

## Sailing West to India

*SINCE* the days of Christopher Columbus men have felt the call to "sail due west to find India." In an organization like Westinghouse, such pioneering spirits find happy haven as research engineers. Their every thought is a question—every energy bent to discover new and more effective answers to baffling problems.

Immediately Westinghouse began to build alternating current machines of high voltages, for example, the problem of insulation became acute. For thirty-five years high voltages and insulation have formed an endless chain of problems. As voltages have been increased, improved insulation has been demanded. As insulation has

been bettered, voltages have been still further increased.

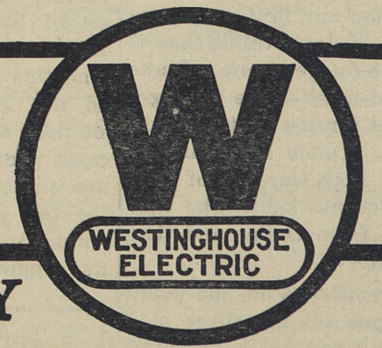
One striking contribution of Westinghouse research engineers has been the perfection of an entirely new insulation material—Micarta. Possessing many of the qualities of metal, paper, fiber, mica, gum, rubber, Micarta differs in radical respect from all of these.

It serves industry indirectly as improved insulation material, and also directly because of superiorities when used for gears, propeller blades, and the like.

Only the imagination can set a limit on the field for the research engineer—or for an organization that centers around him.

# Westinghouse

## ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY



### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY HOLDS BIG PICNIC ON BANKS OF BRAZOS

The Horticultural Society believing that eating is a prerequisite to work, started its year's work on a picnic to Koppe's Bridge, Friday, October 10. About fifteen members, their in-

vised guests, the Horticultural Faculty and their wives comprised the party. Rare culinary art was discovered in the society—not a weenie cooked was heard to bark. A regulation picnic menu was served—powerful coffee, etc. Ice cream, the last course, caused dire concern to be felt for certain members.

The teriscopian art was practiced on an improvised floor under the guidance of a "mean moon," campfires and the chaperones. A free for all "confab" on the Brazos sands concluded the program except for the return ride in time to hear Gabriel blow the last horn of the day.

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

Man is the merriest specie of the creation; all above or below him or serious.—Addison.