

Larry Vollum Memorial Fund Climbs To \$750

Almost \$750 has been donated to date by friends of Larry Vollum for the Larry Vollum Memorial fund, according to officials at the University of Oregon Medical school who are handling the program.

The fund is to be used to provide an artificial kidney for local use.

Dr. Hance S. Haney of the medical school reported recently that members of a fund committee from the school are consulting with specialists at the Vancouver, B. C., general hospital and a Stanford University group in San Francisco. Both now have artificial kidneys in operation.

No estimate has been made of costs of constructing the artificial

instrument, but Tektronix plans to do everything possible toward actual building of the machine.

A separate account has been set up by the medical school to handle fund gift checks, which to date number about 40.

SOS Sent Out By Hiking Club

By Dave Spinks

Silver Creek Falls state park was the site of a very enjoyable hike and picnic on July 18 by that dauntless group "The Tek Trekkers," better known as the Tektronix Hiking club.

Since that time, however, the activities of the club have been somewhat curtailed due mainly to the fact that vacations, overtime work and other assorted things have taken a heavy toll on the membership.

In fact, there is some question at present as to whether the group will be able to continue at all.

With the summer season just about over and the possibility of more six day weeks ahead (even hikers like a day of rest), the future of the club is indeed foreboding.

Weatherwise, its plight is not a hopeless one, tho, for there is still a chance that Oregon may yet have some real summer weather. (Don't hold your breath waiting for it.)

Other things withstanding, the club needs your continued support so why not make a note to drop in on the next meeting and cast a vote for a visit to your favorite spot. Anyone and everyone from 6 to 96 is welcome.

Company Picnic Draws Over 700 For Fun, Frolic

A total of 521 pounds of beef and ham, 80 cases of pop, 100 dozen buns, 100 dozen ice cream cups and 40 gallons of coffee were among the goodies consumed by the estimated 700-800 picnickers at the annual Tektronix outing August 21 at Island Park.

The crowd started arriving at the park at 10 a. m., and the last were leaving at 7:30 p. m.

Balloons numbering 900 added a festive air to the occasion. They were contributed by the Credit Union.

Norma Caufield directed adult games and drawings for door prizes, with a total of 20 gifts. Irene Wilson and her committee presented 102 prizes for the children's events.

Games for the adults included a shoe kick for men and for women, a watermelon contest (which was "loaded" against Don Ellis, who took the laughs directed his way in typical good nature) and a water-filled balloon-throwing contest for couples.

Other activities included swimming and a women-versus-men softball game, which started out a little pathetically until Roy Lang and Burt Eberley were recruited for a catcher-pitcher battery for the women. The men squeaked through to win, 11-12.

Donations for the day included cokes by the Coca Cola Bottling Co. and cosmetics for the children's make-up booth by Avon products.

Bill Barnes was chairman for well-received outing.

Prompt Coffee 'Insurance' Being Installed Soon

An independent hot water unit and bigger elements in the snack bar's coffee urn and grill are being planned, according to Don Kepler, to prevent a repeat of a recent Monday morning coffee shortage due to lack of sufficient hot water.

Employee No. 450 Starts Work As Company Grows

An important milestone was reached at Tektronix August 2.

On that day the company's 450th employee came to work.

No. 450 is Jim Cook of test, a resident of Lake Grove, father of two children and an active member of the Clackamas County Sheriff's reserve, sponsoring organization for the Lake Grove polio mercy unit.

Jim was born in Oregon City, raised in Lake Grove, and attended Hezelia grammar and West Linn high schools. He was graduated from West Linn high in 1946.

Since that time he has worked in Crown Zellerbach's super-calendar department, owned his own radio repair shop in Lake Grove, worked for Stubb's Electric and then moved to Lou Johnson's TV service department.

He was married September 9, 1950. To get this vital bit of information, Jim had to telephone his wife, Lois, from work.

The two Cook children are Suzie, who'll be three in November, and

between cities for treatment and similar emergency operations. Between 50 and 60 such trips have been made by the unit, Jim reports.

Fast-growing Tektronix has been adding new employees at a record clip in recent weeks, with 26 new Tekes joining the force during the 20-day period ending August 16.

New Faces Added To Company Roles

A total of 25 new faces has joined Tektronix since July 20.

They are: Mari Le Moulton, CRT; Bob Williams, drafting; Jim Cook, test; Joyce Davis, assembly; Martha Hansen, CRT; Edith Gross, assembly; Joe Meswick, shop; Joe Reeder, shop; Ken McKibbin, shop; Duncan Bergeron, plastics; Alfred Ramberg, Panelcraft; Dick Taylor, assembly; Dolores Smalley, production requirements, returnee; Helen Clark, assembly; Nancy Brown, assembly; Geneva Buchanan, coils; Florence Walker, CRT; Murrill Roberts, stock; Gale Sickler, stock; Forest Shiflett, transformers; Bernice Ireland, assembly; Grace Gibson, front office (returnee); Ken Davenport, test; Silas Corn Jr., test, and Harriet Daily, assembly.

Treat That Old Buggy With More Respect!

How much does it cost to own and drive an automobile? The American Automobile Association says that for drivers of cars in the low price field it figures out to \$1.55 per day on the average for depreciation, license fees, fire, theft and liability insurance; plus 3.5 cents per mile for gas, oil, grease jobs, tires, repairs etc. If you drive 5000 miles a year cost is 14.8 cents per mile, 9.2 cents a mile if you drive 10,000 miles. By driving 22,000 miles a year your cost gets down to 6 cents per mile.

— The Credit Union Bridge



Jim Cook

Steve, who was a year old in July.

The sheriff's posse, of which Jim is president, has been conducting its polio program for 2½ years. The group owns a converted bus with its own power system for carrying iron lung patients home from hospitals,

Raising of Greyhound Dogs Described in First of Series On Spare Time Activities, Hobbies of Tektronix Employees

(This is the first of a series of articles on interesting hobbies of Tektronix employees. Here with her hobby is Pansy O'Brien of assembly.)

— By Pansy O'Brien

The American greyhound is a product of selective breeding. Champions imported from Australia, England, and Ireland have contributed greatly to the improvement of the strain. The lineage of any greyhound running on the track in America today can be traced back for at least two hundred years. Top racing speed of a dog will range from thirty-three to forty miles per hour. On the straight away the greyhound probably is running close to sixty miles per hour. They are classed as one of the fastest animals on earth.

Probably the most interesting

phase in raising greyhounds is in dealing with puppies until they reach the racing track. The puppies are very small when born and bear no resemblance to a grown greyhound. They are short, chubby little fellows too fat to stand up. Like most baby animals their diet consists of milk but they are soon eating meat and cereals and vegetables. The main thing is to see that the puppies get plenty of food and exercise. They attain most of their growth during the first seven months of their lives. Their speed and racing ability is mainly developed by sixteen months of age.

Registration Required

Within sixty days of whelping the litter must be registered with the National Coursing Association. Each individual greyhound has a Bertillon record on file in Abilene, Kansas, and his registration papers must carry the original marking. These markings consist of sex, color, and toe nail markings; any distinguish-

ing mark such as white chest, white feet, toes, etc; his name, his sire and dam, and his grand sires and grand dams.

Hobby Eight Years

We first owned greyhounds about eight years ago and have turned a hobby into a business. We started with four dogs. With true beginners luck, all four were top notch dogs and ran in the Grade A races in Oregon, Arizona and Florida. We have owned possibly three hundred dogs since then and none have been as fast or as consistent money winners. About four years ago disease struck our kennel and it wiped out all of our young dogs and three years of hard work. Since that time we have been rebuilding the kennel. It will take approximately two more years to entirely replace the number of greyhounds lost.

We will have several dogs running in Florida this winter and expect to have some dogs running in Portland next summer.



Hilo Hattie gave Joe Vistica, test, a workout on the stage, via the hula, when he visited one of Portland's brighter night spots recently. This boy has much talent, obviously.

Tek Talk

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JUST LIKE TOPSY...

So far the year 1954 has been a very busy one for the personnel department. Many previous records have fallen by the wayside. Lots of old-timers at Tektronix refer to the year 1951 as the period of expansion in our history. "The staff was more than doubled in that year". "Fifty-one" was quite a year — and it may be a long time before we double our staff again in one year.

However, from January 1 up to August 16, 1954 we have hired 105 new people, 81 of these permanent. This is a new record, even considered by 1951 standards. More new people hired than in any other eight-month period in our history. Our total number of employees is now 470. Five hundred, here we come. In the last 20 working days we have hired twenty-six new people. Another new record.

During this same eight-month period we have terminated from all causes only 17 people, only 1/2 of one percent per month (this is about 1/8th of the national average for our type of business). The lowest percentage of terminations in our history. These figures include unavoidable terminations such as for pregnancy, people moving away from the district, joining the armed forces, etc.

In the process of hiring these new people, we have screened 1695 new applicants for jobs. This means that we have an average of 200 new people coming in to the office each month looking for jobs, and this without advertising or soliciting of any kind. In other words, during this period we hired one out of each 16 people who applied.

Another record was broken this year. On August 15 we had an ad in both Portland papers in the "Help Wanted" columns, looking for electronic technicians for our test department. This was done for several reasons. We have promoted quite a few test people recently to become field technicians and field engineers, we have introduced several new instruments recently and it looks as though there will be several more soon, thus creating quite a bottle neck in the test department. Also we decided to try this advertising in the nature of an experiment to see how the results compared with the "walk-in" applicants. Although it is too early to accurately appraise the results, it looks as though the ads were quite productive. Approximately 35 people applied, about twelve of whom look very promising at this point. Time alone will tell just how good the results are and will determine whether or not we do more advertising for people in the future. — Don Kepler

Flying Tour Described by Murdock

By Jack Murdock

At 11 o'clock Thursday morning, July 22, Dal and I took off for a visit of all the Tek eastern offices. My recently acquired green Tri-Pacer was the medium of transportation and just to prove its rating as a four passenger plane, Mr. and Mrs. Inman of the Inman Flying Service, Hillsboro, accompanied us to Lock Haven, Pa. where a new airplane was waiting to be flown back to Portland.

For novice cross country flyers like us to undertake such a trip would have been a tall order; but with an instructor like John Inman along for the trip east, and with unusual attention to learning some things the "hard way," the return trip was quite successful.

From my viewpoint the trip had a threefold purpose: to visit the eastern offices, to check out the practicability of the small plane for business use and to gain some cross country flying experience. The entire 6100 air miles were accomplished without any thrills and with reasonable ease at the seemingly slow speed of a little over 100 miles per hour. Outside of the air fields at our points of destination we encountered only six other aircraft en

route during the whole trip — some difference from driving an automobile 6100 miles.

Although one does not have to travel clear across the U. S. to realize the effectiveness of our eastern division, it is gratifying to visit the sincere and friendly people of this very important part of the organization. Not only are the people of top caliber but all the offices themselves are neat and modern quite in keeping with our style of operation in Portland. In addition to the five first eastern offices we had the pleasure of being in Cleveland on its first day of operation. Tek customers will be served in this area by Fred Hart, Chuck Gibson and Evelyn Dunham.

The small plane proved well suited to this type of a trip. Flexibility was provided in going from office to office at our own convenience as well as permitting a few side trips like visiting Atlantic City one Sunday afternoon and a weekend at Sun Valley on the way home. Flying on visual flight rules (not over 4,000 feet above the terrain) lets one see the lay of the land in very realistic fashion.

There are few student flyers who fly across the country before getting a license, but it was a wonderful opportunity to fly a genuine cross country trip in the presence of an experienced pilot.

The Flying club's trusty plane, which suffered a slight loss of fabric in an early-summer escapade, is being gloriously restored by a repair brigade led by Jerry Kraxberger. All but the wings will have been recovered when the project's completed.

Sixteen of the gals pulled a real surprise shower for Jane Grace August 12 at Eve Fitzgerald's house. Husband-to-be Fitz delivered her at the specified hour—in LEVIs. But many goodies for the kitchen resulted. Jane and Fitz tie the knot this weekend, by the way — at noon Saturday at St. Stephen's Catholic church.

Silva Kephart, front office, left August 13 to join her army husband at Camp Gordon, Augusta, Ga. He

will go to signal school there until mid-February.

Headed off in a more north-easterly direction are Frank Thomas and Leo Wulff, who left to launch their field engineering careers in the eastern offices.

Bob Duhrkoop, ambitious director of the choral group, is tearing his hair over the lack of women in his fast-developing unit. Needs altos and sopranos, he moans. Here's a good chance for music-lovers to lend their voices. No fancy training required — just the ability to carry a tune. Bob says there's no commitment involved in just dropping in to look the group over. Meets at 3:30 p. m. Mondays at Sunset Presbyterian Community church. Current group numbers about 12, and

is planning a Christmas program.

Tony Klobertanz, Panelcraft, became the father of a boy, Larry, August 8.

Peggy Whoolery, on leave from unit wiring, is the mother of a baby girl, Linda Susan, born July 14.

And it's a girl for Ivan Arnold, shop. She was born August 22.

Dick Millington and Joe Dimco are knocking down the bachelor's ratio in stock — both plan October weddings.

Promotions: Cy Woodworth in CRT production, to test.

August 19 is a big day for Leonard Mason (finals) and his wife, Grace. It's the birthday of both, and their wedding anniversary, too.

Company Wit Relates Vacation Highlights of Another Year, But Remains Anonymous; Afraid of Aunt Iffy?

You get to talking vacations with people and you come to the conclusion that one man's mint is another man's poison—oak. One guy dreams of bathing-suited babes on beaches and the other guy is mentally sorting flies and leaders and line.

All this talk about vacations reminds me of the time Aunt Iffy invited me up to her "ranch" to spend my vacation. He name is really Iphegenia, which is why we call her Aunt Iffy.

"Do you good", she chirped, "you need a change from that sedentary work. The pure mountain air will do you good". I found out why the mountain air is so pure; no bacteria can live at that temperature.

As I rolled into Aunt Iffy's yard on Sunday afternoon I noted a healthy field of hay. That might be fun, getting the hay in, but I had forgotten Aunt Iffy. She had the strangest ideas about work. You never knew whether she was happiest when working like an ox or when thinking of all the bone-wearing, muscle-macerating jobs there were ahead of her.

She welcomed me, although she showed disappointment at the hour. "I'd hoped we could have started on the hay today, but now we'll never make it". The way she said it gave me an odd feeling.

Before dinner she had me shift the sheep to new pasture, fix the hog corral, and water the stock. Water the stock. That means pump by hand and pack by hand fourteen buckets of water. The pump is conveniently located 60 feet from the barn and 40 feet from the house. She likes it that way.

Talk about your aching back. I began to think of all the emergencies that could happen so I'd have to leave the next day. None of them happened.

As I dragged myself in to dinner she met me at the door.

"You can go wash up now — dinner's ready". She waved her hand regally at the wash basin and the bucket (empty) on the stand by the door. Another trip with the water bucket. This was another thing I'd forgotten — the cold water wash-up, with water so hard it left stalactites in the bucket.

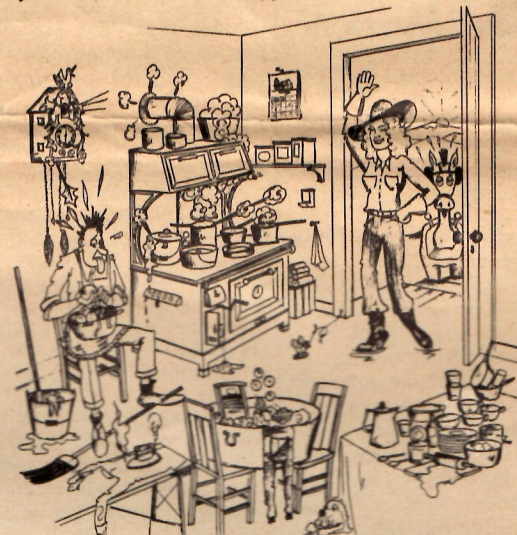
Aunt Iffy was not, in any sense, a culinary genius. Her own digestive tract had been taught to accept, without complaint, practically anything that couldn't be fed to the stock.

"Plain, wholesome food, and plenty of it", she announced, gesturing at a giant bowl of baked beans, that had been put through a case-hardening process, probably as a protection against termites. She passed a platter containing pieces of an erstwhile ox that had obviously been worked to death, all cut up into neat squares with a cleaver. I tried to recall days spent at Aunt Iffy's when I was a boy. The food at that time hadn't made any impression on me; either Aunt Iffy had changed or I had.

We topped off these toothsome dainties with a large piece of what she termed apple pie. The crust

would have served as a good grade of building paper, and the apples, so help me, were cut up complete; skin, seeds and stems. No, I'm wrong, there were no stems. At first I made a valiant try, in order to avoid offending Aunt Iffy, but I felt that assimilating this criminal concoction would call forth a legitimate gastronomical grievance, so I muttered something about being full, and set it aside. With the grace of a proper hostess, she observed that city people didn't have much appetite, and regretted the waste.

Before I could settle back comfortably in my chair, she waved at



the water buckets. "Better bring in a couple of buckets of water before you feed the stock".

I had hardly closed my eyes before there was an insistent thumping on the bedroom door. "Time to get up; breakfast is ready". Oh, my aching fibia and tibia, my poor faltering femurs!

After "washing up" in 47 degree water, I was wide awake. Breakfast was better, than heaven for hens. You take an egg that is reasonably young, and you have to work pretty hard to make it inedible. Aunt Iffy didn't make the grade on the eggs, and I tucked away five. The biscuits I managed by prying apart, and removing the uncooked dough from inside.

Again I didn't get settled back in my chair. I found that settling back just wasn't practiced in her domain except by the pigs and the dog, and the dog had sense enough to disappear for his settling-back. It was almost daylight; she had fed the stock and milked and was ready for me with a scythe.

"You can start in on the hay, while I get my spuds hoed". I looked at the scythe, and looked at her.

"The hay?" I gasped.

"Yes, the hay, idiot. You know what hay is. Cut it."

I couldn't believe it. This was too much, cutting hay with a scythe. She was already in the potato patch, so I couldn't argue. I realized that I wouldn't have argued anyhow. You just don't argue with Aunt Iffy.

With bowed head I made my way to the meadow. It looked like forty mighty strokes; unhurried but un-

wavering, relentless. I thought of Death's Grim Reaper.

"Just get into the easy swing of it", she called cheerfully. "No need to hurry, just keep at it".

Oh, I've tried to forget that morning. I thought of the slaves at the oars of the Roman galleys, the Hebrews, toiling in Egypt. The difference was she didn't need a whip, she had a will.

By the time the sun was high overhead, Aunt Iffy had laid down easily four times what I'd done, and was still going. At the point of exhaustion, I had a flash of genius.

"Aunt Iffy".

She stopped swinging, and brushed the hair out of her eyes.

"You must be tired of cooking for yourself. Why don't I go in and rustle us some lunch"?

She seemed a little startled, and I quavered a little as her eyebrows lifted. She glanced at my pitiful contribution to the work.

"Capital idea, go ahead".

To this day I don't know whether it was pure charity or good judgment, but I was grateful. This brilliant inspiration was all that saved me. She was quite happy to be relieved of the "kitchen drudgery", and gaily carried on with the heavy work, leaving me to take care of only the housework and the stock.

I shudder to think of my fate if the new arrangement had failed. As it was, I suffered no permanent disability, only a mass of moaning muscles and an uncontrollable tendency to shy every time I see a water bucket.

On my next invitation from Aunt Iffy, I intend to visit the beach.

Story of Mary's Retirement Continues As Further Considerations Revealed

By Don Ellis

Your retirement trust administrative committee is whole again, since Jack Murdock returned from his "magic carpet" visit along Tektronix eastern life lines. Derrol is squeezing time from manufacturing cathode-ray tubes (and his living, he says) to tramp about looking out for your welfare. (That obscure statement will be explained in your November "Tek Talk".) Fitz seems unperturbed by his impending matrimonial adventure, while Don is finding it takes an unreasonably long time to learn to fly—right side up, that is. As a committee, we are meeting frequently, studying and planning the future of your retirement plan.

In last month's article you will remember Mary was still puzzled about how the retirement plan affected her. She was terminating, and using the printed table had learned to figure how much of the retirement fund was hers. However she didn't know whether she would receive her share



now as a settlement or leave it in the trust fund to build up for her old age. Suppose we help her by showing her how to figure the important advantages of leaving her share in

the trust fund. The trust has two advantages over an individual privately investing part of his income to provide retirement income: (1) By investing large amounts of money, the trust can afford time and counselling to increase investment yields, (2) even more important, the trust is tax free. The money paid into the trust for you is not reduced by your having to pay income tax on it, nor are the earnings of the trust fund from investments taxed. To show how much difference this makes, one line in the table below shows how much even minimum income tax eats away your eventual retirement income. Of course you will have to pay income tax on your retirement income from the trust fund when you get it, but retired people get favored tax treatment, and therefore pay very low taxes.

Since our trust fund depends upon profit sharing, no accurate prediction can be made about the total amount of your—or Mary's—benefits. All factors which operate to determine your share of the company profits are also operating to increase or decrease your retirement trust share. Consequently, the administrative committee is not in a position to estimate the amount of your eventual retirement income. However, we can provide you with enough information so you can make your own "guesstimates"—based upon your own assumptions.

The first assumption you must make is to select an average amount as your share of the profits going into the trust every year, and whether this will remain the same, will increase, or will decrease as the years go by. Your share depends upon changes in your base pay and in the future profit share percentages. The table below has been computed assuming your share is the same amount each year. If you expect your share to increase year after year, your retirement income can be expected to be somewhat higher than the amount shown. If your share decreases each year, your retirement income would be a little lower.

Your next assumption will be the average percent your account will increase each year from investment

earnings (like compound interest.) Investment earnings include income from investments (dividends and interest), the increase or decrease in the market value of the investments, and the partial or complete forfeitures of fellow employees who terminate before completing six years with Tektronix. These forfeitures are an advantage the private investor misses completely.

Of course, the longer you work before retiring, the more the plan is worth to you. The table below is set up so you will read it according to your age this year. It helps you figure approximately the monthly retirement income per \$100 profit share per year the first year of your retirement after age 65. Your annual retirement income will include, in addition to the average yearly investment earnings, 3% of your principal, unless you elect to withdraw less any year. This method was chosen so you could not outlive your retirement income. If you withdraw as much as you are allowed each year, you will receive a little less each successive year. This is set so your income after 24 years (by age 90) will be about half that at age 66 on the assumption you can live on less the older you get.

Many pension plans assure a fixed monthly retirement income including Social Security payments. Your monthly income figures listed below are in addition to the Social Security benefits you will receive, and are for each \$100 profit share per year that went into your account. In the column marked "percent increase from investment," you will have to select the percentage for there is no history to guide us in estimating how much the trust will earn.

APPROXIMATE MONTHLY RETIREMENT INCOME PER \$100 PROFIT SHARE ADDED PER YEAR UNTIL AGE 65

Percent Increase from Investment	Your age in 1954			
	25	35	45	55
3%	\$39	\$24	\$14	\$6
4%	57	34	18	7
5%	84	46	23	7
6%	123	63	29	10
7%	178	84	36	12
See below*	25	16	10	4

* For comparison the bottom line shows the equivalent retirement income if you had to provide for your own retirement by investing \$100 of your income per year at 3% and had to pay income tax on it.

Tektronix profit sharing retirement trust is very unusual in one respect. Most retirement plans assume no responsibility for the retirement life and income of ex-employees who have terminated before retirement, and all obligations are paid off at the time of termination. Tektronix feels that those who have made a significant contribution to the success of the company should not be deprived of the considerable advantages of the retirement trust just because they found opportunity elsewhere. Consequently these ex-employees are allowed to leave their money in the trust to build up retirement income (and an estate) as they had continued working at Tektronix.

So we see that Mary will enjoy several advantages by leaving her share of the retirement fund to increase year after year until she really needs the money as income after the age of retirement. However, the administrative committee is reluctant to carry a number of small accounts. Settlements upon termination will be discussed in next month's Tek Talk.

Dick Rhiger Active In Community Life

A Tektronix veteran of six years is this month's personality target, Dick Rhiger of engineering.

Dick started with the company in May, 1948, as a development engineer and since has worked into project engineering. Some of his pet products have been the 517 and the 535.

Dick was born in Cannon City, Colo., but moved to McMinnville at the age of six, and to Portland a year later. He graduated from Benson high school.

Dick and wife, Mary, were married in 1936, and have four children; Daniel, 2½; Rosemary, 7; Ann Marie, 10, and David, 12.

They live on Leahy road, near Cedar Mill, where Dick spends most of his non-working hours doing finishing and landscape work on the family home.

Dick is a ham radio fan, which



Dick Rhiger

came in handy while he was courting Mary and went to Alaska for annual summer jobs. She had a ham license, too, so telephone bills were no problem. But that hobby was "B. K." before kids. Other spare-time activities that have given way to home life are flying and photography.

Dick went to Washington State college, where he earned an electrical engineering degree in 1941. His wife was a student there at the same time.

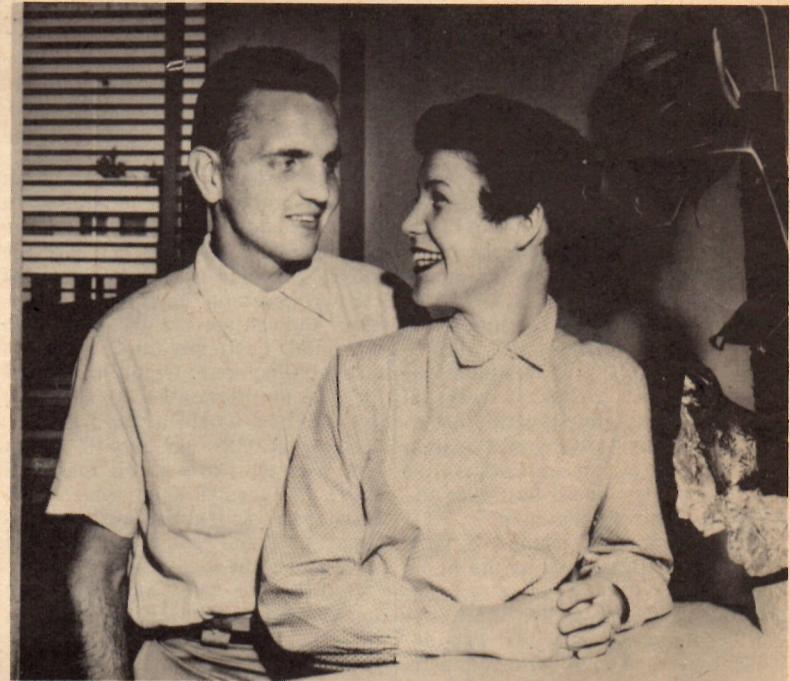
During the war, genial Dick did research on radar at Harvard University. Earlier, he had worked for the FCC and Bonneville. Between Harvard and Tektronix, he worked on FM installation and new studios for KGW.

Our boy Dick claims his wide assortment of jobs gives him enough experience "to know this is a nice place to work."

He does find time, when not working on his house, to be a member of the Cedar Mill school board, community chairman for the Boy Scout committee and a member of the Institute of Radio Engineers.

And it's still a source of amazement to him, looking back, that there were only three in the engineering department when he came six years ago. Now there are 17 in research and development alone.

Tektronix Twosome: Kidds With "Single-N" First Names



DENIS AND DONA KIDD

Their future : Water skiing, an Oswego home and Uncle Sam.

A young couple who grew up in the same neighborhood in Montavilla is this month's Tek Twosome.

Dona and Denis Kidd have jobs in assembly and shop plastics, respectively, and at the moment are rather uncertain about what's ahead because of a 2nd lieutenant's commission Denis holds in the ROTC.

He was graduated from the University of Portland in 1953, and since that time things have been so indefinite, service-wise, they have made their home with Dona's parents, expecting the word from Uncle Sam any day.

They attended the same high school—Washington. But in those days Denis was "much older," having graduated four years earlier, in 1946. It wasn't until after Dona's graduation in 1950 that they got down to serious dating.

They were married March 25, 1951,

and are the proud parents of an 11-month old boy, Carl, who boasts one tooth and is learning to walk.

Denis plays a mean game of golf, shooting "pretty close to par," according to Dona. In the recent Tek tournament, he took home a cup for shooting low gross. While at the University of Portland, he was a member of the golf team.

He also likes to play the piano and sing, according to Dona, but it's of purely amateur, party caliber.

Dona likes sewing, and makes quite a few of her own clothes, but prefers sewing for Carl. She's currently making him a slacks and sport coat outfit.

The Kidds own a lot in south Oswego, on which they hope to build in the near future. Both like to swim, and hope to take up water skiing.

GIGGLE BOX

Mrs. Fizzle (to bridge expert): "In the same circumstances, how would you have played the hand?"
Expert: "Under an assumed name, ma'am."

Clerk (to customer): No, ma'am, we haven't had any for a long time.

Merchant (angrily breaking in): We have plenty downstairs, ma'am, plenty downstairs.

The customer burst into laughter and left the shop.

Merchant: What did she say to you?

Clerk: We haven't had any rain lately.

Golfer: If you laugh at me again,

I'll knock your block off.

Caddie: Haw, haw. You wouldn't even know what club to use.

First fraternity brother: "What was that clatter?"

Second brother: "Brother Foss just fell down the stairs with a quart of whiskey."

First brother: "Did he spill it?"

Second: "No, he kept his mouth shut."

Customer: I'd like to see something cheap in a straw hat.

Salesman: Certainly, sir. Try this one on, sir, and the mirror's on your left.

INQUIRING REPORTER

This month's inquiring reporter question is "What's the most exciting day you can remember?" The answers follow.

Ted Shaver, stock: Gee, either the day I got drafted, the day I reported to the induction center or the day I got married—one of those.

Lee Riechel, assembly: I don't think I could say any one day. I think the best time I ever had was when my folks took me to Canada. It was over a two-week period. We went up through Banff, Lake Louise and Jasper in the summer of 1948.

Betty Pray, receptionist: I think the time we went out in the Columbia in a cabin cruiser and got stuck on a sand bar. We sent up flares all night, and finally at 6 a.m. the river patrol came by and found us and pulled us off. We were out in the middle of nowhere.

John Larson, engineering: I think my first job was. I went to work with postal telegraph. Started out training for maintenance and wire

chief. I was a teletype operator, too. I was in my early 20s.

Cal Bjerke, shipping: When I got my first boy, that was one of them. And when I got my first girl was another. (He has two boys and one girl.)

Wallace D. Couture, shop soldering: The day I got married, I guess. I can't remember ever being more excited and nervous. And my best man swiped my suitcases. And the first time I went up in a plane, and the day we got a heavy waggon and team of horses stuck in the quicksand in eastern Oregon.

Emma Lanctot, CRT: I think it was when I got a letter from my husband saying he was on his way home from the service. He'd been overseas 21 months, in the Philippines.

Dick Fox, assembly: Vacation. Went to Reno (didn't make any money), among others. Went down the coast of California into Mexico and back up through Reno. Went

with a friend—we drove, and were gone two weeks. I don't know which day you could call the most exciting. Maybe the day in Reno when we lost all that money.

Phil Mallery, stock: The most exciting day in my life was when I came to Tektronix and met Jane Grace.

Wayne Strutz, shop: I think when my first baby was born. My most nervous day, anyhow.

Helen Thome, CRT: I think this Saturday, when my children come home from boarding school. One (Linda, 8) is coming from Marylhurst and Chris 10, from St. Mary's. They're coming home for good. They've been there three years.

Ana Haas, CRT: It was a big, exciting day when we came to America, and seeing New York. We had only read about it in books. Same as in any girl's life—getting married, first child, getting a girl for my second child.

TEKTRONIX CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE: Baby grand piano, \$595. For information contact Don Olson at Panelcraft (FI 3656).

FOR SALE: Registered male cocker with papers. Red and blond, ten months old. Ed Taylor, shop.

FOR SALE: Two 4-quart pressure cookers. One Mirro-Matic and one Presto, used very little. Complete with control, rack and recipe booklet. \$6.95 each. Joe Vistica, field maintenance.

YOU can't buy better auto-personal liability-fire insurance than ALL-state. Why pay more. See W. E. Johnson, shop for details.

SEE Wally Couture, shop solder booth, for September special on Watkins products. Cook books, salad books, household hint books, baking powder, pepper and vanilla in special deal for \$5.50. See Wally's display and SAVE.

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CREDIT UNION NEWS

Lucille Wold, wife of Ron Wold (CRT) is the new office girl and bookkeeper for CU—she stepped into Grace Gibson's shoes when the later joined the field engineering (front office) gang.

Office hours will be 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 3:15 to 3:45 p. m.

We hope these hours will be convenient for everyone. —D. Calnon

Cooperative Credit Introduced

A newspaperman, Alphonse Des Jardins, living in a small town in the province of Quebec during the 1880s, saw frequent lawsuits in the courts involving usury. The despair of the farmers and workers arising from the practice of usury led him to study the people and the conditions in his province. After 15 years of extensive study and travel he decided that a cooperative credit system similar to the European Cooperative Credit societies would best cure the dilemma of his countrymen.

On the night of December 6, 1900, a group of 90 gathered at the home of DesJardins to organize a cooperative, which they called the Cooperative Peoples Bank. It was decided that each member could purchase shares in the bank at \$5 per share. These could be bought on an installment basis, and could be withdrawn any time.

Each member was to have one vote and three groups were elected to operate the bank: A group of directors, a group of supervisors and a committee on credit.

At this meeting the first deposit was a dime, and from the group \$26 was collected. For many years the loans made were between \$10 and \$100. However, the bank continued to grow until it had assets of more than a million dollars. Its earnings from interest charged were used to pay operating expenses, to build up a reserve and to pay a small dividend periodically to the members.

Alphonse DesJardins organized over 150 such cooperative "banks" in the Canadian provinces among farmers, within groups of wage workers, in fishing hamlets, and in wilderness areas where the settlers were just moving in. In 1909 he organized the first Credit Union in the United States, in Manchester, N. H., after several years' struggle with courts and legislatures seeking laws to permit its operation.

The most important feature contributed by the DesJardins bank to credit unions today was the elected committee on credit. This committee was given the responsibility of determining that each loan was made for a productive purpose and that the borrower had both the ability and intention to repay. This

committee gave the Peoples bank a stability which other cooperative systems had not before achieved.

Did you ever have an experience like this?...

Back in 1947 when I was working for the Hyster Company, I had an opportunity to buy a new car—at that time, just pure luck. I talked to the secretary of the Hyster Employees Federal Credit Union about helping me finance the purchase. In a very friendly manner she told me they would be glad to lend me the money I needed charging interest of 1% per month on the unpaid balance. They showed me exactly how much it would cost me, and that the monthly payment would be \$54.87 for \$900 for 18 months. In this way the loan cost would be \$87.76.

However, 1% per month meant 12% interest per year to me (still does) and seemed a lot since I had heard and read about auto financing at "6%" and "8%." So I thanked them and went on my way.

If the above "6%" and "8%" had meant straight forward interest, as did the "1%" and "12%", there would be no story to tell.

Next I went to the dealer and agreed to buy the car. He then turned me over to the finance man. Our conversation went something like this:

FINANCE MAN: How much do you want to pay down, and how long do you want on the balance?

Me: I'd like to pay down all but \$900, and to repay that in 18 months.

FM: Fine. Let me look up your payments. That will be \$61.09 per month.

Me: (Thinking about the \$54.87 above) **SIXTY ONE O NINE!** Isn't that awfully high?

FM: Oh, but this includes insurance.

Me: Well, I already have insurance. How much of the \$61.09 is for insurance?

FM: But this insurance is better, and comes with the financing.

ME: Oh, but how much is it?

FM: Well, I'm not sure, but you can be sure it is less than you are already paying.

Me: This insurance only covers comprehensive and collision doesn't it? My comprehensive and \$50 deductible now costs \$61 per year. Which is about \$5.10 per month. Is your insurance less than that?

FM: Oh, yes, because it isn't so much trouble when you get it with the financing.

Me: Well, then let's assume it is \$5.00. That leaves \$61.09 — 5.00 = 56.09 as payments of principal

and interest. The principal must average \$50.00 ($900 \div 18 = 50$) which leaves \$6.09 interest. For 18 months that amounts to \$109.62 interest or loan cost. What interest rate is that?

FM: Oh, I just found it. It says 8%.

Me: But 12% is only about \$87.76. (see above) Are you sure that is interest? Or is it discount?

FM: Let's see. Oh, yes, discount, but what's the difference.

Me: Well, there must be quite a bit of difference if the cost is so much more. I think I'll finance it thru our Credit Union and keep my own insurance. And I am sure of one thing, regardless of the name used for loan costs, whether it is interest, discount, or carrying charge, the only way to find what is costs you is to see how much more you have to pay back than you borrow.

I've since learned more about loan costs. Interest is figured on the amount you borrowed for the full time, even tho you are not getting to use what you have already repaid by month.

Here's how to figure your loan costs. First find the monthly payment. Take out of it anything you are getting extra such as insurance, at whatever it would cost you if you got it somewhere else. Then multiply the remainder of the payment by the number of months to get the total to be paid. Subtract from that the amount you borrowed, and what is left is the loan cost.

I found that last August one of the downtown banks really went fancy on labeling their loan cost. New car loans are figured at 7% discount on the first \$500 and 10% straight interest on the balance. Used car loans at 8% discount on the first \$500 and 10% straight interest on the balance.

I've made a comparison of several methods of figuring loan costs, all on \$900 for 18 months:

8% discount	\$108.00
6% discount	81.00
7% discount first \$500,	
10% interest balance	84.24
8% discount first \$500,	
10% interest balance	91.62
Credit Union New Car ¾% per	
month on unpaid balance	65.04
Credit Union Used Car 1% per	
month on unpaid balance	87.73

The "Credit Union Way" offers you, in addition to the above very reasonable loan costs, freedom from writing checks, mailing or delivering payments, or even remembering you have to pay another "bill."

—Don Ellis

A Day at Island Park: When Tek's Leap, Laugh and Lunch



The ladies aimed their shoes....



And the men did likewise....



But no ringers...closest shoes won.



George Roussos, right below, was MC for picnic program. Kids played games and swam, below. Four-piece band which gave outing festive air was fascinating to unidentified boy, above. Hard-working committee had planned wide variety of fun.



Men's watermelon eating contest was a "frame" against Don Ellis, who was left blindfolded and struggling with melon while other contestants stood by eating in leisure. Good sport, Don claimed prize was

easiest he'd ever won. All photos on this page were taken by Dick Montag, who did a good job of catching atmosphere of all-day family outing with his camera.