



ADOLPH



FRED



BOB

The
Mueller Record
Minstrel Number



December-January
1918-1919



OSCAR



PHIL



FRANK

The Mueller Record

VOL. VII

DECEMBER-JANUARY, 1918-1919

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EDITORIAL

The editor of the Record seldom obtrudes with anything of a personal character in the columns of the Record, but the opportunity of participation in and observation of the work in all its phases for a period of 12 years would seem to justify a little comment, especially bearing upon the social side of the company's policy.

The recent holiday festivities suggested this thought.

Never in twelve repetitions of this season have we seen such complete accord and good fellowship as marked the recent holidays. There was an abundance of Christmas cheer and it was marked by a deeper sincerity and breathed more truly of the real Christmas spirit than any preceding celebration of like character in our history.

There was genuine sentiment in all that was done, and less of the giving as a purely perfunctory duty.

The gifts carried with them the spirit of cooperation and loyalty and emphasized in a marked degree the feeling of democracy which has always existed between the Mueller company and its employes. In no instance was this feeling more clearly illustrated than at the meeting in the service box building when the employes made their presents to the firm. It was as a big family coming together to express their good wishes for a Merry Christmas.

Surely it was a Christmas that Mueller employes will long remember, and it augurs a stronger welding together of the organization in promoting greater efficiency throughout the coming years.



UNCLE SAM'S BOYS

Starred upon the Roll of Honor
From all corners of the world,
Foreign names and foreign faces
Stand with Stars and Stripes unfurled,
Czech and Slovak, Serk and Armenian,
Swede, Norwegian, Pole and Greek,
Magyar, Finn—what matter forbears
When one common goal they seek?
When for Justice, Mercy, Freedom,
Side by side they join the fray,
Uncle Sam is proud to call them,
Each and all—his boys today!

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

When the moody and somber Prince of Denmark uttered these words he knew that it was only through some subtle means that he could hope to reach the conscience of the lecherous and murderous uncle who had deprived him of father, mother and a kingdom. And those who have studied the play know how admirably he succeeded. It was a happy thought on his part.

And so it was a happy thought on our part when it was decided that we should give a children's party and a minstrel party and dance at night, as a culmination of the most memorable of all Christmas holidays in the Mueller factory. We had no guilty conscience to quicken into a confession of guilt, but with the same subtlety of the play we wanted to reach the risibilities of the Mueller employes and revive and quicken their good humor and good fellowship. And those who attended the minstrel performance to the number of about 2000 know how admirably the plan succeeded.

The minstrel performance held in the new reclamation building will always be remembered as a notable event among Mueller social activities. In the first place it was a genuine surprise to all. Many of those who attended did so with doubts and misgivings, especially Roy Hughes, J. W. Wells and Fred Klinck, who had been forewarned that they would get a good panning from the end men. But the majority had misgivings of a different character. They wondered if they would be bored or entertained.

These doubts were speedily dispelled when the curtain was rolled up and displayed a coterie of blackface Mueller artists sitting behind real footlights, surrounded by real theatrical scenery. There was a professional atmosphere in the entire arrangement which presaged an evening of fun, and it certainly followed in full measure.

The opening number "Star Spangled Banner" in which all joined, put everybody in fine fettle for the real performance which followed, every number being right up to the minute, and being accorded an encore. The songs were modern and appealing, and the special features were worthy of the interest and applause they created. In a family affair, such as this was, it may be somewhat unfair to particularize and still

to give the exact facts it must be stated that Mr. Adolph's "Old Black Joe" and Bob Collins' "Buckwheats" were the features of the evening. It seems still more unfair to mention these two performers in particular when we know of their manifest advantage because of previous professional training and experience.

Few of us realize that we have been in daily contact with two professional stars of the theatrical world. Adolph, in his younger days was a member of a minstrel party which visited Brush College. This is not a college at all but a small country school house, and the countryside, not being accustomed to frequent enjoyment of theatrical performances, turned out in goodly number, but they were wise enough to know that the performance did not measure up to advance notices and they generously donated a considerable quantity of their vegetable crops to the company.

Bob Collins used to "beat up" on the piano with a traveling troupe. In consequence these two are at home on the stage.

Adolph's "Old Black Joe" impersonation was very good, both in acting and singing. He had a sympathetic audience, and his characterization was so natural, and his plaintive refrain "I'm Coming" so touching that Barney Marty nearly shed tears. Adolph's once good singing voice is a long way from being worn out and he really used it with fine effect in this tender old darkey melody.

Bob Collins' monologue was quite a professional stunt. He and stage fright parted company years ago and he was apparently in his element. He kept the audience in a roar for about ten minutes and he did it very cleverly too.

Mueller Premier Minstrel Program

Musical Director.....R. Collins
Drills and Stage Movements.....Geo. Stoy
Stage Setting and Management.....H. Maxwell
Lyrics.....R. T. Brady
Sec'y. and Treas.....C. Cobb
General Management.....L. H. Burleigh
Pianist.....Zenda Frew
Drums.....C. Sipe

SCENE—GOOD OLD U. S. A.

Star Spangled Banner.....Audience
Leader.....Bernice Taylor
Assistant.....Margaret Lindsey
Assistant.....Lucile Peel

OPENING CHORUS

Sing Me a Song of the Sunny South.....Quartet
That's a Grand Old Flag.....Minstrel Chorus
Smiles.....A. Watkins
If He Can Fight Like He Can Love.....E. Baker
The Navy Will Bring Them Back.....R. Baker
Ja Da.....S. Smink
Old Black Joe.....A. Mueller
Clog Dance.....C. Fisk
Beautiful Ohio.....E. E. Powell
Song.....Quartet
Buck and Wing Dance.....L. Cochran
Buckwheat Cakes.....R. Collins
I'll Say She Docs.....C. Wisher
Song.....Quartet
Lindy Lu.....A. Lindamood and W. Thomas
Dance.....P. Cullen
He's a Yankee Doodle Dandy.....Minstrel Chorus

END MEN

Tambos.....Bones
A. Mueller (Rapidac).....R. Collins (Fits-em-all)
C. Lincoln (No-Bo).....R. Mueller (Neverlose)
B. Jackson (Outaway).....G. Stoy (Lowdown)
L. H. Burleigh, Interlocutor

CIRCLE

E. Baker	A. Watkins	C. Cobb
C. Wisher	R. Baker	C. Auer
S. Smink	R. T. Brady	H. Kirkwood
E. Thompson	C. Gillabrand	P. Cullen
A. Thompson	R. Wilkins	H. Maxwell
E. E. Powell	A. Lindamood	L. Potter
G. Troxel	J. B. Dixon	C. Fisk
L. Cochran	W. Thomas	

The Stage

The stage was something to make us all feel proud. It was a substantial temporary affair erected in the east end of the reclamation building and it had all the symptoms of a real stage. Scenery borrowed from the Lincoln Square Theater gave a real theatrical touch, which with a row of incandescent lights properly reflected completed the arrangement. Chairs and benches arranged in a semi-circle gave a person a comfortable seat and provided an unobstructed view of the stage. Immediately upon conclusion of the performance a flashlight picture was taken of the performers, and then Billy Mason's gang got busy and removed the seats for dancing.

The Mueller Band took their places on the stage and from 9:30 until just before midnight there was a merry party on the floor. It surely was a gay crowd, and the scene was a pretty one. Paper hats of different designs and colors were worn by the dancers. When the final number was reached on the program the entire company agreed that it had been an evening of genuine enjoyment.



E. E. POWELL SINGING "BEAUTIFUL OHIO"



AND THE CAT LIKED IT

We all know that Klinck has a dog. We have heard a great deal pro and con about the canine. At first it was a great deal "pro" and a great reputation was built up for the animal. And then it was a great deal "con" with the result that the dog has little or no reputation left.

Among other stories about this dog is the one which Bobbie Mueller tells. Almost any dog though unable to trace his pedigree even faintly, will fight a cat, but



this Klinck dog of long pedigree and noble ancestry refused absolutely to sustain the traditional reputation of his kind. When he was "sicked" on a spitting cat with arched back and swelling tail, he trotted up meekly and licked the cat in the face. "And that cat liked it."

In proof whereof we present a snapshot of the cat.

As Bobbie says, however, you can't expect much of a dog which will eat custard pie and candy, even if he does look like a bull dog.



BILLY'S NEXT MOVE

His Statement That He Is in the Matrimonial Market Calls Forth Tender Letter

The marriage of Charles Ford is causing Billy some trouble. While here recently Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Ford were given a reception. Billy was in the city at the same time and a local paper reporting the event referred to "Mr. W. B. Ford and wife" as the couple for whom the party was given.

Mr. Robert wrote Billy a letter "kidding" him about his marriage and his success in keeping the news from his friends. Billy in turn wrote the local paper a good natured letter of protest and correction, insisting he was still in the market and look-

ing for a suitable wife. When a copy of the paper reached Miss Josie Drysdale of Biloxi, Miss., she wrote Billy as follows:

"Mr. W. B. Ford,
Decatur, Illinois,

Dear Mr. Ford: Your missive bearing the pleasant intelligence that you are seeking someone to woo and love, has just reached me. Being a maiden of tender years whose heart yearns for love and admiration I promptly comply to your courteous request. As I sit in my boudoir tonight and hear the wild waves lash yon shore I doubt if the restless waters are more turbulent than the love which dwells in my heart for thee. In speaking of your possessions I would have you remember that it is you and only you I care for. Just to hear you gently whisper:

'Fair daughter of a southern clime
Thou hast a witchery in that smile of
thine

A heart that is divine—
Oh, wilt thou be mine?"

Words like these falling from your manly lips would make two hearts beat as one.

Yours devotedly,

JOSIE DRYSDALE."

Your move, Billy. Speak up!



THANKS TO THE PORCH CLIMBERS

The gift of the "49 Club" to members of the firm consisted of a handsome Walrus leather card case and bill book. Upon receipt of his gift Mr. Oscar expressed his thanks as follows:

Port Huron, Mich., Dec. 30, '18.

"To the members of the 49 club,

My Dear Porch Climbers and Gentlemen: It is with much pleasure that we have received your kind Christmas greetings and remembrance for which I am very grateful.

I did note particularly that the purse was empty. I presume some of the Porch Climbers got to it before it was sent to me.

With kindest personal regards to all and wishing you all a most Happy and Prosperous New Year, I remain,

Yours very truly,

O. B. MUELLER."



MAKES HIM HOMESICK

"Shut that door!" yelled the rough man. "Where were you raised, in a barn?" The man addressed meekly and silently complied, but the speaker looking at him a moment later observed that he was in tears. Going over to his victim he apologized. "Oh, come," he said soothingly, "you shouldn't take it to heart because I asked if you were raised in a barn."

"That's it, that's it," sobbed the other man. "I was raised in a barn and it makes me homesick every time I hear an ass bray."—Boston Transcript.

PRETTY SCENE AT CHILDREN'S AFTERNOON PARTY



THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

The thought of giving a children's party during the holidays was discussed several times and it was unanimously decided that this was the proper thing to do. It was decided that children of employes, accompanied by their mothers, should be entertained in the reclamation building on the afternoon of December 28th, the hours being from 3:00 to 6:00 p. m.

Having decided this we proceeded to do it according to the best Mueller standards, and having done it we are satisfied that we did the right thing at the right time. Anyone who witnessed that happy group of children on the afternoon of December 28 will agree with us.

The decoration of the big reclamation building was assigned to the wives of the firm members and they discharged their duty with much credit to themselves. The national colors figured prominently in the decorations together with the red and green of the holiday season. In the extreme western angle of the building an imitation fireplace was cleverly constructed and here the Christmas gifts were bestowed on the little folks.

The wives of the members of the firm also served as a reception committee, meeting all the guests as they entered, and presented to each mother a carnation. The little folks were given paper hats of different designs and colors. There was every kind of hat imaginable and the scene was a pretty one as the little folks gathered in groups or scampered about in their organized play. About four hundred children were present.

The first thing they did was to participate in a grand march under the direction of Miss Pipal, physical director of the Y. W. C. A., and her assistants. Although the children had no previous training, they were keenly alive to what was expected of them and marched in good time and order.

Then Miss Pipal and assistants took the little girls and directed them in games while the boys were turned over to Mr. Duerr and his assistants—and there was a lively time in the succeeding hour.

And then came the real treat of the afternoon. Old Santa Claus, impersonated by C. C. Morris of the lead department, suddenly appeared amid shouts of approval from the little folks. They were lined up for the gifts and as they marched by the fireplace in the west end of the building each one received a bag of candy and a big red apple.

In the meantime Billy Mason's men were hustling benches and chairs into position for the moving picture show, which began at five o'clock and continued until after six. Comedy reels were shown and they were of the kind which appeal to children.

When the party broke up there was a general expression of approval from old and young alike. It was an affair which will long be remembered by the children, and is quite likely the first of a long line of such entertainments that will make the Mueller children look forward to holiday time with an added interest.



TALK FAST WHEN UNCERTAIN

And Talk Hard and Earnest When You Are Sure

At a recent departmental meeting the subject of making suggestions came up and Bobby Mueller spoke like an "old head." Bobby said if a suggestion was not taken up to make it again. He related some of his own experience in putting things over. Bobby said if you are hazy about any point talk fast and then emphasize the good ones. In harmony with his talk, the following is worth reading:

The Merit of Failures

Whenever you experience a setback or failure you simply come to a bend in the road, and not to the end of the road. You have proved to yourself that you have tried to do something in the wrong way.

All success is as harmful as eating too much rich food. Your estimates of success can be overnourished just as your body could be overnourished. A setback is like accepting rules of diet.

If you meet with a rebuff, there is a reason for it. Sometimes that reason is outside of yourself, and sometimes you are responsible for it. If you permit yourself to be discouraged you are the engineer who would stop trying to operate his locomotive simply because the rails were slippery, and forgets to use the sander.

A setback is simply a monitor of thought—it prompts self-inventory.

Setbacks are a good deal like danger signals along the right-of-way. Sometimes a train could make the greatest ultimate speed by going on to a side-track and waiting for another train to pass. Every setback is not as important or as harmful as a wreck. It is more like the reprimand of the superintendent, who warns not for the pleasure of warning, but because there is a reason.

Without setbacks, there would be no end to your sales speed. And if your sales speed had no limitations, the greater it became the more pronounced its dangers would be.

If you have a hole in your pocket and lose your money, that is no indication that you are going to go through life in poverty. It is a setback. It changes some of your plans. It makes you pause and think and causes you to provide against a repetition of the loss.

Setbacks may not be blessings, but they are helps.

Your ideas of success are gauged by the efforts required to become successful. Setbacks are like sign-posts at cross-roads. They make you pause long enough to read the directions and follow the proper course.



A Frenchman, boasting in company that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, was asked to write the following from dictation:

"As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule-log from a yew-tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you will wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."—Tit-Bits.

ADOLPH GETS A BOUQUET FROM FRED KLINCK



BONES AND BOB

Minstrel parties are pleasaest affairs to look upon. Peace, amity and good will were spread on the faces of the "circle" and the "ends" and there was nothing to indicate that rancorous discord even had a place in the minds or hearts of those joking, black-faced brethren. But, alas the frailty of human nature. Minstrel performers are nothing but men after all with men's tempers, jealousies and spites.

In view of all the successful entertainment just enjoyed it seems an almost unnecessarily hard duty to dispel the illusion



of the harmony prevailing among these black faced artists and yet candor and duty, with due regard for the faithful recording of history, compels us to show the true state of affairs.

We do it without comment, and by illustration only. You may draw your own conclusions, but the illustration shows "Bones" Burleigh and Bob Mueller in a clinch over how and when some of their good jokes should be sprung on the audience. Fortunately the affair was bloodless as the weapons they used were only "props."



TELLS OF BIG MEETING

One of Our Best Departmental Meetings Held December 16th

Monday evening December 16th, a departmental meeting was held in the club room and following a good supper, a splendid meeting was held. In fact a more responsive gathering of Mueller employes never assembled in the club house. Mr. Adolph, just back from a meeting of the Manufacturers' Association at Atlantic City, spoke for nearly an hour. He was enthusiastic-

ally full of his subject and he told the employes present of the many things that he had heard at this gathering of big business men. Among the speakers at that meeting were Chas. M. Schwab, the steel magnate, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and he quoted from the views of these two men on the big task of reconstruction ahead of the country. Speaking for himself he expressed the utmost confidence in business quickly adjusting itself to normal conditions, and assured the men that the company would do everything in its power to produce enough business to keep everybody working even though part of this business had to be accepted on a cost basis, for he was satisfied that with the opening of spring and the resumption of building operations that business would speedily flow in regular channels. He brought enthusiastic applause from all present when he said that whatever reductions had to be made that the men could rest assured that the last reduction would be in that of wages and that if it should come to this, which he did not believe it would, that Mueller employes could feel safe in the determination of the company to take them into their confidence before ever taking a step of this kind.

Mr. Robert and Mr. Philip spoke along similar lines and quite a number of the men engaged in the discussion, making it a splendid meeting in every particular.



TWENTY YEAR PIN

Billy Ford is one of our 20 year men who did not get his pin last summer because he was not at the picnic. He graduated into that class last year, receiving his five hundred dollar check at the meeting of the the salesmen. While Billy was not especially in need of the coin, he was as proud of that \$500.00 as any equal amount he ever received in his life.



At the annual picnic last August all twenty year men received a beautiful gold pin, but Billy did not receive the one intended for him until during his visit home at Thanksgiving time. It now adorns his vest, and he writes to the company, "this pin will be a valuable souvenir to remind me in years to come, of the pleasant years spent with the Mueller Mfg. Co."



MOTHER PASSES ON

On December 5th the mother of P. L. Bean passed away at her home in Farmer City, Illinois, after experiencing a stroke of paralysis.

MUELLER PREMIER



Front Row—left to right—Adolph Mueller, Charlie Lincoln, Geo. Stoy, Leonard Cochran, Elmer B. Watkins, Roy Baker, E. E. Powell, Claude Fiske, Bert Jackson, Robt. Mueller, Robt. Collins. Pianist—Back row—left to right—Geo. Troxel, Walter Thomas, A. Lindamood, Kitty Wilkins, Loren Burleigh.

MINSTREL COMPANY



er. Claude Wisher, Sol Schminck, A. Thompson, E. Thompson, C. Gillibrand, R. T. Brady, Arthur
Zenda Frew. Drums—C. Sipe.
nterlocutor: Pat Cullen, L. Potter, Cyril Cobb, Harold Kirkwood, Charlie Auer.

MINSTREL AND OTHER NOTES

Bob Collins is a near professional. His "Buck-wheats" was very clever. This was the general verdict.

When we quit making munitions and business grows slack, we can organize a minstrel company and take to the road if we can't do anything else.

Mayor Dinneen was an interested spectator and enjoyed meeting many of the Mueller force. He likewise was an observing spectator. "It's a good building and a fine concrete floor. The man who did that job understands his business." Hats off, Billy Mason, the mayor's speaking.

In the midst of the flower garden, don't let us forget the construction gang and janitors. The way they transferred a theatre into a dance hall and cleaned up was really worth while. "Systematic and efficient as a circus gang," said an old newspaper man as he watched them work.

Well, we know something about putting on picnics and we are not so slow when it comes to children's parties and theatricals.

Roy Hughes' family who have never known him as other than a nice, Christian man, know some other things about him now. Adolph told them about it. According to him Roy stays out at nights shooting the bones, gets in at three and tells his wife it's only ten o'clock. Just then the clock strikes three and Roy has to cuckoo seven times to prevent his being forced into the Ananias class. It's rather shocking at this late day to learn of Roy's nocturnal sporting inclinations.

Mr. Robert does not vocalize, neither had he any speciality, but he made a crackerjack good looking coon, and worked his little jokes neatly and efficiently. In fact Bob made such a good looking coon that we might almost wish he were one, if it were not for the fact that he is such an everlastingly good-natured, good-hearted, good looking white man.

If every day were Christmas Charley Morris would not be making lead goosenecks and gas meter connections—he would be filling a permanent position as Santa Claus.

E. E. Powell sang "Beautiful Ohio" with so much sentiment and expression that his friends suspicion that there is something more down there that gives him an especial inspiration.

"It's a real sensation in this line" was the comment of H. C. Schaub, editor of the Review, as he gazed upon the minstrel performance.

We got away with the minstrel performance in such fine shape that it would seem to justify its establishment as a permanent holiday feature—either this or something along that line.

We've had our holiday fun, now everybody get busy on the work of the New Year—there is plenty of it to do.

E. H. Langdon, our new employment and welfare man, had general charge of the party and was as busy during the afternoon as a grain of popcorn on a hot skillet.

Bud Masterson guarded the outer portal at night and allowed no one to pass who could not show a company badge or an invitation.

The Simpson and the Hendrian families had the largest representation at the afternoon party and being in the majority these kids had the most fun per family.

Len Herman who has been in the service of the company for a quarter of a century, has resigned and will go into the auto repair business. His many friends in the factory and office wish him every success and he certainly has had experience.

What will it be next year.....another minstrel?

"Bones" Burleigh as an interlocutor was right up to the minute.

Endman George Stoy sprung this one:

"Did you hear how Bill Gustin nearly disturbed the tranquility of Bill Simpson's home? (Gustin in the audience fidgets and Mrs. Gustin looks at him very hard).

"How was that?" asks "Bones" Burleigh.

"Well you see Gustin inveigles Billy to bowl. They bowl up till midnight and go home. Simpson he's worried, looking for domestic trouble. He takes off his shoes, sneaks in and begins to rock the baby cradle. Mrs. Simpson wakes up and asks, "What you doing?" "Rocking the baby—he was crying," says Billy.

"How long you been rocking him?"

"About an hour."

"Come to bed you softhead. Baby's sleeping with me tonight." (Gustin breathes easier and Mrs. Gustin looks relieved).

"Who's the ventriloquist?" asked one of the guests. "I hear a voice where the interlocutor ought to be but I can't see anyone. Clever trick. Never saw it worked before in a minstrel." "Bones" Burleigh is a reversal of the old adage of being "heard but not seen."

First Office Girl—"Which would you rather be—the eagle on a major general's shoulder or a chicken on a private's knee?"

Second Office Girl—"Why ask such foolish questions. You know well enough which."

E. J. Kleimeier and Eddie Larrick, former employes in the main office, called on us recently in their natty sailor uniforms. They are Great Lakes Gobs.

George Sullivan, Dick Moore, Billy Ford, P. L. Bean, Floyd Johnson, and E. E. Powell of the traveling sales force were here for the Mueller parties on Saturday, December 28th.

Barney Marty will continue "dry." He has none of those little ones to hold, but Billy Simpson is undated and will have to remain in the "wet" column.

Sol Van Praag is a flour salesman with a predilection for amateur theatricals. He has a large collection of wigs and costumes, besides a willing disposition to donate his services. He successfully staged the patriotic minstrels at our picnic last summer, and was an invaluable aid at the Holiday Minstrels in assisting the performers to make up, after having supplied costumes, etc. The performers and the employes owe Sol a vote of thanks which they pay herewith. Take it Sol and be happy with the gratitude of a well pleased bunch.

Horace Clark as chief usher bounced about like a rubber ball.

Ebert Mueller, Miss Charlotte Mueller and Philip Cruikshank, home from school for the holidays, attended the Children's party in the afternoon and the Minstrel performance in the evening.

There is no business talk in this Record. It's all holiday minstrel and factory gossip.

At the risk of overdoing Freddie Klinck we just have to tell another one on him which Adolph told at the minstrels. One night Fred had overstayed his time and true to form he tried to sneak in without his wife hearing him. Just as he entered his bedroom, Chink, that celebrated dog, rattled his chain. Mrs. Klinck drowsily held out her hand, and said, "Here Chink," and Fred taking the cue, licked her hand and crawled into bed without awakening his wife.

Talk about talent why we have it in the Mueller factory in any degree from robbing a henroost to settling a world's peace. Blackie, Bob Mueller's old side kick, can tell you how to get away with chickens,

(with feathers) at night as he knows the trick, and as for arranging a world's peace—that's nothing. We settle many momentous questions every day at our noon luncheon.

"I'll give you a pointer" said the Record editor to Freddie Klinck. "You can fix up some kind of a roast on Adolph and we will slip it into the Record without his knowing it, and thereby you'll get partly even." There was a look of suspicion in Fred's eye as he answered, "I'll take about a month to think it over." His faith in mankind has been severely jarred.

Red Cochran is a good end man and a good dancer. If that's all it had required to make a traveling salesman Red would have been on the road yet.

Mr. Fred B. Mueller got home January 2d from Hot Springs, Ark., where he visited during holiday week. Much to his regret he was not able to attend the minstrel show.

Geo. F. Sullivan has been transferred from the Denver to the Wisconsin territory.



RARIN' TO GO

The goat is an animal of a confiding and trusting nature. Goats have some peculiar characteristics. They have whiskers, if they are gentlemen, and eat anything from a tin can to a head of cabbage, for which vegetable they have a marked liking.



Some men are like goats. Others who are not are made goats. It's not a secret order. Anyone can get in. The only qualifications requisite are an appetite for anything fed them, and a trustful and confiding nature.

For many months Freddie Klinck has been the butt of Adolph's jokes. When Adolph was billed to do stunts in the minstrels, alleged friends of Freddie's said to him, "You get even with Adolph by presenting him a head of cabbage for a bouquet." Freddie went after that cabbage. He ate of the scheme with voracity and gazed into the eye of his friend trustfully and confidingly—all goat characteristics.

Then this alleged but treacherous friend went to Adolph and plugged him. Two thousand persons listened to and enjoyed Adolph's "Old Black Joe" specialty. As the applause died away Freddie approached the stage with a gleam of malice and concealed joy in his eye, just such a look as an old Billy-goat gives as he prepares to butt.

There was a roar as Adolph accepted the flowers, but he quickly stilled the applause and called Freddie to halt in full view of the audience.

"Well," said Adolph, "I've known Mr. Klinck to lose his head before but this is the first time I've knowt him to give it away."

And while the audience yelled and whooped Freddie sought a secluded spot to smoke and think. He was the goat.

A LESSON IN SAVING

Employes Told How Company Accumulated Money for Bonus Checks

In connection with the bonus checks Mr. Adolph stated at a recent meeting that the fact that the company had provided this bonus in the two years past was not to be accepted as a permanent policy of the company. This he said was a question which would have to be decided by the firm, and he said that the money was given to the employes to do with as they pleased but he wanted to tell them how a big company provided \$35,000.00 to \$40,000.00 to give away at Christmas time. They did it by saving the money. A year ago the Christmas fund was established and each week a certain percent was deposited to that fund for the special purpose of paying bonus checks and within a year a sufficient amount had been accumulated to enable the company to make the distribution. He thought if a company like ours could do a thing of this kind that the individual according to his means could certainly save a little money each year, perhaps taking part of his bonus check as a nest egg and beginning it that way. He cited the fact known to all men who have accumulated money that the real struggle is in getting a few hundred dollars, and after that it becomes an easy matter.



APPRECIATES BONUS CHECK

The following letter from one of our employes was received and shows how much appreciated were the bonus checks passed around just before Christmas.

"Mueller Mfg. Co.: I am so well pleased with my bonus check that I feel like expressing my appreciation to the firm for the same. Possibly I appreciate it more from the fact that I have had to lose two weeks work just prior to receiving the check, which would have left me short of money for Christmas. I had planned buying war stamps with it, but will have to use some of it.

Thanking you again for the goose and the check, I am,

Your employe for the good of the firm."



HAD HIS DOUBTS

Teacher—"Do you know that George Washington never told a lie?"

Boy—"No, sir; I only heard it."—Boston Transcript.



Snell: "I know a guy that nick-named his girl Post Script."

Morgan: "That's funny, why does he call her that?"

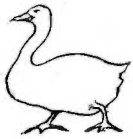
Snell: "Because her name is Adaline More."

SHORTEST DAY HAPPIEST

Flow of Good Fellowship Started December 21st

The flow of Christmas-time good fellowship in the Mueller factory began on Saturday December 21st, the shortest day in the year but one of the brightest to the Mueller employes. On that day the company handed out bonus checks to all employes who had been in the service of the company for one year, dating from December 1st, 1917. These checks represented 7½% of the earnings of each employe up to the maximum amount of \$75.00, about \$35,000.00 being disbursed among the employes. It came at a most opportune time and undoubtedly afforded many employes ready Christmas money.

On the same day the company handed out to each employe a large, fat live goose, and to those who did not want geese, subscriptions to periodicals to the value of \$3.00. The geese were given out on Saturday in order that the employes might have ample time to get them dressed and in readiness for the Christmas dinner. It was one of the most enjoyable Christmas times in the history of the factory.



"COOP" AND HIS CAMERA

Among the many humorous incidents related by Captain Swan is that of the moving-picture man of his division who captured eight Boches with his camera. He was a lieutenant named Cooper, "Coop" the boys called him, always on the job and something of a character. Says Captain Swan:

He went everywhere for pictures and obtained some "wonders." In one of our towns he caught in his movies the church being skelled to pieces. His most amazing exploit came later. This incident happened at the first push on the left of Chateau-Thierry. It sounds like a yarn and few believe it, but I have the word of the general officer that it actually happened, and "Coop" modestly admitted it, although he said, "I deserve no credit; I was scared to death."

A regiment of infantry was to "hop off" early in the morning, going over to take a certain town. "Coop" was right out there working his movie on the boys going ahead. Suddenly, to his consternation, eight Boches came out of a shell-hole right in front of him. He started to "kamerad," but to his surprise all eight of the enemy threw up their hands and "kameraded." He took heart, began to realize what the situation was, and turned the crank of the camera as fast as he could. Shrieks and more "kamerading" from the Hunns. They thought he had a machine gun on them! It was a laughable sight to see this moving-picture man marching behind the eight Boches, all their "hardware" on him and they carrying his moving-picture apparatus.

"Is your daughter taking singing lessons?"

"That's what you heard, all right! I hope you didn't think for a minute that I had started hearing my wife."—Buffalo Express.

MR. OSCAR LIKES GOOD SERVICE

The following letter was received from Mr. Oscar acknowledging receipt of Christmas cigars from the firm.

"I have your letter of the 20th inst. on the subject of "Christmas Cigars" and wish to state that immediately following the letter I received the cigars referred to. This is indeed good service and far different from last year. I want to thank you all most heartily for having remembered me. While the distance between Decatur and here is quite considerable the feeling of friendship and good will travels unsurmountable distances and obstacles.

Thanking you all, I remain,

O. B. MUELLER."



A BATCH OF SMILES

(From N. Y. Office)

A minister's wife, a doctor's wife, and a Mueller salesman's wife were talking about the forgetfulness of their husbands. The minister's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful man living, because he would go to church and forget his notes, and no one could make out what he was trying to preach about. The doctor's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful, for he would often start out to see a patient and forget his medicine case, and therefore travel miles for nothing.

"Well," said the Mueller salesman's wife, "my husband beats that. He came home the other day, patted me on the cheek and said, "I believe I have seen you before, little girl. What is your name?"



MON. T. WHITNEY IN NEW PLACE

The Plumbers Trade Journal of recent date contained the following:

After almost a life time in the plumbing supply trade Mon. T. Whitney, of Chicago, for the past fifteen years with the H. Mueller Mfg. Co., of Decatur, has severed his connection with that firm and has associated himself with the Illinois Plumbers' Specialty Co., of Chicago. Mr. Whitney, who is well known in the plumbing trade in the Middle West, has purchased an interest in this concern and will act as secretary of the company. Mr. Whitney, previous to representing the Mueller Co., was with the Raymond Lead Co., of Chicago, for eleven years, and for six years prior to that time was in the general line with the old firm of Feldhouse & Dutcher. He has traveled in Illinois, Iowa, and Indiana, and has a host of friends among the master plumber of these states. His numerous acquaintances and friends join with The Plumbers' Trade Journal, Steam and Hot Water Fitters' Review in wishing Mr. Whitney every success in his new venture. The Illinois Plumbers' Specialty Co., 160 N. Wells street, Chicago, has been organized for the past year or more and is rapidly building up a large trade in the specialty business. They handle a complete line of plumbers' sundries and rubber goods. The officers of the concern are Matt Dwyer, president, and Tom. S. Dwyer, treasurer, both well-known men who are popular with the local trade.

CHANGE IN SALESMEN

F. L. Hays of the Oklahoma territory and R. M. Hastings of the Buffalo territory have left the service of the company.

They have been with us for a good many years, Mr. Hays in particular having been identified with the company in some capacity or another almost from boyhood.

In whatever line of endeavor they engage they will have the best wishes of their friends.



AT SARNIA AND PORT HURON

During the week of January 6th, members of the firm, Messrs. Philip, Robert and Adolph, attended company meetings at Sarnia and Port Huron. A. M. Cobb, private secretary of the firm, was also in attendance at these meetings. Mr. Fred remained in Decatur as head of the local company.



IN HAYS' OLD TERRITORY

H. D. Nash, formerly traveling in Kentucky and Tennessee, having completed his training and secured his commission, has reentered the service of our company.

He has been assigned to Frank Hays' old territory and will have Oklahoma City as his headquarters.



NEW LABELS

All of our box labels are now being changed to correspond to the Catalog E numbers. In making this change we decided to do our own label printing, and the work is being handled in the advertising department on the multigraph.



THE MODERN FAMILY DINES

The Son: "Hey, shoot the gravy."
 The Father: "Cut out that slang, please."
 The Mother: "That's a peach of a way to correct the kid."
 The Father: "I only wanted to put him wise. Such talk will queer him."
 The Son: "Ishgabibble."



From the way he ran out of Germany we know now why the Kaiserin never called William up at night to look for burglars.—Grand Rapids Press.



It takes a lifetime to build up a good reputation; it may be lost in a minute.



True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.



Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually.

LAWYERS GET MOST

Lawyers seem to get most out of the law. As Roger Dolan says, "I'd rather be the lawyer of an estate than one of the heirs."

The other day a butcher of Mount Vernon, Ohio, walked into a law office and put this question to an attorney: "If a dog comes into my shop and steals a hunk of meat can I make the owner of the dog pay for it?"

"Why, yes, certainly," said the lawyer.

"Well, then," said the butcher, "give me five dollars, for it was your dog."

The lawyer promptly complied.

A few days later the butcher got a bill of five dollars for legal advice rendered in the dog case, and which he promptly and good naturedly paid.

The butcher was out the price of the meat.

The lawyer was out nothing.



CHANGED IN TRANSIT

One of the methods of communicating from one officer to another in the trenches is to give the message to one of the privates and tell him to "pass the word along" the line until it reaches its destination, viz., the officer at the other end. The following story will show how a serious message can be distorted on its journey from mouth to mouth:

Lieutenant A., in charge of one end of the British line, told the private in front to "pass the word along" to Lieutenant B.: "We are going to advance. Can you send us reinforcements?"

When Lieutenant B. received the message it was like this: "We are going to a dance. Can you send us three and four-pence?"—Strand Magazine.



ONE CONSOLATION

"O dear," sighed the patient with the broken arm, "it seems too bad that I cannot continue my war work."

"Never mind," replied the nurse. "Remember, your bones are knitting."—Inland Safety Bulletin.



CORRECTED

Teacher: Willie, have you whispered today without permission?

Willie: Only wunst.

Teacher: Johnny, should Willie have said "wunst?"

Johnny: No'm—he should have said "twiet."



REAL SMALL

Customer: "Send up a quarter's worth of boiled ham."

"All right, sir. Anything else?"

"Yes, my wife isn't home tell the boy to put it through the keyhole."



NOT IN THE SWIM

"Society is so shallow," remarked the blase young woman.

"It's a good thing it is," replied the cynic, "or half the people who are wading around in it would be drowned."—Boston Transcript.



GOOD BREED, ALL RIGHT

"My! What a destructive dog you have, sonny! He must have German blood in him."

"No, he hasn't; but he would have if he could find a German."—Life.

THE MUELLER HONOR ROLL

During the war we had the names of all Mueller men who have entered the service, handsomely engrossed and framed, the work being done in colored ink and appropriately decorated. These rolls were framed and one now hangs in the Decatur, New York and San Francisco office. The following are the names appearing on the roll:

DECATUR LIST

Frank Staley	C. T. Wallace	James Judge
J. E. Powell	Claud R. Wood	C. E. Sharpe
George E. Henry	Ray Trowbridge	Charles Whittaker
N. L. Fisher	H. D. Nash	O. F. Royce
Hugh McAlpin	Dean B. Gorham	Jack Moore
M. F. Sullivan	Henry Flickinger	Ellis Blankinship
Ray F. May	A. H. Washek	Ivan Lowe
H. J. Maxwell	Russell Henry	A. F. Eckhardt
Chester Cooper	Oscar L. White	Hugh Pierce
William Everett Mueller	W. G. Shepherd	Milton R. Davis
George Topping	Ralph Coffman	Roger M. Dawson
M. McLaughlin	Paul C. Dever	G. A. Garrett
Lester J. Skelley	Lucien W. Mueller	Otto H. Scharlock
E. B. Verner	Willis Blackburn	Robert Dressen
W. E. Troesch	W. J. Mundweiler	O. C. Schooley
Cecil R. Foltz	Earl Reeves	J. Stapleton
John H. Jeworoski	Glenn Butcher	E. J. Kleimeier
Edward Dodwell	John Leisch	Robert T. Whitehead
Luther Crow	Robert Burns	Leonard Morris
H. V. SeEVERS		

NEW YORK CITY

Herman Kramer	Peter F. McGoldrick	Arthur Wolke
James B. Clark	Fred Sussieck	John Hoye
Joseph A. Hayes	James Maskell	

SARNIA, CANADA

Wm. Elerick	T. W. Meriam (returned)	John Essen
John Pirrie	James Ross	Guy Palmater
Victor Buchanan	Jos. Hobin	H. Millard
John L. Gowie	J. F. Miller	S. Baldry
H. C. Prouse	H. Vollick (dead)	Jesse Johnson
A. E. Potter	Alex. Crockard	Norman Allen
John Conlin	C. F. Bell	Ivan Dowdin
Frank Burdett	Jas. Haslip	Wm. Mara
Wm. Bisseff	Geo. Stam	A. Gander (discharged)
Wm. Skinner (dead)	Nelson Smith	Geo. Sullivan
Driver S. Ellinor (discharged)	Geo. Buchanan	Reginald Savage
Driver L. F. Moore	J. C. Hipple	Cecil Wise
F. R. Nelson	Patrick Daly	Wm. Miller
Jno. Haley	Roland Rosenbloom	Russell Van Horne
Clifford Vallis (dead)	(discharged)	Louis Dube
E. Curtin	Ed. La Rose	Victor Dube
Wm. Smith	Walter Simms	G. Barnes
Lyle Fawcett	Kolter Richardson	Leo. Murphy
R. C. Nelson	Gordon West	H. Rooney
D. Munro	C. Badenhausen	E. Rosenbloom
Wm. G. Ross	C. W. Murray	H. C. Cotton
A. J. Charrington	Raymond Denz	Robert Barnes
Robt. Kregear	Ray Dale	Leo Warsalla (discharged)
T. E. McCann	Joseph Huff	Clarence Simpson
J. Grover (returned)	Thos. McGee	Howard Browning
Robt. Gardiner	Wm. Robb	Bert Baldwin
Jos. Maley		

PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

J. C. Gosger	R. Luce	George Sherman
L. Hardin	Stanley Burns	George Sullivan

Those marked dead were killed in action.

FACTORY FACTS FROM SARNIA AND PORT HURON

SARNIA AND PORT HURON

Merry Xmas from—

Sarnia and Port Huron to all.

Also a Prosperous New Year.

The Sarnia Christmas tree for soldiers' kiddies promises to be a huge success. We expect at least 150 children whose daddies have been, or are in khaki. Lots of goodies and a first class entertainment will be provided.

The Christmas edition of the Mueller News is out. Many favorable comments have been received on its appearance.

Fred Klinck, the Decatur King of Odors, was a recent visitor to Port Huron. How do we look Freddie? Levy is sore because Klinck didn't visit him in Sarnia.

Navigation has ceased for this season. The St. Clair river surely has a forlorn appearance without the vessels passing.

George Richter of the Osgood Company visited Sarnia a few days ago. Here's what he has to say about us:

H. Mueller Mfg. Co., Ltd.,
Sarnia, Ont., Canada.

"Dear Sirs: I take this opportunity to express my thanks for the many courtesies that were shown me while in Sarnia and Port Huron. I have certainly done a lot of traveling in the last few years but am quite safe in saying that I have never yet come in contact with such a perfect commercial family as is represented by your combined plants.

The Sarnia plant itself quickly got my much interested notice. One has to jump around a great deal to come in contact with a big plant so nicely laid out, so absolutely clean and sanitary, and so well kept in every respect. Instead of an old junk yard as so many plants can honestly be treated I must say that your Sarnia layout to my way of thinking is a monument to everything that pertains to idealism and efficiency in model factory construction.

There are many other things that interested me. I do not want to take up a lot of time mentioning these in detail but your system of employe co-operation is certainly a wonder. And the best lunch I have had in many a day is the one that was given me, and to which I surely did full justice, in the restaurant section as embraced by your office building. And you will not get offended I know when I say that I never expected to meet such a congenial bunch of up-to-the-minute fellows in such a small place as Sarnia.

What made my visit doubly interesting as well as pleasant was the privilege of attending the evening session of your Foremen's Club. The best compliment I can offer lies in the fact that, although the Osgood Company employs nothing like the number of people your Company does, I have already started action towards forming in our own organization the same sort of cooperative association. I cannot remember when I enjoyed an evening more or when I have come into direct contact with such friendly rivalry and all together co-operative effort.

The above remarks are offered diligently and gratefully and I trust will be accepted in the kind spirit they are intended. I would not have missed

the trip for a great deal of money and am broad-minded enough to say frankly that I learned a number of things that I will profit by in the future. I thank you as well as the other gentlemen I met for the many courtesies shown me and hope if any of you ever come to Chicago you will permit my Company as well as myself to reciprocate in the best way we can.

With best regards, I remain,
GEO. RICHTER, Sales Mgr."

M. A. Schroder has taken over the territory formerly under operation by Heximer. Mr. Schroder is a brass man of long experience and we look for some business from this territory after he gets his feet down solid.

SARNIA FOREMEN'S CLUB

Minutes of Meeting Held December 3, 1918

After partaking of an excellent roast chicken dinner, served in the basement of the main office, the members adjourned to the Recreation building.

Roll call showed: Present, 43; absent, 7.

The minutes of November meeting were approved as read.

Treasurer's report by Eacrett was accepted as read.

Owing to the illness of several members during the month, the flower fund was found to be in a depleted condition. \$6.00 was collected on passing the hat.

After considerable discussion pro-and-con as to whether flowers should be sent to the mothers or wives of foremen when they are ill a motion was passed by a large majority favoring the sending of flowers.

Suggestions

The required number of suggestions not having been presented during the month, the suggestions were held over for the month of January. Letters regarding the "healthful criticism" of the Purchasing Department were laid on the table until the next meeting.

Smelling Committee

The Smelling Committee report read by Chairman MacMillan was thoroughly enjoyed by all. It was moved and seconded that report be adopted as read and proper departments be notified.

Athletics

There was considerable discussion regarding the formation of an athletic organization in the plant. As it is now the hockey season and also because a hockey club has been formed in the plant, it was decided to give this branch of the athletics a good deal of attention at this time because of the short season this sport enjoys.

Representatives are to attend the Hockey Association meeting to be held December 4th and facts are to be obtained regarding the possibility of using certain rinks, etc., etc.

Entertainment Committee

The following entertainment committee was appointed by Chairman Allen:

H. Wainwright, chairman, assisted by Messrs. Bartlett, Vallis and Kropf.

Smelling Committee

Jack Simmons, chairman, assisted by Messrs. MacMillan and Maxey.

Entertainment

The business program having been finished, the chair was turned over to Chairman Ray McIntyre of the Entertainment Committee.

A six round bout between Lester "Cuts" Burdie and his sparring partner Chillo Proulx headed the program.

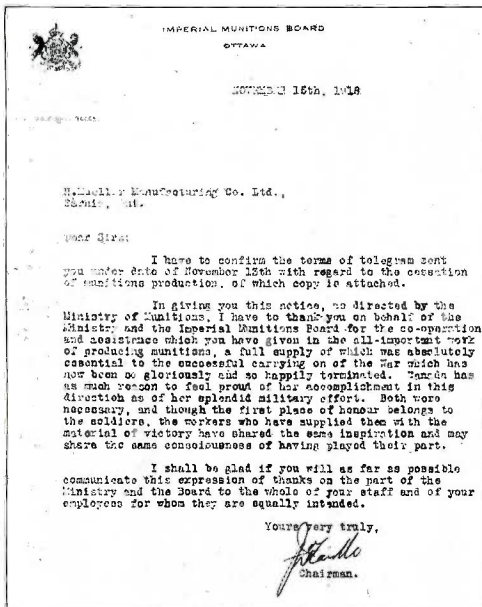
The bout was carried on under Queensbury Rules, Al. Relken refereeing.

This was followed by an orchestra selection from the Mueller orchestra. Following this were several readings by Mr. Fleming, James Sleeth concluded the program with a bass solo.

The meeting concluded at 9:40 p. m. with the singing of the National Anthem.

F. M. LEVY, Sec'y. Foremen's Club.

We are in receipt of this letter from the Imperial Munitions Board, signed by Sir J. W. Flavelle. It speaks for itself.



We had an excellent Foremen's Club meeting at the Port Huron plant on Tuesday evening, December 17th. The Forladies Club were the guests of the Foremen and a rattling good business meeting and entertainment made a very enjoyable evening. O. B. was with us and that in itself was a feature as he hasn't much time to spare day or evening.

SOME GOOD THOUGHTS

As long as you're hard up you'll not lie on a bed of soft down.

Beware of the man who laughs too heartily at your jokes. He wants something.

Judged by the large number who have done it, surely it is not so very hard to "go wrong," once you set your mind to it.

A woman who is jealous of her husband always makes other men laugh if they know the husband.

Dirt also is only skin deep.

You may be pretty tired of some of the people around you, but think how tired they may be of you.

An astonishingly large number of adults are tolerated because people feel sorry for their children.

Not only does "age creep on apace," but sometimes it seems to go a good deal faster than a pace.

The reason eggs are so high is because the price of chickens is so high and the price of chickens is so high because eggs are so valuable. The same theory accounts for the milk's getting into the cocoanuts.

If your youth is so far behind you that you imagine the children of your day were better behaved than those of the present, your memory has begun to fail.



A MOTHER'S WAITING

(Edward Abrams in "Commonwealth")

There's a little mother waiting in the
Home I'd love to be;
Through the softness of the twilight she
Comes creeping close to me.
I can almost feel her handclasp, I can
See her tender eyes,
As they glow across the darkness with
A light that never dies.
Yes, she gave me to our country,
Though she might made me stay;
How she kissed me smiling bravely as she brushed
the tears away.
And her voice rings past the morning,
Past the battle raging near
And she says, "Be true and fearless just
Because I love you, dear."
A little mother's waiting in the place I love to roam,
And I know that she is praying that with
Honor I'll come home.
And I make myself a promise, that I'll
Justify her plan,
The ideal that she sets of me, a soldier
And a man.