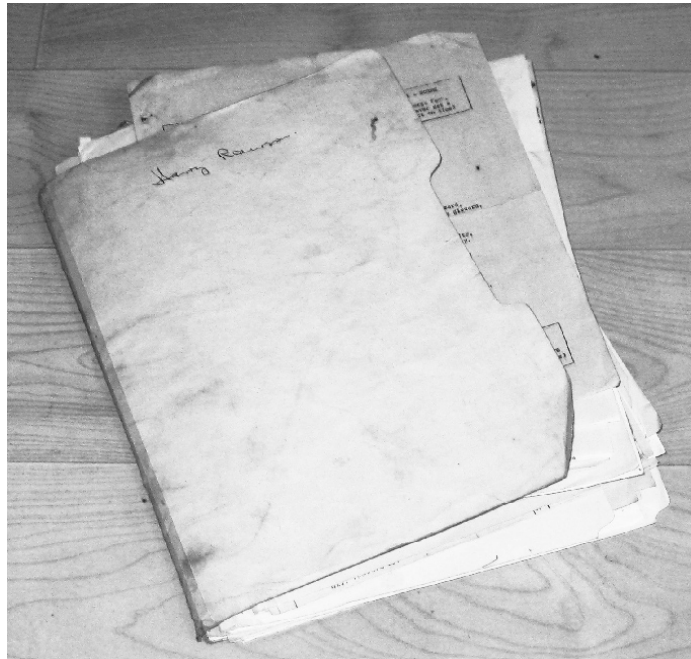


A LIMEY AT HEART

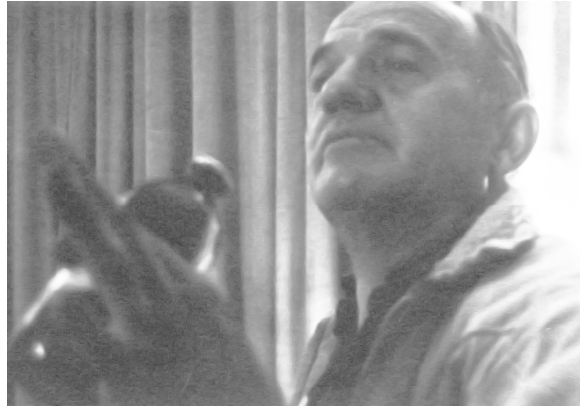
NOT FOR POSTING



Harry Ransom.

A LIMEY AT HEART

NOT FOR POSTING



'Harry' Rawson, in after-work pause for reflection and soon off to the typewriter.
(*AR*, ca. 1969)

1.	Introduction	1
2.	Canadian Years	12
3.	"God Bless United Airlines"	23
4.	1969 Union Shop Steward Reports	43
5.	Later Years	71
6.	Retirement and Final Poem	81
7.	Epilogue – to the sea once more	84

introduced and edited by Alan Rawson
Chimacum, Washington

Alan's Introduction – December 2020

Take a look at the image on the title page of this collection — a grimy fingered, smudged-up file folder containing over two hundred equally smudged, ragged, spindled, jammed-in, typed pages, Dad's lifelong collection of after-hours writing.

Many years after he died, I found this in the top drawer of a large, wooden, homemade chest which held his work things that came home when he retired and found a year-round dry spot to reside on the dirt floor of our San Carlos daylight basement. Previously, it (or some such) had been kept at the various places he'd worked throughout his 55 years in the trade. The bulk of its lower contents was stuffed with a finger-polished assortment of unusual hammers with strange heads, sheet metal squares and angle measuring things, scribes, center punches, various broken drills and milling bits, a few clamps, wrenches, inside and outside calipers, micrometer, dial indicator, a spoke wrench or two, screwdrivers, socket stuff, etc. — all accented with a grimy sprinkling of metal shavings, mixed in with a few cigarette butts here and there. Never one to discard anything, most tools were still usable in some fashion. The shallow top drawer was reserved for more personal things, a 1955 studio portrait of a wife and two young children, various small keepsakes, and a few other photo snaps — along with this heavily work-scented portfolio of personality I had yet to fully appreciate.

Only two years after bringing this home, Dad died in his sleep while camping in the Pacific Northwest with Mum. I was 27 and starting the first week of my college teaching career, 1500 miles away, in Moorhead, Minnesota, when the shocking phone call came that Saturday morning. With other members from the SF Bay Area, the family converged in Port Townsend in less than 24 hours, to make hasty arrangements and assist Mum's return with car and trailer. A week later, I was back in the Midwest, taking up where I'd left off, still stunned and grief stricken at the loss — as we all were.

But things have a way of working out, and life moves on. Within two years, my mother, who had never before driven a car — let alone one pulling a 2000 lbs trailer — had gotten a license (after student and teacher immersed unscathed from a totaled driver training school car), and she was soon to be on the road again behind the wheel of a monster Buick Le Sabre, complete with “kitchen sink,” as Mum and Dad used to sneer at on the highways of their tent camping days! — they had since given over and spoiled to the convenience of towed luxuries.

That tool chest had already been in the basement 2 years, unopened, as it would remain for another 22 before I noticed the folder within while sorting things for the family move to Washington. Briefly thumbed through and skimmed with amusement, it was then stuffed into a large envelope and boxed for another 17 years dormancy . . . until last month.

Let me now introduce you to the rather unusual author of its pages.

Harold Rawson (aka Harry, 1914 – 1981) began his apprenticeship at age 14, in 1928, and spent the next five years learning the trade of building motorcycles. Let go in 1933 due to “trade conditions,” he soon found fully paid employment in aircraft production, via Bristol Aeroplane Company for three years and then went on to Supermarine in Woolston, in 1936, with whom he built Spitfires by day and manned anti-aircraft rockets by night during WW2 (when not standing by, buckets of sand at the ready, to put out incendiary-ignited roof fires).

He was on site during two, massive daylight formation attacks, reducing the Woolston plant to rubble, in the first few months of the Blitz, and on one of those, a story was told. Hearing the screaming sound of bombs falling, he dove under a truck which, from the massive concussion, rolled away like a play-toy, leaving him completely unscathed to stand and dust off. Many others weren't so lucky.

But the Spitfires kept coming, and Dad was part of that amazing story of workers dispersed throughout the south of England, to garages and small shops, to continue doing their bit and produce planes piecemeal in the thousands. It was around that time that Mum and Dad began their courtship. They were married in early 1941, and had their first child that October while living in Salisbury. Once Hitler's attention turned eastward, and bombing became more an indiscriminate terror tactic across the country, they returned to Woolston — for sure Mum and infant Brian did, living with Ethyl Rawson (Dad's mother).



Souvenir incendiary from Gran Rawson's Woolston roof, kept forever after it was smothered, under the kitchen sink to go with her special-edition, page after page of endless columns in tiny print, first-out newspaper list of those reported killed on day one of the Somme Offensive, July 1916.

The family was together after the war, and moved to Gosport, across from Portsmouth Naval Shipyard (home of Lord Nelson's Victory – which was at anchor in those years, used as a floating office). Sister Patricia was born there in 1949, while Dad continued with Supermarine.

1951 and five years on, Britain was still in the bleak, early period of post-war recovery. Food Rationing books were still the order of the day, when came a fully-paid opportunity to relocate, family and all, with A.V. Roe Canada Ltd. (aka AVRO, an aircraft plant in Toronto that started in 1945 and within thirteen years became the third-largest company in Canada, one of the largest 100 companies in the world, directly employing over 50,000).

Though serious doubts prevail in a first letter back to England (pg. 11), excitement soon took hold in Avro's experimental prototype department, making use of his skills in sheet metal and airframe fabrication, now augmented with ground-breaking research in jet engines – in both hands-on work, and planning and organization. The Iroquois engine – completely Canadian built – took him to Hudson Bay for six adventurous months of testing in arctic conditions as it approached production certification (the family stayed home – darn!).

Eight happy years brought prosperity, a succession of colorful family cars, a home purchase with all the trimmings, washing machine, refrigerator (to replace the ice chest), their first TV, and – best of all – a family upright piano. Dad had taken piano lessons throughout his childhood and became quite good, especially at playing by ear. During the war, he was the classic image of the pub piano player, surrounded by friends in joyous sing-song. He might have gone further in classical skills, had not the competing youthful passion for motorbikes nabbed off the end of a pinky while making primary chain adjustments one day on a running machine, up on center-stand – all that remained was the fingernail base which continued to grow fully around the remaining tip (like a thimble, adding a brittle click to that finger's action on the keyboard).

Back to the story of Canada. Our house was found in 1951 via a handwritten reply to a newspaper classified ad, shortly after Brian (9), Pat (soon to turn 2), and Mum had sailed over on the Mauretania. Dad had arrived a few months previous and had lined up a temporary flat in Toronto.

But now fulfilled was the dream of ownership. It was in the small village of Caledon East, northwest of the airport and AVRO works, on Airport Rd. Built in the 1880s, household water was still hand pumped via a backyard well, replaced a few years later with the wonders of electrification and the "diddly-doink machine," as affectionately known.

I came along two years later, in September, 1953, following a very hot summer. Given the choice of replacing the ice chest with a refrigerator, Mum opted instead for the TV. The fridge came a few years later; I still remember street-side ice delivery. Brian, by the way, decided rural Canada was not for him and moved back to England in 1957 to live with Gran Rawson whom he was very close to during the war and the six years following.

Wonderful new conveniences all arrived via a weekly, steam-driven railway service that followed a creek around the region and passed our way just a stone's throw down the street, with siding and loading dock, offering the glorious sights and smells of a wondrous age – ah, the scent of coal dust and creosote!

Sadly, it was a time of family contentment that was not to last and came to an abrupt end on an infamous day of massive layoff, Black Friday, February 20, 1959. All employees, in their thousands and just after lunch, were ordered by loud speakers to quit work immediately, gather their personal things, and leave right then and there. The gates were forever locked behind them.

There was suspicion that something foreboding was on the horizon, and I recall a period of stocking up on canned goods, boxed and stored in Mum and Dad's bedroom closet. It was, and continues to be seen, as one of the darkest days in Canadian history, a competitive – cutting edge and world leading – aerospace industry now ruined, leaving an entire workforce to scatter the world over and fend for themselves. Some of the more fortunate, with all-important educational credentials which ticked "Human-Resource" boxes in the U.S., were readily accepted by the likes of NASA, McDonald Douglas, and others.

Dad's recommendation file included a 1933 letter of apprenticeship termination, serving as a sort of technical degree, and more recently a bureaucratic, brief AVRO letter prepared by the few administrative hangers-on. Two months after closing and handed out in the thousands, his could only muster two sentences, sparkled by an encouraging "considered a satisfactory employee." With that, and schooling years short of a "high school" diploma, he faced the difficulty of so many put out that day. This was confirmed in an exploratory road trip he took by himself that spring, crisscrossing the US and Canadian border, stopping and checking out any place that might find work, larger airports and related industry – Fargo, Winnipeg, Great Falls, MT, Calgary, Spokane, Vancouver and more. Boeing in Everett told him straight out that his schooling was inadequate for their hiring policies.

With no prospect and still managing a sense of adventure, furniture and large things were taken up by a moving company to be held in storage (forward location TBD), the house was put up for sale, kids and camping stuff loaded into the car. And it was westward ho – destination San Francisco and California Here We Come! If that didn't work out, the plan was to somehow keep onward, to the Commonwealth again and Australia.

Fortunately, our ad hoc collection of various vintage jalopies had improved in reliability with the recent upgrade to a 1953 Olds Rocket 88. Not long after crossing into the US, via immigration entry at Port Huron, Michigan, a handsom 21' travel trailer was found and hitched up for the odyssey. The interstate system still spotty – what an adventure the next week was.

The long road came to an end at Palm Beach, California, a county campground in the middle of Monterey Bay, only a few miles west of Watsonville in early August – Steinbeck country. Mum, Pat, and I lived a gypsy life there for the remainder of the month, while Dad explored the Bay Area.

United Airlines Maintenance Base in South San Francisco proved to be our savior and where Dad finally found placement. Just in the nick of time, we traded up to an older forty-footer and moved into a trailer court in east Redwood City where Pat resumed schooling in fifth grade and I began first.

Things progressed quickly, and within a couple of months real estate shopping, a delightful “fixer upper” was found in the still-rural San Carlos hills. The sale closed quickly and we soon switched schools.

140 Winding Way started life in the 1930s as a mid-peninsula, summer retreat for SF holiday escapees and had since gone through various add-ons, mostly tacked on with vintage lumber from grand-old 1800s tear-downs. I recall coming across square nails on some of the scrounged lumber, and we had an incredible fluted column in the basement for beam support, adding delightful termite-diet variety.

Dad's job at first was quite a come-down from his exciting AVRO career, now sitting through entire shifts at a bench inspecting engine turbine blades, using dyes and microscopes in search of tiny cracks and metal fatigue. The enormous plant was a 24/7 operation, worked in three shifts, and Dad started at the bottom, working graveyard. In afterhours, he studied for advancement and within two years wore the Certified in Power Plant Overhaul badge of proficiency.

Since the move to Canada, Dad had been a member of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers and continued with U.A.L. It was through this and his fellow workers that his unusual passion for writing poetry and prose found an audience.

On the U.A.L. floor Dad came to be known as The Limey, and he delighted in writing in the perspective of understatement and subtle sarcasm, often as tales of Joe Blow. Lots of inside jokes were inserted, always spun in very elegant vocabulary — POSH at times, for sure, coming from a class conscious world. Dad was an amazing man with his working-man's, shortened education. University faculties would be well served populated of his like. Two hundred plus pages, written over 23 years, and 42 (25 in a damp basement) dormant years later, they've been sorted and come to life again.

Before diving in, we'll look at his “Limey Credentials” along with various images of times and places. We then divide Harry's opus roughly into 4 sections: the Canadian years, various pieces from the early 1960s, dated pieces from the year he was elected union shop steward (1969), and then later pieces from his final years, concluding with his retirement notice and farewell poem.

But let me first end this and let you get started with a personal letter that I received while in England. I was 11 and on summer vacation, visiting family with my mother and sister for the month. We enjoyed this wonderful perc many times in the '60s, flying standby for next to nothing. Employee travel passes were shared within the industry, enjoying international tastes of TWA, SAS, Alitalia, Sabena, and others.

Here is a reply from a postcard I'd sent the week before which had lots of reminders about caring for our menagerie of various cats and rabbits. He reports dutifully on that and then goes on with a vivid story of fishing adventure near Half Moon Bay where we often went to cast into the surf from the rock jetty:

San Carlos.

Sat. June 26th.

Dear Alan,

Your letter arrived first, so I thought I would drop you a line and let you know how things are going. I feed the rabbits first thing every morning and they begin to rumble around as soon as I go down the steps with their food. I had a bit of trouble with Duke*, as I couldnt keep him in the basement with all the other moggies that kept touring in and out, so I had to bring him upstairs and then he worked on the broken

** one of several adopted stray cats (aka “moggies”)*

window in the front door until he got out and then started running wild with Gomer. As soon as I went in the yard he would take off and hide and he wasn't getting food, so eventually I had to sit on the cement and play with Gomer hoping the Duke would follow and finally he couldn't resist Gomer's tail waving in the breeze and I nabbed him.

I had an unusual fishing trip last week end as Darrel wanted to try the rocks round Lindemar so we hired a boat from Pedro Point. There is an old launching ramp made from logs which they keep greased so that the boats will slide down easily. The boats have to be loaded at the top of the ramp and one man sits ready with the oars. You know the large waves that come in over the coast side, well you have to wait until a wave hits then the two in the back push like fury down the ramp, leap over the back of the boat and then the boat has to be steered through the rocks and in to the open sea. We caught plenty of rock-cod and bluefish. The wind came up high and the waves got larger. The way they get the boats in, is to row the boats in backwards while a man on shore gets a rope which hooks on the back of the boat and they pull it up the ramp with a winch.

Huge waves made things a little difficult and as we backed in the man hadn't brought the rope down to haul us up, so the wind and the waves drove us towards Lindemar beach. One wave broke over us and I was completely drenched and even got water in my pockets. We made the ramp on the second attempt and things turned out alright. It was too windy to go fishing this weekend. That is about all the news for the present. I expect that you are having a good time.

Cheerio for now.

Love Dad



beside the garage pit, aka "oil marsh," 1962

In scanning and producing this collection, very little editing was done beyond fixing obvious typos. Spellings, whether in error or in English variants and shortcuts – such as often not bothering with apostrophes – were left as is. And, as much as possible, I stuck to his obvious delight in formatting and emphasis via underlining and all caps.

I've only found one article that was formally published, "Foul Play," which appeared in the January 1975 edition of the monthly union newspaper, Trade Winds. Except for weekly steward reports he put out in 1969 – more formal, business-only ones have been omitted here – his reputation grew via ditto and mimeographed, impromptu, underground-circulated pages which went out through the grapevine whenever the mood struck — and it certainly struck in the most odd and off-the-wall manner and subjects. Take his 1955 "Holiday Edition" of Lobe and Wail – wherever did that come from? – an amusing parody in club spirit, using fellow workmates as subjects. The dart score card, does that have any objective basis? Or how about his blow-by-blow sports column classic, "For the benefit of Soccer fans in the Toronto district?"

One can easily detect an interwoven, auto-biographic story, clearly so in the opening voice of 'Arry (Harry) 'Awkins, with continued hints in other characters, elevated to pure fantasy in his outrageous Joe Blow. These gained in circulation to the point of the "Mahogany Row" provisional heading, in upper corner of several later pieces (and thus our subtitle), "NOT FOR CIRCULATION."

Whatever the conditions, these pages appealed to an ever-widening group.

Pat recalls a time in later years when we – Pat, Mum and I – were off on one of our "employee perk," stand-by flights. We always had a sense of kinship with fellow United employees, whether in maintenance, ticketing, or in striking up conversation with flight attendants. And by this time his missives had found their way to crew lounges in far away places – "Oh, you're related to that guy in Maintenance who does the poems!" Once that bridge was established, drinks were on the house, and this "growing lad" enjoyed the luxury of both chicken and lasagna.

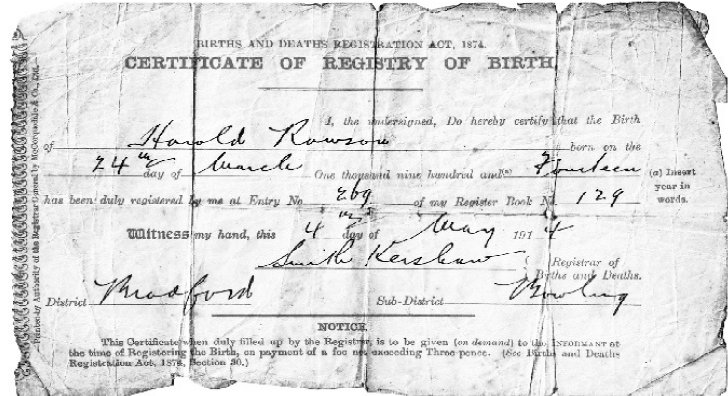
One family pass stands out. Mum and Dad, Pat, and I enjoyed our last trip together in the early 1970s with a week on the island of Hawaii. We boarded a stretch D.C. 8 on Christmas Day, completely empty of revenue occupants and deadheading to Hilo. We four (the complete passenger roster), plus the full complement of flight attendants, with an occasional look-in from the flight deck, spent the most amazing celebration, carte blanche with the drinks, in First Class comradeship! We were all family.

LIMEY CREDENTIALS

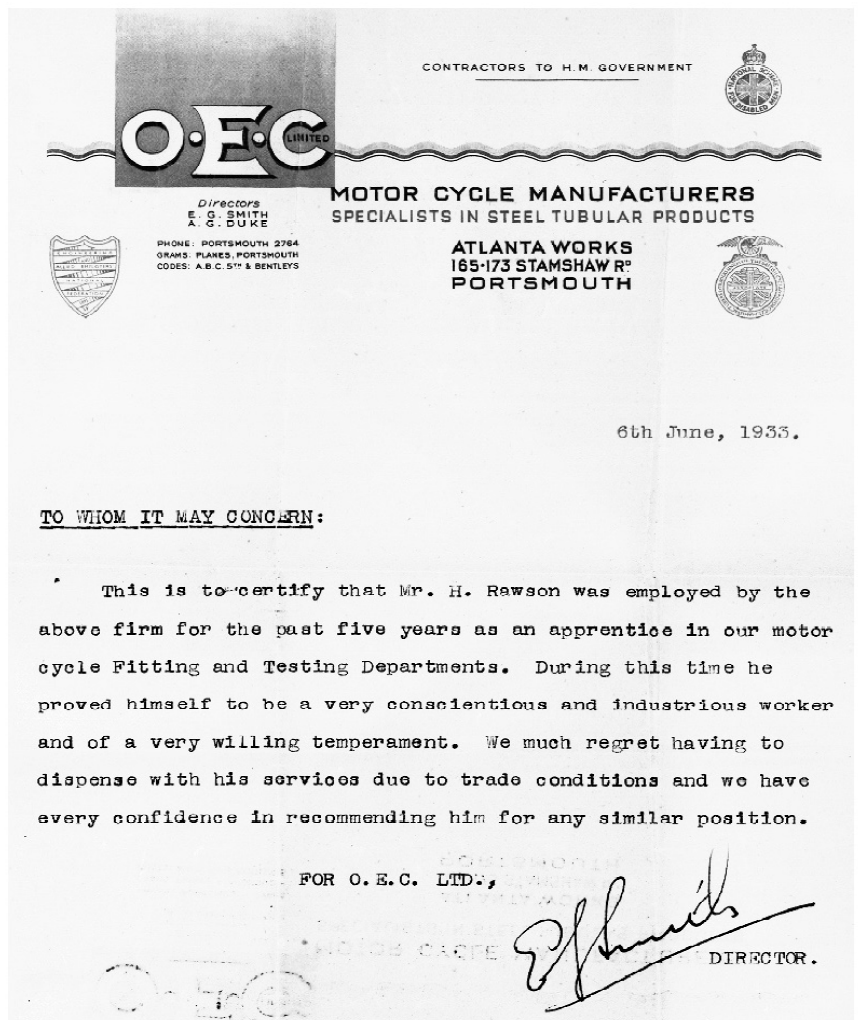


A Wedding day in Southampton, to Beatrice Barlow (b. London), January 1941.

Schooling for children of working class families finished at age 14 in those days. Beatrice was sent off with a hand written, stamped certificate from the Ilford Council Education Committee stating, "Handwork and Needlework are two subjects in which she does very good work" (April 1935). Soon employed in dress making, an example shown in the above photo, she later enlisted in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force (WAAF, July 1940), sewing barrage balloons to entangle Germans over London, until her discharge to marry the following year. Harold's education continued in 1928, with a five year apprenticeship at Osborn Engineering Company (O.E.C.) Motor Cycle Manufacturers. He recalls, "As a second year apprentice, my wages had rocketed from 2d (UK pence) per hour to 3d per hour (48 hr. week) and I became a genius overnight, feeling that I knew more than the Manager or Foreman. Current prices — beer 2d a snort, fish & chips 4d, Movie seat 6d. Girls? — they paid their own way or didn't make it — or I didn't — very often." (from his U.A.L. shop Newsletter, 3/6/69)



Harold Rawson, b. Bradford, England, March 24, 1914
It is curious to note that neither birth parents are mentioned, nor location beyond sub-district, and likewise for Mum's in 1921. They could have simply arrived somewhere by basket for all this indicates.



A sort of trade school diploma.
"Trade conditions" would have entailed a full time wage.

An After-Hours Passion for Motorcycle Building and Racing

From early 1930s to 1949 (with WW2 time out for building Spitfires)

Action Pictures at Club Meetings



At 33, H. RAWSON has the outstanding ability of riding and winning on bicycles of his own make. He started his career in 1932 and rode until 1935. He is now engaged (when not in the saddle) in building a new 500 c.c. job.



World Quarter Finals, Wembly 1949



1949 Club Photo, Dad on lower right





Vol. 4, No. 6

MARCH 26, 1968

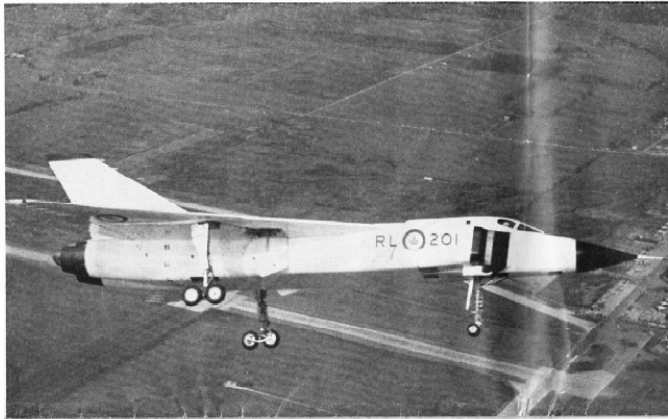
Published by

ORENDA ENGINES LIMITED, Malton, Ont.

Box 4015, Terminal A, Toronto, Ont.

Malton progress . . .

Arrow makes maiden flight



From first jet engine to first supersonic plane in 10 years

In just 10 years from the date of the initial running of the first gas turbine engine to be designed and manufactured in Canada, the Avro Arrow—Canada's first supersonic interceptor—made its maiden flight.

To have accomplished this feat within a decade is indeed a tribute to the Malton teams of Orenda Engines Limited and Avro Aircraft Limited.

It was in 1948 that the Chinook first roared to life, following the acquisition of Turbo Research Ltd. by A. V. Roe Canada in 1946. (See complete story on the first running of the Chinook on pages 3 and 4.)

Following the Chinook, came the first running of an Orenda engine in 1949. Meanwhile, the aircraft division had produced the design for the CR-100—an

A thunderous roar of pent up emotion and tension was let loose by a huge crowd of Avro people Tuesday morning when Chief Experimental Test Pilot Jan Zurakowski brought the supersonic Arrow to a stop following a successful 35-minute maiden flight.

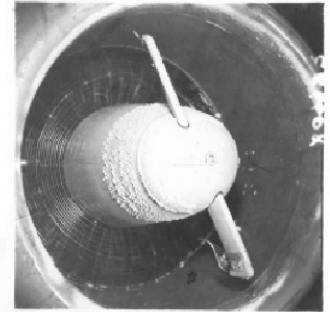
Here at Orenda, word that the Arrow was up spread rapidly and many Orenda people caught a glimpse of the plane as it circled Malton and headed north on its first flight.

The flight climaxed many weeks of waiting for "the day", and for Avro people it was the culmination of four and a half years hard work on the 32-ton deluding interceptor.

Rising from the runway in a seemingly effortless fashion, the Arrow of

An Iroquois with an appetite

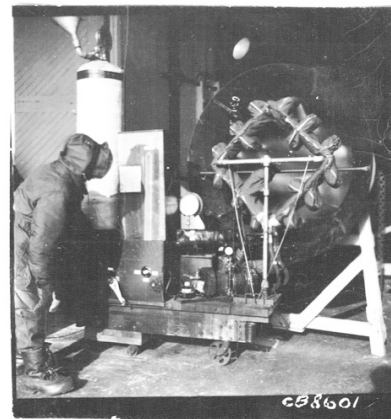
"Let's see how we can destroy it today." Dad recalled scrounging the Arctic base for lumber scraps, entire boards and other oddities, to challenge fan blades at full thrust, bravely tossed in from the side and devoured happily.



Six months at RCAF Fort Churchill, Hudson Bay testing the Canadian-built Iroquois engine in extreme conditions, 1957.



Seen here in late-50s working clothes, as Process Planner in the Experimental Progress Dept. of AVRO Canada, building neat things like prototypes of flying saucers (Avrocar) and such, along with the infamous and ill-fated, supersonic interceptor — Arrow.

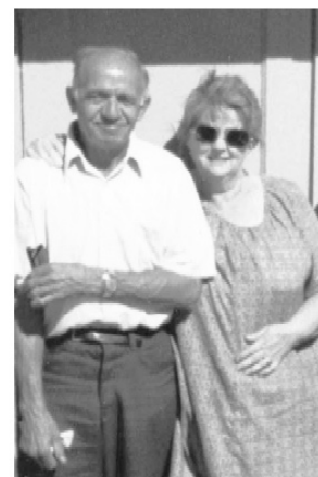


Family Scenes in Caledon East, Ontario – 15 miles NW of the AVRO plant



*Equally at home in both engine
and passenger compartments*

140 Winding Way, in the San Carlos hills, California



Toronto and Avro — The Very First Impressions

April 19, 1951

C/O Mrs. Mills
3925 Bloor St. W.
RR2, Islington
Toronto

Dear Betty,

I am afraid you will wonder what happened to your letters. I wrote four pages and found it was too heavy for the ships airmail, so I wrote another just before we docked and found that the purser had got all the mail checked the night before and wouldn't take any more. However, I do hope this letter won't depress you too much. The boat trip was quite pleasant after the first four days. You will find the boat stewards very helpful. The stewardesses give anyone a hand with children so I shouldn't worry too much. Coming ashore we had five hours to get through the customs to entrain and by leaving the boat a couple hours after the rush you will find that you will get through O.K. A racket on the trains is with the meal coupons, gives you a \$1.25 meal instead of a \$1.50 and no change for the \$2.00 coupon. When you ask him about it, he will say you had the wrong ticket, then swears that you had the money, but finally you may get it. When you come ashore look out for people giving you a 5 cent piece instead of a 25 cent, the latter having a milled edge. You will find that a sleeper is worth the extra money, the colonist being just a seat and nowhere to stretch out. Now hold tight while I tell you about Toronto, although I promise I won't tell anyone else. It is the most depressing sight I have ever seen. Twenty miles out the rambling wooden shacks become more plentiful and the junk and disheveled appearance alongside the railway gets worse. Garbage heaps and timber piles back onto the railroad and you get utterly cheesed off. Knowing that it can't all be like it you look round Toronto. London traffic is nothing near so plentiful. When you go anywhere from Toronto the country is splattered with shacks something like the prefab estates, never ending. The Malton works around Avro's have in all about 5000 cars and they are nose to tail for an hour after coming out on a road only as wide as Rowner lane. As soon as you get off the road, there is only a mud track ending in a muddy quagmire. I will have a good look around before making up my mind, but I can't see you liking this crazy dump, if you don't believe me, leave the kiddies with mum and dad and come out and get three or four jobs for some dollars. I am going to put all overtime possible in and get my fare paid off in case there is any possibilities further away from this dump. Don't yet get cheesed off, I will get weaving and look around and cash in on any overtime. I do hope the children are O.K. I will write soon, perhaps with better news.



The daily snarl at Malton, ca. 1957

Love to all,
Harold

p.s. be careful with address as written. H.

Very few letters were kept from the 1950s. Mostly, they are from grandmothers sending westward. But Dad went ahead of Mum in early 1951, sending her two letters to give a heads-up on what to expect. To say things could only get better from here is an understatement, after reading this first – written only two days after docking Pier 21 in Halifax aboard RMS Scythia and then a night train onto Toronto – colored in homesickness and doubt. The next was sent close to Mum's departure on the Mauretania and is considerably more optimistic.

A LIMEY AT HEART

THE BALLAD OF 'ARRY 'AWKINS

(DAVIE CROCKET)

Born on a chimney pot in London Town
Brightest stone in the mighty crown
Walked 'amsteed 'eath till he knew every tree
Became a spiv when he was only three
 'Arry 'Arry 'Awkins
Regular on the Morden Line

Boarded ship for Canada in '51
The great Limey march had just begun
So he packed his bag and his trusty tools
Landed up at Malton with the other fools
 'Arry 'Arry 'Awkins
Forgotten was the Morden Line

He joined in the union and served a spell
Fighting for the workers, Limeys as well
Built himself a house, he was doing fine
With his car and furniture bought on time
 'Arry 'Arry 'Awkins
Serving his workmates well

The planes they made, turned out by the score
Filled the skies with their mighty roar
Soon they had enough, they had the most
Stacked up from Malton to the Arctic coast
 'Arry 'Arry 'Awkins
Trying to fill his time

So came the lay off and 'Arry was out
Looking for a job, but there was nowt
So he took to the sticks, he was sure to fail
You can't shoot a rabbit with a 6" scale
 'Arry 'Arty 'Awkins
Spive on the wild frontier

His country is smallest, its also the best
From the smog filled cities to the slag piled west
So he sold his car and his firg so fine
And bought himself a ticket on the Cunard Line
 'Arry 'Arry 'Awkins
Fed up with the wild frontier

Now 'Arry's back at his job over 'ome
Made up his mind that he'll never roam
Shudders when he thinks of the frontier code
And the Nightmare dashes down the Malton Road.

editor's note (there are not many in this book, but a few couldn't be resisted): Lingomash.com slang dictionary – and who could argue with that? – suggests that Spiv is British slang for a working-class man, characterized by his cocky charm, petty illicit dealings (including post-war black market items of all description), and perceived sense of stylish dress. I was told the term first appeared in 1895 as a sort of Dickensian, crafty street urchin. Both apply in Dad's character antics. Morden Line has since changed name and is now called the Northern Line of the London subway system.

THE 40th MILESTONE

Today is Benjamin's Birthday. To commemorate the occasion, we are giving our readers a full report on both himself and the Saloons which is now firmly established on a paying basis.

He was born on May 19th, 1915, at Coombe Street, Coventry, England. This has often been described as the hub of the Engineering industry. Certainly as far back as the middle ages, it was the centre of attraction. Fair maidens, scantily clad, were rumored to ride through the cobbled streets on their morning gallop. Had tilts occurred a few hundred years later, it would have been 'Peeping Benny' to become notorious, and he may never have settled for Canada. As it was, he eluded the Customs and F.B.I., and for a 33rd birthday present was given a position at 'Avro' destined to rise to great heights. It was not long before he was elevated to the Engine shop. In these dark days, engines were built in the attic over the old plant. Supervisors rode bicycles, and only the wealthier Scots types could afford cars of the Chev. Coupe 1929 variety. A common practice during the summer months was for all pants to be sawn off at the knees.

Benny's invention of the shortage list was the turning point in his career. After years of sweat and toil, he was finally rewarded. His residence, officially termed as Benny's Saloons, stands in quiet dignity in the residential area of the sub-section. Not quite as spacious as 'Bert's Barbecue', or possessing any female refinements as 'George's Grotto', it stands as a buffer zone or clearing house for all the 'Queries'. To become a member of the staff, one must be 'Thin op Top' and eloquent in all phrases such as 'Promised for Friday', 'Bill's away for it', 'First thing in the morning', and other parries. The art of being in the minus quantity when a delicate situation arises, is quickly learned. One thing is certain, however, the pupils never become as proficient as the master. To which we can only say – MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

your Editor
'Lobe and Wail'
Malton

In case you are wondering, I recently consulted with a fellow Brit friend who tells me, "Tilts were Medieval jousting matches – guys on horseback charging at each other armed with spears. I think the reference to scantily clad maidens is a bit wide of the mark. To my knowledge there was only one. Lady Godiva is believed to have ridden naked through the streets of Coventry to protest against her husband's oppression of the citizens. The good citizens all stayed indoors to respect her modesty except one Tom who sneaked a look – hence 'peeping Tom.'" – a "bit wide" may be an understatement, as exaggeration and loose association abound in the Rawson art of tongue-in-cheek story telling.

THE LOBE & WAIL

HOLIDAY EDITION

EDITED BY HARRY RAWSON

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BENNY'S SALOON INC.



On vacation somewhere between Lake Huron
and the Maine Atlantic Coast, 1952

note: "Lobe and Wail" is surely a take off on the name of the Toronto daily newspaper, Globe and Mail. Lobe is Brit slang for a dull and conformist person (ibid). Knowing Dad, we'll go with that and reckon wailing in the mix.

MOTURING NOTES

by Piston Ring Pete

“Things aint what they used to be”, and nor they aint.

Listen to any holiday conversation amongst our esteemed elders and you will always hear some spicy re-counts of “the good old days”.

Granfer Britton will probably recall that trip to “Shindig Swamp” (or some such place) back in ‘25, on a mere five dollars of gas and a half dozen tyres.

My own victory way back includes gapping piston rings with a 12” rough in between opening times at the “Pink Elephant”. It was just a day’s run from home and the lads had been back at work for some three days. In these modern times one just goes from “A” to “B”, scoff or quaff the refreshments, and back to “A” again, the only highlight being a good “up and downer” with the female fraternity. The car is just another piece of equipment.

Not too long ago the limousine was a part of the family, second only in priority to Brother Carling or Cousin O’Keefe and would carry the name of “Bessy” or other affectionate terms. Four stout pistons rumbled up and down while four spark plugs the size of Hand Grenades (and sounding similar) gave them a friendly clunk to assist them on their way. On any steep hill you would talk to her in glowing terms, and she would talk back to “I think I can – I think I can – oooh”! This was followed by a gusher of water ready for making tea or washing baby’s bottle. It taught us to be good water diviners; it was a poor driver who couldn’t find water, even in the driest summer. It was a signal too, for the kids to harc across the fields, while the old lady would park herself under the nearest tree.

There is no need for despair however, as with little preparation it is possible to make every trip a real holiday. Get the kids ready an hour beforehand, and they will be good and grimy to start the day, while later applications of Pop and Ice Cream will improve matters. Never carry the old tyre in the trunk, put it on and you have a perfectly good one for spare, this will give the family a breather and exercise.

Don’t be a Gas Gauge Gazer, let her run out the odd time. The Union tells us “all men are brothers”. So they are, stall at any intersection and prove it. In less than no time, your relatives will be waiving, shouting advice, or playing a tune on the horns to boost your morale. Don’t rush, just doodle along at ‘30’ or so, you will gain friends, cover less distance at half the cost, and settle for Musselman’s Lake.



Bernard Lake, Ontario 1952
An informal Rawson campsite, eight miles off the main road

S P O R T S C O L U M N

AROUND THE BOARDS

by Bullseye Throwit

The Darts League is now well advanced and we are able to give you a brief run-down on teams (we run everybody down, plus the odd fist where necessary). One or two teams have fallen by the wayside, due to the heat and strenuous pace, but will no doubt re-appear in the winter series.

Team #7 seem to be getting well ahead and even Stephen doesn't know why. Some blame Pete, and swear he drapes himself to within 3 ft. of the board, whereas the figure is actually 3 ft. 6". Carl hangs around like a 'bouncer', but ready for business.

The Howell, Leedham, Paige combination are also a menace and well in the running. One can imagine this trio percolating in a Putney Pub, and taking everything, including the bar maid.

Internal strife seems to undermine the "Savages". Ginger and Jack realise the odds against them, so Jim acts as mediator.

Benny's Saloon remains erratic. Loud trumpetings immerse following the odd victory, and a public holiday is declared. After every defeat, Benny's 'bowser' bristles, Bill hides in the Blade Shop and Harry remains the resident 'goat'.

The Hurst team developed a surge. Bob devised a reliable method of protruding the Optics at least .5" in front of the Nasal Organs and aiming at the point of intersection with remarkable effect. Garnet developed the knack of aiming for 20 and scoring triple 18, while Al pulls the odd game from the fire.

Nobby reckons he should never have stayed on days. The team had a slight mutiny and Soulful Sowerby abandoned ship. However, some good re-enforcements have been flown in.

Mesers Bland, Black and Forbes have not recovered from a bad start. Too much practice in the basement?

Those Perky Pipers: Jack, Bud, and Irv, manage to lose consistently, and then suddenly wipe off top opposition.

Another team with similar accomplishments includes Beanpole Smith, Russ Biggart, & Bob McInerney.

Latest League Standings to July (cont. page 4)

20 YEARS AGO

EXTRACT FROM SOCIETY COLUMN 1935

by Big Ears Hearall

AMBY spent another cheap week-end at the brother-in-law's cottage, taking his first lesson at Water Ski'ing and using his patent "built in life jacket".

BERT cycled out to his hide-out in the hills. His kit included Bows & Arrows and a few noggins to knock back at night.

HARRY RUDGE had a happy time filing crank pins on the Dodge with the family camping at a nearby brook. Good for another 20 years.

BENNY loaded as ever, bought another car.

GEORGE went on another hunting and fishing trip. He overshot a Tern, but fishing was good, with plenty of bites, 'Skitters are thick this year.

RADIO listen to JB/HA (Jim Britton, Harry Alvey) at 12:15 pm daily
Around The Garden - Today. Anything you can grow
I can grow better

(cont. from p .3)

Team	P	W	L	D	Points
7	25	18	6	37	37
11	23	16	7	32	32
2	24	15	9	0	30
10	25	14	11	0	28
5	26	14	11	0	28
1	25	9	15	1	19
9	26	9	16	1	19
8	25	7	15	3	17
4	25	7	18	0	14

PLACE YOUR WANT ADS IN THE LOBE AND WAIL

ROSS BURTON advertised some old Rotor Blades in a rival paper with no results. At half the cost he placed one in our Want Ad Column around 9:00 a.m. There were 'no takers on the blades', but by 10:00 a.m. two Nozzle Boxes and four scorched tailcones had been sneaked in through the back door.

Place your want ads in the Lobe and Wail

MAN VERSUS MACHINE (OR RONALD V. ROBOT)

Much has been written and discussed throughout the ages, over the problem of mechanisation. Some form of this was to be noted in the early Chinese civilization. In the later years the issue assumed much larger proportions and in some workshops riots ensued.

Today however, mechanisation being an established fact, terms such as “automation” and “electric brain” flow freely from the tongue.

For those who have never bothered to give this a moments thought, let us create a few interesting comparisons. We will take an imaginary machine, just a cheap effort in the \$100,000.00 bracket, and a fictitious person—Mitchell Ronald, age - 34, birthplace - U.K., married, and weekly income of \$56.45, and test both under identical conditions.

Our first experiment will be something simple — say, a short trip for Sidney (He’s done no one any harm but somebody has to be first) into outer space. We go to the machine and press buttons “F”, “T”, and “D”. In a split second, back comes the answers - “F” - fuel, to the nearest pound, “T” - temp. “C” tells us that poor Sidney will be roasting at around 850° at 3,800 m.p.h., and “D” - distance to the nearest mile +/- 50,000. (Note tolerance. After coming this far we don’t want Sid to fall short.)

Now this is all very impressive, but any sixth grade pupil would immediately say, “Yes, but how about “O” for oxygen??”

The whole thing has to be written off, as Harry goofed, and the unfortunate Sidney perished at 60,000 ft., with language “out of this world”.

We now switch the test to Ronald: Day - Monday, time - 8:30 a.m., and Ron is silently fiddling the books, when Sid and other chasers come roaring in. “Check these.” “Where are they?” “Why not?” Even the most casual observer can gather the full impact of the situation. Not only has Sidney reached the Moon, but he is on his way, past Mars, still breathing, and it hasn’t cost a penny.

We now try a more complicated test, such as disposition of Engine parts - Sheet Metal. An operator fires the question into the machine. “How many Flame Tubes have we?” and presses button “I” (information). Without a tremor, 0000 is registered on the left hand dial, complete silence from within, and not even a grunt to acknowledge the question. Human nature being what is is, the operator thumps the machine (don’t try this with Ronald) to zero the dials, and starts all over again. Same thing — still four zeros, and the man gets a feeling of frustration, something like Bert Haynes feels when his odds on “favourite”, trips over a match-box with two yards to go. Another thump is administered to the expensive portion, and a puff of smoke emerges from the grid at the rear. All that is needed now is an electrician and a \$1000.00 to cover the damage.

We can only try the same question on Ronald. “Ronald, how many Flame Tubes have we?” With 6-2/5 seconds delay, and a shuffle of drawers, Ronald clears his throat and delivers his answer in firm tones. Orders - nil, In work - nil, goof to F.P.S., and 2 off to Assy. (must have been on night shift), which goes to prove you can get blood from a stone, and he’s right too. What is more, Ronald can do many thing (other) — answer the phone, given out the time (standard time, Orenda time, and time you bought your own watch) — Another important factor to back up the human argument. If Sidney goes to a meeting, the machine will just sit there and blink, running up the Hydro bill, while Ronald plods steadily onward, amassing more facts and figures to prove why they will never get the parts. This report must end unfortunately on a sad note, On Friday, the 13th, Ron goes on his way rejoicing to a *(incomplete)*

EXTRACT FROM THE LOBE AND WAIL

May 5/55

Following the loss of the Grey Cup, a successful attempt was made to put Toronto back in its rightful position in Canada's major sports centre. For the benefit of Soccer fans in the Toronto district a Soccer Classic was staged last night (May 4/55) at Keelsdale Stadium. Following the decision of the directors (Messrs Alvey and Savage) to present only top grade talent, players were loaned from Orenda Plant 2, Instrument Lab & other nooks and crannies. The game was scheduled to start at 6.30.p.m. but by 6.00.p.m. most of the choice seats had been taken, and for late arrivals, it was standing room only. As tension mounted preceding the kick off, a last minute dramatic change was announced. J. Black, Scott international, & vice captain for the "Softies", quickly weighed up the odds, and decided to boot for the "Bulldozers". Benny (courtesy of Benny's Saloon) took command of the game as referee. Despite the fact that he boasts the best lungs in the plant, and can achieve double fortissimo without even trying, the whistle Seemed a trifle beyond his capabilities. Scarcely a squeak could be heard at close range (a point that was later raised by his wife, to prevent bloodshed) The game started in fast swinging style, no holds barred, with the Bulldogs attacking in quick succession. Boozy Bradford quickly teamed up with Skate McCreary to give the Savage a few trying moments. This necessitated a few adjustments to goal posts to cut down throat area. The guest players were now beginning to shine, and A.N. Other made many a last ditch stand in the shin backing sorties. Eventually Boozy penetrated the defence and caught the Savage off guard. A high shot which was too hot to handle gave the Bulldogs first lead. Flash Forbes, Crafty Collins and Galloper Gray combined to equalize the scoring. The first two were utilized to bulldoze the defence, leaving Galloper to sneak through unguarded. By now the referee was beginning to show his true colours by his obstruction tactics and questionable decisions, and it was only the sportsmanship of the Alvey crew that prevented him being dumped in the nearby creek.

Half time with the score still at 1 - 1, Jim Black exploded the theory of the Scots by producing a whole orange apiece (5¢ a piece) and some left for the kids. The second half was played at a slightly slower pace due to the heat and age of the players. Youth began to tell and Skate with Wily Warman in support broke through the Softies lines. A low shot from Wily which a few years ago the Savage would have handled easily, passed over the line to make it 2 - 1 for the Bulldogs. He made a brilliant effort at recovery, but the damage was done. Finding the Softies playing an extra man, Hoppalong Bain took over goal for the "B"s and kept a masterful eye on goal and remained unbeaten until the last few seconds. Here arose another "Pearl Harbour" Benny who by now had roused the ire of both sides, meandered craftily up to the goal line. Partly, fearing the retribution that would fellow from the "Softies" and because his family were in attendance, he sneaked in a crafty left drive that bounced over the markers. Hoppalong was fit for murder, but choosing the lesser of the two evils was content to let the score stand at 2 - 2. Choosing the outstanding players for the night is a close thing.

A.N. Other (Three stars)

Carmen McCreary	Best rookie	3 stars
Hoppalong Bain	-	2 stars
Benno Goodman,	-	Worst ever voted unanimously by both sides
Everybody left standing	-	2 stars

VACATION VARIATIONS '57.

Much thought has been given to the forthcoming holiday period. While most of us will be cavorting around in 'briefs', 'sun suits' or 'what haven't you?', a less fortunate colleague of ours has been delegated to hold 'KAHN'S CAVERN' alone. Alone except for the tumblings and snorts of the HIORS BOYS, slumbering restfully beneath the beauties.

It will be appreciated that any weakling (apart from poor Desmond) would succumb to the deathly silence, and after a couple of days, head for the hills, with final destination at the 'nut-house'. Alternately the more level headed fraternity would seek the nearest tree and hang suspended by the neck therefrom. To eliminate any possible risk (notwithstanding our utmost faith in Desmond), it has been proposed to hire an 'effects' man to keep him occupied in his pursuit of duty. The timetable has been suggested as follows, in order to reproduce a completely normal day in 'KAHN' S CAVERNS'.

TIME	EFFECT	SIMULATION REQ'D
7:15	Silence	Normal Condition
7:18 (approx)	Rush of wind, grunt - then silence	Arrival of Albert Haynes
7:20	Running water	Harry slurping tea (1st noggin)
7:25	Rustle of paper & tapping	Typist No. 1 (male) in action.
7:30	Creaking of timbers	Differential expansion due to overcrowding (temporary condition only) i.e. Queers with queries.
8:10	Dignified Silence	Arrival of Supervisory Staff
8:15 (we hope)	Whisps of April Violets and thoughts of Spring	Arrival of Typist No. 2 (female)
8:40 (approx)	Light Cavalry	Arrival of dignitaries chasing Hot List etc.
9:15	Running water	Harry's # 2 slurp (tea and sandwiches)
9:25	Rythmic chewing plus grunts	Albert, comes in for Breakfast.
11:00	Aroma of April Violets plus Night in Paris	Girls departing for Sojourn in Powder Room.
11:10 (? – 11:30!)	Repeat	Girls returning.
12:00 to 1:00	Dignified Silence	Lunch plus digestive period.
2:00	Light Cavalry	More high priced help chasing more parts that don't exist.
3:00 to 3:10 (?)	Repeat 11:00 & 11:10 ritual	Les Femme.
3:15 to 3:30	Censored	Syd verbally lashing planners and abusive retorts.
3:45	Calgary Stampede	Napoleons retreat from Moscow

(cont.)

Would all members of staff please study and add any comments that may be required to keep our boy Des out of trouble.

P.S. For the benefit of any interested party wishing to contact Staff during shut down, the forwarding addresses are as follows:

Sidney	-	Charlies Cabins, State Fish Hatchery - Nantucket Sound.
Bert	-	1 day - Fort Erie 4 days - cooler 11 days disreputable joints in Jersey.
Harry	-	Any Gypsy encampment on East Coast.
Al	-	Queen, Jarvis, or up north fishing.
Ron	-	3 days lost in Buffalo on one- way streets 3 days in Albany jail - speeding offences. Return via Plattsburg with Homberg.
Sandra	-	Northern isolation (nothing given away here)

Any gratuities can be disposed to staff before 3.00 p.m. 2nd inst.

Twenty Years from Now

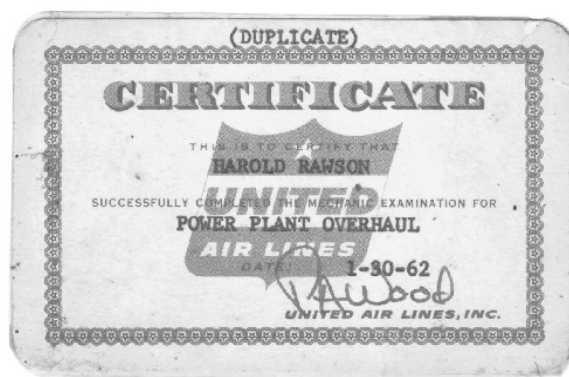
Twenty years from now, some curious youngster perusing the worn pages of Canadian history, will find that Sept. 9th 1955 marked a double event of world renown. Cliff Lumsden won the first Lake marathon, while another group of figures of international fame, were introducing a new and exciting game, never before witnessed before on this planet. A spectacular combination of baseball, cricket and rounders. Unfortunately high finance had monopolized all T.V. cameras for the Lake swim, and judging by the spirited advise to be heard, it was a wise decision to leave the mobile radio unit at home. The game commenced in fine style. Harry Alvey being a past master at interdepartment warfare, pressed plan 'A' into effect. Seeing the Black boys short handed, he good naturedly unloaded his 'bums' on a lend lease basis. This pair acted as a sort of 5th column, dropping catches and missing loose balls until a healthy lead was established. On the arrival of the reporter, they sheepishly crept back into their own ranks. From the outset it was obviously a pitcher's paradise with both sides pulling every ball out of the bag. Screwballs, twisters, flyers and floppers menaced the batsmen, with the umpires providing a remarkable demonstration of self preservation. Midway through the game with at least eight runners on base, the Alvey left handers created havoc, and Ginger (incomplete)

(note: Cliff Lumsden (1931-91), Canadian world champion marathon swimmer, winner of Canadian National Exhibition 32-mile race along the Lake Ontario waterfront in 1955)

United Airlines Maintenance Base, SFO — 1959 - 1976

“God Bless United Airlines”

(heard at home countless times from September 1959 on)



Jet Shop

“This is the largest repair facility of its kind. It is expected to be twice its present size by the year 1980”. I must admit that it is the largest area confined by four single walls that I had ever hoped to see - - - and such a friendly place. We share each areas obnoxious smells. If you need another spot of heat someone will waft some over, free of charge. Dust from grinding or other operations is distributed liberally between human lungs and internal engine parts alike. Our brand of organized confusion is the best ever. We exchange weird and wonderful noises in various rations of decibels and frequencies. We love this shop. We love the confusion, the smells, the fall-out and the noise. Unfortunately our bodies rebel and ears seem to be the first to go. There have been numerous complaints on this. Twice as much by 1980?, heaven help us! To end on a happy note, I used to have eight deaf and dumb parts movers (experimental scheme) in my group. As steward, I had to take a quick course on their sign language in order to communicate. Will history repeat itself?

from Negotiations, Harry Rawson 3-18-69

THE NEW BOY'S NOTES

SCIENCE – ESCAPE VELOCITY

1. The speed required (+/- a few pedestrians) to be first out of the main gate at 16.0001 hours

VENDING MACHINES

1. Use no money. Approach with air of nonchalance. Administer healthy boot to midsection while you still have a cool head, and go away rejoicing.

ON FREE TRIP PASSES

1. Get a part time job at the Greyhound Bus Depot.

THE BAYSHORE FREEWAY

1. Inside lane – That's out; American form of Hari Kari. Impact value from north bound traffic approximately 130 per.
2. Center lane – Murder; cutters in, cutters out. Fast stoppers forward and bad brakes afterwards.
3. Outside lane – Keep well clear; full of foreign cars, lady drivers, and lost souls.

FAME, FORTUNE ... and a touch of ... FIDDLING.

It makes no difference if you work daytime,
On Swing ... or the Graveyard shift,
For any time that you have to move a part,
There is a proper way to lift.

First evaluate the mass that has to move,
Look grim ... and don't crack a smile,
Just limber up and brace yourself,
Then meditate for awhile.

Next, just stand upright, dont bend your back,
But just sink slowly from the knees,
You will find thus far that it doesn't hurt,
For the thing is only a breeze.

Now stand erect and glance slowly around,
For you have to generate some attraction,
You will need witnesses from here and there,
Just to prove there was no infraction.

Sink slowly from the knees once more,
Now just lightly grasp the part,
Then let go quickly ... move away,
And firmly grasp the cart.

Grunt and groan, than stagger around,
For you must exploit this to the full,
Roll your eyes and moan for awhile,
Or roar like a wounded bull.

Take off for home at one or two,
And REALLY lay it on,
True love and sympathy comes to light,
The very moment that you have gone.

Call up on the following morning,
And confide that it is just a sin,
For YOU to lose some time from work,
You will TRY and make it in.

Then arrive for work just a little late,
And start to enjoy the fun,
For after years of toil and getting nowhere,
You are suddenly HERO ... NUMBER ONE.

So ON with the cakes and the coffee too,
For the Annual Safety Plaque,
Who made it possible? It was YOU, you twit,
And they will pat you on the BACK.

NOTE: This is a special edition of the 'Happy Valley' press for the E44 and E48 January Safety Meeting.

Harry Rawson

HARRY'S DREAM (A Christmas Fantasy)

There is an old boy in our midst, It could be
Harry Lime,
To hear his accent (so to speak), You'd think he's
doing time.

England's shore was left behind, "Pip Pip old chap"
you know,
The piggy bank was duly robbed, It now was Westward
Ho!

A few years in the frigid zone, In Canada's frozen
waste,
"I say old boy it's jolly cold!" (He left again
with haste).

The Salt Lake flats were now a steam, So up the
Donner Pass,
It wasn't long before he came, to Palm Tree land
at last.

Cruising round in happy style, The weather somewhat
hot,
He came upon the familiar sign *(see note), 'Now here's
a likely spot'.

To enter United's pearly gates, It seemed a trifle
wise,
To jot down on the entry forms a sprinkling of white
lies.

Would you slug a foreman if your crumpet took a
blow?
Would you cuss the Lead hand? "Oh, no sir, never,
no."

Weeks and weeks had passed along, Then came the happy
day,
With eager eyes and shaking hand he got his first week's
Pay.

With confidence abounding, Or maybe just for
fun,
He filled a form like all lads do for day shift,
five three one.

Then Came the day he'd waited for, To him it seemed like
heaven,
Day shift sure and right enough, But down in five
eleven!

Now Christmas came with sweat and toil, Sludge oozed from
out his ear,
So feeling way down in the dumps, he bought a case
of beer.

It wasn't long (tow dozen or so), Now breathing
somewhat deep,
He chose a soft spot on the rug, and settled dorm
to sleep.

In no time flat, or so it seems, His thoughts began
to lurk,
of all the things he had to dream, He dreamt he was
back to work.

His suggestion to the management had come back
overnight,
A single matter, so it seems, Turns sludge a
deathly white.

Old Bill was there and surely now a pacing up the
isle,
Passing out some fat cigars and singing once a
while.

Don was walking up and down, A smile upon his
face,
Our schedules up and way ahead, Let's slacken off
the pace.

It isn't true, it couldn't be, The boys burst out
in song,
Don, he got a choir going, with Eddie, Bob,
and Ron.

It wasn't long it wouldn't last, Assembly got the
point,
And Stan Sault with his heavy weights, Said "Let's clear up
the joint".

Then Duncan with a Cresent wrench, He wore a deadly
frown,
"We built the damn things up", he roared, And now we'll
tear'em down.

Rolly, Babe, Ev, and Fred, They soon had gathered
forces,
Storm them from the rear you guys, And C. Paff gets
the horses.

The sounds of battle died away, Bill ordered fast
retreat,
But poor old Harry couldn't run, The oil stuck to
his feet.

The more he tried the worse it got — Give up?, Oh,
no sir, never.
But like the Flying - Dutchman old, He plies the sludge
forever.

So now you know how Harry feels, The very worst we
fear,
Drink whiskey, vodka, gin, or rum, But please keep off
the beer.

*Ref. No plugs allowed

Note: Reference to any living person is purely coincidental

Exploits of Joe Blow - - Duel At Dawn - - April 1st edition.

You've heard of old Joe Blow no doubt, a peasant if you please,
He dines each day in handsome style, on pickles with bread and cheese.
Now just at dawn and half asleep, he staggered from his car,
And swinging his bag and his thermos jug, he clinked his pickle jar.

The traffic came to a sudden stop, and the air was still and tense,
The serfs all ran for cover, as Joe approached the fence.
The Guard yelled "Stop ! - - Let's see that bag", with Joe at Pistol point,
"I know you sneaky Limey types, you might sabotage the joint".

But Joe went on in defiant style, he thought he was doing fine,
With his finger up towards the sky, he displayed the victory sign.
The guard then reached for his bullets, and Joe needed no further proof,
He shinned up the nearest ladder, and on to the Turbine Shop roof.

More guards arrived with guns and Mace, just itching to take a pot,
The sun shone bright on Joe's balding head, so they fired a warning shot.
Jim Dresden laughed and quipped aloud, "I think it is only fair,
If you pointed your gun the other way, and tried to shoot in the air".

The power-transformer was at its peak, under the morning load,
In a wall of flame it burst at the seams, and then it sort of glowed.
The next shot went through a window, a pause - - and then - - ca-boom,
Walls collapsed and the roof caved in, and there went the cleaning room.

Percy said "Let's get a call, straight through to E.X.G.,
They are the ones that armed the guards and they really ought to know",
"Contract time is getting close, so we shouldn't be afraid,
Check to see if he is 'management' or just an 'hourly-paid'".

The battle then started in earnest, for the hour was almost eight,
But the next barrage of small-arms fire brought down a D.C.8.
Things then took a dramatic turn, for the guards all started to sneeze,
Joe had showered down his garlic juice and his Gorgonzola cheese.

In a last ditch stand some crumpets dropped, Joe was really going for broke
With a quart of steaming Limey tea, plus a rotten artichoke.
Mack Dordoff roared "This has gone too far, you will have to clear the yard,
Call up the anti-riot squad, and include the National Guard".

When the army arrived the General said, "This is just a civilian case,
No foreign investments are involved, but you will have to save your face"
"We will get some tanks and planes and guns, just to ease the situation,
With some Napalm just to warm things up, and we'll call it 'Pacification'

Just then old Joe came down to ground, and it was plain for all to see,
That he really hadn't given up, but it was time for morning tea.
"I say you chaps, what's all the fuss? this has really gone too far,
Here's what is left of my bloody brown bag, and you can keep the pickle jar".

HR

(Purely a fantasy, with no reference to person or persons at U.A.L., and diplomatic immunity as usual) Associated publications include, 'Keeping Toasted' & 'Extrascareline'

Keeping Toasted (Published by Joe Blow enterprises)

It has come to our attention that there is an urgent need for a review of our sick-leave policy. In an effort to standardize procedures, we intend to follow the lines of our 'occupational' accident guide-lines. No employee will be considered 'sick', unless life has been pronounced extinct by our own U.A.L. medical department. (Family doctors have been known to 'fudge' a little.) It is anticipated that we can convert our sick-leave attendance to a figure in the region of +1.6%. This may entail, staying behind for ten minutes to complete your job at times, but the result: will well justify the effort.

Many employees have complained that their own doctor is not available until a late hour and that they cannot afford the exorbitant fees. At a later date, we hope to be able to supply to all of our hourly-paid employees with a simple knowledge, a small 'do-it-yourself' test-kit. The employee himself will be expected to make a small contribution to complete this by the purchase of one bottle of 'Doctor Bloggs' 95% proof, available at any liquor store. (Rum, Brandy, Gin, or Vodka flavored)

The kit will consist of:

(a) A tourniquet complete with a 1 1/2" x 1 1/8" sliding packing block. (b) A simple type of surgical thermometer manufactured from 1 1/8" round dowelling with ball end attached. This is coated with thermal paint that turns blue at 70 deg. F. and a bright red at 115 deg. F. (c) A box of 6 ea. capsules of .612" dia. that closely resemble horse pills. These are filled with a harmless substance consisting of castor - oil, concentrated prune-juice, bonded with a generous helping of baking-soda. They were well tested during the filming of Walt Disney's cartoon of 'Dumbo' (That elephant really flew.)

Symptoms and Tests

Chills or fever.

Arise a little earlier than usual and place (b), in a convenient location to assure correct blood temperature. It will begin to feel almost comfortable after a few minutes. Extract rapidly and note color of large end. Blue denotes that you must have turned off the furnace last night. Red indicates that you sampled the 'Doctor Bloggs' ahead of time. (Don't cheat) In any case proceed to work as usual.

Respiratory ailments.

Test #1. If your breathing appears abnormally low, drink approx. 6oz. of Dr. Bloggs, leaving around 1/2 remaining in the glass. Now take an ordinary drinking straw, place one end in remaining liquid and blow through straw. If no bubbles appear, check bathroom drapes, and if the blonde across the street is dressing and has omitted to draw her blind, repeat the test, as maybe you were not paying attention to the test. Otherwise proceed to #2:

Test #2. (If you have failed test 1) Extract (a) from kit. Place tourniquet around neck, approx. 2" below epiglottis and slide wood block to rest on trachea. Now tighten tourniquet. (If you feel too weak, have your mother -in-law help you). After a few minutes, note the color of your skin. Blue-ish purple indicates that you were not so bad after all. No color change is not serious, but denotes a slight malfunction.

Stomach disorder.

(When you have to use the company washroom.) Consume no liquids or solids. Open the box (c) and take one pill at each coffee break, pressing into gullet with the aid of (b). These will remain undissolved until you return home at night. Now have a couple of snorts of Dr. Bloggs. The mild action will wash off the glutinous coating of the pills. Indulge in no physical exercise and cancel any bowling engagements. Things should be normal by morning.

Optical.

Check United sign as you approach the gate. If it appears it's usual blue, don't worry. If it is not visible, check maintenance for transformer trouble. FREE COFFEE AND DONUTS WITH CLEAN SHEET AFTER ONE YEAR

Joe

HR

Exploits of Joe Blow - The Badger

You've heard of Joe Blow no doubt,
He's been here thirteen years,
But when he had his picture taken,
It roused his deepest fears.

"What will happen", Joseph roared,
If my badge should get lost?
Now steady Joe, it will not hurt,
A dollar fifty is just the cost.

Joe grew each day more sullen,
To see the cattle ramp,
Through which at dusk and dawn each day,
He knew he had to tramp.

Now this was going much too far,
He couldn't take much more,
So to relieve his hidden tension,
He thought he'd try gate four.

Now in his lunch box rumbling round,
Was his trusty pickle jar,
Apart from the noise it made,
You could smell it from afar.

With just one more stealthy step to go,
He wished the guard his best, (?)
But the electric beam his jar observed,
And loud speakers blared- arrest'

The only thing to keep the peace,
Was give his jar a rest,
Buy his lunch in the vending machines,
And give home-cooking his first test.

This seemed OK to poor old Joe,
AS he sailed through the door,
But the electric brain had clocked his weight,
AT precisely one-six-four.

Two cans of stew, some noodles too,
And then some pork-and-beans,
After three ice creams and a can of pop,
He scarce did fit his jeans.

Eight long hours of toil and sweat,
He wandered out the gate,
A voice blared "stop", detain that man,
He is four pounds overweight.

Joe took the fifth amendment,
Deciding to make a stand,
Even Oakland heard him roar,
"I have no contraband".

The guard said "Joe to the washroom go",
"There is no need to undress",
"If your four pounds plus is legal",
"Get rid of that excess".

Joe thought it best to forge his badge,
To look like management,
The legality was somewhat doubtful,
But done with good intent.

They put him straight in an office job,
Complete with tie and shirt,
With blondes and shapely red-heads,
He still had time to flirt.

He signed all paper that came his way,
No need to look, no trouble,
And in spite of Booze and Allen,
Production went up double.

Joe's progress came to a grinding halt,
The Boss said "snakes alive",
"Find that man a job on the floor",
"He's over thirty-five".

Now every dog must have his day,
Pride comes before a fall,
And now we see Joe back at work,
— Pickle jar and all.

H.R.

Exploits of Joe Blow - The Moment of Truth

Now here's a thing I only heard, in fact it's strange to tell.
It concerns our friend old Joseph Blow, who works at U.A.L.
If he came in to your house at night, he wouldn't touch a thing,
But at the Base he takes small parts, to others some joy to bring.

His morals are beyond reproach, and nothing seems to lack,
Though at times he does strange things, that are Kleptomaniac.
It's always little odds and ends, — nothing really large,
But two C-7's and a J-T 4, adorn his small garage.

Under the trees a D-C 6, with a truck to carry freight,
While on his well kept lawn there stands, a brand new DC-8.
At the Base the Manager was going almost insane,
He didn't mind the little things, but cripes — a missing plane?

With prayer and meditation, he started going to church,
And ordered all United guards, to conduct a lunch-box search.
But Joe was most undaunted, his methods were first class,
With a nice new lunch-box in his grasp — made from plexiglass.

Joe's DC-8 needed a little work, for he broke the toilet seat,
He would lift a new one from the Docks, it seemed a simple feat.
Going out from work at night, perhaps the guard would holler,
So he draped the seat around his neck, just like a horse's collar.

They stopped poor Joe at the guard-shack, you could feel the tension mount,
His lunch-box had to be X-Rayed, and given the Geiger count.
Joe's confidence abounded, he went and sat on the floor,
This was just routine he thought, just that and nothing more.

Now at this crucial moment, fate played a dreadful chance,
For off the Airport bus there tripped, a sweet young thing from France.
After traveling the Continent, herself she wished to groom,
'Bonjour Monsieur I wish to have, the nearest powder room'.

She looked in through the window, and spied Joe's toilet seat,
And started out disrobing, at least from waist to feet.
Poor Joe saw that the end was near, they say his face turned red,
He would have paid a hundred dollars, to be safe at home in bed.

The girl looked down with some alarm, and cussed him out in French,
From Joe's position on the floor, she looked a real nice wench,
But she was most determined, to pry him from the seat,
She jammed his head in the door of the shack, now this seems hard to beat.

The Guard saw what was happening, his vision didn't fail,
He called for a Police car, to drop poor Joe in Jail.
Joe now rests in San Quentin, to realize his fate,
But on his way across (they say), he stole the Golden Gate.

(sequel on following page)

Exploits of Joe Blow — The New Pass Policy

The last that you heard of poor old Joe, was being sent to Jail, (see Feb. report.)
But he pulled a switch on a technical hitch, and got released on bail.
For the Mademoiselle that got involved, came up with a story tall.
The toilet seat she swore on oath, was a present from President De Gaulle.

Joe thought it wise (for a while at least) to head for the hills near Seattle,
he would take his flock to the mother in law, even if it meant a battle,
And take Skis and Skates and winter coats, Junior could take his sleigh,
With a bottle of Gin for the old battle-axe, and he wouldn't have to pay.

So he went to the office and filled a form, to use his vacation pass,
The foreman looked up from the Critical Path, and let out a horsey laugh.
'Now look here Blow, things have changed, you will have to mend your ways,
With the new pass policy now in force, we will need at least ten days'.

'Now why make all this trouble? — Why make such a fuss?,
Is your journey really necessary?, — Why can't you catch a bus?
Joe beat the desk and gnashed his teeth, but then he forced a smile,
There wasn't much that he could do, with eight letters in his file.

The tickets came, and just in time, an hour before the flight,
They cost far more than they should have done, but there wasn't time to fight.
He should have read the details, for they would have made him blink,
But he was eyeing up the office girls, and hadn't got time to think.

Mother was in her bearskin coat, Joe had the dog and cat,
Junior pilled a ten foot sleigh, in a Davie Crockett hat.
With fur-lined boots and other things, they looked in fine condition,
They looked as though they were going to the Pole, on an Arctic expedition.

They rushed on down to the boarding room, what happened you can guess,
Instead of reading the notice-board, Joe was viewing the Stewardess.
But then he thought of the cocktails, he was ready for a glass,
There wasn't any room in the cheaper seats, so they were forced to ride first-class.

Now Joe looked down at the snow clad hills, and he broke in to poetry,
Mom growled out loud, 'You've had too much booze — we are going there to ski'. Much later on they all
changed planes, something was wrong we feel,
But Mother said, 'Who cares a damn, we will get another meal'.

There was nobody around to meet them, when they at last touched down,
With all this arctic gear on, and they had to walk to town?
And it wasn't too long before the sun was high, with the traffic starting to rattle,
They were strolling along by some orange trees — what ?? — oranges in Seattle ???

Joe took a gasp, for someone had goofed, he felt as though he would drop,
And it wasn't too long before a crowd gathered round, and somebody called a cop. Something was eating
Mother's bearskin coat, a most peculiar fly,
Joe took a swat as the cop stepped in, and caught him right in the eye.

The Judge in the court at Miami, noting that Joe had no loot,
Said 'If you Californians have no money, you can all spend two weeks picking fruit. Joseph at last got back to
The base, but his buddies all wanted to know,
How the heck he could get such a beautiful tan on a couple of weeks in the snow?'

NOTE: The following lament, dirge or missive is sheer fantasy and a pure figment of the imagination. It contains a word of caution to aspiring alcoholics. It also gives a hint of what could happen if SFOPI got into Medicare, with free house-calls. Special thanks must be given to those 'members of the cloth' for added inspiration.

M E D I S C A R E

I reached my home just the other night it was a Monday I recall,
And I felt fatigued and over-tired, for I had given Paul Strange my all,
Then followed a modest seven-course lunch, topped off with some crackers and cheese,
And noted that the wine-vault had been left unlocked, the door open wide to the breeze.

Now wifey and kids had gone out for the night and they wouldn't be home until ten,
And old Satan was working his usual ways ... and you can guess what happened then.
The Nectar was quaffed in most rapid style, for the harvest was mine to reap,
And long before an old movie came on, I had dropped off in a deep sound sleep.

And I dreamed of exotic dancing girls swaying around in that 'you are next' style,
Now my spouse would not have approved of this, but the results were worth my while,
But maybe it was the Vodka, Rum or Gin, that caused this delightful scene to stop,
For there followed a nightmare, vivid and clear, that was enough to blow my top.

For there sounded a rustle on the living-room floor, the bedroom door was opened wide,
As Doctor Riddell and Doctor Kiplinger too, strode in with a business-like stride,
With clean white coats and little black bags, Kip was sporting a stethoscope,
And Chuck produced (from a violin case), his infamous Golden Periscope.

"Now we have learned that you missed work today and most concerned are we",
"We will give you a checkup on the spot, it won't hurt a bit ... you'll see",
"Roll over Harry, you will like our style, but please don't get us wrong",
"This Periscope is just smooth and sleek and is less than three feet long".

My tonsils twittered from this unusual approach, but one couldn't wish for more,
and soon they were crouched over a 10X glass, placed down on the bedroom floor.
"Now roll him over, cover him up, ... and give him back his robe",
"Focus the glass on the Periscope" "now examine the probe".

"What is that you see?", "It looks so strange" ... "Hm hmmm, ha haaa, of course"
"I always figured that this old bastard had the constitution of a Horse".
"We will have to look for other things that could keep him from the base",
"We will have to check him inside out, for he has a most sneaky face".

"Have you ever suffered from chest pains?" "Pneumonia or perhaps Bronchitis?",
"Have you ever gone on nude jogging trips arising from Gastro Enteritis?",
"Have you ever fractured a Clavicle, Scapula, or a Pelvis shall we say?",
"Have you ever suffered some grinding pains in your Lumbar Vertibrae?".

Then they both went into a scrimmage and they whispered with a smile,
"Maybe we can restore immediate health ... with a letter in his file".
But they soon reached a brilliant conclusion, it always happens without fail,
And both laid a very tender hand on my ancient brass-bedstead rail.

"Now listen Harry, you are on your way to those green pastures in the sky",
They both were shedding tears profuse and both gave vent to a mournful sigh,
"Now just sign this little waiver, this we need to save our face",
"Whatever is causing your sad demise .. definitely .. didn't happen at the Base".

Right then I awakened with a sudden jolt, for I had experienced terrific fright,
so I lit a match, turned up the wick and ignited my bedroom light.
The pictures of Don Severance, Chuck and Lee, still hung on my bedroom wall,
There was Clarence Seim, Bob Bauer and Paul ... THEY STILL LOVED ME AFTER ALL.

Harry Rawson, 11/23/??

11. "Although yesterday's closed circuit TV presentation was quite crude it was the consensus of the managers that this equipment has considerable potential. RCD advised that he, G.P.Lum and W.L.Elmgren will continue to investigate the potential use of this equipment".

* * *

* * *

After reading the news item above and being always ready and willing to assist in any way, we decided to try an imaginary 'Candid Camera' on our old friend 'Joe Blow'. After the Booze and Allen period, we decided that TV cameras were cheaper by the dozen. (J.B.Enterprises.)

SMILE AWHILE - - - A 'Keeping Toasted' - - - No charge.

Now its early morn., at the crack of dawn,
our day has just begun.
But here comes Joe, like Fangio,
so switch on camera one.

There's a slight delay, some people in the way,
and the atmosphere is tense,
For a quick lane switch puts his foreman in the ditch,
right up against the fence.

Things started slow, but everything is 'go',
for Joe has run 'amuck'. (see note *)
He's trying to flirt with the 'miniskirt',
who runs the coffee truck.

Joe runs to the truck, and says "What luck",
and then lets out a holler,
"What a beautiful way to start the day",
and dropped his half a dollar.

With the girl so pert in the short green skirt
Joe stoops to find the money,
His eyes full of sin and he wears an evil grin
we wonder what's so funny.

From the great beyond, it takes a sexy blonde,
to lure Joe in the gate,
And it's strange to tell, that he loves U.A.L. ,
but he has never been so late.

Now camera five suddenly becomes alive,
as Joe just starts to linger,
Just looking with hope at the golden periscope, (see note**)
and waving his usual finger.

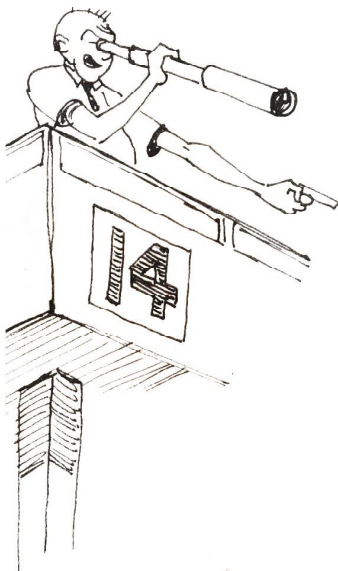
Now the whistle has blown and Joe has shown,
that he has the morning paper,
For a quick look-see with his morning tea
it's his usual morning caper.

We now zoom in on three, so we all can see,
yesterday's baseball score.
And 'snakes alive; the Giants knocked in ice,,
while the Met's had only four.

Now Joe goes to groom, in the southern washroom,
and he removes his shirt and vest,
While camera nine, says things are going fine,
they never saw such a hairy chest.

"His navel" shouts Ted., "is tattoo'd blue and red
with a dancer that sort of wiggles".

"Though Joe breathes deep, and appears fast asleep,
we can hear his crafty giggles".



The producer yells “You mutt, get camera nine to cut,
though topless is nothing new”,
“You mustn’t go too far, but just tattoo on a ‘bra’,
as it’s bad for the camera crew”.

Now just by chance, Joe awakens from his trance,
it is time for morning break.
And while the crowd is milling, he just slips in a shilling,
to buy some chocolate cake.

With a howl of fear, he engages fourth gear,
as his foreman is by the door,
For he almost got missed from the overtime list,
and it hasn’t happened before.

The word had got around, from the underground,
the events in the Turbine Shop,
The managers watched the screen, the worst ever seen,
said “This circus has to stop !!”.

Percy said “We know, that we can afford old Joe,
while automatic zyglo is fine”,
“But it is not too good, to copy Hollywood,
and we have to draw a line”.

Ref. note* ‘amuck’: No - Joe didn’t buy his typewriter at the same store as U.A.L. ‘Amuck’ is the same as ‘amok’, only nobody gets killed. Ref. note ** ‘Golden Periscope’, — See 1967 awards list.

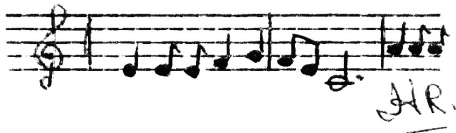
Music lover’s corner.

All of our faithful fans must have heard the ‘new’ commercial theme song ‘Let’s get away from it all’.

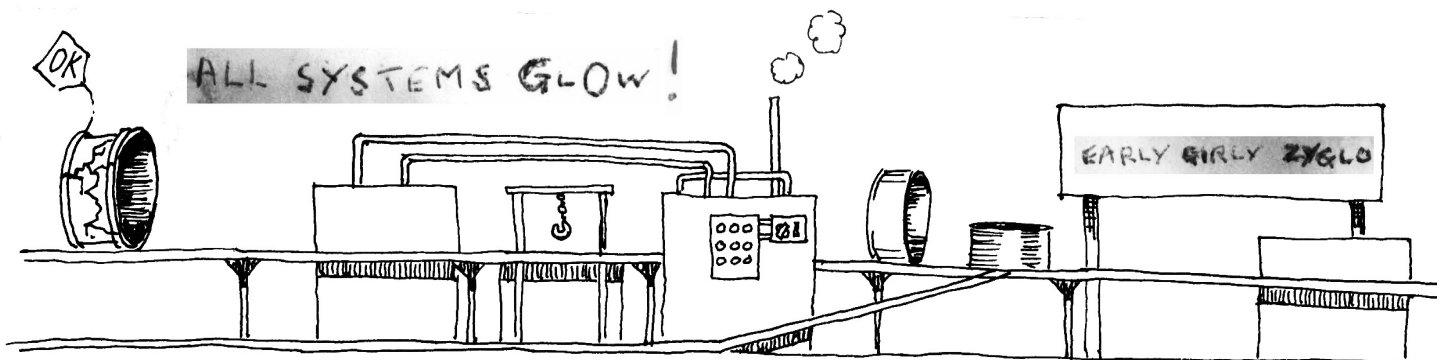
Joe is a candid art critic, so we asked for his expert opinion. He said that he was not too impressed with ‘Fly the friendly skies’. The best rending (see note* above on typewriters) that he had ever heard was given by a topless barmaid strumming on a harp. He said that if you take away the first bar and remove the harp, there is not too much left to the imagination.

‘Let’s get away from it all’, gives him much greater scope and he has various arrangements for a mere \$10 or an L.P. selling for \$15. To start the money rolling in, he has published a specimen verse below. Note the artistic use of wind instruments which he loves (his family name is ‘Blow’). In the lyrics, it is touching in the way he places the company even before his own family.

LET’S GET AWAY



LET’S GET AWAY FROM UNITED, (Sax.)
LET’S SEE THE GIANTS PLAY BALL, (Trumpet)
IF YOUR WIFE’S FEELING ILL
AND SHE’S TAKING THE PILL, (Pickle - oh)
LET’S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL – ta-ra-ra (Trombone)



Extract from 'Keeping Posted'

HERB CAFN (from SF Chronicle, JAN. 30th)

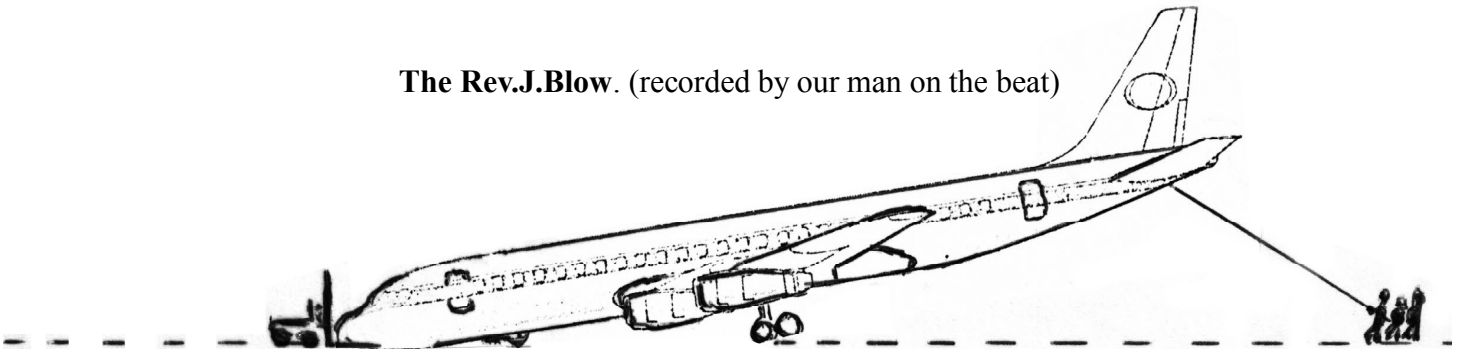
CARE TO hear about a \$1500 breakfast? Okay: one of the national airlines, on an economy kick, is cutting down on all frills — including food for the cockpit crew (this is a frill?). So one morning, earlier this month, a co-pilot sneaked into the galley and snatched himself three little pig sausages. Tilt! An airline inspector on board caught him greasy-handed and suspended him for the rest of the month — meaning he was docked about \$1500 in salary. "Three \$500 sausages," lamented the pilot at S.F. Airport, "and they weren't even hot."

'Kick this one around a bit'. 2-1-67. About once a week a phone call comes in—from a church group asking if people could wash an airplane—\$60.

Note— We sent our best reporter on a short trip with L.S.D. In limey terminology, L.S.D. is pounds, shillings and pence. With the princely sum of just two shillings for expense money (28 cents) Joe Blow produced this alarming report.

The scene could be any parking apron, with a typical group, and the sermon (or running commentary) being conducted by the Reverent Joseph Blow.

The Rev.J.Blow. (recorded by our man on the beat)



Now listen all ye brethren, who are gathered here today,
We have to clean this monster up, for sixty bucks they say.
A word of caution I must add, directed to the man,
Who used the blue-room last of all, and didnt flush the pan.

Now Johnny Jones I first observed, was working like a beaver,
But he has strayed in to the cockpit, and pushed up a little lever.
Someone grab a fork-lift, to pry up on the front,
Get a rope around the tail, and push and pull and grunt.

Get hold of Mrs. Murphy, who was sleeping in the lounge,
Send her to the galley, just to see what she can scrounge.
But if she finds some sausages, we must leave them so I'm told,
For these things unto the airlines, are worth their weight in gold.

Today I heard the dreadful news, of a Pilot who had strayed,
And one of the companies cheapest spies, his brother had betrayed.
It couldnt be United who had pulled this dirty deed,
For they boast of 'friendly skies' and things, this is not their creed,

Maybe it was American, with their giant Astro-jet,
Who whisk you off in nothing flat -- and a ten-foot runway yet.
Is this the way to run an airline? You can bet your boots it
(With all this speech I am getting dry) -- another glass of fir,

The moral of this story is, Sinners let ye repent,
The airline paid me out last night, the sixty dollars is spent
Mrs.Murphy ate the sausages?? Oh gosh -- Oh gee -- Oh shucks,
To put it in a nutshell, we owe fifteen hundred bucks.

H.R.

Re. 'Flu shots: Extract from Medical ... Bulletin 10/3/68

'Persons in the following categories must not take the shots:
(1) Anyone allergic to eggs, egg products, or chicken feathers.'
(there is more on the sheet but that is all we needed)

* * * * *

EXPLOITS OF 'JOE BLOW' - - - 'FLYING HIGH'

You have heard of old 'Joe Blow' no doubt, that bald-headed passive guy,
always brimming with good intention, but things always go awry.
He is the most benevolent, generous type, this is plain for all to see,
but he cant resist a bargain - - - he takes everything that is free.

He didn't think he was allergic to feathers, less indeed the humble egg,
though his friends all call him 'chicken', when they want to pull his leg.
Then Joe went in to 'Medical' - - for a rest - - - and to get his shot,
'Good morning Nurse' - - - Allergic? - - Me? - that's plain and utter rot'.

A week passed by, then poor Mrs. Blow yelled out for Joe to "Stop!",
"there is a mass of big red feathers, growing out of your shiny top!".
He grew more conceited and hostile - - he no longer whistles or sings,
as apart from a bright red shiny comb, he had grown a pair of wings.

The Doctor said "It is very strange, but there really is nothing to fear",
but as soon as Bob Rogers hove in sight, Joe pecked him right on the ear.
Joe strutted up the office steps, for with Judie he wanted to flirt,
and seeing her in a miniskirt, he clucked, - and scuffed the dirt.

His manager came by with a tear in his eye, to call for help with the 'mike',
while Joe flapped his wings and crowed aloud 'Just go and take a hike'.
Rogers said 'Joe's a hungry type, so we will lay some corn on the floor,
with a trail that leads on down the steps, and out of the western door.

Things were going well but a plane took off, giving Joe a sudden fright,
as this large size bird was climbing fast, so he took right off in flight.
Jim Dresden 'phoned "You wont believe this Jack, but I have the living proof,
there is a big rooster strutting around, on top of the Turbine-shop roof! "

A Guard with a gun took a pot-shot, and poor Joe fell down with a bang,
but it was five-o-clock in the morning, and Joe's alarm clock had just rang.
Joe was laying flat on his bedroom floor, gazing straight up at the beams,
gasping "Every time that I drink cheap beer, I get these bloody horrible DREAMS".

PRODUCED BY THE 'HAPPY-VALLEY' PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Any reference to person or persons at U.A.L. is purely coincidental - - - of course.

H.R.

KEEPING TOASTED OCTOBER 4TH

Note. All employees must have gazed in to the aquarium adjacent to the plating shop, with its magnificent display of CYPRINUS CARPIO! We have for some time, been trying to get an exclusive interview with one of these poor fish, but they have been extremely reticent. Finally we lured one with a whole ant-egg, and here is the sad story.

THE HARDY BREED

IF YOU GAZE IN TO THESE MURKY DEPTHS,
IT SHOULD REALLY MAKE YOU THINK,
AS IT HASN'T BEEN CLEANED FOR QUITE A WHILE,
AND IT RESEMBLES A KITCHEN SINK.

BUT WE INDEED ARE A HARDY BREED,
AND HAVE NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO FUSS,
AS WE HAVE BEEN THROUGH MANY WORSE THINGS THAN THIS,
AND IT IS NOTHING STRANGE TO US.

THEY SELECTED A THOUSAND OF WE POOR FISH,
THEN THEY THREW US OUT IN THE BAY,
TO WALLOW IN THE AROMATIC MUD,
FEEDING ON POLLUTANTS EVERY DAY.

AFTER ONE MONTH HAD PASSED AWAY,
THEY BROUGHT US BACK TO THE SHOP,
NINE HUNDRED POOR SOULS HAD GONE ALOFT
AND THE REST WERE BEGINNING TO DROP.

NEXT, WE WERE PLACED IN A NITRIC TANK,
JUST TO SWIM AROUND FOR A WHILE,
OUR RELATIVES WERE DROPPING OUT LIKE FLIES,
AND ONLY TEN WERE SEEN TO SMILE.

NOW I AM DUTY BOUND TO QUOTE THE FACTS,
SO PLEASE DO NOT THINK ME RUDE,
BUT HALF OF THE BATCH HAD THEIR SCALES DROP OFF,
AND WERE SWIMMING AROUND IN THE NUDE!

WE WERE PUT OUT TO GRAZE IN A CHROMIC TANK,
FOR A WELL EARNED, NEEDED REST,
BUT IT DIDN'T AGREE WITH HALF OF THE BOYS,
AND ONLY FIVE WERE LEFT.

THE MANAGER SAID "THESE ARE MY BOYS",
FOR THEY HAVE REALLY EARNED THEIR PAY,
'WE WILL FIND THEM A HOME IN A SEPTIC TANK,
AND PUT THEM OUT ON DISPLAY!

"AFTER ALL THESE POOR FISH HAVE BEEN THROUGH,
THEY ARE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE,
BUT IN THIS DILUTED POISON,
I THINK THAT THEY WILL SURVIVE".

IF YOU ARE WONDERING WHO WROTE THIS DIRGE,
AND YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW,
LOOK IN THE TANK AT THE PINK ONE,
I WILL COME IF YOU CALL ME 'JOE'.

H.R.

Ring Ding, Ding a Ling, and Sing Sing.

Ring a Ling to Ring Ding,
said 'let's have a test,
to see which department
we can screw up the best.'

Now eighty eight sixty,
seems to be going quite well,
while eighty eight-eighty
you never can tell.

'Let's try do our utmost
to get them on skids,
just merge them together
and open up bids.

They schemed and connived,
and then came the day,
they posted the notice
the first day of May.

The foreman came down,
just to look at the bid,
his color was purple,
he just flipped his lid.

"Let's do something quick,
and call Ding a Ling,
he's put all the day-shift
on graveyard and swing."

"I know that he thinks
he has done what is fair,
but how many hands
do we need on Fred Bare?"

"Fred Eastman, if he rushes,
can blade up the discs,
Jim Rosen can balance,
but we're taking some risks".

"Who cam work hot section,
and what about cold?,
the more that I think of it
is driving me old".

"I wish I was outspoken,
and just had the guts,
and call up Ding a Ling
- - - and tell him HE'S NUTS !!

J.T. 8ers squeak by T.C.R's in softball thriller.

The softball contest is producing many stars. Fun, frolics, and fresh-air being the main ingredients, it must be admitted that the man who can belt a ball out of the park is a good player. The player who can fall over a blade of grass, drop three or four balls and still come up smiling, emerges as the true star. This game produced a galaxy of stars. Our reporter became suspicious when poor Fryer was at death's door and Harold Seinwerth was given Saturday K.P. at the base. A power struggle was in progress and warranted investigation. Suspicions were confirmed when the reporter almost became a hood ornament for Slugger Severance's car. A successful coup d'etat had been accomplished and the executive junta was in complete control. Bomber Bauer was putting the team through ball practice and keeping an eye on the talents of the J.T.8ers. The situation was tense and followers of British history would have immediately recognized a repetition of King Richard the third at Agincourt. "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse", would have been a little out of place, but the bomber surveyed the battle scene and immediately raised the cry, 'Judi !! Bring me a bat !!' A bat was brought and the warriors prepared for battle. Two quick runs on a double by Bob Muramoto, single by Rocket Riddell, a Bomber sacrifice and a Slugger single. A quick calculation by Joe Heredia ($9 \times 2 = 18$) spurred the 8ers in to action. Leroy singled, Joe tripled, Rael singled and McDonald a homer. The Rocket poured in a hummer that came back like a rifle shot which he caught, to raise a cheer from the crowd. The side was held to four runs. Lee Willis opened the second with a double, Geo Finato and the Rocket singled to even the score. A major upset appeared to be in the making, but Joe rallied his troops with a pep talk. A gallop of hoofs and five runs came in. During this action, someone put a ball up in to the ionosphere and our scanner showed two celestial bodies on a collision course. One blip disappeared from the screen and Connecticut General appeared to be heading for another beating. The ball was dropped, but at the risk of being exiled in the Blade area forever, our reporter is firmly convinced that Lee upended the Bomber. Lee still hasn't shown up at United. Gary Grauberger hoped to keep the T.C.R's on the skids with a full swing, but the impact drove him backwards, horizontal and gazing at the heavens. Walt Weigl was given the hot-spot in right field. He only made one mistake. He didnt wear his cigar so he didnt need his glasses to keep the smoke out of his eyes. Without his glasses, balls were dropping fast and furious. Line-ups were changed with gay abandon and Mrs. Kiplinger was almost convinced that it took fourteen men for a ball-team. In a last desperate effort, young 'Kip' was drafted (3'6" & 5 summers) and he drew a walk to first. This later inspired Rocket Riddell in to a terrific slide. Someone forgot to grease the line and he ended up head down, just thirty feet from first. Everybody had a go at the Giants title (most errors in one game), but the Bomber nominated Chuck Cigler for the T.C.R's and Joe offered Leroy for the J.T.bers. Final score 8ers 32, T.C.R's 9.

* * * * *

The afternoon game (Pussycats and Plastics) produced softball at its best. Score? Who cares? Everybody had a whale of a time. Kathy, Josey, Lesley, Mary Lou, Vicki, Sue and Judi must be commended for appearing to play in the teeth of a westerly gale. The Plastics were true sportsmen and made a good game with a little intentional sloppy play. The girls can hit and run, but Pat made the longest rundown in baseball history, second - to third - to second - to the mound and out of breath. The game closed with a rousing chorus (by Sue. She is now top candidate for the Joe Blow secretary position).

"Turbine Nozzle guide vanes, compressor sections too,
Inlet cases, outlet cases, combustion chambers true,
Cold sections, hot sections, bearing number five,
Fuel pumps, Oil pumps, on your feet! Look alive!
(Rah, Rah, Rah, holler and cheer)

HR 6/11/68

Softball Silhouette's (by our roving reporter)

“When my time ebbs slowly to a close, I know there will be the urge,
to call in Sue and the all-girl crew, to chant their stirring dirge.
And when my life is pronounced extinct, I know there will be no hurt,
if twenty Pussycats carry the box, and twenty shovel the dirt”.

(Note: the last line of the pussycats war-cry is ‘on your feet, look alive!’ This
appears to strike sheer terror in to the opposition)

With the strange words quoted above, our reporter staggered in to the office and sank in to a chair. Pandemonium prevailed, as just three hours earlier we had pressed the sum of ‘one and eightpence’ in to his greasy mitt (expense money, for beer), and sent him off to cover the tilt between the S.F.C.P.I. and the pink Pansies. Something dreadful must have happened, so we maneuvered him in to a position so “that he could survey the Playboy calendar on the ceiling, fanned his face with an old fish and chip bag and passed an empty beer-can in the close proximity of his nasal organ. We searched his person and found the twenty-cents still intact, but unearthed some odd looking notes with the names Sue, Josie, Connie and many others. Now we don’t know any Pansies or Foremen with these names so we gave him a lie-detector test. He rapidly became coherent and belligerent in the bargain. He confessed that he had gone to see the real management play and maintained that these frolicsome females were the mainstay of U.A.L.. Come to think of it, the spelling has improved since the foremen stopped hand writing memos, trip-pass requests no longer arrive via ‘Jiffy-cleaners’ (a little absent minded), meetings start almost on time and the place has improved considerably. At the risk of losing a few brownie points, we have deciphered his report.

PUSSYCATS ALMOST ROUST REJECTS IN ROUGH-HOUSE ROMP.

The Pussycats were out in force with a glamorous array of fashions and colors and if Somplack thinks that the Rejects are going to get any mention, it will be purely coincidental. The Pussycats showed their teeth in the first, Josie valiantly tried to play with injuries, but Sandy and Lesley lashed out furiously. With speed on the bases, Judi dropped a dying single that brought in the first run. The rejects came to bat to find Mary Lou with a variety of pitches, while Connie caught with gay abandon. Maybe they got a couple of runs - - so what? Sylvia needed a rules discussion in order to differentiate from cricket. She soon caught on and Mary Lou made it look easy to score a run. The third was worthy of mention with Josie thinking that one good turn deserves another (two in all) and must have been quite dizzy. Lesley was touring the bases, but Judi hit the first baseman like a tornado. Nobody could identify a baseman who had a pair of size nines pointing up towards the mid-day sun, especially with Judi trampling on his torso. Great coaching by Dick and his wife (plus a few draughts of tonic water), the late arrival of Vicki, and things were rolling once more. Duane had his team batting opposite hand and was allowing the girls four outs, but this almost rebounded. They had to resort to foul means to keep the score down. An eight year old lad was drafted from the spectators to create a seven man block between second and third. In the top of the fifth, Sandy put a ball up into the stratosphere and John lost it. Kathy sacrificed her along, and the stage was set for one of the most remarkable plays in the match. Mary Lou singled and Sandy hurdled, bobbed, weaved and parted the mass of masculine humanity along the way. As if this was not sufficient, she was next seen roaring for home, feet forward, decking the catcher. The seventh was a shambles with all hands to the pump, Mary L again with Sylvia running, Sue bunting, Judi sacrifice, Connie single, Sandy single, Jan single, Lesley single, and here comes Mary L again with a another double. Oh boy - - score? Pussycats 13 / Rejects 14, so they put the Rejects in again for a consolation prize. Keep it up girls, victory is just around the corner. Round up a few more pussycats and you will scare ‘em to death.

LATE FLASH - - P.I's 8 PANSIES 13 - - LEVEL PEGGING UNTIL FOURTH - - STANGE H/R -W.
WIEGL 2 D/P's - TRIPLE COLLISION 3Y P's - -

H.R. 6/16/68

REJECTS CLOBBER V.I.P.'s IN SOFTBALL OPENER

It may seem a little strange for Russ Hodges to cover a cricket match, or Lon Simmons to report on a darts contest, but our reporter said that he would have a bloody go at American rounders. He was amazed at the importance that had been placed on this match by the idle rich, and noted the family support in the appearance of innocent looking family members, complete with uniforms. The first inning was a routine affair, with both sides trying to get accustomed to the rules. The Rejects realized that overtime at U.A.L. would become as extinct as the Dodo, if one of their men sent down some sizzlers, so they craftily acquired the services of Jim Dupree to enable them to get over a few soft hits.

Clem Quon flashed a triple in the bottom end of the first, but it was obvious that they had not intended to show their power so early in the game. There was no score in the second, but it was evident that the Finato boys had forgotten George's last minute instructions. The Rejects strategy appeared to unfold and let the P.I's gallop around the bases until exhaustion set in, and then go in for the kill. Harold Seinwerth tried to wear the pitcher out and finally got to first on eight strikes and five balls. Ralph Hulihee singled, with Harold sneaking closer to the beer supplies. Chuck Cigler put a touch of back spin on the ball to get a single and bring in Harold, and while our reporter was listening to the abuse from Tom Hutton, Chuck scored to make it two up for the bad guys. The Rejects retaliated. Spike got on first and Ray Manning slapped a double just to give the boy some exercise and get him home. One of the good guys then rocketed a greasy fly up in to the jet-stream for Bob Muramoto to juggle with, while Manning romped home. By this time, Ralph Hulihee was staggering around like a western gunman weighted down with a couple of lead weights. Ray Fryer appeared to have been run down with a road roller and the scene was set for Custer's last stand. The fourth opened in wild style, with Gene Hoy getting a quick single. Chuck Riddell tried to skin the ball with a booming triple. Panic prevailed and the Rejects wilted temporarily. The Giants would have been happy to observe that they were not the only ones to commit a few errors. Ralph singled Chuck home in the confusion. Our reporter lost track of the bottom of the fourth, and had to be content to count the legs of the heroes heading for home with 5 runs. Bob Muramoto got a double in the top of the fifth, but resistance was fading. The bottom of the fifth produced an entirely new outlook on things. With that typical American ingenuity, Frank Cooper was found to be sporting a unique venting system in the rear end. As he swung, it opened sufficiently to allow an adequate supply of second stage air in the basement. He swung and missed, but by increasing the supply of air, he effortlessly wafted a double to the outfield. John Somplack realized that Frank might catch cold out there and tripled. Spike then wafted a single for an insurance run. In the bottom of the seventh, Taro Fukumori tried to emulate the flying nun. He took off from third on full thrust and halfway down assumed flying position, but instead of going up, floated gracefully down to a four point landing. He still had loads of power and nearly made it on hands and knees. More runs in the bottom of the eighth, with Jim, Earl and Frank batting like pro's. Dave Hutton (P.I's secret weapon) slashed a triple in the ninth, but who wanted to continue the fray ? Truly a resounding victory for the backbone of U.A.L's production line. Don't count out the V.I.P's just yet ! Stretch Bauer, Slogger Severance, Walloping Weigl and staggering Stange constitute rich untapped reserves. FINAL SCORE - - Rejects 14; I.P's 5 (Rejects minus 2 for four outs in seventh)

H.R.

The committee of 13, after cursory perusal of the
Nominees for Deification, Dissection, and Defamation,
do hereby confer:

Management Awards 1968

Manager of the year: Ed Whitesell (an outstanding example of mind over confusion)
Gen. Foreman of the year: Joe Reed (operates a paper and parts treadmill in which nothing
goes anywhere)
Foreman of the year: Darrel Silvers and Sob Pope (joint Award as both did nothing)
Temp. Foreman of the year: Bob Hoffman: (they were really desperate)
Brand "X" Award: C. Nash (a disciple of Butch Raymond)
Contract Violation Award: Conrad Simpson Highway Safety Award: Bill VanEtta
Hard to find Award: L. Kiplinger
Engineering Award: Paul Beard (hasn't made a decision all year)
Marksmanship Award: J. D. Pyle
Truthfulness Award: Glasenapp (8th year) *
Golden Periscope Award: Riddell (2nd year)
Spoiled brat Award: Kitz (pouts and stamps feet)
Beau Brummel Award: Hayne and Beagle (joint award)
Buck passer Award: R. Fryer
Casanova Award: J. Julien (You ask him?)
Sunday overtime Award: Paul Stange
Probable promotion Award: Seinaerth (D. C.)
Doubtful promotion Award: Pat Wilson and Glasenapp (dead heat)
NAACP Award: Don Conrad
Nice Guys Award: Harry Bickler and Joe Soldavini
Nice Gals Award: Grace Folsom and Gianna Glavich
Errol Flynn Memorial Award: C. Cigler
Maidenform Award: Dianna Glavich
Special Award for goofed up paperwork: Hidchenko and Short (dead heat, perfect record)

* Awards are in perpetuity after 10 years.

To those not receiving Awards, the cross of conformity is yours to bear, but
abandon not hope, and take solace in the immortal lines from the letter the
Great religious leader Martin Luther wrote to Pope Clement VII. in 1505.
"Hu Purga Spuget Un Phish Ug", translated from the Latin means, "Who the
hell wants sphagetti and fish"

To I.A.M. members of Dept. 8890

I would like to thank everyone for their trust and confidence in electing me as their representative for the coming year. Throughout the year information will be transmitted in the form of 'news letters', which will contain items on the 'day', 'swing' and stewards meetings, plus any valid news from Chicago.

For these news sheets to continue, they must essentially be non-inflammatory, non-derogatory, and should not be 'posted'.

News will be scarce in the early months of negotiations, as the preliminaries are about as exciting as two sea-turtles engaged in a mating ritual at five fathoms, with the end result bearing a remarkable comparison.

Our negotiators from the base have promised to keep in constant touch on any developments.

I am pleased to report that Roscoe Jones has accepted the position of alternate steward. Most of us know Roscoe quite well, although he has only recently joined the day-shift ranks, but a more hardworking, dedicated member, is hard to find. His position next year as recording secretary, will give the 'jet-shop' some added strength. We hope to iron out any minor difficulties before they develop in to problems, so we will be visiting each area periodically to see how things are going and answer any questions. This will be mainly to save the company some money, as everyone is interested in what is going on, and we don't want anyone vetting picked off by sniper fire as they are creeping through the bulrushes.

In closing, I must point out that the trend, from President down to the lowly dog-catcher, is to bore everyone with an acceptance speech. In doing so, it is nice to create a precedent by being the first representative to write his own 'poison pen' missive.

'You never know'

Now here is a Christmas message, to each and every one,
for the Steward you have just elected may be nothing but a bum,
while the alternate he has chosen, and we think it only fair,
to call them 'the odd couple' and say - - 'what a bloody pair'.

For all you know, their one intent, may be just to make a try,
to snare a 'paper-shufflers' job, and to wear a shirt and tie,
by toadying to the foreman and just trying to keep him cool,
and as you gaze you may observe 'Just who are they trying to fool'?

They may go out on some fishing trips and do you think it fate,
if they went aboard the foreman's boat and offered him their bait?
or visited his house at nights with a couple of bottles of booze,
to cut his grass or mend his car or anything they choose?

It is sad to say, that every year as you fill your ballot slip,
if the candidates are really sane, or just about to 'flip',?
so have a merry Christmas and enjoy yourselves real well,
and what's in store for sixty-nine? - - - only time will tell.

H. R.

WISHING EVERYONE A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Henry Rawson .

THIS IS NOT FOR REPRINT OR POSTING

To I.A.N. members of Dept.8890 (day-shift)

At Random.

After 'being out to graze' for a few years, I thought that I would attend the December meeting for a preliminary warm-up. There were no earth shattering developments to report and I think that the highlight was a side-walk show, where a couple of well-wishers with placards were extolling the virtues of their rivals - - correct that, brothers. Compared to a few years ago, the situation was almost revolting. While there was no kissing in dark corners, the 'in-fighting' appears to have subsided and a determined attempt made to unify the district during negotiations. Forgive me for handing the Company a bouquet, but their presentation of the 'Mainliner' entitled 'Aeromaintenance', was a joy to behold. Members may have noted with pride that the lowly mechanic has been elevated to the upper plateau, being referred to in glowing terms as a 'professional' - ('pro's' for short) and I hope that this article adorns the headboards of our humble hammocks.

After being referred to as 'a dime a dozen' for some years, and being a 'Limey', could never understand the American sense of humor. If my dear old mother-in-law, who closely resembles the little old ladies in 'Arsenic and Old Lace', were to hand me such a compliment, I would take a spot of her tea, drop a little in to her pet Aspidistra, then stand back and watch the leaves slowly wilt.

At the January day-shift meeting there was nothing dramatic to report. Members who attended six regular meetings last year are due for refunds. One of our negotiating team predicted 'lengthy negotiations' and a 'good possibility of things going to the Presidential fat-finding board'. He didn't mention the swallows at Capistrano, equally possible. Around the Shop: 'All quiet on the western front' - - a few nocturnal zephyrs, nothing to upset the anticipated calm during negotiations.

We had some strange Presidential candidates last year, and being almost human, have a few odd dignitaries ourselves with maybe a spot of inferiority complex wishing to flutter in to the limelight. Reading the minutes of the swing Foremen's meeting reminds me of old 'King Canute' (snuffed out 1035 A.D.). This old buzzard had earlier been on a head-hunting rampage, but finally mellowed and tried to prove he had no supreme power over the elements, and as his size-twelve moccasin became dampened by the rising sea, uttered that classic phrase "High-tide is at noon, ' come Hell or high-water".

- - - - - so be it.

More news later – *Harry Rawson*

1-12-69

NOT FOR POSTING. TO I.A.M. MEMBERS OF DEPT. 8890 (days)

With time out between rounds at Chicago, here are a few local notes.

Pleasure Travel-Ticketing. While there has been no change in regulations, R.C. Daubenmire's group has taken over ticketing for all departments. Until the forms get changed, or some coding system is devised in order to identify the applicant with his foreman and work-area group, it may help if we write in the foreman and work-center group, so that they will not have to check the lists each time. Using my own area as an example, I would write C/O G. Hoy, E-44. The C/O of course, is an abbreviation meaning 'charge of', 'care of,' or 'Commanding Officer', depending on how much you love his lordship. If this does not work, at least it will prompt someone to remove the digit. Any complaints, blame the bald Limey.

* * * * *

Meanderings on Management.

THE CHRYSTAL BALL.

There are whisperings in the Cloisters and a battle of the wills,
there are rumors running rampant and some smoke up in the hills,
for things are changing rapidly and who can foresee their fate,
as they jockey in to position for the Sticky Stigma of State.

Will we get another dayshift General?, and to fill us all with hope,
will we get somebody from swing-shift with a Golden Periscope?,
and if these things should come to pass, and who knows what is best?,
if he rules the shop to eastwards - - or should it be the west?

Now who will fill the swingshift post?, someone that is 'old in tooth?'
will he be a 'rank outsider'?, or will the accent be on youth,
then they will need another foreman, and to phrase it nice and mild,
that we have many prime contenders, with Aces and Deuces wild.

Yet the Ouija Board does funny things &.it is strange to say the least,
will they pick some local talent, or some wise-men from the East?,
but who can forecast the future, or delve in to the Great Beyond?,
we may hear a splash that dies away, like the ripples on a pond.

* * * * *

Opposition? (dammit) Most of you will know John Costello, welding lead, near the 'Cannery'. I was slurping my tea one morning last week, when John arrived with a look as though he had just discovered 'Miss America' for '69. One of his vassals was close behind, wearing an evil leer, as though he had just seen a transparent mini-skirt. John claimed that this prize-piece was running for Poet Laureate. Here is his offering -; (the vassal's, not John's)

'Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake mechanic man,
wash your hands as fast as you can,
for if you dont then you will see,
a letter in your file from Daddy to thee'.

Blast his rotten ears, the cheeky bag, but two blu-chip stamps anyway.

Negotiations.

Meetings are scheduled to resume on Monday, Feb. 17th. . Dont forget that the only items discussed so far are contract changes, and the preliminaries should reopen with the answers or rebuttals to these proposed changes. Money and 'cost-items' later, much later.

Harry Rawson. 2/15/69

TO I.A.M. MEMBERS OF DEPT. 8890 (days)

Negotiations. With meetings scheduled to resume on Monday Mar. 10th., it will be a few days before any news will be available.

National. I was listed to check in at the Airport to observe how the Stewardesses mini-skirts held up during the evening on Saturday, but some weird bug in the storm drains rendered me a prime contender for the hundred yard sprint. It seemed no way to spend an evening and I felt like a patron at a topless bar with all male bartenders. There seemed to be no point in hanging around, so I made for American.

American Airlines. As of 9.30 P.M. same evening, the strike was still in progress with no change. The members didn't have any change either, as they have no strike fund.

United. Someone in Management forecast that by 1980 the Base would be twice its present size and employ twice as many people. With this sweeping forecast it appeared an appropriate time for our fearless glimpse in to our futures - ;

PEASANTS PARADISE. 1980.

We pedal our bicycles every day, on our way to U.A.L.,
passing stalled and boiling cars, amidst the smog with all the smell,
and although Management have autos, it is just their one intention,
of keeping up with Smiths and Jones, although they cant afford an engine.

They congregate at 'on-ramps' with a smooth and well-run plot,
and if it is Don Severance's turn to drive, then he tows the bloody lot,
until his thirty days are up - - - - and at a predetermined date,
they transfer the engine and transmission to another worn out crate.

While in the plant - - Utopia, - - for we get TEN BUCKS an hour,
and with all these reams of greenbacks comes untold unlimited power,
for all the vending-machines are now adjusted to take a dollar bill,
and we take our choice at random until we have eaten our fill.

The taxes are much easier now for they come out nice and even,
with ten-thousand a year for Uncle Sam and a thousand for Ronnie Reagan,
but we take home half of what we earn and even this is worth a try,
when it costs the same to work or live - - and twice as much to die.

Our homes are all electronic and every bed is specially built,
with probes that detect the slightest move, for a lamp to light up 'TILT',
and when our weary day is done and with a female we wish to relax,
then a voice booms out

"THAT'S MONKEY BUSINESS - ANOTHER TEN DOLLARS TAX"

* * * * *

Forty years ago. 50% annual raise. As a second year apprentice, my wages had rocketed from 2¢ per hour to 3¢ per hour (48 hr. week) and I became a genius overnight, feeling that I knew more than the Manager or Foreman. Current prices - - beer 2¢ a snort, fish & chips 4¢, Movie seat 6¢. Girls? -they paid their own way or didn't make it - or I didn't - very often.

Harry Rawson 3-9-69

TO I.A.M. MEMBERS OF DEPT. 8890. (days)

Negotiations.

No definite information is available from Chicago. I will pass on anything available from tonight's Stewards meeting.

Pan Am.

The last I heard was that they were taking a strike vote. Since that, I have been unable to extract any further information.

National.

Most of you will have read the notice on the Union board, dated I believe, March 12th. I doubt if we can expect any further information in the near future. Response to the raffles and fundraising drives is increasing momentum and was last reported to be running at 80%. It is hoped that this will continue, with many thanks to all concerned.

American Airlines.

Like the rest of them, their business is our business, and I delayed these notes until something definite was received. On Sunday they advised me that a telegram was overdue and by 7.00 P.M. was still not available. On Monday it was stated that they had nothing to vote on as the New York contingent disagreed with parts. Tonight (Tues. Mar.18) they say definitely that they will be voting at 10.00 A.M. on ratification. They offered to supply a few details when I call in on Wednesday after they have voted. It will be a little easier comparing gains this time as I have a copy of their old and now expired agreement.

Most people refer to our contract as the 'Joke Book', but after reading American's I have a sneaking suspicion that a bunch of super sharks has a contract to write these up regardless of the airline or Union involved. It is more closely defined in some parts but contains quite a few 'laughers'. Naturally the word 'reasonable' takes an unholy beating. This word is abused in most countries and plants, so the airlines cant take all the credit for this loophole.

Jet Shop.

"This is the largest repair facility of its kind. It is expected to be twice its present size by the year 1980". I must admit that it is the largest area confined by four single walls that I had ever hoped to see, - - - and such a friendly place. We share each areas obnoxious smells. If you need another spot of heat someone will waft some over, free of charge. Dust from grinding or other operations is distributed liberally between human lungs and internal engine parts alike. Our brand of organized confusion is the best ever. We exchange weird and wonderful noises in various rations of decibels and frequencies. We love this shop. We love the confusion, the smells, the fall-out and the noise. Unfortunately our bodies rebel and ears seem to be the first to go. There have been numerous complaints on this. Twice as much by 1980 ?, heaven help us !. To end on a happy note, I used to have eight deaf and dumb parts movers (experimental scheme) in my group. As steward, I had to take a quick course on their sign language in order to communicate. Will history repeat itself?

TO I.A.M. MEMBERS OF DEPT. 8890. (days)Negotiations.

There has been no further news since the bulletin signed by George Robinson and dated March 18th.. If no news arrives early this week, some should be available following the Wed. swing meeting.

National - contributions.

Some members pointed out that no mention was made of donations from Local 1781 on the N.A.L. fact sheet of Mar. 18th.. This sheet is only one of many issued by the N.A.L. group and can only contain a fraction of the entire list of contributors. Receipts are available for all money collected and donated.

National - news.

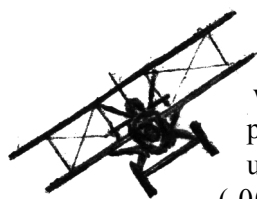
Two court decisions in favor of the I.A.M. . One found that National Airlines violated the 'status quo'. The other revolves around the Mediation Board and suggests that they get off their sweet fanny and quit frolicking in this fiasco. Winning these achieves no immediate gain, but losing them would have been an entirely different matter. The result would have been equal to you being unable to stand up for a drunk-driving test, having your balloon catch fire and igniting the policeman's fuzz, with three wrecked patrol cars to prove that you had been weaving.

Auto Insurance - I.A.M. – Holland America.

It has been reported that the response has been over twice the amount anticipated. Due to this initial heavy work load, the Company has a back-log which will take a little time to clear. If you have applied and the expiration of present policy is imminent, call the Company and ask to speak to Mr. Pieter Joosen, as he is handling our section of the business.

Dues increase.

This evidently passed system wide although it may have been turned down locally. This presumably was the last reason for not getting good service. Now we can expect - - or want to know why.

Flight simulation ?

The bargain basement of High-rise #8 houses the main tool-crib. Above the tool-crib window is an air- circulating fan fitted in the transom of the upstairs apartment. One of our off-shift members (not in 8890) alleged that he thought he had seen an apparition of what appeared to be his Fuhrer, peering down through the fan-blades. Having studied this position, I can only report that this in no way constitutes a safety hazard. Examining the fan unit closely and using a spot of trigonometry, it would require a nasal organ of some 6.732" (.005" and measured along the hypotenuse) to go through the louvers and peel off a goodly chime on the fan-blades. Recommendations are (fan in motion) that the following equipment be used - ; (a) Leather fur-lined flying helmet, (b) Splinter-proof flying goggles, (c) White silk scarf (to fly in breeze), (d) A realistic replica of a Lewis machine-gun, and (e) - - of course - - an improvised joy-stick to jiggle back and forth. What was that old classic phrase?, "Dont boot until you see the height of their flies ? " I dont quite get that - - - or at least - - - I hope that I dont.

Ticketing.

No change in procedures or regulations, but the processing has been returned to each Manager's group once again. Better now than wait until the spring and summer rush gets under way.

Harry Rawson.
3-23-69

NEWS BRIEFS. - - I.A.M. - - DEPT. 8890 (days)

Negotiations.

By the time that this sheet is circulated, we should have a notice on the I.A.M. board. Most members probably know already that last week was spent as a recess, but a lot of time was devoted to hearing some important System Board Cases. At the previous week's adjournment, our negotiators were of the opinion that the Company had conceded as many contract changes that may be possible at this time. With meetings resuming on Monday Mar. 30th, the next items on the agenda are in the category of 'Cost items'. When it comes to money, many of our members in the shop report a strange feeling that they may be about to experience the preliminary motions of positive pregnancy.

I dont understand this, but take a pill before you vote on the contract, just in case.

Air West ?

Many members have enquired about the reason for the lack of details on. the contract. The answer arouses my delicate but distorted sense of Liameze humor, but in this case it is my undying devotion to duty and unfailing loyalty to the cause that permits me to pass on the details without comment. I have been advised that District 141 had nothing whatever to do with this contract.

The Grand Lodge manipulated the hole matter and had not passed on the details to our Local, but any day now with hope springing eternal in the human breast and the birds twittering in the tree-tops, some news will arrive from the East. Keep your eyes skinned towards the Donner Pass for the arrival of the Pony Express. I hope that they dont leave behind the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Trying to be a little fair in the matter, it must be appreciated that they were dealing with a Company that is running 'in the red'.

They also had to combine three abhortions of contracts due to the merger.

Local 1781.

Some members have mentioned the fact that the Local has acquired a building permit for a new hall. As we have to evacuate our present building some time in the future, our Building Committee has been at work planning for the future. At a later date and when all alternatives have been investigated, the various plans will be presented to the membership to be voted upon. It is necessary to have all plans positive, so that if a particular plan is agreed upon there will be no unforeseen difficulties arise. It will be seen that the permits are only tentative and merely pieces of paper with no obligation to build.

Tools.

Our Local is setting up an arrangement for our members to be able to purchase tools at discount prices. I should be getting a list very shortly and the truck is supposed to call every week or so.

I was horrified at the thought of anyone in Dept. 8890 doing any manual work, as our main requirements should be pencils, pens, stapler, threehole punch and a hundred gallon garbage can (each).

I protested mildly, but was shot down with the comment that with our wages in this particular area, everyone must be doing a touch of moonlighting. So there it is. If you are doing a few auto repairs, washing machines or bicycles on the side, perhaps you may need a few tools.

Harry Rawson. 3/30/69

Keeping Toasted (produced by Joe Blow enterprises)

We must all have our manuals and A.O.P's in order to survive and it has come to our attention that the Plant Guards are about to fall apart at the seams, unless a Plant Security Manual is available by May the first. This is produced mainly for the benefit of our men in blue. Some people have quoted a heated exchange of words with the Constabulary, but damn it, they are Union members and only human after all. If we had to put up with their happy brand of horse manure, with their wages and revolving shifts, we may ourselves become downright intolerable. It is hoped that this will assist in meeting the deadline.

* * * * *

Security Manual

- | | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|--------------|
| 1-1. Appearance. | 1-4. Devotion to duty. | 1-7. Awards. |
| 1-2. Ceremonial. | 1-5. Public relations. | |
| 1-3. Fitness. | 1-6. Discipline & Parole. | |

* * * * *

Hearsay on Monday

1-1. Now here ye, here ye, one and all, all you members of the Guard, the day is nigh when you must come to heel, so don't make the going hard, for after May the first of all our Company Guards must be immaculately dressed, with highly polished boots, clean shaven face and trousers neatly pressed.

1-2. At dawn each day there will be a vast parade at a gait sedate and slow, all in single file and with eyes turned right you will pass Mahogany Row, just to get to know all the dignitaries, during daylight or after dark, for you must curtsy with a smart salute and find them a place to park.

1-3. Now the heavyweights need some pull-ups and this will create a shock, ease up on groceries, to lose some pounds, plus some jogging around the block, and the skinny ones must fatten up, in order to gain those extra pounds, strive for a waistline of thirty-five for it is as easy as it sounds.

1-4. The North-gate crew must stay awake and alert, and give their word & bond, not to sneak up to the coffee truck, or hover around the blonde, for pilfering of tools may still persist and present us quite a battle, keep an eye out for that shifty look and listen for that lunch-box rattle.

1-5. If a truck arrives for some batteries and wheels, this you must understand, be nice and lend them your flashlight and just give the boys a hand, and don't draw out your new revolver, for you know that it isn't right, to awaken your friends in the guard - shack - - in the middle of the night.

1-6. The Guards with all those letters in their file can earn some free parole, by serving three months on the graveyard shift plus midnight roof patrol! and there will be no sleeping in dark corners, and this is nothing new, for with the baseball season under way, transistor radios will be taboo.

1-7. Now the Guards with devotion to duty, can gain notoriety and fame, and receive an assortment of medals, although their pay will be the same, just follow the Manual carefully and you must never get any qualms, for you are a trusty crew, you men in blue, for you are the bold Gendarmes.

* * * * *

'Keeping in touch' (with I.A.M. members of Dept. 8690)

Negotiations.

With talks stymied for a few weeks, this news sheet will continue, as there are many items that may be of interest to members.

On reporting.

Sorry that some items in earlier editions have been what might be termed 'a little vague'. One can verbally explain the shortcomings of a Union or Management official provided no witnesses are present, (human or electronic), but the printed word returns to haunt the writer. Facts and witnesses must be presented to substantiate statements. Another element (opposed to 'tell it like it is') is 'hear it like it is'. On reporting.

I think that we have the best S.F.O. representation ever at the Chicago play-offs - - but - (Ref. bulletin #4) - George - don't circle the rate increases when comparing contracts. Runs don't mean a bloody thing, it is who is top of the league that counts. The membership remains firmly behind you with that nice easy calm atmosphere as per 1966, but in this case you know 'what the members want'.

On 'time'.

"Negotiations Deadlocked". Someone also said that it was snowing in Canada and raining in Limeyland - - - sorry about that. Now comes (e.g.) three or four weeks to get a Mediator, could be weeks in mediation, write to Uncle Dick (Nixon) then await fact finding board. Then along comes (e.g. once more) Reagan, Dirksen etc., strictly neutral of course, and after a month's filibuster may recommend a 100 cut in pay to reduce any inflationary tendency plus compulsory overtime. Then comes a thirty day countdown. Come fly with me - in September? How about camping?

On the local scene.

If grievances processed happen to be your yardstick for a good Steward, then you have two excellent choices. The immediate one is to contact your local committee. The other is wait until December. I am going in Dec. anyway, when my lease expires, as I find that 'freelancing' is much more fun. I am a gambler by nature as far as my own well-being is concerned. When it involves the 'third-party' in large quantities, it is an entirely different matter. With other Companies, I have always experienced a semi-impartial hearing from a semi-neutral Personnel Dept.. In this particular case at U.A.L. there is a question of, 'loaded dice', and if you know the dice are loaded, what is wrong with getting a couple of nickels back from the pin-ball machines? In a couple of cases I have found it necessary to come in on 'Swing' and then an hour early to cover Graveyard to gather all related evidence. On the overall picture, Dept. 8890 is one of the better areas that does not contain as many 'dunderheads' in the supervisory bracket. They seem to have an excellent C.I.D. (in most cases) that renders the second stage grievance almost superfluous. We do have what may be loosely termed a 'slippery one' and another which we may call a 'grouchy one' that will (figuratively speaking) kick his troops in the rear end to prove his love.

Buy me an ultra-sensitive pocket tape-recorder to record all statements and I will process two second stage grievances and guarantee results and enjoy better relations in the future. Overtime complaints can be resolved overnight by either cutting overtime out completely or asking everyone five days a week plus Saturday, Sunday and Holidays for fiftytwo weeks a year. The twilight zone is different. In many cases members assist Management in bending the rules and the whole matter becomes ridiculously simple by producing an algebraic equation. Without boring you with the formula, 'X' always represents the number of people that are firmly convinced that their slimy, Limey steward resembles the subterranean section of an old-time sewer system. With expansion not too far away, perhaps we should treat 8890 as a whole unit, as one area's problem of today could quite well become your headache of tomorrow.

HARRY RAWSON. 4/6/69

Shop Steward's Report. Dept. 8890 (days)

No report was issued last week as it was evident that there would be a wealth of information on the Union board.

As most members are aware, our representatives have returned to their previous tasks. John Thomas is down in the Repair area, Lou Schroeder is back at the helm in Local affairs and George Robinson has plenty to do in the District.

It is obvious that it will be a long time before we get anything in the way of a contract offer. The Chicago regime may be playing fast but not loose with the Railway Labor Act. Their decision to 'down tools' and request Mediation can only be calculated to be in the form of a smokescreen. Members quoting previous contracts have said that last time we 'bought a pig in a poke'. It may well be that they have the pig already selected, and it will be released from the undergrowth at a time to gain the most confusion. When it is finally placed on show, perhaps we should examine it very carefully before we get the poke.

Power by the hour.

Most members have probably heard that we will be blessed with an additional General Foreman around the end of April. (on days). Chuck. Riddell (bless his golden periscope) will probably take over Test-cell, Accessories, Repair and Sub-Assy, and last but certainly not least, Don Conrad's Cleaniteria. Don Severance will retain the 'home-shops' and will include the bargain basement (Salvage). An old adage quotes that 'new brooms always sweep clean' but like everything else, there is always the exception to the rule.

'For the good of the disorder'.

Wednesday's Union meeting suddenly sprung to life with the mention of overtime distribution. All that we needed was a fanfare of trumpets and a couple of guys in Matadors costumes, to complete the thrilling episode. I had a strong feeling that all shops were unhappy about the system. The present abortion is a combination of two previous systems that contained many flaws, and there is no system that would not penalize a large number of people.

A T.V. set was on display and this will be the prize for the next raffle to be held to support the National membership.

It was pointed out that support is needed at Sacramento on Bills that are coming up for (or against) Labor. Details will be available in the shop and members are requested to write to their representatives, as letters are the only indication of public feeling.

With voting coming up in the middle of the year, I had a strong suspicion that one or two members were exploiting public exposure.

It would have required a trio of topless tootsies to arouse any enthusiasm at this meeting. Definitely not one of our better nights. If you were thinking about attending last Wednesday - - dont bother.

Around the Shop

Just at present and temporarily disregarding any minor skirmishes that may develop with the 'splitting' of 8890, we appear to be faring a little better than some departments in the way of employee relations. While things could change at a later date under pressure, I dont think that we will be the ones to make the first move. 8890 also seems a little craftier and I dont think that there are many whispers on the floor that are not heard in the attic. It would appear that we could cheerfully dispense with the second stage of most grievances.

Hoping for more news in a week or so.

Harry Rawson, 4-13-69

Jet Shop Jazz (for I.A.M. members of dept. 8690).

Negotiations.

At the time of writing there is still no news regarding a mediator.

Pan Am.

Will endeavor to get details on contract offer as soon as possible.

Jet-shop. Permanent bid areas.

(See Company notice). Please read and digest it (try an Alkaseltzer). Some members will like the scheme while others may experience a touch of indigestion and chase the Steward around (if they can find him), but jogging is becoming a fad. Item 4 (Accessories) is touching, as this appears to be an exotic area which may demand a 'demonstration of inability' to even enter its portals. Let us hope that this demonstration of dexterity is equally applied to the Management group. The modest requirements would be -; "Must possess a reasonable amount of diplomacy and tact, able to attain a good working relationship within the department, able to attain a high standard of morale and co-operate with Management in other sections". Frankly I think that there are a few who would not make the grade, or if you like the brutal truth, I know so.

This is news?

A San Francisco newspaper reported last week that the C.A.B. became alarmed to learn that gambling interests had acquired 10% of the stock of a U.S. International Air Carrier. The Mafia may be restricted to chiseling off just 5% at a time. There is no fear of this on one large Domestic Carrier, as there is a group of brilliant underhanded manipulators (B.U.M.'s) that could outwit the Mafia and run them out of town anywhere in the U.S.. Life would become so intolerable that if the B.U.M.'s moved in, the Mafia would immediately charter a plane for Cuba, supplied of course by the brilliant underhanded manipulators.

Notice anything ?

(Oh ye who did protest and loudly denounce the dues raise). Some members hurled caustic comments about a \$000000.50 additional monthly dues increase. They now have a chance to dabble in larger denominations. How about \$3000.00? - phooey. \$30,000.00? - chicken-feed. \$300,000.00?, - beautiful - just imagine this heap in one-dollar greenbacks. The next time that you look at the Union Notice board in search of news on negotiations and in the hope that you can afford an extra bag of 'Granny Goose' for Thanksgiving Day, take a look at the smaller and more casual looking notices. So what about the special meeting on Saturday April 26? . A section of the Building Committee has given up a large amount of its leisure time on the thankless task of checking building sites, costs etc., in order to replace our existing facilities at San Bruno. Evidently there are three convenient sites available to discuss and vote upon. The last time that a meeting was held of this nature, I hear that approx. thirty interested souls appeared. We used to get a bigger crowd for the softball contests last year and they didnt even get charged admission or pay for the bloody balls. If you would like a mere handful of people to spend around a third of a million dollars of your money without your casual interest, this is fine, but if you are mildly interested, come along next Saturday, and speak now or forever hold thy peace.

National.

Up to and including last Wednesday the Court hearings were continuing. Even if the results are favorable to the Union, it will be a few weeks before the results are known and carried in to effect. Stewards Meeting. It was my duty to attend, just that and nothing more. This was so exciting that I will leave details until the next news sheet.

Harry Rawson, 4-20-69

KEEPING TOASTED (for I.A.M. members of 890)

Negotiations.

Last week a strong rumor indicated that E.X.O. had offered to meet our representatives in Chicago on Sat. May 3rd., although May 5 was scheduled for resumption of talks. May the third may not convey much to the younger types that just fiddle around indoors on weekends, but we older codgers are aware that the first Saturday in May is usually the grand opening of the trout season. Now who in the heck in colder climes and after a long snowy winter, would give up this weekend for our benefit?. Perhaps they imagine that a shoal of the Catostomidae (*) group can be hooked closer to home. Now what the L's Catostomidae, Harry? - er -well - Suckers, and they will swallow anything.

Eastern Airlines.

Many members have complained about the lack of news from Miami. It is evident that even if they had only gained a crumby nickel one day earlier than Pan Am, somebody would have 'sprung' on a 'phone call' at an approximate cost of \$00.0002 per member. It would appear that Eastern will reach \$5.50 per hour later in '71 in order for them to order new cocoanut matting for their huts in the Everglades. The rest of the contract is rumored to be somewhat less than North Eastern's.

T.W.A.

- - - are still awaiting a Mediator according to recent news. Dont bank on earth-shattering news from this section either. During my '67 safari, I was slurping beer in London with a bevy of T.W.A. bags who assured me that they could make out like bandits in the Kansas area with money received by the '66 contract. Asking why they were flying S.A.S. instead of 'Up, Up and away on T.W.A.', they replied that S.A.S. gave them better travel privileges than T.W.A. Very strange.

Air Canada.

As you are probably aware, Air Canada (formerly T.C.A.) are on strike asking for wages on a level with U.S. carriers and it is worth a try. Checking on a picket line at the Canadian Gypsum Company in Vancouver last year, they advised me that they could hold out for quite some time with strike pay at \$40 per week. Forty dollars per week was vetoed at our own convention. Now - - - who should picket whom?

Noah's Ark.

Having been a badge wearer for most of the time since young Adolph got ornery in '38 and in places where our plants were number one on the removal list, I have never seen such a Keystone Cop atmosphere as in this place. The models we fly, to use manufacturing development jargon, are 'obsolete'. I had a crack at this system as soon as it was introduced, but always experienced the standard form of 'built in resistance'. Last week I observed Dave Lakey (Mahogany Row) standing in the sanctuary of the Guard Shack and studying the horde of peasants being squeezed in to the Cattle Chute. It was a nice sunny day of course and it gave him a chance to get away from that chilly office with the miniskirts, but it shows some interest in the situation and (we hope) it can only improve.

Line on Interline.

With a little space left perhaps I should warn anyone who may be visiting Japan on Varig Airlines. They set aside a block of space on each plane for reduced fare and this can often get booked up well in advance. Check a few months ahead of your vacation to avoid being turned down.

KEEPING TOASTED. (produced for I.A.N members,8890)

Negotiations. As we are all awaiting news on the details of a possible offer, I have issued a separate sheet with most of the cost items and gains on other airlines. As we have many members who may not have been around in earlier contests, this sheet contains some history over the past ten years. The older members can explain the details. While little mention is made of the airlines shortcomings, this would require several pages, but, the airlines have never ratified a contract for the members.

DECADENT DECADE. (a dirge).

- ‘59 Nineteen fifty-nine was a year of great changes, with the advent of the Jets,
for everyone was buying new equipment, with little thought about the debts,
and the mechanics were told, ‘Dont be selfish, just forget about your gains,
for you know we have got no money in the bank, it has all gone out on planes.
- ‘61 We now move on to ‘sixty-one’, for with a fanfare and all the best intents,
when our heroes returned saying “The contract’s good, the pay, plus 12 cents”.
Then later on, amidst much noise, and very strange to say the least,
a QUICK change brought a real loud one, who claimed he was the saviour (from the East).
- ‘62 He roared “I’ll revolutionize the place, just listen to me please,
I’ll squeeze and squeeze until it hurts, - - and get them on their knees,”
but a whole year passed by until Winipsinger said, “You may think it’s funny”,
“just listen to what the experts say and believe, this is the year for money”.
- ‘63 The months passed by, nearing Christmas time, and the story must be told,
of how we had to take just what we could get, or go and picket in the cold,
but our Robert to the Fairgrounds went, and he appeared as bold as brass,
and missiles came flying from outer space and some tomatoes near his grass.
- ‘64 The I.A.M. had their convention, and said “We all have missed the point,
for from now on, until eternity, all our negotiations must be joint”,
while the ‘Grand Lodge’ maintained “There is much to gain, nobody has to fear.
apart from Insurance, Pensions and things, how about fifteen per cent a year?
- ‘65 This time Fairclough mounted the rostrum, and said “You all have been deprived,
this year is the year for more money, - - and your time has now arrived.
- ‘66 The negotiations started out ‘jointly’, spread over months & months of course
until William Curtin seemed almost certain that he had a friend called Morse,
while our heroes traded away the goods. What was left?, oh snakes alive,
but compulsory overtime, if you please, plus ‘five, and five, and five’.
- Then the news broke out over far and wide, and right across the nation,
‘The ungrateful peasants have all walked out and enjoying a summer vacation!,
but a few weeks later, old Lyndon and Roy, chanted an optimistic refrain,
‘We are selling them a bill of goods, and next week will see flying again’,
- Yet in a few short days, old Roy re-appeared, looking overtired and gaunt,
gasping “ I dont know what the members want” and words that returned to haunt,
“We must call for a ‘down’, call the ‘Locals’ to town, and put it to a test,
maybe the North and South and all points East, must surely outvote the West,
- ‘67 And the rest all said ‘We will buy it’, for there was only the West to beat,
and the West went down - -with their heads held high, in an inglorious defeat.
yet they said that the guidelines were swept aside with perhaps a little pain,
for all the contracts to follow, there could be nothing else but gain.
- ‘69 But all bygoness must be bygoness they say, and with the strangest twist of fate,
nearly everyone else has been to bat and the time must be getting late,
and will George and Lou, Scotty and Cass, break out in the clear with fame?
although if we dont, each one of us, we must jointly shoulder the blame.

THE HOME SHOP HERALD. (I.A.M. 8890. Days.)Negation.

And after a couple of weeks 'cooling off', perhaps this could lead to negotiation, but until our heroes meet in Chicago on June 9th there will be very little news from this quarter. We don't need a crystal ball to forecast that there will be no informal meetings for Contract clarification or voting on Company property when the next offer is presented. Perhaps we may even resort to the good old fashioned 'love-in' and hold a meeting at a suitable arena with a fanfare of trumpets to herald the arrival of the contestants. We may shatter the still night air with shouts of rage and indignation, kick the dog on returning home and then finally vote 'yes' amidst sounds of joyish laughter.

Nostalgia.

(With apologies to a modern composer and also our dearly departed friend, Robert Quick.)

'Those were the days my friend, when Robert had to bend,
to dodge tomatoes flying through the air,
we hurled him much abuse to hear his loud excuse,
those wild affrays? , oh yes the good old days.

Nero?

(and a fiddling while Rome burned) While I was checking in at various points to gather news during the recent voting, I became fully convinced that our negotiators had made every effort to get a good contract and had wiled away many midnight hours in the process.

John Thomas, our Scottish representative, appeared completely 'bushed' after a severe mauling down at Los Angeles.

In True native tradition, John is, always a little careful when it comes to money and usually bets nothing larger than a penny packet of chewing gum (30% off, wholesale).

As the results became known, the sad truth came to light that he had bet a whole bottle of Scotch on the Contract going through.

The mountain goats in the Highlands must be in mourning and the flags at Edinburgh Castle should be at half mast to commemorate this national disaster. Using the words of old McTavish, who was found sobbing bitterly in the heather, 'Ye skid ne'er try a tilt wi a wilted kilt'.

Niagara?

With most of the attention of the previous week being devoted to the contract, other news details were held aside. Many readers must have heard our Astronauts having control problems and a few people were surprised when the term 'Son of a witch' came over the air.

The same week even our highly esteemed earthlings ran in to a spot of 'finger trouble'. Don was showing some visitors that modern monstrosity known as 'Automatic Zyglo'. Being a typical 'do-it-yourselfer', he applied the first finger of the right hand to the button - er - the wrong button. Door open 'L Door closed? - heck no. The fountain of youth started spraying H40 in no uncertain fashion and as old Isaac said, 'everything that goes up must come down', - - and as that sexy wench says on T.V., 'Is this any way to run an Airline ?

Note.

Richard (Jackson) our new Steward, requests space for a commercial. Please give him your dues books at the beginning of each month if you require stamps. There are too many members to contact individually, but with more voting coming up it will help to be 'up to date'.

Harry Rawson. 6/1/69

JET SHOP JAZZ. (I.A.M. members. 8890)Negotiations.

resume today (9th) so there is no news right now - - sorry about that. The whole situation has developed to closely resemble a Canoe race, with both contestants losing a bit of bark while shooting the rapids and now drifting dismally up Cow Creek with no paddles, and that's no bull. It would now appear that they will be shooting the 'bull' for at least a couple of weeks, by which time they will have decided to cautiously re-approach the members or drag things through mediation. Disneyland will be 'business as usual' and we can only ride this one out 'head to wind', but this always leaves two rosy cheeks exposed to rearward and makes us vulnerable to attack from sharks or the business end of a swordfish. The Canadians took a pass at my rear in the fifties with retroactive pay (when a \$1 was a \$1) ranging from \$40 to \$80 among the various groups. They offered a flat \$50 to 'facilitate' payment, the members bought it, and guess who lost \$25 on the deal.

The 'Friendly Skies' jabbed us in the same spot not too long ago with a revised contract which took a penny from Leads and Inspectors and added a pittance to Mechanics. Calamine lotion reduces burn, but not the scar.

Wishful thinking?

I had come to the conclusion that the art of reproduction had diminished with the drop of the dollar, as I hadn't seen a free cigar in months. Perhaps the prospects of an early '69 Contract had given some encouragement, as lo and behold, one of Tom Hutton's (Salvage) crew came through with flying colors. Not too long afterwards Lee Kiplinger (the Zyglo Baron) was dishing out cigars also. I didn't think that Foremen could afford this kind of living. In the case of 'Kip', I think that the Softball games last year may have restored some of his lost youth and the sight of our Office girls (the Pussycats) wriggling around the bases may have had a decided influence. If they didnt, then he is getting too bloody old for outdoor or indoor sports. Keep 'em coming.

Heading for the hills?

John (Scotty) Thomas thought that it would be a good idea to return to work between negotiations in order to get the 'feeling' from the crew about contract items. Now I have nothing against living Scotsmen, but it is their haggis-eating heathen ancestors that rile me. Remember how the buggers left poor Queen Boadicea to fight the Romans in the 'red-alert' district while they hot-footed it back in to the hills?. Last Friday, as the morning sun rose in all its grandeur over the clear blue tranquil waters of the Bay, rumor had it that John was ambushed in an engine stall by a couple of irate customers. I was hoping to find a mass of bodies writhing on the floor with an odd Judo-chop here and there. I arrived to find an overheated discussion, but not a drop of blood anywhere, dammit. I was beginning to wonder what Houdini would have done in a situation like this when I observed John's sweaty fingers snaking instinctively around the handlebars of a U.A.L. tricycle. If I hadn't blocked his approach to the east-west runway, he may have been peddling furiously for the hills once more. Give him nine points for trying however, as I would have given this place a wide berth for a couple of weeks.

Interline travel.

Sad news. On Friday, that rival rag (Keeping Posted), gave revised details on T.W.A. Perimeter Plan, so I checked them out. Anyone who has the T.W.A. booklet should mark 'space-available' eastbound up to the middle of October. This was too good to last, as it gave the overseas traveler an excellent chance to avoid the U.A.L. poverty pit at San Fran. and reduce the risk of being bounced by Banjo and Guitar twacker,

UNION MEETING - Wednesday, July 11th.. 7.30 P.M. Dont expect any news.

Harry Rawson, 6-8-69

THE 'HOME-SHOP HERALD'. (produced for I.A.M. members. 5890)Negotiations.

(Check notice-board for 'Jet Age News' 6/13/69). Round two starts today in Chicago with the four uninvited guests from S.F.O.. My distorted imagination visualizes an impromptu 'Dating Game' atmosphere, with the contestants displaying their immaculate molars to resemble forced smiles, followed by candid comments in the washroom caucus. Wednesday's 'District' report noted that U.A.L. was 'cool' on money matters, They could have added that it was hot in the Sahara and cold in Anta icus. Who in the heck can laugh when a tire iron is prying the lid of the 'piggy'?

Time out.

(for a commercial) Our sexy steward (young Richard in E 49) wishes me to note that, (a) he has the dues books available for collection, and (b) anyone wishing to get an 'absentee' ballot should contact him A.S.A.P..

The dreary decibel.

The report from the recent survey on 'noise level' is supposed to be available for the Safety Office in the very near future. Some time this week we hope to get a ruling on the supply of the 'French' type ear-plug. The best that we can hope for at this time is a resumption of the earlier plan, which was an approximate \$4.50, with conditions.

Glorious Goof.

Last year's best effort by your reporter, was a visit to the hinterland of Redwood City to observe our fearless Foremen playing softball, only to find a Dog Show in progress, followed by a hasty retreat. This year's winner occurred last Friday (the 13th). It was just one of those nights when I felt grouchy enough to make my first crack at the MainLiner Club. Apart from the main social events, I have always considered this well-meaning group to be as functional as the proverbial udders on an ancient bull. I entered via the rear exit to find five people at the bar, and an atmosphere as cheery as a matinee at the morgue. I was advised that a meeting was in progress upstairs and it appeared to be a gift from heaven to observe our representatives in action. I mooched in the doorway only to be completely disarmed by a friendly wave, a smile and the offer of a chair. This caught me completely off-balance, as I was fully prepared to blow off steam. I sat there listening for some time, but I had a sudden uneasy feeling of intrusion as this was a happy friendly group with no political factions and nobody putting on an act to amass extra brownie points. This was too much to expect from any United group, so I enquired what had happened. ??? oh boy!. A member showed me his card and I did a treble take. T.C.I.? TALL CLUB INTERNATIONAL! Min. height (male) 6'2", female , 5'10". I scored one point on age (min.18). There were some choice looking damsels with figures that could well adorn our calenders, and they looked a little shorter in those short skirts and even the older ones were evidently left with plenty of tread remaining and were enjoying life. I have no yen for men, but it was pleasant to be treated in a friendly manner with no shoptalk relating to work. If anyone is looking for a spot of fun,. buy a pair of platform shoes and a tall hat, - - and join 'em. Me?, I need stilts. If any of our members qualify and are interested, I can supply the address.

Be kind to Harry week.

Human beings are creatures of habit, and I love that little old washroom by the Zyglo as it is on the ground floor. The only snag being that whether I take the polar route or the transcontinental route, members are tempted to ask questions. This starts activity in the 'Crow's Nest'. The whole giddy machine shows 'tilt'. Foreman 'A' alerts Foreman 'B' and my finger's in a wringer ' C'? I dont mind a bit of nibbling in the tenderloin, but when my doctor lists me as Harriet , that's rough! Legitimate Union business - contact Richard Jackson. Monkey business?, I cant resist it. Flash an 'idiot card' and I will be over at break time.

Harry Rawson

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.
(a special holiday number by 'Joe Blow Enterprises')

Negotiations.

Reuters, (Limey equiv. of A.P.) reports that a Mr. Hampton is the mediator assigned for the semi-finals at Chicago and should be commencing his duties on July 8 th.. John Thomas, our Jet shop member, must be pleased to meet Mr. Hampton. Due to the oddities of the English terminology, this would be censored even in the English version of Playboy. They would be referred to as Mr. X. and Mr.Y.. Ask any English type.

July 4th.(and all that).

There will be no news bulletin on Monday from the free press. For some strange reason our cellar will be barricaded and the flag will be flying at half mast. A weird dirge will be heard in the key of E flat minor and any intruders will be met with a broadside of raw crumpets followed by a deluge of cold tea. These restrictions will be lifted at 24.00 hrs. on Friday July 4th..

The Safety Scene.

Our last report mentioned some hostility when one of our representatives made a courtesy call on the T 82A Safety awards. We have to report the good with the bad (dammit) and this week's shindig was most friendly. Our reporter almost goofed, as he approached stealthily from the rear, and it appeared that Bill Gerahty was showing a new man how to dole out the buns. The 'new man' turned out to be Ralph Glasson, Vice President, Maint. Base. After a rapid recovery 'old Joe' got carried away, and his report arrived in that weird style of monologue:

The Last Straw. (in E 43 cost reduction program)

It was July the second, sixty-nine, and Bob Rogers was feeling sore,
for someone had cooked the records to show ten safe years or more,
and he had tried in vain to delay the day, he had played it kind of slow,
as a party of this great magnitude could cost U.A.L. some dough
for we all know that he counts the cents although he is not exactly cheap,
but the whole night through and the day before, he just couldnt get to sleep
then with minus three on countdown - - - and a dirty deed I must confess,
as he called Gene Hoy from the Crowsnest in an effort to suppress the press.

Ralph Glasson and Bill Gerahty hove in sight with casual approach and minus bands,
while out of the woodwork, a familiar sight, Ray Fryer to shake their hands,
and Ralph appeared apprehensive and somewhat reluctant to take a bun,
just in case one of Roger's henchmen cracked his knuckles or pulled a gun,
and the employees with missing fingers, broken legs and in sorry plight,
were carefully concealed behind the bins, just to keep them out of sight,
for Robert had known that a crisis could come and had to work real quick,
and the ones that needed the wheel-chairs were told to call in sick.

Then Ralph and Bill went on their way as Bob Roger's sighed with relief,
"If they had only known what really goes on they would shed some tears in grief,"
but old Harry will never tell a soul, he never wants to see another blade,
yet on that day of July the second - - - he really 'had it made'.

* * * * *

Continental.

Last Monday's report quoted them voting on the recommendation of the Mediator. Latest reports say that the offer was voted 'No'.

* * * * *

Wishing ALL THE COLONIALS a happy fourth of July.

HARRY RAWSON. 7/3/69

THE MONDAY MORNER.

(produced for any Tom, Dick or Harry, not to forget the Fred)

Negotiations

are still continuing, but no startling news is expected for a couple of weeks. Send old Harry back as 'observer' and he will send back observations, Stewardesses, Chicago after dark, ladies of the night. He would see 'em per diem.

National Parks.

Pleased about this. The last news sheet quoted a \$12 charge for the annual sticker. This did not materialize, although it was rumored that the scheme would be cancelled next year. This year's tag is still \$7 and several members already have them.

Pay Checks.

I very rarely check my puny pittance, but looking in to a couple of cases where the members received even less than usual, it was brought to my attention that unless everyone works out the figures, any 'short-change' remains in the till. The little man in the computer, a typical management type, makes several mistakes in favor of U.A.L. and only shouts 'tilt' when it costs the Company.

Tyres.

(Limey for 'tires') We were advised at the last Union meeting that a certain company has offered a cut-rate tire deal to our members, Further details will be given at Wednesday's Stewards meeting and the information will be passed on as soon as all details are available.

The 'News Sheet.

No news sheet was issued last week, mainly due to the local election. This also serves two other purposes, as it gives our staff a week off without pay and also gives the sheet a 'credit rating'. The last time that this occurred, one of our better members enquired why there was no news sheet, but this time things improved slightly. There was only one query this time until a reprobate on Graveyard left a note (some geyser named Pete Walker) threatening to cancel out. Right at the last minute however, one of the high priests on Swing asked why they were left out of the news. To any 'gentleman of the cloth' the answer is ridiculously simple - - just get himself a golden periscope, climb on any toilet seat to pry on privacy, start a war on girly books, and success will be his - - almost overnight.

Delectable and electable?

After a fair exchange of printed pleasantries the July 9th, voting was almost anticlimax. One of the contestants must have turned a blind eye to the rule which states that any canvassing must be over fifty feet from the entrance to the voting hall. Five feet, give or take an inch, was a fair estimate. One of my spies alleged that he heard this gentleman greet a possible sympathizer with the remark "Vote for me and let's get those 'armholes' out of there" or something that sounded similar. It sounded more like a roto-rooter man to me, just trying to stir things up a bit. Incidentally, the armholes are still in the 'driver's' and the roto rooter man may try another snake next time.

Remonstrations or demonstration.

The close proximity of this item to the previous one is purely coincidental. Someone shattered two of the plate glass windows of the Hall on Friday night. Typewriter received a direct hit. Windows boarded up pro tem.

Harry Rawson. 7-14-69

NEWS AND VIEWS (for I.A.M. members of dept. 8890) 7/28/69.

Twilight Zone.

With voting scheduled for Friday Aug. 1st., rumor has it that we may be voting at the Gas Station parking lot opposite the old Main Gate at the Base. In that great American tradition of offering incentives to customers and to encourage attendance, it would be wild if someone offered Blue Chip stamps for the 'yeah's and a smoke stick in the tail-pipe for the 'nose'. Management could then tell us the results before the votes were even counted. Our bargain basement lost 250 on the '66 affair so all bets are off. Predictions cost nothing, so we will forecast an S.O.S. by United with a last offer during the final week of the countdown. Hope springs eternal in the almost human breast, so we will throw in Fred Monday beating the bushes to cash in on a free trip to the windy city.

Dues Books.

Have them handy for next Friday, but dont bother trying to get them stamped up to date. If your book needs a few stamps hand it in after the voting or bring it in next Monday. Give young Richard Jackson a tender loving kiss as you give it to him, and he will fix you up. Say Harry sent you.

Western.

They tell me that the contract was turned down handsomely. Sometime this week we should be hearing what their next moves will be.

What price friendship?

Last week saw the final climax to the fantastic space venture. During a lull in the direct telecast, a reporter asked if the results of this \$24,000,000,000, project may lead to a better understanding of the U.S.A. throughout the world, and the answer was 'possibly yes'. Only the previous week a member of the Defense Department stated that if we spent \$30,000,000,000 for the A.B.M. we may be in a position to talk peace. Now this is a load of unadulterated horse manure, as we earthlings know that for a mere \$6 a month 'All men are Brothers' with the exception perhaps of that happy interlude known as Local and District elections.

Take any average family on a visit to the local Zoo. Their two ratty looking brats have only to approach the Penguin Pen and the inmates figure that it is feeding time and trundle across to gaze lovingly at the two monsters. Mom, who knows that she has married beneath her social level by getting hooked up with an underpaid United slob, immediately yells for Dad to get the camera. Dad, who just a few moments before had strongly advised her to restrain her cotton picking yap or else she would be in dire need of a dental plan, jumps in to action to capture this magic moment.

There is a strong feeling of togetherness and the following week the slides are ready to prove beyond any reasonable doubt that some form of animal life has socially accepted their two ornery offspring.

Now all of this didnt cost a penny, which only goes to prove that if Paul Stange had been born as an Elephant, many Graveyard members would grow to love him and feed him buns. If our reporter had emerged as a cheerful Chimp, Gene Hoy and his flock (seven ???!!) would be buying him nuts, while if Bob Rogers had arrived as Smokey the Bear, his captives would buy him almost anything, - - - and a good time would be had by all.

Interline Travel.

'Keeping Posted' reported that the ticketing desk had received new brochures for overseas travel. These appear to be only a fresh supply of the ones that were announced early this year with no change.

The evening stroll.

Those long studs have been burned off the nuts in the pedestrian walkway going north but some jagged edges remain. Bill Geraghty is going to take another look at the job.

Harry Rawson.

THE MOAN-DAY MONITOR (mostly for I.A.M. members 8890)

(check Union board and read 'jet age news' #191)

Meditation?

The latest report from Chicago states that a 'condition of stalemate' was requested, but the Mediator made no direct comment and arranged for all parties to meet on Wednesday. Monday off for Moonday, Tuesday for a rest, and Wednesday for the test — to see who goes up in orbit this time ?

Plug on Earplugs.

Bill Geraghty (Safety Office) reports that word has now been received from Chicago regarding the issue of the 'French type' ear plugs. It appears that Medical will revert back to the system that was being used last year, with the Company paying one half. Management groups have details.

Nuts. (for those who 'bolt')

Members have complained about the wooden safety barrier going north to the parking lot on the Pan Am road. Some ugly looking nuts with the ends of the bolts are protruding in to the runway and a guy could lose a portion of pant leg plus a strip of epidermis. If the posts had been a foot or so higher the nuts may have had a marked effect in reducing the population explosion, or something like that. Bill Geraghty says that he is trying to get the Contractor to return to reverse the bolts.

Western Airlines.

Last Friday's strike deadline approached with the Company making the usual 'last minute' offer. It is hoped that full details will be available later in the week.

Note.

'Be kind to Harry week', observed a few weeks ago was not exactly a roaring success but in true democratic fashion and granting equal time, our reporter is reciprocating with his own 'Be mellow to management on Monday'.

Down to earth?

Readers may have noted that this column invariably offers all due respect to our Management staff by referring to them as 'Gentlemen of the Cloth'. Our own and lovable manager (R.W.B.) would undoubtedly gain the title of Bishop, if he ever achieved the dizzy heights of success by doling out donuts to the drones. Going one step higher and in to the Arch Bishop category (Division Manager), members may wonder what may happen if one ever wandered unescorted and incognito in to the northwest territories.

Our radar scanner sounded a red-alert last week as a visiting dignitary who was traveling the 'polar route' via the Sahara section (E 52 beadblast), suddenly changed course in an easterly direction and started his let-down just prior to the 'fasten your safety belt' warning.

Things were going strictly routine until he observed a garbage can with some red rubber packing on top. You could almost imagine him humming 'Those were the days my friend' as he fondled it between the first finger and thumb of the left hand. From there on, he was a changed man and he wandered along lightly in a carefree manner with an air of gay abandon. He was later observed bandying words and helping in the tool crib by displaying his knowledge on grinding wheels. 'Welcome Aboard Hollis', the parish is a peaceful pleasant place and if you ever need any knick-knacks, remnants or offcuts, come again sometime and tell 'em - - - 'Harry sent you'.

The exception to the rule.

Most members pick their three weeks vacation, find out when their foreman takes his four weeks and figure that they have a total of seven weeks happy bliss. That E 49 (Zyglo) group under Lee Kiplinger are a strange bunch. As soon as he was gone and his back was turned, they were holding a good old fashioned 'wake' at breaktime. It was even said that someone took a picture and sent it to him with a sort of 'Wish you were here'.

News from the East?

We always figured that Ray Fryer was head of 'Harem Patrol' but our own high priest does fair if you study history and 'turnover.' Joan, Carole, Libby, Mary(?), Ginger and Judi. The silent Sheik? Incidentally, Carole may be out of Hospital this week-end.

Harry Rawson.

JET AGE JAZZ. (news for I.A.M. members of Dept. 8890)

Proliferation. Checking in at the 'District' for the results from the polls, the 'yes' votes were running well in the mid-nineties (percent) and I understand that a sheet will be published by the time that you read this item. Glancing through the door of the 'inner-sanctum', our District Chairman was wearing a confident smile - - plus clothes of course. When I looked in after the May contract count, he appeared to be plucking out tufts of hair each time that he answered a long distance phone call.

While I was in this dreary den of awesome austerity it was noted that there was a sad lack of contact with the outside world. No T.V. set or a radio for a spot of 'music while you work' and I bet there was no can of beer in the 'fridge' or perhaps no ice-box. How cheap can you get Mr. Robinson?

Corn in Egypt. The visit to the 'District' was not entirely wasted as Lorna, one of the secretaries, was born int' same bloody town as old Harry. She understands my language and knows all about faggots and peas, tripe and onions or steak and kidney pud. I dont have to explain to her what 'snogging' means and if she knew that my wife had been 'knocked up' by the Insurance man last week, she wouldn't turn a hair. Now a knocker up in Bradford used to be an honorable profession, knocking on windows to awaken the help for the mill:

National. A Court action scheduled for today, Aug. 4th charges the N.M.B. with failure to act in the dispute between the Airline and the Union.

Trans World. Mediation has been finally requested. A strike vote is being organized with a tentative date for S.F.O. of Aug. 7th.

Ingress -Congress. A Congressional Bill seeks to amend the Federal Aviation Act to allow 'certain additional persons to travel space available at reduced fare'. Who the heck will shaft us next?. Maybe the 'over sixties?.

The other side of the groin? Readers of that Chicago publication, The Shield, may have read the letter that was prudently placed on the 'Travel-tip' page. It was a wail of woe from a paying customer, due to a 'freeloader' boasting about his cheap seat on a trip to Hawaii. The ignorant oaf. The uncouth clod. It was probably some aspiring management type with a couple of gins down his gizzard, who with all good intention imagined that he was improving the Company image by extolling the virtues of the Airlines. Now with a couple more snorts of gin down the gullet, it may have been an entirely different story. Tears would have rolled freely down the Red Carpet as he would have confessed that his seat had cost him in the region of \$2000, which is that little difference between being a Greyhound mechanic and a joyful jet joker.

Strange parties. The 'Bowery Boys' (i.e. Bob Bauer and his trusty staff) like to celebrate birthdays with a noon-time cake up in the Severance stronghold. One such event took place on Friday for Paul Stange. Nothing strange about this except that Paul was away on vacation and there was just an empty seat, while the Graveyard shift that had no cake, no party, and no Paul Stange, enjoyed themselves even more - - and you say we Limeys are weird?

Smoke Signals? We must be the most ill informed group in modern times.

THE SHIELD is mainly about the Utopian flight complex, while KEEPING POSTED is centered around the Base. Wing Tips is defunct or deceased and Jet Age news is centered on Union news only. Trade Winds has degenerated in to a 'rag' sheet being exploited by those seeking political yardage. There is not one iota of humor, good reading or 'neutral news' in the whole damn lot and it is a sad, sad situation. This sheet is worth exactly what you pay for it, which is sweet Fanny Adams, sorry about that.

Harry Rawson.

NEWS AND VIEWS. (for I.A.M. members of Dept. 8890)Negotiations

(using the term loosely) will recommence at Chicago on Aug 17. With the rapidly changing scene, which would require at least three pages to quote all the pro's and cons, it is impossible to attempt to forecast where we may go from here. With my low down opinion of upper Management (Chicago level) and their attitude towards the necessary evil of hourly paid personnel, I still have a healthy respect for their evil minds. It appears unlikely that they may be panicked in to any quick offer to cash in on the 'going rate' before the wage structure climbs higher. Conditions at the time of writing would indicate that they will not be lured in to any rapid 'declaration of deadlock'. This should only serve to reassure you that we may have to 'sweat it out' for quite a while. One sad thing emerges from all this, as it was ten years ago at the end of August that my squaw bought a S.F. Chronicle 'just for curiosity'. We were camping near Santa Cruz on our way to Seattle and Vancouver and a U.A.L. advert changed our (her) mind. If I could gamble on getting a lenient judge she would be chatting with her deceased ancestors right now and on the wrong side of the fence.

On the cheery side.

That last comment, plus another beer, has cheered me up immensely as it has reminded old Harry that in one month he will have ten years payments in to Social Insecurity to assure a few \$ retirement. Just one year more and there will be ten years in U.A.L. pension plan. After that, back to 'free style' writing, by calling a Spade a Club and wielding it like one. Now you know why the 'soft-soap' touch to date.

The Travel Scene.

A strong feeling prevails that our travel section may have overdone the publicity on our reporter's trip to Puerto Vallarta in March. Since then 'Pete' (E45), Dick Chase (E 46) and Al Actis have been down there with their wives. There must be a sad gap in the Limey - U.S. language barrier and we take full responsibility.

As if this catastrophe wasn't bad enough, Bob Bauer (& family) was down there last week, while Don Severance and family should be there today. I have nothing against Bob Bauer, but feel that he could become a spoilsport by getting the Mexican authorities to declare the fourth block east of the Hotel Rosita out of bounds to Jet Shop personnel. Now we have to resort to Newton's law of motion which states 'For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction' and hope that Don Severance will 'see the light' and raise an effort to have the restriction lifted.

A recent enquiry on Alaskan travel revealed a \$15 trip from Seattle to Anchorage and a \$25 Interline tour (The Siberian) from Anchorage, both from Alaskan Airlines. Before any of the younger types rush in with thought, of the renowned Eskimo hospitality, we must dampen their enthusiasm with the sad facts of life. Your reporter spent six months in the Canadian north and was overwhelmed by the cheerful friendliness of the Eskimo-Indian people. Squaws dont come in the skinny size and their Caribou skins smell like an over-ripe skunk. Throw in a few months without a bath due to the cold, add the smell of Fisherman's Wharf (following a sudden strike) and you have to resort to tact and diplomacy. You have to explain that while the wife has all the prominent points of a Grecian Goddess, with the grace and charm of Princess Margaret – and you would give your right arm for an over-nighter – you just aint anxious to go for broke. You turn a lobster red as you explain that your wife will annihilate you the painful way and that your family would be banished from the tribe for ever. Go to see the scenery.

News.

There will be no news sheet next Monday as old Harry will be hiding in the northern hinterlands until Tuesday, August 19. Chicken??

Harry Rawson

Monday, Aug. 25th.

Harry doesn't care a damn
this week, Post it or file it.

From here and there. (only for I.A.M. members, 8890 of course.)

Contract News to date will be seen on Jet Age News dated Aug. 22nd. Harry's long shot. U.A.L. could still throw a crumb, in a delaying action.

In the dog-house. At least two readers complained about last week's missing news sheet. Most members know that our staff had taken the previous week off and given unstintingly of their time searching the northern wilderness for a good place to hole up, in the event that U.A.L. wanted to play rough.

A sad, sad story. It was fairly well off the beaten track and almost deserted. No wonder, as after drinking the bay area water with pollutants, additives and contaminants you just can't take pure water any more, almost like drinking plain soda water after a wild week on whiskey. It was a three mile drive to get those cans of Hamm's tonic water, the damn roads were cluttered up with deer and they even have birds around, while trees are allowed to grow with gay abandon. Civilization gone mad and we just can't recommend it.

Just plain doggy. Wednesday's Stewards meeting saw Geo. Robinson take to the rostrum to relieve some of his hidden tensions and behaving like 'Old Faithful' at Yellowstone, blowing off steam with some horrible adjectives. If an old Limey like me berated the Company, the Mediation Board, and the Federal Gov't. in such fashion, I would get a one-way (expenses paid by U.A.L.) trip to see Princess Margaret. He should know by now that pennies come before peasants, and any self respecting Mediator needs Friday off for travel to see his loved ones and Monday to travel back to Chicago. No wonder the poor guy was dozing at the desk on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Lou Shroeder sort of apologized for the Mediator by stating emphatically that the lad awoke and spoke when it was time to beat it back to his Hotel.

From doghouse to Pound? Harry's travel agency makes one small goof each year and we are proud of our fine record. This year's oversight occurred a couple weeks ago. Customer (and family) was all set for Mexico on Air West \$8 trip. When Western struck, our computer showed 'tilt' due to overload condition.

Customer (loaded with loot) advised to spring for \$40 Mexicana trip to be sure to get there. Nothing wrong with that - eh?. It worked like a charm with just one small snag. Customer and family evidently couldn't get out of Puerto Vallarta and had to wire back for Air West authority. Just one of the hazards of travel you would say. Now for a spot of 'case history'. The 'customer' was Don Severance with wife and daughter. Another daughter is shortly about to convert Don to 'Grandfather' and they would hate to get marooned in Mexico on such an occasion. It makes me almost feel like asking Bob Rogers how he is fixed for blades - - - just in case ?

U.A.L. has not quite emptied the piggy bank. A \$900,000.00 order to International Harvester will procure eleven tractors. Early next year we should get one at S.F.O. and one at Los Angeles. These are cheap. It is what they are going to pull that costs. They are for the D.C.10 and Boeing 747.

News has been scarce. One reader suggested substituting a scandal sheet, starting with Graveyard. Another mentioned a humorous skit along the lines of 'I Love Lucy'. How come Lucy? - - - something juicy?

United has applied for GIT (group inclusive tours) from twelve cities to Hawaii. Group numbers, 154, 105, or 88. These I like, as they filter some fun in to freeloading. One minute you figure that you have it made, then a horde of human locusts arrive, so back to town, back to the pub and barmaid.

Concorde 1 (Fr.) should be 'transonic' by fall. Concorde 2 (Br.) will try Mach. 2 at the end of the year, very impressive. The U.S. Congress are also impressed, trying to rustle a Bill to ban all supersonic flight over the land areas of the U.S. - - wonder if they mean U.S.A.F. too?

Western applies for 6.2 domestic fare increase.

Harry Rawson

THE EXPLOITS OF 'JOE BLOW' (a strange mixture of fantasy and fact)

Note. With attention revolving around the weekly news sheet, readers may have wondered what happened to the 'Blow' family. 'Joe' as you know, is always ready to exploit anything, whether it be guards with guns or lunch box searches. He can even dream up a few problems. With summer travel at an all time high and morale at an unusual low, it seems an ideal time to let you know that Joe, who is the master of improvisation and the genius of ingenuity, can always 'come out laughing' - - or - - almost always.

THE BIRTHDAY BINGE

It was Bessy Blow's fiftieth birthday and she was getting bitchy and sore, shouting "Why did you leave the Cannery Joe, where the pay was much much more?", "You sold me on free airline travel and all the unlimited joy it brings, but now that we have free passes you say we cant afford to use the blasted things.

Joe thought for a while and to please the old bag, promised to give her a tour, maybe a few days in the standby poverty pit, well it may just provide a cure, and with seven whole dollars in nickels and dimes, for he never had such a stack, for a trip to Sacramento yet - - and with a bit of luck - - maybe even back.

From Friday morning through Tuesday late, they sat at standby in sorry plight, for all the planes had been loaded right up, and things were booked up tight, while the truth was slowly dawning on Joe, that the only way to make the trip, was not to wash and shave or comb his hair, but to cuss and appear like a 'Hip'.

Joe hummed aloud 'Fly the Friendly Skies' and chuckled "United, here we come", holding a placard up high that clearly said - - "RONALD REAGAN IS A BUM", and as they sat there at Wednesday noon, they started to show professional craft, with another boldly printed card that stated "TRICKY DICKY! STOP THE DRAFT!".

The Agent was scanning the vast waiting crowd, and his eyes lit up with some pride, and noting the Blows impressive appearance of power, he knew they were bona fide, "Oh Sir, oh ma'am, please kindly rise, for it is evident that you must be first, for all of the Hippies that I have ever seen - - god damn it - you are the worst".

"Now we dont want you to miss your flight, to fill us with terror, and I fear, that the last thing that United wants, would be a demonstration carried out here' and he 'phoned ahead to the boarding desk, "Things must be really getting insane put these types back near the Blue Room and dont forget to spray the plane".

Then they trundled right down the Jetway, and no longer were feeling so sore, as Joe chewed on one of Walt Weigl's cigar butts that he picks up from the floor, and Bessy cooed "This is living Joe, we will have to take more of these trips," as she rustled some Guineas from under the seat, plus a cold bag of fish 'n chips.

When they got to Sacramento, they slept down by the river and under the trees, Bessy couldn't stand Joel's beery breath, Joe couldn't take onion with bony knees, and after a couple of days at the Capital, Mrs. blow blew royal stack, yelling "That was a brilliant trick to get us here - - but how the hell,
will you EVER GET US BACK?"

Harry Rawson.

Produced as a public service by
Happy Valley' Publishing Co. .'
a non-profit organization.

Other publications include - ;
'The Monday News'
'Keeping Toasted'
and anything else that we can cook up.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM. (bits of this'n that for I.A.M. 8890)

The Turtle Trot - continues on Sept. 8th. between honorable Company, honorable Mediator and worthy negotiators. With the dubious title of first- class fomenter of fresh fertilizer, old Harry believes this, but the rest leaves him with some skepticism. After talking with Robinson, Schroeder and Thomas, we must say that our hopes are higher than during any other negotiations. Where do we go from here?. Harry would sooner trundle through the backwoods of San Carlos barefoot (where there are a few rattlesnakes around) than dabble in the direction that Chicago may go. Rattlesnakes have a small degree of predictability. One thing is dead certain. If we do get diddled, it will not be at the hand of the Company or the Union. It will be self inflicted by an 'X'

A Tear Jerker It is with the deepest regret that we announce the temporary absence of Don Conrad from E-52, due to four weeks vacation - almost like Rommel deserting his doleful troops in the dusty desert, dammit. Len Smith, temp. C/O. may be able to raise their morale (if nothing else) by a couple of girly movies and other fringies, before the areas go to pot.

The Hardy Breed While in Kootenay country (Br. Columbia) it was noted that ulcers, due to worry and strain, were at a microscopical minimum. Not so in this neck of the woods. Up north the goat could take a short cut through the house, the rooster (house broken of course) came in for the 6 P.M. news and the cow could almost make the kitchen. Now back home at SFO last week, some kindly soul handed our Carole (SFCPI Crowsnest) a member of the Carassius - auratus family (I.E. a bloody goldfish) surrounded by a suitable quantity of H2O and a crystal bowl to match. Not quite a National disaster, but the crumby carp was rapidly served an eviction notice. No hissing please. No signs of 'Yankee go home'. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, as the poor fish would never have survived Walt's cigars - - pollution, you know.

T.W.A. Interline - - now extends 'perimeter' to Pacific. \$89 to Honolulu, Guam, Okinawa & Taipei. Pay an additional \$10 and you can get to Hong Kong. Other good package bargains from Sabena, K.L.M. and Olympus. See your agent.

Let's face it Americans abroad are not noted for their modesty, but for blowing long and loud on the boasters bassoon. We Limeys can play the odd tune, so we proudly announce that Rolls Royce have been awarded the contract to supply the engines for the Mexican Shrimp Fleet. Not the Avon, blast you, as they would have more fun with 8-D's. The engines will be Rolls Royce Diesel's.

Suggestion Award List - - shows the sum of \$90 paid to a Mr. W. D. Weigl. Maybe Johnson's Poverty Program aint dead yet. A swing member had other comments - - unprintable. He used to work for someone with the same name.

The Whistler and his Dog? Strange doings in the dungeons. During the nocturnal hours a weird phantom frolics around the floors raising just a little breeze and then an eerie whine of a whistle. More of the supernatural, as the Foremen have been observed collecting air-nozzles and pieces of pipe. Surely they are not going to start taking things home in their lunch-box again and maybe make a whopping Whurlitzer that plays 'Happy Days are Here Again'?

Suffering in Silence? - - 'not bloody likely'. We could never understand why Ray Fryer manages to get sick each summer as he appears to be such a strong lad, and what is more, he is committing the unpardonable offense of creating a pattern. Ray is spending some time at Stanford Hospital and finally had to undergo some surgery towards the end of last week. That should teach him! Earlier in the week. he had been living the life of Riley exhibiting an assortment of lunch and dinner menus - - and get this - - a Wine list. I noticed that he gave the wine list to Chuck Riddell and not Bob Bauer. Bob would sooner treat him at home under these circumstances. Let's hope that they gave Ray a local anesthetic. We would call the undertaker the moment he quit talking. They thought that the boy had a pinched nerve, but we know better, as he is all nerve. Now, who wrote 'I love you' on the 'get well' card? Masculine gender

Harry Rawson.

The Last round Up? (odds and sods for I.A.M. 13890)

Negotiations. Thursdays news from Washington quoted 'some progress' which raised a note of optimism in our news room, as we were sure that if U.A.L. was jousting for a stalemate, we would have heard about it in no uncertain terms. Friday afternoon's report was the same, with talks continuing in the evening. Saturday brought a brighter note, as the girls at the District were alerted to 'stand by' to produce a bulletin in the event of a turn either way. Saturday afternoon it was reported that the company had received details of a suggested settlement from the Union and were retiring for the evening to study this and would reconvene on Sunday morning.

While many members figured Friday as the final deadline, it would appear futile to call the game off if a breakthrough appeared imminent. Continental vote today. Sunday.P.M. Mediator orders Co. & IAM: to meet again Wed. Sep.17

Up, up and away. Our press department is so confident that we are heading for the last round-up, that the entire staff (old Harry) will be taking off for two whole weeks commencing next Friday, Sept. 19th. Piggy banks have been denuded, and Scotland Yard has been alerted to meet a 5K (SAS) flight at Heathrow, but the fugitive will deplane at Paris - - for French postcards?

Jack and the Beanstalk (or George and his money tree).

It took just one week for the meeting between the Airlines and the C.A.B. to bear fruit and gain fare increases. Wonder what brand of fertilizer they used - eh? Maybe Robby has discovered the source and bought a bag.

Dirty deeds after dark? Our reporter had just removed a roll of toilet tissue from the boys room on Saturday (for the purpose of cleaning glasses) when he was accosted by Lee Kiplinger, who kind of hinted that he may have a clue who did the dirty on Paul Stange. We found out what happened to poor Paul and if you want to be shocked beyond all measure, ask the Stange gang.

We only heard? Most animals inherit the herd instinct and Homo Sapiens are no exception. If you are on Swing, the Graveyard always seem a little batty and Days a mite 'nutty, a sort of 'loyalty to the legion: Now that your reporter is on days, the graveyard appear to have one or two 'odd' members. This is perfectly natural, as the graveyard toil when normal human beings are engaged in 'indoor sports', while they have to rely on the artistic productions of Playboy. Time takes its toll, as one graveyard member now maintains that he actually sees heavenly bodies, or the 'super' supernatural. He said that he was perched on what we English call the Lavatory and he swears that he saw Debbie Drake peering through a crack in the door and then he heard the next door seat creak and she was peering over the top at him. Isn't that a Lu Lu? The Debbie that we know, parades in her scanties with the shortest of panties and we would indulge in a spot of exercise with her any day (or night) and she has many good points. Oh yes - - getting back to that graveyard weirdo - - you have to humor these types - - so we asked him what hair style Debbie was wearing when he allegedly saw her (we never look at her hair anyway). Without batting an eyelid he said "Short and grey"! We walked away and shook our heads. Like we say, some ding a ling.

Interline. We have quite a number of people (especially in the M/S) who may have close friends or relatives in Europe. Many do not realize that they do not have to be on vacation to make a visit and you are not limited to only one trip. S.A.S., Sept. thru May is unlimited.

Vacation and travel. If you are contemplating a trip next year, study peak season and off season flight schedules. The last couple of weeks of 'peak' are often better than the first two weeks of 'off' when the number of flights may have been reduced drastically with a lot of people trying to get back.

Harry Rawson.

News and views for I.A.N. members of Dept. 8890.

The 'Contract Count.'

While the complete results will not be available for a day or two, the 'Happy Valley' Printing Co. (Joe Blow press) is fully confident that results at the time of writing warrant the prediction that the contract will be accepted by a satisfactory majority. Numbers and details will be available from Union sources as soon as possible.

The News Sheet

will be discontinued from this date. After our staff enjoyed two hilarious weeks vacation, with stops at Paris, Rome, Cairo and England, we just couldn't get down to earth and take a serious view of any antics within the Jet Shop. If we had been advised that the graveyard villains (the stealthy Strange and Loving Lou) had suffered some twinges of remorse and were parading the washroom with 'care' packages in the form of coffee and donuts, we would have only laughed and retaliated with Andy Cap, tea and crumpets. While we apologize for the four week silence from the news department, it appears to have lured Management away from what may have been a form of censorship of the minutes of the Powerplant Management Meeting. One item in particular, equivalent in nature to the Cuban Missile crisis, was the plot to trap the cats that insisted on meowing loudly when a foreman could have been defying all the laws of gravity by climbing on the plumbing fixtures. As this is our last edition, our office boy insisted on the following dirge-;

Ode to a Puddy Tat.

Oh puddy cat, puddy cat, what have you done to get Management after your hide?,
but 'old Harry' is on their black list too and in him you can always confide,
have you been peeking in the Office drawers or know stories that mustn't be told,
or have the Managers been goofing up again in their ways to save some gold ?,

for the idiosyncracies of Management in this Disneyland of U.A.L.,
leave the stoutest hearts in doubts at times as you only know too well,
yet when complex problems come their way, their thinking is strange & unsound,
and they forget about the trifling things, such as some aircraft on the ground,

though we never hold Management in high regard for we know they are not fussy,
but not even madmen from outer space would think of war on pussy,
for what are their intentions ?, their purpose is kind of vague,
do they want a horde of filthy rats to infect us with Bubonic Plague ?

Now we all know their underhanded ways, and they will squeeze until it hurts,
and their next move will be an all out war on pussycats in miniskirts,
yet what can there be in a feline form to arouse even the slightest fear,
for if it wasn't for a little pussy, just how many of us would be here ?.

* * * * *

Interline -Alitalia.

Some members are still in doubt regarding the latest announcement regarding parents. Parents of a married employee are eligible for the Interline tickets. The travel period is Oct.15 thru May.

Interline - T.W.A.

The latest brochures available from Shelley at the Base ticketing Office, show three zones. Zone 1 - Z69. Zone 2 - \$99. Zone 1 covers Europe from SFO. Zone 2, Europe, Middle East and N.Africa - \$99 will get you to Hong Kong, and last but not least, round the world for \$199. Check Harry's Travel Agency for details during breaktime. Old Harry is a miser when it comes to buying meals, and with eleven flights traveling space -avail. during peak load, only had trouble on one section (London on a Saturday). Very friendly cooperation from T.W.A. personnel. No standby poverty pits yet.

WRITTEN AND PRINTED BY UNION LABOR.

Harry Rawson. 10-23-69.

THE HOME SHOP HERALD . (a happy holiday number)

News - 1970. With the phasing out of our '69 news sheets, we now introduce the first of our holiday 'specials'. The last week-end in January, of course, is set aside to celebrate King Tutenkhamen's birthday. Everybody knows that King Tut was one of the last of the lads in the 18th dynasty of the ancient monarchs of Egypt and was cavorting around in the 14th century B.C.. Celebrate this one in true Eastern tradition. This sheet is your ticket to happiness. Just show it to wifey, then treat yourself to a trip to town to toy with the topless tootsies. Better yet, breeze off for a bar-room binge with a belly dancing broad. Donald Conrad of the Abrasive and Chemical Surface Treatment Dept. (E52), was also born on Jan. 29th, but he will be throwing no party this year - - as usual.

Up, up and away. Judi Rickert, secretary to the Baron of SFOPI, will probably be leaving at the end of Feb. to go on to higher things once more. She has had a hard life over the last three years. Best of luck from us down here Judi.

February 20th (plus or minus a day or so) is supposed to be the day when the new system seniority goes in to effect. At the same time the new overtime rules will probably be implemented and overtime will be zeroed to start things off.

Piling up the Points! Someone asked why our reporter was so ornery and why he couldnt try a touch of togetherness for a change, so a survey was conducted to find out how the other half of the world lives. Here are the results -;

Manager Level. Hollis Williams and Ed. Whitesell observed leaving for lunch. Holli's import special was hemmed in by a large truck outside of Plant Maint. (left by an unsuspecting visitor), and Edwardo had ten points firmly within his grasp. He was just about to leap aboard for a hi-jack when the owner turned up!

Gen. Foreman Level. Don. Severance is now in the Baron's car-pool, even if it means getting up at an unearthly hour. Results to date not fully evaluated, but he did occupy the magic kingdom while Bob was on an overseas tour. (E for effort)

Foreman Level. This one took a strange twist. Our subject was Ray Fryer who is spending time in the land of immaculate shoes, air conditioning, sound-proofing and red-carpet,(the exotic office where the Credit Union is located) but Ray was not at home for a change. He had however, left an invisible wake of unadulterated fertilizer. Every fortress has a Maid Marion and this one is no exception. Lee Christoffel is a delightful damsel as she doesnt clam up with the press. Sat on the top of her desk was a box of chocolates. Not a half-pound, not a one-pound, but a bloody great two-pound box in full public view. We were about to leave when we asked who the donor might be, as it could be a gratuity for a spot of technical typing. Bob Muramoto - - remember him? Nothing wrong with this eh Only that Lee said that they were not bought for her and she was doing a bit of weight watching (dunno why, as she curves in the right places). Bob brushed things off with the excuse that he brought them back from the Islands. Nice going.

Conclusion. Could old Harry hijack a truck? - it wouldnt be the first time. Could he wheedle his way in to a Royal car-pool? - if Carl Benes can do it, Harr could do it (with the aid of a toup and an alias). How about the chocolates? No - not for men!, but if Lee ever decides to quit weight watching and watch the planes from Skyline after dark, it wouldnt be a mere crumbly two pound box.

Pan Am. Reduced Fare 80% discount, or the next week or two we have to do the ticketing with Pan Am, but after Jan 25 Shelley will be doing our own ticketing from the Lobby at the base. Eastbound we only pay from New York (even if we get on at SFO). Westbound fares are computed from Honolulu. Caribbean - - we only pay from Miami. In some respects this works out even better than T.W.A. as we dont have to trundle down to L.A. to get to Europe.

Union -U.A.L. Contract. Various dates on arrival of books but dont be too disappointed if you dont see them until well in to February.

Union Hall. Check notice board for new address.

Harry Rawson, 1-25-70

JET SHOP JOTTINGS

A BIRTHDAY SPECIAL

Whose Birthday?

It beats us. It didn't seem advisable to incur the wrath of the British Embassy by any reference to George Washington. Russ Currier of the Test Cell also has a birthday this month but he is a kind of social outcast, as there must be many goof-ups which he never tells us about.

Largess and Loyalty

Somebody accused us of pussyfooting around with Management in these columns and they are right. 'Nego Cruncho Digitto' is our motto and this simply means 'never bite the hand that feedeth' and can you blame us? All celebrities need publicity of course and any dignitary in the public eye expects it. Down in Hollywood anything that Jack Benny, Jerry Lewis, Bob Hope or Milton Berle does makes news and this is par for the course. There is one notable difference, however, as those lads depend upon gag and script writers. Our boys are naturals, but ever since they acquired secretaries a few years ago, the obvious 'howlers' went out of the window, but search and you will find.

Gone with the Wind

As reported last month, Judi Rickert leaves shortly to take up her duties with the Hostesses mitt der mostesses. We checked the records for her finest moment (and there were many). Just a few weeks ago she was bubbling over with sheer exuberance and sporting a nifty looking wrist-watch. No interviews can be carried out within mortar fire range of the Baron's fortress, so we checked with Chuck Cigler who talks to Judi occasionally. 'Anything to report Chuck?' - - - 'Nope!'. The shortest interview ever.

Third-time Loser?

According to British justice relating to capital punishment, a condemned man can only be subject to three attempts at hanging. If these all fail a reprieve is granted. Now with Paul Stange returning to day shift, it will be the third time that he has had poor inoffensive old Harry to joust with. The bald-headed old buzzard will either get stretched, shrunk, or live for ever.

Point of No Return

There appears to be some unusual activity in E 43 this year as Bob Rogers seems to be continually flitting up and down the stairs and bobbing up in the most unexpected places. Our pedometer couldn't keep up with him but we figure that if he kept going up and up instead of down and up, it would take twelve years, nine months and some ten days for him to come within the gravitational pull of the moon and wouldn't that be heavenly? If this ever happens, we will charter a bus to the Lick Observatory, compliments of Steward.

Uniformity

It was only a few years ago that U.A.L. made an attempt to outfit the supervisory groups with uniforms and we came out against it with a special edition entitled 'The Zewt Sewt'. We didn't mind our heroes having to foot the bill, but it is impossible to differentiate between our own loved ones and the hordes of Paper-Shufflers 'B' and we sought no unfair advantage. Our reporter visited the Union Hall to attend the day shift meeting this month. Mere mortals cannot afford suits, but a lively discussion ensued over shirts bearing the Union insignia. These will go to the Safety Reps., the Executive Board etc. ... 'All men are Brothers' and they were willing to fight to prove it.

The Enemy from Within

Sometimes a well-wisher asks if we ever get our finger in a 'ringer' with our news sheets. Under normal conditions (excepting Contract time) and providing that we put our name on them, the answer is a qualified no. We cannot tell a lie on Washington's Birthday. Just twenty years ago at another Plant, Management had done nothing wrong that month, so our reporter switched to a feminine nom de plume with a skit on household hints and exotic recipes. It was in the Social Club monthly and there was only one snag. She was about forty and tipped the scales at one hundred and eighty, to wit, the female columnist. She swore, in more ways than one, that our intentions were in question.

News

Sorry about that. There isn't much this month. We don't make it, but just report it, so why complain? Besides our price hasn't changed in years.

Travel

Nothing new on the other carriers. U.A.L. appears to be running a few charter flights to the Hawaiian Islands, mostly employees plus a few revenues. If anyone has tried the Pan Am trips, please pass on any news to our agency.

A Happy G. Washington's Birthday. Drive carefully as we need your money for the State and Federal Income Tax to keep ours from going up.

Harry Rawson

A SAD SEPTEMBER ROUND-UP. (by Happy Valley Press)

Mood Indigo. September is a melancholy month and this is often reflected in some of the old songs. ‘September in the Rain’, ‘Autumn Leaves’ and ‘September Song’ have all been flogged to death in an effort to reduce you to tears. Now we can’t sing or dance but there is no harm in trying to get the whole of the Jetshop in a sob session, so just grab yourself a harp (any old harp will do), place the body between your legs and stroke the sides. Handel’s ‘Largo’ is a simple piece to start with, strum it slowly and try this one for size:

The Little Things

Have you ever walked in a foreign town when midnight is due to strike
with apprehension and some second thoughts on the wisdom of your hike?
while the truth has dawned that the turn was left and you turned right instead
down shabby streets that are dimly lit and people cry for a piece of bread,
when a light and cheery footstep is heard in the distance in the park
which comes and goes quite quickly with a fleeting shadow in the dark,
but with courage now one wanders on, while gone is fear or fright
and the only little difference, was the sound of footsteps in the night.

* * * * *

In the Mood. We cooked up the previous ditty which was intended as ‘Audience warm-up’ in reverse. You may not believe this, but we anticipate that the ‘Managers Morning Meeting’ will have called things off with Bob Bauer shutting himself in his office and sobbing bitterly while Sumner Youngblutt will have grabbed a clean handkerchief to wipe his moistened eyes. That being so, we just cannot keep them in suspense any longer. Yes, we intend to take a friendly jab at one or two of their underlings.

Par for the Course. When any of Management start clamoring for this old Limey buzzard’s services, they are free to go to his file and study his finer points. We bare our own files at times just to prevent a would-be wanderer from going from the frying pan into the fire. The following item is dedicated to swingshift:

Change of Heart

‘Now listen Joe, you move so slow! - alas - it was a cruel twist of fate,
for it is strange to tell just how Personnel ever let you through the gate,
and woe is me for it is plain to see that Foremen should make trades
while a little move would only prove that Rogers needs you working blades’.

‘Are you still here?’ ‘What have I to fear?’ ‘Am I to understand,
that your vacation is coming up next month and you are off to Limeyland?
to that rain-soaked isle, pardon my smile as it doesn’t give you much scope,
and when do you leave? Oh boy, what a reprieve! It’s a one way trip I hope?’

‘What was that you said? You knock me dead! You need another day?
now don’t think me rude but your attitude is a trifle off they say’.
‘You reek of greed in my hour of need, as the days I give off are few,
and when I need you most you want to leave your post after all I did for you!’

I have the gravest doubt. There is no need to shout! See me in four weeks time.
as you must be fair, as perhaps another repair may have come in off the line,
and you must be true for I cannot spare you, - but check one hour before you go
Now have a good trip, keep a stiff upper lip, as the answer will still be no’.

In case you wondered. That noise that you heard last month that resembled a buffalo stampede was merely a bevy, herd, or flock of Graveyard members rushing in to our office with tales of great daring about their beloved favorite Fuhrer. This one is the human equivalent of the Koh-i-noor, only one to each planet and is highly regarded as our prize perennial. We wish that there were more of these so that we could get back to a weekly publication of the news sheet. To our Graveyard members - ‘You asked for it’, but Old Harry is going to get it:

The Hour of Need. (with apologies to Florence Nightingale)

‘What’s that Jack? Your finger is ripped? Now there’s no need to roar or shout!
your breathing is fair, you are conscious yet and I can’t see a bone sticking out,
so get back to work, and that means now! Is that clear and understood?
and put something on that rotten gash - - Yeeks - - I can’t stand the sight of blood.

‘It’s been a pleasant night, that coffee was good, nothing but shooting the breeze,
with the hourly paid peasants? Oh heavens no! but with other foremen if you please.
Is that you back again? There isn’t a chance! Lost time just gives me a fright,
stick it out until the sun comes up - and listen, you will come in tomorrow night!

‘What’s that Doctor? The gash was quite bad? He should have come in before?
Five stitches? - oh shucks, was that all it was? Only a Cissy would call it sore.
Now quieten things down, for with all this ado someone might go into a fit,
for I am the Fuhrer of my unfortunate troops and it didn’t hurt me one bit.

* * * * *

The Travel Scene. We hope to have many of the Interline details for 70-71 available in time for our next issue, If we can get enough interested parties we may be able to arrange an impromptu gathering at the Mainliner Club one night to exchange information on travel. Old Harry will strum some old English pub songs on the Piano if Harry Mitchell and Ray Sellwood will do the lyrics.

HARRY RAWSON

(Note — There were so many people that thought that the Commute Club masterpiece was ‘Joe Blow’s creation, that he has come out of his ‘forced’ retirement to hotly deny the situation,)

San Luis Obispo Commute Club — A violent disclaimer.

For those who saw the poster and said – ‘Oh dont you know (?)’,
We think we know who dun’it, it was the work of old ‘Joe Blow’’,
Those who reach conclusions, should study it a while,
I know it wasnt Harry, it’s not his Limey style.

He would paint the bus to start with, an entirely different hue,
Just like the ‘Extra Scare Line’, one red—one white—one blue.
And if this was not sufficient and you needed further proof,
You would see United’s peasants, all riding on the roof.

Section Blue of course would be reserved, ‘for Military half fare passes’,
Section Red (at cut-throat fares) — ‘for old ladies wearing glasses’,
While White we know must be preserved — ‘for those who are way out far’,
The youths who like to wear a beard and play a large Guitar.

With all this overloading and space so hard to find,
A hundred more United serfs, would be pushing up behind.
Twenty years seniority, to even touch the bus,
You may get bumped at Watsonville, so why make all the fuss?

The herding area would be desired, to separate the peons,
A cold hard bench to rest a while, for those who wait for eons.
A dollar a night doss-house, for those who wait a week,
A Security guard to be on hand for those whose lunch-box ‘leak’,

So sorry to disappoint the folks who thought the bus was Joe’s,
For he’s as nutty as a fruit cake, or so the story goes.
We know he’s not alone in this, there are really quite a few,
But give your credit to the man who has really earned his due.

H.R.

News, Views and a dash of Hogwash. (produced by the poor-man's press)

Note. The response to last month's news sheet proved that we can no longer assume that you know the news and all we had to do was comment on it. The shop is getting so large that one area doesn't know what another area is doing and we are rapidly approaching a state of peak efficiency. It became evident that an educational series on 'Who's Who' at SF0 would help, but we have a little information on Interline offers so 'Mahogany Row' will just have to wait.

September Safari. We sent our reporter on a little jaunt to New York, Tel Aviv, Athens and London, just to reassure our customers that Middle-east travel is quite relaxing. As soon as one gets airborne from New York and the friendly farewells (such as 'Drop a card from Cuba' and 'You need a sunshade for the desert') have been forgotten, it only needs a couple of slurps of Guzzlers Gin to attain a feeling of well being. The tension is as great as having a coffee break chat with Kathy Walker while The Baron is holed up at Chicago. The danger is on a par with the danger of having Ray Fryer remain silent for a whole hour, or even a whole minute for that matter. An informal poll taken at thirty-nine thousand feet above the jagged snow tipped peaks of the Alps revealed that 100% were in favor of a hijack as opposed to a 'shoot-out' the first thing after breakfast.

Tel Aviv. Real trouble here. Arabian damsel standing on fourth step of Hotel stairs and reporter at ground level studying earrings while offering a light for cigarette. Lobby door opens and violent updraft almost completely denudes damsel. Waistband of pantyhose almost ignited contrary to the cease-fire agreement, an invasion of neutral territory and it could have been an international incident. Regret no report of Nightclub. Three snake charmers in hallway but no customers inside and discretion was the better part of valor. Returning to Hotel for a nightcap, one gentleman leaped from upper window next door and didn't survive.

Athens. A little crowded but still one of the most inexpensive places to visit.

Frankfurt. Passengers in crowded departure lounge should try beer garden in rear.

England. It wasn't. Eight consecutive days of blue skies gave one the blues.

Interline. T.W.A. now covers parents of employees. Sabena still \$100 within Europe but have extended to other parts of the world for additional \$50 and \$25. KLM have half a dozen inexpensive tours to different cities. Alitalia have gone to the regional (perimeter) system at bargain prices plus package tours. British West Indies offers a \$10 circular trip from Miami to Jamaica and Grand Caymen, or a \$25 trip to cover their entire system including LIAT side trips to other islands. Check with Harry's Travel Agency for details during break time.

Nine years ago. (extract from UAL bulletin). "It takes \$27 revenue to earn \$1".

Seven years ago. Dick Hall (balancing area) called in to office to explain why a second roll of masking tape had been drawn out from tool-crib (the dirty dog).

October 1970. We have always regarded Bob Rogers (Blade Foreman dayshift) as the stingiest man an earth. He needs a ream job and a gallon of Liquid Wrench before he will even squeak. Drop 1 piece of half-worn emery tape in the garbage can and he will field it before it hits bottom. Hide a blade that is only one eighth of an inch beyond limits and he will catch up with it as he gropes through the Salvage area scrap barrel. He carefully calculated how many men needed the cheap forty dollar carts and subtracted one so that when the whistle blew 'charge', the odd man out had to hump the boxes the hard way. 'Poetic justice' has now taken a hand and enemy forces have designed (?) and supplied an inexpensive 'merry-go-round' to transport boxes from a) to (b) and back to (a) again. It is worth missing your coffee break to take a gander at this modern inconvenience. First figure quoted was \$38,000 which would have bought us a few more 'Autowriters! (The 'Autowriter' was another brainstorm that didn't last long). Now \$38,000 was just to get us interested and by the time inflation had boosted the cost to around \$60,000, they could just manage to get one half of the runner going on one track while the other tried to take the switch track. Most things get outdated in three or four years and four into \$60,000 comes out at \$15,000. Give a small boy \$15,000 a year and he would deliver the boxes in half the time.

We almost forgot. While we were checking with Dick Hall to ensure that our memory was correct, we had to dip into our Awards barrel to strike a new award. The 'Golden Eagle Award' has gone to Arnie Labson of the balancing area. Arnie appears to be equipped with an invisible variable incidence wing that enables him to hover with 'landing gear up' for hours and hours. When anyone approaches Dick, strange things happen. There is that eerie whistle of air similar to a Stukka in a vertical dive and if the visitor is in the Ed. Whitesell bracket, Arnie taxis in on the welcome mat with a big smile while Dick is rated in the Koh-i-noor category and a definite asset to the area. If the visitor is of common stock, Arnie just lets go with a torpedo and the visitor just goes. We don't get it, but we are not Indian givers and Arnie gets the 'Golden Eagle'.

Trick or treat? Rumor has it that Ron Gurski with Hoppy Decker and Teddy Dibble as 'mine Hosts' (Deck T-82A) are staging another riotous party at Halloween. 'Walk the line' competition at dawn followed by balloon blowing contests as usual? Now if they can only burst the balloon this time and the police are down wind, they may end up with drunken policemen and wouldn't that be a gasser?

Harry Rawson

YOUR VISIT WITH THE???????

Due to extremely heavy demands on paper, it had been many months since we were able to give our employees a chance to write to the President. In that fine American tradition for free speech and democracy, we now move from the high and the mighty, to the low and the lowly. Employees can also write to Joe Blow. He claims that his service will equal that of Chicago. Not only will you get the brush or the brush off, but also the whole can of 'Dutch-boy', if your letters touch a sensitive point. Address your letters to 'Your letter to the dissident' and place in the trash barrel at the back of B 29 hangar. Any monies may be delivered in person.

DEAR JOE, - - - 'AFTER I PARK MY CAR I HAVE TO WALK 200 YDS TO THE GUARD-SHACK, ANOTHER 250 TO WORK-AREA' - - GIMPY

Dear grumpy,

Follow my directions, there's just a chance you might,
Become a four minute miler, almost overnight.
Cut out the booze, reduce the smokes,
Feed on beans and artichokes.
No more Vodka, Gin, or Ports,
A little less of indoor sports.
At daybreak if you are inclined to yawn,
Deep breathing exercise at dawn.
In athletics you will become the cream,
In time for our next expansion scheme.

JOE - - - 'IT TAKES THIRTY MINUTES FOR ME TO GET OUT OF THE WEST PARKING LOT' - - C.DEE

Dear speedy,

I take you for a Fangio, the worst I have ever seen,
tramping gas at traffic lights, just wasting for the green.
Glaring at the other cars and cutting in and out,
your good intent to others is very much in doubt.
Now this will get you nowhere, dont let it spoil your day,
think of your employers and do it the United way.
Remember William Curtin and good old E.X.O. ,
think of your vacation and let your feelings glow.
Pull up beside your foreman and toy with 'him a while,
treat him like the family, with a big and friendly smile.
Point to his right rear tire just as he starts to turn,
now is the time to tramp the gas and let the rubber burn.

DEAR JOE - - 'WERE YOU DEPORTED FROM LIMEY LAND OR A HAND-OUT IN RETURN FOR FOREIGN AID'? - - CUPID

Dear stupid,

Your comments cut me deeply, so kindly please refrain,
I prefer to think of myself as part of the intelligence drain.
But when you buy grapes, I have a hunch,
there's a soft or slimy one in every bunch.

'THIS WEEK'S BRAIN-BUSTER' - - - There were two employees at the airport. One had 2/1/12 (A.M.) seniority, the other had 2/1/32 (P.M.) seniority with an uncle in management at Chicago. Honulu flight had one empty seat. Who took it?

ANSWER AT RIGHT.

A 'Keeping toasted' publication. H.R.



DEAR JOE - - - 'DO YOU THINK THAT THE MECHANIC IS BECOMING EXTINCT LIKE THE DODO?' - - NORMAN

Dear moron,

Mechanics are not getting less,
it's a fact they must deplore,
But some thing like the whooping crane,
there isnt many more.

Just prior to Booz and Allen,
we were having loads of fun,
outnumbering the rustlers
by a ratio of five to one.

Now empires spring up overnight,
with white-shirts by the score,
With Planners 'A', Schedulers 'B',
and many, many more.

The shop is getting larger
regardless of the cost.
The lay-out is most screwy
and people are getting lost.

They may ship some work to Texas,
and Oklahoma too,
There are many cheaper places
but I mention just a few.

The mechanics lot is precarious
and they dont know what's in sight.
But if they go, will foremen sweep
the turbine shop at night

ANSWER TO 'THIS WEEK'S BRAIN BUSTER' ?
The plane departed to the Islands with one empty seat.
Employee 'A' (A.M.) seniority had been waiting for four days for a plane to Denver. The man from uncle was bound for Reno, and had just been bounced by a youthfull guitarist. They both disappeared in to the night whistling that catchy tune -:

FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES



ITEMS ON INTERDEPENDENCE. (produced by Happy Valley Pub. Co.)

July the Fourth weekend is always one of those periods that we would sooner forget. Our office was shut as usual to celebrate the annual wake, a simple sign stating "Harry doesn't live here any more" was draped on the Portcullis and the entire Limey contingent headed for the hills. Even this was no consolation as it turned out to be the most miserable rest period ever. The spot chosen was some fifty miles north of Truckee at the 6,500 ft. level and just below the snow level. We felt as snug as a bug and somewhat immune from those crazy Americans hurling explosive charges into the night. It was a most depressing sight as Spring had just sprung and a vivid array of wild lupines, foxgloves, and daisies caused severe eyestrain after the mellow gold of the flatlands. Birds perched brazenly on the twigs with no volley of gunfire to put them out of their misery. Someone had forgotten to run a sewer line into the lake and there was just no algae or weeds for a decent trashfish to hide in. To make things even worse a man could get lost in this neck of the woods due to the absence of those shiny pop and beer cans with which the ingenious American marks his trails and roads. Foreign Aid? Spend a little money at home first!

Meditation. This came after a few cans of Tonic Water as the local H₂O was completely unpalatable due to the lack of Fluorine or Chlorine. This helped immensely and it suddenly dawned on us that this wasn't a foreign country at all as you have retained most of the Old World charm and tradition after all of these years. The following facts will prove conclusively that you are almost as nuts as the Limies, even if you have improved the language a trifle. You have taken drab old English words such as brought, got, his and hers, and produced brung, gotten, his'n, and hers'n, and it only makes us love you all the more.

On improvisation. In the year 1801, Admiral Nelson raised a telescope to his blind eye at the Battle of Copenhagen and spoke those immortal words, "I can't see a bloody thing, fight on!". In 1965 Chuck Riddell took charge of Highrise 4 and raised the Golden Periscope. "I can see everything, work on, or else!"

On tradition. The Limies love it! The Queen slaps a clod on the neck with a sword and says "Arise Sir Archibald" and he becomes a Knight the very same day. Now if any of our Management work for a day they can get an award overnight. (The titles are ours). We had Mr. Fixit (Ed Whitesell 8D repair), Mr. Scrooge (Bob Bauer.- Cost Man), and Mr. Safety (8890 – 1,000,000 hrs.). We must admit that things didn't work out too well for Mr. Safety as he was peering under the car last month when a call went out for a sewer snake. His neighbor had one and he also had a dog; Mr. Safety got the sewer snake and the dog got Mr. Safety. If Don Severance's neighbor comes to our office, there are some Yummies for 'Fido'.

On Espionage. In the year 1605 a lad named Guy Fawkes was captured in a cellar and accused of an attempt to blow up Parliament. After a spot of torture, he confessed who was involved, and he, plus a few others, hung out for retirement. In 1962 a guy at UAL placed a smoke device on a colleague's car and while the results were a trifle hazy there was an evil Paul (sorry, pall.) We have a feeling that with a little arm twisting he may tell us who did this dastardly deed.

Saga of the Sea. You have all heard about Francis Drake and Capt. Cook, so what? How many heard of Seaman Silvers? Full name is Darrel Silvers of 'Documents'! A few years ago he involved our reporter in a welcome to California campaign. He was unique in the fact that he did all his repairs at sea. Old Darr would do anything to stretch out a fishing trip. When it was time to go home, he would do an EHM on the fuel system, or arrange a few sparks so that he could rewire the electrical circuitry, and we soon learned the true meaning of 'drift fishing'. We looked askance as he dashed out to sea with the drain plug missing, so that he could wash the oil out of the bilge. We raised an eyebrow as he cleaned the spectators from two piers, as we roared back and forth with no steering or power control. We smiled as he cast an anchor without the other end of the rope tied, just so that he could get his way on trolling. We laughed outright as he got a 7-1/2 Evinrude into vertical take-off and gurgle down in the murky depths of the Bay. One sad Saturday our reporter departed at 5:00 A.M. with a promise to get back by 3:00 P.M. for shopping. When he didn't return until 3:00 A.M., on Sunday, the Squaw was downright mad as the insurance money had been carefully calculated. The story is too long for this sheet, but Darrel will fill in the details.

Tribal Customs. Just two thousand years ago the Ancient Britons would dance into the night, drink a strange brew and the Druids (Priests cum Fuzz) would descend at dawn with painful penalties. Just last month another tribe whooped it up through the nocturnal hours with the same weird music and evil brew. The Druids descended at dawn, but this one had a happy ending. All that transpired was a balloon blowing contest, and we still don't know who won. Someone advised that we ask Ted Dribble or Hoppy Dekker in T-82A but their only comment was 'no comment'.

The Sports Scene. Europe is known for its six-day bike riders. The Jetshop used to have fivenight bike riders with Don Smith and Bill Van Etta as finalists. Bob Rogers never did make the first team as some people still remember his fancy riding in the Piston Shop. It is said that he could ride 'no hands', 'no feet', and they claim that he was up in orbit long before Sputnik 1.

Conclusion. We Limies are a little odd. The Americans? Judge for yourself!

LATE NEWS - CIVIL WAR! The Golden Periscope left Staff Assistant Finato to defend Highrise 4 & took Highrise 8 single handed. Fortifications were installed which included blackboards & Progress Charts. Just 48 hours later another enemy force ejected E46 & it was a sad, sad retreat.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS?

If you are well past thirty-five,
And feeling great to be alive,
There is just one little thing you have to learn.
It's no good to rouse commotion,
Because you didn't get promotion,
You have gone beyond the point of no return.

Though the differential calculus,
May be just a little breeze to us,
And algebraic equations solve with ease.
Just face up to things my friend,
For you have gone around the bend,
And at your present level you must freeze.

Now it isn't segregation,
Or a lack of education,
Complexities or other things untold.
But it seems old Father Time,
Has at last got you in line,
And for business, are at least ten years too old.

Though you think it most unfair,
Do not give up in despair,
For a lot of water yet may pass the bridge.
So cast away your fear,
And just grab another beer,
From the nearest six pack in the fridge.

If your spirits start to droop,
You can start a Boy Scout Troop,
And take a morning walk up in the hills,
It may strain your vertebrae,
Start to puff along the way,
Then just go out and buy yourself some pills.

May be you like some sitting,
Then better take up knitting,
Or a sewing circle with a gin and lime,
You can nibble on a cookie,
While you try a spot of coffee,
Hoping that her husband's not on time.

So now sit back with leisure,
Reminiscing with much pleasure,
On the days you used to cut the foreman's lawn.
For although you may be pensive,
Optimism is not expensive,
And you will live for yet another dawn.

HR



HARRY RAWSON

FOUL PLAY! A Duck Story

by
Harry Rawson,
SFOPI

In November of 1973 this ancient writer was invited to EXO for a brief hearing relative to his well being . . . to put it nicely. It also seemed an ideal time to kill two birds with one stone, and return with that strange half of the some idea of how world lives.

In all fairness it must be stated that the personnel there are courteous and friendly. In fact one felt right at home immediately on entering. The original building is rectangular with EXO's presidential suite at one end of the upper floor.

Naturally, as one leaves these hallowed grounds and wanders through the cloisters, the furnishings dwindle from luxurious to excellent to good to fair and culminate in chattels that are strictly utilitarian.

In the last named areas of poverty the body count is one per square meter, and with stacks of boxes and other debris to fill the gaps in between. Thus, looking outwards from the expensive and there is a scene of modest austerity.

Immediately outside EXO is an artificial lake that provides water for the summer cooling system. It was the Weeping Willow trees that caught this viewer's attention. They were definitely weeping. Were they tears of laughter or sorrow?

The details that follow are basically true. Only the names have been changed to protect the dissidents. The story really began in the early Sixties when personnel were moved from Midway Airport to the promised land adjacent to O'Hare airport.

Spring brings many things to these frigid areas, and as new foliage burst from the Willows a lone mallard duck appeared out of the heavens. True nature lovers, the delightful ladies at EXO were thrilled and knowledgeable. But then ladies know many things and actually are the ones that keep the airline flying. Without them the various and sundry managers would appear to be as dim as Dismal Desmond.

Unfortunately the ladies were not well versed in the gender of ducks. It wasn't until later, and after the arrival of yet another duck that their prayers were answered. A clutch of eggs appeared. Thus the Duck Brigade was born.

From the eggs came forth ducklings. Someone must have smuggled a ringer to their ranks for now a solitary goose appeared to strut amiably around.

Now every story has a villain and this one was no different. We will call ours Bill Gordon.

Bill was the Building and Maintenance manager. An affable and friendly fellow he was used to solving problems from within with great efficiency. To poor Bill fell the undesirable and heinous task of dealing with the exploding population . . . of ducks from without.

We know that Isaac Newton's third law of motion states that "for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." Never

has this been so dramatically demonstrated as with the events that followed. At home Bill is just like one of us. Probably sits small children on his knee to watch Disney cartoons. But he was beginning to wince at the very mention of Donald Duck.

Reacting to the consternation from Mahogany Row, poor Bill was forever checking the duck flock for signs of fresh feathery intruders. Actually ducks just weren't his bag but he was solemnly ordered 'to bag them.'

It is reported, sad to say, that one foul fellow (a chicken type) was induced to 'goose' the duck eggs and render them 'cold turkey' so to speak. On the other hand there was within the vibrant walls of EXO a definite 'Sir Lancelot' with a poor pattern for timing. Incensed and quivering at the awful mayhem being perpetrated on the poor duck eggs it is rumored that he 'spilled the beans' to the State Conservation Board. Cracking eggs wasn't his thing. - They also say that his career with UAL ended abruptly soon after.

Next, poor 'Bill tried starvation strategy. A notice near the now famous EXO duck pond read, "Do Not Feed The Ducks" - Bill Gordon. Shortly after, the notice suddenly read, "Do Not Feed Bill Gordon" - The Ducks.

Tidbits and scraps from the cafeteria fell into the hands of the good guys and gals for the now thriving ducks. No doubt about it! This was a job for security decreed those on high — meaning, the rich end of the building.

One security guard read the riot act in no uncertain terms, but having obeyed the letter of the law, he whispered, "Don't worry, Anne, someone is feeding them on graveyard." Anne by this time was buying duck food in fifty pound bags because it was cheaper that way.

With strangled cries of exasperation, top level EXO management then decided to round up the flocks and ship them to Wisconsin. It was to be a secret, undercover operation with the code name, 'Mallard.' No one could even guess what it was.

At this point the true story is hazy. Some say they went, others say it was vetoed because the ducks would only fly straight back to EXO, their home. It is known however that duck catchers were seen staggering around EXO's private pond trying to lure our feathered friends into traps.

One of the female fraternity of duck lovers was seen scattering corn to the four winds. The ace duck catcher was so vehement in his vocabulary that even the ducks took flight—for a while. Perhaps window seat passengers taking off from O'Hare formed their own opinions as to what would soon be on the dinner menu.

Now it's a fact that we simple hourly paid types have simple solutions for simple problems. An old shot gun leading against a bush, some old shell casings on the ground, and an old bird dog frolicking in the grass.

What finally happened to the ducks? Well, ducks are philosophical about many things including harassment, but they really objected to the algae that developed in the EXO pond. In fact some even turned up their webbed feet and croaked.

Others said, to heck with friendly skies, we need friendly pastures. Of course the algae has simply got to go, and as soon as we hear that EXO is clearing up the algae, we'll be happy to send them a few 'bird-dogs' of our own. They bark and bite at the slightest provocation, cuss in two languages and sneak around in the vertical on two legs. Nominations for "Bird-Dog of the Year" can now be accepted.

TOMBSTONE TERRITORY.

Have you ever watched the setting sun, sinking slowly behind the hill?
with the Cemetery there, deserted and bare, while all the world is still,
with the headstones bleak that cannot speak to tell of all their deeds,
while rats and mice find it pleasant and nice, in the overgrowth of weeds.

Last year my wanderings took me back, to a place that I worked in my youth,
where tyrants galore always stalked the floor in a manner most uncouth,
and all that remains is some broken cement, yet no cause to shed a tear,
as I remembered the whiz-kids of yesterday, that kept the peasants in fear.

On the top of the hill - the graveyard, with the tombstones damp and cold,
with all of the glowing inscriptions, but none of their deeds were told,
'IN LOVING MEMORY OF BERTRAM BLOGGS' - and other sweet things of course,
and I stood there a while - - not with apathy - but feeling no remorse.

So on the days when the going's rough and you think you've had your fill,
remember the Caesars and the Hitlers too, and the tombstones on the hill,
for man's life-span is much too short, and we stay for so short a while,
and DAMN their rise to glory and fame, if they cannot afford to smile.

They never see themselves as we see them, - one thing that is quite plain,
yet the same thing could happen to you or me, - but what is there to gain?
and with balding head and declining years, it must be plain for all to see,
that one day of course, the bell will toll, - and the bell will toll for me.

As they lower my crate with soft spoken words, of ashes - and dust to dust,
I would want no tears - -yet no sighs of relief, that I hope and trust,
for 'being nice to people on the way up', is a saying of great renown,
but it is much too late and long overdue, when you find . . .

you . . .

are . . .

going . . .

DOWN.

IT WAS WRITTEN . . .

(EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF A WELL KNOWN SCRIBE)

. . . And it shall come to pass, that during the period of the Vernal Equinox, or in close proximity thereafter . . . and in the year of our Lord, One-Thousand, Nine-Hundred and Seventy-Eight; two of the lowlier members of the Tribe will depart from the Stockade . . . the Elders will decree that the two shall no longer journey to the Temple to receive unto them their pieces of gold . . . and there shall be a Feast with Tribal Rituals for all of the multitude to observe and take due heed thereof . . . and the High Priests and Pharisees will utter soft words that rolleth off a tongue as of oiled silk . . . and the multitude shall listen as if transfixed . . . for the preceding years hath borne nothing but light admonitions . . . even unto pieces of parchment with certain misdeeds inscribed thereon . . . and the multitude shall listen and ponder upon the interpretation of the soft words uttered . . . but the multitude will go on their way rejoicing . . . as will the two Ungrateful Slaves who are taking their leave from the Fortress . . . yet the Sun will rise on the following day but one minute and a scant few seconds earlier . . . for it must be written that nothing will change. . . . but Time itself. . .

PROCLAMATION

IT IS HEREBY ANNOUNCED THAT GEORGEIOUS LARSON (SON OF LARCE) AND HARRIET RAWSON (OFFSPRING OF RAWCE) WILL BE DEPARTING FROM OUR MIDST ON THIS 30TH DAY OF MARCH, 1978.

THE TIME PRESCRIBED FOR CUTTING THE COMESTIBLES IS 11:00A.M. PACIFIC COAST TIME. AS SOON AS THE SOUNDS OF DEVOURING THE GROCERIES HAVE DIMINISHED TO A TOLERABLE LEVEL, THERE SHALL BE THE SOUNDS OF SOFT MUSIC ECHOING THROUGH THE CLOISTERS. THE TWO DEPARTEES HAVE REQUESTED THAT POPULAR MUSIC AT A HIGH DECIBEL LEVEL SHALL BE VETOED AND OLDER TRADITIONAL MUSIC THAT WOULD GLADDEN THE HEART OF ROBIN HOOD (OR JESSE JAMES FOR THAT MATTER) WILL PREVAIL UPON THIS SAD OCCASION.

FOLLOWING THE SOUND PRESENTATION, HARRIET (HARRY FOR SHORT) WILL ADDRESS HIS FRIENDS WHO HAVE ASSISTED HIM IN GETTING WHERE HE IS TODAY.

GEORGEIOUS (GEORGE FOR SHORT) AND HARRY HAVE REQUESTED THAT THIS BE DECLARED HAWAII DAY AND PARTICIPANTS (EVERYONE) TO ADORN THEMSELVES IN THE TRUE SPIRIT OF OUR LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD. BOTH GEORGE, WITH HIS FLOWING MUSTACHE, AND HARRY, WITH HIS DOME OF CHROME, ARE VERY PHOTOGENIC WHEN IN THE PRESENCE OF THE POWERPLANT LOVELIES AND THERE WILL BE NO CHARGE FOR TAKING PHOTOS, SO FEEL FREE TO BRING CAMERAS. EVERYONE IS INVITED. EVERYONE IN ATTENDANCE WILL RECEIVE A SMALL SOUVENIR. THOSE IN HAWAIIAN DRESS OR SHIRT WILL RECEIVE AN ADDITIONAL SOUVENIR. TENTATIVE SITE IS IN THE VICINITY OF T84 SCHEDULE CENTER.



THURSDAY!

11.00 a.m.

RETIREMENT PARTY

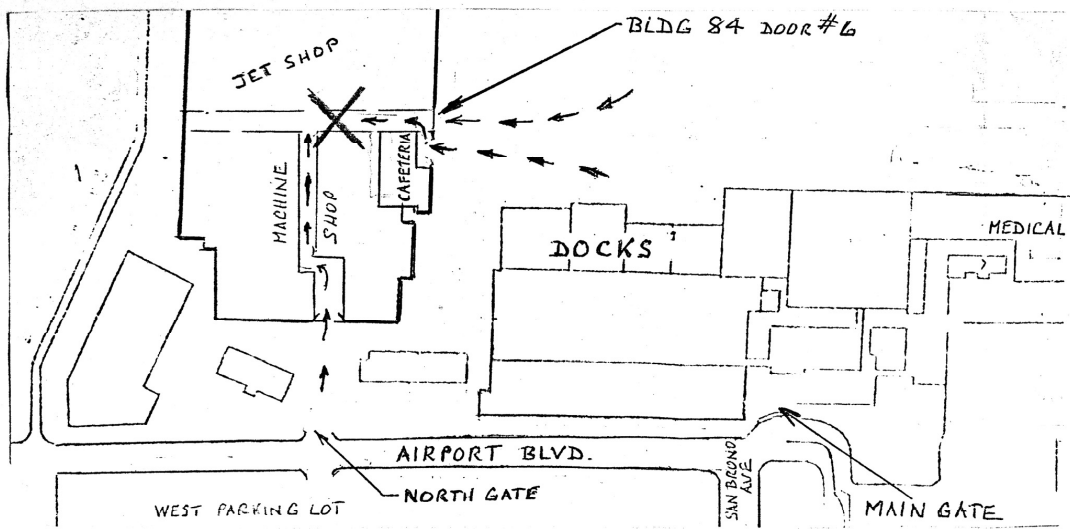
* SOUVENIERS *

* REFRESHMENTS *

* MUSIC *

* AND MUCH MORE *

THE THEME IS HAWAIIAN. THOSE WEARING HAWAIIAN DRESS, OR A HAWAIIAN SHIRT, OR NOTHING, WILL RECIEVE TWO SOUVENIERS.



The Last Round-up

Throughout the years the trend has been
for men to travel west,
to find new lands - - - new industry,
their future to invest.

But now the tide is turning,
and it strange to say the least,
to hear of new appointments,
and of shipping men back east.

Here you will find new challenges,
- - - new problems by the hour,
a place in the inner sanctum
and a home in the Ivory Tower.

Sad to say, the time has come
and just before you go,
for a fond farewell from a limey type,
the one that they call "Joe Blow".

In leaving, there remains one thing,
and it is hard to put in verse,
will things improve when you have gone,
or do you think that they may get worse?

We may get a few less parking tags,
though we haven't any proof,
we may park our cars in ditches,
plus a few up on the roof.

He is worried too on your behalf,
what has fate for you in store?
wont you miss the good old Bayshore
and the renowned "Esprit de Corps"?

You are going to a hostile land
of gangsters, crime and vice,
and in winter when you launch your boat,
you will have to break the ice!

For one and all, this may prove to be
something for the best,
regard yourself as an Ambassador,
a Knight Errant from the west.

Tell "Uncle George" of the poverty,
for this is hard to beat,
of our hundred feet tiled swimming pools
which we cant afford to heat.

Tell him about our horses - - - -
about our ranches tucked up in the hills,
of how we fired our stable boy,
just because of all the bills.

The Chauffeur has gone - - the Lincoln stands
gathering dust out in the drive,
two maids are pregnant - so they say,
Who? - - Joe? - - oh snakes alive!

Tell him too, that the "Friendly Skies"
is a policy that is sound,
but how about a little - - just a smidgen
on the ground ?

In closing, comes the hard part,
and to lay aside the jest,
the time has come to wish you,
the very, very, best.

to the sea once more



Four last images, September 12, 1981. Mum and Dad had just returned to lower Oak Bay Campground near Port Hadlock, WA, settling into their favorite spot right on the beach. This time they came up with Dad's fishing boat strapped to the roof of the '71 Buick La Sabre, fulfilling a retirement dream, shown here its the maiden launch. The antique Johnson 2 hp (ca. 1925) was hung off the transom. Close friends had given us this, 15 years earlier, while visiting their remote and one-time ferry landing on the east shore of Nelson Lake, British Columbia, found long forgotten in a barn from before WW2. It had not been used in decades, and recently he'd finally got around to fiddling with it in hopes of bringing it back to life. Several promising sputters had been coaxed on the test barrel at home. But here? – after several pulls, it was not to be. No matter; a fishing heaven was found, venturing off to the distance under oars. Later that night, he passed peacefully in his sleep.