, if you ask me! Am now assigned as Group Executive Officer, 31st AAA Group. Our group having seven battalions, we are somewhat lacking in the element known as spare time."



Gwen Barr, secretary to Ralph Champlin, was married June 5 to Lieutenant Edward J. Bergin in the rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. After the ceremony a reception was held in the roof garden of the St. Regis Hotel. Lieutenant Bergin, who is in the Quartermaster Corps, is stationed at Camp Upton, Long Island. Before joining Uncle Sam's Army he was with the investment banking firm of DeCoppet & Doremus, where Gwen used to work before she came to Ethyl.

Carolyn E. Hitchcock, who works in Detroit Financial, was born in Flint, Mich., but migrated to Detroit at the age of 10. She attended East Commerce High School, where she took a commercial course. Before coming to Ethyl she worked with the Fruehauf Trailer Company, where she met her husband, who recently enlisted in the Air Corps. Carolyn's favorite diversions are stamp collecting, gardening, and her three-year-old son, Lee.





★ ★ ★

VICTORY MAIL

★ ★ ★

Dear Mr. Webb:

Five years ago this month I joined the Ethyl family—thanks to Joe Costello and George Rosser, who managed to convince Bob Jordan that I was potential material in spite of my not knowing then why I wanted to work for Ethyl, much to Bob's disgust.

I have never had the pleasure of meeting you but I have been quite fortunate in meeting and knowing a number of your "boys," including Mr. Taylor, Mr. Kaley, Jack Martin, Joe Costello, Julian Frey, Errol Gay, Alan Tully, and my closest personal friend, George Rosser. Then since being over here in England I have had the pleasure of being with another of your "boys," Ray Bevan. He has been of considerable assistance to me in my work in petroleum and in addition has been quite nice to me personally.

Last week I had lunch in London with Ray and it was during this last visit that the thought occurred to me in a very forceful manner—what grand fellows Ethyl men are, no matter who they are or where they are.

So although this note may not make sense to you, I just thought I would like to express to you personally that after five years as an Ethyl man, I now really know and realize what that name means

and stands for and I am proud to bear that name.

I would also like to add as one of the fellows in the service, thanks for what you and the company have done for us and here's hoping that it won't be long before we will be back with the gang.

Major S. J. Warner, Jr.
APO 871, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Atlanta)



Dear Ethyl Service Men:

I understand that it is now my turn to give you a bit of the news around the Lab, so here goes.

The rainy season seems to show signs of being over—as Charlie Mummert puts it, "It's rained for forty days and forty nights and has just gotta quit."

All the Victory Gardeners are now rushing home every night and getting in

a few licks with the hoe to try and get their crops in in time to beat an early frost. The main topic of conversation at lunch these days—besides the progress of the war—is the best way of planting corn, whether or not tomato plants should be staked, etc., etc.

Quite a few of the boys in the service who are stationed around Detroit have dropped in to see us lately. Idan Flaa, Bob Hogan and George Rosser have all stopped in recently. Ray Faller, although stationed at the Hudson Naval Ordnance Plant here, hasn't had a chance to pay us a visit as yet, but has promised to do so in the near future. Johnny Howard seems both busy and happy in his berth up at Buick in Flint, and Arch Vallier goes on happily gaining weight at his post in Lansing.

The Lab has a different sound these days. Instead of the put-put of the single cylinder engines and the hum of the passenger car engines of the pre-war era, the full throated roar of the various tank engines makes it impossible to carry on much conversation in the dynamometer wing. Instead of seeing feet sticking out from under a shiny passenger car, the familiar sight in the Road Test Section now is the same pair of feet sticking out from under a scout car or a jeep. Instead of conversation about the relative merits of this and that automobile, all you hear now is the merits of this tank destroyer or how long a pair of tracks is supposed to last on that tank.

Yes, things have changed a lot here at the Lab but the spirit hasn't changed. The lamp is still in the window and will be until that day after Victory when we can all get together again. Until then—the best of luck.

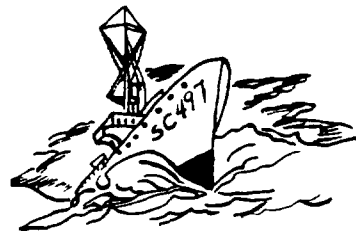
Sincerely,

Dick Scales
(Detroit)



I am not quite sure to whom to write this letter so will leave the heading

blank. I guess there is still an Ethyl Serviceman's Circular Letter. Mail has a heck of a time catching up with this little tub the way we have been traveling around. There are sometimes periods of over a month when we can't either receive or send any mail.



Since about February 1, I have been attached to the SC 497, SC standing for sub chaser. It isn't revealing any military secrets to say that she is a bit over one hundred feet long and carries a crew of twenty-four men and three officers. Since the last of April, I have had the questionable honor of being the skipper, which simply means that I get all the grief for the privilege of being called "Captain."

My crew is a great bunch ranging in age from seventeen to forty and in years of naval service from one-half to sixteen.

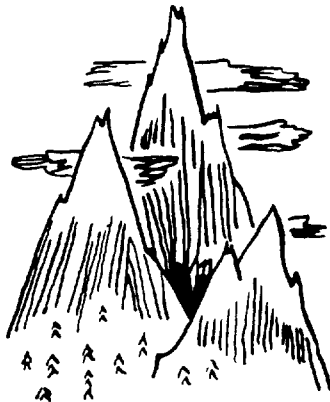
On a small ship like this, which is at sea for quite long periods of time, one gets to know the men well. I wish someone would write a book about the characters I have aboard. It would make really humorous reading.

Living accommodations are not the most commodious in the world on one of these tubs. Water must be strictly rationed, which means no baths at sea. Quarters are cramped and sleeping impossible in rough weather. It is not uncommon to wake up in mid-air on the way from your bunk to the deck. Tell Cipolla that a lot of my men have had destroyer duty and say it is a sissy duty compared with this as far as rough riding goes.

However, in spite of inconveniences the life is good, and I am thoroughly enjoying the experience. I can think of a

hell of a lot worse places to spend the war.

H. C. Sumner, Lt. (jg)
USS SC 497
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Detroit)



I received your letter telling me Bill's address some time ago. In fact I already have a letter from him. Bill is at Ellis Island, N. Y., and expecting to get a transport. It wasn't quite clear whether he is to serve on the transport or just going for a little trip as I did some time ago.

You could have floored me when I opened the *Bulletin Board* and saw yours truly all wrapped up in his parka. It made me feel pretty good. In fact I am going to send the clipping to my little wife to save in her scrap book.

I have been wondering for some time what the new building looks like. It was only partially finished when I last saw it. Any pictures of the gang would be most welcome. Loads of luck!

T/Sgt. Andrew Pallay
Hq. Co., 5th Inf. Div.
APO No. 5, c/o Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Detroit)



Andy Pallay

At long last I have settled down at the lab where I will probably remain for the duration. It is located at the Medical College of the University of Manitoba here in Winnipeg.

Our fundamental purpose is to properly regulate the diet of the RCAF to assure that the flyers, in particular, receive the greatest possible benefit from the food which our rations offer. All this has reference to the vitamin and mineral content—the protein, carbohydrate and fat problems are left to the dieticians.

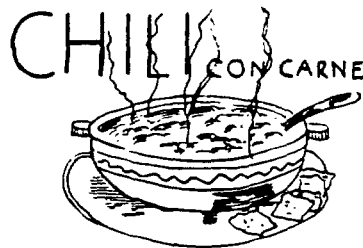
The way we work is this—there is one lab in each of the four flying commands. As it happens our command covers all of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. We will visit each RCAF station in each province and send samples of the meals, taken right from the Mess Hall, back to the laboratory where they will be analyzed. From the data collected over a certain period, we will be able to know any deficiencies.

Our methods of analysis are largely colorimetric. All of our equipment is the latest available.

The people in Winnipeg seem very friendly. They have a beautiful large service center for the use of all the service men. There we hear big name bands and have all sorts of ways to spend our spare time. I have found also that Winnipeg is a great musical center. They have concerts of every description, from the heavy classics to swing.

All in all I believe the time I spend in the RCAF will be well spent. I like it very much but back of it all I am looking forward to the time when war will no longer be and I can return to my job and friends at home. I should like very much to hear from any of you who might find time to write.

AC-2 J. C. Boag
R-201474 (RCAF)
No. 3 Nutritional Lab
Medical College
Winnipeg, Manitoba
(formerly of Detroit)



I suppose by now you have just about given me up for lost but I am still around.

Lots has happened since I last wrote you. To begin with, I am now a father! I have a new daughter, Patricia Sue. She weighed 6 lbs. 14 oz. and was 22 inches long when she was born. She was born on May 5, 1943. Mother and child—and father—are doing nicely (at least the mother and child are). I got a seven day leave a couple of weeks ago and went home to see them. Helen and the baby were both fine and they are going to join me here in a few weeks.



I have been receiving the Ethyl Bulletin Board regularly and enjoy it very much—even though some of the old familiar faces have changed somewhat, but then, with so many of the boys in the service that is to be expected. I hope that some day all of the old gang can be together again.

Lady Luck has been traveling by my side while I have been in the Army, or so it seems. I am still with the Post Engineers in the Engineering Branch, but I have had a very nice promotion. I am now a Warrant Officer (JG) assigned to A-4, attached to the Post Engineers. (A-4 is Service and Supply.)

I can see that Ethyl is really carrying on, and it really makes me proud to have been a part of the Ethyl organization. I hope that some day I can again say that I am a part of it. Those Service Men's Letters are really the thing.

Right now Florida isn't so nice. It rains almost every day and the people say that it will continue through June. I have been swimming several times though and am getting a very nice tan. There isn't much fishing here because the Coast Guard says we can't fish without a permit and there is absolutely no deep sea fishing. The night life around here is almost totally out—because we are under dim-out regulations at all times. We even have to paint over the lenses of our automobiles.

I would like to hear from some of the boys that are still in the company. Right

now I have to make an inspection so I had better go.

W. O (JG) James M. Anders, Jr.
c/o Post Engineer
Elgin Field, Florida
(formerly of Detroit)



Once again I am writing you after a much too long delay between letters. As the days go by, with little or no change from the regular routine, I find it more and more difficult to write you of the local events that may be of interest to you. After being in one place for any length of time, most of the oddities of a particular location seem to become commonplace, but I will attempt to write you at least something of what may be found native to this part of the world.

The law of gravity seems to be of utmost importance out here, for no matter where you move it always seems to be along an incline plane. If the mind could distinguish a gradual change in slope without reference to a body of water or man-made level object, everything would be all right, but it so happens that this is not possible to do in most instances. It seems strange to be riding over an apparently level road with the vehicle running in second gear with throttle opened wide and engine laboring to make the grade. In a matter of a few minutes the atmospheric pressure on the ear drums gives an indication that some change in elevation has been made, even though there is no other means of recognizing the displacement.

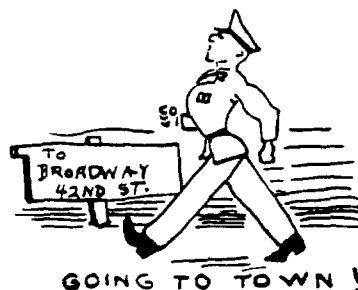
One day while watching for any signs of marine life in an intermittent stream,

I was surprised to discover schools of tropical fish of the platy and guppy varieties. I didn't expect to find any fish of any kind in the inland waters of the island.

Another oddity, or so it seems to me, is the number of lady barbers to be found out here. Back in Detroit finding a lady barber operator is strictly a rarity, unless a lot of changes have been made since I left home. Being tended by a female operator is quite agreeable, but when she tries to care for the normal household duties such as preparing meals while cutting hair it sometimes causes much delay in the process of getting sheared.

So much for my observations during my stay out here. I appreciate getting news from the home office, but so far I haven't been getting as much mail from those at the lab as I would like to receive. I hope something can be done about the situation.

M. Sgt. E. J. Kukla, 36130536
Hqs. Battery, 27th Div. Art.
APO No. 27, U. S. Army
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco
(formerly of Detroit)



Hi, Folks:

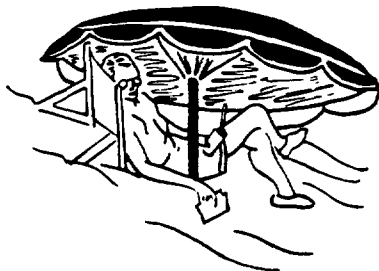
No, I won't ask what's "knocking" but let me know anyway. Things are sure moving fast with me as a short while ago I was at Rosecrans Field at St. Joseph, Mo. and am now located in Brooklyn waiting for an assignment some place else (I hope it's California).

The time seems to be rapidly approaching when I shall take over the duties for which I am being trained. As you know my training at Yale was such as to pre-

pare me to carry a position as Engineering Officer. At St. Joseph the training was carried on in the specialized field of the Air Forces, namely, the Air Transport Command. Here in New York I am in the home office of the domestic transportation department which is one branch of the ATC. It shall be my duty, in addition to an Engineering Officer, to act as liaison officer between the Army and the domestic airlines.

Have been seeing quite a bit of this town while trying to keep from getting lost. Having lots of fun. Loads of luck. Thanks for the chain letters.

Lt. Joseph A. Hobart
Hq. DTR, ATC
33 Pine Street
New York, New York
(formerly of Detroit)



I just returned to active duty after 10 days convalescing at one of the finest beaches in Australia, two weeks in a hospital in Australia, and two weeks in a hospital in New Guinea. Prior to that I had worked 15 to 20 hours per day for six weeks doing a job and organizing a petroleum section there. I was in excellent physical condition and thought I could take it, against the better judgment of many of my friends who have been in that area for many months. Anyhoo, I got the job done just as I couldn't lift my foot into my Jeep. "Jungle" malaria (a combination of dengue and malaria) hit me like a ton of bricks. Dengue is known in these parts as the bone crushing fever. Even my toes and fingers ached, with some unseen object sitting on my forehead and the back of my neck. Malaria knocks hell out of one's blood.

Rest, Upjohn's Jeculin, and sunshine have restored me to my old self again, but I don't expect to go back to New Guinea except on short visits. When I got out of the hospital, I was as yellow as an Easter egg from the Atrabine treatment they subjected me to. Usually quinine is used first, but not in my case. Now I'm as brown as a New Guinea native. I hope to keep my color by spending each Sunday for a few months at the same beach mentioned above.

Before I left Australia for New Guinea I was Aviation Petroleum Officer for U. S. Army Air Forces S.W.P.A. Now I am Aviation Petroleum Engineering Officer, with nothing to do with petroleum distribution, but concentrating on problems pertaining to the application of petroleum products. In New Guinea I handled both jobs for that particular area.

Major W. H. Hubner
Hq. ASC 5th A.F.
APO 925, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Detroit)



Dear Ethyllites:

I just received my *Bulletin Board* and can easily say that it has been a definite aid in keep this writer's morale above par. Believe it or not, the *Bulletin* has followed me to every post I've been. At present I am in a Tank Destroyer Group located in the desert training area, where the temperature forgets itself occasionally and jumps out of bounds. Distance is a subject everyone has to learn all over again due to the very clear atmosphere and vast areas. However crude living conditions get, the medics wonder at the decrease in sick call and praise the desert for that.

Motor maintenance is the problem, the real problem, and every CO realizes it after being here a few weeks. The oil filters must be changed every two hours if on a cross desert march. From north

to south, starting at Needles, Calif., the sand goes from coarse to fine, fine dust located in the Laguna Desert where I have the misfortune to be stationed now. The tire pressure is another problem. Of course deflated tires maneuver better in sand, but as soon as your march unit runs into a rock bed with deflated tires, bingo, your tires are practically cut to pieces.

I certainly enjoyed our April issue, sporting the Ethyl basketball champs with Smiling Boy Batte and good looking Ed Lorio in the fine squad. Of course it was of much interest to note that "Wolf! Wolf!" Governale finally got the Florida flame to say yes, but the disposition of his other cuties is worrying me no end.

For the past few days, I have been attending a four day Air-Ground conference at Desert Center Airbase. The Air Corps fellows are swell and this cooperation will mean the end of the little man that stutters and sputters over there in Europe. Here's to a happy meeting later.

Captain Arthur H. Middleton
Hqs. 5th Tank Destroyer Group
APO 439, c/o Postmaster
Los Angeles, Calif.
(formerly of Baton Rouge)



This is just a note to let you know that I have continued to receive the *Ethyl News* since I have been in the Army. I enjoy it very much and hope to continue to receive it. My copies are placed in our technical library here and are rather widely read. Many ex-oil men are on duty here and they seem to enjoy the publication.

Major Wayland W. Sweeney, Jr.
Headquarters
Engineer Unit Training Center
Camp Claiborne, La.
(formerly of Atlanta)

I am in Arkansas now, as of last Thursday. Am taking an eight weeks course in Army Administration. I am crazy about this place—it is simply beautiful here. We are located in Arkansas Polytechnic College. It is quite warm, of course—my in-between-meal diet consists of cokes and salt tablets.

Afc. Catherine Rowney
WAAC Bn. 2
AAAS Company D, Class 6
Russellville, Ark.
(formerly of New York)



Somewhere in Australia

Dear BB:

I appreciate very much receiving the news contained in the *Bulletin Board*. The last three issues have come through in good shape and without much loss of time. Am looking forward to the next issue—May.

As indicated above I am in Australia, although I cannot say what part. (Expect to get into New Guinea before long.) Have been here several weeks. Am located a few miles outside of a town, but seldom see it—we only work seven days per week.

There are many things I could write, but the base censor would blot it out, so that definitely limits the issue.

I certainly will be happy to get this war over and return to the States. Keep the morale high at home and we will do our part down here. Thanks again and regards to all.

Major Arthur Dale Miller
Headquarters Sixth Army
c/o Postmaster, APO 442
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Tulsa)

The roaming Harrisons have come to a new camping place and again pitched our tents, unloaded the pack horses and unpacked our saddle bags after some months of indecision and house hunting. We decided to store our furniture in Harrisburg after several events made it appear that we might not be too permanent here and after I found a furnished house with no more leaks in the roof than we had pots and pans.

So at the moment we are living here, 25 miles from Dayton (east) and the same distance from the Field, in this thriving (?) town (?) of 3000 souls. If you have any friends in the undertaking business I can recommend the place to them as an excellent location for their business, as there are many potential customers here who I cannot believe will hold out through 1943. No fooling, everyone here but us is either over sixty or under sixteen, but I don't mind as each evening after work I don my overalls and straw jimmy, hitch up the team and start working the thirty tomato plants and twenty cabbage plants now doing their best to get growing and keep the Harrisons from starving this summer.

Itoline of course gets a little lonesome while I am so busily engaged at government and agrarian pursuits, so if everything goes along well I expect to get a few cows, chickens and assorted farm animals to keep her employed and out of trouble.

Reed took his third birthday in his stride and, after blowing out the candles in one puff, proceeded to eat the icing off first and stuff himself with ice cream. He enjoys the yard and a house where he can stomp around as loud as he wants to and not have phone calls and banging on the ceiling from the tenants in the apartment below.

Dayton and vicinity are certainly crowded these days and it is the first place I have been yet where you could not get a house to live in regardless of price. Everyone here says all the Kentucky and Tennessee hillbillies have moved in here to work and I frequently must take exception to the remarks made

about our people from the hill section. None the less I thought the heading on a Dayton newspaper item last Monday was pretty good. It read, "Three Soldiers and Seventeen Kentuckians Arrested in City Over Week-end." There can't be many in Dayton if they only arrested seventeen over a week-end.

Since I came here on March 15, my colonel at Middletown has been made engineering officer at the Miami, Florida, Depot now under construction and he has requested my transfer there, but he has gone overseas and will return in several months, and the people here won't release me to go with him. Just why they won't release me I don't know as all I have done here is wear out the seats of two pairs of trousers and develop a few corns, but I hope the colonel can sell them a bill of goods on the deal when he returns.

I expect to be at Middletown for several weeks at least this summer and hope to see you in New York if I can get up for a day. However, if you folks make your annual tour to Kentucky this summer you will come right through Dayton (or Xenia which is closer) and we sure would like to have all four of you stop off. We will promise our best bedroom (the one with the roof still on it). Incidentally, we do have three bedrooms and, as Edmonia leaves for the summer in a week or so, we will have ample room for all.

I hope Chuck is completely on his feet again and will be able to assist me in thrashing my wheat when you pay us that visit this summer. Remember us to all the good people at Larchmont.

Capt. B. D. Harrison, A.C.
A.S.C. Headquarters
Patterson Field
Fairfield, Ohio
(formerly of New York)



They finally discovered my outstanding character and very questionable ability and gave me the works—result, captain to major. It is swell but I am like the young bride trying to look quite calm when they started calling her "Mrs." Guess I will some day get used to the title but up until now it's still a new idea.

I have visited London on a number of occasions and have had the pleasure of meeting and getting to know Ray Bevan, managing director of Ethyl's destiny in these parts. He, by the way, is one swell Englishman.

My education is quite improved. I have visited and taken Piccadilly Circus apart and it's not so hot—or as hot as it was. Also dropped in at St. Paul's and climbed all the stairs to the very top. I assure you that was a mistake as it was a "morning-after" and I won't get over that for years. What steps!! Thousands of them, so it seemed. I also dropped in on Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and spent some lovely moments in Hyde Park with its lovely statues, Buckingham Palace, lots of the bombed area and many

nice spots of more educational value where a double whiskey at four bob is still a single shot with only half the expected results. Taxi service is a thing of the past in London, or at least there are 100 Americans after every one and as a result I am becoming a true son of London and run about on Bus No. 75 or No. 9 or the Underground.

These people have done a grand job under hard circumstances. Boy! They can really take it, and in spite of it all they never miss "tea time." One typical story of their ideas is of the old lady in the London bombed area who, when asked about the devastation, merely remarked, "Yes, it was bad, but in all my life we never had such a wonderful view of St. Paul's." Now I call that real spirit and they have plenty of it.

Give my regards to the gang that is left and tell those dopes that I still like to get letters.

Major S. J. Warner
APO 871, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Atlanta)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Postal Regulation

A new regulation by the Post Office Department divides all large cities in the U. S. into districts, and the number of the district in which an addressee is located should be included in the address, in order to

help speed up the delivery of mail. So when you write the *Bulletin Board*, or anyone else in the New York office, address your letter to New York 17, N. Y., instead of just New York, N. Y.



When a call went out on May 28 for volunteers to donate blood to the American Red Cross Blood Bank, this gang from the Detroit Lab responded. A number of them are wearing silver buttons, which means they have already made three trips to the blood bank. Left to right, back row, are Emil Gillig, Donald Pulleyblank, Allen Kargaard of the Hart-Carter Company, Keith Pfundstein, William Kats, Dorothy Gould, Otto Enoch, and Constance Newby, nurse at the Lab. In the front row, left to right, are Burt Morgan, Hal Faucher, William Gilpin, Claude Hoffman, Charlie Kass, Dan Guy, Jim Carlisle.

New Employees at Baton Rouge

A total of 26 newcomers is listed on the roll at Baton Rouge, including ten mere men and sixteen members of the fair sex. In the Production Section Wilma L. Loudon has been employed as a stenographer, while 13 girls have started training to become mechanical helpers, operator helpers, and laboratory helpers. These include Anita C. Claudel, Mariam F. Saunders, Geneva C. Greely, and Belva M. Duplessis, mechanical helpers; Marie K. Griffin, Millie K. Westbrook, Stella C. Chandler, Marguerite S. Windham, Myrtle G. Braud, Juanita K. Beard, Ellen S. Sibley, and Beulah S.

Blair, operator helpers; and Margie M. Copeland, laboratory helper.

All the men have been employed in the Production Section. These include Alex J. Boudreaux, Erwin M. Lacombe, Rowland H. Holley, Allen J. Dessell, Allen R. Chaney, Elmus J. Williams, Ernest C. Rushing, and Clay Chauvin, mechanical helpers; Carter H. Chambers, storehouse clerk helper, and James A. Looper, operator helper.

In the Service Section Edna M. Burns has been employed as a counselor and Marjorie McMillan as a typist-clerk.

Safety Banquet at Freeport

The Ethyl-Dow Safety Banquet, big event of the Freeport spring season, was held June 5 at the Freeport Community House. About 100 employees attended with their invited guests, among whom was the guest speaker of the evening, Edward D. Marshall, safety engineer for the Hughes Tool Company of Houston. Nina Dean Gotcher received at the door and handed out programs.

A baked chicken supper, served by the ladies of the Methodist Church, preceded the entertainment program, which was staged by company talent. Bess Truman, Lloyd Bond, and Morris Wood were in charge of table decorations, which consisted of spring flowers held in containers made from safety equipment such as goggles, helmets and gas masks. In front of each decoration was a jingle to help carry out the safety theme. The jingles, some thirty in number, were written by Bess Truman, Lloyd Bond and Bill Murk, and were illustrated with appropriate caricatures drawn by Captain Giesecke of the Plant Protection Department.

C. M. Galaznik was toastmaster for the occasion and Luther Evans, plant manager, introduced the guests. Leo Glesner, superintendent of maintenance, presented \$5 each in War Stamps to W. E. McWaters and C. B. McLain as first place winners in the recent domino tournament, while H. W. Allen and Porter Brown each received \$2 in War

Stamps for taking second place.

The entertainment part of the program was opened by Hap Hazard and his band, composed of Porter Brown, banjo; R. S. McKeithan, Jr., ukulele; Allen Brown, guitar; Brice Hess, fiddle, and A. J. Hillin, guitar. The boys rendered some hot music. "Congo Conga," or "Drums Along the Brazos," was the dramatic offering and was listed in the program as a "Cecil B. deGiesecke production." This melodrama in eight parts portrayed the humorous adventures of Frank (Porter Brown) and Bill (Forrest Beene) in the jungles of Congo land, where they were ably assisted by G. W. Diehl and Wallace Corbin.

Three numbers by the Glee Club, an organization of nine voices, followed, and then Fred Niles, playing three classical selections on his violin, sent everyone home in a serene frame of mind.

Three Don Uniforms

Three new names have been added to the Ethyl military honor roll since the last edition of the *Bulletin Board* rolled off the press. They are Fitz Bridges, field engineer in the Seattle Division; Harry Langlois, mechanical helper in the Ethyl Chloride plant at Baton Rouge, and James Prettyman of Manufacturing, Deepwater. Harry Langlois has joined the Seebees, or Naval Construction Battalions, while Jim Prettyman and Fitz Bridges are in the Army.

The latest military addresses and changes of address which have come to our attention are as follows:

Harry J. B. Langlois, EM2/c
U. S. Naval Construction Bns.
B9, Platoon 2815, NCTC
Camp Perry
Williamsburg, Va.

Private James Prettyman
Company B
1229th Reception Center
Fort Dix, N. J.

Private Fitz J. Bridges
Company B
1st Ordnance Train. Regt.
Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md.

Lieutenant John A. Clark
83rd Armored Medical Bn.
13th Armored Division
Camp Beale, Calif.

Private Thomas J. Keenan
559th A.A.A. (Bn. A.W.)
Battery A.
Fort Fisher, N. C.

A/C K. L. Armstrong, Jr.
Group I, Section 20-L
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Corporal Frank S. Neal
Company C, 563 EBM Bn.
3rd EAD
Fort Ord, Calif.

Captain B. W. Fridge
501 Bomber Squadron
345 Bomb Group
A.P.O. 3998
San Francisco, Calif.



Ed Staffel and his bride

Yonkers Gals Downhearted

Ed Staffel of the Yonkers Lab was popular with all the girls, but only one was important to him and on May 1 he married that one. She is the former Ellen Wallace from Long Island, petite and a red head. Although reports have it that the Yonkers gals were broken hearted by the impending event, they managed to get together on the evening of April 28 and whip up a little party for the happy bridegroom, which was declared by Ed to be the "best ever." After partaking of refreshments (all non-rationed articles), Ed was presented with a gift of water goblets. Ed, who has been with the Yonkers Lab for about two years, analyzes gasoline for gum, sulphur and volatility characteristics.

Keglers Kaper at Kountry Klub

The Detroit Lab Bowling League officially closed its 1942-43 season on Saturday evening, May 22, with an informal dinner dance at the Bonnie Brook Country Club. After a luscious steak dinner, Joe Weaver, league prexy, presented the championship loving cup to Durwood Rossman, who captained the winning team for the season.

With all formalities and speech making out of the way, the 125 happy celebrants pranced out on the dance floor, where Mel Curry and his syncopating orchestra entertained until closing with everything from old fashioned square dance music to the latest swing variety.



Larry Stinson and girl friend



John Wintringham and Mrs. Remondino



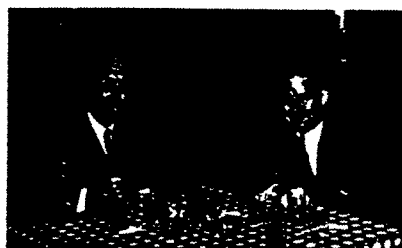
Joe Weaver and a girl guest



Cliff Wrigley and friend wife



Mrs. Hawley and Mike Remondino



Durwood Rossman and Kingsley Jones

SURE
SOMEBODY ELSE MAKES 'EM



BUT ETHYL MAKES 'EM GO!

★ ★ **EVERY DROP OF ETHYL COUNTS** ★ ★

Ethyl BULLETIN BOARD

AUGUST, 1943



ETHYL WINS AWARD

(See Page 3)

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — *by and for Ethyl employees*

**GULF COAST
MEETING**

PAGE 4

**VICTORY
MAIL**

PAGE 10

BASES CHANGED

PAGE 19

SERVICE AWARDS

PAGE 20

FLASHES FROLIC

PAGE 22

PLANTS WIN 'E' AWARDS

The efforts of our boys and girls at Deepwater and Baton Rouge have been recognized by the War Department, which has given to both plants the coveted Army-Navy "E" Production Award. The awards will be made at Deepwater on August 2 and at Baton Rouge on August 6.

At the time of going to press programs for both events were in the formative stages, so you will have to wait until the *Bulletin Board's* September issue for details.

Official letters announcing the awards were received by both plants:

"This is to inform you that the Army and Navy, on the recommendation of the War Production Board, are conferring upon you the Army-Navy Production Award for

great accomplishment in the production of war equipment.

"This award symbolizes your country's appreciation of the achievement of every man and woman in the plant. It consists of a flag to be flown above your plant and a lapel pin which each of you may wear as a sign of distinguished service to your country.

"I am confident that your outstanding record will bring victory nearer by inspiring others to similar high achievement.

"Sincerely yours,

"Robert P. Patterson

"Under Secretary of War."

Both Ethyl and DuPont employees will receive the award at Baton Rouge. The Deepwater award will be made to the Ethyl group there.

SEASONED VETERAN

The DuPont poets are giving Ethyl a big boost these days. The following was written by Harry W. Wheeler of the DuPont TEL Production Department at Baton Rouge.

Some service I have seen, with the Leatherneck Marine,
And I held on with MacArthur at Bataan,
I had a little hand in the Solomon Island landin',
And took Doolittle's planes into Japan.

I taught the Huns a lesson, with a visit to their Essen,
Montgomery used my power at Alamein,
When the Yanks began to spurt, and Patton took Bizerte,

He used me in each tank and truck and plane.

I'll soon help haul a gun, through the land of song and sun,
Where Benito drools and shakes in quaking Rome,

Many places have I been, and I'll soon be in Berlin,

And when fighting days are over I'll come home.

I don't ask for any praises, decorations or pay raises,

Appreciation of our fighting men has paid me,

And when the last great fight is won, and we've silenced every gun,

Give a little vote of thanks to those who made me.

I AM ETHYL



At the lab managers' meeting, left to right, front row, are Coleman Davidson, Cliff Pope, Harold McIntyre, and Bill Munding; rear row, left to right, Merritt Collins, Tucker Dawson, Charlie Rankin, Carl Bartholomew, and Julian Frey. The photographer was Hudson Kellogg.

Lab Heads Meet on Gulf

Edgewater Park, Miss., a popular spot for Ethyl sales meetings, recently played host to the annual session of the testing laboratory managers. Although this Gulf Coast resort is a swell place to relax, the boys didn't get much time for anything except business. They convened on a Sunday, went right to work Sunday noon, and broke up Wednesday morning.

Evenings, too, were devoted to work. Once or twice time was taken out for a cooling swim in the heat of the day, but most of the aquatic exercises took place before breakfast or around midnight, when the warm water of the Gulf sparkled with phosphorescence.

Julian Frey, head of Technical Service, was present to give the

group information on War Committee background and to throw light on administrative matters. Handling of the new Quartermaster Corps testing contract, official regulations governing wages and hours, job classification and personnel problems were some of the subjects discussed.

Charlie Rankin exhibited a movie which showed the San Bernardino Testing Lab's work in setting up a desert storage project for the Army. Bill Munding, Atlanta Division field engineer in whose bailiwick the meeting was held, obtained the projector for this purpose.

When the meeting broke up, all decided Edgewater Park was a pretty nice place and they would like to return there again.



SHIFT

Charles H. Gross, Finance, Baton Rouge, to Finance, New York.

★ ★ ★

Military Miracle

A mere shadow of his former self, Technician Fifth Grade Arnold Webb, formerly of A.I.S., dropped into his old quarters in the New York office recently. At a conservative estimate we would say that Army training has taken at least twenty pounds off Arnold's erstwhile bulky frame, leaving him as slender and sylphlike as a school-boy. When a *Bulletin Board* operative sought an interview with him, Arnold, who has been doing hush-hush work of some sort for the Army, refused to talk—which is another example of the miracles Army training can perform.

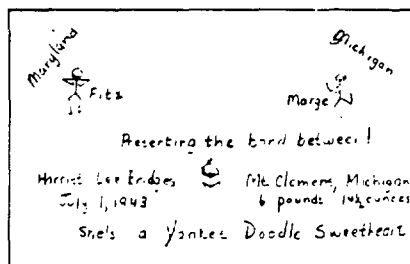
★ ★ ★

No Longer With Us

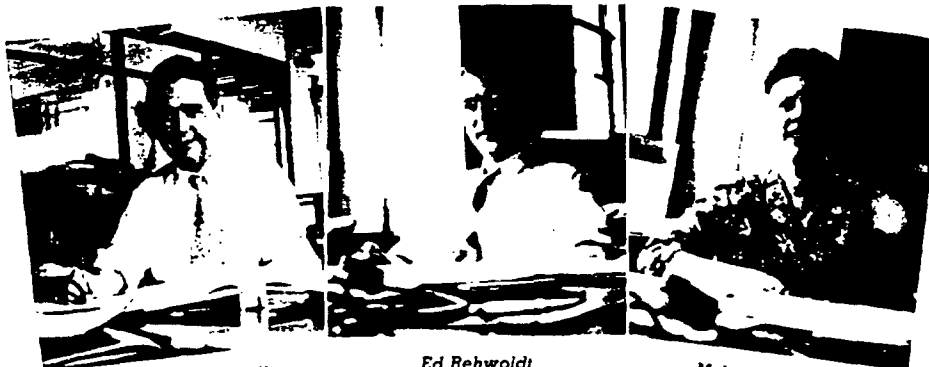
Edith M. Olson, New York
J. Wesley Duling, Deepwater
Esther Stapley Lyman, New York
Jeanne C. Colbourn, Deepwater
Doris L. Maier, Detroit
Pauline Stewart, New York
Audrey Gerbig, New York



You read in the January Bulletin Board about the marriage of Lieutenant Arthur S. Brown, formerly of Atlanta, and Miss Ollie Porter, which took place at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., but until now we have been unable to obtain a picture of the event.



Friends of Fitz Bridges, former field engineer with the Seattle Division, received this announcement of the birth on July 1 of Harriet Lee Bridges. Fitz is now serving with the armed forces and is stationed at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.



Howard Costello

Ed Rehwoldt

Mabel Gerster



John Murphy

From the Finance Front

These random shots in the office of New York Accounting were taken with a simple Brownie camera without lights or other fancy equipment. We present them here to give you some idea of the stress and strain of life on the financial front.



From left to right, John Murphy, Ralph Hutchinson, Al Merz

Carol Olsen





ALTAR BOUND

The following poem in regard to the nuptials of Ida Sandra Milstin of the Detroit Lab, who recently became the bride of Maxwell Lowe, has been forwarded to us by a Lab bard:

June is the month for roses and things;
It also is known to produce wedding rings.
To keep up tradition, June must not falter,
So our own Ida Milstin is stepping to the altar.
He's certainly lucky, this nice groom-to-be
And so is the bride, from what we hear and see,
For Ida is lovely, she's dark and she's winsome
And the groom is a gentleman "tall, blond and handsome."

They're going to keep house, which is the best kind of home.
It banishes all desire to wander and roam.
It mellows the love which the old moon has started
And convinces the love-birds they must never be parted.
We wish them both well, the bride and the groom
And real treasured happiness like the flowers that bloom,
And here's hoping she cooks and he learns to wash dishes
For all of that mixes with our loads of good wishes.





Margie M. Copeland, laboratory helper in Ethyl Chloride at Baton Rouge, recently received word from the War Department that her husband, Lieutenant Derwood R. Copeland, the pilot of a Flying Fortress, was missing in action after a bombing flight over Europe June 28. A few days later a letter came from a pilot who was with Lieutenant Copeland on his last mission. The letter said Lieutenant Copeland's plane developed motor trouble and had to make a forced landing in France. It is presumed the Lieutenant is a prisoner of war.



Mary B. Cordray, newcomer to the office force at the Tulsa Testing Lab, was born just 20 years ago in Waurika, Okla. She replaces Gladys Rodgers, who, after several years in the office, decided to don overalls and go to work in the Lab proper. Mary came to Ethyl from the engineering department of Douglas Aircraft in Tulsa, where her husband still works. She says fishing is her favorite form of relaxation.



Captain W. H. "Don" Phipps, formerly of Atlanta, paid his old division office a visit recently while en route to Jacksonville, Fla., with his family for a 15-day furlough. The photo shows him at his desk at the New Cumberland Signal Depot, New Cumberland, Md., where he is stationed.



Helen Organ of the New York mailroom lives in Yonkers. She graduated in June from Hastings High School, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., and came direct to Ethyl. While in high school, Helen had a part time job in Bruning's Ice Cream Parlor, Hastings-on-Hudson, where she often served ye Bulletin Board editor liberal portions of vanilla and chocolate mixed. Helen is fond of swimming and playing golf at St. Andrew's Golf Club, where her father is club steward.



Edna Hanson, who works in New York stenographic and is a relief operator on the telephone switchboard, came to us from the office of Fred Allen, famous radio comic. Edna looked after Fred's fan mail. She commutes to work from Oradell, N. J., and is a true blue Jerseyite so don't say anything agin the Skeeter State in her presence. She attended Sacred Heart Academy and St. Paul's Commercial College, both in Jersey City. Horseback riding and fishing are her favorite forms of recreation. She also has a weakness for attending auctions and buying up what she calls "old junk."

Grace Male came to the New York Mailroom after graduating in June from Gorton High School in Yonkers, where she lives. In her spare time Grace carries on a heavy correspondence with boys in the service. She is also a confirmed jitterbug and enjoys swimming and bowling.





★ ★ ★

VICTORY MAIL

★ ★ ★

Dear Ethyl Service Men:

Conversation around the Lab has taken a new and insidious turn. Now that the Victory gardens are planted comparisons and predictions are being made and the one who is fortunate enough to speak last is always the winner with the tallest corn, the biggest cabbage, and the fewest bugs. It makes no difference — pounds per square inch or beans per foot, oil acidity or soil acidity, lead tetraethyl or led arsenate, and a frequently heard parting remark is "Drop in tonight and we'll split a quart — of tomato juice." The entire situation was summed up best by Jack Fuller who stated, "I've planted the seeds; they're on their own from now on."

The Lab has a softball team playing in the Ferndale League and at noon time it is not very safe to walk around the grounds what with the pitchers trying to keep their old and fading muscles in condition. So far only three windows have been broken. The Varsity played the Barflies (also a Lab team!) the other evening but the game was called at the end of the fifth inning with the score at 32 to 24, no one being quite sure which team was ahead. The group makes up in enthusiasm what it lacks in technique.

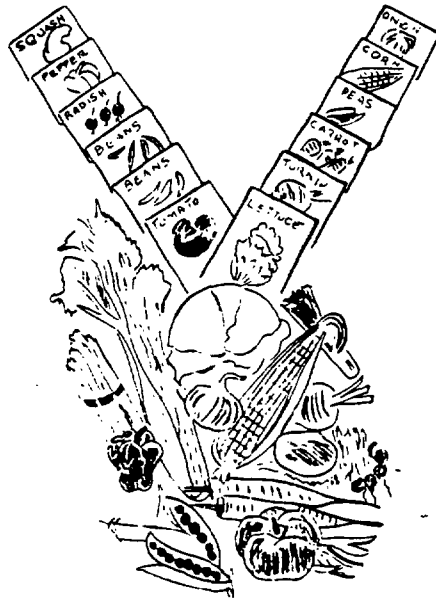
War work continues to occupy almost all of our effort and attention. At the present time we have more work than can be handled and the variety of programs has expanded. We have tested everything from cook-stoves to tank engines; Army equipment has been in the cold room at -60°F . and some of the same equipment has been tested in the hot room at 140°F . Just now a large variety of vehicles are parked outside the garage awaiting vapor lock tests and we are beginning to take on the appearance of an active Ordnance depot. Some of the work is of routine nature while other phases are more in the line of research and development, and the improvements which result from the tests make us feel that the effort is well worthwhile. However, when we hear and learn what our boys in uniform are doing it makes us wish that we could do a lot more.

The last several days have seen interest in war news at fever heat with the invasion of Sicily, renewed action in Russia and widespread action in the Pacific. Judging from the Victory Mail, we have a "representative" on almost every front.

Back home a lot of thought, although very little work because of necessity,

is being given to post-war developments. Possibilities from the technological viewpoint are extremely encouraging and we feel that our company will play an important and vital part. A tremendous amount of work to be done is accumulating and we will need past and new experiences of our boys now in uniform to help us. Let's hope that time is nearer than we expect and until then the best of luck and the best wishes from all of us.

Sincerely,
Charlie Kass
(Detroit)



Ever since you were in Houston and invited me to come in for dinner I've wanted to write you how much I appreciated it even though I couldn't come. I tried to call you the next day but was unable to make contact. Anyway, three Navy oilers put in their appearance and their skippers were of the old tough variety who wanted to load and get out in hurry. They carry such a mixed cargo that it takes constant supervision to get them out without trouble.

After about three months at Baytown I have just received orders to go to Aruba, N.W.I., for the same kind of work. There will be four of us there and we will cover Trinidad and Curacao as well. This should be an interesting experience as well as valuable from the standpoint of service rendered.

A couple of weeks ago I was at Art Roberts' home, and Lou Shank, Herb Peters, and Harry Cottrell came by. We had a very nice visit. Then last week I bumped into Russ Schell, who has managed a car and an expense account from the Army. Had a nice letter of good wishes from the Safety Department and, let me hasten to add, a check from the Accounting Department for the additional award to the A.I.S. for 1942—all of the above showing that I'm still very much aware of the fact that Ethyl is just the right kind of organization to come back to.

Heard that Harry Kaley's comeback operation was successful and I hope you'll give him a slap on the back and best wishes from me.

Give my regards to Tom Ronan and tell Oscar I'll write him from Aruba. I appreciate their note tremendously. If any of you should come down to Aruba be sure to remember I'm there.

Lieut. (j.g.) Charles D. Towery,
Crockett, Texas
(formerly of Chicago).

Believe it or not, it seems worth while to begin counting the days. Only 15 more days and 10 more exams to cram for and then I should have new orders. The company certainly has treated me royally and the men down here are quite envious of the genuine manner and attitude given our employees in service. The extra "kitty" for the savings certainly was welcome. I'm still holding the bag for my transportation and another \$100 coming on uniforms. Then in two weeks I expect to be shipped again which means more transportation, but I'm told when I get a steady duty (I don't dare say "permanent") these items are cared for in more reasonable time.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Charlie Kass, director of the Road Test Division at the Detroit Lab, on June 16 was the surprised recipient of a free lunch in the cafeteria, which was followed by the formal presentation of a birthday cake. Julian Frey made the presentation while a group of fair admirers stood at attention and sang "Happy Birthday To You." Standing by for a piece of cake, left to right, are Punch Pfundstein, Bill Wanderer, Bud Stanger, and Julian Frey. Seated, left to right, are Ray Leonard, Charlie Kass, and Cap Hall. It is not quite clear whether the number 82 has something to do with Charlie's age or an octane rating, but everyone said it was darned good cake.

The top experience of the week, aside from losing two more pounds with the terrific heat and toughest exams yet, was a 600-mile flight in a B-24. We covered Grand Canyon, part of California, much of the desert and a good bit south. The flight was one on instruments. There was another Naval officer with me. He took so sick by the time we hit 8000 feet in the rough air that the engineer was obliged to take him aft to the tail section, where he could lie down and be kept warm.

During this time I was asked to stand watch for other craft, as we were flying blind with the pilots under the hood. I saw a plane in the distance and called out, "P-47 at 10 o'clock." The skipper looked up and said, "We don't have any P-47's," but looked out and saw the ship as described still nearly a mile away. It really was a P-47 from San Diego and from here on out I was "in."

On the trial landings I called out air

speed, head temperature, r.p.m. constantly, while the co-pilot attended to communications and the engineer worked with a balking pump in the braking assembly. We took off and landed a number of times, but I never got over the thrill of the nimbleness of this big ship. We made a bomb run in "train" on targets and I handled 60 calibre guns on ground strafing wooden mock-ups.

I worked out a position in navigation and lay out in the nose greenhouse while topping an 11,950-foot mountain. In cloud dodging we had some rough drops of 20 and 50 feet at a time. I'm sure you'd have gotten a bang out of this experience, and you'd probably have had a coke as I did before going up, which costs dearly. The gas expands and pounds in your chest to give you a beating you can never forget. I was in for a lot of surprises after getting aboard, but I'm afraid such secrets must wait a long time, if not for the duration.

I thought the *Ethyl News* article very clever and the cover picture all we could ask. The article didn't do me any harm down here.

I often wonder how things are going back home. It sure was good of the Oil Men's Club to honor me with a duration membership.

It seemed strange to see on the panel of the bomber, "This ship to be fueled with 100-octane gasoline and if not available use at least the next higher grade!!"

If I get a chance to come home, I hope to get up to see you. Greet all the men and kiss the girls for me.

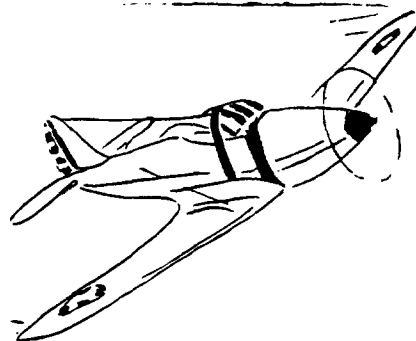
Lieut. (j.g.) Torbin F. Yates
Naval Training School
University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.
(formerly of Chicago)

★ ★ ★

The May Bulletin Board came today, and look what I found staring me in the face. No, it wasn't the bald head, although that nice shiny spot still intrigues me. Anyway, your bowling form looks just about perfect to me, although you know me as an expert on bowling. All I've done in the way of athletics since I arrived here is a few games of golf, one set of tennis, and quite a bit of dancing.

I have the clubs, the racket, and the golf and tennis balls, but not the time. The days I get off, or should I say take off, I try to spend at the beach picking up sunshine, and I have plenty of tan to show for it.

Major William H. Hubner
O-168831 H.Q.-A.S.C.C. 5 Air Force
A.P.O. No. 925 c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.



Thought I'd say hello and let you know what finally happened to me.

I left home very suddenly as you remember and spent three months in the Ordnance Department as a trainee, later to be assigned to machine shop work. Not being completely disheartened about the engineering training I had applied for, I got in touch with the local Cadet Board in Miami Beach. To my amazement, the matter was cleaned up within two weeks. The following two months I spent waiting at Miami Beach in the Ordnance Department. Much to my surprise I found Chuck Huffman here. We arrived within a day of each other here and are in the same class.

It's hotter than blazes down here and to my thinking it's an unpleasant place for soldiers. I'm faring better than many soldiers in Florida though, as I'm staying in a swell place, the Boca Raton Club. Swell dining halls, nice, light, breezy rooms, and a swimming pool.

Say hello to the fellas.

A/C E. Delahanty
Cadet BTC No. 1
Sqd. L, Sec. 2511
Boca Raton (Club), Florida

★ ★ ★

The Ethyl Gang's V-mail letter Easter greeting was certainly a most pleasant greeting to receive. It also made me blush to think that I hadn't written for such an extended period of time. Do thank all for the kind remembrance.

I might answer some of their questions:

Mrs. Rugg: Navy shipboard chow is



tops considering our inability to get fresh fruits, vegetables, or milk.

Keith Pfundstein: I'll certainly try to hurry home.

Bob Loser: No one to have fun with out here.

Jewel Ahonen: I don't know nothing.

Charlie Kass: $CnH_n + \dots = 3.0 \text{ cc./gal.}$
TEL.

Jane Jordan: Hi!

Larry Stinson: I guess I do owe you a letter.

The *Eaton* and I have had only six months of sea duty, yet I'm sure we both feel like a pair of old salts. I only hope I don't walk like vaudeville sailors do.

Yes, I imagine the changes in personnel have been many at the labs. I hope I'll know a few of the Ethyl Gang next year when I get back. (That's when the war will be over.) I'll have to start all over at bowling. The closest thing to a bowling ball I've seen recently is a cocoanut. That "gas house" gang out in Vehicle Testing is probably as busy as ever, I imagine from what you say. Keep up the good work! I'm with you in spirit.

Bill and Becky Seaver sent me a pleasant little note some three months ago. He is in Hartford with Pratt and Whitney and is also very busy in helping to lick the Axis.

It looks like the Cipolla brothers are

in the Services. Charlie is up at Ann Arbor as a cadet in the Army. Richard is at Columbia in the Navy's V-12 program.

I certainly would like to receive the *Bulletin Board*. The last one I received was the February issue.

My duties aboard ship remain practically unchanged since the time of my last letter. My official title is Torpedo Officer. My fire control is graded by the hits scored.

Could you tell me what sub Paul Straub is on? I may run across him somewhere in my travels. I recently ran into three Detroiters, one of whom was a close friend of Merrill and Connie.

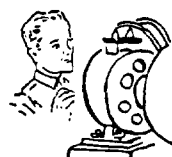
Lt. (j.g.) J. A. Cipolla
USS *Eaton*, FPO
San Francisco, Calif.

★ ★ ★

I am still stationed at Annapolis and still am working at the USN Engineering Experiment Station. The work here is interesting and informative. It includes problems of a varied nature as well as contacts with various manufacturers.

The weather around this part of the country is certainly warm and humid. Some people say that if one does not like the weather at Annapolis, all one has to do is to wait another five minutes. I found this to be true only during the winter and spring seasons but certainly not at this time of the year.

Lt. (j.g.) Eugene J. Ziurys
U.S.N.R.
U.S.N. Eng. Exper. Station
Annapolis, Md.



I have just received another issue of the Service Men's Letter, and it reminded me that I should at least notify you of a change in address. Upon graduation from the V-7 class here, I was ordered to stay here as an instructor in the Marine Engineering Dept. My duties are to teach descriptive geometry and metallurgy to the plebe class of regular midshipmen. I never expected to be an instructor any place and least of all at the Naval Academy, but here I am, probably for the next year.

I find time to take advantage of the excellent recreation facilities here: sailing, swimming, golf, fishing, etc.

Ralph Warhenbrock and I went up to Baltimore and met Bob Ackerman several weeks ago. We spent a very pleasant evening in the Lord Baltimore Bar, swapping stories and reminiscing.

My new address is below.

Ensign R. J. Ostrander
114 McKendree
Annapolis, Md.



Today I received a copy of the Ethyl Bulletin Board, which my mother sent on to me. I was indeed pleasantly surprised when I saw my name in print. And in between two majors, too! Of course I had to show it around to everyone here.

We have passed the half way mark. Four weeks more and we will be moving out to take up positions in the field. Naturally, we haven't the slightest idea where we will be sent. The majority of the girls from the last two classes have

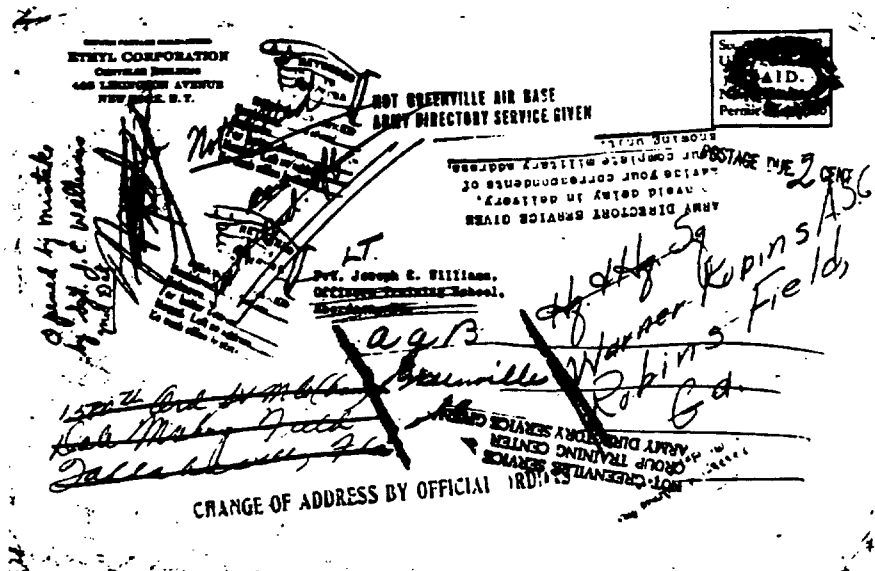
been sent to air bases, but orders change so from day to day that it is impossible to get even the slightest idea regarding our next assignment.

Quite a course they give us here. We call it proudly, "How to run the Army in eight weeks." And it is just that. We learn the duties of everyone in the service from a four star general down to the lowliest private. We learn how to fill out each and every form the War Department takes pleasure in publishing. We learn how to stretch a furlough (in theory, anyway) and how to tear off a military letter. Oh, yes, we learn typing, too. In the last speed test I did all of 17.3 w.p.m. I'm really quite proud of myself.

There is little enough amusement in Russellville during the week, but on Sunday everything closes down. In spite of which, our week-ends are never dull. There is usually a bivouac on Sunday, and for the past two weeks different companies from Camp Chaffee invited the girls to Fort Smith. Everyone has a wonderful time there, riding in and driving all sorts of tanks, jeeps, peeps, etc. There is, of course, a catch. We have to make the trip to Fort Smith in trucks, convoy style, a distance of 75 miles (approximately three hours). It seems our post commandant and the train master didn't get along very well, so he won't put on any extra coaches for us. And riding 76 miles over these Arkansas roads is no fun. On Mondays we stagger around with our backs bent in two, and it takes a week before we get the red clay out of our ears.

You know, it's a small world. Before I met Sis Olmstead, I don't think I had ever heard of Huntington, L. I. Since I have been in the service, I have met at least two girls from the same town. One I knew at Devens, Emma Reylick. The other is one of my roommates, Betty Schiavone. Her family sends her a newspaper every week—the Suffolk something or other, I think—I forget the name. Anyway, she reads it religiously from cover to cover and so keeps up with all the news on the home town front.

Please give Mr. Cleveland my re-



Boys, just in case you don't think the Bulletin Board doesn't have a hard time finding you unless you keep your addresses up to date, take a look at this envelope, which eventually found its way back to the New York office.

gards. Perhaps I shall be in to see you all in a couple of months - that is, if I don't get sent out to the West Coast. You can say a prayer for me that I don't get assigned in Texas - not in August! That would really be out of the frying pan into the fire!

Afc Catharine Rowney
WAAC Bn. 2, AAS Co. D
Class 6
Russellville, Ark.
(formerly of New York)

Communlkay 5

From somewhere in the Western
Defense Command, Pacific Theatre
Operator 13
c/o Kelly, Brick Yard King
Minnesota Sector

Dear Schultz:

Your last communication received in due time and interesting to note the rigors of civilian life. Sounds as if we will soon have to devise a better system to

bolster the morale of the home front.

Not much to report from this sector that the censor won't clip. But I can advise that I certainly hooked up with a rough and tough outfit when I signed the book here. No hot and cold running blondes and dam few towels. Some days if I had a towel I'd throw it in. Even the Boy Scouts around these parts would make a Marine pin back his own ego in amazement.

If I can stand the routine of this Super Athletic Club I ought to quality as the roughest, shootin, rootin, tootin M.A.C. as ever rode a 15-ton tank. What a merry-go-round! I've gone through the Infiltration Course, Obstacle Course, Gunnery Course, Combat Course and Judo Course. I'm so dam tired every night I don't even bother to dream any more.

I've learned how to do more back breaking, muscle tearing exercises than I ever dreamed existed. I can do 50 push-ups, 25 burpees, run 300 yards in 45 seconds, carry the Captain piggyback 75



Lloyd G. Boyles, fireman 2nd class, U. S. Coast Guard, was a recent visitor at the Baton Rouge plant. Lloyd, who was formerly an operator in Ethyl Chloride, is stationed at LaPorte, Texas.

yards in 20 seconds, run the combat course (crawling and creeping and charging) in 30 seconds. And all before breakfast. Why I can do this I do not know. But I can. I am a Medical Corps officer. I am a good soldier. I am a dam fool.

But I like it here (small print at the bottom of page 4) it says in the script. I am now stationed in a fox hole approximately 1400 yards due east of the King's Inn Bar on B Street in Marysville. No phone but a southern exposure and lots of sunshine and air and vitamin P3. There is no garage but all I've got is a rusty Jeep so I'm happy.

Received a letter from Uncle Ray Wyrick the other day but haven't been able to decipher it. Must of written it in haste or in a bar. I thought it was code so I gathered around G-2, 3, 4, 5, and 6,

and after six beers we despatched it by special courier to the Signal Code Company for assistance. Four days and 26 beers later they sent it back, referring me to Army Regulations 516-323 a-b, paragraph 61, as amended by War Department Circular 16,444, paragraph 8, as further amended by WD Bulletin 801. By this time we had lost track of the original issue and we were about to court martial G-1. So I borrowed four bloodhounds from the Provoked Marshall, put them all in my Jeep, dashed around to the General's tent, obtained a VOCO for five days, hastened to Corps GHQ, borrowed the Chief Engineer's secretary, and proceeded in a retrograde movement with motorcycle escort to a small native village by name of San Francisco. There in the darkened corner of Sailor's Revenge, a ZOOT Suit Inn, beer steins in hand, the dark-eyed, shapely girl and her escort (that's me) finally had the answer.

Will the murderer find the lovers' hide-out? Will Charles admit he is the father, after all? Will Penelope repulse the Lieutenant? Will the Lieutenant give a dam? Don't fail to tune in on the next exciting episode of this True Love Epic, broadcast every now and then between black-outs.

Will the Lieutenant ever get the letter decoded? I doubt it. I have written for a translation. The only words I could make out said "Dick Murphy—bar—celebration—bar—barbar—"

Seriously, my white booted friend, the situation is rugged but fruity. I am the Battalion Motor Officer of the 83rd Armored Medical Battalion, 13th Armored Division. I have 119 vehicles, wheeled and track laying, under my tender and loving care. Very interesting work and I'm learning plenty. Being in an armored field outfit is naturally pretty rough but if they would let me do more work and less athletics I'd like it swell. I am also Battalion Fire Marshall and Battalion Investigating Officer and Battalion Claims Officer, so I keep pretty busy. We are doing extensive field training now so as to be prepared for maneuvers late

this summer. We are located about 100 miles north of San Francisco in the foothills of the Sierras.

Gotta go now and check up on a little game of dominoes up front. I can hear 'em clicking now. So long Schultz. Appreciate a spot of Ormsby-styled news now and then, so don't forget to write.

Give my regards to Alice and Tige.

Yours for better plumbing in slit trenches,

Schmaltz
Lieutenant John A. Clark
83rd Armored Medical Bn.
13th Armored Division
Camp Beale, Calif.
(formerly of Chicago)

Here it finally is—graduation. It took 14 pounds of beef to get here but I believe it was worth the grind. From here on out you can call me PT. Yes, I'm going to enjoy my schooling at Packard for a month on those big gasoline marine engines. Then on to R.I. and after schooling out there down to N. Y. City and after that on to Bayonne, N. J., and then to the Atlantic Fleet.

They are still puzzled here that I could suggest a duty not heretofore scheduled as a duty and get it. You see, in PT's they don't have an engineering officer aboard but rather have one for a squadron or flotilla. Maybe all those things I've dreamed about will come true. I should be home for a couple of days not long after you get this note so I'll plan to see you then and talk about life in Tucson.

Lieut. (j.g.) Torbin F. Yates
Naval Training School
University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.
(formerly of Chicago)



You are cordially invited
to attend the

Graduation Exercises
Class 5-43

Naval Training School
(Indiantown)

University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

Monday, July Twelfth
One Thousand Nine Hundred Forty-three

Hub Writer Boosts Ethyl

From Neal O'Hara's column in the *Boston Traveler*, a column which is syndicated throughout the country, comes the following plug for Ethyl:

"The knock-conquering quality of tetraethyl lead in gasoline for use in high compression motors is estimated to have increased the power of the nation by the equivalent of 40 Boulder Dams each year and to save U. S. Motorists some \$500,000,000."

One To The Army

Edward J. Staffel of the Yonkers Lab, who not long ago was a bridegroom, is Ethyl's lone contribution to the armed forces this month. His address, and several changes of address which have come to our attention recently, are listed below.

Private Edward J. Staffel
Co. G, 1st Rgt., R.T.C.
Camp Sibert, Ala.

A/C R. H. Colvin
Aviation Cadet Detachment
Class 43G
Ellington Field, Texas

Stephen N. Hall
Y.M.S. 219, F.P.O.
Seattle, Wash.

T/5 Albert W. Ramsey
Detachment 17, Signal A.W.
Fort Lewis, Wash.

Major Miles A. Kinley
A.P.O. 512
New York, N. Y.

Lieutenant Joseph A. Hobart
ATC, Domestic Transportation Div.
P.O. Box 3000, Mills Field
South San Francisco, Calif.

Lieutenant J. E. Minnock
TD-AAFTTC, Flight 12-3-OF
6600 Ellis Avenue
Seattle 8, Wash.

Captain Russell Schell
203 North Drive
San Antonio, Texas

Gerald Forsdick, C.Sp. (G)
NAS 28, Gunnery School
c/o Fleet Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

Lieutenant Raymond H. Metternich
C Btry., 838th Bn. A.A.A.W.
Camp Hulen, Texas

Harry J. B. Langlois, EM2c
Area B9, Platoon 2815, N.C.T.C.
Camp Peary
Williamsburg, Va.

Charles H. Mathis, Csp.
Armed Guard Annex
Unit A NOB
Norfolk, Va.

New Employees at Baton Rouge

If you pay a visit to Baton Rouge this month, you will see 23—count 'em—new faces among the workers. The new librarian in the Development Section is Olive B. Dupuy. Edgar A. Rachal and Jacob B. Seidel are accountants in the Finance Department. Alletha M. McIlwain is a stenographer in the Service Section.

In the Production Section, James R. Dial is an intermediate clerk. Operator helpers are Elbert H. McGee, Arthur M. Zimmerman, Clarence L. McLin, Jr., Julius L. Smith, Marcus C. Young, Paula Stogner, Robert L. Collings, and George L. Lieux. Mechanical helpers are Wilbert J. Templet, Allie J. Lavigne, Clarence J. Sanchez, Daniel B. Jones, John S. Montegudo, John H. Hill, and Enos Jackson. Laborers are Robert Bishop, Andrew Lawson, and Willie Washington.

Hunt Heads Veteran List



Lawrence A. Hunt of the Yonkers Lab is this month's 15-year veteran. After graduating from Swarthmore College in June, 1928, Larry Hunt went to work at the old Yonkers Lab and has worked as a knock test engineer at Yonkers Central ever since, except for six months he spent at the Detroit Lab in 1930. He is at present on a temporary assignment to Aeronautical Research in Detroit.

Larry's wife, Edna, also works in Yonkers Central. They live in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Larry's three hobbies, auto trips, outboard motor boating, and use of his movie camera, have been practically wiped out by the war, so he has returned to bicycle riding, an old pastime of his college days. As an undergraduate he was no softie as a cyclist, on one occasion pedaling all the way from Swarthmore, Pa., to his home in White Plains, N. Y., and another time making a round trip by bike between White Plains and Boston.

Eight passed the ten-year milestone. They are Blanche Ash, the *Bulletin Board's* Kansas City correspondent; Marie Carrigan of the Chicago Division; Frank Cronin, acting manager of the Baltimore Division; and Irene G. Brasure, Oakley Eskridge, Edward A. Herbert, Edgar W. Holton, and Gilbert S. Waldron, all of Deepwater.

Five year awards go to Fred Ahrens, Chicago Division field engineer; and William R. Auter, George W. Curry, Ripley R. Holcombe, and John E. Sharkey, all of Baton Rouge.

Ted Zadra, who worked with our Seattle Division several years ago, is now a lieutenant in the Navy and is stationed at the Astoria, Oregon, Naval Base.

Classified Section

From the Chicago Division comes the suggestion that we inaugurate a Barter and Exchange column in the *Bulletin Board*. Maybe it isn't a bad idea. We are willing to try most anything once, so here goes.

George Rose, Chicago Division field engineer, would like to sell a "large super deluxe reed bassinet" and a "pre-war Kroll Cab baby buggy." Any buyers among you prospective fathers and mothers? Going—going—

Anyone else with anything to sell or swap should let us know, and we will try to give him or her a little publicity. But your notice should be on the level. If any rascal tries to kid us along with a phoney, we'll be mad!

Freeport Facts

Since the last writing four new men have joined our ranks and one oldtimer has returned. The new Ethyl-Dowers are W. S. Riggs, Jr., and J. O. McLane of Operations, and W. H. Allen and C. H. Cartwright of Plant Protection. The oldtimer is C. R. Larson, General Office, who returns to us from the Army Air Corps. Welcome home, Chet!

The welcome mat is also out for J. O. Wehrly of Operations, who returned after a stay in the hospital which threatened to keep him out all summer.

Without going into details or divulging secrets we will say that a certain calendar in the office has a ring around August 14. We understand that date will mean a wedding ring for a certain stenographer.

Congratulations are swamping Ed Meuth, welder, who last week became the proud pappy of a strapping future torch wielder. The boys liked the cigars too, Ed!

The report is true that J. E. Alexander is the certain operator with his head in the clouds these days. Alec is out to give Johnny Zero and the Luftwaffe some headaches.

An unwelcome visitor came to the plant not long ago and was received by an imposing welcoming committee consisting of Leo Glesner, superintendent of maintenance, W. L. Sledge, engineer, and J. P. Giesecke, captain of police. The dauntless trio charged the suspicious character with water hose, sharp wires and a grass cutter, at last driving him from his refuge beneath the railroad

tracks in front of the office building. Then the grass cutter came slashing down on his head and another coach whip bit the dust.

And that's the news from Texas.



Wilbur Wilson Brady, dynamometer operator at the Detroit Lab, is a native of good old Clay County, Arkansas, and graduated from Corning High School, Corning, Arkansas, before coming to Detroit. He came to Ethyl from Continental Motors, where he was a test mechanic. Wilbur is married and has a five-year-old daughter, Delores. Hunting, fishing and baseball are what he prefers in his spare time.

It's a Boy!

On June 8 Theodore Scott Dubose, III, was welcomed into the household of Major and Mrs. Theodore Scott DuBose, Jr. The young fellow's pappy used to be one of Ray Faller's boys.



An intimate study of Umpire Mac McMenemy, Catcher Mike Rometti, and Batter George Vaughn.



Fritz Schroeter blocks Mike Rometti off home plate.

Ethyl Flashes Frolic

Bill Wanderer's scrubs bit off more than they could chew when they challenged the Ethyl Flashes of the Detroit Lab to a ball game, for the Flashes staged a track meet to trounce Bill's upstarts by a lopsided 34 to 10 count. The scrubs gave the varsity a great workout running bases and with more practice local experts believe they may be able to hold the score down to a mere 20 runs. Pictures of the contest are published through courtesy of ace photographer Pat Harding.



Hal Fancher pulls up at the plate after a circuit clout.

Rooters cheer the boys on.



**"FIGHTIN' FOOLS"
NEED FIGHTIN' FUELS**



EVERY DROP OF ETHYL COUNTS

Elkhart BULLETIN BOARD

SEPTEMBER, 1943



**GOVERNOR
OPENS
PROGRAM**

(See Pages 3 and 20)

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — *by and for Ethyl employees*

MILESTONES

PAGE 9

**RATIONING
AT LAB**

PAGE 13

AROUND THE WORLD

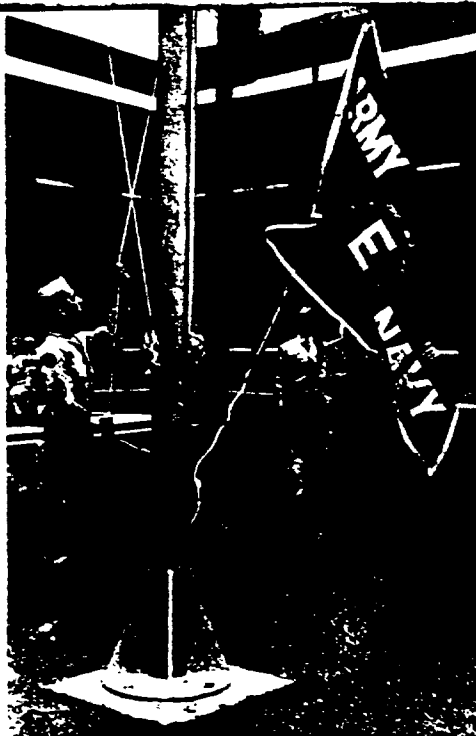
PAGE 15

DIAMOND CLASSIC

PAGE 26

VICTORY MAIL

PAGE 30



Baton Rouge flag goes up

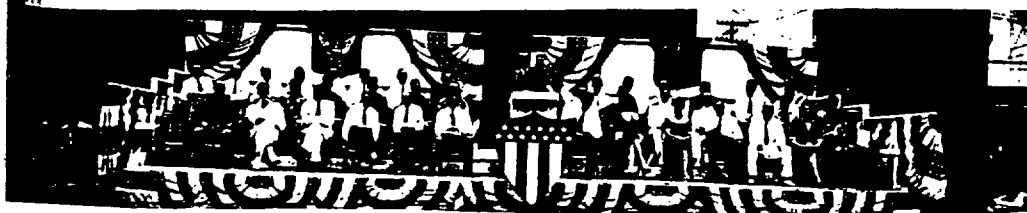
TWO 'E' FLAGS RAISED

The first week in August was a big one for Ethyl, with our plants in Deepwater and Baton Rouge receiving the Army-Navy "E" Production Award "for great accomplishment in the production of war equipment." Ceremonies at which "E" flags were raised were held at Deepwater on Monday afternoon, August 2, and at Baton Rouge on Friday morning, August 6.

Colonel William D. Hamlin, Executive Officer, Office of Chief Signal Officer, presented the flag at Deepwater.

"Things like planes, tanks, supply tanks and mobile field radio units are coming off the assembly lines in staggering quantities," said Colonel Hamlin. "But such modern implements of war are useless without gasoline. They just won't move and

The speakers' platform at Baton Rouge



Victory cannot be won unless we advance, and keep on advancing, until our enemies cry 'enough!'

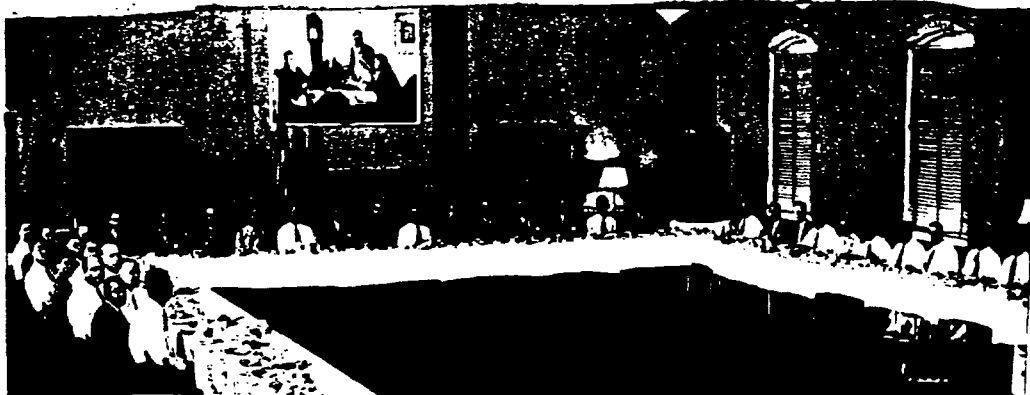
"How quickly we force the foe to 'Unconditional Surrender' depends, to a great extent, on how well you maintain the fine production record you have established in this plant...

"We entered this war seriously handicapped by a lack of equipment. In less than a year we were able to launch a stunning blow at the Axis in North Africa and you know what happened. The vaunted German Afrika Corps was sent reeling back to defeat by the best equipped fighting men in the world.

"Good gasoline, the kind that is treated with Ethyl Fluid which you make right here, was in the thick of every battle. That sort of gasoline sent our tanks rolling forward like juggernauts. It lifted our bombers into the skies to destroy enemy installations. That gasoline was the operating force for the powerful mobile field radio stations used by



Above: Clint Bond of the three-man management committee accepts the "E" flag for the plant. Other members of the committee were Harry Fisher, extreme left, and Bill Ross.



Deepwater dinner

the Signal Corps in the maintaining of communications so necessary in every campaign.

"Now in the Pacific our Army and Navy fighter planes, their tanks filled with Ethyl blended motor fuels, are playing fast and loose with the best that Tojo has to offer, knocking them out of the sky like clay ducks. We will bomb Tokyo again — and AGAIN — and it will be Ethyl treated gasoline that will take our bombers there and, we hope, bring them back safely to their bases again."

Charlie Wasserman, plant manager at Deepwater, in accepting the award for the plant, replied:

"The tradition of this Deepwater plant has ever been that no delivery demand shall ever be refused. This record, maintained throughout peace times, has been extended so that no matter what demand, whatever time of day, whatever hours must be worked, if humanly possible we shall make delivery. Thus can we do our part to shorten the span until our Victory will be won."

Lieutenant A. K. Stone, USNR, Office of Inspector of Navy Materials, Fourth Naval District, presented

lapel "E" pins to L. W. "Army" Armstrong, C. H. "Bud" Johnson, and Alice Wygand, who served as a committee representing the employees.

"As a representative of the Inspector of Naval Material office, it has been my responsibility to see that the quantity and quality of Ethyl Fluid meets all requirements for shipment to our allies under the Lend-Lease Agreement," said Lieutenant Stone. "Frankly, the job has



Walter O'Keefe, M.C.

been an easy one. The quality of your product has been unquestionable, and your deliveries have been excellent."

"Army" Armstrong, accepting the "E" pins in behalf of plant employees, replied:

"It is a great privilege to accept this award in behalf of the men and women of the Ethyl Corporation. As a senior employee in service, I am proud to say that a spirit of cooperation and mutual understanding has always existed between management and the employees, and with that kind of team work, I have seen our company grow from an infant to a large corporation whose products are indispensable in the promotion of the war effort.

"We are proud to be backing our soldiers to the extent that our efforts have been recognized by the Army and the Navy, and we shall always remember this occasion. In winning this award we will be spurred on to still greater accomplishments and I am sure that each individual will feel now more than ever that his or her extra effort will be the one way he can contribute his utmost in knocking out the Axis and winning the war."

Brought from the Tilton General Hospital at Fort Dix, N. J., to assist in the program was Private August

Schlitt, aged 21, of New York, who was wounded in the Tunisian campaign. Private Schlitt numbers among his decorations the Atlantic Frontier, Africa Campaign, Good Conduct, Purple Heart, and American Defense Service medals and ribbons.

Before the program took place there was a luncheon at the DuPont Country Club. That evening about 75 company officers and plant employees attended a dinner at the Hotel DuPont.

Governor Sam Houston Jones of Louisiana opened the ceremony at Baton Rouge. He was introduced by Walter O'Keefe, well known radio figure who acted as master of ceremonies both at Baton Rouge and at Deepwater.

"The fruit of your labors in this plant is a part of every mile of advance made by our forces in Sicily, every flight of our bombing fleets over the cities of Germany, every tedious yard gained in the assault against Munda, and every ship that leaves these shores with men or material destined for the coming great invasion," Governor Jones told the assembled employees.

Colonel L. L. Koontz, commanding officer at Harding Field, La., presented the "E" flag to the management committee consisting of

The band played on



Clint Bond, Harry Fisher, and Bill Ross.

"We have just begun to fight," said Colonel Koontz. "There are many long and bloody battles before us and Victory is not around the corner but far away. It can only be won by everyone of us giving our best, day in and day out, year in and year out.

"We know the value and necessity of Ethyl Fluid in the successful prosecution of this war, but can we actually visualize the magnitude of the machine operations required? Do we realize the immensity of 50,000 airplanes in the air, 100,000 armored vehicles, 1,000,000 trucks all under way and in combat at once?

"It is your job to help put them there and keep them there. Only by being able to continually throw these machines of war against the enemy in superior quantities can we hope to win. Remember that every machine you keep supplied with our super fuel actually saves the lives of literally hundreds of our soldiers."

After Colonel Koontz gave the "E" flag to the committee, it was opened up for inspection by the audience. Then it was handed to the Harding Field Color Guard, who marched to the flag pole and raised it aloft.

In his response to Colonel Koontz' words of presentation, Clint Bond said:

"Our efforts lie in a field that lacks the direct appeal of actually seeing planes or tanks roll off a production line, yet we now realize more than ever before that the effec-

tiveness of our planes and other motorized equipment is dependent to a very large extent on the ability here at home to supply the Army and Navy with fuels of a quality that cannot be approached by our Axis enemies. It is to this end that we make our contribution. We pledge to you representatives of the Army and Navy that to the best of our ability you will have enough Ethyl Fluid — and on time."

A committee representing the plant employees received Army-Navy "E" pins from Captain F. C. Nyland, Civil Engineer Corps, U. S. Navy. This group of seven was composed of Ross Williams, representing the Plant's War Effort Committee, and John A. Bowman, Gladys Greenleaf, Lucette Matens, Fred C. O'Rourke, Daniel W. Read, and Freydis T. Tugwell.

"By their unflagging spirit of patriotism . . . by their acceptance of high responsibility . . . by the skill, industry, and devotion they are showing on the production front of the greatest war in history . . . they are making an enduring contribution not only to the preservation of the United States of America but to the immortality of human freedom itself," said Captain Nyland.

Ross Williams accepted the "E" insignia in behalf of all the plant's employees.

"We all appreciate the great honor and privilege of receiving the award of these 'E' pins from our Army and Navy," he said. "We take pride in the part that this plant has played in producing sinews of war that are so vital to all branches of

our armed forces, and in the fact that this plant was judged to be producing these materials in such quantities and in such an atmosphere of mutual determination and understanding as to merit this award.

"We realize now as never before that, as stated by the slogan adopted by our War Effort Committee, 'This plant has a job to do,' and we are determined that every six months from now until the war is over a star shall be added to our 'E' flag to testify that we are doing our part to see the job through."

The program closed with the playing of the national anthem by the Harding Field Band and singing by the entire audience led by Sergeant

Gundard Hansen. Following this an official luncheon was held at the Heidelberg Hotel.

The man-sized job of making arrangements for the program was done by the plant's War Effort Committee, which is composed of Harold W. Wheeler, chairman; Sue D. Kearns, secretary; Lew Barnum, Ralph L. Bergeron, Lawrence G. Cliver, Kelly B. Harris, Harold B. Hunt, Claude H. Prestridge, Jr., and Ross Williams. Ed Enoch of New York Public Relations, spent a month in Baton Rouge assisting with arrangements for the ceremonies and preparation of the necessary material.

HAVE THAT TIRE RECAPPED!

Look, folks, Rubber Director Jeffers says we are not going to get any synthetic rubber tires for civilian use until the end of 1944, and when Mr. Jeffers says something it's generally so. This means that when your present tires are worn out you're out of luck, unless you have them recapped.

But you can't have a tire recapped if it is worn down too far. So drive around to your favorite service station or garage and have your tires checked. And if the checker says a tire needs recapping, have it recapped right now! Otherwise you won't be able to get the benefit of the limited amount of gasoline you are allowed for essential driving.

The petroleum industry, through the Petroleum Industry War Council, is conducting a nationwide "Save The Carcass" tire campaign to educate service station operators on the necessity of keeping cars on the road by maintaining present tires in serviceable condition. So pay attention to what your garage man or service station operator tells you. He knows what he is talking about.

Be patriotic and don't let your tire carcass wear down beyond the recapping stage!



Edith Badeau Sevier



Durward E. Rossman

Anniversary Awards

Our two 15-year award winners this month are Edith Badeau Sevier, secretary to Coard Taylor, and Durward Rossman of the Detroit Lab.

Edith Badeau came to work for Ethyl in the summer of 1928, when the company was just a small organization with offices at 26 Broadway. She was interviewed for her prospective job by Coard Taylor and started off by doing secretarial work for Coard, Arch Maxwell, and the late Ed Walter.

When Arch Maxwell left to become associated with Standard Oil

of Ohio, she became Coard's secretary, which has been her job ever since.

Before coming to Ethyl, Edith worked in Wall Street in the main office of the Irving Trust Company. She was born and grew up in Rockville Center, Long Island, but now she lives in Brooklyn.

Durward Rossman graduated in 1928 with a B.S. degree in Mechanical Engineering from the University of Michigan. He worked with Westinghouse in Philadelphia for a brief period and then returned to

Detroit, where he joined Ethyl.

Durward now has charge of all equipment in the Lab's dynamometer department, where he supervises installation, maintenance, set-up, and operation. He also directs tests conducted in the cold room.

He lives in Birmingham, Mich., with his wife and four daughters, Patricia, Katherine, Elizabeth, and Dorothy, aged 12, 10, 9, and 4, respectively. For recreation he likes gardening, hunting and fishing. He also is one of the Lab's leading bowlers and captained the team which won the league championship this past season.

Ten-year pin winners also number two this month. They are John S. Cole, Seattle Division safety engineer, who works out of Casper, Wyoming, and Bruce Crane, Boston Division field engineer who makes his headquarters in Albany, N. Y.

When it comes to five-year people, have we got five-year pin winners or have we got five-year pin winners! The answer is, we've got 'em — 26 of 'em to be exact. The list includes:

Jerry T. Adams, Clancy J. Bilbo, Grant A. Brummett, Davis Bunch, Frank C. Bunch, Willie E. Crawford, Louis L. Davis, Sr., Leslie Depew, Joseph W. Devall, John P. Golson, Edwin M. Gooch, Kelly B. Harris, Rivers B. Henagan, Jr., George I. Mehaffey, Cline Myers, Robert C. Nettles, Robert B. Phillips, Jr., Frank D. Richardson, Homer E. Shirley, Allen L. Thomas, Henry L. Thompson, and Archie L. Tillotson, all of Manufacturing, Baton Rouge; Harry F. Edgar of

Engineering, Detroit; Wilma E. Hansa of Finance, New York; Gerald Meyer of Purchasing, New York, and Emily Whitfield of the New York Stock Department.

★ ★ ★

Blender Song

H. Kelley, a duPont employee in the blender at Deepwater, has contributed to the *Bulletin Board* the following poem, which is a parody on Edgar Guest's "Plea for Arms":

Hurry men who work the blender!
Hurry men who roll the drums!
For 'tis all of us you hinder,
If defeat, not victory, comes!
Let there be no hesitating
And no loitering in the ranks,
For the boys afar are waiting
Ethyl for their planes and tanks.

One more drop of Ethyl Fluid!
One more pound to fill a car!
We will win and we can do it,
With a little extra power.
Keep the paint on drums a-flying,
Day and night for victory's sake.
For the boys afar are crying
For the very thing you make.

They will do as they're commanded;
When they're ordered they will go.
They will battle empty handed,
If they must, against the foe.
Hurry! Hurry! courage needed
Will be furnished by your sons.
But they'll die if now unheeded
Goes their plea for Ethyl drums.

★ ★ ★

A conference is a group of men, who, individually can do nothing, but as a group can meet and decide that nothing can be done.

Alexander McBean of New York Financial lives in Chatham, N. J., but he was born in Glasgow, Scotland. He went to school in Ardrossan, the shire where the Scotch poet, Robert Burns, was born, and then returned to Glasgow to attend Skerry's College until World War I broke out. He served with the Third Royal Scots in that conflict, coming to the United States in 1923. Before joining Ethyl he was with Sherwin Williams Paint Company in Newark. He is married and has a 17 months old son, Alexander Marshall. His favorite pastime is the good old Scotch game of golf, but he also spends considerable time in his garden.



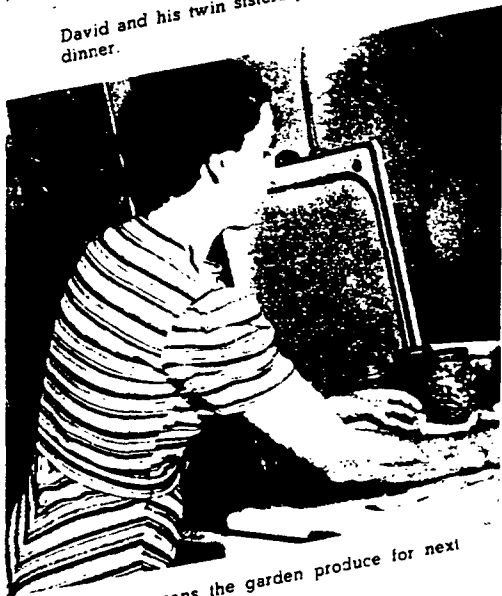
Major Arthur Dale Miller, formerly of the Tulsa Division, is now on duty with an antiaircraft unit in New Guinea. According to Bulletin Board records, his latest address is: Headquarters Sixth Army, A.P.O. 42, San Francisco, Calif.



Edith Mahoney of New York Financial commutes to work from the Bronx. She is a graduate of George Washington High School in Manhattan and came to Ethyl from the New York Telephone Company. Her favorite pastime is horseback riding, and she spends frequent week-ends at Cimarron Ranch, that suburban outpost of the wild and wooly West which is located outside of Peekskill, N. Y.



David and his twin sisters pick beans for their dinner.



Mrs. Olson cans the garden produce for next winter's use.

The Corn Grows Tall

Mel Olson, Chicago Division tractor engineer, recently sent in some pictures of and concerning his flourishing Victory garden, accompanied by the following explanatory remarks:

"In sending the enclosed let me state at once that the reason is not an over supply of film around the house or any fears that the *Bulletin Board* might be short of pictures. Just an overdose of Victory garden exuberance.

"I let Kay in on the photography merely because she helped out a little with the garden — did all the weeding, hoeing, staking and cultivating, and has canned, so far, 16 quarts of beans, not to mention some beets and rhubarb. But pay no attention to that snapshot. When the first jar is opened, I plan to say, 'These aren't like my mother used to can.'

"Too bad we didn't get the top of the corn in. Our corn is, of course, wonder corn.

"It's easy to see the children are going to support us in our old age, as indicated by the snap of the twins and David picking beans. Nothing slouchy about them, we think."



David Olson, held aloft by his pappy, tries to reach the top of the corn.



On July 19, when this picture was taken, 119 gasoline ration books were issued. Ida M. Lowe, secretary, checks all applications, processes and issues the books. Behind the desk with her are Bob Gourlay, seated, and Bob Mescher, who is standing in front of the zone map used by share-the-ride clubs.

Rationing at Detroit

"I need a C book!"

"Who lives near me that wants to swap rides?"

"I lost my A book."

"If I had a bicycle, I could ride to work."

"One of my tires blew out. What can I do?"

"I need a pair of work shoes, but I've used my number 18 shoe stamp."

These and many other rationing problems are solved daily by the Plant Transportation Committee at the Detroit Lab. When it became necessary to ration gasoline to save tires, the OPA asked Bob Mescher, Coleman Davidson, and Bob Gourlay to act as Ethyl's local rationing board. The Lab has done many things with gasoline, but this is the first time they've rationed it.

A majority of Lab employees live from five to twenty miles from work. Two live 35 miles away. As public transportation is not adequate, private cars must be used, so the Plant Transportation Committee issues to Lab workers A, B and C gasoline ration books; special gasoline rations for driving to Victory gardens, for power driven garden tools, and for motor boats; coupons to purchase kerosene, certificates for tire and tube purchases, extra stamps to buy work shoes, and bicycle purchase certificates.

This is a helpful and convenient service for Detroit Ethyl folks, since it enables them to get sufficient rations right at their job without going directly to the busy office of the OPA.



Theresa Leahy of the New York Mailroom comes to work daily from the Bronx. She attended Talt High School in the Bronx and then went to work in one of Woolworth's five and dime stores in uptown New York. A short while of this and she decided she would rather work for Ethyl. She enjoys roller skating and going out on dates.

James Deer, supervisor of war contract accounting at the Detroit Lab, was born in Canada, but when just a youngster moved to Birmingham, Mich., where he still resides. He began his business career after graduating from Birmingham High School and came to Ethyl after sixteen years of accounting work with General Motors. Golf, fishing, collecting antiques, rooting for the University of Michigan football team, and playing with his two grandchildren are some of his favorite diversions. His only son, Dr. Edwin Deer, is an oral surgeon in Birmingham.



Richard Taylor, who recently joined the Financial Department at Detroit, will spend a good part of his time on inventories. He came to us from the Shell Oil Company, where he was cashier for six years. Dick is a graduate of Detroit's Eastern High School and attended Wayne and Columbia Universities, where he majored in languages and history. In his spare time he is fond of bowling, golf, and collecting colored movie travelogues.



Worldwide Circulation

"What's In A Name?" A great deal, if the latest circulation figures on the Ethyl booklet of that name is any indication. Let's bend our orbs for the moment on the early July circulation statistics for this little book, which are remarkable.

As of July 6 over a million and a half copies had gone out in answer to requests — 1,552,656 to be exact. Of this number 230,420 were distributed in New York state, which topped all other states by a wide margin. Second place honors went to Pennsylvania, whose residents asked for 115,612 copies and third to California, which wanted 96,414 booklets.

But the United States obviously isn't the only place where people are interested in the meanings of names, because requests have come in from all over the world. Canada tops the list of nations with 29,396 requests. Next in line is Mexico with 343 subscribers, then Cuba with 214, and in fourth place England with 207.

People in such far off spots as India, Egypt, Persia, New Guinea, Samoa, and the Fiji Islands have asked for booklets. Australians have requested 81. As our name becomes well known throughout the world, we can't help but wonder how many future babies in far distant places will be named Ethyl.

❧ Freeport Facts ❧

The season for hurricanes along the Gulf Coast is now in full swing and the first of these big winds which yearly prowl our countryside has hit and gone its way. Luckily Freeport got no more than high winds, but the big town — Houston — up the road was hit to the tune of several million dollars. First hand information can be obtained from G. B. Grimes, Ethyl-Dow janitor, who fled the storm in Freeport to run smack into the big blow in Houston. Oh well, live and learn.

Since last writing, Jesse Alexander, operator, has taken the big step. No, he didn't walk the middle aisle; he joined his Uncle Samuel's Army Air Forces. Jesse is currently stationed at Sheppard Field, Texas.

Speaking of the big step, J. D. Harness, E-D storekeeper, took just that in it's usual sense. On a recent week-end Jasper took unto himself a bride and ended his bachelor days with a broad and decisive grin.

Back from the Naval Reserve comes A. J. Burnett, looking fit and just a little salty. A. J. didn't get to see the sea other than from the terra firma of sunny California, but he claims to know the ropes and got through the first couple of chapters of "What Every Sailor Should Know."

Latest word from Robert F. Martin, former Ethyl-Dower now with the Army Air Forces in England, came this week to W. G. Martin, operator, his brother. Bob's letter included a clipping from a British newspaper and two pictures. The clipping told how Bob and his crew were rescued from the English Channel after their bomber, "Snowball," had been shot down by Hun fighter planes. One picture showed the crew standing before the bomber and the other showed Bob receiving the Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster.

And that's the news from Texas.

Carl's Corner

The reason for the long abstinence from print can now be disclosed. I broke my writing arm and had to learn to type with the index finger of my left hand. In the meantime the broken arm has healed at least to the extent that I can use it to empty a glass of beer into the correct receptacle.

The most interesting thing about breaking an arm is not, as might be expected, the engineering involved

in reconditioning same. Instead, it is the multitude of suggestions as to how it might have happened. In my case so many helpful thoughts have been offered that I am no longer quite sure how it did happen.

The original story, which still seems to be quite probable, is that I caught the end of my pants leg on a snag while working over the face of a cliff during a fishing trip and gravity took me down in three easy

bumps. The mere fact that I brought home no fish does not necessarily prove this story to be untrue. It takes right living, a high degree of skill, and true Irishman's luck to catch fish in our local streams, even when the weather, the stars, the moon, the barometer, and the auspices look favorable.

Among the many possible explanations advanced for public consideration by real and alleged friends were several that seemed worth considering — in fact, there was one that in other days and with other people might have held particular promise, although at my age it is a little odd that it was even mentioned. It had to do with getting out of a window in time.

In view of the lack of imagination which characterizes the engineering mind when dealing with human problems (but why limit it to that?) I cannot help but wonder whether personal experience might not have formed at least part of the background for most of these hypotheses.

All the bosses have been perfectly wonderful about letting me stick around and keep my mind occupied, even though my physical limitations made me somewhat useless and almost in the way. But for the benefit of the younger staff members let me say that if, after 13 years of untiring effort you feel that you want a rest, there are better ways to get it than by breaking an arm. Almost any other way you can name would be better. Now I've got to go back to work.

Yours, etc.,

CARL ABELL



The Bulletin Board editor weighs the advantages of eating lunch in his office.

Trend of the Times

While the wage earner in overalls is salting away the mazuma these days, the poor office worker is taking a terrific beating on the chin, due to skyrocketing taxes and living costs. As a result of soaring restaurant prices, several girls in the New York office have been bringing their lunch from home daily during the past few weeks.

The sight of them eating peacefully, far above the rushing throngs down in the street, caused your *Bulletin Board* editor to get out his pencil and do some figuring. As a result he has been carrying his mid-day meal to work for the past two weeks and has every intention of making the practice permanent.

It's great stuff, lads! You eat in peace and quiet, and you don't have surly waiters glaring at you if you only order a sandwich.

And, what's most important in these trying times, you save dough!



Belle M. Clausing, secretary to Lou Shank, Tulsa Division manager, was born in Columbus Junction, away out west in Iowa. She attended Jewell, Iowa, High School and the American Institute of Business in Des Moines. Last September she became the bride of Herbert Clausing, who is now an intern in the Osteopathic Hospital in Tulsa. She arrived with her husband in the oil metropolis on July 11 and immediately applied for a job with Ethyl. Her picture would seem to verify reports that she helps beautify the scenery in our Tulsa office.

Marguerite Miller, stenographer-clerk in Detroit Financial, was born in Grand Ledge, Mich., but after completing grammar school moved to Detroit. There she attended Denby High School for three years and then graduated from Lincoln High in Ferndale. Her first job was with the Household Finance Corporation, where she did general office work for a year before joining Ethyl. Dancing, skating, swimming, and the theatre are some of her spare time activities.



Helen Bonesteel, newcomer to the Yonkers Lab, is shown adjusting a mechanical numbering machine, which is a familiar article in all gasoline testing labs. Helen came to Ethyl from Briarcliffe Junior College. There she was studying to be a secretary, but recently she took a course in motor mechanics. Roller skating and bowling are her favorite pastimes. She also likes to cook, and the boys at Yonkers say they are hoping for a sample of her culinary skill in the near future.



Away back in 1930, when the world was young and gay, this picture of an early Ethyl group was taken. The boys were students in the first Ethyl training course in the fundamentals of petroleum refining at the Esso plants in Bayonne and Bayway, N. J., and they were quartered in the Hotel Winfield Scott in Elizabeth, N. J. In case you don't recognize the boyish faces, they belong, left to right, standing, to Matt Taylor, Boston Division manager; Russ Schell of the Safety Department, now on military leave; George Rosser, assistant manager of the Atlanta Division, now on military leave; Dick Murphy, western regional manager. Squatting, left to right, are Harry Cottrell, Tulsa Division field engineer; Harold Murch, formerly of our defunct Toronto office; and John Lashley. Murch and Lashley are no longer with the company.

On to Washington

Captain George Rosser, formerly assistant manager of the Atlanta Division, gave his old division office a pleasant surprise recently when he dropped in unexpectedly. George has been transferred from Detroit to Washington and was granted a seven day leave before beginning his new duties. In Washington he will be chief of fuels and lubricants for the Army Service Forces, Headquarters, Maintenance Division, and will be located in the famed Pentagon Building.

Joins The Waves

Louise Fries, formerly secretary to Harry Mack, Dayton Division manager, and the *Bulletin Board's* correspondent in that sector, has left the company and is now a member of the Navy's Waves. She is taking her boot training at Hunter College in New York.

★ ★ ★

A statistician is a man who draws a mathematically precise line from an unwarranted assumption to a foregone conclusion.

BATON ROUGE



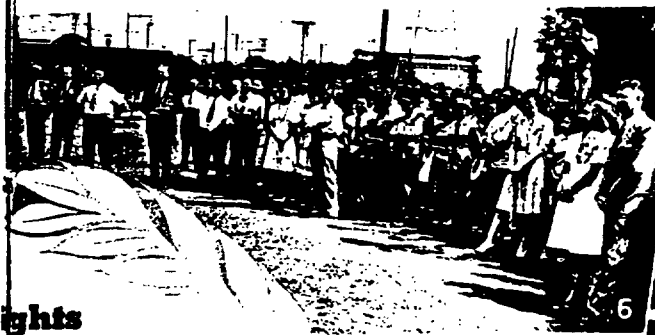
High

Army-Navy

1. The Baton Rouge crowd.
2. Captain Nyland pins "E" pin on Fred O'Rourke.
3. Employees' committee: Ross Williams, John Bowman, Gladys Greenleaf, Lucette Matens, Fred O'Rourke, Freydis Tugwell, and Daniel Read.
4. Ross Williams accepts "E" pins.
5. Clint Bond, Harry Fisher, and Bill Ross hold flag.



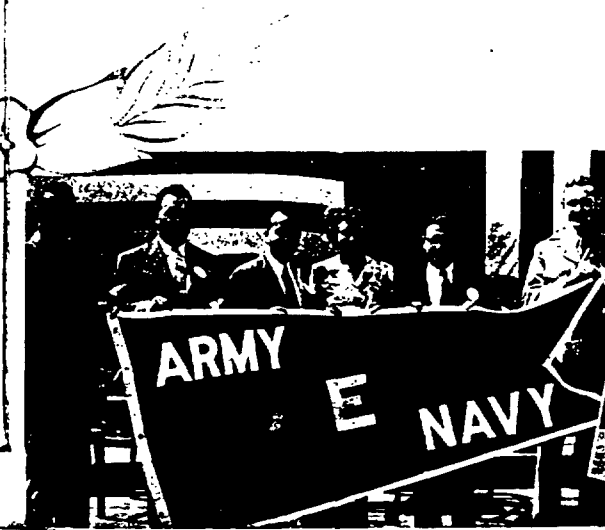
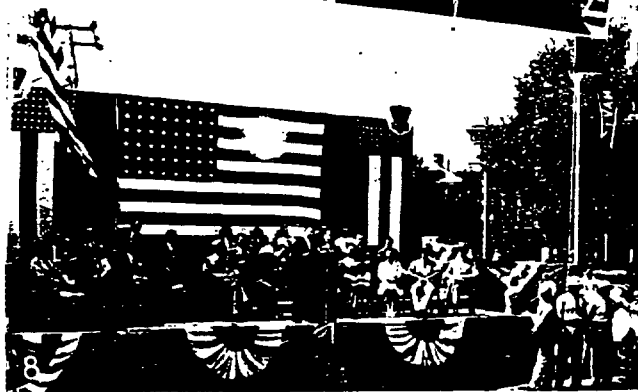
DEEPWATER



ights

E' Awards

6. The crowd at Deepwater.
7. Lieutenant Stone speaks.
8. Charlie Wasserman at the mike.
9. Lieutenant Stone, Army Armstrong, Bud Johnson, Alice Wygand, Charlie Wasserman, and Colonel Hamlin.
10. The flag is raised.



Hear Bugle's Call



Six Ethylmen have joined the nation's armed forces this month. They are Christopher Bruhl of the Yonkers Lab, Robert Oesterling, Baton Rouge chemist; Gerald Meyer of New York Purchasing; and Kingsley Jones, Ralph Hutchinson, and Carl Cyriax of New York Financial. So far we have no addresses for any of these men, except Chris Bruhl and Bob Oesterling. Their addresses and all changes of address which have recently come to our attention are listed below:

Ensign Christopher Bruhl, USNR
NTS (I) 22032
Fort Schuyler
New York 61, N. Y.

Private Robert Oesterling
914th Training Group
BTC 9, Squadron 143-C
Miami Beach, Fla.

Lt. (jg) Dwight F. Andrews, USNR
Educational Services
Officer NOB, Kodiak
c/o Fleet Post Office
Seattle, Wash.

Captain William W. Downer
192nd Ord. Co. (D)
A.P.O. 502
San Francisco, Calif.

Major M. A. Kinley
IG Section Natousa
A.P.O. 534
New York, N. Y.

Captain George Rosser
915 S. Alfred Street
Alexandria, Va.

Major S. J. Warner, Jr.
Depot Q-331 (P.O.L.)
A.P.O. 511
New York, N. Y.

Captain Laurence H. Blatchford
16th Repair Squadron, Air Corps
A.P.O. 635
New York, N. Y.

Major F. D. Williams, C.E.
Second Beach Battalion
U. S. Navy, N.P.O.
New York, N. Y.

Lt. Joseph E. Williams
1550th Ordnance S. & M. Co.
Greenville Army Air Base
Greenville, S. C.

Lt. F. E. DeVore
Kiser Courts
Glendale, Ariz.

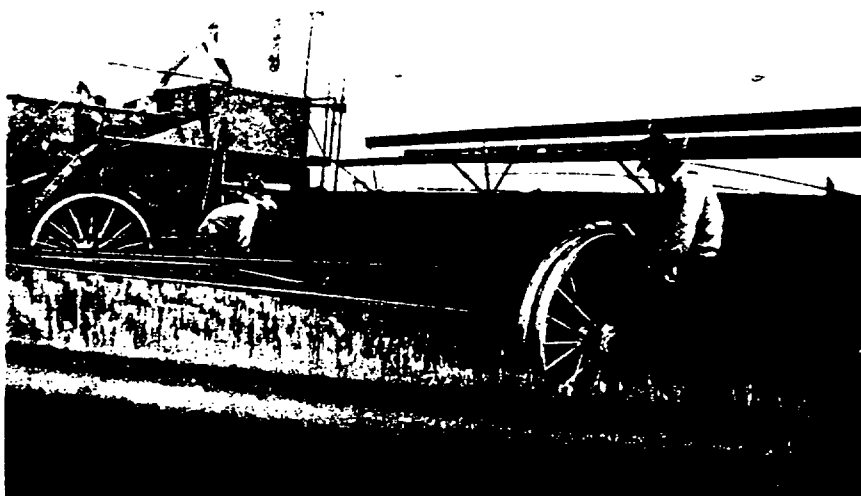


Down On The Farm

Al Basye, Kansas City Division safety engineer, spent a patriotic vacation in the Kansas wheat fields this summer. Al drove the tractor which pulled one of the seven combine outfits used to cut the 2500 acres of wheat on the farm where he worked. He also helped with the

care and tune-up of the other tractors on the place.

The accompanying pictures show Al as a farmhand. In each one he is the fellow wearing a hat. The tractor is a W9 International and the combine is a Model 36 John Deere 20-foot cut.





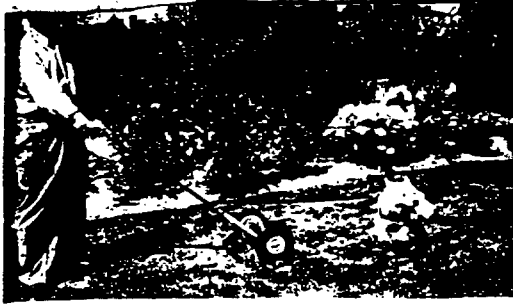
Virginia K. Schroder is the new laboratory assistant to Durward Rossman in the Dynamometer Department at Detroit. She is a graduate of St. Gregory High School in Detroit and attended the University of Detroit, where she majored in languages. Her first job was with the Michigan Bell Telephone Company, where she worked for a year before joining Ethyl. Tennis, swimming, and the theatre are her favorite recreational activities.



George W. Addins, dynamometer operator at the Detroit Lab, is a native of Beech Creek, Kentucky, where he attended school. He came to Ethyl from the Federal Motor Truck Company, where he worked as an experimental mechanic in the engineering department. George has four children, Francis, Wanda, Betty Joan, and Charles, whose respective ages are 15, 12, 9 and 5. He goes in for hunting, fishing and bowling in his spare time.



Harold Hawkinson, dynamometer operator at Detroit, was born at Monessen, Penna., graduated from Monessen High School and then attended Tri-State College of Engineering at Angola, Ind. Before coming to Ethyl he was a dynamometer operator for the Packard Motor Car Company. He likes to fish and to bowl, and he is an enthusiastic baseball and football fan. During his school days he built up an impressive record as a football player.



When Harry tied Mush to the lawn mower and expected him to pull it, our canine friend rebelled. "He can't get away with that stuff!" Mush confided to a Bulletin Board operative who was lurking in the shrubbery.



Here is a close-up of Mush during his sit-down strike. "I might compromise for a nice, thick dog biscuit," Mush admitted.



The Seattle Division has really done big things in the field of Victory gardening, every single member having a small plot of some sort. Pictures of these soil tilling activities are as hard to extract as wisdom teeth, but those we were able to obtain are printed here.



Harry Kuhe, with the able (?) assistance of Mush, his Siberian husky, produced a bumper crop. According to those in the know, there was not always perfect harmony in the Kuhe garden, because Mush preferred digging while Harry held out for planting. The picture would seem to indicate that Harry won.

Alli Koskela, the Bulletin Board's Seattle correspondent, wields a wicked hoe and can hold her own in discussions on crop rotation, whether or not to sucker tomatoes, etc. If her garden yields according to her dreams, she will have to rent a stall in the Farmers' Public Market.

Although Fred raises tomatoes, squash, cucumbers, beets, carrots, peas, beans, strawberries, raspberries, and fruit trees he is particularly proud of this year's cabbage crop. And here is poor little Tommy Heck among the cabbages, trying to hide from Fred. But it's no go, for Fred found him and thrust a hoe into his chubby hands.

This is a Victory garden technique developed by Fred Naylor, assistant division manager. While Bill Heck, safety engineer, was on a trip, Fred by means of bribes and glittering promises, lured away Bill's three-year-old son, Tommy, and then condemned him to a life of toil. While Tommy labored, Fred sat around and drank a Vitamin B2 concoction.



Scrubs Deadlock Flashes

Stung by the remarks of local wiseacres as a result of their 34-10 shellacking at the hands of the Ethyl Flashes, Bill Wanderer's Scrubs staged a comeback the evening of August 3 on the Detroit Lab diamond and held the varsity to 14-14 tie. Fair-and-Square Mac-Menemy, the Honest Arbiter, halted the contest at the end of the sixth stanza because of darkness.

The game was a walkaway for the lowly Scrubs until the Flashes staged a rally in the last half of the sixth to knot the count. Wanderer's Wayfarers started going to town in the initial frame with a scoring spree which was featured by a circuit smash inside the ball yard by little Jimmie Hughes.

Bob Mescher started off the inning by drawing a free ticket when a 3-2 pitch went wide. Bill Book reached first on a scratch hit to deep short, Mescher pulling up at second, and Cap Hall strolled on four straight balls, loading the sacks.

Into this spot stepped little Jimmie. With the count 3-and-1 in his favor, he leaned on a cripple for four bases to clear the hassocks.

Jimmie's payoff smash seemed to throw consternation into the hearts of the Flashes, and for the next three stanzas they played like a bunch of lads in the fourth grade. Typical of their befuddlement was their daffy base running in their half of the second.

In this inning Alspaugh was on first and Manager Harry Prince on second, when Fritz Schroeder dribbled an easy roller to the infield and was tossed out at first. Harry started for second on the play, but was doubled off first when he discovered that Alspaugh was a barricade on the basepaths. The Flash first baseman was sitting there on the key-stone sack, chuckling to himself over an amusing item he was reading in the *Bulletin Board*.

Although Bill Wanderer, who did the hurling for his team, weakened during the last two heats, he whiffed Heinie Mueller on just seven pitched balls on the Flash slugger's first two trips to the plate.

By playing the varsity to a deadlock, the Scrubs worked their way into the big time, and the Ethyl Athletic Association voted to buy them crimson baseball caps.

After the game spectators and players retired to the Lab, where all broke training under the general supervision of Tommie Roberts.

The line-ups:

SCRUBS	FLASHES
Stinson c.....	Rometti
Wanderer p.....	Doughty
Mescher 1b.....	Alspaugh
Book 2b.....	Prince
Hall ss.....	Schroeder
Hughes 3b.....	Boyle
Lewis cf.....	Stump
Loser rf.....	Mueller
Beudet lf.....	Wilkie
Goodyear rover.....	Faucher

Salute The Colonel!

Swapping gold for silver usually isn't such a smart idea, unless you trade the gold oak leaves of a major for the silver oak leaves of a lieutenant colonel. That is what Monroe F. "Bo" Weill, formerly of the Los Angeles Division, has just done. Bo was called from the reserve to active duty with the rank of captain in April, 1941, and served as Automotive Officer with the Western Defense Command. He is still on General DeWitt's staff, with an expanded assignment which now includes many other special subjects in addition to exercising general supervision over automotive maintenance.

★ ★ ★

No Longer With Us

Anna Jean Henderson, Detroit
 Anna B. Firosz, Detroit
 Evelyn A. Darst, Deepwater
 Dwight W. BeDell, Detroit
 Jessie L. Bott, Chicago
 Ernest A. Robinson, Detroit
 William L. Ross, Detroit
 Mary Kochanek, Detroit
 Jessie Gonda, Detroit
 Margery H. Williams, Detroit
 Louise Fries, Dayton
 Nina Crisham, New York
 Erwina H. Carr, New York
 Ruth L. Peabody, New York
 Hugh B. Gebhart, New York
 Mary Cordray, Tulsa
 Regina D. Gilligan, New York
 Janet Brown, Tulsa



Harold A. Mehler has been appointed assistant manager of the Yonkers Testing Lab and will handle many of the details of its operation. He joined Ethyl in the Fall of 1929 and, in addition to working in Yonkers, has spent some time at the Tulsa and Detroit Labs. Although Harold is a bachelor, he, like Russ "Don Juan" Schell, with whom he lived for many years, has an eye for the lovely ladies. His secondary hobbies are bridge and gardening.

★ ★ ★

Violette Hughes, Seattle Division secretary, admires her German shepherd, Big Boy, during a restful vacation at her home in Kenndale, Wash. Big Boy who is trying to argue the family into letting him join the Coast Guard, claims he would look simply swell in one of Uncle Sam's uniforms.





Joan Nugent of the New York Mailroom came to Ethyl from high school in Bayside, Long Island, where she has lived all her life. Outside of the office Joan is very active in war work. She is a member of the American Women's Voluntary Service and, as part of her duties with this organization, sells War Bonds and Stamps at the Bayside Theatre. She is also senior USO hostess at the Bayside Canteen.

★ ★ ★

Busy Bird

Lawrence "Bud" Williams of Road Testing, Detroit, became the proud pop of a seven pound boy on July 27. Lawrence James is Bud's second child. His oldest is daughter Sandra, who is seven years old.

★ ★ ★

Gets Oak Leaves

It's Major Ed Rothman now. Word was received recently at the Detroit Lab, where Ed used to handle advertising, that he has been promoted from the rank of captain. A long letter from Ed, describing some of his adventures in Africa, appears among this month's Victory Mail.

Wedding Bells

Martin I. McCoolley, New York Division safety engineer, deserted the ranks of the bachelors on Saturday morning, July 31, when he married Evelyn Oaks Whaley in St. Alice Church, Upper Darby, Penna. The ceremony was followed by a wedding dinner at the Drake Hotel in Philadelphia, and then the couple departed on a honeymoon trip to New York and Cape May, N. J. They are living in Upper Darby.

★ ★ ★

Add Definitions

According to Carl Abell, the *Bulletin Board's* Los Angeles correspondent:

"An engineer is a guy who can build an article for two dollars that a bozo twice as dumb can make for a buck.

"And stubbornness is where you cling to your opinion as tenaciously as I cling to mine."

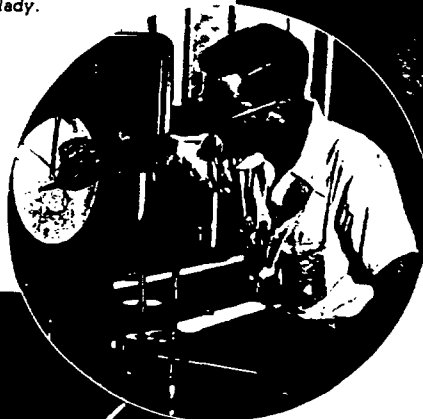
To Service Men's Wives

Wives of Ethylmen in the armed forces who would like to keep in touch with what is going on in the company can receive the *Bulletin Board* each month simply by writing in and asking to be put on the mailing list. So, if any of you readers know of an Ethyl service man's wife who wants to get the *Bulletin Board* regularly, please pass this tip along to her.

Roberta M. Fittinger, laboratory assistant in the dynamometer department at the Detroit Lab, is a native of St. Louis but came to Detroit when still a child. She is a graduate of Cooley High School, where she majored in dramatics, and attended Purdue University until the chubby little man with the bow and arrow — Dan Cupid to you — stepped in and ended her college career. Shortly after the outbreak of war her husband joined the Army, so she decided to come to work for Ethyl. Bobbie's favorite forms of diversion are landscape and portrait painting, swimming, and reading.



Robert J. Fless, laboratory technician at the Yonkers Lab, examines a chart used in determining the oxidation stability of gasoline. Bob came to us from the laboratory of the Rockwood Chocolate Company. He is attending evening college classes in order to complete his chemical education. Outside of his work, his chief interest centers around a certain young lady.



Edward C. Goller, dynamometer operator at the Detroit Lab, was born in Montreal, Canada, but came to the Motor City when still a youngster. After graduating from Cass Technical High School, he went into the trucking business for himself and was on his own for eight years. He then went to work for the Chrysler Corporation, where he remained until he joined Ethyl. Ed has two children, David, 4, and Sharon 18 months. Bowling and baseball are his favorite forms of recreation.



★ ★ ★

VICTORY MAIL

★ ★ ★



Dear Gang:

I was extremely happy to receive your letter and all your good wishes. I would like to bring back all the good "gifts" you request from Africa but you must remember that I am limited to 77 lbs. when traveling by air.

Rather than attempt to answer all your notes I am going to give you a few high lights of a marvelous trip I have just had to Tunis. I went to Bengasi on a B-24, which is very good riding. The American camp at this location is right in the sand, and, brother, when I say sand I mean it. Girls, this sand is something for your complexion! I think that a sand blasting machine turned on full force for 24 hours would give you some idea of it. My lips were cracked so far open that I couldn't keep the sand out. Then you fill up with chlorinated water, and is it wonderful!

I visited the River Styks and the Gar-

den of Lete. You who know your biblical history will have a better appreciation of these spots. Incidentally, the boy who was driving us in the car complained that the sheep were brown, black and dirty grey, while all the pictures he ever saw in the Bible showed snowy white sheep.

I nearly had the pleasure of going on a mission over enemy territory, but the commanding general said "No."

At one of the camps we attended a movie in the evening and it was just like Birmingham except that we sat on petrol cans. Yes, I fell asleep, just like being at home.

How many layers of skin does a human being have, because I have just had my 89th peeling?

I cannot tell you how thrilling it was to fly over this battle front and see places like Alamein, Tobruk, Marble Arch and other history making locations of this war. At Tripoli I had the opportunity of seeing General Montgomery. Also in Tripoli I visited one of the engine overhaul shops that was set up in the Fiat Service Station. The Germans used the same place for engine overhauls, only when they retreated they took all the skilled Italian laborers with them. As a result it was interesting to see 10 and 12

year old Italian and Arab kids cleaning engine parts.

The prisoners are very swell looking fellows — both Germans and Italians. They seemed to be glad that the war is over for them. At one place I asked one of the officers how they could keep track of all the prisoners. This particular unit had 50 prisoners around the place with only one sleepy guard. He said that was easy — they threatened that if anyone ran away, all the rest would go on British rations.

Flew to Sfax with a couple of other fellows, took a jeep and went to Tunis. There is great evidence of the battle in Tunisia but great speed is also being made in clearing wrecked planes, tanks, vehicles, bombs, etc. Incidentally, during the flight we could see wrecked planes on the beaches and in the ocean. Tunisia is a very beautiful country; it is green and has mile after mile of olive groves. It is one of the leading olive oil producing countries in the world.

One of the grim things to see is the graves along the sides of the road.

Tunis is a beautiful city — very modern. One of the fellows in the jeep knew a family who was forced to move out of their house when the Germans took the town. Their books were burned and practically all the furniture was destroyed but nevertheless the family was glad to be home. Our friend who knew this family was in the QM and he carried extra provisions in our trailer. He presented this family with a few of our American rations and the young daughter, about 20, asked boys and girls to have a few of the canned peaches, quite a delicacy. It was the first such delicacy that they have had in 2½ years. One of the girls had also just gotten a lipstick and the boys teased her by calling her Elizabeth Arden. They practically all spoke English and of course had to ask all about movie stars in the States.

I have got to say a few words about our fliers who certainly are wonderful — they are bomb happy, slap happy, and sand happy, but do not think that 20, 30,

and 40 missions or more does not do something to the nervous system.

At one place in Sousse we stayed for 1½ hours waiting for our transportation and you fellows should see the terrific amount of traffic at this country cross road. There was every conceivable type of vehicle made passing that corner. Incidentally, some of our fellows in the camps are getting hold of Fiats, Opels, and Rennaults and other makes of cars and are fixing them up. You would get quite a kick to see those boys going around in these baby carriages.

Economically, I believe that Tunisia will be well on the road to recovery within a year. The area around Tripoli and Bengasi does not look as though it would ever be worth very much. These areas were populated by taking Italians out of greatly populated cities in Italy and giving them money and many acres of land. Naturally, the money went first and the farms never produced. The country is too harsh for even a good farmer.

Now that there is a bright summer moon it is necessary to have blue covers over all the tents so that they are harder to see at night. In our camps we have gone in for dispersal in a big way — a 100 yards between each tent or building. This is wonderful except that when you have to carry your heavy blanket roll and other baggage, the sand is blasting at you and the sun boiling.

Wherever you drive you are passing convoys going in all directions, and do you eat dust! All the mined ground that has not been cleared off is marked with white tape. Damaging of bridges over these dried up river beds has not impeded traffic very much. Captured motorcycles are another item over which our boys have gone crazy.

I wish I could tell you some more things but we still have the censorship, so we will continue this driveling. One interesting experience at one of the camps was that a native came around selling eggs and in the absence of the boys he stole some clothing. This was reported to the head man of the nearby

village. The punishment consists of the offender taking all his clothes off and all the women of the village are invited to come and watch him getting whipped. After lashes (not too hard) he shrieks as to the location of one of the stolen articles. A woman rushes off and gets it. After more lashes he divulges the location of more articles and other women rush off and get them. This punishment goes on for two or three hours till all the stolen goods are recovered.

One of the tough things about these trips is that you are always waiting for a plane. Operations tent can never furnish transportation so that you sit there waiting and waiting with nothing to read, no Coca-Cola, chewing gum, cigarettes or any of the things that we were accustomed to at airports.

You have got to give a lot of credit to the Signal Corps who are stringing miles and miles of lines of communication. Of course you never hear anything over the phones but nevertheless it is a terrific undertaking.

Every plane, vehicle, tank, etc., has a name. About 75% have names of the driver's or pilot's girl - the other 25% show a great degree of American humor.

It was at Kairouan that I heard the first American news broadcast in four months. It came from Boston and the Tigers were not doing too well.

At Bengasi I saw some American soldiers bargaining to buy some chickens - evidently for a midnight snack. The asking price for the chickens was about \$12.00 and the chickens were so small that you could put them back in the egg. In order to cure this inflation the British issued an order stating that no soldier could deal with local merchants for a period of two weeks. At the end of the two weeks period the local merchants put a boycott on the Americans and British by refusing to sell them anything. I do not know who won.

It is great fun while on these trips to bump into pals of yours. You have no idea how affectionate you feel toward some fellows in a strange country. Out-

side of Tripoli I bumped into a fellow with whom I had stayed in Accra, also two other fellows I have worked with quite closely at headquarters. The British tank officers are exceptionally good fellows. A number of things I do not like about flying are:

1-Nine hours in the air in a bucket seat.

2-No food at airports.

3-No schedules.

4-When a pilot peels off to see some plane on the desert or inspects a boat in the sea.

There is a great feeling of superiority, however, when you land in an airport that you have been at before and the other passengers do not know their way around.

At one place I walked across a field as large as La Guardia, carrying my bed roll, baggage, etc. While I was struggling along in the heat four planes started turning their engines. I emerged from the dust absolutely covered from top to bottom with red sand. By the time I got to the plane I thought I had traveled six times around La Guardia Field.

Eddie Rickenbacker was here telling us about new engines in development using 120 octane gas. Or is it the heat and the sand that are getting me?

In one place up in Tunisia we had a puncture. While we were changing the tire a cute Arab boy came along with a donkey and a baby donkey. I pulled out some money and tried to explain to the little boy that I wanted to buy his baby donkey. With a milking motion of his hands and sucking of his lips he made me understand that the donkey was nursing and not for sale. I thought I was awfully smart to understand his Arabic.

At one camp I was too tired to arrange my cot and bed roll. The doctor offered to let me sleep in the hospital tent on a stretcher. The stretchers are about six inches too narrow to be comfortable.

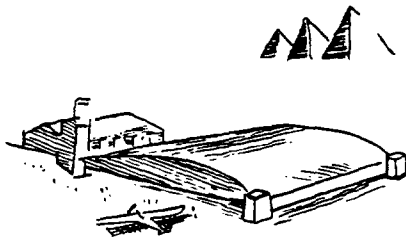
In the first tent I stayed in there were terribly big grasshoppers-about the size of P-40s. While they were jumping all

over me I was surprised to find they were locusts. Boy were they big!

One of the best local explanations for the desert is that it was made at night by the gods and that in the morning they were so disappointed with their evening's work that they spent all day throwing rocks at it.

I had better quit before you start throwing rocks at me. Best regards to all.

Major Edward E. Rothman
Hdq. Air Survey Command
APO 696, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Detroit)



It certainly seems like a long time since I've seen you. Hope you are all well and wish you'd say hello to all my friends at the lab.

After leaving St. Joe, Missouri, I was sent to New York for about a week and then moved on out here to San Francisco. The field at which I am stationed is located near the city of South San Francisco. It is a municipal airport but has now been put to use by the Army also. Our job here is to handle all sorts of negotiations between the commercial airlines and the Army. We see that the ships are serviced properly, carry the necessary equipment, and are kept in the air as much as possible. I like my work and would like to stay here, but one can never tell just what the Army will do next. So far I am not slated for overseas duty.

Mabel is down here with me. We live in a small city seven miles south of Mills Field and like the country and climate here very much. It is quite chilly during the morning and night and never uncomfortably hot during the day.

There is plenty of excitement around here. A P-38 squadron is based on this field and they show us plenty of activity. Had a nasty crack-up the other day. A P-38 peeled off of formation during practice maneuvers and slipped into a spin after going into a high speed stall. The pilot brought it out just over the ground, scraped a highway and hit a car broadside. Boy, I never saw such a mess!

The type of planes we work with are C-87's, 47's, 48's, 46's, 53's, and 54's. Of all, the C-54 is really the cargo ship. It cruises about 254 mph, has a large capacity, and a low landing speed.

Lt. Joseph A. Hobart
DTR-ATC Mills Field
P.O. Box 3000
So. San Francisco, California
(formerly of Detroit)



The summer edition of the Ethyl Bulletin Board reminded me that its been months since I've reported on my doings. But as I sit in the same company day-room I've occupied for almost a year, listening to some favorite records (suggested listening: Paul Robeson's "Songs of Free Men"), with a "coke" machine

nearby, and the comparative comfort of permanent barracks waiting for me, I don't feel that my doings need as much reporting as some of the other men's.

Ever since I found that O.C.S. would probably take me away from the school for the Armored Force here at Knox, I've been a sergeant. Every time I read of all the Ethyl men who are officers I can see the arguments ahead of me when I get back to working with them, 'cause I'm bound to hold up the non-com's end.

I teach officers and enlisted men company maintenance of their wheeled vehicles, so I read with interest about the Chek-Charts Ethyl is plugging. We work from a very comprehensive Chek-Chart, and everyone here is convinced it really is the only way to maintain peak performance. Now that General Henry has left the school, and except for occasional visits from the men of the Dayton Division and the numerous Ethyl posters around, I'm about the only one left to protect Ethyl's good name, if it needs protecting.

I've been accepted as an aviation cadet, engineering, for some time now and await assignment to the "next scheduled class", following the steps of many Ethyl boys. In the meantime, I'd like to hear from all friends of the good old days.

Sgt. C. D. Ehrhardt, Jr.
Company C, Training Group
Armored Force School
Fort Knox, Kentucky
(formerly of Detroit)



The rapidity with which time passes out here is certainly surprising, but quite agreeable to me since it makes the date of my return seem just so much sooner. Until that day arrives, though, I will have to make myself content with communication with the outside world by letter form instead of personal contact.

I am certainly glad to receive copies of the Community Letter and learn of the good news regarding the success enjoyed by all the men of the laboratory now in the various services. It must be a little trying for some of these men to spend their tour of service at some home base while we more fortunate members are able to enjoy the wonders and beauties of our far-flung and ever increasing possessions. Perhaps if it had not been for this current emergency, I would never have learned or even known of the rather quaint mannerisms of a people uncommon to any that I have seen back home.

The combination of the Oriental, Polynesian, and Caucasian races has produced some interesting creatures out here in the melting pot of the East and the West. The naive character and the form of pigeon English used by some of the natives is quite refreshing although not very conventional to a midwesterner.

The bowling season appears to have been very good for Steve Broege since he was a member of the winning team this year. If I remember correctly, Steve used to bowl an average game of about 120 when I left town. The practice he has been doing since that time must have done wonders. I have been able to play at the game on a few occasions and my scores have varied all the way from low to very bad. Apparently practice would not do me any harm.

There is but little more chatter that I have to offer you at this time so I close wishing you the best of luck and health.

M/Sgt. Edward J. Kukla,
Headquarters Battery, 27th Div. Art.
APO 127, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Detroit)



Guess you are beginning to think that I'm a hell-uv-a guy for showing appreciation and answering letters. Really, have been meaning for some time to get a note off to you to thank you for the *Bulletins*, etc. Surely do appreciate your sending them—enjoyed them a lot. Seems that I was getting way behind on where the fellows are located.

I've been staying busy up until the last couple or three weeks. In fact, had worked myself down to such an extent that they had me with one foot almost in the hospital. My weight had fallen off to about 180 lbs., and while working 12 to 14 hours a day I wasn't doing a bit of good at gaining any of it back. As a result the Colonel ordered me out of the plant for a rest. Consequently, I have only one job at present—have a lot of old equipment that I'm remodeling, having to redesign and rebuild a lot of it to make a new line to fill an entirely different munition to that which it was originally intended. Have a couple of good draftsmen and several good mechanics to help me, though, so I'm not nearly as overworked now. Am now just working eight hours a day and even take off on Sunday once in a while. Expect to have this work finished in a couple of weeks so guess I'll get back into the harness again after that. The extra rest has done wonders for me though—the wife says she can almost get along with me now.

Our family has recently been increased—even have seven bird-dog pups that surely are pretty. If I can manage to take any time off this fall I'm really planning

on getting some hunting done. Have two old dogs and plan to train a couple of the pups myself, so will have lots of fun. Right now Madeline is having a time trying to keep them all fed. Have a runt in the pups that we've named ETHYL. Am planning to keep it myself.

Got another reclassification the other day and a new deferment—seems that the Colonel still feels that I'm more valuable here. However, sometimes I think I'd be better off as a buck private—then they would tell me when to go to bed, when to get up, when to eat, etc. As it is now, I don't know when I'll get to do any of it. How are you standing with our board these days?

Well, thought that I'd get this written during a lull of the plant but got called away from it. So before I turn in will finish it.

We get the "News Exchange" from Atlanta Division which is just about all of the company news we've had except for a few letters. As a result, we keep up pretty well with the Atlanta bunch up there. So we really were glad to get the dope that you sent me. Thanks again for sending it.

B. A. Owen, Jr.
1417 Laurel St.
Pine Bluff, Ark.
(formerly of Atlanta)

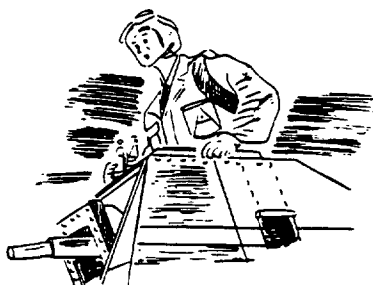


I've just received letter No. 10 which reminded me that I hadn't written the letter I intended writing weeks ago. The only defense I can offer is that the life of a tank destroyer in these islands doesn't provide much material for interesting letters. Of course, we do have our moments but these "incidents" are always unmentionables to the censor. And so it goes, with letter writing becoming more of a problem than the Japs.

A short time ago I had a few days leave and was able to visit one of the neighboring islands. It certainly was a pleasure to get away from it all even for just a few days. I was surprised to see so many gardenias and orchids. Yes, orchids growing wild!

I was very glad to hear of the wartime activity in the laboratory. I was especially interested to hear of tank destroyer tests as I, too, am testing them. Of course, mine tend toward the practical rather than the technical qualities. I hope we can get together soon to compare notes.

Lt. N. J. Linstromberg
Co. C. 640 TD Bn.
APO 961 c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Detroit)



Although the thermometer around here never registers over 90 degrees, the human thermometer indicates a somewhat different degree. If one could sit perfectly still and stay in the shade all day, it wouldn't be bad, but such is not the case.

The first two weeks here were spent in taking physical exercises, logging in and making sketches of various ships, piping, engines, etc. For the past two weeks and two days we have had steady classroom and shipboard work without a let-up and this will continue for at least another week and a half. After the first four weeks we are divided into specialist groups and then we have specialist courses for another two or three weeks. There doesn't seem to be any set way of selecting the men for various specialist

courses so maybe I'll wind up in a strange assignment. Most of the officers here have been in action in either the Atlantic or Pacific and have had quite a bit of experience, so they are very serious about all of the courses which makes it much better. We have twelve examinations this week so you can imagine how much time we have for pleasure.

Please give my regards to Claire, when you write him. Also Art, Bill, Bob, and Lowell. I'll try to write to Jack Maynard soon.

Lt. Marshall D. McDorman, USNR
1799 N. E. Fourth Avenue
Miami, Fla.
(formerly of Baltimore)



Hello Fellows:

A note of thanks for keeping the *Bulletin Board* coming. It usually takes a long time to get here but invariably arrives. Can't contribute much to the mail bag since I haven't seen any of the old San B. gang for some time.

As for myself, I spent my first year and a half in the Navy building and testing submarines at the Navy Yard at Mare Island. Last August Roberta Thompson of San Bernardino and I were married. We no sooner got back from our honeymoon than the Bureau crashed through with my orders to one of the fleet type boats under construction at Mare Island.

Although submarine duty gets a little rugged at times, it is very interesting, especially from an engineering standpoint. There is a wide variety of almost everything that goes around or up and down, all jammed into about one tenth the space theoretically possible to put it in.

I was fortunate in having duty in a submarine building yard before going out, since I was able to follow the boat from the time her keel was laid. On the other hand, I can't use the engineer officer's old standby that the ship wasn't built right if we have a breakdown.

I certainly miss that good old San B. sun. After spending considerable periods of time without seeing the sun at all except through a periscope, I'll never complain about the heat again.

Can't give you any dope on our patrols other than to say we are getting our share of Jap shipping. Haven't seen any horse races on the Jap coast. I believe they gave up trying to collect from us and moved inland. We are looking forward to the day when we can check their new tracks over.

I have been keeping an eye out for Joe Cipolla but so far our paths haven't crossed. Thanks again for the *Bulletin Board* and best regards to the gang.

Lieutenant Paul F. Straub, Jr.
USS Tinosa, c/o F.P.O.
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of San Bernardino)



Wednesday we graduate. We have a parade in the morning when we get our diplomas. Our orders came in today, but we won't get them till after graduation. As might be expected, we are all terribly excited. Rumors have been flying fast and furious for over a week now. I hope most of them are untrue. We've heard from fairly reliable sources that the assignments are for over 39 different places. That means we will be split up quite a bit. There are only 104 in our company.

This morning I signed a certificate of enlistment in the Army of the United States. Tomorrow, right after the parade, we will be sworn in. So from now on you can call me Pfc instead of Afc.

Pfc Catherine Rowney
WAC Bn. 2, AAS Co. D, Class 6
Russellville, Ark.
(formerly of New York)



I hope all of you are in as good health as I am. This Army life is at least agreeable with my appetite and sleeping habits. For even though we get up at 5:30 A. M. I get at least seven hours sleep and I eat plenty. After spending eleven days at Camp Upton awaiting assignment, we spent two nights and a day and a half in a coach car, not knowing where our destination was. Finally we arrived at a small town in Alabama - Attalla. From there Army trucks took us to Camp Sibert, where we entered the Replacement Training Center of the Chemical Warfare Service.

It promises to be very interesting here. Our basic training period lasts 13 weeks. The C.W.S. operates decontamination centers, impregnation plants, chemical laboratories, depots, flame throwers and mortars which have explosive or gas filled shells. It is a combat outfit. Decontamination outfits go into gassed areas and attempt to neutralize the lethal gas. Impregnation plants impregnate soldiers' uniforms to render them impervious to certain gases.

We have very little free time to ourselves. We are on the go from 5:30 A. M. until 9 P. M. or, as the Army calls it, 21 hundred. At present we are in quarantine and will be until next Monday. However, last night we had a beer party in the company area. It certainly was good to taste something else than water, even if it was three point two and bottled.

This camp is very large—3500 acres. It is on a broad, level plain covered with Alabama clay. Surrounding us on all sides are some low mountains. The weather is very changeable here. One minute the sun is out, scorching everything, and the next minute it is pouring. The rain makes the place a mudhole. The clay in the mud makes it extremely sticky and unpleasant. The sun here is very white and hot. The temperature is almost always above ninety. The humidity is also very high. Everybody would like to drink a lot of water, but the powers that be only let us drink when they say we can. They call it water discipline. The heat is terrific —

about 35 fellows have felt the effects of the sun so far and passed out. I wish I had that water cooler in the hall beside me now.

Well, take care of yourselves and let me know what's going on. I'll write again as soon as I get some free time.

Private Edward J. Staffel
Co. G, 1st Regt., RTC
Camp Sibert, Ala.
(formerly of Yonkers)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Languid Lyric

The following short verse was sent to Lou Shank, Tulsa Division manager, by one of his safety engineers. Lou relayed it along to us with the suggestion that it aptly expresses the thought of most Ethyl field men.

I would I were on yonder hill.
A-baking in the sun,
With all the work I've got to do,
DONE.

★ ★ ★



SHIFT

Madge Lofthouse, Yonkers Central to Sales, New York.

Bundle of Joy

Although he expected a son, J. E. "Edgirl" Hendrick, Tulsa Division tractor engineer, was glad to settle for a baby girl, weight six pounds three ounces, who was born July 28 in the Florence Nightingale Hospital in Dallas, Texas. Judith Winifred, who will be called Judy, is Ed's second daughter. In re the event, he reported:

"Mother is all right. Papa fair. He recommends having little babies to occupy one's vacation and keep one very busy."

★ ★ ★

Two Striper

George Geiger, formerly of the New York Mailroom, has been promoted to corporal. His address is: Corporal George W. Geiger, Port Headquarters Battalion, Norfolk Army Base, Norfolk, Va.

★ ★ ★



Stork Brings Boy

Erwin A. "Bud" Yaeger of Manufacturing, New York, became the proud pappy of a son on July 30, when Carl Frederick Yaeger, II, bowed into this world in the United Hospital, Port Chester, N. Y. The young man, who tilted the beam at 7 pounds 8½ ounces, is the second Yaeger offspring. The first, Bette Anne, who is now 22 months old, was happy to learn she had a baby brother.

A BOND HELPS BUY IT
***ETHYL* HELPS FLY IT**



*Both of them
count!*

FILLY BULLETIN BOARD

OCTOBER, 1943



FLASHES WIND UP SEASON
(See Page 10)

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — *by and for Ethyl employees*

SERVICE MILESTONES

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STARTS NEW JOB

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SOLDIER POETRY

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VICTORY MAIL

PAGE 23



HAPPY DAYS WILL COME AGAIN!

Do you remember the good old days when —

You could drive into a service station, say "Fill 'er up," and then roll smoothly into the country for long week-end trips to mountain lake or seashore?

You could step into a butcher shop and order a roast of beef, a thick sirloin steak, and two pounds of butter, and then the clerk would say to you, "Is there anything else?"

The whistles blew sometimes in the evening, but you didn't have to rush to put out your lights?

People tried to sell you refrigerators and vacuum cleaners and radios?

The most important thing in the world at this time of year was the good old World Series?

The college football season was in full swing and you made plans for trips to big games?

The bright lights were on in all our coastal cities?

The boys were home, leading a normal life even as you and I?

And those days are coming back! They are coming soon, we all hope and pray, but we know they will come back a lot sooner if you and I and the other guy put all we can into War Bonds.

The Third War Loan Drive may be all over when this copy of the *Bulletin Board* reaches you, but that is no reasoning for slowing up. Drive or no drive, our boys need the equipment which it takes money to buy.

And remember, when you buy War Bonds you're not giving money away. You're putting your money in just about the safest investment there is anywhere. It's even safer than a savings bank, because if the U. S. Government should fail — *which it won't* — the savings banks would go under, too.

Just a few months after you purchase a War Bond, it begins to pay you interest.

After this war is over, you are going to want a lot of things. You are going to want a new car or a new set of tires for the old car. You are going to want a new radio, new clothes, a new washing machine, perhaps a little place in the country for vacations and week-ends. It will be easy to get all these things if, on

every pay day, you invest a good percentage of your earnings in War Bonds.

And in case of emergency War Bonds are just about as good as cash in the hand. After you have held a War Bond for only sixty days, you can convert it into cash, if necessary, on a week's notice.

By buying War Bonds you not only help yourself, but you may also help to save the life of that fine looking young fellow you saw on the train this morning.

Jack Martin, eastern regional manager, is in charge of the company's program for the Third War Loan Drive. He is also head of the Employees' Section of the Petroleum Industry, which represents 110 oil companies.





Homer Dedo

Homer and Herschel Dedo, of Detroit and Dayton respectively, have left Ethyl to do specialized work in their respective fields. Homer, who was in the Research Division of the Engineering Laboratories, has gone to the Graham-Paige Motor Corporation, where he will be connected with the experimental, research and development department of that company's engineering division. Herschel, who was a tractor engineer in our Dayton Division, has been made international service manager of the Ford-Ferguson Tractor Company.

Both the Dedo boys are native Kansans. Homer graduated from the University of Kansas with a mechanical engineering degree and then accepted a teaching fellowship at Yale, where he remained two



Herschel Dedo

Dedos Depart

years, teaching and working for his master's degree. He next went to the University of Oklahoma for a year as an associate professor of mechanical engineering.

After a brief period with the Imperial Oil Company of Canada, he joined Ethyl in January 1931. During his stay in our Engineering Labs he has done research work on fuels, lubricants and engines, and has contributed largely to the development of systematic procedures for recording and reporting technical data.

Herschel Dedo took a course in business and economics at the University of Kansas and then studied mechanical engineering at the University of Oklahoma.

He joined the company in September, 1933, and except for brief periods when he was on special assignments in Detroit, he has spent his entire time with the Dayton Division. His work has been mainly in the tractor field, and he played an important role in the development of the high compression tractor.



Harold Berg

ANNIVERSARY AWARDS

Harold Berg, manager of the Kansas City Division, chalked up 15 years of service last month to receive his pin. Harold had completed an engineering course at the University of New Hampshire and was manager of the Mexican Petroleum Corporation plant at Portsmouth, N. H., when he decided to come to Ethyl. He was assigned to the Chicago Division under Bob Jordan and after several months of work around the Windy City was given Minnesota and the Dakotas as his territory, with headquarters in Minneapolis.

Later he returned to Chicago for

six months as assistant to Bob Jordan, and then in December, 1930, he was named division manager at Kansas City. With the exception of a year in the New York office on special assignment, Harold has headed the Kansas City Division since then.

Harold is married and has a son. He likes to play bridge and golf, but these pastimes are being neglected at present in favor of an extensive and scientifically operated Victory garden.

Seven passed the ten year milestone, including Paul J. W. Boehm of Financial, New York; Benjamin G. Crane, Safety Department, New York; Eugene F. Garnier, Financial, New York; J. Ed Hendrick, Tulsa Division; Raymond P. Hill, Financial, New York; M. P. Murdock, assistant manager of the Los Angeles Division, and John P. Weeks, Financial, New York.

Five year pins were awarded to six, including Howard J. Costello, New York, Financial; Thomas J. Davis, Manufacturing, Deepwater; Ulas Hayes, Manufacturing, Baton Rouge; George G. Pearce of the Dayton Division; Lynn M. Phillips, Tulsa Division, our representative in Mexico, and Dorothy W. Ferry, Manufacturing, New York.

★ ★ ★



SHIFT

Elmer F. Mahlke, Technical Service, San Bernardino, to Technical Service, Tulsa.

Elma Russell, formerly Elma Smith, has returned to the Dayton Division to be secretary to Division Manager Harry Mack and Bulletin Board correspondent. We told you some things about Elma when she came to work for us the first time, but that was long enough ago so that a slight refresher won't be amiss. She is a graduate of Steele High School in Dayton, where she proved her versatility by winning a tennis trophy and at the same time being the fastest typist and shorthand writer in her class. She is also a star bowler, with an average of better than 150 in the summer league. Her husband, Fred Russell, is in the Army and is stationed at Camp Campbell, Kentucky.



The natural wave in this young man's hair would cause any Hollywood glamour girl to turn aquamarine with envy. He is Robert Paul Kimpton, 16-month-old son of Bob Kimpton, New York Division fleet engineer.



Two young hero worshippers look up at Lieutenant (j.g.) W. K. McCulloch, USNR, former Iowa field engineer for the Kansas City Division. Mac is now in the Naval Reserve Training School at the University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona.



Stover Employee Relations Head

Arthur P. Stover, Assistant General Manager of the Manufacturing Department for several years, has been named the company's Director of Employee Relations. Right after the appointment was announced by Mr. Webb, Art began work on his new job. He will continue to make his headquarters in the New York office.

Art's post, which he is the first to fill, is a new one created in response to a need which has become especially urgent during this period of war, when manpower and personnel problems have increased. Considerable experience in labor relations, gained from his varied experience in the 16 years he has been with Ethyl, makes him a natural for the job.

Art joined the company in December, 1927, as a chemist in the Deepwater plant. A year later he

became assistant plant manager and soon afterward was put in charge of plant operations there.

He moved to Baton Rouge in 1939 as Assistant General Manager of the Manufacturing Department and remained there until early in 1942, when he shifted his headquarters to New York. During the summer of 1938, when the war of nerves was in full blast, he was in France for the company, helping to get operations started in the Painboeuf tetraethyl lead plant.

Art first saw the light of day on November 5, 1901, in Chamberburg, Penna. He stuck to the Keystone State for his education, attending Mercersburg Academy and Lehigh University. He now makes his home in Larchmont, N. Y., with Mrs. Stover and their two daughters, June, 10, and Janet, 3.



Old Pal of Stork

The reason why Frank "Father" Adriance, *Bulletin Board* editor, is swelling out his chest is obvious. Mary Anne, weighing an even six pounds, let out her first yelp the morning of August 25 in the Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., Hospital. This is the third time the long legged bird has dropped in on the Adriance household in a little over three years, so he and Frank are getting real palsy walsy. When asked about future offspring, Father Adriance retorted confidently:

"You ain't seen nuthin' yet!"

★ ★ ★

Hen Seeks Teeth?

In the Tulsa Tribune appeared the following item under an Oklahoma City date line:

"Dougal Jeppe, 12, showed up at a dentist's office to have gold bands replaced on his teeth. A pet chicken, he explained, caught the glitter of the metal and dislocated it with a vigorous peck."

The young man referred to is the son of Douglas P. Jeppe, Tulsa Division safety engineer. And if we were Doug, that chicken would quickly disappear into a nice big pot.

★ ★ ★

Send-Off

Some Detroit Ethylites gave a surprise party at the Three Trees the evening of August 31 for Pat Nelson, typist in Charlie Kass' Road Testing Division, who was leaving the next day to enter Hollins College in Virginia. All the gals reported a swell time.

★ ★ ★

Old Salt

A recent visitor to the New York office was Ralph Hutchinson, formerly of New York Financial, but now with the U. S. Navy, stationed in Newport, R. I. Although Ralph has been a nautical man for only a short while, he is already a petty officer, third class, and wears one red stripe on each arm. With Ethyl he had charge of the petty cash box. Keeping this in mind, we give you one guess what one of his jobs is in the Navy. Right you are, chum — he is custodian of the cash box.



Here they are! Standing, left to right, Mike Remondino, Merrill Doughty, Gene Betzold, Clyde Stump, Heinie Mueller, Martin Alsbaugh, George Boyle. Kneeling, left to right, Laurel Wilkinson, Hal Faucher, Fritz Schroeter, Mike Rometti, Harry Prince, and Wally Prince, bat boy.

Flashes In Fadeout

Labor Day must have been too much for our Ethyl Flashes of the Detroit Lab, for the next day, September 7, they bowed in defeat in the season's finale to the league leading Royal Oak Kiwanis Club nine by an 8—6 count. The seesaw contest

was called after six innings because of darkness.

The Flashes entered the fray full of vim, vinegar and confidence because the previous week they had humbled the Kiwanians by scoring an 11—10 triumph.

Martin Alsbaugh, Flash initial sacker, awaits throw from third.



Loyal rooters yell for Flash victory.



In the eleven games they played in the Southern Oakland County Church and Service Club League our boys were unable to obtain better than an even break, thus winding up the season with a standing of .500. One of their games ended in a tie score.

Just wait till next year, as they say in Brooklyn!

★ ★ ★

Carl's Corner

While walking around with my eyes open, I ran across a sign in the gatehouse of March Field, which seemed quite apropos in the present situation. It read:

IF YOU MUST KILL TIME,
WORK IT TO DEATH—WE ARE
AT WAR!

So I gave four lectures to pilots and mechanics that afternoon, and time wasn't dead but I was nearly so. And all I have to do tomorrow is to drive 200 miles and give two more demonstrations. The Army must think I ride around in a P-38, but actually my speed is "my delays plus those of the Army."

In addition to my frequent contacts with the Army, I also make the rounds of the oil companies' offices, where I saw the following bits of wisdom posted in conspicuous places:

"One of the greatest tragedies of life is the murder of a beautiful theory by a gang of brutal facts."

"Oh Lord, give me strength to keep my nose in my own damn business."

It's hot, so I'll quit for now.

Yours,

CARL ABELL



Engine Loaned to Navy

In the August issue of *Flight*, the monthly magazine published by the U. S. Naval Air Station at Grosse Ile, Mich., the following story appeared:

"Ethyl Corporation has loaned the Ground School an engine whose peace time job was that of demonstrating the effects of detonation due to the use of low octane fuels.

"The Powerplant Section of Ground School has made some modification, and by the addition of cockpit type of powerplant controls has made it possible to effectively demonstrate to students the way the propeller control effects engine speed, and how the various effects of mixture control, throttle control, and propeller control make possible the suppression of detonation even on relatively low grade fuel.

"The use of this equipment at last makes it possible to show the students the things discussed in lectures."

Nine Service Stars

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Nine new service stars have been added to the Ethyl service flag this month. They represent W. K. "Mac" McCulloch and Al Basye of the Kansas City Division, and Archie L. Tillotson, Robert D. Thrasher, William Dunnam, William Clancy, George W. Wisener, James D. French, and Isadore Belanger, all of Baton Rouge.

We are presenting to you the addresses of as many of these boys as we have received at the time of going to press. In addition, we are giving you here a flock of changes of address which have fairly swamped us this month. And if all these addresses don't satisfy you, take a look at this month's Victory Mail and you will find still more.

Lieut. (j.g.) William K. McCulloch
NTS, 11th Bn. 11-19
University of Arizona
Tucson, Ariz.

Pvt. Alfred T. Basye
Co. D, Barracks 622
Reception Center 1773
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Robert D. Thrasher, S.F. 3c
Platoon 7605, Area C-8-106
Camp Perry, Va.

William Clancy, S.F. 1c
Platoon 7537, Area C-7
Camp Perry, Va.

Archie L. Tillotson, S.F. 3c
U. S. Naval Training Station
Bainbridge, Md.

Major B. W. Fridge
345 Bombardment Group (M)
A.P.O. 929
San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. Emerson B. Blair
66th Transport Sqdn., A.T.C.
A.P.O. 502, Unit 2
San Francisco, Calif.

Ralph W. Hutchinson, A.S.
7th Batt., Company 764
N.T.S.
Newport, R. I.

Lt. Idan E. Flaa
932 Purdy Street
Birmingham, Mich.

Lt. Joseph A. Hobart
DTR/ATC Engineering Officer
P.O. Box 3000
So. San Francisco, Calif.

Ensign Fred W. Ramin
LCT (6) 502
Flotilla No. 1
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.

Capt. F. D. Atkinson
Bombing Branch
Armament Laboratory
Experimental Eng. Div.
Material Command
Wright Field
Dayton, Ohio

Sgt. L. C. Juban
Co. "C" 363 Engr. Regt.
A.P.O. 795
New York, N. Y.

S/Sgt. James N. Johnson
384 Q.M. (Tnk) Co.
Indiantown Gap, Penna.

Capt. Robert C. Kendrick
513 Parachute Inf. Co. C
Fort Benning, Ga.

Harry J. B. Langlois, EM 2/c
100th Batt., Co. D
Platoon 1, N.A.B.D.
Gulfport, Miss.

Capt. A. H. Middleton, F. A.
Box 586
Holtville, Calif.

Capt. Leo A. Miller
I.R.T.C., 6th Regt.
20th Batt., Company D
Fort McClellan, Ala.

Lt. (j.g.) Cooper N. Mills
U.S.S. Extricate (ARS-16)
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.

Charles H. Mathis, Csp.
N.T.S.—N.O.B. Bootshed
Norfolk, Va.

Pfc. Henry Miller
803 Bomb Sqdn.
470 Bomb Group
Mt. Home, Idaho

Pvt. R. E. Oesterling
914th Training Group, B.T.C. 9
Sqdn. 143-C
Miami Beach, Fla.

Lt. Percy Breeden
Co. C 137TDTB
4th Regt. RTC
N. Camp Hood, Texas

John L. Bagents
MOMM 1/c USCGR
Box 306
Kentwood, La.

James F. Bridges, M.M. 2/c
c/o Capt. of the Port (Secondary)
Grand Isle, La.
C.G. 63004

Sgt. Adam L. Brooks
Co. B, 428th Sign. Cons. Bn. Avn.
Langley Field, Va.

Lloyd G. Boyles, Fireman 1/c
1014 Phinney
Alton, Ill.

Reynolds M. Collins, Csp.
7269 Marcy St., Apt. 8
Norfolk, Va.

George W. Chavers
Flight Instructor
Army Primary School
Decatur, Ala.

Lt. R. H. Colvin
AAFPS
Box 309
Dodge City, Kan.

Pvt. J. P. Carswell
Co. B, S.C.W. No. 3414
Univ. of Ala.
University, Ala.

Pvt. John F. Carter
Btry. A, 183rd F.A. Bn.
Camp Gruber, Okla.

Sgt. Wilford E. Frazier
Btry. G, 204 Co. (A.A.)
San Diego, Calif.

Cpl. William R. Flory
2nd Gunnery Sch. Sqd.
Bks. T-718
L.A.A.F.
Laredo, Texas

Pvt. Henry H. Field, Jr.
901st Training Group
CE 110
Amarillo Flying Field, Texas

A/C Edgar W. Gates
Eagle Field
Class 44-A, WB4
Das Palos, Calif.

Cpl. Herbert J. Holdridge
744 Ordnance Co. (L.M.)
44th Inf. Div.
Fort Lewis, Wash.

Cpl. Phebus N. Hotard
Army Tech. School
A.A.F.T.T.C.
Barracks 824
Sioux Falls, S. D.

Pfc. Ellis L. Hogan
Instructor
Wing Radio School
Sub Base No. 1
Salt Lake City, Utah

Frank W. Hill, S. 2/c
Co. 12-252
Navy Pier
Chicago (4), Ill.

Cpl. Rufus M. Jackson
Camp Signal Office
Camp Shelby, Miss.

Joseph E. Christy, S.F. 1c
75 Naval Const. Batt.
Co. C, Plat. 2
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Cpl. D. D. Davis
40th Ord. Tng. Co.
Box 227, A.P.G.
Aberdeen, Md.

Pfc. C. C. Eiswirth
15th R.C.D. 2nd Trng. Sqdn.
Barracks T-417
Daniel Field
Augusta, Ga.

Jason D. Fendlason, Jr.
BM 1/c U.S.C.G.R. 48014
c/o Fleet Postmaster
New Orleans, La.

Pvt. William Wayne Dunnam
308th Trg. Gp., 29th Trg. Sqdn.
Barracks 281
Sheppard Field, Texas

O. C. Robert M. Pitcher
Btry. 19 AAAS
Camp Davis, N. C.

Joseph T. Reed, B.M. 2 c
c/o Capt. of the Port
United States Coast Guard
Panama City, Fla.

R. W. Rich, S.F. 1/c A2
66th U.S.N.C.B.
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Sgt. Morris W. Stonecipher
88th Cml. Bn.
Co. D
Camp Rucker, Ala.



Meredith "Ted" Littlefield, Los Angeles Division field engineer, left, talks over tractor matters with the Honorable **T. R. Ferris**, representing the British Ministry of Agriculture, and President **Snyder** of the California Tractor & Implement Club. Mr. Ferris was here to study certain agricultural areas in the United States in search of ideas and machines to help the British to step up food production still further by means of tractor power.

A/C H. E. Sanders
Class 43-14-7
San Marcos, Texas

A. D. Treloar, 2nd Eng.
S.S. Francis Lemis
Waterman Steamship Co.
c/o Postmaster
Port of New York, N. Y.

A/C Henry K. Wright
Bks. 60, Av C Detachment
Brooks Field, Texas

S/Sgt. W. F. Zachariah
479 Bombardment Sqd.
336 Bombardment Group
Avon Park Bombing Range
Avon Park, Fla.

A Ring for Her Finger

Martha W. Fisher, drum card record clerk at Deepwater, decided she had waited long enough, so when her boy friend, Private Royce E. Gaudet, arrived home on furlough, things happened. Martha said "I do" on August 13 in that famous matrimonial center, Elkton, Md., but soon after the ceremony the bridegroom had to hustle back to his post at Robinson, Ark. So on September 15 Martha put aside her typewriter to join her husband. Before she left, her friends at the plant presented her with a gift of glassware.

Freeport Facts

The past month has gone by pretty swiftly with little of real news interest happening in Freeport. Don't know, but suppose the summer heat is too much for the boys.

Wish it were possible to film those catches Tommy Lynch and Woodrow Diehl, both of Operations, have been bragging about lately, but it seems the fish have already hit the skillet before we hear about them.

Amidst our wondering one morning why pipe fitting Allen Crain wasn't on the job, we learned he had just become a proud poppa. Our informant couldn't tell us any more about it other than that cigars would be on the counter next day. Congrats, Allen.

Always a source of amazement to the operators at the Dibromide lab is Fred Niles, chemist. Now it seems Fred has taken unto himself the job of being president of our local Little Theatre, and he sometimes gets

his chemical formulas mixed with the dialogue of a play which is on the production line. To hear him suddenly burst out in lines from the script is becoming a common experience, but it is still good for a chuckle.

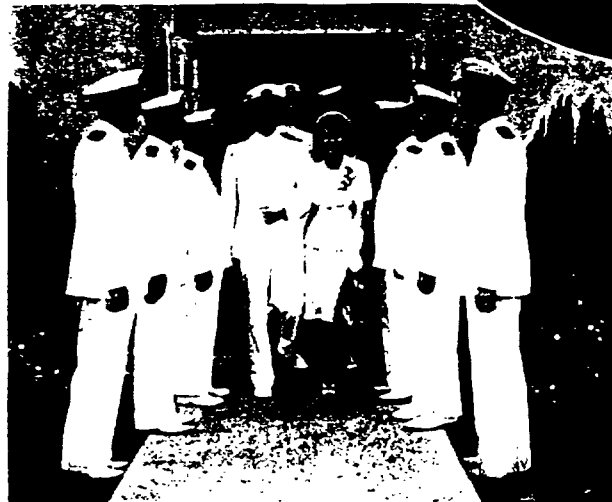
Last month we feared our accident graph would take a turn for the worse, as a bicycle was placed in the care of our maintenance foreman to use in getting about the plant. Warnings were published for the benefit of employees so they might beware of this added hazard, and the sight of Foreman W. D. Oldham on his first day in the saddle made us feel sure we had done the right thing by taking proper precautions. But now two more bikes have been added to the plant equipment, one for Fran Overman, operations foreman, and another for the chemists, so life that was once serene and uneventful is now full of racy adventure, as the era of progress triumphs again.

And that's the news from Texas.



This photo of Harry Mack and his cigar, clasp hands with Larry Ratterman, vice president of the Ohio River Terminal Company and president of the Hall-Ratterman Oil Company, was taken when both boys were attending the Cincinnati Jobber Convention. Activities at the outing consisted of baseball, horseshoe pitching, and — you guess what else. Better be careful, boys, or you'll spill that pot of liquid gold.

Edith Bryant, laboratory assistant at Detroit, quit being just a housewife after Pearl Harbor and went to work with the Precise Tool & Manufacturing Company in Farmington, Mich., where she operated a milling lathe and drill press machine. She left this job to join Ethyl. Born in Louisville, Ky., Edith moved to Detroit with her parents when four years old. After graduating from Redford High School, she took a commercial course at Detroit Business University. She has two sons, Robert and Edward, who are aged 13 and 12, respectively. Bowling, photography, golf, and fishing are her favorite forms of recreation.



Lieutenant Ray H. Luke, of the Navy Section Base at Panama City, Fla., formerly of the Atlanta Division, was married June 21 at the Tyndall Field Chapel, Panama City, to Dorothy Pfister of Birmingham, Ala. Ray excuses his delay in reporting the event to the pressure of his duties, which barely gave him time in which to be married, let alone make a comprehensive report to the Bulletin Board. Regarding this picture, Ray said: "Thank God the camera takes single shots and the knee tremors are not visible." But from where we sit he doesn't look very scared.



Johanna C. Cliff, laboratory assistant in Detroit, is a native of Milwaukee, Wis., but she came to Detroit at the age of six. She is a graduate of Cass Technical High School and attended Michigan State College. Before joining Ethyl she was with the Tank Automotive Center. As spare time activities Johanna prefers horseback riding, bowling, and handling the light canvas on a sailboat.



Fighting M

The following two poems, "Somewhere in New Guinea," "An Aussie's Answer" and "An Aussie's Answer" were written by a soldier formerly of the Tulsa Div., who is now

Somewhere in New Guinea

Somewhere in New Guinea, where the sun is like a curse,
Where each long dull day is succeeded by another slightly worse,
Where the slippery mud is thicker than the shifting desert sands,
And a white man dreams and wishes for the greener fairer lands.

Somewhere in New Guinea, where a woman's never seen,
Where the weather is always rainy, and the grass is too green,
Where the dingee's nightly howling robs a man of blessed sleep,
And there isn't any whiskey, and the beer is never cheap.

Somewhere in New Guinea, where the mail is always late,
Where a Christmas card in April is considered up to date,
Where we never have a payday, so we never have a cent,
But we never miss the money — there's no chance to get it spent.

Somewhere in New Guinea, where the nights are made for love,
Where the moon is like a searchlight and the Southern Cross above
Sparkles like a necklace in the balmy tropic night,
It's a shameful waste of beauty when there's not a girl in sight.

Somewhere in New Guinea, where the ants and lizards play,
Where a hundred fresh mosquitoes replace each one you slay,
So take me back to Oregon, that's the place for me to dwell,
For this God-forsaken outpost is a substitute for Hell.

Home sweet home! Ah yes, just those three little words
Are the most welcome and most pleasant I've yet heard,
When this war is over and the Japs slapped end over end,
I'll go back to friends and home to start life anew again.

Major Ar



Men's Verses



"New Guinea," written by a soldier from
sent in by Major Arthur Dale Miller,
in the jungles of the southwest Pacific.

An Aussie's Answer to "Somewhere In New Guinea"

I lately read your sad, sad tale, a wail both loud and long.

'Twere better had you used your time for writing out a song.

You hail from far-off Oregon where tall pine timbers are,

But now you're in New Guinea beneath our Southern Star.

You're very contradictory, now that you must admit.

You wish for "Greener, fairer lands" as here you idly sit;

But in the following stanza I read this little phrase,

I quote: "The grass is too green." Say, pal, you're in a maze.

"Where the weather is always rainy" - "Where the sun is like a curse."

It looks as though, my Yankee friend, you go from bad to worse.

"A substitute for Hell" - "Where nights are made for love,"

'Twould give old Nick a mighty kick to hear that from above.

But look now on the brighter side, it's really not so bad.

The tucker's good - well, mostly - and fresh water to be had.

In Egypt and Tunisia they got a tin each day.

I know it's not like home, old chap, but please don't grouse, I pray.

I quite agree with those three words about your "Home Sweet Home."

It helps to know we have one, when we have ceased to roam.

But what's the good of going home until our job is through?

We'd only have to start again, a harder task to do.

So just be thankful, cobber. Don't rave against your fate.

The Japs cannot be beaten from Frisco's Golden Gate.

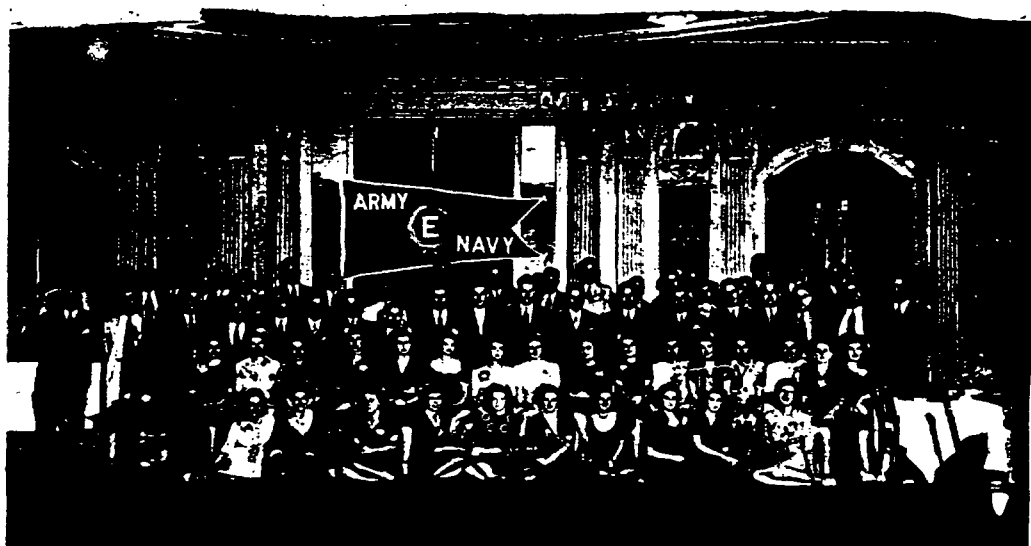
Someday when you are home again, you'll meet a pal, and sigh

For the days you spent together 'neath Guinea's cloudy sky

Arthur Dale Miller



ETC 06005



Deepwater Ethyl folks and visitors from the New York office attended a gala dinner in the DuBarry Room of the DuPont Hotel in Wilmington, Del., the evening of August 2, following the Army-Navy "E" Award presentation ceremonies. This picture arrived too late to be included in last month's story of the "E" Award program, so we are giving you a look at it now.



Robert H. Cowlshaw of New York Financial hails from Elizabeth, N. J., is married and has a four-year-old son. He graduated from Battin High School in Elizabeth, attended Rutgers University for two years and then went to New York University to complete his college course. Before joining Ethyl he was with Loomis, Sutfern and Fernald, certified public accountants. For recreational purposes there is nothing like the grand old game of golf, he says.



Margaret L. Farley is a lovely new addition to the accounting department at Deepwater. A native of Salisbury, Md., she worked for Western Union at various locations for three years and then spent a year with the duPont company in Wilmington, Del., before coming to Ethyl. She devotes much of her leisure time to reading the current best sellers and is among those present at most of the local dances.



Marilyn E. Campbell, page girl in New York Financial, is a singer of ability. During the past summer she sang on week-ends with the dance band which played at the Larchmont Shore Club, and last winter she made frequent vocal appearances for British War Relief. A Bronx resident, Marilyn attended the School of Industrial Art in New York, specializing in costume design. She came to us from William Iselin & Company, Inc., investment bankers.

Stork Visits Kure Beach

It's a boy for R. T. Horton and wife. The long legged bird dropped off Ralph Terrell, Jr., on June 2 and thereby unburdened himself of a 7¼-pound weight. "Pop" Horton is assistant to Jed Clark, superintendent of transportation at the Kure Beach Ethyl-Dow plant.

Another junior bowed in at the home of Neill Musselwhite on August 24. The little lad's old gentleman is stock clerk at Kure Beach.

While all these boys were arriving, Woodrow Hewett announced the birth of a daughter, his third. Woodie is control operator at Kure Beach.

★ ★ ★



Stranger, it shore was a red letter day in the old Vogel homestead up thar in the Bronx when Jon, smallest of the twin sons of Chris Vogel of the *Ethyl News* staff, sprouted his first tooth. Let me tell you, Pappy and Mammy Vogel were plumb exhilarated, though it did make 'em begin to wonder what was wrong with Chris, Jr., the bigger twin. The youngsters first see the light of day last January.



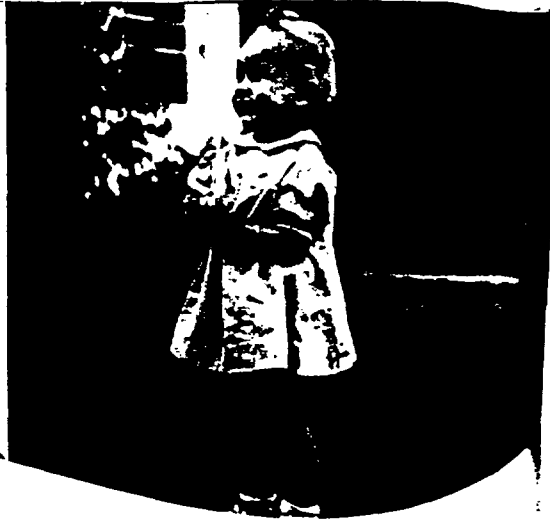
On the inside looking out is Tom Keenan, right, formerly of Purchasing, New York. The picture would seem to indicate that Tom is enjoying Army life.

No Longer With Us

Mitchell W. Manchester, Detroit
Margaret G. Smith, Yonkers
Carole M. Cooke, New York
Elizabeth L. Rigg, Detroit
Alexandra Slomba, Detroit
James M. Allen, Detroit
Violette Hughes, Seattle
Patricia Nelson, Detroit
Helen Rafferty, Yonkers
Elmer R. Chellborg, New York
Royal E. Davis, Detroit
Theresa Leahy, New York



Frances F. Macrae of New York Financial has joined the group of Ethyl workers who reside in the beautiful little village of Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., the scenic wonders of which give her ample opportunity to follow her favorite hobby, painting in water colors. She is a graduate of Portchester, N. Y., High School and attended Merrell Business College in Portchester. She came to Ethyl from the Loeser Laboratory.



Katherine Alice Beaubier is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Beaubier of Royal Oak, Mich. Dick, who was one of the original group transferred from Detroit to San Bernardino in 1935 to do road testing, returned to the Motor City in August and is now working on engine development at the Lab.

From a farm away out in Elmer, N. J., came Mary Cooper to handle drum card records at Deepwater. Mary joined Ethyl just a short time after her graduation from high school at Woodstown, N. J. She likes music and reading and she goes in for sports of all kinds.

Helen E. Furey of New York Financial is a graduate of Bay Ridge High School and Brown's Business College, both in Brooklyn, which is her native borough. She came to Ethyl from the Grocery Store Products Sales Company in Manhattan. Her favorite form of recreation is bicycle riding, which looks from here like a very helpful pastime in this gasless era.





★ ★ ★

VICTORY MAIL

★ ★ ★



Dear Ethyl Service Men:

I seem to be quite overdue on my contributions to the Servicemen's letter exchange, especially in view of all the enjoyment I've had from receiving them and other company publications. They really bring a touch of the good old life into these surroundings, and ordinarily arrive in a month or so.

I've been on this particular island for six months and feel thoroughly ready to see something new whenever the chance arises. It is pretty in a tropical sort of way though — plenty of wonderful beaches, fresh and salt water swimming the year round, coconuts, jungles, and all that goes with them. But give me the pleasures of civilization any day. A short while back I did get a week's rest leave in New Zealand, which was really one of the high spots in my overseas career.

They have a surprisingly wonderful country there.

I imagine it would be interesting if I could describe some of the points of interest of this place and wish I could, but unfortunately it is still taboo.

My work remains the same as it has always been, that of a Squadron Engineering Officer, and we go on doing our best to keep the planes in the air where they will do the most good. Of course, different problems arise every day, but it's fun to solve them, improvising various gadgets if necessary. I notice from the letter exchange that quite a few of the other fellows are in training for this same line of work, and I feel sure that they'll enjoy it and find it as interesting as I have.

I've been hoping that one of these days I might have the luck to meet some of you other fellows who seem to be around here too, but so far haven't. At any rate, here's hoping, and best of luck to you all.

Lt. D. A. Hirschler
17th Photo Squadron (L)
A.P.O. 709, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Detroit)

Just a card to let you know of a change of address and let you know that I really enjoy receiving the News Letter.

I was in the States a couple of months ago but didn't get east of the Pacific Coast. Had a good time though. But now I am back at the old grind on a very interesting job, something that I know very little about, but that is the way most of our jobs are, always different than the last. It makes for a good general experience.

Regards to all Ethyl gals and guys and also Lt. R. R. Faller.

Best wishes to everyone. Yours for Victory,

Capt. Harold B. Ellis
47th Engineer Regiment
A.P.O. 957
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Detroit)



Don't tell me—I know it is time for my annual contribution to the News Letter, far past the time in fact. Have been receiving these letters quite regularly and enjoy them very much.

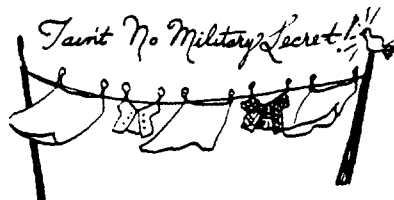
As for my own experiences, they have been very tame. Am still teaching student pilots—at the present time in one of the fighter squadrons at Lee Field. Was in Columbus, Ohio, last fall for two months for special training at Ohio State University and have been teaching recognition for the past eight months at various places on the station. The training here is really the most important phase of this entire command, which includes most of Florida, and as a result have been stuck in this end of the game for two years now rather than in engineering where I would much rather be. Still haven't given up hope for a transfer

to other work but have managed to get along fairly well as an instructor.

Would you please address future correspondence to me at the address below rather than at the air station, and also that of my wife. Inasmuch as Detroit is my legal residence I have used the Ethyl Corporation as my address where one was necessary. Would appreciate it very much if you would call this to the attention of the proper department and ask them to forward any such mail to this address. We also have a permanent address through which we may always be contacted at 1005 W. Woodruff Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Thanks a lot for keeping me on the mailing list, as I sure appreciate hearing the news of the boys at home and abroad.

Lieut. James M. Mason, Jr., USNR
2139 St. Johns Avenue
Jacksonville, Fla.
(formerly of Detroit)



Have another engineer now in our home. It's a boy, born on August 18, named William Pryor, and weighed 6 lbs. 8¼ ozs.

Pvt. Samuel W. Laswell
Batt. C, 6th Bn.
Fort Eustis, Va.
(formerly of Detroit)



You probably won't remember me because it has been a long time since I was out at Eight Mile Road. I was a member of Mr. Faller's last training course. At present I'm an engineering officer in a B-17 squadron.

During the past year I've run into some of the Ethyl men from time to time. While I was in training at Chanute Field the Sales office was good enough to send me some literature on fuels that was of interest and helpful to the instructors in the engine laboratory.

Please remember me to Mr. Kass and accept my wish that everything is going well with you and the rest of the folks at the lab.

William F. Cory
592 B Sqd.
Moses Lake, Wash.
(formerly of Detroit)



You've certainly been patient to wait this long for some word as to my doings. Well, since I phoned you last while in the city many things have happened. I've been hitting the ball here at Packard right through expecting to shove off for the east. My orders have now been completely changed and they are short circuiting my schooling and have decided to give me two more weeks here before I go to Frisco to shove off to a PT base beyond the continental limits of the U.S.

Some of the details I, of course, don't know and won't till I get there—others I know but can't say. However, I am to be the engineering officer for more than one squadron at our advanced base under the Pacific command. Maybe they are still driving the Japs from the islands where we are to set up.

I know I'll have a 24-hour-a-day job,

what with all the engines in the boats, the auxiliaries in the boats (a four-cylinder engine worth more than a Cadillac 12-cylinder car), the diesel electric power plants, refrigeration units, heating plants, water purifiers, telephone, ordnance (you see, we'll have to be able to protect ourselves, too), and then at the base we'll have a Taylor dynamometer, carburetor flow test bench, ignition system test units, all to be set up and made to work by the engineering officer.

I'll just have to pray I'll remember all I'm getting condensed now and then that I'll have some smart chiefs to help. You see, Ray, the chiefs really do the job and the engineering officer just gets the blame. One thing I like is that all of our equipment is made so well. Our 7 amp. generators on the boat engines, three per boat, are beautiful jobs. Then the auxiliary makes current for the galley, radar, heaters, etc.

It's going to be tough knowing you need a part for an engine that isn't there on that island but while you're here you could run over to Building X and get all you need. It seems there has suddenly arisen a great need for engine specialists and base operators, so I guess that's where I come in. Of course, I don't know any of the above facts to be true as stated. I've only pieced the story together from what other PT skippers have said was the case away out there.

I'll be in the city for a couple of days with my family and hope to see you then. Three and a half months in the service is a short time to get orders like these. I can't make up my mind whether to be complimented or not. Either they thought I could do with less training or else they want to get rid of me as soon as possible. Of course, Panama, Hawaiian Islands and other more civilized bases are possibilities, but I have reasons to believe otherwise.

Last week I was given the job of taking a graduating class of sailors and building up an engine from parts. We made the engine into the latest model with 1350 h.p. rating. We put the engine on the

dynamometer and ran it through its preliminary and then tore it down for inspection. She put out 1000 h.p. on her green run.

Then we set her up again and this time we goosed the gun for all she had. She turned out 1508 h.p., the highest of any stock engine here. The results are now posted in the school to show our men we can put them together from scratch and make them work. The fine tolerances you must keep on these engines, as is true on all high horsepower jobs, is a never ending marvel to me. When you think that each engine is worth 16 grand and each boat worth more than a Flying Fort, you know the responsibility of our work. Everyone of the men are of the best. If there is one thing you have faith in, it's your men.

Florence has been over here with me for this week. We've had little enough time together and want to make the most of these last few days. Seeing the civilians from this side of the fence is a painful operation. You sometimes wonder what, after all, are we going to be fighting for. If we can hope to come back, what will it be to come back to? And this city doesn't help the outlook very much.

Maybe out there with lots of hours to work it over in my mind I'll get it all squared away only to return and find I'm all wrong. All I ask is that we get this dirty job done so we can all get back (as many of us as possible) to live the sort of lives this ol' world has always made possible but which so few have ever achieved.

If I'm going to rely on letters from home I guess I'll have to give up expecting any from 310. Then again maybe you've all been on vacation and stuff?

I'll advise you of my address as soon as I can and will keep looking to you for information of this side.

Lieut. (j.g.) Torbin F. Yates
Naval Training School
Naval Armory
7600 East Jefferson Avenue
Detroit, Mich.
(formerly of Chicago)



I am writing this between working. It is about eight o'clock at night and we are still going. Some different than the old days.

Got to London a week ago and had a couple of days there. It is a very interesting city. Saw the changing of the guard at the palace and it is really something to see. I got quite a kick out of Westminster Abbey. It is very impressive. Saw a show, "Sunny River." It was an American show with English actors and was not bad.

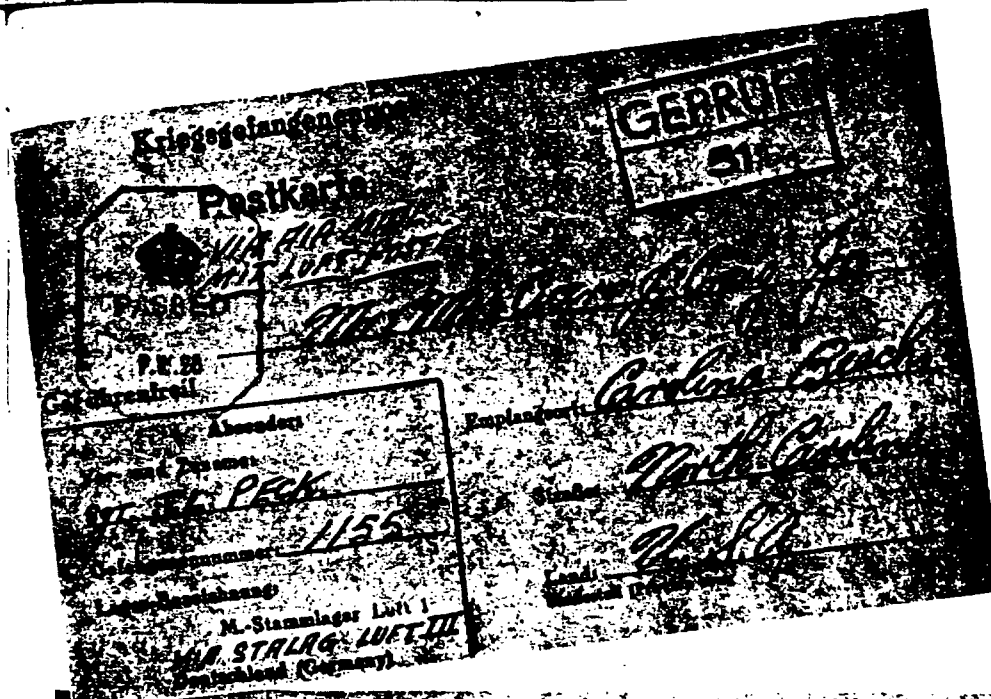
I am in the Eighth Air Force which you have no doubt read about and you can understand why we are so busy. Somehow I have an idea the Germans don't like us any too well and I hope they will like us even less.

Got a letter from Art Acken yesterday. He did not lose much time in raising a family.

Give my best to Gert and the kids and tell those gals they are way behind on writing to me.

Capt. Lawrence H. Blatchford
16th Depot Repair Sq.
A.P.O. 635
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Boston)





Kriegsgefangenenlager

Datum: June 11th 1943

Dear Coker: How I wish I could write you but I have to wait till I get home but I thought I'd let you know I'm at least alive. Tough luck but in the end I'll win. We're limited for sending letters but can receive all we want so send them on. Being a prisoner of war has its bad points but at least I can now plan ahead. Miss you all quite a bit & am eagerly looking forward to seeing you again soon, I hope. My regards to everybody you all & tell them to write. Bye for now, all the best

Lonnie

From a prison camp somewhere in Germany came this message from J. L. Peck, former Ethyl-Dow operator at Kure Beach, N. C. Lonnie Peck, who used to be a lifeguard at Carolina Beach, enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force during the summer of 1941. Reported missing in action in May, 1943, his family was later notified by the American and Canadian governments that he was a prisoner. This post card from him, which was mailed June 11, was received September 8. The addressee, C. J. Craig, Jr., is operating shift foreman at the Kure Beach Ethyl-Dow plant.

Hello, Everyone:

I managed to find some free time today so I thought I'd drop you a line to let you know how things are going on the Sibert front. We have just finished the eighth week of our scheduled 13-week program. Up till now we have had mostly infantry fundamentals. We've fired the Enfield rifle, the carbine, the .22 and .30 calibre machine gun, and the heavy, or .50 calibre, machine gun. The rifle was the only one that we fired for record. I was lucky and made sharpshooter on it.

We're all looking forward to using the 4.2 inch mortar, which gave such a fine account of itself in the Sicilian campaign. This mortar can be used to shoot either chemical shells or high explosive. So far it's only been used for high explosive, which is bad enough, but I hope the day never arrives when it's used for laying down a barrage of chemical agents. It can really put down a high concentration of lethal gases in a very short period of time.

Spaced in between the infantry classes we receive lectures and practical work on chemical warfare. We've all had to take small doses of the various chemical agents that are known, so that we can identify them at some future date if it ever becomes our misfortune to be in a gassed area. Some of these gases are chloropicrin, adamsite, lewisite, mustard, phosgene, ethyl dichlorobenzene, and chloracetophenone.

Of all these I dislike phosgene the most. Our nickname for it is choke gas and that's just what it does to you. As soon as you get in its vapors, it seems as though a huge giant has clamped his huge hands and arms about you and has begun to apply pressure. Your eyes burn and water and your lungs cry for fresh air. It is a potent gas and it doesn't take long to kill. It is one of the few gases designed to kill men. The others are designed to put men in the hospital and thereby create more work for the enemy.

Chloropicrin is a unique gas in that it induces vomiting. It was fiendishly used in the last war, mixed with phosgene.

The gas mask in use at that time was unable to absorb chloropicrin. The soldiers would smell the gas mixture and immediately don their masks. The chloropicrin, however, would come right through and cause the men to vomit. This made it necessary for them to remove their masks, thereby leaving themselves at the mercy of phosgene. The gas masks now in use are so designed as to filter out the chloropicrin, thank God.

Mustard and lewisite produce burns which are extremely painful and very slow in healing. A pin point of mustard liquid will produce a burn and a blister the size of a silver dollar! Ethyl dichlorobenzene and chloracetophenone are tear gases used to harass the enemy in that they force them to don their masks and so cut down their efficiency. Adamsite produces a sick to the stomach feeling and causes one to feel depressed to the extent of committing suicide. Even though this is war, these gases are so horrible that I hope the belligerent nations refrain from their use.

Physical training, which we have every day, rapidly became our permanent gripe. One of our officers gives it to us in very strenuous doses. After we exercise until we think we're going to drop, he gives the order to double time. We double time anywhere from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. His name is Simpson but we call him Sampson, or sometimes Little Boy Blue.

This week we are going through the infiltration course. You've probably all seen pictures of one. We crawl over and under various types of obstacles such as trenches, barbed wire, walls, culverts, etc., while the ammunition from a .30 calibre machine gun passes overhead. I think the cone of fire is held only 36 inches above the ground. Land mines are also scattered about the course, and they go off continually.

The whole idea is to simulate actual battle conditions. The first time we go through it in the daytime. In our 12th week we'll go through at night. It must be thrilling at night to see the tracers

just passing overhead. This training must agree with me because, even with the heat down here, I've managed to add about seven or eight pounds to my thin frame.

The A.S.T.P. board at this post has passed me as being suitable for further training. The A.S.T.P. is the Army Specialized Training Program whereby soldiers are sent to colleges. After I finish my basic training, I'll be sent to an S.T. A.R. college where I'll be given some tests. If I pass these tests I may be sent back to college. Although I would like to get my degree, I would probably have to study what the Army wants studied. I hope nothing presents itself to prevent me from accepting this opportunity.

I received the August copy of the *Bulletin*. While reading it, I felt like a civilian once more. How are things back at the Lab? Down here I've met fellows from Shell, Texaco, and Standard. It felt good to talk about octane numbers for a change, instead of calibres and muzzle velocities.

Did Ritchie's leg come back to normal yet? Let me hear from you soon. I think mess call is second to mail call. We sure do crowd our corporal when he hands out the letters from home. I hope you feel as well as I do and that everything is all right.

Private Edward J. Staffel
Co. H, 1st Rgt., R.T.C.
Camp Sibert, Ala.
(formerly of Yonkers)



Am sitting here in our field office and as we are out of work at the present thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know my whereabouts. My days in Africa are over. At least I hope so and am now on the island of Sicily, but as far as the terrain is concerned you would hardly know the difference. Africa was pretty much like I expected it would be, inhabited by the French and full of

Arabs and Moslem women with their faces veiled.

I was fortunate in getting to visit a couple of the large cities and spent approximately six weeks in the vicinity of Oran and was in the city almost every day. So far I have run across only one person that I knew from home—a boy I hadn't seen in about ten years and whose home is now in Clinton, N. C.

You should really see our office here. Not bad at all for a field office, and our living quarters are anything but the Waldorf. The ground gets "softer" every night but you would be surprised how one can get used to living conditions when one has to.

Think of you all at the office often and, believe me, long for the day I'll be back. Give my regards to all the fellows at the plant and write and give me all the dope when you can.

Sergeant A. J. Bergen
30th Finance Disb. Sec.
Hq. II Corps, A.P.O. 302
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Kure Beach)



This is to notify you of my recent change of address and to thank you for all the copies of the *Bulletin Board* I have been receiving so regularly.

If at all possible will you send me the latest address of H. K. Wright, Frank Neal and Woodrow Merritt with the next issue? All of us move around so quickly and unexpectedly it is no easy matter to keep in touch with everybody.

I would like very much to hear from any of the gang, especially those in Baton Rouge. I'll do my utmost to answer any and all correspondence.

Corporal Leonard E. Massey
705 Signal A.W. Co.
A.P.O. 4746
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Baton Rouge)

Am no longer in Australia. Left right after my last letter to you. Had an interesting trip by air to my present location in the jungles, the latter part of the trip being made by jeep. You have never been on a rough road, if it really could be called such, until you travel around these parts. Sorry I cannot tell you where I am, but I stopped at (censored) on the way here.

I read the article about Bill Hubner in the June issue of the *Bulletin Board* and will try to get in touch with him. His picture with two secretaries has me wondering. Where I am there are no white women and only a few native women. They wear grass skirts and one can see some varied characteristics. Perhaps I can get some pictures later (if I get the camera June is trying to buy for me) and will send a few. One of the most popular songs is "I'm Dreaming of a White Mistress."

I am really quite comfortable here in some respects. Am living in a native built hut, with its thatched roof made of coconut palm fronds—really turns the rain, though. Our food has been quite good, considering the difficulties of getting it up here. There are a few things one must get used to, such as lots of rain (we do have a few minutes of sunshine once in a while, which we enjoy), washing our own clothes (in cold water), damp clothing and shoes, mud, air raids, etc. Clothing and anything made of leather gets mildewed when left a short time.

Of course we take atabrine six days per week and sleep under a mosquito bar every night to guard against malaria. It gets quite warm, but this is only the winter season. *War is hell!* You perhaps have read accounts in *Life* and have seen some pictures. I shall really appreciate the U.S. if and when I return. Enough about that.

How are things in the Tulsa Division? Noted in the June issue of the *Bulletin Board* also that you have a glamorous new receptionist. Appears to be quite all right, even if she is from O. U. (Okla-

homa University—Ed.). I suppose all the fellows are keeping pretty busy, keeping up with the demands of the war machines. We will need plenty more 100 octane gasoline before this is over. Please give my regards and best wishes to all the Ethyl folks. I trust Lillian and Butch are getting along fine. Butch must be quite a big boy now.

I am enclosing a copy of "Somewhere in New Guinea," written by a soldier from Oregon, and an Aussie's answer to same. It would perhaps be of sufficient interest for the Ethyl *Bulletin Board*. Incidentally, I am looking forward to the next issue. Mail means more than ever in the tropical jungles.

Must close now, but will try to write again in the near future. Your letters are always appreciated.

Major Arthur Dale Miller
Headquarters Sixth Army
A.P.O. 42
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Tulsa)



I'm rather ashamed to admit that I'm such a poor correspondent (I once wrote you every Saturday!) but I always seem to have my hands full of something to do . . . so I carry the good intentions around for weeks before I ever get down to writing.

Life in the Army continues along the same old well defined groove. As many another Lt. before me, I manage to spend a lot of my time teaching future armor-aiders how to replace the wigglin' pin in the wobblin' bar on the track chain linkage reverse idler assembly. Or a reasonably accurate facsimile.

As before, I am still the mastermind of the motor maintenance department of the fightin' 83rd. But I don't think the General has taken notice of that fact as yet. Right now I've got my hands full of new models of track laying monsters, however, and as usual, it's quite interesting. I don't let them forget GM for long, either.

California is probably a great place (Lake Tahoe and San Francisco anyway) but I sure get that old feeling now and then for a look at Lake Michigan . . . and one of those quiet, character building evenings to be enjoyed along Rush Street.

I don't remember if I told you Dorothy is out here with me now and we have a little white cottage with a green picket fence and a helluva big yard which I have to mow too often, and a two car garage with an old broken down Dodge and a family of black widow spiders in it. And all in all, life in the Army could be lots worse.

Maybe you're kidding, but I don't think I'm interested in the ten dollar offer for the radio. Out here you can't even buy the box it came in for that. So you can do me a favor, if you will, and ship it collect to me.

Give my regards to all the gang and write me the news when you have time.

Lieutenant John A. Clark
83rd Armored Medical Bn.
13th Armored Division
A.P.O. 263
Camp Beale, Calif.
(formerly of Chicago)



Hello, Gang:

Having wonderful time—wish you were here. This life is great stuff. We are all so full of pep that we all wake up at 5:30 in the morning and take a two mile run to work off our excess energy. Enjoying myself strolling around in the sunshine all day long, just like the Adirondacks. Excellent food, too—just like Club Degnan's free lunch. You should get a load of me scrubbing my white uniforms. No selling apples after this war—I'll take in washing.

Ralph W. Hutchinson, A.S.
7th Batt., Company 76, N.T.S.
Newport, R. I.
(formerly of New York)

Ted wrote me the other day saying that he had lunch with you and some of the other Ethyl gang and the mere mention of your name reminded me that I haven't written you since coming up here last February. I have surprisingly little to write about but can let you know a few items of interest.

Believe it or not, I am Educational Officer for this base and am kept darn busy. I won't bore you with talk of my duties in this capacity but as the name implies, it does have to do with education of enlisted and officer personnel. Frankly, this is a little out of my line, but I'm learning gradually. I'm not quite sure what it has to do with winning the war, but I suppose someone has to do it. Incidentally, the minimum tour of duty in the Alaskan sector is 18 months for officers and so I have 13 more to go. However, we are eligible for a ten-day leave after one year.

Life up here is pretty much the same day after day, but this base does have a lot of fine facilities. A nice theatre and gym combined, a nice bar for the officers, good fishing and hunting and a handful of civil service females. I am kept busy at night getting around to some fifty classes we have going on a voluntary basis. I thought for a while I was going to have to teach something, but so far I have escaped that.

It is my job to talk other people into teaching. This is a new program in the Navy and is designed to help the men both in service and after they get out when the war is over. Our best month so far was in May when we had over 800 students enrolled. I also get my share of O.D. watches and so all in all I stay busy.

So far I have not run into a single acquaintance from civilian life but I have met quite a few friends of people I know. I even met one fellow out in Cold Bay who used to work with Champion Spark Plug who knows Mat Reese. I'm sorry I can't describe the country to you as it would be censored, but it is not as bad as I had expected. These summer months have been grand (first sum-

mer I have not suffered from the heat) but I have yet to go through the worst months of December and January. We have been issued plenty of weather gear and so it should not be too bad.

Hope you can drop me a line giving me all the dope on the Baltimore Division and yourself.

Lt. (j.g.) Dwight F. Andrews
NOB Kodiak
c/o Fleet Post Office
Seattle, Wash.
(formerly of Baltimore)



Hello Friends:

How's everyone? Hope all of you are O.K. and that you are keeping things smooth at Ethyl-Dow.

I'm doing fine. Like the Army. Would not think of wanting to leave until we are through with the big job.

I boxed in Gadsden Tuesday night and won by a TKO in the second round over a former Golden Gloves winner from Baltimore, Md. We have a nice place for boxing at the M. P. Co. I work out most every day, though I'm having a little trouble with sinus and I'm afraid I might have to give up boxing yet.

I'm going on a picnic tomorrow evening at a private place way back in the mountains. It's really pretty. I've been there before. And the food of Alabama is very good. The ladies down here know how to cook chicken.

Guess I'll stop for this time. I expect to see you before very long. Bear down, fellows, and write. I'll be glad to hear from you.

Corporal Ray C. Eason
Military Police Det.
Section I
Camp Siebert, Ala.
(formerly of Kure Beach)

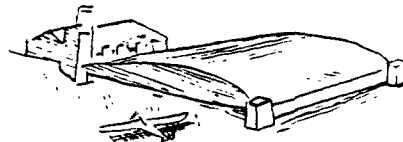
Your note of July 12 has just reached here and was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. I, too, remembered June 15, 1942, as it was a banner day for me. Boy, how those steaks would look now (you're probably thinking the same thing) and what a good time we had.

In any future communique please convey my best wishes to Russell, Jerry, and Gertrude.

I am now on that "Gem of the Caribbean" known as Aruba, where, as you know, there is a refinery of considerable proportions and, I might add, our Navy buys a sizeable portion of its output. Also visit Curacao frequently on matters of a like nature.

Nearly every vessel that I go on that has come down from the States has deck cargo which bears evidence that you fellows are on the ball and still pushing that stuff out. Believe me, we who see every blend made realize that you have a most vital part in this thing. Stay in there and pitch.

Lieut. (j.g.) Charles Towery
Navy 155, Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Chicago)



I want to thank you for sending me the Ethyl Bulletin Board. I certainly do enjoy reading it and keeping in touch with the Ethyl Corporation and its employees.

I had the honor of being present at the presentation of the Army and Navy "E" at the Deepwater plant. This ceremony was one of the highlights of my furlough and made me realize that though we are all not in uniform, we all have the same objective.

Sergeant Winifred Duddy
Co. 21, 21st Regt.
3rd WAC Training Center
Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
(formerly of Deepwater)

Praise From a Veteran

From somewhere in the Mediterranean war theatre came the following letter to Glen Grant of our Seattle Division, who conducted the first and second echelon training school at Fort Lewis, Wash. It was written by Technical Sergeant Paul de Martini, serving with our Fifth Army, who was a student and later an instructor under Glen.

"Hi Yah, Glen:

"Received your interesting letter dated February 27 and for the life of me can't figure out where the darn letter has been all these months. I suppose it's just one of those things. Sure was happy to get the news of all the boys, and to know they are doing so well.

"As you can see from my return address, I am no longer with the old outfit. I left them in February. I am now in the Ordnance Section, Fifth Army, handling automotive. I have been promoted to a technical sergeant, and I can say that the time I spent at your school in Fort Lewis has helped me.

"It sure seems a long time since I hit the beach in Africa—nine months seem more like nine years. I have

had quite a few experiences, but will have to wait until I get to Washington to tell you about them.

"Grant, there is something I would like you to tell your classes if you don't mind. I read this somewhere and never paid much attention to it until I found out from experience. I consider it very important. 'Over here where the playing is for keeps and the condition of equipment is often the difference between winning and losing, or living and dying, the drivers' daily preventive maintenance services are the formula for survival.' Take it from me, Grant, truer words were never spoken.

"Tell Harry Kuhe that he should feel proud of Ethyl Corporation for the swell work you and the school are doing. I know that the boys that you turn out are the ones that will keep the GI trucks rolling.

"Congratulations on the new baby. Give my love to Helen and Carol Anne. Say 'hello' to Harry for me. I hope you are all well at home and may God bless you all.

"As ever,

"Sarg".

For Richer, For Poorer

Larry Stinson of the Road Test Division at Detroit and Muriel Lyon were married September 4 at the Metropolitan Methodist Church in the Motor City. Punch Pfunstein, also of the Road Test Division, was

best man, while Mike Remondino and Cap Hall, both of Detroit Engineering, were ushers. After a reception at Devon Gables, where a chicken dinner was served to 65 guests, the bridal couple left for Gatlemberg, Tenn., in the Great Smoky Mountains.



Jake Boss of the Maintenance Department at the Detroit Lab marched to the altar September 11 with Mary Gibson McFarland Gray. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, with Jake's brother, Oscar, acting as best man and the bride's sister, Mrs. Janet Henderson, as maid of honor. After a week's motor trip through Canada, the couple returned to start housekeeping in Birmingham, Mich. Jake is shown here, surrounded by some of his friends at the Lab, after wedding gifts had been presented him.

Classified Section

L. A. "Dolly" Dollahan of the Chicago Division has for sale an almost new desk type Westinghouse Sewing Machine, which was made in March, 1942, and is known as the DeLuxe Rotary model. It has a round bobbin and carries all attachments. The serial number is ARE-95406. The price when new is \$174.50, but Dolly will practically give his machine away for a measly one hundred bucks. Write him in care of the Chicago Division.

★ ★ ★

A Civilian Again

Sam P. Rady, formerly of the Chicago Division, has received his honorable discharge from the Army and is now working with the Tulsa Division. You can reach him at the Colonial Inn, 1451 South Quaker Street, Tulsa, Okla.

Keglers Get Going

Strikes, spares, splits, gutter balls, and fouls were splattered all over the alleys September 9, as the Ethyl Bowling League at Detroit got away on its 1943-44 season. Many changes were apparent since last spring, notably the new team names. They must have been chosen to scare opponents, for they include the De-Icers, the Zombies, the Power Jets and the Thermo-Quints (Hot Five).

Individual scores ranged all the way from Everett Garnsey's 52 to a 244 by Claude Hoffman, both of whom were rolling as substitutes. Among the regulars Martin Alsbaugh set a hot pace with a 231 in a 576 series. Many others got off to a flying start, giving promise of a big season if the boys can maintain the pace.

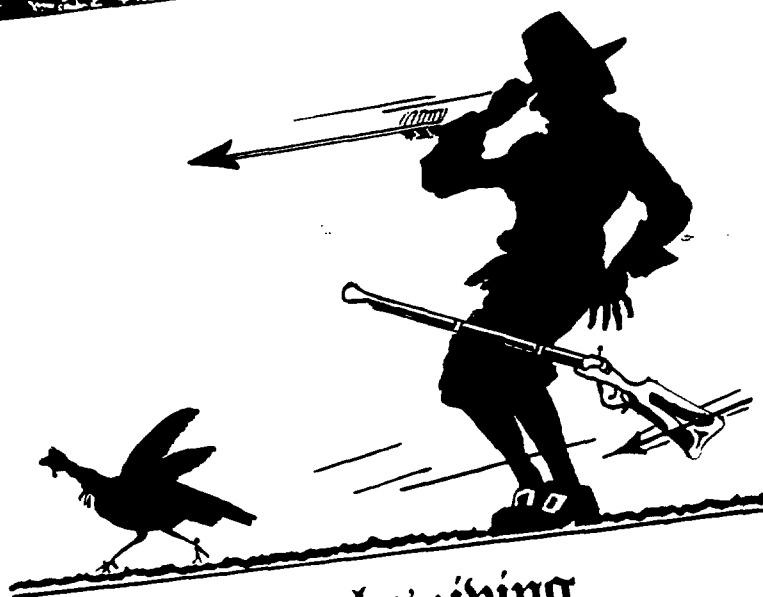
**WANTED: MORE ETHYL
FOR MORE LANDINGS**



★ EVERY DROP OF ETHYL COUNTS ★ ★

Ethyl BULLETIN BOARD

NOVEMBER, 1943



Thanksgiving

ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — by and for Ethyl employees

**OUR FARM
PROGRAM**

PAGE 4

**HORSESHOES
FLY**

PAGE 8

FOE OF ACCIDENTS

PAGE 16

VICTORY MAIL

PAGE 20

CLOSE SHAVE

PAGE 26

Day of Thanksgiving



On November 25 we celebrate another Thanksgiving Day.

The first Thanksgiving in America took place in 1621, when the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth set aside a day to give thanks to Almighty God for their first harvest in the New World.

On their first Thanksgiving the Pilgrim Fathers didn't have nearly as much as we have to be thankful for. Three thousand miles of wild ocean separated them from home and friends. To the west of them was a howling wilderness, inhabited by fierce savages. Cold and extreme hardship faced them on every side.

Yet the Pilgrim Fathers felt grateful in their hearts that they could think and speak and act and worship God as free men.

Thanksgiving Day was repeated often but irregularly during the years of colonization. During and after the Revolution Congress recommended days of Thanksgiving. One was observed in 1784, after the new nation, based on the creed that all men have equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, had won its first war and its independence.

Washington appointed a Day of Thanksgiving in 1789, after the Constitution had been adopted, guaranteeing the right of Ameri-

cans to live as free men and women. He appointed another one in 1795 to give thanks for the general benefits and welfare of the young United States.

In 1815 President Madison proclaimed a Day of Thanksgiving for peace after we had won the critical War of 1812.

In 1864, when Northern victories in the War Between The States assured the continuance of an undivided nation, Abraham Lincoln issued a Presidential Proclamation, naming the last Thursday of November as Thanksgiving Day. Since then the day has been an annual festival.

We have many, many things to be thankful for in this year of Our Lord 1943. Many more than did the rugged Pilgrim Fathers. Many more than did the men and women who struggled to make the United States what it is.

First and foremost, we should be thankful for this great country of ours and for the fact that we are free. But we still have a fight on our hands to preserve that freedom, and we all must take part in that fight.

Soldiers, sailors, and marines are giving all they have in that fight. The least we at home can do is to buy War Bonds till it hurts.

Ethyl Opens Farm Drive



"Food Fights for Freedom" is one of the important slogans of World War II. Because food is such a vital element toward winning the war, the farmers of the nation must produce bumper crops. A nationwide campaign to help the farmer get the most power out of his farm machinery and to help the tractor dealer keep that machinery in the best possible repair is Ethyl's part in this program.

With farmers severely handicapped by a manpower shortage, they must rely to a large extent on their farm machinery, especially their tractors, and so all farm machinery should be in tiptop condition to go to work as soon as the earliest spring breezes begin to blow.

This puts an added load on the tractor dealers, for they are the ones on whom falls the burden of keeping the farmers' equipment in good repair. This burden is much heavier in these times, because less new trac-

tors are being manufactured, which means there are many more old ones to be put into workable condition. And the tractor dealers, too, are suffering from a manpower shortage because many of their mechanics are now working on jeeps and tanks in Uncle Sam's armed forces.

Recognizing all these facts, Ethyl's tractor engineers made a survey last summer and submitted the results to leading tractor manufacturers. The manufacturers saw eye to eye with our plans on the need to help the overworked tractor dealers schedule their work so as to avoid rush periods and on the desirability of increasing tractor power by converting to high compression.

The result is the new campaign in which we have embarked. The first step of the campaign is a circular which is being mailed out to from 10,000 to 15,000 tractor dealers.

The circular urges the dealers to get farm machinery repair work

started early, to keep it coming steadily all fall and winter, and so to cut down the spring overload.

It advises dealers to sell the idea of a Power Booster Overhaul to farmers whose tractors need overhauling. This Power Booster Overhaul, which is carefully explained in the circular, includes the installation of high-altitude pistons and "cold" type sparkplugs, the purpose being to increase the compression ratio of the tractor engine and so to boost the power output.

The circular also tells in detail of several services Ethyl is giving the dealer. We are placing Ethyl advertisements in nearly all leading farm magazines which go into millions of farm homes throughout the country. In these ads we tell our story to the farmer, urging him to get his repairs done early and informing him about the Power Booster Overhaul.

To pound home the message, "Order Your Overhaul Early," we are sponsoring established farm news and farm market radio programs over leading farm radio stations in the United States. Announcers will urge farmers to see their tractor dealers now to arrange for service on their equipment during the slack season.

Ethyl will furnish free of charge posters for the dealers' windows. These posters will ask the farmer to do these four things:

"Tell us as far in advance as possible what implements need servicing and when they will be available, so we can plan our work ahead.

"Tell us also what new parts you

HOW YOU CAN HELP your tractor dealer give you better service in wartime!



TO FARMERS WHO PLAN TO HAVE THEIR TRACTORS OVERHAULED



Help your tractor dealer give you
good service—order your overhaul
early. For full wartime power make
it a . . .

Power Booster Overhaul

Your tractor dealer is doing his best
to take care of your tractor. He needs
to know when you need an overhaul
so he can get the parts and service
you need when you need it.

Give your tractor dealer a break!
Help him give you good wartime service



ORDER YOUR OVERHAUL EARLY ... and make it a Power Booster Overhaul

Your tractor dealer is doing his best
to take care of your tractor. He needs
to know when you need an overhaul
so he can get the parts and service
you need when you need it.

Give your tractor dealer a break!
Help him give you good wartime service

ORDER YOUR OVERHAUL EARLY
... and make it a
Power Booster Overhaul

think will be needed, so we can order them now.

"Clean up your tractor and other machines before you bring them in. That will save valuable time in our shop.

"Make minor repairs yourself if you can, so our mechanics will have more time to devote to major work."

We are also offering mats for dealers to use over their own names in their local papers, reminder post cards which dealers can mail out to customers at a postage cost of only half a cent each, and to each dealer a service guide on Power Booster high compression overhauls.

The campaign is designed to be an invaluable aid to tractor dealers to keep a steady flow of work coming in during the usually slack winter months and so to avoid a heavy spring rush. Thereby it is designed to help the national "Food Fights for Freedom" program by putting more tractors in shape for 1944 crops and by putting more horsepower in many of these tractors. It is also aimed at selling the farmer and the tractor dealer on the value of high compression tractors and good gasoline.

ORDER YOUR OVERHAUL EARLY

4 things you can do to help us give you good wartime service on your tractor

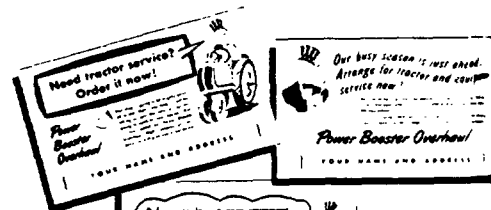
1. Tell us of any problems or troubles that may develop in the future so we can plan for them.
2. Tell us about any parts you think will be needed, so we can order them.
3. Check up your tractor and other machines before you bring them in. That will save valuable time in our shop.
4. Make minor repairs yourself if you can, so our mechanics will have more time to devote to major work.



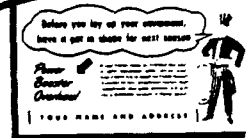
Ask about

OUR "POWER BOOSTER" OVERHAUL
CHANGING TO HIGH COMPRESSION
AND GOOD GASOLINE WILL
STEP UP TRACTOR POWER

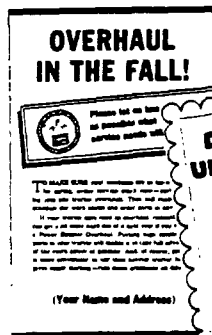
Poster



Post Cards



Newspaper Mats



DON'T WAIT UNTIL SPRING!

Arrange now for service on farm equipment

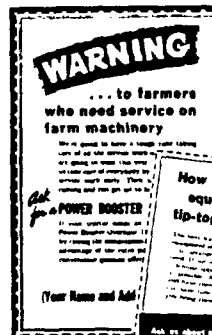
If your tractor needs an overhaul, get a Power Booster Overhaul

(Your Name and Address)

How you can help us give you good wartime tractor service

overhaul early

(Your Name and Address)



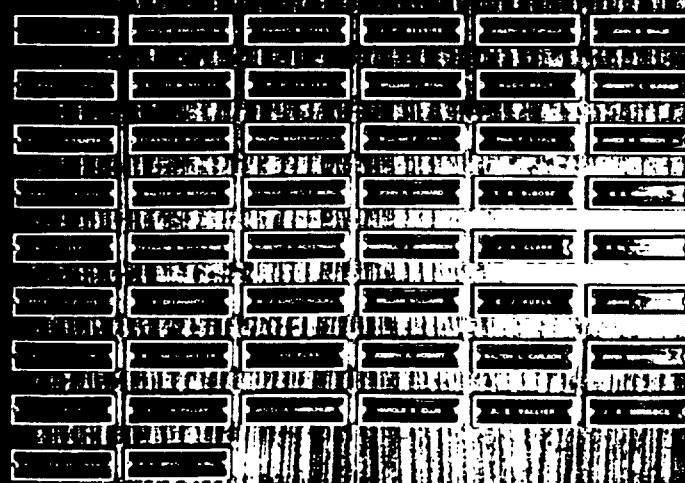
How to make sure your equipment will be in tip-top shape for spring

(Your Name and Address)

(Name and Address)

ROLL OF HONOR

DETROIT EMPLOYEES
SERVING IN THE
ARMED FORCES



This is a close-up of the Roll of Honor recently placed in the lobby of the Detroit Lab. The display was built at the Lab and was especially designed to tie in with the general decorative scheme of the lobby. It stands over six feet high and is finished in walnut, gold, and black.



BARNYARD

A crowd of spectators enjoyed the warm autumn sunlight while watching the final match.



A tense moment in the semifinal between Al Kolka, in white shirt, and George Boyle.

Some of the gallery brought lunch to the tournament. At left is Gordon Wilcox, last year's winner who was unable to enter this year because of illness.



. GOLF CHAMP

Staging a thrilling finish, Ed Goller, dynamometer operator at the Detroit Lab, pitched his way through the field of 32 entries in the Lab's annual Horseshoe Tournament to wind up in the top spot. In order to win, Ed, who works on the midnight shift, had to dispose of J. V. "Cap" Capinjola in an early morning match and then return for a semifinal fling with Ed Johnson at noon.

After triumphing over Ed Johnson by a 21-17 score, he took on the winner of the other semifinal between Al Kolka and George Boyle, which went to George by a 21-12 count.

The final match between George and Ed seesawed back and forth until the three-quarter mark was reached. Then Ed really got his eye on the peg and slipped over a couple of quick ringers which put the game on ice for him to the tune of 21-15.

For copping the tourney title Ed received five dollars in War Savings Stamps, while George had to be content with the second prize of three bucks. The stamps were purchased from a fund made up of the 25-cent entry fee which was charged each contestant.



George Boyle, left, congratulates Ed Goller after Ed defeated him for the Lab's horseshoe tossing crown.



Left to right are Casey Jones, Bob Mescher, Jack Lusk, and Gene Betzold. Casey is paying off with a smile after the defeat of his favorite.



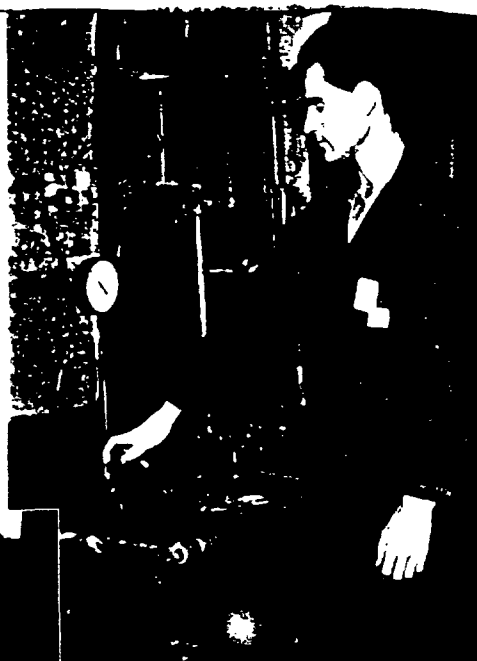
Lucile Tittler of New York Stenographic commutes daily all the way from Ossining, N. Y., which is a very pretty town even if it does house the campus of that famous educational institution, Sing Sing prison. Lucile graduated from Ossining High School and then came to Manhattan to attend Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School. She came to Ethyl from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Playing the piano is her favorite diversion.

Dorothy Hashman of New York Financial left her native city, Indianapolis, Ind., just a short while ago to come to New York to be near her Coast Guardsman husband. Before coming to Ethyl she had worked nine years for the Rockwood Manufacturing Company, of Indianapolis, her first employer after she graduated from Arsenal High School in the Indiana city. Reading is her favorite pastime, and she also enjoys seeing the sights of New York, but she says she still prefers the banks of the Wabash to those of the Hudson.



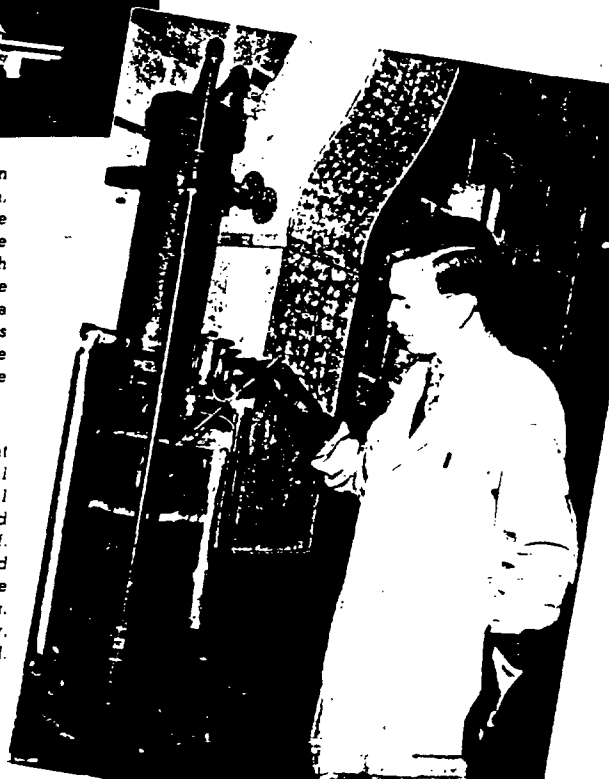
Margaret C. Dolan of New York Financial comes to work daily from Woodhaven, Queens. She is a graduate of the Bishop McDonnell Memorial High School in Brooklyn and of the Washington School for Secretaries in New York. Before coming to Ethyl she was with Ebasco Services, Inc., in New York.

Charles E. Roberts, research chemist at Detroit, formerly worked at the Pennsylvania Ordnance Works in Williamsport, Penna., and at the Kankakee Ordnance Works in Joliet, Ill., where he was an inspector and chemist. Chuck obtained his B.S. degree in 1940 from the University of Alberta. He likes music and sports of all kinds, with the accent on bowling, baseball, golf, and ping pong.



Alice McCullough, laboratory assistant in Chem Research, Detroit, has lived in Waukon, Iowa, most of her life. After graduating from the University of Iowa, she taught general science and geometry for four years in Waukon High School and then taught mathematics in the junior high school in West Des Moines for a year before coming to the Motor City. Alice's favorite pastimes are tennis, dancing, and the movies. She also went in for photography before the war cut down on photographic supplies.

Robert F. Leonard, chemical operator at Detroit, came to us from the Pine Bluff Arsenal in Arkansas, where he was a junior chemical engineer. Bob was born in Detroit and lived there for 22 years before going to Pine Bluff. He attended Northwestern High School and Lawrence Institute of Technology, where he received a B.S. degree in chemical engineering. Bob's hobbies are telescopes and microscopy, but his favorite sports are far less complicated. He likes swimming, fencing, and baseball.



Baton Rouge Newcomers

With the Army and Navy needing more and more high octane gasoline, there are a lot of newcomers in the Baton Rouge plant these days. Among them are 46 mechanical helpers, nine operator helpers, four laborers, two laborer helpers, a clerk, and a storeclerk helper in the Production Section.

Mechanical helpers include Silas M. Babin, Lihue S. Hodgeson, Harry A. Bozeman, Jr., Francis C. Stacey, Louis S. Cavin, Earl Tillman, Ferda A. Sibley, Auber F. Shows, Oda F. Clement, John L. Breau, Robert C. Bryant, Oney H. Cutrer, Andrew R. Husser, George R. Drewett, Earl P. Broussard, Joseph A. Matherne, Luther Lett, Daniel Poche, Alvin B. Everett, Lloyd M. Winborn, John P. Morgan, Milton Culbreath, Ivy H. Sullivan, Robert C. Bostwick, Kernie O. Sibley, and Edmond J. Fontenot.

Also David C. Kimberly, Frank C. Pruet, Elmo L. McMorris, Fred J. Borne, Oliver P. Longuepee, John S. Glaze, Mid Strother, Cline B. Blanchard, Sidney Woods, Adam J. Rouyea, Walter Chislom, Guy M. Denham, Hugh A. Welch, Elmo Ensminger, Ralph S. Williams, Clarence P. Lorio, Denmon D. Westmoreland, Moran Bergeron, James H. DeLaughter, and Clifton S. Langlois.

Operator helpers include Willie I. Gillespie, Victor Buchmann, Norman E. Slack, Lafayette K. Neyland, Julian J. Gibbens, Leon Sims, Elson B. Prescott, Willie A. Robert, and Carl M. Hudson.

Laborers are Branch Walton, Mike T. Scott, Joseph Lawson, and Lenzy Hilliard. Laborer helpers are Donna Y. Hayes and Harry D. Mitchell. Robert T. Womack is a storeclerk helper and Jennie W. Knight is a clerk.

In the Development Section are four new workers, including Merna J. Conway and Francis K. Robinson, laborer helpers; Norma D. Burton, stenographer, and Rose E. Worsham, data clerk. In the Service Section, Winifred M. Dugas, who recently returned from military service with the WAAC, and Mary L. Leet are stenographers, and Leonard C. Barrick is an intermediate clerk.

In the Finance Department, Elsie L. Thomas is a stenographer, Milton D. Stiles is an auditor, and Ellwood D. Gore is an accountant.

* * *

Bond Boom In New York

Over the top by approximately 142 percent was the record of the New York Office in the Third War Loan Drive. The quota, set by the U. S. Treasury, was one \$100 bond per employee in addition to regular payroll deductions. For the 151 employees in the New York Office, this would come to \$15,100.

Total extra bond purchases in New York amounted to \$21,500 or an average of about \$142 per employee.

According to Jack Martin, who during the drive was head of the Employees' Section of the Petroleum Industries, Ethyl ranked high among the leaders of the 110 oil companies with offices in New York.



When the Sinclair Oil Company recently invited its Florida dealers to a series of meetings for the purpose of discussing wartime problems and airing dealers' complaints. Tom Tennent of our Atlanta Division was asked to participate. This is the group which attended the Miami meeting. Tom is the handsome young man with the mustache, who is seated in the front corner between the tables.

Lewis Leads Pinner

With a record of 13 games won against only two losses, the Throttle Stops, team number 5 in the Detroit Lab bowling league, were heading that circuit at the end of the first week in October. The pace setters had a team average of 763 pins.

Trailing close behind were the Power Jets, team number 1, with eleven wins and four defeats. Their team average was 712.

In the lead for individual honors was John Lewis of the Dynamometers, who had an average of 173 for the nine games he had rolled so far. Trailing him by only one pin was Merrill Doughty of the De-Icers, with 172.

Doughty was holding high triple honors with a three game total of

593, and Bill Wanderer had rolled the highest single game, a pin smashing 232.

The league leading Throttle Stops topped the high team scores for three games with a total of 2357 pins. Team high single honors went to the Saturates, whose 854 game had not yet been approached.

Over on the girls' side of the alleys the steady bowling of Jewel Ahonen was showing the way to the others. Jewel had an average of 143 and also held high single honors with a 180-pin game.

Right behind Jewel was Phyllis Jones with a 141 average and a high single game of 177. Phyllis held undisputed high triple honors with 473, against Jewel's three game score of 454.



Dorothy Grainger of New York Stenographic lives in Valley Stream, Long Island, and went to high school in nearby Lawrence. She came to Ethyl from the Manhattan Life Insurance Company in New York. When away from the office, she goes in for sports, especially tennis and swimming.

★ ★ ★

Robert E. Thibodeau, research engineer at the Detroit Lab, was born in Toledo, Ohio, and graduated from St. John's High School in that city and from the University of Detroit with a degree in aeronautical engineering. During a seven year stay with Continental Motors he did outstanding work on the operation of mica and ceramic sparkplugs in cold starting for aircraft engines. He came to Ethyl from the engineering division of the Chrysler Corporation. Bob lives in Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich., with his wife, Judith, and their two children, Bernadette, 7, and Joseph Henry, 2. When he can find the time, Bob likes gardening, golf, tennis, and ping pong.



Anniversary Awards

Charles O. White, Los Angeles safety engineer, is the only ten-year award winner this month.

Likewise there is only one five-year veteran, Joseph H. Fulmer of Manufacturing, Baton Rouge.

★ ★ ★

Military Moves

Only one name has been added to the Ethyl Honor Roll this month. He is Frank J. Lewis of Baton Rouge, and we haven't any address for him as yet.

Lieutenant Joe Williams, formerly of the Atlanta Division, has been sent overseas since the last issue of the *Bulletin Board* came off the press. His new address and some other changes of address which have come to our attention are listed below.

Lt. Joseph E. Williams (Ord.)
01553201
A.P.O. 12453
c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

Major Howard B. Hudiburg
Suffolk County Army Air Field
Westhampton Beach, L. I., N. Y.

Private George W. Wisener
Company K
1st Regiment
RTC

Private Thomas Keenan
32870018
Camp Davis, N. C.

NO PARLOR TRICK. THIS

Yanks 'Cut' Their Cards to Make 2 Decks from 1

BY WILLIAM J. COUGHLIN
Free Press Staff Writer

Ever cut a pack of cards? Before you give your answer, maybe it would be best to make the question more specific: "Ever cut a pack of cards across the middle with a razor blade?" It's no parlor trick—it's a deadly measure to take that gives you two decks of cards from one.

It's a device used by fighting men at the front that makes the odds of the small supply of playing cards well above and too slim for evil. It's used before undergoing major blade surgery. But no matter how much the half-decks are used after that, it isn't on record that any are thrown away. The key of protection that cards at the front have is that they are cut across the middle.

It was chiefly this report of the value of cards at the front that caused the Free Press to establish the Cards for Fight Fund through which readers could buy cards to be distributed at all the fronts by the American Legion's Party 8 Eight.

The reasoning was this: The Free Press readers would put in their fighting men once they knew of the condition of the cards. To do the Fund placed a premium on the order for 10,000 packs. The price was \$1.00.

Free Press readers have come through to start the campaign in brilliant fashion. NEARLY 1,000 packs have been ordered.

But 2,000 packs just scratch the surface of need—in the South Pacific, Italy, the Aleutians, India and a dozen other far-flung places. It takes just three times as much to get three times as many cards overseas. Just three times as much to get three times as many cards overseas. Just three times as much to get three times as many cards overseas.

Brother, can you spare them? Or shall the soldiers go on cut and gummy cards—cards that are made of paper?

A CARD THAT'S WELL KNOWN TO SOLDIERS
But it's no fun to play with a half-deck.

HOW ABOUT ALL US "ETHEL EMBROIDERS" SENDING A LOT OF PACKS OF CARDS TO OUR SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN?

Put whatever you care to contribute in the envelope and sign your name below and return this to Myra who has the coupon.

Myra Pauli

Janet

Raymond

Rita Adams

Phyllis Jones

Walter Shepherd

Melvin Vega

Barrie Thompson

James Thompson

Alvin Jones

Edith

Nellie

Paula Jones

E. P. Jones

Julia Wilkinson

Anne Caplan

Bonnie McDonald

Dorothy David

Paula Jane Van

Mary Caldwell

Wilma Reusch

Alvin C. McCullough

Paula

Edith

James

Paula

Margaret Shy

Janet E. Nichols

Margaret Smith

Wanda

E. P. Jones

Alvin C. McCullough

Myra Pauli of Technical Service, Detroit, was so impressed by the newspaper article shown in the upper righthand corner that she prepared the large manila envelope you see here and circulated it among the girls at the Lab. The idea met with great favor, as is indicated by the flock of signatures on the envelope. A total of 32 decks of cards was purchased and is now on the way to make some soldiers, sailors, or marines happy.



Window displays in downtown Baton Rouge

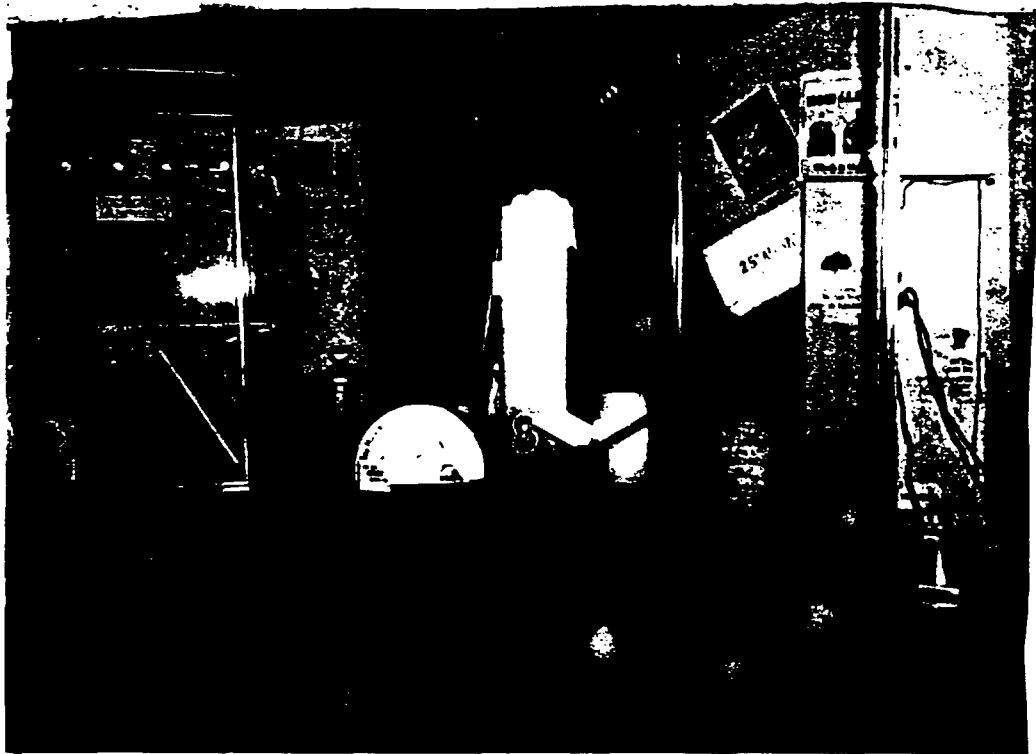


Edwin J. Lorio

Heads

Edwin J. Lorio, Ethyl safety supervisor at Baton Rouge, was head of the industrial committee which worked on the Louisiana capital's Fire and Accident Prevention Week, October 3-8, and which drew the special praise of Fire Chief Robert A. Bogan for its efforts.

Among its other activities, Ed's committee sponsored a safety contest offered to the public through two store window displays, one in downtown Baton Rouge and the other in suburban Dixie. The displays presented the most common



uge, arranged by Ed Lorio's committee.

Industrial Safety Group

causes of fires and accidents in the home, and the public was asked to identify the hazards shown. The contestant giving the most complete answer was awarded a \$25 War Bond.

The industrial committee also sponsored and arranged several radio broadcasts, including a skit originally written by Chairman Lorio, arranged by Miss Nora Landmark of the Radio Department of the Louisiana State University Extension Division, and presented by the staff of station WJBO. Two

radio quiz programs, participated in by supervisors from Baton Rouge industrial plants, were also presented over this station.

The membership of Ed Lorio's committee consisted of H. A. Demouy of Ethyl and safety supervisors from duPont, the Solvay Process Company, Standard Oil of Louisiana, Aluminum Company of America, Gulf States Utilities Company, Copolymer Corporation, and the Illinois Central Railroad.

Committee activities received fine support from Baton Rougers.

❧ Freeport Facts ❧

The laughing up our collective sleeve which we did two writings back concerning the several employees who ran from a hurricane that finally hit farther up the coast boomeranged this past month. This time, said the weather man, we were definitely to be the center of the storm, so the upwards of ten thousands who make up our community lit out for higher ground to escape the storm that only "almost was." The traffic choked roads and overflowing hotels and trailer courts was for naught, we now know, but at the time of the warnings the storm bulletins were taken seriously enough to make Freeport and surrounding towns practically deserted, sombre, lifeless.

Invasion of the fairer sex has begun again. Katherine Barrett is the newest clocker-in employed in the E-D stockroom. We wish a certain low, slow, but refined whistle could be transcribed into print. That would be our pictorial study in words of Kitty Barrett.

The cigars have been passed about twice this past month—in both instances the proud poppas popped a multitude of buttons (five or six, anyway) off their shirt fronts. John Thomas, III, arrived October 1, weighing seven pounds, to increase the Lloyd Bond family to four, while very soon afterward, on October 7, the J. F. Walkers (pop works in Operations) announced the birth of Terry Lee, who weighed seven pounds twelve ounces. Congrats to both families.

Vic Pessarra, one of our boys who joined Uncle Sam's Bluejackets, visited the plant October 11. Vic was home on furlough before leaving for a West Coast Naval station. It's a draw between plenty of good food and early, early rising — but Vic looks mighty fittin'.

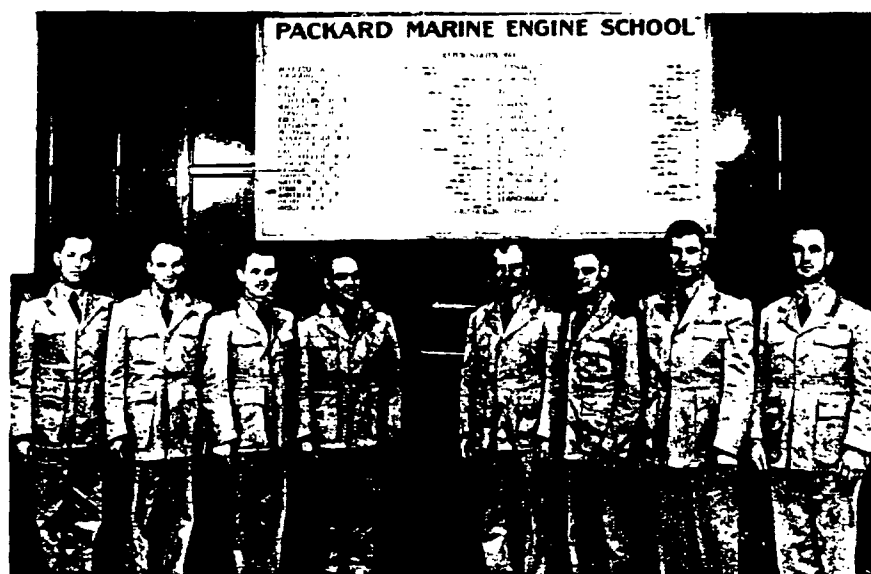
Two letters have arrived from overseas recently, both from former Ethyl-Dowers. The first arrived late in September from H. K. Waters of the U. S. Army in India. Hiram says things are looking on the brighter side and India is slowly but surely getting in some good old American delicacies, including the keg variety. The other letter was from E. W. Wittneben, formerly of Operations, now with the Army Air Forces in the Middle East. Ed vows the country has appeared to be right nice the few times the sand settled long enough for him to see it.

And that's the news from Texas.

* * *

No Longer With Us

Bette Clausing, Tulsa
 Alice E. Clark, Detroit
 Roger C. Beaudet, Detroit
 Jacob B. Seidel, New York
 Janice Stevenson, Dayton
 Marjorie Braisted, New York
 Carol R. Olsen, New York
 Kathryn M. Grady, New York
 James D. Quist, Detroit
 Jenny L. Wright, New York
 Millicent Lankheet, Yonkers
 Janet W. Cancro, New York
 Gertrude C. Brown, New York
 Gloria M. Gardner, New York



Lieutenant (j.g.) Torbin Yates, formerly of the Chicago Division, has been assigned to duty overseas. Torbin is shown above at extreme left, with a group of PT boat officers with whom he attended the Packard Marine Engine School in Detroit. Below at left are Torbin's two children, Donna and Paul, and at right is Torbin, himself, spic and span in his Navy "whites."





VICTORY MAIL



Hello Everybody:

Just received the July issue of the *Bulletin Board*; which fact finally provides me with the necessary impetus to write my first letter to Ethyl—the lovely girl!

Can't tell you very much about where I am except that I'm deep in the Southwest Pacific, on an island, and am living under rather primitive conditions. Everything could be a lot worse—I could be on Cipolla's or Sumner's boat!!

And, for the as yet unenlightened, I am an Engineering Officer (Chanute Field, 42.4), at present assigned to the Pacific Wing, Air Transport Command.

I can't put into words how much I enjoy receiving the *Bulletin Board*. All I will say on that score is, please keep on sending it.

To everybody I know and to everybody else in Ethyl I hope to meet, so

long for now. God willing, I'll be seeing you all some day soon.

Lieut. Emerson B. Blair, AC
ATC
A.P.O. 502, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of Dayton)



Received your V-mail of the 5th—thank awfully—I did enjoy it a lot, once I got it deciphered!! You should see what photographic reduction does to your handwriting—but for that matter, I wonder what it does to mine!!

Yes—fared well on the trip over—we made it in very good, though not record, time. Had a large group of unattached officers aboard, and also some hospital units with nurses and Red Cross girls by the score, so you can imagine there was plenty of life on the trip!

Congratulations to Ethyl on the E awards—tell them for me to keep it up and maybe we can soon get the hell out of here and head for home and normalcy.

Interesting to hear of Torbin's PT

work—maybe he'll run into Towery at Aruba if he goes into the Atlantic.

Just back from an interesting 2000-mile trip by Command car over a large part of N.W. Africa—an inspection tour to end all inspection tours—took a physical beating from that damn rough riding contraption called an automobile, but found the trip well worth while from a scenic point of view. Spent two nites in a suite of rooms which was once the harem in a Grand Vizier's palace (but is now a hotel) and slept serenely, undisturbed by dreams of the former inhabitants!! Write again soon—I'll do likewise.

Major Miles A. Kinsley
IG Section NATOUSA
A.P.O. 534
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Chicago)



It has been a long time since I've heard from you, and knowing that situations change as suddenly in the Ethyl Corp. as they do in the Navy. I can't help but wonder if you are still in Chicago.

I came down here about two months ago. We stay in Aruba most of the time but also handle the inspection at Curaçao. Neither one could be referred to as a peckerwood refinery and they keep us very busy. It's a good thing, too, for there is not too much here to divert one's mind—swimming, tennis, and West Indian rum.

Had three-day stops in Puerto Rico and Trinidad. They have much more in the way of entertainment than we have here on this rock. In bumming around like we do here one gets rides in every type of plane in the service. Also surface craft, from tankers to motor whaleboats.

Saw Art and Ruth Roberts just before I left Houston. They are now of the "Landed Gentry," having bought a home there, and, yes, pardner, pure Texans. Art looks fine in his ten gallon hat and

high heel boots, but he couldn't find a beaded belt long enough to reach around.

I'd appreciate it if you would send my address to the *Bulletin Board*. Please write again just like your last letter, all the news about everyone in our division. Say hello to all.

Lieut. (j.g.) Charles Towery
Navy 155, Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Chicago)



Fellows:

Here's a "hello" from Smoky Hill Army Air Field of Salina, Kansas. Kansas is a place where (1) the wind blows, (2) the dust blows. It's a very convenient place for my purposes, however, for if, by some hokus-pokus, a super-gremlin should cut out all four engines at once, there would be plenty of wide open space anywhere around here for an uneventful forced landing.

I am very happy to be flying Uncle Sam's newest bomber, the B-29. She isn't famous yet, and that's as it should be. B-29 has many new and unconventional features, which are designed to give Tojo a pain where it hurts. She "gits there the fustest with the mostest" bombs. Although she ordinarily operates on *four* engines, she outruns our present front line bombers while operating on *three* of them. In size, she makes the Flying Fortress look like a trainer. With me it's "love at first flight." She's my honey!

Maybe you've heard all about the policy of hurry up and wait. Many of you have had to practice it only too much. But when I signed in at Smoky Hill, it was a case of hurry up and *don't* wait. After signing in at 1230, September 7, I was rushed promptly to Operations. At 1700 I had completed my first four hour mission. That was just an initiation, I guess, because it's slowed down to a sane tempo since then. However, we have our share of night flying to do, and I'd just

as soon fly in the daytime, if you don't mind. I like the scenery, you know.

To you kids in the South Pacific: I put in a summer at Boeing's plant in Seattle (learning all I could about B-29's various mechanisms) where it was so *cold* we slept under blankets even in July. Aren't you glad you don't have to put up with blankets and comforters? Late in August a few of us got the damfool notion to climb Mount Rainier. Well, to make a poor story short, some of our aviators didn't like "high" altitude, so we didn't quite make the top. Think it was probably more a case of laziness than anoxia. But it was mighty cold up there, and damned uncomfortable going in waist deep snow. Not a palm tree in sight.

Here at Salina we have the original **HARD** water. I'll be glad to break off a chunk and send it to any of you guys who want to fumigate something. Pheew, what water! When you take a drink you have to chase it with a coke, and even then your stomach has to be just right.

Well, men, keep an eye out for the B-29. You'll recognize her because you'll hear her and you won't see her. (She flies pretty high.) The Japs won't see her either, but maybe they'll know we're up there.

Love 'n' kisses.

Lt. J. E. Minnock, AC
Hq. & Hq. Sq., 331st TEFT Gp.
Smoky Hill Army Air Field
Salina, Kansas
(formerly of Detroit)

* * * * *



* * * * *



Wins Nomination

Hallie E. Boles, a storehouse clerk helper in the Service Section at Baton Rouge, looks like a sure thing for election to the board of directors of the new Baton Rouge Y.W.C.A. Hallie, who has been with Ethyl since last January, was nominated for the post by her fellow workers in the plant and has considerable backing among Baton Rouge citizens, so her election appears to be in the bag.

Baton Rouge has needed a Y.W.C.A. for several years, and this need has grown considerably in the past year, due to the large increase in the population of Louisiana's capital city and the greater number of girls employed in local industrial plants. Hallie will ably represent our Ethyl girls when she becomes a member of the board of directors.



James C. McC. Willdn, accountant in New York Financial, is a native of County Mayo, Ireland, but has resided in Brooklyn these past fifteen years. He went to school at the Royal Academical Institution in Belfast. Before joining Ethyl he was with Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Company, a New York firm of certified public accountants. Bowling, badminton, tennis, swimming, and other sports are his favorite diversions, and when he was younger he used to do quite a bit of boxing.



Anne V. Draddy of New York Financial is a member of the large Bronx contingent which commutes to the Chrysler Building daily. She attended Evander Childs High School and prior to coming to Ethyl worked for Francis Keil & Sons, hardware manufacturers. Dancing and bowling are two of her favorite forms of recreation. She also is fond of the theatre and says that one of her early ambitions was to become an actress.



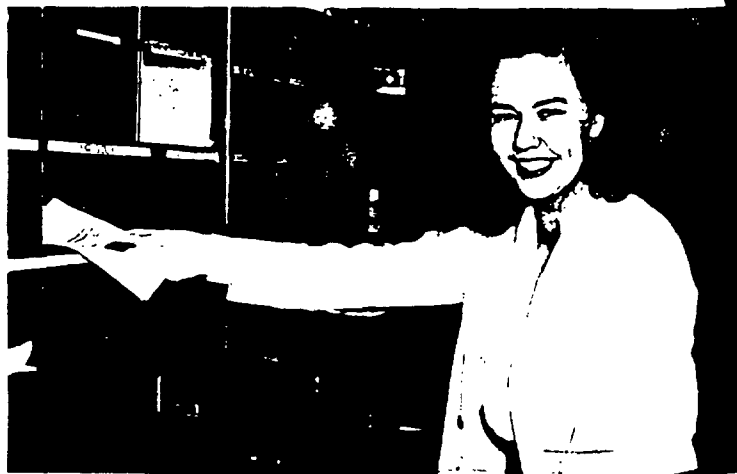
Ralph Stenerson of New York Financial commutes to work from Forest Hills, Long Island. He is a graduate of George Washington High School and of Pace Institute, both in Manhattan. Before coming to Ethyl he worked for the Mutual Chemical Company of America. Ralph has a 14-month-old son, who is his chief diversion outside the office. He also collects phonograph records and plays croquet and ping pong.

Arnold G. Nelson, accountant in New York Financial, lives across the Hudson in Weehawken, N. J. He went to high school in Cliffside Park, N. J., and attended New York University. Before coming to Ethyl he was with the Guaranty Trust Company in New York's financial district. Sports are his chief enthusiasm outside of the office, and he plays basketball in a church league over in Weehawken.



Loretta A. Liebler of New York Financial lives in Queens, Long Island, and went to school at Bushwick High in Brooklyn. She came to Ethyl from the Wall Street office of Leon Williams, tax consultant. For relaxation she prefers swimming and bridge, and she also enjoys a game of golf when the times are more auspicious than they are at present.

Dorothy Campion of the New York Mailroom was born in Rhinebeck, N. Y., but now she resides farther down the Hudson in that beautiful village of Hastings-on-Hudson. She graduated last June from Hastings High School and worked in Wall Street with the National City Bank for a while before joining Ethyl. For recreational purposes she'll take tennis and swimming.



Carlos de Estrada of New York Payroll is a native New Yorker, but he has abandoned the tall towers of Manhattan to reside in suburban Larchmont, up in Westchester County. Carlos graduated from the High School of Commerce in New York and then continued his schooling in Paris and Nice, France. He came to Ethyl from the Frederick Snare Corporation, an engineering firm. His favorite pastimes are carpentry and model shipbuilding in his cellar workshop with his seven-year-old son.



Showing Emma Koster Brown, secretary to Russ Weston, assistant advertising manager, and her daughter, Nancy Barber, a Wave stationed at Sampson, N. Y. Emma also has a six foot two inch son, Theodore Harold, who has been somewhere in the European fighting zone for the past eight months.



Madelyn Bedard, who works in the Mailroom at the Detroit Lab, is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., but had the good fortune to escape from that community at the age of two, when she moved with her parents to Highland Park, Mich. She came to Ethyl shortly after her graduation from Royal Oak High School. In her spare time Madelyn likes sewing, music, and football games. She also devotes a good deal of time to writing her boy friend, who is a first class gunner in a Navy gun crew aboard a merchant ship and who wears a gold star, indicating that his gun crew has sent at least one Nazi submarine to Davy Jones' locker.



ESCAPES PLANE CRASH

Marvin E. Russell, newcomer to the San Bernardino Testing Lab, bought himself a house in San Bernardino and moved his family into it, expecting, no doubt, to settle down to a peaceful, orderly existence. But the very next day he had a hairbreadth escape from the swishing scythe of the well known Grim Reaper, which resulted in his name being splashed all over the pages of the local newspapers.

The day after he took over his new home Marvin heard an airplane making a terrific noise overhead, so he wandered out into his backyard to see what went on. He got there just in time to duck.

The plane, a twin motored Army bomber, came hurtling through the air and missed him by less than three feet. It crashed directly in front of him in his neighbor's yard with its

tail across Marvin's fence. Its three occupants were instantly killed.

According to eyewitnesses, the bomber, piloted by Lieutenant Randall R. Wiegand of San Bernardino, had engine trouble over the city which forced it down near the ground. When it struck the tree tops near Marvin's house, it disintegrated in the air, showering houses in the vicinity with shattered parts.

It then made its fatal plunge into Marvin's neighbor's yard. So great was the force of the impact that all the windows in the neighbor's house were smashed.

Marvin, who undoubtedly will long remember the date on which he moved into his new home, came to Ethyl the latter part of August from the Humble Oil & Refining Company. A native of Texas, he is married and has three children.



Mary W. Ashwell came to Chem Research, Detroit, direct from Vassar College, where she received her diploma last June. She claims to have lived a quiet life in New Canaan, Conn., for 21 years and to have no definite hobbies, although she indulges in a little bit of everything, from crossword puzzles to learning to ride a horse.

Herbert F. Poehle, administrative assistant in Detroit Chem Research, received his B.S. degree in chemical engineering in 1925 from the University of Michigan. Before joining Ethyl he put in eight years with the U. S. Rubber Company and ten years with Parke, Davis & Company. In his spare time he is active in Michigan alumni affairs. He is also a sailing enthusiast.



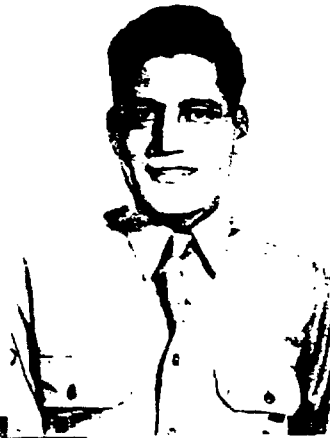
Donald T. Offord, chemical operator at Detroit, came to Ethyl from the Detroit Gas Company, where he worked for a while after received an honorable discharge from the U. S. Army Engineers. Don is married and expects the arrival of a little stranger shortly. Wrestling, football, commercial art, and playing the trumpet are his favorite forms of diversion, proving him to be a very versatile young man. (Glad to welcome a fellow wrestler to our midst.—Ed.)



William Moon, chemical operator at Detroit, came to Ethyl, not from over the mountain like the song says, but from the Fruehaut Trailer Company. Before that he worked eight years in the shipyards. Boats and small motors are Bill's hobbies. He is married and has a pair of sons.



Private First Class Clement C. Eiswirth, a former operator in the Production Section at Baton Rouge, paid a visit to the plant recently. Clem is in the Army Air Forces and is stationed at Pope Field, Fort Bagg, N. C.



Gertrude K. M. Horstmann of New York Financial is a native of N'Orleans, suh, and has been up here in the Yankee country only a short while. Relatives in Passaic, N. J., where she now resides, were the reason why she deserted the bayous of Louisiana. She attended John McDonough High School and Soule Business College, both of New Orleans, and before joining Ethyl she worked for J. J. Clarke Company, Inc., also in her native city. She likes reading, swimming, tennis, bowling, and operatic music.

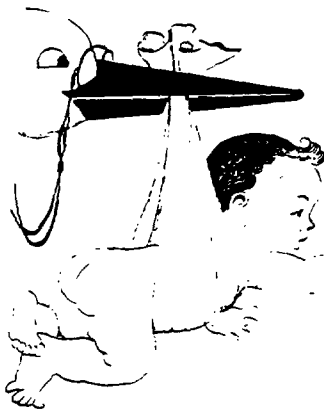


Claude Hoffman, chemical operator at Detroit, came to Ethyl after working nine years for the Goebel Brewing Company. A native of Fremont, Ohio, Claude has lived in the Detroit area since 1931. He is married, has a daughter, eight years old, and a son, six. Gardening and bowling take up quite a lot of his spare time.

Laura Jane Van Evera joined the Chem Research staff at Detroit as a chemical assistant upon her graduation from Vassar in June. Laura Jane hails from Crosby, Minn., where they mine iron ore in large quantities, and her principal spare time occupation these days is writing to her three brothers who are in the Navy. She also goes in for music, swimming, golf and tennis.



Jule Wilkinson came to the secretarial staff of Chem Research, Detroit, from the Tank Automotive Center. She is a graduate of the University of Chicago, where she majored in English. She has a six-foot husband, Jack — wasn't there an old nursery rhyme about Jack and Jule, or are we slightly mixed up?—and a three-year-old son, Steve. Reading, knitting, and figuring ration points take up her spare time.



Vital Statistics

The campaign against race suicide has been in full swing at the Detroit Chem Lab this past summer. Bob and Evelyn Gourlay are watching with pride the steady growth of their first child, Carole Beth, whose avoirdupois has soared to 12 pounds from the six pounds ten ounces she weighed on her birth date, July 3.

Hy and Bernice Shapiro became parents July 22, when Gary Merrill weighed into the world at seven pounds three ounces.

Lewis and Mary Helen Hess welcomed David Lewis on August 14. This young man tilted the scale at six pounds 12 ounces.

The Jim Martins became Mom and Pop for the first time on October 6, the birth date of David Craig, whose heft was six pounds seven ounces.

All the babies are doing nicely and brought down on the Chem Lab an avalanche of cigars and candy.

Two Silver Bars

Here is the latest on a couple of former Dayton Division boys. S. T. "Jack" Pruitt, who used to be assistant division manager, has been promoted from lieutenant to captain. Up until recently he was in the Personnel and Training Division of the Sacramento Air Service Command, but now he has been transferred to the Engineering Division at McClellan Field, Calif., where he has the official title of Assistant Chief of Administrative Section.

Jack's immediate superior in his new job is Lieutenant Colonel Byron Foy, formerly vice president of the Chrysler Corporation and president of DeSoto. Jack reports that the work is hard and the hours are long in the Army.

The word we have from the other Daytonian, Capt. Hamilton "Ham" Greenup, is brief. He has been transferred to "destination unknown."

* * *

Edna Blakley of New York Stenographic is a Brooklynite from away back. She graduated from James Madison High School in Brooklyn and from the Hettley School, a secretarial school in Brooklyn. Before coming to Ethyl she worked for the Brooklyn Trust Company. Girl Scouting takes up most of her spare time, and she is leader of an intermediate troop—in Brooklyn.



TORPEDO PLANES

PACK A

"PUNCH"



ETHYL

HELPS

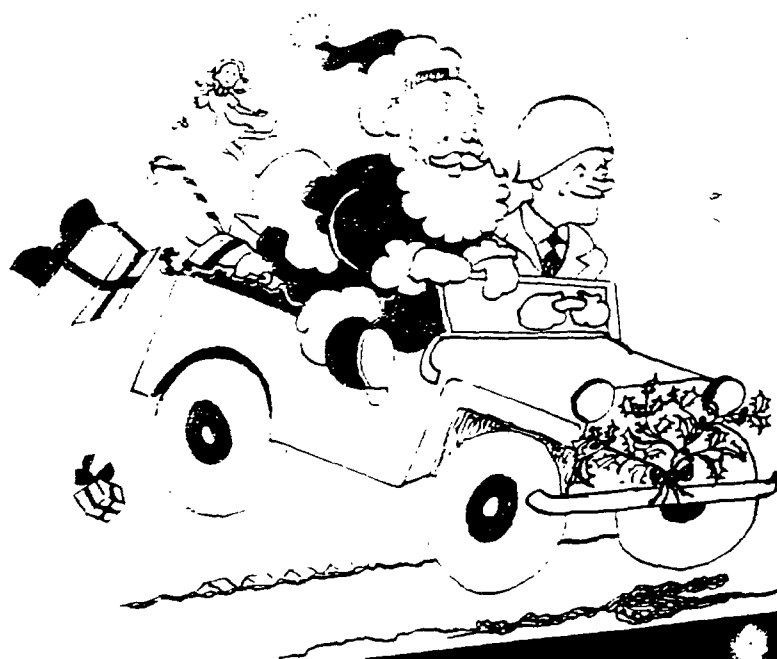
DELIVER IT



★ EVERY DROP OF ETHYL COUNTS ★★

EMERALD BULLETIN BOARD

DECEMBER, 1943



ETHYL BULLETIN BOARD — *by and for Ethyl employees*

**SOCIETY
FORMED**

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**FARM
MOVIE**

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POET IN BRITAIN

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MAIL FOR MORALE

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KURE BEACH AWARD

PAGE 17

Christmas Greetings



We are approaching our third war Christmas. Though our hopes at this time are far brighter than they were in 1941 and 1942, this Christmas, with vacant chairs at many tables, will not be too joyful.

On the first Christmas, almost two thousand years ago, the angels sang of peace on earth and good will among men. It was the birthday of the promised Messiah, who came into the world, not as a great ruler would be expected to come, with horses and chariots and armies and sharp commands, but as a babe born in a lowly manger. He taught that arrogance and self glorification were wrong and that the basis for all right living was humility and the desire to serve others.

Ruling in magnificent splendor in Rome at that time was one of the most ruthless dictators who ever lived — Augustus Caesar, the direct antithesis of the Christ child. How he would have laughed on that first Christmas if anyone had dared to tell him that in far off Bethlehem that day was born One far greater than he.

Today haughty Augustus Caesar

is almost forgotten, but throughout the world Christian churches raise their spires toward the sky.

Since the time of Augustus many other Caesars and little Caesars have crossed the stage of history. For a brief space they have beaten their chests and shrieked demands for obedience from all and laid their yoke on men, while they gloried in their own strength and branded as a doctrine for weaklings those teachings which call for decency and fair dealings among men. Then each one of them has turned to dust, while that doctrine he ridiculed has grown stronger and stronger in the hearts of mankind.

And now another sawdust Caesar, who dared call his puny strength mightier than divine power, is on the brink of collapse. Everyone of us is praying that his collapse may come quickly. Bright rays of hope are on the horizon this Christmas—hope that the right will soon triumph and that peace on earth will come again and that our boys will be back with us again by Christmas, 1944.

With this thought in mind the *Bulletin Board* wishes you a—

Merry Christmas



Mr. Webb

ETHYL SOCIETY FORMED

The newly organized Detroit Ethyl Society held its first meeting October 26, with an attendance of 190. The purposes of the Society are to disseminate knowledge of Ethyl activities, to present subjects of general interest, and to promote fellowship.

Earle W. Webb, Ethyl's President, was the principal speaker at the session and gave the Society some historical highlights from the background of the company. Describing the company's struggle to gain national recognition and acceptance by the public of its product, he said it was several years be-

fore an operating profit was shown, but at no time during this early period did the stockholders or the employees lose faith in ultimate success.

Mr. Webb told of the expansion program now in progress in the company and the vital job we are doing in contributing to the progress of the war. No one can predict the future, he said, but he believes prospects for our company are as good as for any other company, and, given a sound national economy, the post war era should show a steady prosperous growth for the Ethyl Corporation.

Art Stover, newly appointed Director of Employee Relations, was the other speaker of the evening. He explained that the establishment of the new department was partly the result of the rapid growth of the company and partly the result of changing conditions brought about by the war. He said that his job was so new that he hadn't had much time in which to formulate definite plans, but he looked forward to assisting in the solution of present and future problems. Art complimented the Detroit Ethyl Society on its fine organizational set-up and expressed the hope that its objectives would be fully realized.

Visitors at the meeting included Ralph Champlin, Director of Advertising and Public Relations; Bill Heggen, publicity manager; Cliff Pope, manager of the Gasoline Test-



Art Stover



Harry Mack

ing Division; John Murphy, business manager of the Gasoline Testing Division, and Harry Mack, Dayton Division manager.

Heinie Mueller, past president of the Detroit Engineering Society, called the meeting to order and announced the following results of balloting for the membership of the Society's governing group, the steering committee:

Charlie Kass, chairman of the steering committee; Jane Jordan, women's representative; Ann Hefler, Finance representative; Chick Sortman, Aero representative; John Capinjola and Bill Wilkinson, Chem Lab representatives; Chuck Shepherd, Gasoline Testing representative; Charlie Kass, Durwood

Rossman, and Fritz Schroeter, Engineering representatives; Heinie Mueller, Technical Service Department representative.

Program and sports committees were named. Jane Jordan is chairman of the program committee, assisted by Chuck Shepherd and Heinie Mueller. Making up the sports committee are Durwood Rossman, chairman, Mac McMenemy, Ann Heffler, and Charlie Kass.

Members of the steering committee are elected for two-year terms and are prohibited by the by-laws of the Society from being re-elected for consecutive terms. The by-laws also provide that half of the committee, alternately five and six members, shall retire each year and shall be replaced by elections within the groups they represent.

The large attendance at the meeting resulted in its being held in the Lab garage, since the auditorium will accommodate only 150. At the conclusion of the session refreshments were served in the Lab cafeteria.

Refreshments followed the meeting.



Betty Zottoli of the New York File Room changed her name on September 25 to Betty Dvorsky, when she became the bride of Corporal Rudy Dvorsky, who is with the Army Signal Corps at Camp Shelby, Miss. The ceremony was performed at the Church of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady in the Bronx, which is the home borough of both bride and groom. As Corporal Dvorsky's leave was short, the couple remained in New York for their honeymoon.

★ ★ ★

Georgena M. Hough, secretary-stenographer in Detroit Road Testing, was born in Parry Sound, Ontario, moved to sunny (?) California at the age of four, and then came back east to Detroit, where she attended Northwestern High School. She came to Ethyl from the Detroit Edison Company, a move which brought her good luck, for when she had been with us just one week her Army Air Corps husband returned from the Caribbean area for a 30-day turlough after an absence of 23 months. Millinery designing, letter writing, and cooking are her favorite pastimes.





Our Atlanta Division has recently been assisting the Atlanta Division of the Gulf Oil Corporation to present a series of fleet maintenance meetings. A total of twelve meetings was held — three each in Atlanta, Miami and Jacksonville, Fla. — with an average attendance of forty fleet men at each session. Guy Donahue, New York Division fleet engineer who has had lots of experience in helping other divisions of Gulf to conduct fleet maintenance school meetings, was loaned to the Atlanta Division for the series and handled the major part of the lectures which were given.

The above picture, which was snapped after one of the sessions in Jacksonville, shows, from left to right, Alan Tully, our Atlanta Division manager; "Red" Munro, Gulf district manager; W. T. Etzel, assistant manager of Gulf's Atlanta Division; Guy Donahue of Ethyl; a Gulf sales representative; Tom Tennent, Ethyl's Atlanta Div. field engineer in Florida; and a Jacksonville Gulf sales representative.

Happy Birthday!

When Dorothy Hadsell, who supervises the New York Mailroom, had a birthday recently, the Mailroom girls decided a few festivities were in order. So Joan Nugent, Helen Organ, Dorothy Campion, Irene Johnstone, and Grace Male took Dorothy to lunch at the Century Room of the Hotel Commodore, where Vaughan Monroe and his orchestra are the feature attraction. A good time was had by all, the only discordant note being that Vaughan Monroe entertains nightly and not during the lunch hour.

Jules Dammann, the lone male in the Mailroom, did not attend the party, but before the girls departed

he presented the guest of honor with a yellow chrysanthemum corsage.

★ ★ ★

Deepwater Girl Wed

Bernadine J. Younk of Deepwater Accounting said "I do" to Ensign David M. Ayars, U.S.N.R., in Miami, Fla., October 23, and then the happy couple departed for the Florida Keys, where Ensign Ayars is stationed, for their honeymoon. Shortly before she left Deepwater, Bunny was presented with a place setting and some additional pieces of silver by her fellow employees, while on her last day at work the girls gave her another wedding gift and served ice cream and cake.



MORE THAN CHARITY

This is the month in which we are asked to buy Christmas Seals, a gift we can buy without creating any danger of inflation.

Christmas Seals are not charity. They are far more than charity. Christmas Seals appeal to the instinct of self protection, as well as to the benevolent impulses of humanity.

Today Christmas Seals do not give relief to those suffering with tuberculosis, nor do they provide hospital care for those who are ill. The annual cost of tuberculosis hospitalization today is approximately 76 million dollars, yet the greatest income ever achieved in one year from the sale of Christmas Seals was only nine million.

Instead of treatment, the Christmas Seals finance a program of prevention. This is a form of insurance in which each of us can participate for our own protection and for the protection of those we love, while at the same time we will be investing our money in an important means of maintaining public health.

The National Tuberculosis Association is the public's guarantee of an adequate program of community protection. It is an organization that does not stick to just one pattern of activity, but changes its program to meet changing needs.

The fundamental aim of Christmas Seals is to finance a program that will develop new methods to meet new problems in the fight

against tuberculosis and will demonstrate the value of these methods so that the taxpayer will gladly support them. Clinics, sanatoria, and public health nursing services were initiated mainly by private anti-tuberculosis organizations. Today they have been largely assumed by government, and we could not do without them.

Tuberculosis still exacts a heavy toll — 60,000 died last year from the disease. It kills more persons between 15 and 45 than any other disease. There is still a great deal in the field of education and demonstration that needs to be done.

So go overboard for as much as you possibly can afford for this worthy cause. You may be doing it for your own good, as well as for the good of those who are nearest and dearest to you.

* * *

Takes Links Titles

Charlie Remsburg of Deepwater walked away with all the laurels in the finals of the DuPont-Penns Grove Country Club handicap and club golf championships, which were held October 3. Charlie only had to go as far as the 32nd hole in both his matches, winning each one by a five up and four to go margin.

At a dinner following the tournament the new titleholder was awarded a \$25 War Bond for coping the club championship and War Savings Stamps for his triumph in the handicap tourney. In addition, Charlie's name now appears on the club trophies for these events, which must be won three times for permanent possession.

Adds a Half Stripe

Fred W. Ramin, formerly of the Tulsa Lab, has been promoted from ensign to lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy. Fred paid a visit to the Yonkers Lab this fall, during which he described some of the problems and difficulties encountered in handling a tank landing craft of the type of which he is in charge. Afterwards Fred wrote regarding his promotion.

"When I arrived back at the base I had a promotion waiting for me, dated August 25, so while I was in New York I was technically a lieutenant (j.g.) and did not know it."

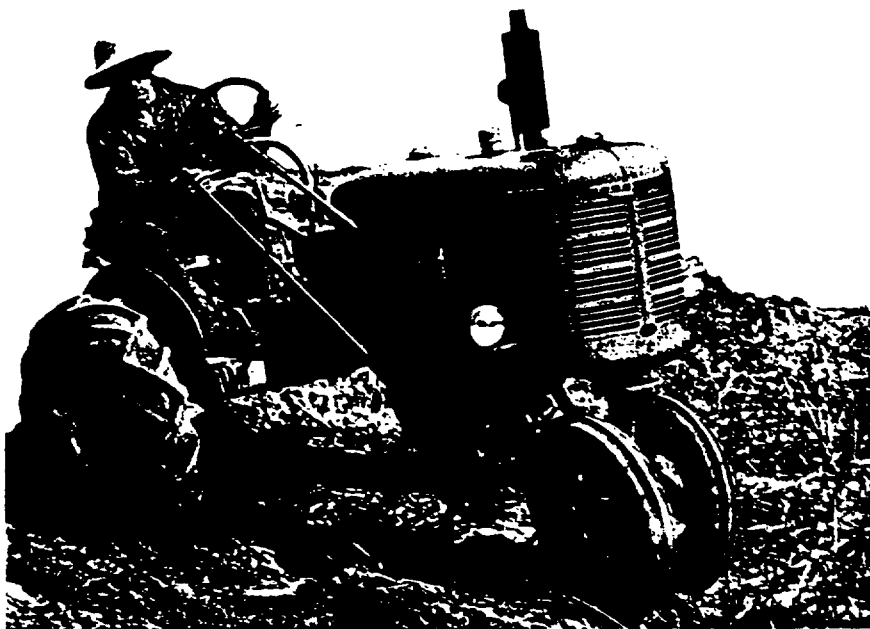
* * *

Dispute Settled

Numerous arguments have raged among the gals on the 35th floor of New York's Chrysler Building in regard to the correct pronunciation of such words as khaki and as to whether or not there is still a mounted cavalry. To put the quietus on such unseemly disputes, Evelyn Johnson, receptionist on that floor, broke out with the following bit of verse:

In the good old days of cavalry
With gleaming sabers drawn,
They used to ride o'er hill and dale,
Clad in *khahki* uniform.
But things have changed since the good old days —
Now everything's quite wacky.
They ride in jeeps o'er hill and dale
And now they're clad in *khaaki*.

Movie For The Farmer



Ethyl is presenting a new farm motion picture, the title of which is "At Your Command." Subtitled "A Report to American Farmers," the movie is just that. It is packed with interesting facts about farm services, better methods of farming, and experiments now being conducted by governmental agencies and private enterprise which will ease the farmer's burden.

Farm groups of various sorts will form the audiences for "At Your Command," and oil companies, tractor companies, the Extension Service, agricultural schools and colleges, granges, and similar organizations, which wish to sponsor showings of the film, can obtain copies from us. So informative is

the picture that it will rate as top flight entertainment with every farm audience.

Audio Productions, Inc., is the producer of "At Your Command," and to make the picture, camera crews of this company have been shooting scenes in many parts of the country. We have had the cooperation of farmers, tractor dealers and manufacturers, research men, oil companies, and the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The result is that farm audiences now can see on the screen many of the new developments which are taking place in agriculture.

Particularly stressed in the picture is the part played by improved farm machinery, especially the high

compression tractor, and better fuels in the improvement of agricultural methods and in the amount of work the farmer can do. This is illustrated by the fact that as short a time ago as 1862 ten persons on farms were producing enough to feed themselves and just about three other people, while today ten farm people produce enough food for themselves and 35 additional persons.

The farmer is told how, if his tractor is not high compression, he can change it over easily and thus obtain much more power and economy of operation by the use of good gasoline as fuel. He is also shown the difference between the limited number of petroleum products of the past, when horse drawn tank wagons used to go slowly from farm to farm, and the great variety for every purpose offered at present, delivered by up-to-date tank trucks.

Many of the services available to the modern farmer are described in detail, as well as numerous experiments which are being conducted for his benefit. Something is even being done about his toughest problem, the weather, with the Army and Navy training thousands of technicians in aerology, the science of finding out about and forecasting the weather. The men of science may thus be able to foretell the weather months ahead of time for the men who grow our food.

A showing of "At Your Command" takes only about twenty minutes, but during those twenty minutes farm audiences should soak up plenty of valuable information.



"At Your Command" illustrates how modern...



labor saving machines and scientific methods...



help the farmer do a bigger and better job.





BARD OF ATLANTA

Most all of us know that Major Stonewall Jackson Warner, formerly of the Atlanta Division, is now in England. But did any of you lads and lassies realize that Jack is some punkins as a poet? Well, goding it, he is, and if you don't believe us, take a look at the following, which comes direct from the British Isles and his gifted pen:

It's only been a year, boys,
A year that passed like four,
Since we sailed over the raging main
To free the world once more.
It's only been a year,
A year but rarely one,
Since we first felt a braw Sot's
blast
And got dunked in an English rain.
Do you remember—

We'd never gone pubbing, we hadn't
drunk tea,
We'd never heard of General Lee.

We thought a quid was something
to chew
And the tail on a Chinaman's head
was a "queue."
We'd never given a WAAF a buzz
And we didn't know what a "round-
about" was.
We hadn't yet eaten our first ton
of spam
And we'd never—oh never—seen
Cheltenham.

Now we are veterans, "browned off"
and wise.
We can cough up our lungs with the
best of these guys.
We've stumbled through blackouts
and swam through fogs
And mushed through mud on pro-
testing dogs.
We've slept on palliasses and sat in
a stall.
Used showers from which gushed
no water at all.
Some by the "hill route" and some
on furlough,
We've visited London and Edin-
burgh.

We've seen Stratford-on-Avon and
Moreton-in-Mud.
Fish paste in sandwiches and hair
on a spud.
We've been out with the WAAFs
and the ATs et al.
The lean and the fat, the short and
the tall.
We've fought in the pubs, where the
tumult resounds,
For a drink, with our tongues hang-
ing out like hounds.
And just as we reached for a "pint
of the prime"
Came the bartender's calloused
"Time, gentlemen, time."

And when we've grown dizzy trying to find
 An address and asked some strange
 gent who looked kind,
 The info he gave us was capped with
 this bit
 Of crowning frustration: "You
 cawn't miss it!"
 We've heard the real Anglo-Saxon
 spoken
 And it certainly differs from that of
 Hoboken,
 But never from Carlisle to Lizard
 Point,
 That noblest of English, "Have one
 on the joint."

Yes, it's only been a year, a year,
 A year that passed like four,
 Since we came over the raging
 main
 To free the world once more.
 And sure we've been treated well,
 And sure we liked our stay,
 But, Mother, keep the oven hot,
 We're coming home one day!

★ ★ ★

Scoop Overlooked

The Bulletin Board missed what was probably the greatest news event to come out of the Midwest this past summer, according to Al Tandrup, Ethyl road tester in St. Louis-on-the-Mizzou. The event occurred when Al and his wife, Helen, became the parents of Alan Wayne Tandrup on July 7.

Alan, who is the first of a new generation of Tandrups, has already had an offer to be assistant road tester for Ethyl in the 1963 road tests in St. Louis. Upon hearing this his pop moaned, "Gad, am I still going to be here then?"

No Longer with Us

Giraud E. Townsend, New York

Eugene King, Detroit

Willene T. Hamilton, Detroit

Jacqueline M. Joseph, Detroit

Dorothea L. Dunning, New York

Ella Maye Buff, Tulsa

Shirley W. Shepherd, Detroit

Edna M. Hanson, New York

Paul J. W. Boehm, New York

Virginia Toner, New York

C. A. McHenry, San Bernardino

Mildred E. Williams, Kansas City

Julia B. Houston, Baton Rouge

Oney H. Cutrer, Baton Rouge

Godfrey E. Fagot, Baton Rouge

Earl J. Blanchard, Baton Rouge

Louis O. Rayborn, Baton Rouge

Lihue S. Hodgeson, Baton Rouge

James P. Barbre, Baton Rouge

M. C. McMillian, Baton Rouge

Mariska C. Faser, Baton Rouge

John T. Holloway, Baton Rouge

Anna J. Wilson, Baton Rouge

Cleo B. Strange, Baton Rouge

Clay Chauvin, Baton Rouge

Lois W. Vincent, Baton Rouge

More Service Stars

Three more of the boys went into service with the armed forces this past month. They are Lou Mock, field engineer with the New York Division; Merritt Morse of the Finance Department, New York, and Ed Asbury of Manufacturing, Baton Rouge. As yet we have no addresses for any of these lads, but when they come in we'll pass them along to you.

Before we give you this month's changes of address, we want to tell you about a censorship restriction which was recently called to our attention. From now until the rule is rescinded we cannot publish the numbers of units serving overseas, the numbers of coast artillery or anti-aircraft units, or the names of ships, because this information in a publication might prove of value to the enemy. However, if you wish to write any of the boys in such units, you can obtain their complete addresses by the simple procedure of writing to the *Bulletin Board*.

So here are the new addresses which we have received this month. Those which are incomplete, due to the above regulation, are marked with an asterisk.

Pvt. George W. Wisener
Co. K, 1st Regt., RTC
Camp Sibert, Ala.

Lt. Arthur S. Brown
935 Blair Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

Corp. William R. Flory
18150872
HBC 39th Bomber Gp.
Davis Field
Tucson, Ariz.

Corp. E. Arnold Webb*
ASN 12193378
A.P.O. 726
Seattle, Wash.

Captain Russell Schell
U. S. Eng.—Federal Bldg.
4305 N. Marlborough Drive
Milwaukee, Wis.

Lt. Ray M. Brown, Jr.
0-758529
Roswell Army Air Field
Roswell, N. M.

Pvt. Isadore P. Belanger
Tr. "A" 3rd Regt.
C.R.T.C. Bldg. 2573
Fort Riley, Kansas

Ensign Christopher S. Bruhl
Naval Eng. Experiment Station
Annapolis, Md.

Pvt. Edward J. Staffel
929 Q.M.P.P.L.
Quartermaster Pet. School
University of Tulsa
Tulsa, Okla.

Ralph W. Hutchinson, SK 3c
c/o Transport Office
Operation LPI
N.A.S.
Norfolk, Va.

Lt. (j.g.) J. A. Cipolla*
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Frank J. Lewis, A.S.
U. S. Navy
Company 1492
Great Lakes, Ill.

Lt. R. W. Richardson, USN
Resident Officer in Charge
Rice Brothers & Co.
Rockport, Texas

Pvt. Carl E. C. Cyriax*
Camp Edwards, Mass.

★ ★ ★

Mail Means Morale

"Everybody in the outfit was feeling kind of low. But then the mail came. And the next day was our second big battle. The mail made a lot of difference in the way that battle went. Everybody went into it feeling good — they had heard from home."

Those are the words of a battle toughened American soldier, recorded by the Army's Special Service Division during an investigation to discover the kind of mail soldiers like to get.

There's such heap big medicine in a V-mail envelope from home that hard boiled Army officials are prepared to use the whole might of the armed forces to assure its delivery. For the first time in the history of war a boy in a slit trench can get his page of ardent nothings from "the girl next door." And with practically peace time speed! Aboard every ship and plane leaving this country goes a shipment of mail. From rear

installations in combat areas, planes shuttle the mail to the most advanced foxhole.

In North Africa one Army post office on a much bombed airfield dug its quarters 15 feet underground. Thousands of former civilian postal clerks, armed with pistols and tommy guns, do their jobs so well that a letter simply addressed to "Tex. Machine Gun Co., Camp Blank" actually reached the right soldier.

Interviews of the Armed Service Forces asked thousands of men what they wanted most in letters from home, and here is the answer:

Family chit-chat, news of friends and home town gossip come first. The boy wants to know how the family is doing financially and that everyone is as busy as beavers on the home front, helping to shorten the war. He wants to know what is happening to his friends in the service — you know more about them than he does. Write him about the girls he knows and who is marrying whom — but watch out if his own girl is going around with other men. In that case, don't say anything.

Write about the town's night life, and what's cooking at some of the spots he used to like. How are the local teams making out? Have you any plans for the future after the war? He wants to know. Tell him that side splitting story you heard recently. Reminisce about the good old days.

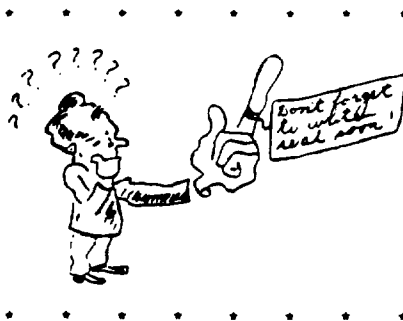
Spare him your worries, as he has plenty of his own. Don't grumble about civilian hardship, for his are a lot worse. Be happy and newsy. Remember that your letter might

be read anywhere, under the most grueling of battle conditions. Check it over — is it fit to be read in a fox-hole?

Don't say you haven't anything to write about. By keeping memos and notes, clipping things from the papers, exchanging information from other letters, etc., you can build up quite a sizeable pile of news to write him, even if nothing out of the ordinary happens to you. Write often, as the more you write the better you will write.

If you're smart, you'll use V-mail for all overseas points. It's much faster and it will be delivered, come hell or high water. If a mail carrying ship is lost, your ordinary letter goes down with it. But V-mail is a photo of your original letter — so they just make another print from the negative and send the duplicate right out again.

All right now, don't just read this, think it is the right dope, and vaguely decide you'll follow these instructions some time in the far distant future. Get out that pen and ink, or sit down at that typewriter — and WRITE!



Wins Her Stripes

Catherine Rowney, formerly of New York Statistical, celebrated Armistice Day by winning her corporal's stripes in the WAC. She is stationed at Madison Barracks, N. Y., and in a recent letter, she said:

"We had our first legitimate snow Wednesday (November 10). I went to Watertown that night to do some shopping. Golly, I felt Christmasy, standing in the snow, my arms full of packages. The Second Battalion just came back from a three day bivouac this A.M. The trucks had a good four inches of snow on them.

"When we get up in the morning the temperature is anywhere from 30 to 50 degrees, depending on how the fire survived during the night. We are undergoing a conditioning program, the general idea of which is — it will either kill or cure you. If I can live through a summer in Arkansas and a winter in Madison Barracks, I can live through anything."

Catherine describes in detail her activities at Madison Barracks in a letter which appears in this month's Victory Mail.

★ ★ ★

Hello, Lab!

Lieutenant Idan Flaa and Captain Karl Kuhn were recent visitors at the Detroit Lab. Idan, who was formerly with the Chicago Division, is an Army Ordnance inspector at the Cadillac plant in Detroit, while Karl, who left the Lab to go into the service, is with the Army Air Forces at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

WAR DEPARTMENT
HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT NUMBER TWO
FOURTH SERVICE COMMAND
FORT BRAGG, N. C.

27 September 1943

Ethyl-Dow Chemical Company
Kure Beach
Wilmington, North Carolina

Gentlemen:

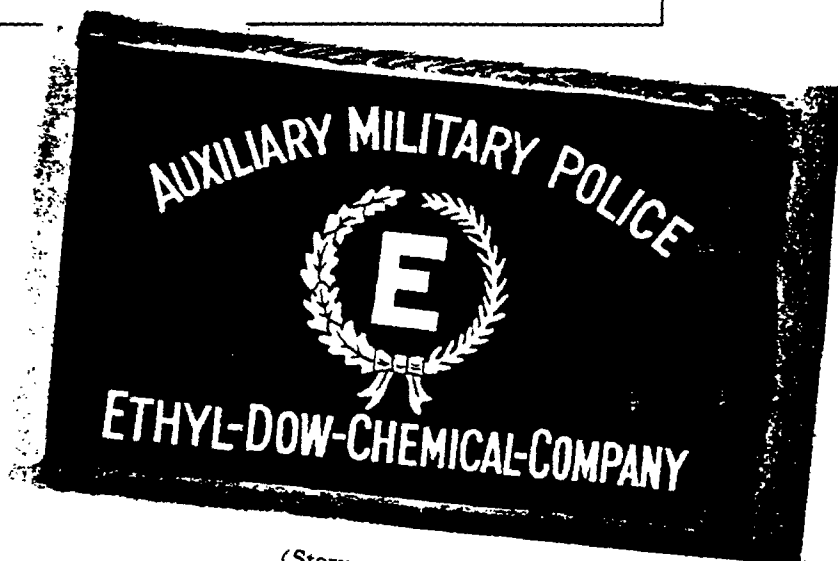
I am pleased to advise you that pursuant to provisions of Paragraph 7 (3), Circular No. 15, War Department, Washington 17 March 1943, upon the recommendation of Captain Landon M. Gentry, your Plant Guard officer, concurred in by the Commanding Officer of this headquarters, Major General William Bryden, Commanding General, Fourth Service Command, Atlanta, Georgia, has awarded you a plant guard guidon, as provided in said regulations, on account of the outstanding and excellent achievements of your guard force in the matter of training, appearance, efficiency, and general cooperation.

The guidon has a green field, trimmed with gold or yellow fringe, with "Auxiliary Military Police" and the name of the plant and the letter "E" centered in a laurel wreath, in gold or yellow letters.

Congratulations upon the outstanding and excellent achievement of your plant guard force.

Yours very truly,

William S. Fritchard
WILLIAM S. FRITCHARD
Colonel, P. A.
Commanding



(Story and pictures on following three pages)

ETC 06069



Plant Guard at attention

KURE BEACH WINS



Colonel Pritchard speaks

The Ethyl-Dow plant at Kure Beach was the first plant in North Carolina and one of the first in the country to receive the Army's Plant Guard Guidon for the excellent achievements of its Auxiliary Military Police Plant Guard force and plant protective facilities.

The award was made by Major General William Bryden, commanding general of the Fourth Service Command, and the guidon was presented October 21 by Colonel Wil-

MILITARY POLICE



The guidon is presented

ETHYL PLANT AWARD

William S. Pritchard, commanding officer of District Number 2, Fourth Service Command, at a ceremony attended by plant employees, their families and friends.

Glenn Cantwell, plant manager, was master of ceremonies at the presentation and W. L. "Bud" Tisdale, superintendent of plant protection, accepted the guidon. At the conclusion of the ceremony the singing of "America" was led by E. N. Grubbs of Ethyl-Dow.

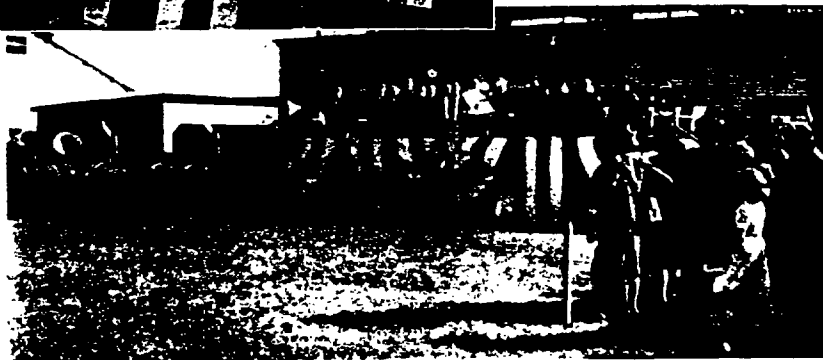


"Bud" Tisdale accepts the guidon



Left: Glenn Cantwell
was master of
ceremonies

Right: E. N. Grubbs
leads singing of
"America"



Below: Music by the Fourth AAATC Band of Fort Fisher, N. C.



Below: Army officers inspect the Plant Guard



Sedrick L. Barker, who drives the delivery truck for the Shipping Department at Detroit, moved to the Motor City from his birthplace, Fort Scott, Kansas, at any early age. He graduated from Cass Technical High School in 1929 and then worked for a number of years in the house wrecking business, coming to Ethyl from the Fulton Wrecking Company. Sedrick's favorite diversions are fishing, bowling, and gardening. He has a son, Raymond, who is eight years old.



Helen Organ of the New York Mailroom is a member of the Hastings Girls Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps of Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., which won three first prizes in the fourth annual competition held in Yonkers, N. Y., by the Catholic Slovak Sokol Fife and Drum Corps of Most Holy Trinity Parish. The Hastings girls were the best senior Corps in the fife, drum and bugle classification, the best appearing senior corps, and the best girl corps.

Helen, despite her name, does not play the organ, but she beats a snappy bass drum for the Hastings girls.

Corps, both male and female, from New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut took part in the contest, which was witnessed by about 1,000 persons.



Marian George, stenographer in the Purchasing Department at Detroit, was born in Milwaukee, Wis. After graduating from St. Mary's of the Woods College in Terre Haute, Ind., she studied for a year at Milwaukee Teachers College. She then moved to Detroit, where she taught for a while in the city's public schools. Her favorite spare time activities are bridge, knitting, reading and hiking.

Bread On The Water

Louie Wilson, Kansas City Division field engineer who makes his headquarters in St. Louis, included in a letter to Harold Berg, manager of his division:

"Thought you might be interested in the following, as it helps in a check of our meetings which are given from time to time.

"When I drove to Springfield, Ill., this past week for a meeting with the Studebaker people I pulled into a Goodyear Super Service station to purchase gasoline. The attendant greeted me by name and expressed his thanks for the information given him at a meeting held with the Carter Carburetor Corporation school over two years ago."

Which goes to show that if you cast your bread upon the waters, it will return to you again after many days.

★ ★ ★

Lab Goes Over the Top

Prior to the Third War Loan Drive, the following telegram was received at the Detroit Lab:

"AT THE DIRECTION OF MR. HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR., SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY, THE WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE IS HEREBY PLACING A QUOTA FOR THE THIRD WAR LOAN ON ALL EMPLOYEES OF ETHYL CORPORATION OF \$21,000.00 IN SERIES "E" WAR SAVINGS BONDS—ISSUE PRICE—OVER AND ABOVE THE NORMAL PURCHASE ON

THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN.

"IN ORDER THAT PROPER CREDIT CAN BE GIVEN AGAINST QUOTA, PURCHASES WILL HAVE TO BE MADE BETWEEN SEPTEMBER 1ST AND 30TH, AND ALL CASH AND BOND STUBS MUST BE IN THE HANDS OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK BEFORE OCTOBER 1ST.

"THE MAGNIFICENT COOPERATION THAT HAS BEEN GIVEN THE TREASURY BY LABOR AND MANAGEMENT UP TO NOW GIVES ASSURANCE TO THEIR GOVERNMENT THAT THE THIRD WAR LOAN WILL BE A SUCCESS.

"FRANK N. ISBEY, CHAIRMAN, UNITED STATES TREASURY WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE FOR MICHIGAN."

As a result the Lab went over the top in the drive to the extent of 194.5 percent of the quota set by the War Finance Committee. Bonds purchased by Detroit Ethyl employees during the drive totaled \$40,850 over and above purchases made through the regular payroll deduction plan. Nice work, Detroit!

★ ★ ★

On To Washington

Ollie Jones of the Safety Department, who makes his headquarters in New York, has gone to Washington. He has been temporarily assigned to the Petroleum Administration for War, Refinery Division, for work on a special project.



Louis J. Volz

Anniversary Awards

Louis J. Volz of the Finance Department, New York, is the only 15-year pin winner this past month. Lou came to us from the American Bond & Mortgage Company. A native New Yorker, he was educated at Columbia University, where he specialized in accounting and business law, and at New York University.

Lou lives in Greenwich, Conn. He is an ardent golfer and frequently tours the links in the seventies.

There are no ten-year veterans for the month, but five have passed the five year milestone. They are John S. Day and Floyd L. Smith of Manufacturing, Baton Rouge; Eunice C. Sauls, Finance Department, New York; Ethel Mischnick, Gasoline Testing, San Bernardino; and Helen S. Rousseau, Sales, Kansas City Div.

Maples Mauled

In the Detroit Lab bowling league the Dynamometers, as we write this, are leading the Power Jets by a hair — Larry, be so good as to go get that hair so we can check on it. Both teams have won 18 games and lost 12, but the Dynamometers have a team average of 734 and have scored 26 points while the Power Jets' average is 730 and they have only 24 points, so that accounts for the hair.

Merrill Doughty, with a 173 average, has taken over the individual top spot from Bill Lewis, whose average game is 168. Claude Hoffman, however, is the big single and triple man, with a 243 score for his best game and 629 in his best series.

That blonde bombshell, Jewel Ahonen, is still leading the lady pinners, but Phyllis Jones is giving her a tough battle. Phyllis, with an average of 138, is just one point behind Jewel's 139. Jewel leads the high single scorers with a 180 game, while Phyllis' 473 triple is tops in that department.

★ ★ ★

Detroit Bride

Mildred Plate, chemist in the Gas Testing Lab at Detroit, on September 18 was the bride of Mark Sheldon Putnam in a ceremony which was performed in the Nardin Park Methodist Episcopal Church in Detroit. After the wedding the couple left for a honeymoon trip to Indiana. Mildred's husband is employed by the Dow Chemical Company in Midland, Mich.



Ellen D. Simpson, attractive native of Wilmington, Del., joined the Deepwater plant personnel in September and helps with the handling of drum card records. She is fond of reading, sewing and dancing.



Louise Jensen of the Finance Department, New York, is a native of Manhattan and attended Washington Irving High School in that borough. She came to Ethyl from the Air Reduction Sales Company. Tennis, swimming, and the theatre are her favorite pastimes. She is also fond of dogs and has a cocker spaniel of her own.

Corporal John McMaster, formerly of the Finance Department, New York, recently received his parachute wings from the Marine Air Corps. John, who is stationed with the Paramarines at the San Diego, Calif., Marine Air Base, took his basic training at Parris Island, S. C., and at New River, N. C. He also spent some time with the Marine Air Corps at Fort Worth, Texas, before joining the Paramarines. John's home town is Cranford, N. J. For this picture of him the Bulletin Board is indebted to Miss Gertrude Rogers of Bayonne, N. J., his fiancée.



Margaret Ann Anderson, one of the prettier residents of Wilmington, Del., is a new laboratory technician at Deepwater. When her husband was recently inducted into the armed forces, Margaret Ann decided she should do her bit toward speeding the end of the war, so she came to work for Ethyl. In her recreational program sports come first.



Martin Sloan helps to keep Deepwater Accounting records straight. He came originally from the City of Brotherly Love — Philadelphia to you, chum — but for several years has resided in Penns Grove, N. J. Whenever he has a moment to spare, you will find Martin scampering about the tennis court.

John F. Sullivan, accountant in the Finance Department, New York, lives in the Fordham section of the Bronx with his wife and two children, Clare, 11, and Anthony, 5. He attended Morris High School and Eastman-Gaines Business School, both in New York, and he came to Ethyl from the New York office of the International Paper Company. Fishing is by far his favorite form of relaxation.



A. Norman Stradley is a new blender operator at Deepwater. Norman has lived all his life in Penns Grove, N. J., so he was among friends when he went to work with the Ethyl boys and gals. In his leisure time he is a wood carver of some skill.



Lynn Phillips and wife, at left, enjoy the sunshine in Mexico with Hershel and Elizabeth Medlin and the two Phillips kiddies, Morton and Sylvia. Lynn is our Mexican representative and Elizabeth Medlin was formerly secretary to Lou Shank, Tulsa Division manager. The picture was snapped while the Medlins were vacationing in Mexico last September.



The lovely lady with the dreamy eyes is Opal Irene Shaler, new secretary to Lou Shank, manager of the Tulsa Division. Opal is a native of Kentucky, was educated in Missouri, and then migrated to Oklahoma, where she worked in the Refining Department of the Phillips Petroleum Company for three and a half years before joining Ethyl. She devotes a lot of her spare time to study and hopes this will result in her becoming a certified public accountant within a year or so.



VICTORY MAIL



Dear Bulletin Board:

Due to several changes of address in quick succession, I have just received your letter of August 20. In fact I received the September issue of the *Bulletin Board* on Friday, October 15, and the letter of August 20 today, October 17.

Thanks very much for the addresses I asked for. I hope I am able to get in touch with the boys before they are shifted around much the same way as I have been.

As you have already guessed by the heading, I am "somewhere in England." That is just exactly as definite as I can possibly be as to my location. I can't even be that definite as to what I'm doing. However, it is the most interesting work I could be doing in the Army insofar as dull moments are concerned. They just don't exist. Then too there are lots of places of interest to visit during off duty hours and on days off. I'm sorry that I can't mention even a few but to do so would only give the poor censor some extra work.

Try as I may, I actually can't think of anything to write that censorship regulations would permit. For the first time in my life I find there are many things I could say that would go toward making a letter of some little interest at least. However, I have no way of expressing myself except via letter and censorship is so strict that about all one can say is that "I'm fine. Hope you are the same. etc."

True to tradition, the English as a whole seem to be somewhat reserved, but once started they are for the most part walking encyclopedias. They still insist on calling kerosene "paraffin" and gasoline "petrol" but they display the Ethyl trademark with pride regardless of what is the correct name of the product it soups up.

I seem to have run down for the present, so I'll close, wishing all of you the best of everything. Will appreciate a line from anyone who can find time to write.

Sgt. Leonard E. Massey
38200219
A.P.O. 635
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Baton Rouge)



Time in the Army passes like time passes in no other place; it passes without unwarranted ado or commotion, but when it has passed, one realizes with a shock that the thousand and one things he had meant to do in that interval were left undone. Perhaps this is because one is kept constantly busy, and when leisure time is available, there is a tendency to cast off personal obligations with the philosophy "Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow." This is not intended to be an excuse for my not writing to you sooner—merely an explanation, and an inadequate one at that.

Today, however, I received my copy of the *Bulletin Board*. One can stave off one's conscience just so long, then it backfires. "Rowney," I said to myself in a severe voice, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?" "Yes," I answered meekly, reaching for paper and pen.

Ergo, this epistle.

I am stationed at Madison Barracks. Geographically, Madison Barracks is located on Lake Ontario, about nine miles from Watertown, the metropolis of northern New York (so says the radio). Practically no one has ever heard of Madison Barracks; when asked where we are stationed now, we merely say "near Pine Camp."

Madison Barracks is a small, permanent post—a very beautiful post. The grandeur of the surrounding scenery is unparalleled. Autumn here was magnificent; I shall never forget it.

Right now the post is host to the 343 Medical Regiment, a unit which has just completed its basic training. When it will move out, and who will move in, is a constant source of some very interesting rumors.

The incorporated village of Sackets Harbor lies a short mile from camp. The War of 1812 was fought here, or at least that is what the natives would have you believe. I think they are prejudiced.

Watertown is the Saturday night rendezvous. I still contend Jerkwatertown would be a more appropriate name. Strictly a soldier town, a boom town—



Catherine Rowney

noisy, gaudy, crowded. I heartily detest the place.

Fortunately there are such things as week-end passes. Therefore we do manage to get to civilization now and then, such as Utica and Syracuse. The latter is by far the more preferable of the two. Quite a town, Syracuse. But that is another story.

Last night we drove to Mexico, a town near Oswego. And wonder of wonders, we had a banana split with real bananas, and real ice cream, and real whipped cream! Which proves that life can be beautiful.

Every day in every way we are preparing for the winter which inexorably must come. From all observations, winters in this north country are terrific. Someone was telling about a party she went to last St. Valentine's Day and mentioned too casually, that it was 50 degrees below zero. I asked another native about it. He waved his hand disdainfully. "That," he said, "was an exception. Actually it seldom gets colder than 30 or 40 below." (See what I mean?)

Ever since July there has been a constant inflow of WACS at Madison Bar-

racks. As the WACS come, the men of the station complement go out. There is no office now which does not employ at least one WAC, and at the hospital they are doing a marvelous job.

I work for the Quartermaster. For me it is an entirely new field, one which I have grown to like very much. Supply in the Army is fascinating. Ruth Lange, the girl I work with, and I feel very proud of ourselves these days. We have been given complete charge of inventory, from the physical count in the warehouses to the sending in of innumerable reports to the depot. And what is more, the inventory has been coming out better than ever. Another QM friend of mine has just been put in charge of the clothing warehouse. Quite a responsible job.

One hears quite a lot about Army routine. It is routine, I suppose, but far from dull. If anything, I find it too eventful. One has hardly time to catch one's breath before something else happens. This is true not only at work but in extra curricular activities.

Someone just brought me some bread and cheese. Delicious! I love cheese, and one gets so little of it these days, what with rationing and everything. Someday, when the war is over, I am going to sit down and eat cheese and bread until I can't look cheese in the face again. Oh, happy day!

Please say hello to everyone in the office and wish them a happy Hallowe'en.

Pfc. Catherine Rowney
1214 SCSU-W
Madison Barracks, N. Y.
(formerly of New York)



Only five months and I now know what is meant by getting "salty." The first ship I was ever assigned to turned out to be the old Spanish-American War gunboat *Wheeling*. This old ship still has her engines in running condition as they were back in 1878 when she was built. The officers' bunks are so small

you have to sleep with your knees bent—guess the seamen of those days grew shorter.

My stay in San Francisco was short lived as I only saw that sunshine state for a week when I flew back to New York for some more experience and training. After seeing how these boats are made and then taking one out in 13-foot waves for 16 hours I can personally assure you they are as sweet a warship as was ever commissioned in this man's Navy.

At the Navy Yard I was introduced to warships of all classes in our Navy as well as a British battle wagon and a French counterpart.

One manufacturer of our equipment is so sincere in placing his name on everything that when I was finally detached I congratulated myself for having shoved off without having the manufacturer tattoo my chest with his trade name.

It's strange how these different cities will affect a service man. Now for example in San Francisco you want to fill your coin pocket with pennies because everything is odd priced, and since most men coming ashore have money in round numbers after being to sea, the stores soon run low on their pennies. Then in Cheyenne I dared to cash a bill for a novelty I mailed to my boy, Paul, and the change they gave me almost kept me from getting back aboard our DC-3 because of the extra weight in silver dollars. Then in Chicago as well as Detroit you find the transportation employees shake their heads negatively when you start to dig down for carefare.

Now in that big city of New York you find the one prerequisite is a pocket full of nickels and a finesse for getting one out in a hurry and accurately placing it in the slot before the people behind you bend you right over the turnstile—and all with that deadpan look of superior indifference. If you want to get around that underground city, be sure never to question a native, but find somebody who has been there about three months and can still remember his problems. One day trying to get to the Navy Yard from

New Jersey I was down there in those tubes so long that when I finally came out in the daylight I knew how a groundhog must feel.

This hard Yankee country is all I'd ever heard it was and those North Atlantic squalls have been right up to form. When I see a fine "farm style" house with offset gables I think of Jim Boudreau and all our safety truck activities, but when I first saw the Navy Yard and the controls in a warship I thought of you and how you would enjoy such complete engineering freedom.

There's so much I'd like to tell you of what my future duties will entail, but all that must wait. Meantime, suffice it to say that my work promises to be a 24-hour a day job but packed with interesting duties and working with the greatest bunch of men you can imagine.

Here at this sea duty base are officers and men who nonchalantly go around just as plain and straightforward as any others, even though those same men have been written up in our big name magazines. For example I met Allen Harris, son of our own Cary Harris. Allen is a well seasoned seaman, and when you question him about his famous sea duty he simply waves you off with a disarming gesture so typical of the sort of pioneers we've had in our big little warship called a PT.

One of the high points of my coast to coast trip was the visit to our New York office. I had to come all that way to get to the Chrysler Building and then have the elevator operator close both doors on me as the starter was directing me into the car. It sure is a good thing they have two doors so that if the outside set doesn't catch you in the middle the inner doors will, and in my case did. But seriously it was good to see the New York office and to learn how completely our company is in the fight and doing, as usual, a big job.

Down in the engine room with the din of driving pistons and burning 100 octane fuel and then out at the helm, wheeling all that horsepower with the flip of a wrist,

you realize the significance of our super high compression engines and their fuel.

No longer can I say I haven't shot a gun since I've been in the service, because I've now been firing regularly all the ordnance commonly known, even to the latest type "fish" (torpedoes).

By the time you have this writing I'll be on my flight back to San Francisco and taking care of my last continental duty before tasting the salt of the Pacific.

Best wishes to everyone and say a good word to the bunch back at the Oil Men's Club.

Lieut. (j.g.) Torbin F. Yates
Motor Torpedo Boat Training Center
Melville, R. I.
(formerly of Chicago)



I am sorry not to have written sooner —I have thought of it many times but it seems nothing exciting seems to happen out on the Kansas front. Offhand it looks as if I am going to fight this war out here in the middle of the wheat and dust.

How are things going at the office? I hope you are not still saving those Canadian tank cleaning jobs for me.

It looks as if I, too, have caught the fever and have gotten myself engaged. The big event takes place at Russell, Kansas, on December 2, and we are combining honeymoon with furlough to visit my folks at Daytona Beach, Fla. I'm warning you — there will be a trail of Black & White bottles from Missouri to Florida. Needless to say both Ruth and I are most happy over our coming marriage, and I for one wonder why I didn't step off long ago. It looks as if it took a war and a town with a population of 5,000 to really get me moving.

Otherwise things are about the same— I devote little time to propeller these days, but spend most of my time as hangar chief, in charge of about 150 mechanics to whom I play the dual role of chaplain and nursemaid. I passed the

board on a direct commission with flying colors and while my papers were in Washington being processed, an order came through, stopping all papers in process.

Please give my best to the gang, and since announcements will no doubt be sent out this year in lieu of Christmas cards, let me take this opportunity to wish you, Roy, and the boys a Merry Christmas. Meanwhile, I would appreciate getting the latest dope from Roy or yourself.

T/Sgt. D. Frank Hayes
32304185
518th Serv. Sqdn.
Walker Army Air Field
Victoria, Kansas
(formerly of New York)



Dear Gang:

I was interested in the letter from Major Ed Rothman in the August 14 service men's letter. He seems to have covered a lot of the same part of the world that we have, except from the land side. We have been in Mediterranean waters (the censor says it's OK) since last May and have managed to get around quite a bit.

The coast lines and cities of North Africa, Sicily, and Italy are indeed beautiful. One would have to search a long time to find another port city like Palermo, set in a valley with sheer mountains rising on every side. Unfortunately the beauties of many of the cities don't stand up under close scrutiny due to a combination of the havoc and poverty caused by the war.

Someday I would like to return to these waters under different circumstances on a ship at least as big as the *Normandie* and have time to really see the sights.

Mail has finally caught up with us and arrives about a month late. It took three months for the first mail to arrive after we sailed for these parts. The *Bulletin*

Board I enjoy very much. I have received several letters from the Andersons and understand that Merrill has at last graduated from diesels to gasoline engines. I am still stuck with the former, but I will admit that they do a good job in this type of operation.

When I read of the Victory gardens you people have my mouth waters, since fresh vegetables and fresh meat are on the "don't have" list here, although we had one big orgy a little over six weeks ago. A supply ship happened to reach a port that we were in, and somebody from the SC fleet got the word. We boarded her before she had a chance to drop anchor and, by working most of the night, came out with such luxuries as Long Island duckling, sirloin steak, and crates of all manner of fresh vegetables. We ate like kings for two weeks.

I imagine that it will not be too many months before I get back to the States for a visit. If I do, I hope that I can find a way of dropping by the Lab to see you good people.

Lt. (j.g.) Herbert C. Sumner
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.
(formerly of Detroit)



Thank you very much for your letter of 5 October. I also want to thank you for seeing to it that the *Bulletin Board* and *Ethyl News* reach me. They both are now correctly addressed and arrive in reasonably good time and condition. While I am not completely in the dark re Ethyl activities due to those two publications, an occasional letter seems to personalize the news. The news in the present instance seems both good and bad. Well, they say "contrast is the spice of life."

Certainly hope it will be possible for me to find a train or plane reservation and a hotel room when I return to the States. It would seem that next summer may find me there with the chance of a few days or hours leave (I hope). If

so will certainly look forward to stopping in to see you all. I cannot begin to tell you how busy I find myself these days. It never ceases to amaze me just how much we can stand when we have to. We have to continuously these days. Leave of any sort is unheard of—liberty, for even a few hours, is very rare. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, we all prefer it just that way.

Noted that the October issue of the *Bulletin Board* carried a letter from Charlie Towery—pardon, Lieutenant (j.g.)—in which he wished to be remembered to me. Please convey my thanks for the thought and pass along my best to him. If he can find the time, I would like to hear from him. Wonder what happened to Russ Schell—he used to be able to write. Have heard from several of the Ethyl family who are seeing to it that we receive the “stuff”—for which I thank them.

Received two Christmas parcels from the Ethyl Corporation which I shall enjoy unwrapping on 25 December and for which I wish to thank everyone concerned very much.

As letters go, this may be rather a poor example, but for me it is to say the least unusual in that I could find the time to write more than a line or two. Would that I could write of my work and duties, as I am certain they would amuse and interest you. However, common sense and censorship forbid that, so will try to remember much of them until this little affair out here in the Pacific has been taken care of.

Well, wars aren't won by writing letters, so for now please remember me to all who remember me.

Gerald Forsdick, C.Sp. (G)
Gunnery School, NAS
Navy No. 14
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.
(formerly of New York)



About Victory Mail

Contributions to the Victory Mail have been falling off during recent months. We are sorry to see this, as Victory Mail is an interesting feature because it lets Ethylmen everywhere know what Ethylmen and Ethylgirls in the armed services are doing.

We know that the boys and girls in uniform have far too much to do to take time out to write letters to the *Bulletin Board*. But they often write letters to their friends, and these friends would be doing the rest of us a real service if they would forward to us for publication under Victory Mail letters from service people which are not too personal, or excerpts from letters.

Let's cooperate for more Victory Mail!

The boss of the Grant household is Carol Ann, eight months old daughter of Lieutenant Glen Grant of the U. S. Marines, formerly a field engineer with the Seattle Division. They say Carol Ann looks more like her daddy than he does himself.



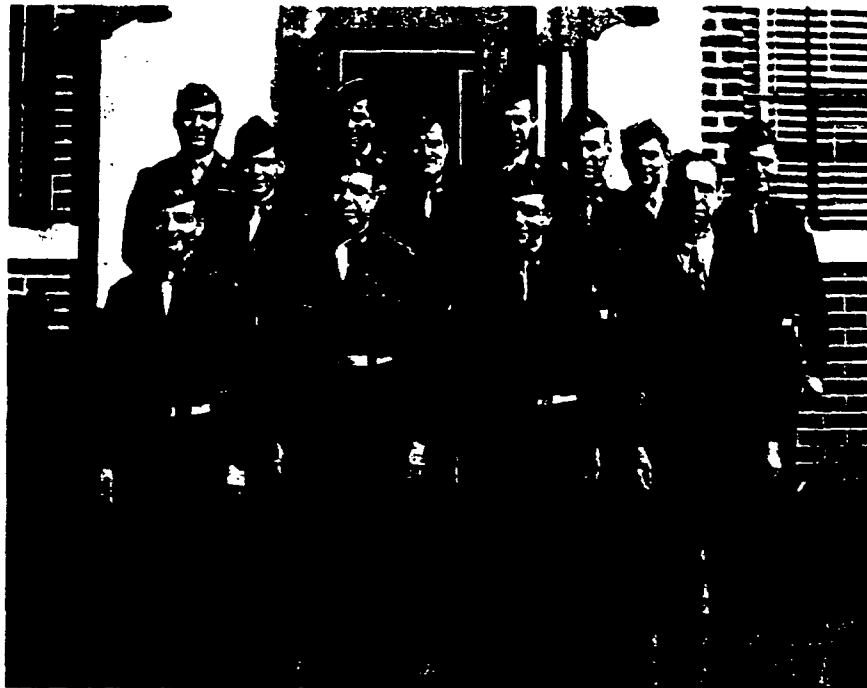
William P. Comes of the Finance Department, New York, comes (no pun intended) to Ethyl from the United States Army—he was with an anti-aircraft unit at Camp Stewart, Ga., when he received his medical discharge. He is a graduate of St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H. Before entering the Army he was with the British Purchasing Commission. Skiing and fishing are his favorite forms of recreation.



Esther Stapley Lyman was secretary to Julian Gonzalez for three years. Then she left the company for the birth of her daughter, Edith Stapley Lyman. But with her husband an Army technician, she found she missed the world of business, so now she is back with Ethyl, working in Order & Shipping, New York. Esther is a graduate of Vassar College. She commutes daily all the way from Stratford, Conn., which is just outside Bridgeport. Her favorite pastime these days is knitting socks for her husband, and her long train ride gives her lots of time for this.

Evelyn D. Bain of the Finance Department, New York, commutes to the Chrysler Building from Jamaica, Long Island. She attended high school in Baldwin, Long Island, and took a course at the Elliott-Fisher school in New York. Before joining Ethyl she was with General Foods for 14 years. For recreation she likes to bowl, cook, and go out to the old ball game.





The Tulsa Lab is conducting an Aviation Fuel Knock Testing School for the Army, and this is the first class to be graduated. The second class is now taking instruction. The men, some of whom are from the Quartermaster Corps and some from the Engineers Corps, will staff laboratories outside the continental United States. The gentleman on the right in civilian clothes is Elmer Mahlke of the Tulsa Lab, who is instructing the boys. The officer at the left in the front row is Captain Fred P. Robinson, who is in charge of both the course we are giving and another course in petroleum testing which is being conducted by the University of Tulsa.

N. Y. Girls Open Pin Season

Nine girls from the New York Office started the bowling balls rolling the evening of November 3. The girls expect to make this a regular Wednesday evening procedure throughout the winter and hope that the group will eventually grow large enough so that a league can be formed. Some of the first night group had never bowled before, while others bowl regularly on other evenings.

Those who attended the initial session on the alleys were Justine Bikely, Virginia McGill, Adele Wolin, Helen Brandt, Dee Dunning, Edna Blakley, Rita Reymont, Mariette Jacobson, and Marguerite MacDonald.

The scores? Well, to be brutally frank about it, the less said about those opening scores, the better. But with a little practice we feel confident the girls will do better.