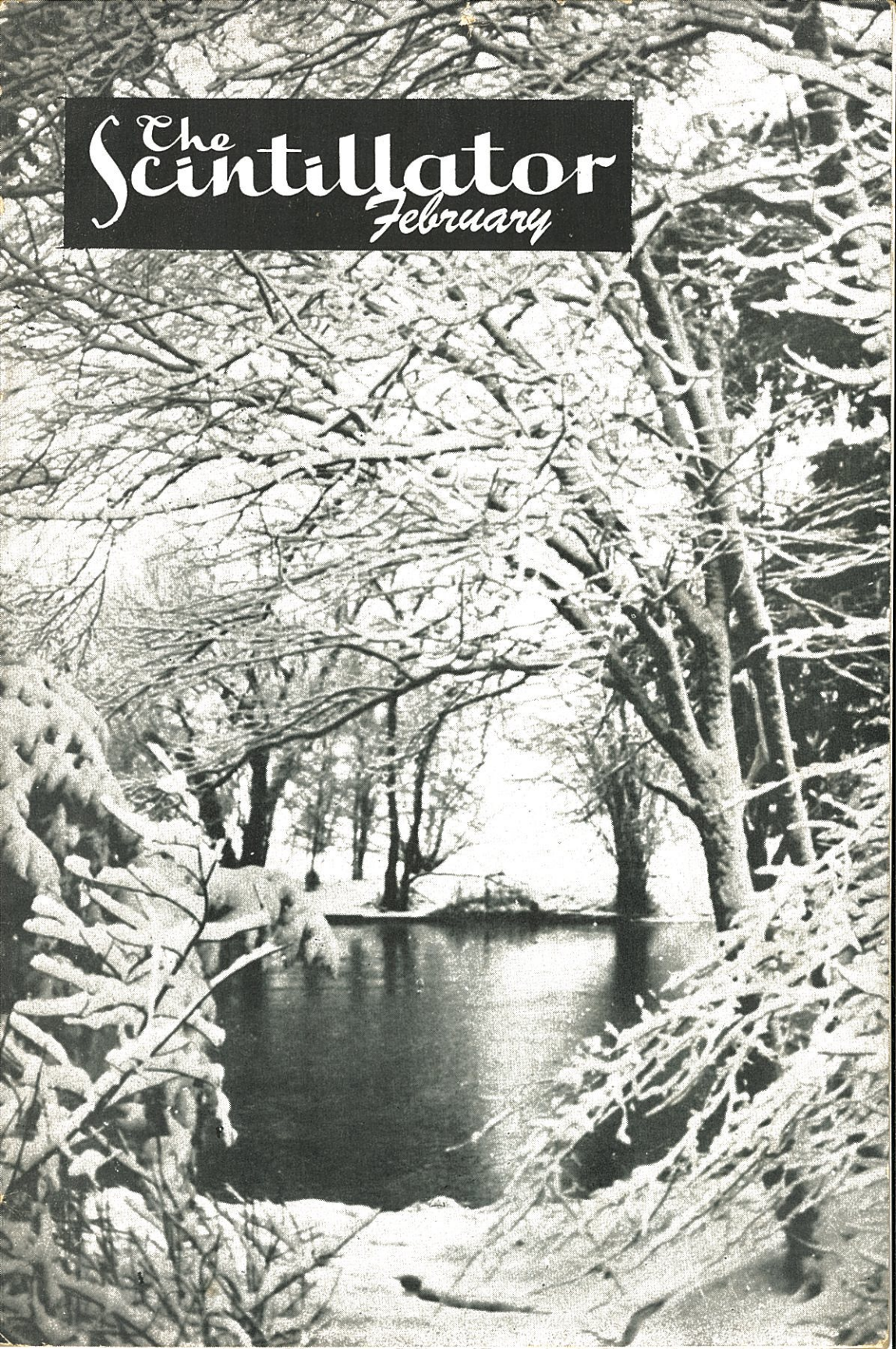


The
Scintillator
February



The Scintillator

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**DIRECTOR OF INDUSTRIAL
RELATIONS**

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Somewhere... Someone Needs You

Somewhere . . . in a battle-swept land . . . a small child is heard crying in the night for food, shelter and warm clothing. Somewhere . . . perhaps in a nearby city . . . someone's home has been destroyed by the angry ravages of fire in mid-winter. And somewhere . . . in a lonely hospital . . . lies an American soldier. Somewhere, someone needs your help in nursing shattered hearts, hopes and dreams back to reality.

On March 1st the American Red Cross will launch its 1947 fund campaign, the success of which depends on the generosity of the American people in answering the need for service. Support of the American Red Cross not only contributes to the welfare of our members of the armed forces and veterans, but also provides warm clothing and milk for children, medicine for the sick and help to disaster-ridden communities.

The Red Cross has already given assistance to approximately 1,700,000 veterans. More than 1,500 trained Red Cross workers are engaged in Veterans Administration programs, and millions of volunteer workers are doing recreational work in veterans' hospitals. In addition to this, your support of the Red Cross is making possible first aid, water safety, and accident prevention courses; is contributing to training in home nursing and mother and baby care; and is helping to roll surgical dressings made by volunteers for service and civilian hospitals.

Money is necessary to carry on this work, but the service given to those in distress is impossible to estimate in terms of money value. The warmth in the hearts of all Americans is ably expressed through the Red Cross.

Give! Somewhere . . . Someone Needs You!

Chinese Scroll of Thanks Presented to Bendix

Bendix, together with other U. S. industries which gave on-the-job training to Chinese sent here during the war, received the personal thanks of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at a dinner given by the China Institute in America, on January 27th, in New York.

The message of thanks, printed on a scroll bearing the Generalissimo's "chop" was presented to Charles Marcus, Vice-President in Charge of Engineering, Bendix Aviation Corporation. Presented by the Chinese Ambassador, Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, the full text of the scroll reads as follows:

"On behalf of the Chinese Government, it is my pleasure to thank you and the members of your organization for the way in which you cooperated in training those of my countrymen who were especially selected during the war to study technical methods of production in the United States.

"Through the efforts of your Department of State and the China Institute in America, you, with other American business men, have made a contribution of far greater value than you perhaps realize toward helping us solve our vast reconstruction program. Furthermore, the

THE COVER

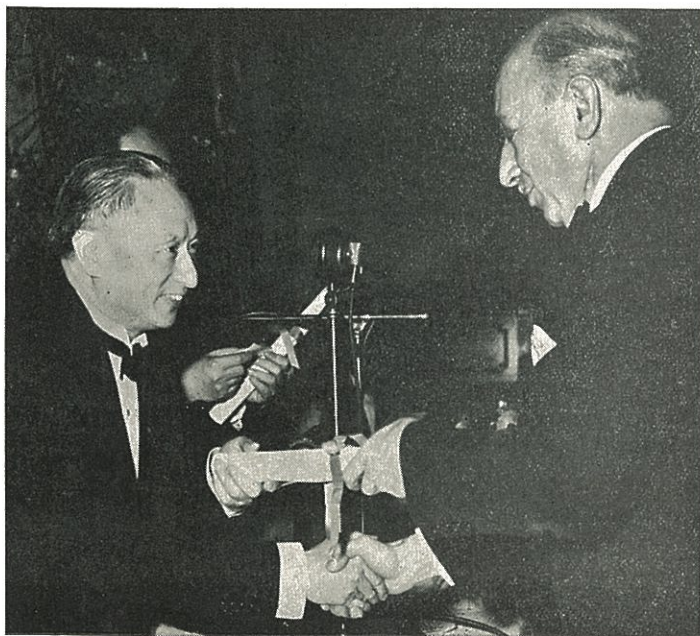
WINTER FANTASY—Snow crusted branches along the banks of the Susquehanna form a frame of natural beauty. Cover photo was taken near Wells Bridge by Marjorie Youmans, daughter of Glen Youmans, Dept. 11.

friendships which have developed as a result of this program will do more than anything yet undertaken to further understanding and cooperation between our two countries.

"Now that the wartime training program has come to an end, I most sincerely hope that some means may be found to continue this important work. China is in desperate need of men and women trained in modern technological methods and we look to America to aid us as we face the critical years ahead."

"My, what a strange looking cow," exclaimed the sweet young thing from Chicago. "But why hasn't she any horns?"

"Wal, you see," said the farmer patiently, "some cows we dehorn, and some cows is born without horns and never has 'em, and some cows shed 'em. But the reason that cow ain't got horns is . . . she's a mule."



Chinese Ambassador, Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, presents scroll, expressing China's thanks to Charles Marcus, Vice-President in Charge of Engineering, Bendix Aviation Corporation.

(Photo by Tommy Weber, New York City)



At the invitation of the Industrial Relations Department, several Scintilla women recently helped in the selection of new safety hats. The new safety hats which will be worn by women employees throughout the shop, are modeled by three of the women in the above photo. Seated, l. to r.—Harriette Scott, Doris McHale, Doris Eckhardt and Marjorie Fitzgerald. Standing, l. to r.—Minnie Mead, Marion Francisco, Florence Sprague, Florence Drake, Josephine Grow and Mary Nickerson.

And That's How They Were Born

During the past few years, while Washington has been bulging at the seams with an infinite variety of bureaucrats and alphabetical agencies, the American public has chuckled at the endless number of stories concerning the bureaucrats and the methods which they devised to dispose of the taxpayer's hard-earned dough. We recently heard a new version which tickled our funny bone, and we pass it along not as a crack at the government, but merely because it represents a type of humor which breeds and thrives in the melting-pot of America.

It seems that once upon a time there was a King who dipped into the royal treasury for a tidy sum which he used 'n hirin' a weather prophet. Now one day the King conceived the notion that he wanted to go fishin'. Since the best fishin' hole was near the spot where his lady friend lived, he wanted to wear his royal finery, just in case he should happen to meet her. So he called for his prophet and says, "Prophet, is it gonna rain?" And the prophet says, "Nope, King, there ain't even the sign of a drizzle."

So the King puts on his royal robes, collects his fishin' tackle and sets out for the fishin' hole. On the way he meets a farmer riding a jackass. The farmer bows low and says, "Say, King, if you don't wanna git them nice clothes wet, you bet-

ter turn around and beat it for home. There's a rain storm comin' and it'll be a hum-dinger." But the King looked down his royal schnozzola at the farmer, and allowed as how there wasn't gonna be no rain, because his high-salaried weather prophet had already propheted fair weather.

So the King got to his fishin' and pretty soon the sky turned black and the wind started to blow. But he kept right on fishin'. All at once the sky opened up and down comes an old-fashioned cloudburst. Before the King could haul in his line, he was soaked to the hide. Right away the sun comes out and before he knew what was happenin', his royal raiment (not bein' sanforized) had shrunk like the buyin' power of a 1947 dollar. Just then along comes the King's gal and she laughed like she would throw a fit. This made the King mad and he went home and heaved the high-price prophet out on his ear.

That little matter bein' disposed of, he called in the farmer and says, "My prophet proved to be a washout, an' I aim to hire you to prophet me my weather." But the farmer replied, "Why, King, I ain't no weather prophet . . . all I did was keep watch of my jackass' ears. When it's headin' fer a rain, his ears lops down. An' the harder it's a-comin', the lower they lay. An' today they sure was a-layin' "

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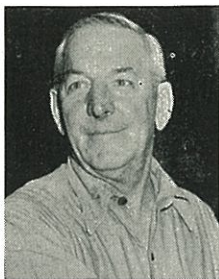
Scintilla Portraits

When Walter C. Miller, Shipping Department, caught his first glimpse of Sidney in 1915, Route 7 was nothing more than a narrow, winding, dirt road. A concern known as Clark's Sash and Vine Factory was located at the site now occupied by Scintilla's Boiler Room, and a novelty works was doing business at the spot where the Lewis Building stands.

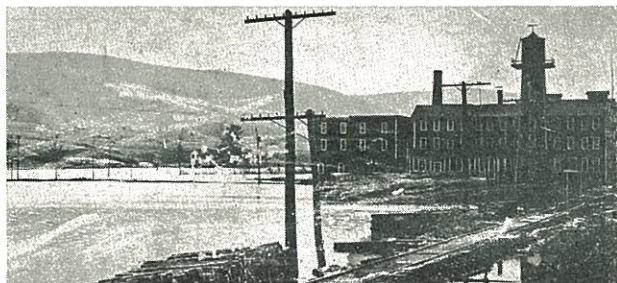
Most of the area on which Scintilla now stands was swamp with thousands of cattails waving freely back and forth in the breeze . . . these were the days when Sidney's three ball clubs produced some great teams, and camp meetings on the hill were popular and widely attended.

Born in New York City in 1883, Walt recalls a trip to Florida, made by the Miller family when he was 12 years old, as one of the most memorable events of his life. Walt's father operated a pineapple plantation at the time, and Walt claims that he never worked so hard in all his life. The Miller family moved to the North again after being "froze out" on two separate occasions.

Working in Detroit, Buffalo and Syracuse where he learned a trade as an automobile trimmer, Walt came to Sidney in 1915 to accept employment at the Cortland Cart and Carriage Company. This concern was later known as the Hatfield Motor Car Company.



High water around the old Hatfield building, present site of Scintilla, was a familiar sight to Walt Miller when he first came to Sidney.



FOREMEN'S FORUM MEETS

More than 60 members and guests of the Scintilla Foremen's Forum were present at the regular monthly meeting held February 3rd at The Unadilla House.

Charles Burdick, acting chairman, introduced Chester A. Miller, Postmaster at Oneonta, who spoke on the subject of "Changing Industries in Otsego County and Surroundings." In addition to Mr. Miller's address, two sporting films were shown.

BUREAUCRATS (from Page 4)

and a-loppin'."

And the King says, "Go on home, farmer . . . I'll hire me a jackass."

And that's how it happens that jackasses have been holding down all the high-paid government jobs ever since.

Mrs. Smith was sitting in the breakfast nook shelling peas when she heard a knock at the back door. Thinking it was her young son, she called, "Here I am, darling."

Silence. Then a deep voice boomed, "This is not the regular iceman, ma'am."

When the Hatfield Co. went out of business Walt opened an auto top shop on Smith Street. At the time Walt operated the Sidney Auto Top Shop most of the automobiles were touring cars, requiring large canvas tops. Most of the cars in operation at that time have long since become obsolete.

One of Walt's earliest memories of Sidney concerns the time when he caught bullheads near the spot where the East Guard House is located. In those days the water would back up from the creek, flooding the area now occupied by Scintilla buildings. Frequently large numbers of fish were left stranded when the high water receded.

JOE JERK *He's a hazard at work*



Opera Star: Yes, twenty long years I have sung in ze Metropolitan.

Admirer: Gee, you musta known Madame Butterfly when she was only a caterpillar.

"Marry me, Richard! I'm only a garbage man's daughter, but—"

"That's all right, baby. You ain't to be sniffed at."

Facts and Figures

The "Pacusan Dreamboat," AAF Boeing B-29, consumed 13,000 gallons of gasoline on its record hop from Hawaii to Cairo via the polar region.



Military development recently has produced the world's most powerful reciprocating aircraft engine—5,000 h.p. with 36 cylinders; its takeoff power equals the pull of a locomotive.



Rockets were used as a military weapon as early as 1792 in India.

U. S. long-range planes can fly to any inhabited region of the earth and return to the U. S. without refueling.



Approximately one out of four employees in the aircraft industry are veterans of the Army, Navy, Marines or Merchant Marine.



Aircraft saw first use in active military operations with the 1915 Pershing Punitive Expedition to Mexico.

BEWARE the Ides of March

(Ed. Note—The following article is dedicated to the Noble Order of the Un-zipped Pocketbook. Upon reading this, all loyal members will kindly give the sign of the Order, assumed by coming to the position of attention with the arms raised above the head.)

Like Caesar, that noble Roman of old, take heed, dear friend, and beware the Ides of March, for March 15th is no farther away than your nearest calendar. If you haven't already guessed what this is about, March 15th is the day before the day when the T-men start swarming over your front doorstep . . . that is, if you haven't kept good faith in making the annual pilgrimage to the Office of Internal Revenue.

In the interest of public service we have attempted to boil down a few of the main facts, concerning Income Tax, into one concise article for quick digestion . . . or indigestion, if you prefer. Of course an unlimited number of "The Outcome of Your Income Tax" booklets are at your disposal (and we heartily advise their disposal), but reading through one is comparable only to browsing through a copy of Webster's Unabridged.

To begin with you should equip yourself with a working knowledge of the delicate terminology used in the scientific procedure of separating you and your dough. Taking first things first, the Office of Internal Revenue is the designated place for filing Income Tax Returns . . . here you are greeted with open palms.

Once you have determined your objective, attack your Withholding Statement (any similarity between this and a bona fide check is purely coincidental) or Form 1040 with sharpened wits and pencils. Proceed with full speed ahead, stopping only for an occasional nip from a bottle of "Old Crankcase."

In most cases your best bet is to file either your Withholding Statement or a Short-Form Return, taking advantage of an automatic 10 per cent deduction which is granted by the Government. However, if you care to figure up the 56 cents you paid in taxes on theatre tickets last year, take the Long-Form Return by all means. In making out the Long-Form Return avoid being over-generous in listing your contributions. If you made \$2,000 last year, don't list \$1,500 of it under contributions to the church. They won't be-

Our Reporters



Rose Dart

Petite, but ever so charming, aptly describes Rose Dart, Scintillator scribe for Departments 5 and 8. Rose is a "Mrs." who does her homemaking in Rockdale in addition to pounding a typewriter five days a week in Mr. Keller's office.

Standing a mere 5' 1", with eyes of brown (she wishes they were blue), Rose has the brown hair that goes with them. She likes spaghetti, ice skating, singing and dancing, but turns thumbs down on card playing, golf and upsweeps (her own hair is worn pageboy style).

Rose's one secret ambition is to sing with a dance band, but she says she'll settle with her present ambition—that of being a good wife to husband Lee. She admits that she eagerly stole peanuts at the age of 7, but confides that she soon learned crime doesn't pay when an angry grocer chased her "a mile" down the street. Rose not only lost the peanuts, but nearly lost her heart as it leaped into her throat. "I was never so scared in all my life," Rose says.

lieve you, and besides a 15 per cent deduction for contributions is the maximum allowed.

Yes, you are allowed exemptions at \$500 per, but even if you consider Queenie and her six pups close relatives, don't try to claim immunity from paying your Income Tax on the basis of this blessing. And if, at this point, you are thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing, tear up your forms and look up the nearest tax consultant.

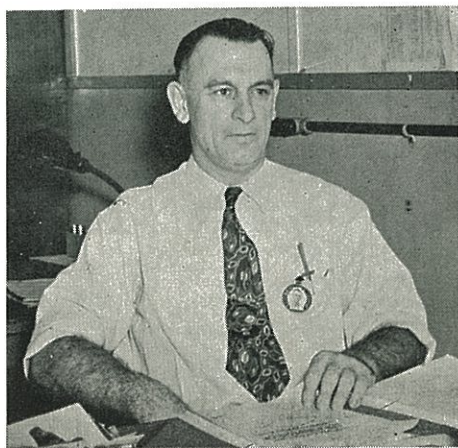
Meet Your Foremen

Arthur Cumm, foreman in the Experimental Department, is an ex-navy man with four years naval experience to his credit.

Born in Orwell, Vermont, on August 16, 1901, Art attended Willsboro High School, enlisting in the U. S. Navy at the age of 17. After receiving his discharge from the navy he went to work for General Electric in Schenectady. He then worked for the V. and O. Press Co. in Hudson, N. Y., later returning to General Electric.

His employment record at Scintilla dates from January 27, 1937, when he started as an experimental bench-hand. Since then he has filled the positions of group leader, assistant foreman and foreman. Art lives in Unadilla, and is the father of two boys; the oldest is following in his father's footsteps by serving a hitch in the navy.

Art lists all sports as favorites with him, but says his principal interest, at the present time, is in motor boats.



Arthur Cumm

The patient was getting better. He asked repeatedly for food. Then, finally, the nurse fed him a spoonful of rice. "That was wonderful!" he said as he finished. "Now bring me a postage stamp. I want to read."

Meet Your Supervisors



Ray Camp

A strong supporter of Company sponsored courses, Night Supervisor Ray Camp of the Inspection Department will vouch for the fact that a person is never too old to learn. He believes that these courses are a fine part of the Company program and cites, as an example, his own personal experience, but this is best told in Ray's own words:

"I was 32 years old at the time Mr. Michel urged me to take a course which the Company was sponsoring. However, I felt that I had had enough outside schooling in my life so I declined, but because of Mr. Michel's urging I finally decided to take the course. I received the lowest mark in the class, but after taking it a second time I received the highest mark. A short time afterwards I was made a foreman, and Mr. Michel later told me that if I hadn't taken the course a second time, I wouldn't have been promoted at that time."

Ray, who was born at Cooperstown, N. Y. on January 1, 1909, graduated from high school in 1927, and then attended Albany Business College for a year. After college he went to work on the D. & H. Railroad as a car inspector. He worked

(Continued on Page 9)

Presenting the Tool Crib . . .

Scintilla's two tool cribs, situated at opposite ends of the shop, perform an important function in the coordination of numerous manufacturing processes. Serving as an immediate source of tool supply, the tool cribs are fully equipped to furnish other departments with the wide variety of implements required in manufacturing operations. Here, under the supervision of Foreman Ralph Cumber, thousands of tools, gauges, fixtures and other articles are stocked, making frequent inventories a necessity in order to insure a continuous supply.

Blueprints and layouts are also kept in the crib, and, in addition to its other functions, the tool crib serves as the collection point for all cutting tools turned in for repairs. The tools are collected here before being sent to the tool room for sharpening or reworking. Other services include the rental of shop aprons and coats, and the "at cost" sale of personal tools to employees.

In order to facilitate efficient handling of the numerous implements, all tools, gauges and fixtures are marked with a 4-

(number). Blueprints and layouts are similarly marked with a 10-(number). Arranged on shelves in numerical order, each implement has a card, containing a corresponding number, which is filed in a card index. Each card, filed according to its number, lists the location of a particular implement. Thus when a certain tool is requested, information in the card index directs the crib attendant to the proper location without undue loss of time.

Implement numbers starting with "4-" indicate that the article is either a tool, gauge or fixture, but if the number starts with "10-", a blueprint or layout is indicated.

The procedure of lending tools is simplified by a register system. Each register imprints duplicate tickets with information containing the date, 4- or 10-(number), and the man number. The man number consists of the department and clock number of the person drawing the tools. After both tickets have been signed by the person drawing the tools, they are filed . . . one is filed in the card index behind the article's card number, and the other is placed in the man number file. When the tools are returned to the crib, both tickets are removed from the files and destroyed.



Ralph Cumber

(Tool Crib Photos on Page 12 →)

RAY CAMP (from Page 8)

for the railroad from 1928 to 1938, and then opened a restaurant which he operated two years. He celebrated his 32nd birthday by ringing his first time clock at Scintilla on January 1, 1941.

Ray, who has held a number of positions at Scintilla, became a Night Foreman on October 15, 1941. In April, 1943, he was made a General Foreman, and in April, 1944, was appointed Night Supervisor of Inspection. Following V-J Day he was an

experimental inspector until November 1, 1946, when he was reappointed foreman. He became Night Supervisor of Inspection on December 1, 1946.

Ray, a resident of Oneonta, is married, and takes an active interest in fishing, baseball and golf. He is active in politics, and it is interesting to note that he is the first Democrat to be elected to office in Oneonta in 25 years. He was Supervisor of his district from 1935 to 1943, and at the present time is an Alderman. Ray is a member of both the Eagles and Elks.

The Red Cross Story . . .

The Red Cross Story unfolds . . . it is not the story of nameless millions, but the narrative of people you know. It is the story of Eddie, the good-humored soda fountain lad who came back not so long ago from Germany and temporarily was unable to find a job . . . the story of Paul, a neighborhood favorite, who will no longer deliver our newspapers or whistle happily as he skips past the gate, because he lies paralyzed in some veterans' hospital . . . the story of Phillip, the athlete, whose mind war wiped clean of any memory at all, leaving him helpless in his own peculiar darkness.

It is the story of a little girl in France whose bare feet were cold in the snow . . . of a family crushed by disaster . . . of friendly little doughnut and coffee stands in dirty, war-weary European towns. Here is the story of disaster . . . of flood, hurricane and fire . . . the story of explosions, mine disasters and wrecks.

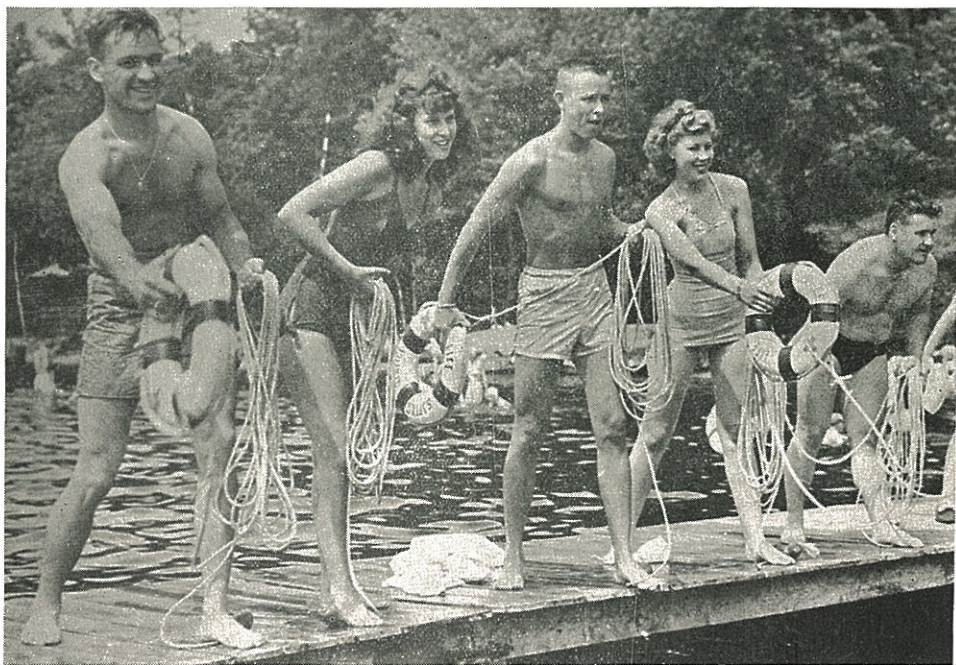
It is the story of your local Red Cross Chapter . . . the story of the many health, welfare and educational services which the local chapter performed in the community during 1946. It is the story of dental care for 60 underprivileged children in Sidney . . . of aid to three "burned-out" families . . . of service to veterans . . . and the story of loans to veterans awaiting the arrival of checks from the government.

Here too is the story of 2,102 garments, produced by your local Red Cross Chapter for Army and Navy Hospitals, European relief and local community needs . . . the story of 123 hours well spent in teaching First Aid, Home Nursing and Nutrition in Sidney . . . of three 12 week Water Safety Courses.

Here too is the story of your local Junior Red Cross with a membership of 876 . . . of gift packages mailed to children in war-devastated countries. This is your Red Cross story . . . a story of continuous service devoted to relief of suffering and to the universal welfare of man.

On March 1st the American Red Cross will launch its 1947 fund campaign, aimed
(Continued on Page 11)

Courses in Life Saving and Water Safety are a prominent feature of the Red Cross program. In the photo below, students practice throwing life rings. Because 75 per cent of all drownings are within 40 feet of the shore, this simple method of rescue is among those taught first. (American Red Cross photo)



Plans for the local chapter's fund campaign are mapped by C. E. Opdyke, Chairman of the Sidney Chapter; Charles McCarty, Chairman of the fund committee; W. G. Wicks, Red Cross Director; and R. C. Dawson, Publicity member.



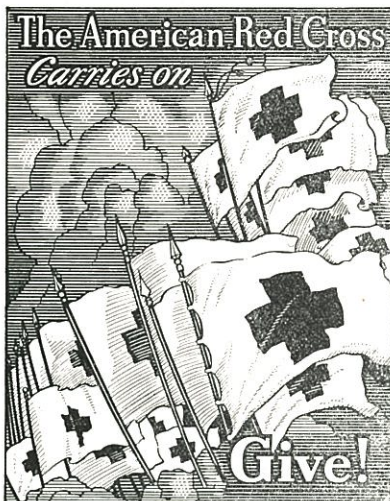
RED CROSS *(from Page 10)*

ing at a national goal of \$60,000,000. Sidney's share in this goal is \$5,200, of which \$1,300 will go to the National Chapter.

Heading the local fund committee, Chairman Charles McCarty has announced completion of plans for conducting the 1947 campaign. Mr. McCarty said that the American Legion, in cooperation with the local chapter, would furnish a committee to solicit contributions in the business section. Publicity for the drive is being handled by R. C. Dawson.

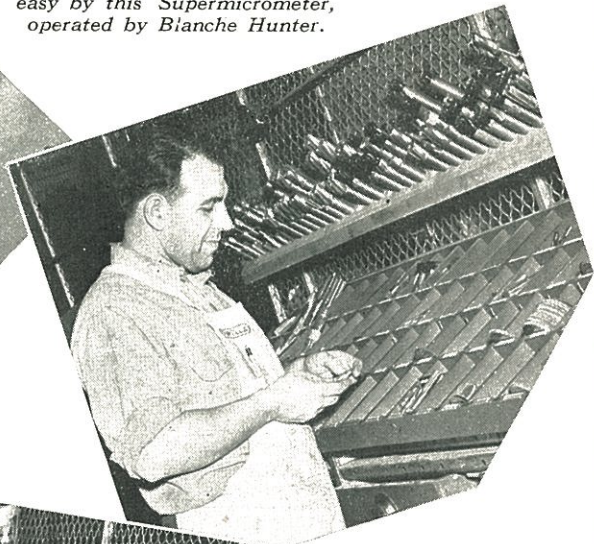
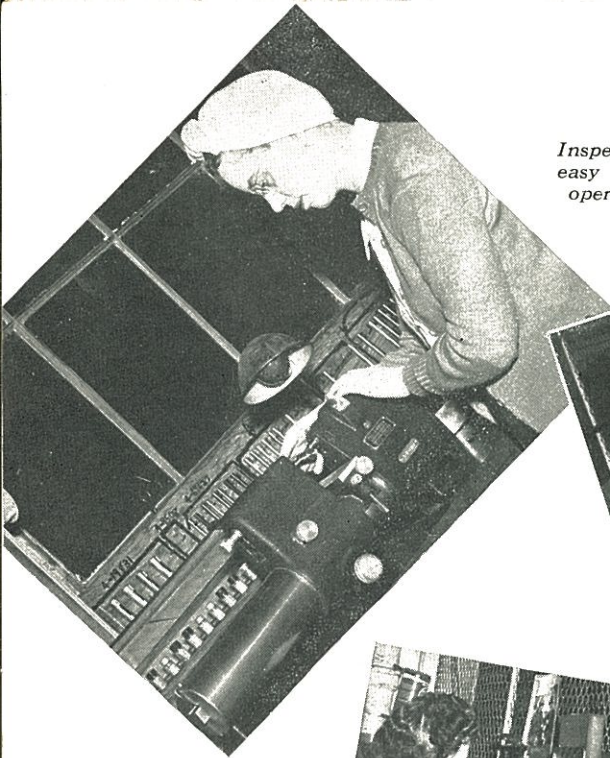
In the preceding sentences a tiny portion of the Red Cross story has been told. Its deeds of service to all mankind merit your wholehearted support, so support the local fund campaign and help the Red Cross carry on its postwar program.

(American Red Cross photo by Doris Wallace)



Service to veterans and their dependents will continue to be an important part of the Red Cross program in 1947. In the scene at the left, a disabled veteran receives the assurance of a Home Service worker from his local chapter of the Red Cross that his wife, who must undergo a major operation, will be cared for while he receives treatment at a Veterans' Administration Hospital.

Inspection of gauges is made easy by this Supermicrometer, operated by Blanche Hunter.

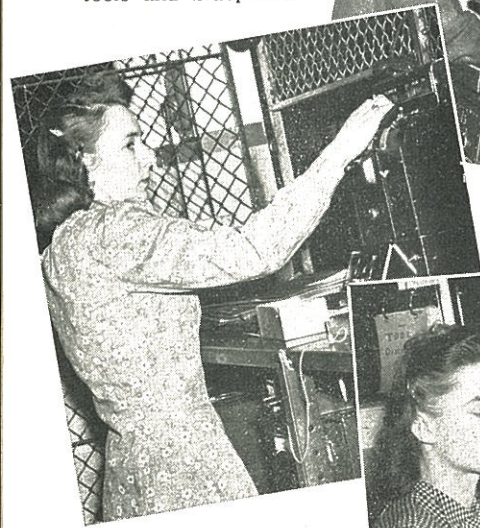


Below—Frances Roberts is shown operating one of the registers used in checking out tools and blueprints.



Michael Pepe, Tool Crib attendant, is shown above, sorting taps for replacement in the bin.

Left—Robert Neish, Dept. 29, and Margaret G. Bidwell duplicate a familiar Tool Crib scene.



Right—Louise Thomson and Louise Kent do a capable job of managing the numerous clerical details involved in keeping Tool Crib records straight.



Candidly Yours . . .

Your Inquiring Photographer made the rounds on the second shift this month, stopping every now and then to quiz some unsuspecting person: "What popular form of entertainment do you consider the most beneficial to education?"

Josephine Bohigian, Dept. 44: "I would say radio because they have all types of discussion and news programs, and they broadcast all kinds of world affairs."



Stanley Emerson, Dept. 31: "Well, I would say radio because you are given a wider viewpoint on general affairs and current events."



Kathleen Carpenter, Dept. 38: "Well, I should think reading would be. You can get almost any information you're looking for out of books."



Ernest Fenner, Dept. 35: "Music, I guess, because it's always said, 'Music makes the world go around,' and I think if anyone was brought up to understand music he would compare more favorably to a person who had not been taught to understand music."

On the Lighter Side

Shaggy Dog had never been so happy in all his life as he was on the day of his fifth birthday. To celebrate the occasion, his master had presented him with the finest gift a dog could ever hope to own . . . a beautiful, half-grown Maple tree.

Shaggy Dog fell in love with the tree at first sight, and he planted it in the front yard where all the other little dogs on the block could come and admire his master's fine taste. As each day passed Shaggy Dog loved his tree more and more. Carefully nursing it to maturity, he took great care in seeing that it was watered several times daily.

One morning, to Shaggy Dog's surprise, he awoke to find that his tree had had little Maples during the night. Shaggy Dog was a proud foster parent, and the trees continued to grow until one day the house could no longer be seen from the street. Shaggy Dog was very proud, and then tragedy struck . . . two men had come to chop down his forest.

"Orders from the Mayor, Shaggy Dog," one of the men told him. "Sorry, but we're giving you the ax."

Determined that he would take his case into the highest courts, Shaggy Dog blustered into City Hall that very morning and demanded an appointment with the Mayor of the town.

"Now see here, Mayor," Shaggy Dog threatened, "you can't treat me like a

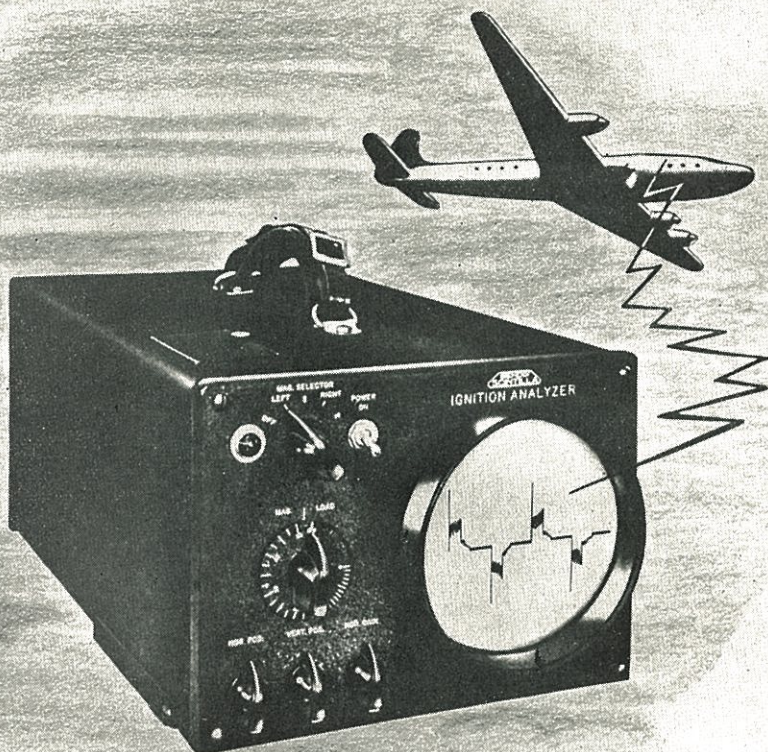
(Continued on Page 19)



George Foster, Dept. 29: "I think reading, because a person gets as much education out of reading as he would anything else. If a person reads the right books he can get a lot.

Harriett Birdsall, Dept. 100: "I would consider the Public Forum series, such as are held in One-onta, an excellent way to better understand current events and cultural interests."

ANOTHER SCINTILLA CONTRIBUTION TO THE AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY!



THE BENDIX-SCINTILLA IGNITION ANALYZER

LETS YOU SEE IGNITION PERFORMANCE—IN THE AIR—ON THE GROUND

The Bendix-Scintilla* Ignition Analyzer is a thoroughly proven development that gives a visual check on ignition performance in every cylinder, either on the ground or in the air. Designed and developed entirely by the Scintilla Magneto Division, Bendix Aviation Corporation, it is another important addition to the long list of Scintilla's contributions to the aircraft industry.

Essentially a modified form of the cathode ray oscilloscope, it provides a complete and accurate picture of the

condition of any ignition system during actual operation.

Testing may be conducted either while the plane is in flight or on the ground. No disassembly of the ignition system is required for testing.

Ignition performance in each cylinder of the engine can be interpreted at a glance.

Weighing less than 25 pounds, the standard type Bendix-Scintilla Ignition Analyzer incorporates a 5-inch cathode ray tube. The complete unit measures approximately 17 inches by 10 inches by 7 inches. It is designed for operation on 115 volts A.C., single phase, 60 or 400 cycle.

*TRADEMARK

For Full Details, Address Inquiries To

SCINTILLA MAGNETO DIVISION of
SIDNEY, NEW YORK



Above is a reproduction of a current Scintilla advertisement, featuring the Ignition Analyzer. The advertisement is appearing in the February editions of "S.A.E. Journal," "U. S. Air Services," "American Aviation," and "Western Flying"; and will appear in the March issues of "Aero Digest" and "Aviation Maintenance and Operations."

Picked Up in Passing...

● Old Man Winter did things up brown this month. Even the mercury in our thermometer had goose pimples . . . and maybe that's why Richard won't open the door. One morning this month we had to use a blow torch on the flivver to get it started. That was the morning we pulled into the parking lot half stewed and had a hard time convincing George Darrin our condition was due to an overdose of alcohol in the radiator . . . that postwar alky is tough stuff on the inhaling system, y'know

● Personnel is getting its face lifted these days. Partitions are going up, and ye olde Scintillator Office has acquired additional yardage . . . we can now swing to and fro in our swivel chairs without bumping a wall or a coatrack. The Reception Room has also been enlarged . . . inlaid linoleum, too!

● Among other things this month, folks definitely weren't "cooking with gas." Our gas heaters blanked out in the middle of the month, and we had to wrap a bear skin rug around our torsos in order to keep warm. The family watchdog caught us crawling through the kitchen door, gave a hysterical yelp and almost died of a heart attack.

● At the time these words are laboriously being punched out on the old L. C. Smith & Corona, it comes to our attention that this week is Boy Scout Week. We think it would be an excellent idea for some public spirited citizen to suggest a "Be Kind To Editors Week," sandwiched in between "National Baby Week" and "Be Kind to Animals Week!" Seriously, we do look forward to your contributions, ideas and suggestions. Our deadline is the 10th of each month.

● Norman Allen is the new president of the Scintilla Gun Club. Other officers who were elected at the annual club dinner include Herman Winkler, vice-president; Joseph Bazata, treasurer; Alfred Hoegger, secretary, and Alfred Bagnall, member of the Board of Governors.

● At a recent meeting members of the Sidney Camera Club mapped a program for the next five months. Subjects assigned for monthly competition are as follows: February, scenes; March, snow pictures; April, church buildings; May, night pictures; June, action shots.

● Joe Franzese is our newest department reporter . . . his beat will include Department 9. We still have our "Wanted" sign on the door, and we're still adding to our list of department reporters. We want your department in the news as much as you do. Contact the Editor for further information.

● MOLD DESIGN QUIPS—Orson Carpenter was a bit late getting his new tax deduction for 1946. Anyway, he passed out cigars to the boys in honor of an 8 lb. son, namely "Allan Douglas Carpenter." . . . We have a new maple sugar king at Scintilla. At present, Whitey Collins is operating a one-man concern. To date he has produced 10 lbs. of that "Gold Dust." . . . Clarence Wheeler has an old 1946 Chevrolet which he finally finished assembling. About four months ago, General Motors sent Clarence a chassis, motor, and a book entitled "How and What to Build." Don't feel too bad, Clarence—the writer has a 1942, and is still trying to get parts . . . Rose Dart has a new hairdo. The front looks like the irregularities of the Stock Exchange Report. It may grow back again and also straighten out if it's clipped straight. . . . Some of the most popular subjects in our office recently are "Plug-ins," "Cover Die," "Xmas Tree," (Wasp Major Harness), and "Porcupine" (Federal Telephone Block).

● SCOOP FROM DEPT. 100—If anyone has a friend in the real estate business with two "stoneless farms," have him get in touch with Ellsworth Griffin and Herb Gibson. All they seem to be interested in is farming—at least that's all we hear all day . . . Gordon Cushman relieved Al Dewey at Titeflex for a week. Both have been down to get the "straight dope" from Bill Ashley who is terminating his services as Scintilla's resident inspector at Titeflex . . . At a Quality Control meeting in Syracuse, Jake Schroh walked out with someone else's coat. Did the milk shake do that to you, Jake, or did you need a new coat? . . . John Sheldon recently celebrated his 10th wedding anniversary. Congratulations, John, and here's hoping you have many more! . . . I wasn't there, but Kilroy was when several young men took it upon themselves to conduct a "Pot of Gold" program from a local "spot" one night. Did you receive a phone call around 11:00 p.m., Tuesday, January 21st?

(Continued on Page 16)

Picked Up in Passing . . . (from Page 15)

● **CLIPPINGS FROM DEPARTMENTS 5 & 8**—We understand that Les Searle will be leaving sometime soon to start managing his newly purchased tourist home. Good luck, Les! . . . At last your reporter has found what makes that small town of Coventry so much alive. Of course, it's Laura Bucklin. She claims they have a couple of beer gardens, 3 stores, a church, a chapel and Laura's home. . . . J. B. Lane (more commonly known as "Bart") advises us that just as soon as the temperature goes down to 30° below (or lower), he'll wear a topcoat, gloves and maybe a scarf. Must be his ancestors were Eskimos. . . . Mr. Herzog was seen a few days ago, carrying a paper cup full of pink and white pills into his office. It was evident that he had just returned from First Aid after seeking a sure cold cure. . . . Tillie Tilford is a busy bee. Every morning and all through the day as you pass the blueprint window, you will observe: A bunch of fellows at the window, waiting for blueprints; the phone ringing in the crib and showers of blueprints falling around Tillie as she attempts to wait on the bunch at the window, answer the phone and pull prints at the same time. . . . "This weather is bad for motor boat racing," says Ed Burger, "so I'll stick to flying until the cold spell is over." By the way, does anyone wish to purchase a racing runabout—see Ed Burger. . . . That little Ford of Eve Harrington's hasn't failed her yet. It starts in all kinds of weather—so far. . . . One morning, a few weeks ago, Joe Franzese didn't show up at work, causing much confusion around the office. Around noon a call came in from our little lost friend, relating that he had started out of the house, but lost his footing, fell and dislocated a knee. The funny thing is that we have had no explanation as to what caused him to slip—was he just hurrying too fast, or was he - - -?

● **GOSSIP FROM SHIPPING**—Girls, if you want to hear some good singing, come to the Shipping Department and listen to Sinatra. It's no other but our own "Little Harry Hazlett" . . . We welcome Albert Bender back to the Shipping Department. Albert has been away since last April . . . Our "Good Deed" John Coddington is now eligible to join the Polar Bear Club. It seems that John tried to help someone whose car was stuck in a ditch—he fell in, himself, and had to walk seven miles to Walton for a change . . . It looks like Walt Miller had a very happy birthday. January 1st was his birthday, but come February 1st, Walt was still celebrating . . . If anyone wants a tasty dish, ask Herb Somerville how he fixes his "Goat Meat ala Goulash"—MMM Good . . . Want dancing lessons? If so get in touch with Jack Somerville. Boy, that guy can cut a mean rug—if you were at the Polio Dance you'll know what we mean . . . Jerry Duddy, our billing clerk, recently announced the engagement of his daughter, Rose Mary, to Perry Moorhouse of Oneonta.

● **COIL WINDINGS FROM DEPT. 38**—Al Thomas is suffering from hallucinations, or what have you. Al saw a '40 Cadillac and claimed it was a '47 Buick. . . . Speaking of new cars, Dick Linderman will be riding down the hill in a wheel chair by the time he gets his. . . . According to the grape vine, Ivan Yale will soon be living in Sidney Center.

● **NOTES FROM INSPECTION**—Lou Wilber has been a patient in the Sidney Hospital for several weeks . . . Warren Sargent recently moved his family from Hartwick to Sidney . . . Thelma Pulver has been limping around these past few days. She tripped over a log chain when her car was stuck in the snow.

● An article which ran in the November issue of *The Scintillator*, concerning Scintilla's Orientation Program, was mentioned in a recent "Management Information" bulletin. As a result H. L. Cook, Training Supervisor, has received several requests from other companies for additional information.

● **ALL AROUND THE PLANT**—Ray Miles, Dept. 34, recently purchased a Cocker Spaniel puppy; grandsire is "Champion Holmeric" of Brookville . . . Van E. Tobey, Dept. 26, is driving around in a new Chevrolet station wagon these days . . . Ralph Huyck is a newcomer to the Mail Room and will be in charge of the Service Literature . . . We aren't sure who is the most famous personality in the Tool Room—"Cowboy" Parent for his Masonville escapade, or "Tonsorial" Bruetsch for his beer shampoos! Al Egli swears by (or about) the beer shampoos. Parent requests, if you have any butchering for him to do, break the critter's leg first before you call him—then it can't run away . . . Mention roses (red ones) to Wanda Timer, Personnel Dept., and watch her face light up. Wanda received an even dozen on Valentine's Day.

Spring and New Hairdos

Mention the word, "Spring," and most women automatically start thinking ahead to Easter and those wonderful, new Spring hats. And along these same lines they also start thinking about something nice to go with their dainty chapeaux—something in the way of a new, brilliant hairdo.

Reports indicate that Spring hats in 1947 are going to be smaller than those worn in previous seasons. Designed to hug the head closely, these hats are really going to fit . . . for a change. According to the hat and hairdo people, short bobs, reaching only to the top of the ear, are destined to be fashion's favorite hairdo this Spring, with the barretted pageboy running a close second.

Although the 1947 short hairdos differ considerably from those shown in 1946, they are softer and more flattering. Barely tipping the ear in front, they dip to almost shoulder length in the back.



(Photo by Drene)

Fashion's favorite hairdo for Spring, 1947, is the short pageboy shown above. Ideal for wear with the new head-hugging hats!

Calling All Girls . . .

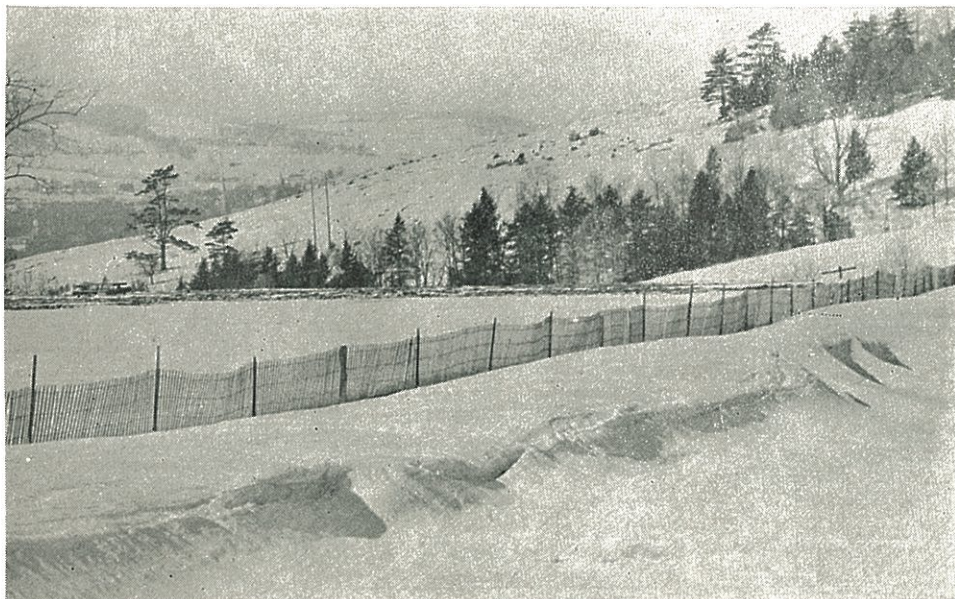
Quick with ideas?

Have definite opinions on fashions?

Handy with a pen or pencil?

If the above fits you, here's a golden opportunity for expressing your ideas on

fashion design. We are anxious to receive your original sketches, ideas and fashion designs for publication in the next issue of *The Scintillator*. Contributions should be addressed to The Editor, *Scintillator* Office, and all material must reach us by March 10th.



Snow Scene Near Norwich, N. Y.

The Two Rats . . .

Blackie was one of the cleverest rats in the business. He was a mighty smooth operator, and if there was a single trick he didn't know you can be sure it wasn't worth knowing.

One windy March evening he discovered a most tempting piece of cheese dangling in a trap. "Hubba, hubba!" exclaimed Blackie, his eyes bulging. "That's for me!" But he'd learned long ago to beware of traps. He hurried past a few loose boards in the flooring and found Brownie, a young rat with big ideas.

"Listen, kid!" Blackie whispered. "I got a sure thing for you. Can't use it myself, y'see, because I just had dinner. But for you—gee, it's a snap!"

Brownie's mouth watered as he listened. "Gosh, thanks, Blackie!" he said.

"Think nothin' of it, kid," Blackie replied. "I'd do anything for a pal!"

The two rats crawled back to the trap.

Brownie leaped up on the tantalizing morsel, and the trap closed on him and instantly destroyed him.

Blackie waited a minute, just to make sure. "Well," he shrugged philosophically, "I guess that's that." And he proceeded to eat up the cheese.

MORAL: You can't be too careful when someone approaches you with a hot tip, or promises to show you a sure thing. What you do with your money is your own business—and that's why it pays to think a little about what the guy with the free advice stands to make on the deal. THAT'S why so many smart, thrifty Americans are making SURE of the safety of their investment—by continuing to buy U. S. Savings Bonds through payroll allotments.

"I love you—OUCH!"

"I love you—OUCH!"

And there you have the story of two porcupines necking.



Scintilla's booth at the Motor Boat Show, held January 10-18 at Grand Central Palace in New York City, is shown above. Scintilla products displayed included various types of magnetos, fuel injection equipment, electrical connectors, ceramics and battery ignition.

BARTER COLUMN

FOR SALE: New Air Corps jacket, sheepskin lined, size 38. Cliff Pratt, Inspection, 1st shift.

FOR SALE: One ice box in good condition, white. Price \$10.00. See Rose Dart or call Sidney 5364.

FOR SALE: Automatic, wireless record player; nine albums of records and 30 assorted records with record holder. Harold M. Mattice (98-1023), 56 Beal Blvd.

FOR SALE: Sampsel Damper Control, complete with chains, thermostat and wire; one pair size 7 bowling shoes, worn twice; antique grandfather's clock, works made of wood; and one antique rifle. Bill Weed, Sidney 4373.

LOST: Shaeffer Lifetime fountain pen, black with gold band. Reward. Phone Sidney 3416.

WANTED: One 10 or 12 inch electric bench saw. N. C. Meagley, Photography Dept.

FOR SALE: Girl's skis, 6' 9", with harnesses; ski poles; girl's elk skin ski boots, size 8; man's hockey shoe skates, size 9½; light duty electric

mixer and three used 6:00x16 tires, suitable for trailer or light use. R. E. White, Engineering Dept., or 72 Pearl St., Sidney.

FOR SALE: Six room house with bath, two car garage, stoker, and garden space. Located near Scintilla. For further information call at 103 River Street.

FOR SALE: Pan American B-Flat Clarinet, metal, in excellent condition. Used only a short time. A. Getter, 6-5385.

FOUND: Gold ring, with initials on the inside of the band. George Darin, East Gate Guard House.

FOR SALE: Coolerator ice box in perfect condition. Ann Miller, Service Dept.

FOR SALE: Black male Cocker Spaniel puppy, grandson of Champion Holmeric of Brookville, and Champion Ozark Diana. For appointment, call Bob Stafford, Morris 38.

WANTED: Two or three furnished rooms, located in Sidney, Unadilla or Bainbridge. D. R. Crandall, Scintillator Office.

A group of sailors on a freighter were frequently entertained by one of their number, a sleight-of-hand performer of no mean ability, during the long evenings at sea. His act, in which cards, money and handkerchiefs were made to disappear, was enjoyed by all aboard—except one—a parrot which greeted each performance with a raucous, "Ha, ha, ha! Phooey!"

The ninth night out, in the midst of the show, a terrific storm arose and the boat sank. The prestidigitator was thrown into the ocean and managed to grasp some wreckage to support his weight.

The following morning he was startled to see his critic, the parrot, sitting on an up-right on his improvised raft. Not a word passed between the castaways for two days. Suddenly, however, the parrot looked down, cocked his head to one side, and with a gleam in his eye demanded:

"Alright, what'd you do with the ship?"

Both of the blacksmiths stuttered. One had finished heating a piece of pig iron and placed it upon the anvil for the other to hammer.

"H-h-hit it," he stuttered to his helper.

"W-wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the other.

"Aw, g-g-g-gosh, n-n-now, we'll ha-have to h-h-heat it again."

SHAGGY DOG (from Page 13)

dog. Dogs have rights in this country, too."

The Mayor of the town was a great believer in appeasement, so he decided that he would meet Shaggy Dog halfway. All through that day and part of the night Mayor and dog talked until they finally reached an agreement.

And that's why, in a certain town out West, you'll find 21 fire hydrants standing in neat rows before the little white house at 15 Shaggy Dog Lane.



YOUR FAMILY DEPENDS ON YOUR EYES

CLOSE your eyes for just a minute. Imagine going through life that way. What kind of a job could you handle? What would be left to you of the things you now do for fun? If you think that would be a handicap to you, think of your family—the sacrifices they would have to make, the plans for their welfare and their future you'd have to give up.

There's one way to be sure your eyes keep working. Protect them on the job. Guard against the one little unexpected accident that might commit you to a lifetime in a world of darkness. *Wear your safety glasses on the job all the time.*



WEAR YOUR SAFETY GLASSES ON THE JOB