

MUELLER RECORD

INSIDE ONLY

DEC. 1941

NO. 99

REIDELBERGER LEADS

During the Past Year Made Eight Accepted Suggestions—Eight Girl Winners.

During the year there were five awards made for suggestions accepted. The last one was made in November. The names of those made prior to November have been published, but are repeated here, together with those in the November award. The completed list is published as a matter of record and to segregate those who had made more than one suggestion. The high man for 1941 was C. C. Reidelberger, whose eight suggestions netted him \$20. Among the girls who made two suggestions were Laura Becker, Edna Johnston, and Gladys Trimmer, each winning \$5.

Ninety-seven of those making suggestions won awards. The complete list winners for the year follows:

1 Prize—\$2.50

Francis Alexander
Arnold Blankenburg
D. F. Boggs
C. Artie Carter
Herman Chepan
Merlin Coates
Jane Cranston
Merle Cunningham
Richard Dannewitz
Jerome Edwards
Myron Edwards
Wilbur Edwards
Donald W. Ferry
Henry Gilbert
Z. H. Grinestaff
Ed. F. Harris
Mary Ruth Harrison
Clarence Hill
Paul Holmes
L. I. Hopper
Lynn Huntshurger
Robert Hutchens
Gladys Masterson
Herbert L. Mathes
Carl I. Maurer
Joseph M. McDuffie
Charles Meador

Fred Meador
John Monska
Kenneth Morrow
William A. Mueller
Fred Nash
Wm. T. O'Dell
Maurice Paslay
E. H. Potts
Chester Priddy
Wade Rambo
R. S. Rhodes
Louis E. Ross
C. W. Schuman
Stanley Shannon
H. E. Slater
John J. Smith
Oscar Stratman
Geo. F. Sulwer
Robert F. Taylor
A. H. Thompson
J. L. Tippit
Ruby White
Milo Wright
Carl P. Yonker
G. J. Yonker
Mrs. Jane Wheeler

2 Prizes—\$5.00

Laura Becker
Karl Blankenburg
J. A. Hargis
Howard Hartwig
Edna Johnston
Chas. Kush
Robt. W. Lusk
E. E. Musgraves
R. B. Pease

Gene W. Simpson
Russell Short
Rex B. Smith
Orville F. Spencer
Al Spitzer
Gladys Trimmer
La Verne Walley
Ernest Watkins
R. W. Workman

3 Prizes—\$7.50

Wm. Bradley
Lee Ellington
Edgar Hartwig
Frank Kushmer
Al May

Charles D. Murray
James T. McKown
Laurence Roe
H. B. Whittington

Jack Enloe 4 Prizes—\$10.00
G. Hutchens 5 Prizes—\$12.50
Matt Like 6 Prizes—\$15.00
Hubert Maddox 7 Prizes—\$17.50
C. C. Reidelberger 8 Prizes—\$20.00

In addition to the amounts listed, checks will be issued to the amount of \$2.50 to each of the following people as they submitted at least five and less than 10 suggestions, which were adopted:

G. Hutchens—5 suggestions
Matt Like—6 suggestions
Hubert Maddox—7 suggestions
C. C. Reidelberger—8 suggestions

GRAND PRIZE WINNERS

In addition to the above winners, awards will be made at the annual meeting on December 17 to the winners of the Grand Prizes as follows:

Reduced Overhead

1st—Ed Harris\$25
2nd—L. I. Hopper\$15
3rd—Edgar Hartwig\$10

Increased Production

1st—Oscar Stratman\$25
2nd—Jerome Edwards\$15
3rd—C. C. Reidelberger\$10

Safety

1st—Charles W. Murray\$25
2nd—E. E. Musgraves\$15
3rd—R. W. Workman\$10

Improved Quality

1st—Lawrence Roe\$25

The prize winning slogan was suggested by Elmer Fawley, who will receive \$2.50. The winning slogan is: "An Efficient Shop Will Keep Us On Top."

Stick Up Game

"Oh, my dear," gushed the first woman, "I saw the sweetest hat this afternoon."
"Oh, did you buy it?" asked the other.
"Not yet. I've got to choose a more expensive one for my husband to refuse to buy, so that I can compromise with this one."

Mount Whitney in California is the highest point in the United States, 14,496 feet high.

ADOLPH GIVES QUAIL DINNER



The annual quail dinner which was to have been given Saturday, November 22, at the Okaw cabin, but was postponed by the snow storm and roads, was held on the evening of November 29 at the Lodge. This is an annual entertainment given by Adolph to the men who form frequent parties at the Okaw, and their wives. Some forty persons sat down to a gorgeously decorated table and enjoyed a banquet of rare excellence. The women were served with quail and the men with turkey. Just prior to the dessert, Adolph was presented with a handsome carving set which is to become part of the Okaw equipment. The Record editor, on a few moments notice, was drafted to make the presentation, but was assisted by Purchasing Agent Hawkins' prepared lines from which the speaker quoted at times. Orville's paper is given in full. He said:

"Down at the Okaw Cabin we eat stew and Hausenfegger, and sometimes we have a good roast, too.

"You may think we could forget about table manners down there when we are sort of roughing it, but we are occasionally reminded of breach of etiquette.

"There is a fine pal always there who does most of the cooking and serving. He has for some time been carving, without visible tools, a niche of affection in the hearts of many friends. We want to present at this time, a gift in appreciation of our part in this friendly association.

"We hope, Mr. Adolph, this carving set may be found useful at the Okaw and other places where we have feasts fit for kings and queens."

Adolph made his usual happy speech, and

was given close attention and applause. His one regret was that weather conditions prevented the dinner at the cabin in its beautiful setting, which seemed such an appropriate place for a wild game dinner.

Following the feast, the company devoted the evening to cards and visiting.

The company was made up of the following:

Messrs. O. C. Draper, O. J. Hawkins, Burt Jackson, O. C. Keil, J. W. Simpson, Ed Stille, A. G. Webber, Jr., J. W. Wells, C. N. Wagenseller, W. E. Mueller, L. W. Mueller, Robert H. Mueller, Frank H. Mueller, and wives, and Messrs. George N. White, Blue Lusk, Charles Cochran, Frank Edmonson, and Mrs. Robert Mueller, Miss Mabel Gates, Mrs. Mae Gillibrand, and Miss Niema Greening.

We do not recall a more pleasant or enjoyable gathering in many months.

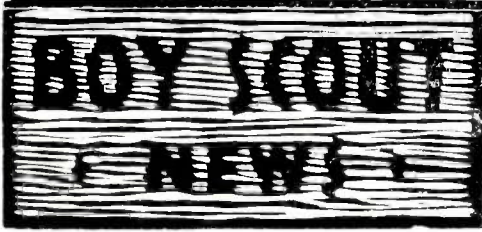
They saw his friend Jakey in the smoking car when he entered and sat down in the same seat.

"How was that fire in your place last week, Jakey?" he inquired.

Jakey started nervously. "Sá!" he whispered, "it was next week."

Mr. Cohen had been complaining of insomnia. "Even counting sheep is no good," he sighed. "I counted 10,000, sheared 'em, combed the wool, had it spun into cloth . . . made into suits . . . took 'em to Boston . . . and lost \$21 on the deal! I didn't sleep a wink!"

Committee: A body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.



Looks like big time ahead! Mr. Jackson, our Scoutmaster, announced that he had returned to Decatur permanently and was now employed in the advertising department of the Mueller Co. So-o-o- we have an idea the troop will begin to improve rapidly. Already several candidates have dropped in, and the Scouts are showing new life since the meeting was put back on Tuesday night.

We were very surprised and sorry to learn that Jesse Bridwell, capable patrol leader of the Creeping Panthers, had an accident on Nov. 27th. It seems



he lost an argument with an automobile just after leaving High School that afternoon. He was bruised about the face, ankle, and lost three teeth, but a quick trip to the hospital revealed no serious injuries and he was home the following day. We wonder if the loss of his teeth will cramp his style on the troop hikes. Several went to see Jesse, including the Scoutmaster, Committeeman Keil, and Mr. Adolph Mueller for whom Jesse worked.

The troop took their regular monthly hike to the Scout cabin on Nov. 22 and 23. This is the tenth hike without a miss and the first cycle in the Fire Trailers Clan will be completed in January. So far, two have not missed a hike yet since the Clan was started. The hike was overnight.

While space is limited this month, we must mention the snow which presented new problems to solve in cooking, camping, and sleeping. Also, the campfire story. The Scoutmaster, who prefers not to tell "hair raisers" to the younger Scouts, related a bit and told "THE MISSING HAND." From what we heard of the story we hope the boys slept well. Perhaps those shivers were not all due to the cold weather. See you next month.

Abie: "Oy, Oy—I'm dying—send for a priest quick."

Cohen: "Vat! Abie, you don't vant a rabbi?"

Abie: "I should gif heem the smallpox? Ach, call me a priest."

Ideals are like stars; you will never succeed in touching them with your hands, but choose ideals as your guide and you will reach your destiny.

—Dofasco Illustrated News.

Sometimes people get the idea they can live alone, and do not need friends, but it is all a delusion.

HELPED HIMSELF

George White Drives Away Wrong Car and Found It Out Later

This is a true story, and it has a happy ending, but only because it ended at a propitious time. The coach which George White was driving wouldn't have turned into a pumpkin as the clock struck 12, but a few hours more and it would have turned into a stolen car.

George took Orville Keller's car to the garage for some minor adjustments, and while they were being made he left on a few errands. Coming back to the garage, he got into what he thought was Orville's car and drove away. All morning he went about his business, blithely unaware that he was flirting with a criminal charge of car stealing. Fortunately for George, the arm of the law wasn't long enough to catch him before he went home to lunch.

Mrs. Keller, seeing George in a strange car, inquired where he had borrowed it. George, hiding his surprise that his own sister should be unable to recognize the family bus, patiently explained: "Why, that's Orville's car."

Mrs. Keller took another look, rubbed her eyes, and then brought George down to earth with the remark: "Can't be. That's a black car, and Orville doesn't have a black car."

It all turned out all right. George hurried back to the garage, found Orville's car, and returned the borrowed car to its unknown and unsuspecting owner, and George is still free to go about his business of selling plumbing brass goods, and to exchange that newly acquired twenty-year button for a twenty-five year one.

Abie owned a horse. Ikey offered him \$250 for it.

Abie said "No."

Some time later he went to look at the horse and found it dead. So Abie called up Ikey and asked him if he still wanted to buy the horse. Ikey said "Yes."

"All right," said Abie, "I will come right over and get the money."

So he got his \$250.

About a week or two afterwards, havin' heard nothing, he called Ikey up and said, "You ain't mad at me, are you Ikey?"

Ikey—"No, vy?"

Abie—"What about the horse?"

Ikey—"Oh! that's all right. You did me a good turn. I got out fifty chances at \$50 each on the horse, and nobody kicked except the man who won and I gave him back his \$50."

"What are you doing down in the cellar?" asked the puzzled rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your business," replied the hen, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

—Gathered.

TWO MORE OFF TO CAMP

Charles Leroy Younger Asks Assignment as Machine Gunner.



On the left we have Charles Leroy Younger, who has been working in the brass foundry grinding room since October 21, 1940 until November 15, 1941. He was inducted from Christian county in the November quota, and left Decatur on the 17th. He asked to be assigned to the armored troops as a machine gunner, and was sent to Fort Knox, Kentucky.

On the left is Robert F. Armstrong, who is now a private in the 3rd Platoon, Co. D, 29th M.T. Bn. at Camp Grant, Illinois. He also was inducted with the November quota, but from Macon county. Bob has been working in the brass shop of Department 8 since July, 1939. A brother, Russell, works at Plant 2.

FROM BOYS IN CAMP

Interesting Letters Received by Friends in the Organization.

From Earl Harris

Pvt. Earl Harris, Headquarters Flight, 26th Squadron, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, December 7: "It is strange how a soldier's life can change so completely over night; how one night he can be in town enjoying himself, and the next night be up working 'till all hours, knowing that his country is at war.

"At five o'clock this evening orders were flashed all over St. Louis ordering all soldiers back to their posts immediately, notices were flashed across the screens at theatres, and wherever men were congregated military police were there, too, sending the men back to camp. At 5:30 the combat squad fell out with full packs, rifles, blankets, and tents, and a short while later were taken to St. Louis to do special duty at defense plants. It was tough to think of having to stand guard all night in the cold after having worked all day, but you didn't hear a grumble from anyone.

"It is midnight as I write this. I haven't been to bed and probably won't be before this time tomorrow night. I am in charge of quarters tonight, and while the Sergeant is gone I have to use my own initiative in carrying out all orders coming from Squadron Headquarters. A short time ago I had orders to send two men to the Post Guard House with rifles and ammunition ready for duty. I finally

found two men, and after telling them what to do, I went back to the office. Twenty minutes later the Officer of the Day came around and wanted to know where the two men were. After looking all over the place I found they had been unable to draw rifles and had gone back to bed. You can guess what the O.D. said to me. When I got those boys up the second time you can bet they stayed up.

"Men here are pretty cool so far about Japan's attack. It is still hard to believe we are at war. We have orders to wear uniforms at all times, and all passes and furloughs are cancelled, but still the men can joke. We are slowly being whipped into shape, and when the time comes, as we know it will, we'll be ready to do our part."

* *

From Joe Brownback

Aviation Cadet Joseph Brownback, Moffett Field, Calif., December 6, 1941:

"Finished up my flying at Moffett Field today with a two and one-half hours, 300 mile non-stop cross country trip. Plenty long time to sit.

"We leave here Saturday, December 13, and report to Luke Field, Phoenix, Arizona, December 16. They are sending 50 of us smaller boys, 5'8" and under and not over 175 lbs. down there to be theoretically pursuit pilots. The rest of the boys about 100, are going to Stockton to fly multi-motored planes. You never know what kind of flying they will have you doing until after the orders are issued on graduation. If the planes are available, we at Phoenix will be flying (after the first five weeks) some of these fast jobs you read so much about.

"After being in the air corps for awhile you get so it doesn't make any difference where they send you or what they have you doing, because you can't do anything about it anyway.

"The way it works out I will have a day in Los Angeles, which I am going to spend at the plant and see just how good their ground key stops are. I have only been in L.A. once and they were closed then so as yet I have not seen the factory."

* *

From William C. Rohman

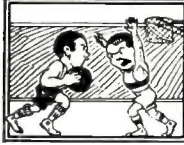
Pvt. William C. Rohman has been transferred to the 207th M.P. Co., Ft. McClellan, Alabama, and he writes quite amusingly of his experiences as a policeman. Excerpts from one of his recent letters follows:

"This M.P. business is the kitten's pajamas. Here it is Friday afternoon and we have done absolutely nothing except eat and sleep. Some of the others play poker, shoot dice, and get drunk. I am

(Continued on Page 6)



You'll recognize Willie Rohman on the right. Well?— Who is it on the left?



Athletics



BASKET BALL

Mueller Cardinals

The Mueller Cardinals are playing some very good basketball this season. They are playing three games a week against the strongest independent teams in this part of the state, and have won to date about 75 per cent of the games.

This year's team is probably the greatest scoring team that has ever worn the Mueller suits. Every man on the squad is capable of scoring several points in any game, and because of this they are running up high scores in most every game they play.

Mueller employees who like basketball are missing a lot if they don't come to the Mueller gym on Monday and Wednesday nights to see our boys in action.

Mueller Mules

The boys on the Mules squad are boys who like to play basketball, but who haven't had enough experience to play with the Cardinals. What the boys lack in experience they make up in fight and determination, and so far this season have been playing some very good basketball. These boys usually play the first game on Monday and Wednesday evenings at the gym.

PING PONG

The men's singles tournament is now going into the final stages, and it looks as though we are going to crown a new champion again this year. No one has ever won two years in a row in the five years that these tournaments have been held, and only one man has won it twice. It looks now like Otha Mills and Dean Craig will play for the championship. This is Dean's first year of competition, and Mills is a veteran. He has been runner-up for the last two years.

VOLLEY BALL

The round robin volley ball tournament will start on Wednesday, December 10, at 4 P. M. in the gym. There are five teams entered this year, and each team will play each of the other teams once. The team that wins the most games in this play-off will be considered the winner of the volley ball tournament.

The teams that are entered are: Office, Tool Makers, Engineers, Dept. 8, and Dept. 9 and Dept. 300 combined.

BOWLING NEWS

The Bowling League is still a nip and tuck affair. Three teams are still tied for first place, and the next two teams are right behind them.

The only team that needs a shot in the arm is the Product Engineers, and they

say that before long they will be on top of the league.

Below is a summary of the standing as of December 9:

Team Standing

Team—	G.	W.	L.	Pct.	Av.
Works Mgr. Office	45	28	17	.622	841
Specialty Division	45	27	18	.600	830
Tool Makers	45	26	19	.578	798
Accountants	45	26	19	.578	739
Plumbers	45	24	21	.533	809
Grd. Key Division	45	22	23	.489	820
Pattern Shop	45	22	23	.489	804
Exp. Shop	45	20	25	.444	833
Finishers	45	20	25	.444	788
Product Engineers	45	10	35	.222	765

Ten High Bowlers

Player and Team—	G.	Av.	H.G.
C. Dodwell, Accountants	24	189	226
H. Blankenburg, Ground Key	42	185	238
K. Blankenburg, Specialty Div.	43	183	241
A. Thompson, Plumbers	45	183	246
W. Behrns, Works Mgr. Office	39	182	228
L. Adams, Finishers	45	181	235
W. Edwards, Specialty Div.	42	180	241
C. Hill, Tool Makers	41	177	227
Cl. Hill, Exp. Shop	36	176	222
E. Hartwig, Specialty Division	45	175	251

Fish Build Nest

The Epinoche fish builds a nest around the stalk of an undersea plant and uses it as a deposit for its eggs.

LITTLE LOLA LEE



Meet Lola Lee, who was eight months old when this picture was taken. She was born February 17, 1941, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mason, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Hoy. Mr. Hoy works in the brass foundry. Lola Lee also has an aunt, Mildred Hoy, who works in the plumbing division.

HONORS UNEXPECTED

Harold Moats Gets Trophy For Which He Did Not Contest.

Harold Moats of the Pattern Shop has just experienced the unusual distinction of being the winner of a contest without knowing that he had entered. A few days ago he received a package from Hollywood, Calif., which upon opening proved to be a trophy about twelve inches high. The gold plated figure of a woman holds aloft the symbol of "Reel Fellows," a friendly fraternity of movie amateurs sponsored by Home Movies Magazine, and upon the gun-metal base is inscribed these words "Harold Moats, for Technical Achievement, Home Movies Magazine, Annual Amateur Contest, 1941."



Harold had designed and made two gadgets for movie cameras, which he submitted to Home Movies Magazine, and which were featured in the April and May issues of their publication. Harold received many inquiries from other amateur movie fans all over the country, and he had made up blue prints and instructions for making this equipment. No attempt was made to patent or commercialize the two inventions.

Home Movies Magazine, in describing Harold's gadgets, said: "Probably the most notable amateur development for making a wipe-off and wipe-on effect is the apparatus designed and built for a Keystone 8 mm. camera by Harold Moats of Decatur."

Also, Harold received recognition for an automatic fading device which he built which enabled him to make smooth, profession-like lap dissolves. "This gadget is coupled with his camera and produces a fade mechanically opening or closing the lens diaphragm, and a dial on the gadget enables measuring length of fade to the exact frame; also winding back the film."

Easy

He: "You're so good at conundrums, try this."

She: "Sure, go ahead."

He: "Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters: I am still the same. What am I?"

She: "That's easy. You're a mail-carrier!"

—Christian Science Monitor.

(Continued from Page 5)

having a continual reading session with a stack of something called 'Esquire'.

"If this keeps up I'll certainly gain weight. I'm up to 170 now. This can't last, however, because we must be able to move out in two hours notice. Our job is very similar to an ordinary policeman. The threat of imminent strikes is keeping us confined to the company area. The rumor is that we leave tomorrow for Harlan, Kentucky, where there may be a strike. You can't believe all you hear. I have always wanted excitement and this seems like a good place to get it.

"When I get to Birmingham I have to buy myself a holster and blackjack. The holster we are issued is too slow to draw from and very hard to keep shined.

"You should see that mustache of mine. It really takes the cake. I look like a genuine soldier model for others to copy from. It's too much trouble to trim, though. When my razor slips—off it comes."

DEATHS

Mrs. Jack Enloe

Mrs. Jack Enloe, age 24, died Saturday, December 6 in the Decatur and Macon County hospital. A son, Jon Bartlett, had been born to her on Thursday.



Betty, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Earl Bartlett, was born in Decatur May 15, 1917, and married Jack Enloe on July 1, 1937. She had worked in the core room from October 8, 1936 until last May except for a short interval, and had a multitude of friends both within and outside the organization. Last year she was one of the four girl ushers at all the shows given in the gymnasium.

She is survived by her husband, Jack; her son; her parents; two sisters, Katherine, who works in the core room, and Nancy Ann Bartlett, and a grandmother, Nellie L. Bartlett of Decatur.

Funeral services were held at 2 P.M. Tuesday, December 9, at the Brintlinger chapel with burial in Graceland cemetery.

Jack, who is a clerk in Department 9, is the son of Personnel Director W. S. Enloe.

James A. Duncan

James A. Duncan, father of Lester Duncan of the Plumbing Division, died November 12 in the Decatur and Macon County hospital. He had farmed near Decatur for 23 years until failing health forced his retirement in 1931. Funeral services were held at the Monson funeral home with burial in Memorial Park cemetery.

Mrs. Shirl Tish

Mrs. Shirl Tish, wife of Shirl Tish of the Brass Foundry, died November 16 after an illness of several months. She leaves her husband and two sons, Richard and Harold, at home.

Funeral services were held in the Moran & Sons funeral home with burial in Macon County Memorial Park cemetery.

BRASS CHIPS

Lillie Embrey, Dept. 8, who has been confined at her home since October 4 because of serious illness, is reported to be somewhat improved.

Earl Bethards, Plant 2, has returned to work following a battle with pneumonia from November 11 to December 1.

Hugh Kerwood, Dept. 300, has been laid up because of an injury to his knee. He spent several days in the hospital taking treatments, and then returned to his home.

Wonder if Howard Gragg can't sing or is he really as bashful as he seemd to be at the Veterans' Dinner. We know some men who wouldn't have been so hard to persuade to join a pretty girl with an accordion.

At first glance it seemed merely coincidental that Louise Whitehead and Frank Taylor should find seats at the dinner table so near each other, but as time went on the suspicion grew that they had intentionally done so in order to check up on each other's calories.

"P. T. Barnum" Auer, who has been getting his picture in the newspaper with such celebrities as Bob Elson, was discovered in another role the night of the Veterans' Dinner—that of bell boy. A candid camera man could have gotten a splendid story-telling shot if he had been on hand as Walt staggered out under the mountain of baggage belonging to Pat Melville, the pretty accordion player. We noted, however, that Walt disdained all offers of help.

And prop man, Loyle Davis, missed his turkey dinner because he was supplying last minute demands for unexpected stage scenery. Oh, well, some thought has been given to putting Loyle on a diet anyhow.

Of course some allowances should be made for irregularities in the actions of Assistant Paymaster Otha Mills when pay day comes a day early, and a holiday makes his working time even less—but when he sits up in the office and dials the Mueller Co. number on the bell phone, and then calls 31, his own number on the inside phone, it's time for an investigation.

Louis Schario, who was among the four men who had been with the company forty-five years or more, stated that he had been in Decatur fifty-two years, and had never worked for anyone except the Muellers. He began working for Hieronymus Mueller at his house, then went to the gun shop, the plumbing shop, and finally the factory.

Jim Thorpe, who claimed never to have made a speech in his life except one time

when he was on a jury, told of how Oscar Mueller hired him to dig a ditch, then had him moving lumber, and when it began to rain he was transferred to the shipping department where his factory career began.

Twenty-six of the men who were laid off in November because of the company's inability to secure defense contracts and the government's ruling which curtails the use of metals essential for defense, have been transferred to Chattanooga, where they will work in the munitions plant.

Fourteen left on November 26, and twelve more followed on December 11. The first group included: From the Construction Department: Robert Elliott; from the Brass Foundry: Clyde Schoonover, Sherman Hubler, F. Leonard Ursery; from the Brass Shop, Department 8: Myron Carroll, Claude Inman, Cecil Moomey, Ferdn. Herried, Lloyd Dillerman, Geo. W. Sadler, Gerald Wyne, Rupert S. Henry, Hallie Bafford; from Plumbing Division: James Grandfield.

Those leaving December 11 were: From Foundry: Pershing Griffith, John Harding, Dennis Wilhelm; from Dept. 8: Galen Jenkins, Russell Short, Coleman Griffith, J. Tom Cook, Floyd Donnell, Carl Hamilton, Delmar Baum, Clifford Wilkinson; from Dept. 110: Clyde Buster.

Left Handkerchief Home

Chaplin: "What brought you to prison, my good man?"

Prisoner: "A cold in my head."

Chaplin: "How could that be?"

Prisoner: "I had to sneeze and woke up the night watchman."

Common Specie

A professor, on a big game hunt, fired at a rustle in the brush. His veteran guide went to investigate.

"Well," the novice demanded, "What specie have I shot?"

The Guide:—"Says his name's Smith."

"Have you any good pork?"

"Good pork? Say, I've got some pork that will make better chicken salad than any tuna fish you can buy."

You Gotta

"What is the difference between a bathroom and a cemetery?"

"There is no difference. When you gotta go—you gotta go."

St. Valentine

St. Valentine was a Roman priest who was martyred in the third century, but he seems to have nothing to do with the day of his name.

There would be but few mysteries in this world if people looked into everything as closely as a woman looks into a mirror.

SARNIA

We are very sorry to report the passing of Mr. Frank Hall of Dept. 14. Mr. Hall had been in our employ for approximately one year and a half. He died very suddenly on November 26th from a form of paralysis.

—:—

Miss Vivian Miller from Dept. 1 is recuperating in Sarnia General Hospital following a slight operation. We hope she will soon be better and back in circulation again.

—:—

Air Gunner Bill Whiting of the R. C. A. F. called at the office last month. Bill has been stationed for several months at Paulson, Man. and was enroute to an Eastern Port. Bill was formerly employed in our Assembly Department.

—:—

The "Jack Littles" have a little one, Master Wm. John, born Nov. 28. Jack was so excited he went up and bowled a 300 game without even looking down the alley. Congratulations Jaek and Mrs. Little.

—:—

"Can't a Fellow Have Any Privacy?"



The two Bears pictured above are Master Alan Browett, son of Charles Browett of the Accounting Department and his Teddy bear. Alan is six months old.

—:—

Ted Pembleton of Dept. 14 has joined the R. C. A. F. and leaves on Dec. 19th for Manning Depot.

—:—

Mr. G. W. Parker (Office) and Mr. H. Foster (British Supply Board) are available for any unloading jobs that might come up unexpectedly after hours.

Bill Nisbet of Dept. 9 was married on November 22nd to Margaret Prail of Blackwell. Congratulations Folks.

—:—

It seems we have a poet in our midst since the following piece of poetry was found on the writer's desk one morning recently. You may draw your own conclusions—

"G" is for Guzzy
The Crowe with two legs—
When he is not chatting,
He is laying some eggs.

"P" is for Peggy
That noble Bird
That Fours the coffee
When the whistle is heard.

They flew down to Windsor
The other day—
The Clouds were so thick
They got lost (so they say).

The Bowling Alley was going strong
When Alex arrived he sounded the Gong.
The going got tougher as play went along
Now you can hear them singing this song,
Caw-Caw-Caw-Caw.

—:—

Dogs, like men, have personality and individuality as well as intelligence, and affection. They do other things besides chase cats and chickens and roll on the neighbor's flower beds. Then again they form acquaintances with persons for whom they develop



a liking. Charlie Gibson, watchman at the main gate, knows this. The photo presents his dog friend. No one knows where the animal comes from or to whom it belongs, but at intervals the "it" appears at the gate, pays Charlie a friendly visit and disappears. A fine friendship has sprung up.

BIRTHS

GIDEON—Mr. and Mrs. Glen Gideon, a son, November 5. Glen works at Plant 2.

McCOY—Mr. and Mrs. Wayne McCoy, a daughter, November 7. Wayne works at Plant 2.

BRIMM—Mr. and Mrs. Karl Brimm, a son, Gary William, November 28. Karl is a pressman in the Printing Department.

ENLOE—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Enloe, a son, Jon Barlett, December 4.

LEBO—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lebo, Dept 9 a son, December 9

VISIT DEFENSE TRAIN

Frank Taylor, Walter Auer, and Leo Wiant visited the special defense train in Springfield on December 9. Manufacturers were issued special invitations by the Office of Production Management to look over the 21,000 needed defense items and to report their ability to handle government contracts.

"When I sets, I sets loose," said Aunty, a 90-year old colored woman, when she was asked what she believed to be the secret of her long life.

MABEL GATES WAS MAID OF HONOR



Left:— Assisted by her husband Mrs. Gates cuts the cake at reception in Decatur Club. Note the guiding hand of the attentive groom. Right:— Girl friends of Mabel leaving church, Ferne Pope, Louise Whitehead, Mrs. Betzer and sister, Helen Pope

Mabel Gates of the Stationery Department was maid of honor at the wedding of her brother, Joe Gates, to Miss Helen Maderia on December 5. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John A. Nansen in the First Congregational church in the presence of three hundred guests.

The bride was beautiful in a white slipper satin gown with sweetheart neckline, pointed sleeves, and a long torso. A seed pearl coronet caught her finger tip length veil.

Mabel wore pink chiffon with an ostrich feather ornament in her hair and carried Virginia carnations and sweet peas.

Other attendants were Mrs. Franklin Wait and Miss Bernadine Nemyer, who wore lavender taffeta. George Pierce was best man, and Jack Grant, Meredith Watts, and Albert Dougherty were ushers.

Following a reception at the Decatur Club, Mr. and Mrs. Gates left for a trip to New Orleans and are now at 310 North Pine street.

Wiseley-Smith

Madeline Wiseley and Harold T. Smith, Dept. 8, were married Thanksgiving Day at 3 P. M. in the First Christian church. Rev. William T. Nichols officiated before 400 guests in the candle-lighted church decorated with palms and white ferns.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Royal S. Wiseley, and the bridegroom the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Smith. Mrs. Fred David was matron of honor, and Miss Mary Margaret Hendricks was maid of honor. Junior bridesmaids were Priscilla Jean Smith, sister of the bridegroom; Joan Wiseley, sister of the bride. Janet and Sally Smith, small nieces of the bridegroom, were flower girls and carried tiny white baskets of rose petals. LeRoy Smith was his brother's best man, and Joseph Bergbower

was attendant. Ushers were Fred Davis, Arnold Miller, Orville Allen, and William Wood. Robert Wiseley, brother of the bride, sang several numbers accompanied by Miss Maxie Radford.

A reception was held in the home of the bride's parents, and after a wedding trip to Chicago the couple are now at home at 2078 N. Church street.

Bricker-Brett



Miss Evelyn Bricker, daughter of Mrs. Linnie Bricker of Maroa, and Keith Brett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brett, R. R. 1, Decatur, were married September 1 in Paris, Missouri, by the Baptist minister. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Harve Braden of Decatur.

The bride graduated from the Maroa high school, class of 1940, attended Brown's

(Continued on Next Page)

FIRE AND WATER

Two of our great Nimrods—Charles Cochran and Blue Lusk—had a thrilling experience "down on the Okaw" recently which time will not efface for many years. It was a day and night of wild adventure, in which fire and water figured as an exciting stage setting. The water came first. They had started up the river in the flat boat pictured above by Rex Smith. Carefully laid plans provided for a vantage point for duck shooting. When this point was reached Charlie stood up in the boat while the landing was being made. In the bottom of the boat was a loose board to which he had not been properly introduced. The board went one way and Charlie went the other—taking a header into the stream. Nothing was left exposed except the bot-



oms of his wading boots, which gyrated in the air faster than the propeller blades of an airplane. Just how he managed to get on his feet is not clear, but he did and he was glad to do so. The big flock of ducks passing over gave him the "quack quack" which meant, "We will not be back." When he managed to get into the boat, there was nothing to do but go back to the cabin to dry out.

That night he was suddenly aroused by Blue's frenzied cry of "Fire, fire, let's get out of here." There was a fire in the cabin, but it was only the reflection on the ceiling seen by Blue.

"If it had been a fire," commented Charlie, "we'd had a fat chance of putting it out except had it been after my 'ducking' experience. At that time I had more water in my clothes than they keep in the reservoir at the water works. Anyway, it was a tie game, and we both promised to keep it quiet, but somebody leaked."

Lincoln Biographies

It is estimated that between 1,500 and 1,800 biographies of Lincoln have been written.

GLENN STONE IN AFRICA

Glenn Stone, who formerly worked in the Brass Foundry, but checked out to accept a position with the Firestone Plantation Co. in Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa, has written us an interesting letter.

"I am now in Africa, arriving here October 27 after leaving New York, September 26, thirty-one days in all. It took 16 days to cross the ocean and arrive at Bathurst, the first port. We were there five days, then went on down the coast to Freetown, where we stayed 9 days. Both of these ports being English, we were not allowed to go ashore. We then came on down the coast to Marshall, where we got off two miles out at sea, riding in a launch to Farnington river and up river about 20 miles to Firestone Plantation.

"I had four men with me, and the next day we started setting up machinery. I used my four men and thirty natives. They are rather small in size and can speak but little English. We have a head man over them to whom the orders are given, and he tells them, and after explaining and showing they do very well, but very slow. We work two shifts six hours a day, seven days a week.

"The natives live in huts running in from 500 to 2,000 in a camp. They work for a shilling a day, about 20c in our money. That is the highest wage, and the lowest is sixpence, which is 10c in our money. They wear very few clothes and live on rice and fruit, which is oranges and bananas. The oranges and bananas when ripe are about the same as in the States, but are green instead of yellow and orange.

"Summer starts here the first of October, and ends in May. The only difference is that it rains more in winter.

"The chief hunting is leopard, deer, and bush cow, which are plentiful. We are building an airport right in the jungle at the edge of the Firestone Plantation. The trees are palm and mahogany. There are plenty of monkeys and snakes. I have seen as many as fifty monkeys in one tree. There are two snakes which are dangerous, a hissing snake which is green in color and very hard to see. The other is the cobra, which stays in trees. I do not go out on the field unless I have two natives with me armed with spears. They can see and hear very much better than I, so I am not in much danger. I live right next to Farnington river, which has quite a few alligators. I am to go leopard hunting soon.

"I cannot begin to write all I have seen, but the next letter I will tell you about a leopard hunt."

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Business College, and is now working in the Cost Department.

The bridegroom also graduated from Marroa high school, class 1940, and is engaged in farming and raising live stock.

Mr. and Mrs. Brett are living on a farm north of Decatur.

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE

(Further Ruminations from a Third Floor Window)

Every day the flag atop the Mueller water tower, which we have watched in times of stress and times of peace, takes on new significance. There is a message in that banner that flies, rain or shine, and whatever crisis we may have to face in days ahead, we hope that we may be faithful to what we learn from Old Glory outside our Third Floor Windows.

In comparison with world-shaking events which have filled our minds the past two

(Continued on Page 11)

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE

(Continued from Preceding Page)

weeks our own personal affairs seem small and unimportant, but life goes on—

□ □

There is the matter of Christmas shopping. There seems to be a determination among our friends here to make this Christmas a happy one for unfortunate people and for all children, to whom the season so rightfully belongs. And so, the proud daddies, the mothers, and the doting aunties (and for Christmas zeal we think nobody can excel an aunt) are full of plans and schemes, busy with shopping and package-wrapping.

□ □

It seems that there are no limits to Dorothy Gepford's resourcefulness. The other night she attended the William McGovern lecture on Latin America, one of the Community lecture series. She presented a ticket to the boy at the door, who, after some head-scratching punched the pasteboard and allowed Dotty and her sister to enter. After she had been seated, Dorothy glanced at her ticket, which she still held in her hand. To her complete amazement, she found that she had been admitted on a ticket for the next Mueller vaudeville show! And now we want to know just what preference Walter Auer will give to a lecture series ticket at the Mueller shows?

□ □

Dotty Gepford, by the way, has just been elected president of Daughsis Club, a social and welfare organization for daughters and sisters of Masons. Congratulations.

□ □

June Krumsiek spent the week-end of November 29 in St. Louis. While there she and her friends saw the Sonja Henie ice show.

□ □

Mrs. W. G. Cranston, mother of Jane, is making good recovery from injuries received in a bad fall down the basement steps that sent her to the hospital for a week or so.

□ □

Dorothy Cooper was summoned for service on the petit jury beginning December 15. Another obligation of citizenship.

□ □

Letters from our boys in Uncle Sam's service are always read with considerable pleasure, but these missives received during the last week or so have been of deep interest. Without exception, the letters have revealed splendid morale, courage and stamina of a high order in the face of danger,

GOTTLIEB DECIDES TO QUIT

After Thirty-Six Years He Decides to Take
A Rest

When Gottlieb Leipski voluntarily terminated his employment with the Mueller Co. on November 30, 1941 he brought to a close thirty-six years of continuous service as a tester in the Brass Finishing Department.



Gottlieb was born in Ostrade, Germany, November 11, 1872. In 1896 he married Henrietta Kuntz, and brought his bride to the United States for a honeymoon. Both liked this country so well that they never returned to the land of their birth. On November 5, 1904, Gottlieb became a naturalized citizen, and in February, 1905, he began working for the Mueller Co. Day by day for that long period of time, Gottlieb was on the job, always punctual, always cheerful, and always loyal both to the country of his adoption and to the company for whom he worked. He made many friends and raised a family of seven children, all of whom are living except one. The children are Martha, Adolph, Henry, Henrietta, Esther, Robert, and Emma (deceased). Emma worked in the Polishing Department from 1921 to 1925. Two of the boys are employed here now, Henry, a pattern maker, and Robert, who is an apprentice tool maker.

Mr. and Mrs. Leipski, in addition to raising a fine family, acquired their own home at 1321 E. Condit street, where they have lived for the last seventeen years.

About a month ago they celebrated their forty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Leipski is an aunt of Bill and Frank Kuntz, both tool makers for the company.

Ill health has forced Mr. Leipski's retirement at the age of 69, when both he and Mrs. Leipski have become eligible for the Federal Old Age Benefits.

hardship, unknown destinations in the future. Need we say that we are all exceedingly proud?

□ □

We cannot hope that the coming holidays the very young, but to our readers, if any, will be extremely merry ones except for we hope that Christmas will bring a measure of hope and satisfying trust in the worthwhile things in which we believe and which we are defending.

“BARGAIN COLUMN PAGE”

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ITEMS FOR SALE

FOR SALE CHEAP: “Handy Man” garden tractor, 5 inch plow, disk, cultivator, and hilling shovels. H. M. Carter, Plant 2.

FOR SALE: Choice suburban lot in Maryland Heights, 75 ft. x 140 ft. east frontage. Two blocks off hard road, close to school. Bill Mueller, Dept. 300. Phone 3-3207.

FOR SALE: Kitchen cabinet about 2 x 4 feet. Green enamel body, white enamel top. First class condition; Bargain. Ring 2-1697.

FOR SALE:—One complete paint spray less motor, in fair condition. \$10. Wm. T. O’Dell, Dept. 80.

FOR SALE:—Ping-pong table and equipment. Used only three months. See Elizabeth Raskin, Core Department.

FOR SALE: Philco tube Console model radio, cheap. Howard Blankenship, Dept. 9.

FOR SALE: Pine kindling, cut and split stove length. \$2.50 load delivered. See Harold Mohr, Dept. 63.

FOR SALE: Tender Baby Golden Popcorn. Kept under sanitary conditions. Guaranteed to pop. 8c a lb. George L. Hunt, 536 N. Monroe St.

FOR SALE: Yellow Popcorn—9c per pound. Roy Pease, Harris-town Telephone 246.

FOR SALE: 1 Motrola record player and 70 records. Also 7 record albums in good condition. A bargain at \$20.00. F. W. Dannewitz, Dept. 36. Phone 2-6934.

Close Call

Two backwoodsmen knock on the door of a cabin.

“Howdy, Joe, me and Ed just found the body of a dead man over there in the holler, and we thought maybe it was you.”

“What’d he look like?”

“He was about your build, and—”

“Did he have on a flannel shirt?”

“Yup.”

“With red and white checks?”

“No, it was plain grey.”

(Closing the door)—“Nope, it wasn’t me.”

Three little girls were playing with their dolls. Their ages were three, four and five. The five-year-old said:

“If I had my life to live over again, I’d never eat spinach.”

The four-year-old said. “I wouldn’t ever take any castor oil.”

The three-year-old kept busy with her dolls and said nothing. Finally one of the others asked her what she would do.

“If I had my life to live over,” said the little girl, “I would want to be a bottle baby, so I wouldn’t get cigarette ashes in my eyes when I was nursing.”

How’s His Waist-Line?

He was discussing his son and heir, whom he had recently taken into the business:

“Well, yes, he’s shaping pretty well, but he has a long way to go yet before he’ll have a head big enough to fill my shoes.”

Scot Saved Penny

A Scot living in London called at a cat’s meat shop one morning, gave his address, and asked that penny-worth of meat be delivered in the afternoon.

Some time later, the proprietor of the shop was surprised when the Scot rushed in and said he wished to cancel the order.

“What’s the matter? Is your cat dead?”

“Naw, naw,” chuckled the Scot, he’s just caught a mouse.”

A well known local doctor received six pairs of silk socks from an eastern house with the following letter enclosed:

“Dear Sir: We are taking the liberty of sending six pairs of exceptionally good hose. Because these hose have the approval of thousands of discriminating dresse s, we know you’ll like them.”

“Please send us \$2.00.”

Doctor’s reply:

“I am taking the liberty of sending you \$2.00 worth of extra fine pills. These pills have helped thousands and I am sure you will appreciate my thoughtfulness in sending them.

“Please accept them in payment for the hose sent me under date of June 3rd.”

Couldn’t Fool Him Twice

One of the psychology students at an asylum noticed one of the inmates wheeling a wheel-barrow upside down.

“That’s not the way to push that thing,” the visitor said, “you’ve got it upside down.”

“Oh, have I?” answered the lunatic. “Well, I used to push it the other way and they put bricks in it.”

Leave It to the Ladies

Salesman (wiping the sweat from his brow)—“I’m afraid, madam, we’ve shown you all our stock of linoleum, but we could get more from our factory.”

Customer: “Well, perhaps you had better! You see, I want something of a neater pattern and quite small—just a little square for my bird cage!”

Antonyms

A teacher was instructing her class in the use of antonyms. “Now children,” she said, “what is the opposite of sorrow?”

“Joy,” shrieked the class in unison.

“What is the opposite of pleasure?”

“Pain.”

And what is the opposite of woe?”

“Giddup.”