THE BULLS-EYE PISTOL

I see they's got a fly gun—a small efficient gun
With which to hunt the housefly, and promptly knock him flat—
So here's a chance for sportmen who think that hunting's swell
But like to stay all comfortable and safe and warm as well.

When autumn winds are howling and ducks are flying high,
The sportmen get their shotguns and scan the morning sky—
Well, they can go, for all of me, but me you’ll never find
With all my teeth a-chatter in a wet and clammy blind.

You'll never catch me lurking behind a clump of brush
Awaiting with a rifle a moose's angry rush—
No, sir, I won't be waiting to pop an angry moose.
Because, if you must know the truth, I do not like 'em loose.

When tigers prowl in India, and swipe the neighbor's cows,
I hear they build a tiger trap, then hide up in the boughs—
But if you're hunting tigers, who rudely snarl and glare,
There'll be no use to look for me, because I won't be there.

But when it comes to shooting flies, that's really in my line—
I'll get myself a fly gun—I think they must be fine—
In coziness and safety I'll load and aim and fire,
And I will be a sportsman, too, that all may well admire...

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SPEED INDICATOR

WHEN an airplane catapult hurls a plane into the air too fast, the pilot may be injured and unnecessary strain put on the plane. If the plane takes off too slowly, it will drop into the water. In the past, barrels have been substituted for planes for testing purposes.

A new speed indicator, designed by the General Electric Company, checks the adjustment of the catapult without risking pilot or plane. The skid is shot down the track empty; if it registers the proper speed, the plane can then be placed on it and launched into the air at the correct speed. With some changes the equipment may be used to time other moving objects.

EYES FOR DEFENSE

PEOPLE in and around Schenectady, N. Y. are looking up these nights, watching the beams from giant searchlights being tested at the General Electric plant. In other parts of the world whole cities huddle underground, while sirens wail and bombs crash—but these Americans watch without fear. The sharp fingers of light sweeping silently across the sky are reassurance, symbols of security. Industry is on the job, providing the eyes of defense.

Searchlights are not the only defense items being built in Schenectady and in the other plants of General Electric. Great steam turbines are under construction, totalling millions of horsepower, to drive the ships of America's expanding navy; intricate controls will direct the operation of warships, tanks, planes, and guns; radio equipment will facilitate communication on land and sea and in the air.

And playing a vital part in these defense preparations are Testmen, young student engineers just off the campus, whose responsibility it is to test these machines.

INDUSTRIOUS FISH

SAMUEL JOHNSON, a chemist in the General Electric plastics research laboratory at Pittsfield, Mass., has three fish as helpers.

A large glass jar, used in the laboratory to keep a constant temperature bath for measuring the viscosity of plastic materials, collected scum inside, making the glass opaque. Since it was necessary to look through the glass, the jar had to be emptied and scoured once or twice a week. This was a tedious job, because the scum stuck. Acids didn't work. Snails were even put in the jar as scavengers, but high temperatures killed them. Then, just by chance, Johnson tried three goldfish from the "five and ten."

The fish took to the scum like a kitten takes to milk; within two or three days the jar was as clean as a whistle. It has remained so ever since.