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WHY THE SWALLOWS CAME BACK TO CAPISTRANO

Arthur R. Lieverman, Ch.E. IV.
James C. Malavazos, Ch.E. IV.

February 23, 1942.

Mr. I. C. Brown
National Borax Company
Death Valley, California.

Dear Mr. Brown:

In reply to your letter of February 5, 1918, I hereby notify you that it will be necessary to use a 3" pipe leading to the boiler instead of a 2" pipe, since it will clog up in 1923 if you don't use a 3" pipe—as you probably found out 19 years ago. However, we have been saving you some of this 3" pipe since the first World War stopped, and we are mailing it to you along with a new boiler to replace the one that blew up because the pipe clogged in 1923. Due to financial difficulties we will be unable to replace the plant at this time.

Please use 3" bolts in sticking the flanges to the 3" pipe on the boiler which we are sending over to you. Also tuck the ends of pipe in and around the outside of the flanges so as to form a sort of hem.

Hoping this trifling matter finds you well and altogether, I remain,

Very truly yours,

THE DONBE MAD GUESSUM RITE SIZE CO.

By I. Guessagain.

Death Valley, Calif.
February 25, 1942.

Mr. I. Guessagain
THE DONBE MAD GUESSUM RITE SIZE CO.
Tombstone, Arizona.

Dear Mr. Guessagain:

In answer to your letter to Mr. I. C. Brown, which I am returning to you **unopened**, I regret to inform you that Mr. Brown "passed away" during an explosion which occurred here at this plant in 1923.

Alas, poor Brown, I knew him well; a research man to the end. He always wanted to get to the bottom of things. After the debris was cleared away from his lab, we saw that his wish had been fulfilled.

And he always bragged about how he never went to pieces under a strain. Brown was no slouch. He really got around; especially during the explosion. His immortal words, as he hit the ceiling, can still be heard ringing through the portals—"This takes guts!"

As people rushed in from miles around to see what was cooking, Brown was returning the visits in all directions: a little here and a little there. A cartoonist, peering out of his lethargy, saw Brown go breezing by

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SWALLOWS TO CAPISTRANO

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at 75 M.P.H. and 5000 R.P.M., rotating about an axis through his ears—and immediately was born SUPER-MAN!

The cause of the explosion is still a mystery. The explosion itself was terrific. That afternoon our 20-ton compressor was seen walking down the main street of Death Valley with the Horizontal Return Tubular Boiler.

But to get back to the factory itself, which isn't there, the cause of the explosion might have been due to the fact that the help was inexperienced because of the large labor turnover which was due to the accidental interchange of the sulfuric acid and water pipe lines in the showers. (We lose more men that way.)

Another possibility, but a remote one, is that Brown might have been working on the same problem that I am working on, namely: combining TNT and nitroglycerine in the presence of liquid mustard gas to obtain Cotchie-Kootchie Baby Powder with cod-liver oil as a by-product. Inasmuch as I have just completed heating this mixture I can definitely state that this last possibility is inconceivable.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above two letters were found after the second great explosion of the National Borax Company. They were found in the pocket of a suit which had no man in it and at an altitude of 3000 feet, still rising. Friends and relatives now realize the cause of the two partners' sudden departures for the Elysian fields. May they rust in pieces.

Mrs. Brown (to Mrs. Jones, an army wife): I hear your husband has two bars on his shoulder now.

Mrs. Jones: Yes, the army is really doing things to him. It used to be that he had two shoulders on the bar.

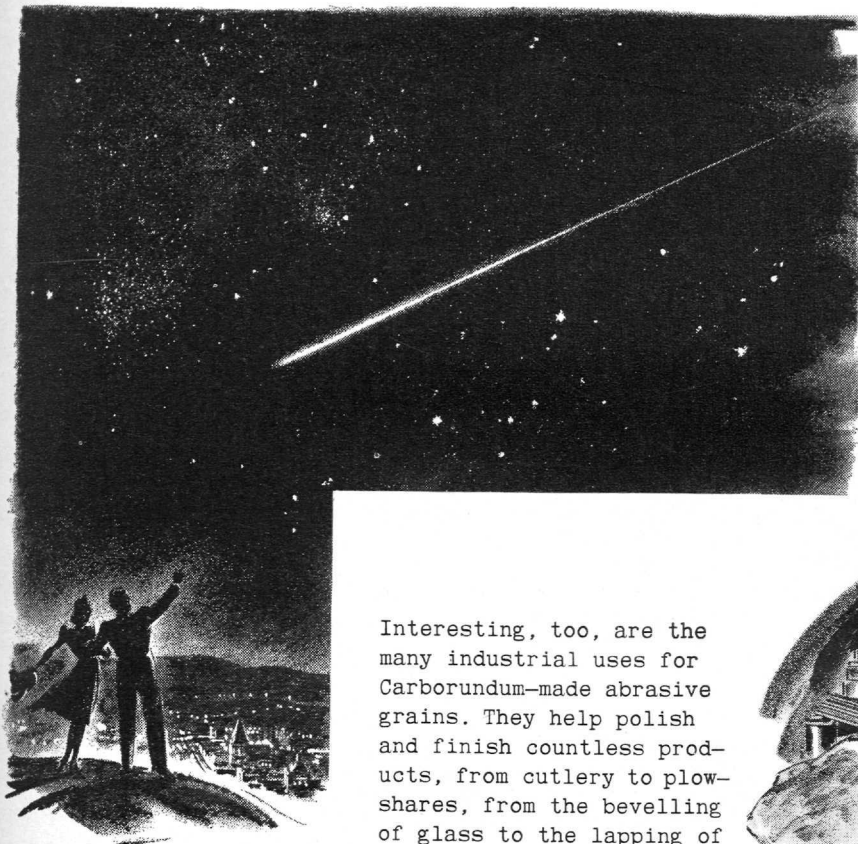
—E. A. W.

Soph. in Engr.—“Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up, I'll get you a date”.

Freshman (cautiously)—“Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date?”

M. M.

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