

# Mueller Record

Christmas 1921

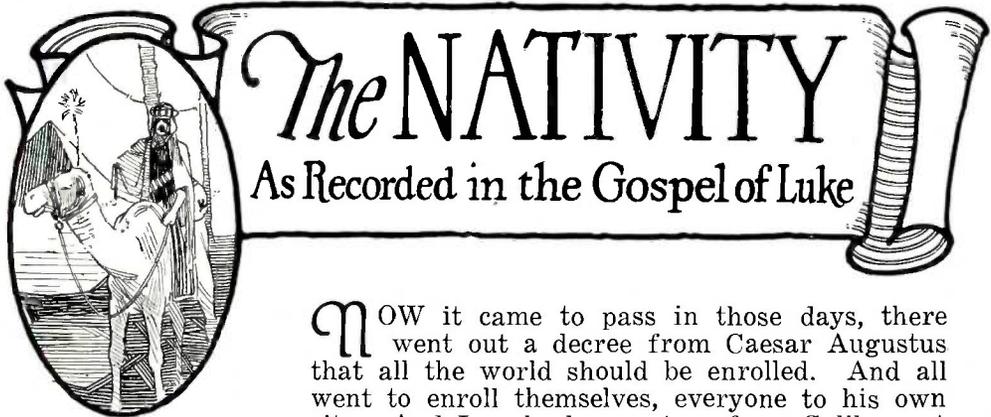


# THE MUELLER RECORD

VOL. X

DECEMBER 1921

NO. 127



NOW it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. And all went to enroll themselves, everyone to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the city of David; which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David to enroll himself with Mary.

And it came to pass, while they were there, she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying

"Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them about this child.

And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them.

### VISITORS AT MUELLER FACTORY

Within the past year, more than a thousand visitors have been through the Mueller Factory. Boys and girls from the public schools, students from the High School, from the James Millikin University, and from the University of Illinois, with their instructors, have made the trip with a view to learning something of modern production methods.

Various civic organizations, such as the Association of Commerce, the Woman's Club, The Rotary, Lions, and the Kiwanis Clubs have been guests of the Company. Two hours were spent in making the rounds of the departments, and then the guests assembled in the Club Room where bountiful dinners were served.

The University Club of Decatur were our guests on the afternoon of December 1. Mr. Adolph presented a somewhat technical, but interesting, paper on "Forging Non-Ferrous Metals." He described the progress made at Port Huron in this new process of working brass.

All visitors to the factory express surprise at the size of the plant as a whole, at the thoroughness of our organization, at the high quality of our personnel and at the rigid standards of quality that are maintained. Until it is actually seen, one does not realize the quantity and variety of mechanical equipment, the complexity and efficiency of departmental organizations, of the many factors that enter into production control, and a maze of other things whose coordination is necessary in maintaining efficient production.

### HE IS

"Man comes into this world without anything and goes out the same way. But while he is here if he saves money, he's a tight-wad, if he spends it, he's careless; if he goes to church, he's a hypocrite, if he doesn't, he isn't any good; if he drinks, he's a bum, if he doesn't, he's a bluff; if he works, he hasn't any brains, if he doesn't, he's a loafer; if he gambles, he's lost, if he doesn't, he's a mollycoddle; if he makes money he's a crook, if he doesn't he's thick; if he marries he's crazy, if he doesn't he's a coward; if he gives money to the church he does it to show off, if he doesn't he's a miser; if he makes friends he's a "buller," if he doesn't he's a grouch."—Selected.

### BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor, December 1, a daughter, Dorothy Ann.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robertson, November 28, a daughter, Odessa Louise.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bolz, November 28, a daughter.

Deference due a grandfather must now be paid Chris Hendrian, the father of Mrs. Bolz.

### CHIEF COOK AND BOTTLE WASHER



Adolph Mueller talked a heap about his ability as a cook prior to the hunting and fishing trip down on the Okaw. Naturally his auditors were indulgent and let him ramble. There were some old time hunters and fishers and campers who recognized the unwritten law of lots of latitude as well as longitude in discussion of camp accomplishments and did not question him.

But Adolph proved that he knew what he was talking about. He generally does. He did cook when he got to camp and those who ate his preparations say they were fine—creamed potatoes, salads, baked ducks, quail on toast, fried fish 'n everything. John Shelton says that Adolph's creamed potatoes were the best he ever tasted in his life, while Blackie says, "Adolph is a good cook but too particular—he insisted on washing the pots and skillets every time—no sense in that when you're camping."

### HER MARITAL CREED

Mrs. Worth had just learned that her colored workwoman, Aunt Dinah had at the age of seventy married for the fourth time.

"Why, Aunt Dinah," she exclaimed, "you surely haven't married again!"

"Yassum, honey, I has," was Aunt Dinah's smiling reply. "Jes' as o'en as de Lawd takes 'em, so will I."

### SOME CARRIER

A recent account of a little social gathering noted thus: "Among those present were Mrs. L. H. Burleigh in blue satin with silver lace overdress and carrying pink roses and Mr. L. H. Burleigh."

**FAMOUS LAST WORDS**

(By Dorothy Parker, in Life)

I wonder if it's loaded. I'll look down the barrel and see."

"Oh, listen! That's the train whistle. Step on the accelerator and we'll get across before it comes."

"They say these things can't possibly explode, no matter how much you throw them around."

"I wonder whether this rope will hold my weight."

"It's no fun swimming around in here. I'm going out beyond the life lines."

"Which one of these is the third rail, anyway?"

"There's only one way to manage a mule. Walk right up back of him and surprise him."

"Watch me skate out past the 'Danger' sign. I bet I can touch it."

"These traffic cops think they own the city. They can't stop me. I'm going to cross the street now. Let the rest of the bunch look out for me!"

"What a funny noise that snake makes. I think I'll step on him."

"I've never driven a car in traffic before. But they say it's perfectly simple."

"I think I'll mix a little nitric acid with this chloride of potassium and see if it really does explode."

**HE DIDN'T**

"Hey, Joplin," said Elmer to the other atop: "don't come down that ladder on the north corner; I took it away."

**ON RECORD STAFF**



Miss Lilly Gottwald, clerk in Department 18, is a good reader, a good student and a good observer, and has a "good nose for news." That's why her contributions from the West Side of the plant are always interesting.

**PLAYING VOLLEY BALL AT NOON**



**THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS**

Were they really good old days after all? We are eternally being told that, "you couldn't do that in the good old days when I was a boy." Sure you couldn't and you would not if you could. You'd much prefer the present admitting that it's a "little fast and furious" and susceptible of improvement. Let's take a vote on the present and the good old days. Here's your ticket:

Present	Good Old Days
Painless Dentists	Indian Massacres
Cover Charges	Blue Sundays
Tips	Blue Week Days
White Mule	Cholera
In-a-door-beds	Spinning Wheels
Filling Stations	Stage Coaches
Eugenics	Bodices
Traffic Cops	Ox Teams
Foreign Mandates	Famines
Increasing Baldness	Powdered Wigs
Race Riots	Blunderbusses
Strap Hangers	Taffy Pulls
Sand Bathers	Hoop Skirts
Kitchenette Apts.	Log Cabins
Tag Days	Daguerreotypes
Jazz Music	Psalm Singing
Summer Furs	Boots
Free Verse	Rag Carpets
Day Nurseries	Tallow Candles
The Toddle	Ducking Stools
Labor Unrest	Hour Glasses
Anarchists	Religious Intolerance
Vamps	Witches

Every one voted just as you did, so you know the winner without being told.

**WHY THE RAISES DIDN'T COME**

"How long have you worked for us," asked the superintendent of the car wheel inspector. "Twenty-eight years."

"Long time, how many raises have you had?"

"None, sir," was the expectant answer.

"None! Impossible! What have you been doing all these years?"

"Tapping wheels."

"Tapping wheels? What for?"

"I don't know, sir."

**IT'S SO**

Mrs. Funk: "Am sorry if I kept you waiting."

Olga: "It's all right—it's all in a wife-time."

# Eight Sons to Succeed

# to Business of Seven Brothers



**Hieronymus Mueller**



**Henry Mueller**  
(Dec'd)



**Robert H. Mueller**



**Philip Mueller**



**Fred B. Mueller**



**Robert Mueller**



**Adolph Mueller**



**Oscar B. Mueller**



**Frank W. Cruikshank**



**Clarence Mueller**



**W.E. Mueller**



**Lucien Mueller**



**Ebert Mueller**



**Philip Cruikshank**



**Bernard Mueller**



**Frank Mueller**

The H. Mueller Mfg. Co. is a family organization, always was—and always will be insofar as one may judge the future by the past.

The business founded by Hieronymus Mueller, deceased, in 1857, was developed by his sons whose pictures show on the left in the order of age. Their eight sons shown on the right have been and are being educated to succeed to the big business. The present owners of the company were fortunately divided as to choice of occupation. While each one was given factory training, Henry and Philip followed naturally in the footsteps of their father. They liked the mechanical side of the work. Fred, Robert, Adolph, Oscar and Frank preferred the business side.

This division of taste very fortunately places members of the company in direct personal contact with all phases of the business.

And this same thing is true of the sons. Robert, Lucien and Clarence, sons of Philip Mueller, have been educated and trained for the factory side.

W. E. Mueller, son of Adolph, is attached to the sales department in charge of the Regulator branch of the business.

Ebert Mueller, son of Robert, and Philip Cruikshank (whose mother was the only Mueller girl) will finish at Yale College in another year, and are looked upon as further additions to the business side.

Bernard Mueller, son of Oscar, and Frank Mueller, son of Philip, are just beginning their college careers, and will be well equipped for the future work awaiting them.

There will be plenty for these young men to do handling the three big factories at Decatur, Port Huron, Mich., and Sarnia, Ontario, and developing other big plans which the present company is systematically working up to.

## SUGGESTIONS TO SANTA

Traveling about the West side the other day the Record editor asked a number of men what they wanted for Christmas, and here is the result:

First, Superintendent Chat Winegardner likes best of all some expression of friendship. He says it does not matter what it costs or whether it does not cost anything.

Then there is Walter Behrns, the young foreman of 18. Bring him a house and lot, and Charlie Roarick would like a bottle of "Old Crow"—he says it makes you go "Caw, Caw." He is the divisional superintendent, but he's only an overgrown boy.

George Berthold wants \$5000 and a pair of "specs." His eyes are growing weak, and need re-inforcements to see the 99000's better.

Homer Vandervoort wants a Ford. He is that dark, curly haired assembler who can walk off with the rates when he wants to and when he don't he won't.

There are quite a few like Bill Disponet, Jack Ronan and Allen Travis. They are undecided, but bring them something nice.

Roy Baker is pretty busy for he does nickel plating. But he'd choose something worth while, so don't disappoint him.

Otto Halmbacher is that quiet, friendly foreman of No. 15. "Well," he said "if I could have anything I want, I really don't know what I'd ask for."

Roy Campbell is only a kid himself and wants a bicycle, but he wants it for his little boy—he can't think of anything for himself.

John Bauer is like him, and says if his children will be good, that's Christmas enough for him.

And Julius Oleshefski is in the same boat. A hundred dollars to buy Christmas presents for the kiddies will be enough.

John Cooley is easily satisfied—he will take what is left.

There are some who have not forgotten how to play, so bring Mose Miller a sled, skates, and a Diamond Dick novel, John Trimmer a rocking horse, and Will Atkinson a little red wagon and lots of candy and nuts; "Red" Whitesides wants a tricycle, and an air rifle and Felix Beschel a whistle, and don't forget Smith Carder. He wants a toy automobile.

"Hank" Fairchilds does not want anything but furniture for a five room bungalow and a trip to Cuba.

Then there's the big foreman in the brass shops, Barney Marty. His heart is as big as his body and all he wants is a little drum. He thinks it's best to ask for little and get more, than to ask for much and get nothing.

Percy Bail and Paul Hines you'll know by their innocent faces—all day suckers for them—and speaking about suckers, please bring our dutchman, John Golla, a fine baby.

All Pat Cullen wants is ham and bacon.

Harry Koontz wants a new bicycle. He has worn his old one out coming to work Saturdays to get out Christmas orders. Also bring him a sink combination.

For the good natured watchman, Jack De Fratus, cigars will do. There are a number in this class. Frank Tosh, "Cherry," he's called, wants a clay pipe like his grandfathers and a sack of Hillside tobacco, not a little sack—a regular old gunny sack full—you can borrow Bill Gustin's junk sack. Bill Cantwell, Frank Orr and Charlie Anderson are also tobacco worms, and easily pleased.

William Schudziara, if you can't pronounce it, sneeze it, wants something to drink—no, not tea—something that sounds like his name—suds, I think.

Artie Warren wants a dollar an hour and a trip to Florida.

(Continued on page 23)

## PHIL HAS A NEW WAY



There is no longer any special wonder for the large bags of game which Philip Mueller brings home. He takes a gun with him as a matter of course, but the dog is the important part of the outfit.

Just how it works leaked out during the recent camping trip on the Okaw. Phil and Adolph went out after rabbits and were not having very good luck until they came to a brush pile. In this they discovered a run-way which looked as if it might be the front door of a rabbit's home. While the dog was sniffing around Br'er Rabbit came tearing home from an afternoon a-field. Before any one could point a gun the rabbit had reached the entry way and the dog had reached him.

Now Phil simply carries his gun for appearance sake. He locates a burrow, gets the dog in position and waits the return of the rabbit. The dog does the rest.

## O, BABY, IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

Oh the big red sun  
And the wide, white world  
And the nursery windows  
Mother of pearl  
And the house all silent  
And hoods of snow  
And the fat mince pies  
And the mistletoe.  
And Christmas pudding  
And berries red  
And stockings hung  
At the foot of the bed.  
And carol singers  
And nothing but play—  
O baby! this is  
Christmas Day.

## THAT'S EASY

Dixie: "What's the masculine of laundress."  
Lida: "That's easy—Chinaman."

# Billy Simpson's

## Tour of the West



J.W. Simpson

In this limited space, I could not begin to tell all about the most wonderful trip I had ever hoped to take.

To give you an idea of the extent of the trip, I will name some of the principal cities visited and then leave it to your imagination to fill in the places between, because I did call at a number of smaller places. Chicago, Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Sioux City, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Butte, Helena, Anaconda, Bozeman, Missoula, Pocatello, Boise, Pendleton, Walla Walla, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. From Los Angeles I came directly home, although it had been my intention to make stops in Arizona, Texas, and Oklahoma, but time would not permit.

In the main, this was intended as a business trip and I tried hard to carry out this idea, but with the host of friends enjoyed by H. MUELLER MFG. CO., it would be impossible for any employe of theirs to make such a trip without being showered with invitations to see some of the beauties of nature which abound everywhere throughout the mountain states, and to refuse to accept to a reasonable extent their entreaties, would show a lack of appreciation of good intentions, so I did accept a number of invitations of customers to see some of the wonderful sights. Nearly every city has something in the way of scenic beauty of which it is proud and with a full regard of benefits derived from these beauties, have constructed wonderful hard roads which enable one to see and enjoy them in comfort.

The mountain drives seem never to grow tiresome as one is always able to observe a new effect even though the drive is made daily. Of the things I enjoyed most were these drives through canyons and especially one of fifty-six miles along the Columbia highway.

Some of the unique things I found I will mention. A fish farm, not a hatchery, but a fish farm in all the name implies. Mountain trout alone are hatched and raised to market size, which takes from one year to eighteen months. To give you an idea of the magnitude of the business—the sale of fish this year amounted to half a million. The capacity is being doubled. I had the experience of seeing them feed the spawners, which are kept for breeding purposes, and for a moment it looked as though they were all coming out on the bank.

I also visited a silver fox farm. These foxes are valued anywhere from \$750.00 to \$1,500.00 each. They are sold for breeding purposes, also for the pelts. The owner claims that with a pair of these one may be independent in five years. You may believe it or not. However, it is well to consider that the man has foxes for sale.

Now to the business side, I found that in most places building got rather a late start, but during the late summer and fall a great many homes were started. It would be foolish

to say that I found things normal, but there was very little pessimism—on the contrary, most people I talked to felt that the depression was a natural condition and were accepting it in a philosophical way. Everyone felt that business would soon improve and things go along as usual.

Stocks as a general thing are low, and when business does come back, we can look for things to hum.

After such a trip as this, I would feel that I had fallen short of the mark if I could not give you some sort of message which would result in good to you and the business at large. It was a pleasure indeed to find that most of the trade recognized MUELLER goods as the very best of their kind on the market. Such criticism as I heard was directed more to the little details rather than to any fault in design or construction. I refer to the things which can only be corrected through the whole-hearted desire of the individual worker. A washer may be too large to fit in the place it is intended; the nickel may be buffed off at some point on an article, a screw may be too loose, and the seat washer may be crushed—in fact, any number of little things can happen unless every man who has to do with machining, assembling, and inspection of the goods observes closely and takes a real interest in the things that he is doing. Not only that, but he should look for faults that occurred in the goods before they reached him, in this way affording a double check.

We know that our goods save labor and customers who have used them for any length of time appreciate this fact, but as fate will have it, it occasionally happens that the new customer whom we have just secured, sometimes runs into some of these annoying little things, and you can imagine the result.

Remember that you are a part of the business, and that your progress depends on the progress of the business as a whole.

Our service should be improved wherever it is possible. By all means do not despise the little order. It may only call for a single piece of goods, yet on it may depend the completion of a large job and the collection of hundreds of dollars. It is in such cases that slow service and seeming indifference is emphasized, and oftimes poor service on a small order calls for more criticism on the part of the customer than would come about through delay in shipping a large order.

In closing this article, I only wish that every employe could have the interesting experience of coming in direct contact with our customers. If they could, I know that the value to this business could not be estimated. Since this is not possible, I ask that you try to appreciate the little that I have said.

### DOINGS AT THE DESK

Mr. Large: "Loan me your pencil for a minute."

Mr. Strain: "I will not—that's the way I got it."

## HOW IT HAPPENED

The Evening Review, December 5, published the following, of much interest to all Mueller folk and friends of Mr. Lucas as well:

Are we honest here in Decatur? Well, just read:

A handsome, costly and new handbag was set down on the Wabash station platform Saturday morning and there it "set and set and sit and sat." Trains came in and trains went out and with them came and left, many, many passengers. More faithful than the "Old Home Town" gang did that handbag meet all trains.

The evening came and with it came the snow. People deserted the depot platform but not the handbag as it proceeded to gather a cover of snow, an inch or two thick. About this time, Tom Clements, employed in the Wabash baggage room in the daytime, happened along. He remembered that same grip in that same spot during the morning and he picked it up and left it in the depot.

And then the telegraph wires between a Wabash train speeding east and Decatur grew warm. C. W. Lucas, a Mueller man, had boarded that train for New York City. His handbag containing a diamond and valuable papers, worth perhaps \$600 or more, had been left behind. Could they find it? Sure they could, and in just a short time the handbag was riding an express car toward N. Y. City.

This incident of course leaves the bars down for all manner of editorial comment, but knowing Mr. Lucas so well, we refrain, because it "ain't what you're thinking about anyway."

Just as Mr. Lucas' train pulled out he was pulling a mechanical problem mentally in reference to making a new style trap and had no time to think about anything so unimportant as a traveling bag containing \$600 worth of valuables.

## HAD BEEN READING EINSTEIN

Some weeks ago a gentleman, presumably Edmund Augustus St. John, called at the main office and left with Mr. Adolph the following verse, evidently inspired by reading about Einstein's theory of relativity:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder where you are;  
High above I see you shine,  
But according to Einstein,  
You are not where you pretend,  
You are just around the bend;  
And your sweet seductive ray  
Has been leading men astray  
All these years—O little star,  
Don't you know how bad you are?  
Edmond Augustus St. John  
Relatively a Saint.

## CALVES

(Scene at Mueller Lodge)

Oh! look at the dear little cow-lets.  
You're wrong, Miss, they are bull-ets.

## DRAPER'S PHILOSOPHY

It's easy enough to be pleasant,  
With a lass and a glass and a song.  
But the man worth while is the guy who can smile  
When he's got the old woman along.

## TRUE TO FORM

Baby Jett: "I want my bottle."  
Mrs. Jett: "Keep quiet. You are just like your papa."

## STILL GOING STRONG



Isaac Davis, age 77, in construction department, still swings a good scoop; John Gunther, age 60, one of the men who help keep the factory spic and span; W. T. Lemmen, age 69, gathers up tote boxes from all over the plant and returns them to the foundry; John Kainothe, age 69, operates an air hammer to knock cores out of castings. You can't jar John.

## PROVED HIS ABILITY.

Some of us denied the privilege of partaking of the culinary accomplishments of Mr. Adolph, amplified and magnified by others who camped on the Okaw, were inclined to treat lightly and airily the stories of the toothsome and delicious dishes which he prepared. Analysis of the accounts brought back showed that "Mother's cooking," which is enshrined in most hearts as unapproachable, unequalled and unattainable, was suddenly running a poor second. We made due allowance for the fact that hunters, fishers and campers are subject to the hypnotic influence of the unconventional when freed from conventional limitations, and grudgingly conceded that perhaps Adolph might boil water without scorching it.

And then he turned around and proved his ability.

Tuesday evening, November 29th, there was a small party at the Mueller Lodge and Adolph prepared the dinner, and the doubters of his ability, who came to "scoff remained to 'prey'" upon that meal. Beefsteak—an inch and a half thick, potatoes, slaw, onions, bread, pies, coffee—oh, boy! if Charles Lamb had gotten next to that beefsteak he'd never wasted time dissertating on roast pig.

# The Office Manager and Private Secretary

"And what does that Merle Cobb do?" You tell 'em, Merle; you know—that is if you have time, which is doubtful. Merle probably would tell you that he does nothing except reach for his pay check once a week or in some other facetious way, being full of "fasceness," make light of his duties. If he did not have a bushel of patience and a lot of quiet humor in his make up, he'd lead a very unhappy life.

He is doing something every minute of the day. He is the confidential secretary of the company for one thing, and with an organization such as ours, that is some job. Then he is office manager for another. And after that he is the Pooh Bah of the office.

Some of us who have gotten through the first hundred years—admittedly the strenuous period of life—can appreciate what Pooh Bah means.

In Gilbert & Sullivan's "Mikado," Pooh Bah ranked high as one of the Mikado's officials and had multifarious duties of his own. Then he carried added weight in the shape of assuming duties which some one else shirked or refused to perform, and incidentally tasted all food and drink before the Mikado partook so that if any of it contained poison the Mikado would learn of it without personal contact. It was tough on Pooh Bah, but it made the Mikado a better life insurance risk.

In the first place Merle handles a large variety of matters which would otherwise encroach on the time of the company or its individual members. It requires skill and tact to do this. When a matter is brought to his attention he determines from the facts whether he can dispose of it properly or whether it must be submitted to the company.

In similar fashion he receives practically all callers and ascertains their business. The company members do not deny themselves to any one, yet if they did not have a representative to relieve them of numerous demands on their time, they would accomplish little more than receive callers all day long.

Merle attends all company meetings and keeps a record of the same.

When he is not doing these things he is



A.M. Cobb

dictating to a stenographer, straightening out some office tangle, giving attention to some troublesome claim, diplomatically smoothing out some ruffled customer or giving the office boy some fatherly advice in an effort to make a substantial future citizen.

To do him full justice in a restricted article borders on the impossibility. On his busy days he closely resembles one of those mechanical toys which when wound up goes buzzing around at a most appalling rate, regardless of time, tide or seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

But in the most troublesome periods he never forgets his kindly, solicitous way which seldom fails to touch a responsive chord, nor his faculty of applying a humorous anecdote which brings a smile instead of an angry retort. That's why everybody likes Merle.

If he were not a private secretary and Pooh Bah he would be in the diplomatic service. He has the qualities necessary for successful discharge of a diplomat's duties.

And if you don't think Merle does anything, come and follow him around on one of his busy days.

At five o'clock you'll say that the quitting whistle has a wonderfully sweet sound, which you never before fully appreciated.

## THE FOREMAN'S CLUB

There was a regular meeting of the Foreman's Club, Monday evening, December 5. As usual a fine dinner was served and cigars were passed.

Mr. Adolph presented some facts regarding business conditions and an address was made by Rev. Henry Myer, pastor of the Congregational Church.

## PROSPECTIVE UNEMPLOYMENT

Mother: "Has the young man who has been calling given you any encouragement?"

Vannie: "Sure has. Only last night he asked if you and father were pleasant to get along with."

## MARRIED

Miss Anna Kuschmerz, of the Core Department, was married on November 5, to Mr. Orville West. At present they are living at 530 E. Orchard Street.

### A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

This poem generally spoken of as "the night before Christmas" has been read and recited more times probably than any other poem in the English language. Children adore it and adults remember it with the joy it recalls.

Clement C. Moore of Philadelphia was the author of this celebrated poem. He wrote it in 1822 for the entertainment of his own children and in 1823 it was first published anonymously.

Since that time it has been published and republished many times.

In any children's Christmas entertainment given this year it is almost a certainty that "A Visit from St. Nicholas" will be on the program.

### WISE SAYINGS.

E. K. Shaw—The early settlers started this country and its the early settlers each month that keep it going.

Orville Hawkins—One good thing about living in the country—your neighbors are so far away that you can't hear their phonographs.

Merle Cobb—Every one should work eight hours and sleep eight hours, but not at the same time.

Addah Paradee—There is one thing in favor of the shimmy—it saves shoes.

L. F. McKibben—As a boy I dreamed of wearing long trousers, and now I guess that I wear them as long as any one.

Chat Winegardner—They tell me the average Arab does the opposite of what the average man in this country does, but I didn't have to go to Arabia to find it out. 'Cause I learned it from some of the fellows around the factory, but did not know at first we had Arabs working for us.

W. R. Gustin—The man who never comes up town in the evening to bowl isn't doing it on account of true love—he is paralyzed.

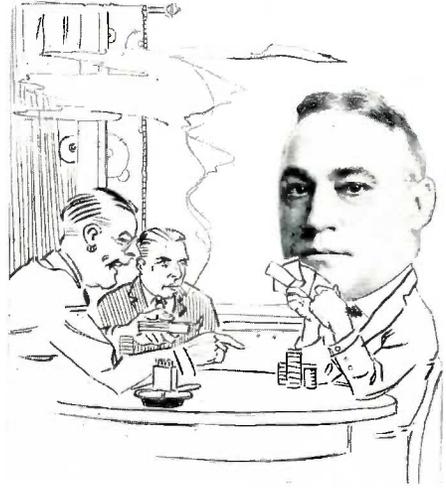
### THE LADDER OF ACTION.

When you are asked to assist or participate in work of benefit to your fellow creatures and yourself, what do you say? Find your percentage in the following:

- 0—I won't.
- 10—I can't.
- 20—I don't know how.
- 30—What is it?
- 40—I wish I could.
- 50—I think I might.
- 60—I might.
- 70—I think I can.
- 80—I can.
- 90—I will.
- 100—I did.

Anyone who wishes to contribute to a worthy cause will please donate some olive oil to Vannie. She uses it in such quantity that the stores are unable to supply the demand.

### IT'S BOB'S BUSINESS



Robert Mueller does not profess to be an expert card player. Occasionally he "sets in" just to help out and he generally helps. Bob is generous and he loves to radiate sunshine and make other people happy. However, he has some personal views on how a game should be conducted, and he does not believe in telling all he knows for someone to take advantage of.

Consequently when he was in a game with some gentlemen versed in all of its niceties, he sat tight and would not answer directly when it seemed that said answer would in any way implicate him or furnish his opponents with a hunch of what he was trying to do.

The time had come to draw cards—it's unnecessary to tell what game was in progress—and the dealer asked:

"How many cards do you want, Bob?"

That's my business," answered Bob warily, "did you think I'd tell you."

As a card player he has a system which would make a "hard boiled shark" explode with laughter. If he happens to win, he ascertains the amount from each, and the next day invests in cigars, neckties or something of that sort, generally spending more than he won, and sends the gift to the loser. He contends there is nothing fair in keeping the money.

And he's a bully sport, too.

### TWO OF WHITTIER'S FRIENDS

The pupils were writing about their favorite poets, and one of them handed in this theme on Whittier:

"Whittier was born in America once when his parents were abroad. He had many fast friends; but the fastest were Alice and Phoebe Cary."

# He Passes on Credits Good, Bad and Indifferent



**E. K. Shaw**

Pity the poor credit man. His life is not a happy one. His calling is unusual. He is imperturbable, immovable, impassive and impartial. Also, he is immune, impending, and impenetrable, but he is never imperative, impertinent or implacable. He is just naturally "ims" all the way through and is related by blood ties to an Arctic iceberg. But he does melt and give way under right conditions. He knows people by rating symbols, past performance, promises and character, and when he has to pass on a credit he compounds his knowledge as the pharmacist does his drugs, stirs 'em, shakes 'em and labels 'em.

And his labels give directions that must be followed.

He neither hates nor loves. He just tells cold-bloodedly that a man is either a good, bad or indifferent risk.

He reaches his conclusion in some such fashion, but if he is like our E. K. Shaw (Ezra Kendall in the office) he is full of good nature and good fellowship in his moments of relaxation.

Mr. Shaw does not refuse to extend credits on personal likes and dislikes. He would much prefer to give than to refuse, and if he has to refuse he does it in a nice, gentlemanly way.

It is not the fault of Mr Shaw that he assumes a personality which is not entirely natural with him. He is compelled to deal absolutely with facts as they are presented to him. A man in business may not like to be refused credit but if rules of business make it necessary he knows the rules and should understand why they are applied. The level headed fellow does not blame the credit man, but puts the blame where we would all put it if we were perfectly honest and fair with ourselves—which is on his own shoulders.

The biggest man in business is not always the most desirable risk. There are big business men, rated high, good in every way—they know it and the dealer knows it—but are negligent in meeting obligations. Knowing that they are good and can pay any time they, unintentionally perhaps, do not remit when they should. They would in-

dignantly resent a company drawing on them, but they overlook the fact that the seller in turn must pay some one else, and that promptness is the best known lubricant for the endless chain of business.

The moral as well as the financial rating is an important determining factor in the extension of credit. Some little fellow who is not even rated in the commercial reports is frequently the very best risk and can secure credit far beyond his ability to pay upon demand. This is the outgrowth of his prompt remittances, his appreciation of the favor extended him, his correct interpretation of the moral obligation assumed and his desire to build up a reputation that will give him credit when he needs it.

A business man's credit is his biggest asset. It should be guarded and protected with jealous care.

When you see Mr. Shaw smiling in a self-satisfied way over a letter you can lay a wager with a fine chance of winning that he has heard from some customer who appreciated the credit extended him and is doing his part to maintain and increase it by making a prompt remittance. The man does not know it, but Mr. Shaw regards him as his personal friend and will defend him.

No matter what line of business you are in, it is a splendid idea to have the credit man on your side, and the way to keep him there is to play fair with him.

It is not hard to do—not with Mr. Shaw. He just naturally wants to be for you—if you will only give him a chance.

## OTTO GETS INFORMATION

Otto—I see in the papers every once in a while about those dry docks in New York. What are they?

Dill—A physician who won't give out prescriptions.

Home—the place where we are treated best and grumble most.

"I call it a bungalow," remarks a man who built one last summer, "because the job is a bungle and I still owe for it."

## HOW VICT. TELLS.

Clerk to Vict: What morning of last week were you late, Vict? Vict, (blinking eyes thoughtfully): "Le' me think. If I can remember what night I stayed home I can tell you when I was late."

## WORKED THE SHELL GAME



Oscar B. Mueller is on "detached duty." He formerly was an important cog in the Decatur machine. Now he is president of the Port Huron and Sarnia companies, and has his hands full. He is an expert in working the shell game—not the kind the slicker practices on show day, but for war purposes. Under his supervision both the Sarnia and Port Huron plants made shells for the Allies during the war, and the two factories stand high in government records for efficiency.

### BIG GAME IN FLORIDA.

The Florida woods are full of all kinds of game, everything that we have in Illinois. Besides there are wild turkey, panther, bear, deer, wild cats, alligators, and rattlesnakes. The snakes are particularly numerous. Helped kill three the other day. The largest had seventeen rattles. I wouldn't want to hunt here unless I had a suit of armor.

The stingaree looks like a bat and flies around drop-lights at night. He hangs himself to a limb of a tree and looks like a small twig, but he has a tail and when he gets a chance he hocks you with it, and you swell up and don't do much walking for a day or two.

There is an even greater variety of animal and plant life in the ocean. A very pretty fish called the man-o'-war will shoot you full of poison if you get within his reach. There are jelly fish that look like turtles decorated with four-leaf clovers. They sting too. I guess the four-leaf clover means that it is good luck if they don't meet you.

They gig lots of flounders along the shore at night. The flounder is a flat fish that grows to a good size. It has both eyes on the same side and lies flat upon the ocean sand and is about an inch and a half thick. It is very awkward and a poor swimmer. The first time I saw one I thought somebody had stepped on it. The flounder, moreover, is fine eating.

Down in the lobby of this hotel they have a stuffed panther about the size of a pony, which was shot near Miami recently. Whenever I meet one of them in the open, you will find me in Decatur very soon afterwards, if the panther does not take me with him. Am getting used to seeing wild cats and alligators, but the rattler is no friend of mine. I look under my bed every night for such things, as they are often found in town.

Well, Chat, if you were here and we both had a month off, and were equipped with suits of armor, a cannon, clubs, spears, and a "gallon" (for snake bites), we would take a hunting and fishing trip that would be some trip.

BERT KITCHEN

### IF

This poem by Rudyard Kipling has been published before, but it is always worth re-reading. It contains much food for thought.

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt  
you,

But make allowance for their doubting, too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too  
wise;

If you can make one heap of all your win-  
nings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and  
sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are  
gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold  
on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your  
virtue,

Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common  
touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt  
you,

If all men count with you, but none too  
much:

If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my  
son.

### WHIP UP, STELLE

Marjorie says she could learn to love any man who makes as nice presents as the ones Skelley recently sent her.

Better whip up Stelle. We've got money bet on you. Can't you make some nice little electrical appliance to win back the prestige you once had?

# Remarkable Family Record of Employment



One hundred and eight years service with the Mueller Mfg. Co.—that's the record of the six members of the Johnson-Zetterlind family—probably unequalled anywhere in this country—and the final summing up is not yet reached because there are still four members of the family in our employ. Two of this remarkable group have passed on.

Three of them served 20 years and received the customary reward of \$500 for continuous, faithful and loyal service. The youngest member, Evart Zetterlind, now the office messenger boy, has an ambition to emulate his great-grandfather, grandfather and father, each of whom completed 20 years or more. The youngster upon entering our service, announced that he had come to stay for 20 years. Here is a brief outline of this most uncommon record of service:

	BEGAN	QUIT	YRS.
N. A. Johnson	4-23-1882	12-6-1911	29
Frank Zetterlind	6-7-1880	Still working	41
Harry Zetterlind	1-10-1897	11-5-1918	21
F. H. Zetterlind	3-21-1905	Still working	16
Mrs. H. Zetterlind	10-10-1904	6-12-1905	1
Evart Zetterlind	10-25-1921	Still working	

Total 108

Nelson Johnson was the father-in-law of Frank Zetterlind and was formerly the en-

gineer in charge of the power plant. When old age came creeping on, he was given lighter and easier work and was practically "his own boss" until he voluntarily retired, dying soon after.

Frank Zetterlind sailed the high seas for many years, but when he cast anchor with the Muellers he never raised it, and for 41 years he has been at the head of the blacksmith department—a finished mechanic in his line.

Harry and Frank H. are sons of Frank Zetterlind, and grandsons of N. A. Johnson. Harry served 21 continuous years until his death, but Frank has a little break or two in his 16 years.

Mrs. Zetterlind was employed here when she married Harry, but recently came back and took a clerical position in the Foundry office.

And a few weeks later her son, Evart, became the office messenger with an ambition to follow in the footsteps of his great-grandfather, his grandfather and his father.

The record is one of which the Zetterlind family is proud, and the company is appreciative of this unusual example of loyalty.

## COLUMBUS BEST SALESMAN

Christopher Columbus has been adjudged the best salesman by the Executive Club of Chicago.

"He sold his voyage to Queen Isabella and she had to hock her jewels to pay for it. When he asked Genoans to sign on the dotted line they told the office boy to give him the gate.

"But was he discouraged? Did he quit trying, like a rebuffed drummer? No! He took the first boat for Spain, bluffed his way into Queen Isabella's private office and gave the lady a spiel that might well be incorporated in 'salesmanship in 10 lessons.'

"'Madam,' he said, 'no royal family should be without a private entrance to the Indies. Here's the opportunity of a lifetime. Three caravels down and a small monthly payment will give you our patented, guaranteed new world. Try it, madam, and you'll never regret the investment.'

"He talked so fast and so well that Isabella took her jewels to the royal hockshop and signed a contract."

## AT THE ORIENTAL

Scene: Monty and his most excellent wife dining. In breezes a short-skirted damsel, who seeing no one else in sight, proceeds to vamp Monty.

Swelling up slightly, muchly would mean tempting the bursting strain, Monty remarks: "My dear, that girl over there is smiling at me."

"That's all right," replied the better half, "I nearly died laughing the first time I saw you."

## JUST THREE QUEENS



They win more often than they lose—At the right is Mrs. Ross, chief matron, and at the left is her assistant, Mrs. Bayley, while sandwiched in between is Miss Bass of the Employment Department.

## FRED, THE FIREMAN



In other days Fred Mueller was a member of the Rescue hose team of the Volunteer Fire Department and he was one of the dapper young men of the city. At that time his father's business was located on East Main street, just east of the Milikin Bank, and in one portion was a sporting goods department over which as a matter of course Fred presided.

Mr. Mueller, while a man of much dignity, had also a lot of humor in his make up. One day he concluded to put up a little job on Fred.

Leaving the building by a side door he walked out of sight and was gone for a few moments. Suddenly he appeared at the front door, a look of surprise on his face, and exclaimed:

"Why, Fred, didn't you hear the fire bell ring?"

That was all. Fred vaulted the show case and tore down the street four blocks away to the fire house. Nobody around there knew anything about a fire.

Fred wandered back to the store. He figured it out on the way back that his father was having fun with him and did not ask for an explanation. Nor did Mr. Mueller give any, but the merry twinkle in his eye was sufficient evidence that he had enjoyed Fred's mad race down the street, as much as the spectators.

## THE OFFICE "CAT" SAYS 'TIS TRUE

Her petticoat was Georgette blue,  
Her dress was cheese cloth red,  
When she passes 'tween me and light,  
I always turn my head.

## THE OFFICE OWL—Hoo! Hoo!

Several men who were verifying Clara's inventory slips were unable to understand how she arrived at certain figures. It was found that she multiplied by a figure which did not appear anywhere on the slip. After careful investigation of the telephone directory, it was discovered that she was using a certain young gentleman's (we are not mentioning names) telephone number.

Bill Gustin wants to know why everyone picked on him in the last "Record." He says they ought to pick on some one their own size.

Dean Gorham who used to be late nearly every morning gets to work now about ten minutes earlier than is necessary. Does the fact that Mr. Thorpe's Department goes to work at 7:00 o'clock have anything to do with it?

Bobby Peel coming up to Sales Dept.: "Goodness, but it's dark here, why don't you have some bright light?"

Clara Frahlman: "We are all so bright in this Department that we do not need any light."

Dean Gorham to Mr. Cruikshank who was blooming out in a big white sweater with a large "Y" on it: "Where did you get your sweater, Mr. Cruikshank?"

Mr. Cruikshank: "I'm like the little girl that had the itch, I had it given to me."

Please don't watch Marjorie pull threads. It makes her nervous.

Creta, talking to Myrta of the Office Picnic out at the Lodge: "Mr. Langdon went swimming in a hat."

It has been noticed of late that Dean Gorham has been making frequent trips down to the second floor to Mr. Thorpe's Department. One day he made as many as a dozen trips, so we understand. The question arises in our minds, is it really important business that calls him down there so often, or is there some other attraction? Is Dean at last seeing something attractive in the "Fair Sex?" Everyone keep his eyes open and report to the editor for the next "Record."

If anyone fails to get "SERVICE" from our Advertising Manager, Mr. Wagenseller, we suggest you ask Miss Paradee how she keeps her new clipping machine in such excellent order. She has a system and a mysterious influence over our friend, Wag.

Marie transcribed a letter in which was the name of D. Knickerbacker Boyd. She wrote John D. Knickerbacker Boyd. We know where your mind was, Marie, when you prefixed the name of John.

Bill Bailey: "I must say, Ruth, these biscuits are fine."

Bill's mother, after Ruth had left the room: "How could you tell Ruth that those biscuits were good when you know they were not."

Bill Bailey: "I said I MUST SAY they were good didn't I, not that they were good."

Billy Simpson attended church the other Sunday and during an eloquent sermon he fell asleep. The pastor finished up with "we will now pray; Brother Simpson will now lead."

Billy unfortunately woke up on the "Brother Simpson will now lead," and remarked: "It's Merle's lead; I dealt."

When Creta reported to Clara a few days ago that she was going to eat down at the Club that noon, Clara did not hear her, although Creta says that Clara said "all right." As a result, when Creta went down for lunch, there was no place set at the table for her. We all have come to the conclusion that LOVE has a funny effect on people. Even Pauline says she hasn't gotten that far yet.

Everett Mueller: "Mont, would you like to have a real good cigar?"

Mont (having a vision of Everett handing him one): "Why yes, Everett, I would enjoy it very much."

Everett: "All right, here is a price list; order yourself some."

Clara: "How is Oscar since he sprained his arm?"

Lucile Cameron (meaningly): "Oh, he doesn't have any trouble in getting around."

We wonder why Marjorie has been late almost every morning this week. She must be trying to make up for the hour and a half of sleep she lost waiting for the interurban at Clinton the other night.

### THE UNBROKEN SONG

I heard the bells on Christmas Day,  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

# FOUR ACES

## First to Cross the Line in the 1921-22 Sales Contest

The Sales Department inaugurated a contest covering 1921-1922 sales on various combinations which we manufacture. The badge shown is given each salesman upon recording a stipulated number of sales of our combinations. It represents in miniature the Mueller Tub-Shower Bath Faucet. It's done in solid gold. The coiled hose forms an encircling border containing this inscription:

"Ace-49'er. Sales Contest 1921-22" and the word Mueller appears on the scroll. The porcelain handles and switch cock knob of the bath faucet are accurately reproduced in white, and the hose is shown in color.

W. C. Heinrich, Pacific Northwest representative, with headquarters at Portland, Oregon, known all over the country as "Billy" and "Heinie" was the first to cross the line.

Harry L. Marker of the Oakland, California, territory, was a close second.

And then New York came into the lime light. John P. Stenner of New York City registered for an "Ace-49'er" pin.

The fourth man was W. L. (Billy) Jett of the Los Angeles territory. Jett generally grabs anything and everything in sight but was up against a grand old veteran in "Heinie" this time and let a couple of colts like Marker and Stenner romp by him.

It will be seen that the San Francisco branch holds three aces to one for New York.

Tom Leary, manager of the San Francisco branch, says the ratio is in proper balance. It's always about that way when he goes against Manager "Butsy" Dill of the New York branch.

And there's another argument started.

We confess with appropriate chagrin that the boys in Decatur territory have not shown at all in the running.

### The Other Contests.

There are other contests on this year as follows:

Grand Prize—To individual salesman for all kinds of combinations sold—\$75 watch; 2nd. \$50 watch; 3rd. \$25 watch.



W.C. HEINRICHS



HARRY L. MARKER



J.P. STENNER



W.L. JETT

Team Prizes—For total number of all kinds of combinations sold, 1st, \$10 to each man on winning team; second, \$7.00 to each man on second team; third, \$3.00 to each man on third team.

Individual Item Prizes—To man selling most sink combinations only, 1st, \$15; bath combinations, \$15.00 lavatory combinations only, \$15.00

To man selling second highest on all above, \$10.00 each item.

To man selling third highest, \$5.00 on each item.

(Continued on page 27)

### SHOOTLESS HUNT

It is reported that Walter Drew went hunting recently and brought home seven rabbits. He took a shotgun, but forgot the shells. How did he get the rabbits?

Perhaps he tried Mr. Fred Mueller's plan of sawing a log in two and painting the center of it black. The rabbit, at seeing this at a distance, mistakes it for a hollow log, butts his head squarely into it and knocks out his brains.

Or perchance, he borrows Mr. Phil's dog, which is trained to lie flat on the ground with his mouth open like a hole in the stump. The rabbit make for this refuge and at the proper moment, the dog clamps down his jaws and catches it.

God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born upon this day;  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray.

# The CHILDRENS ANNUAL

The Christmas Party for the children of the employes is one of the big events in the Mueller calendar. Bright colored posters announcing this event for December 17th, appeared early in the month and at once it became a red letter day for the little folks. The party was held this year in the spacious new Annex of the City Y. M. C. A., where room and facilities for handling a large group are unexcelled.

Christmas weather arrived Saturday afternoon, and a heavy snow was falling as the guests came, but the weather did not cut down the attendance. In fact more people came this year than ever before. Wraps were checked and all children were presented with gay colored paper caps. Soon the Grand March formed and long lines of expectant youngsters swung around the great room.

The center of the floor was then cleared and a volley ball net was stretched across it. The larger boys were divided into two groups. A score of inflated balloons were released and the game was to see which side could drive all the balloons over the net. Ten minutes of furious play resulted in a tie.

The group games then began in earnest. Miss Mitten, of the Y. W. C. A., assisted by ten girls from the Main Office, led the girls and smaller children in games suited to their ages and interests. The large floor permitted them to play without undue crowding, and the little folks spent a very pleasant hour thus.

The boys were in charge of Mr. Metzler, of the Y. M. C. A., assisted by Mr. Gorham of the Sales Department. After various lively games the floor was again cleared, and the larger boys formed two relay teams who raced the length of the room on all-fours. This proved to be a very amusing pastime.

Meanwhile, a "Welcome Committee" representing all departments



# CHRISTMAS PARTY



and directed by Mr. and Mrs. John Shelton and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cobb, saw to it that all adult guests became acquainted. Members of the firm and their wives, the families of workmen and of foremen mingled in the happy democracy of Christmas.

The guests then assembled about the platform at the end of the room. A decorated and illuminated Christmas tree held the center of the stage. The more formal program opened with the "Highland Fling" danced in costume by little Miss Janet Cozad. This was followed by "The Tin Soldier." A clown dance by Miss Vannie Sheiry pleased everyone.

Mr. Adolph Mueller bade his guests welcome and read them a will, which bequeathed all manner of happiness and good fortune.

Miss Clara Hunt, of the Decatur Public Library, told the story of the Christmas seals. It seems that the fairies used to help Santa Claus and he arranged for them to form the double cross on the Christmas seals which adorn our Christmas packages. Thus they bring sunshine and help to tubercular children.

Miss Bernice Coles, who has twice before appeared on our Christmas program, read an interesting story entitled, "A Night With Santa Claus."

When she had finished, the old gentleman himself, in full regalia, appeared upon the scene. Charles Morris was designed by nature for the part of Santa Claus, and had a word of greeting and a smile for every boy and girl.

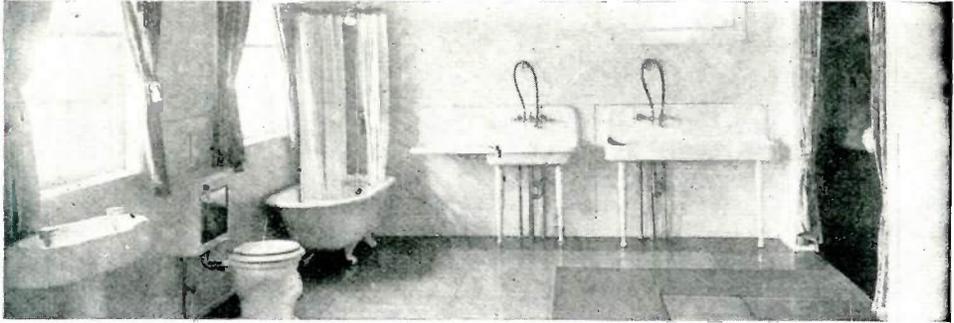
The children then lined up along the wall and a long procession filed by Santa Claus, who presented them all with a box of candy and a big red apple and bade them "Good-bye."

And so the happy afternoon drew to a close. This was the largest and in many respects, the best party that we have had.



# Show Room

## IT DELIGHTS ALL VISITORS



This year we introduced something new—a show room—which we have talked about for a long time but always postponed because something seemingly more important demanded attention.

The show room is on the second floor at the stair landing leading to the main office. It is handsomely equipped with modern porcelain and enamel iron fixtures, and these are fitted up with Mueller brass goods.

All the goods are under pressure and always ready for inspection and test by visitors. There are stall shower baths, tub-shower baths, drinking fountains, sinks, lavatories and toilets.

Special attention is directed to the Mueller Tub-Shower outfit shown in the corner. This shower operates from the bath faucet. It combines a good tub bath followed by a shower, or either one as desired. It's something new. It makes possible a shower in any bath room without the added expense of a shower specially arranged—or it can be attached to any tub in use,

replacing the old bath faucet.

The walls and woodwork of the show room are done in white enamel, which is relieved by blue portieres and window curtains. Every piece of metal in the room is nickel plated.

The illustrations fail to do this room justice because of the fact that the subject is a hard photographic proposition, due to the predominance of white walls and fixtures which eliminates contrasting effects to a marked degree.

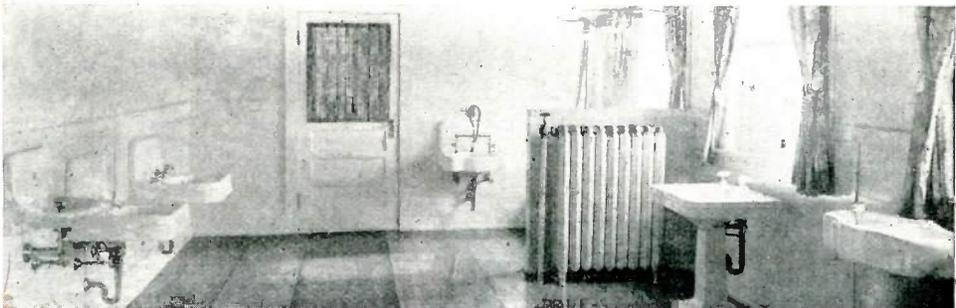
### COMMON SENSE BUSINESS TALKS.

It has been decided to resume the distribution of the Common Sense Business Talks. These are the cards that were so popular last year. The foremen are behind this service, and all benefit from these stimulating messages.

Begin promptly the first of the new year to save for an album.

### TRY IT.

It's a wise man that can think without talking.



# Mueller Hunters On the Okaw River



Reading left to right—Frank Mattison, Philip Mueller, Adolph Mueller, "Blackie," John Dunaway, Ulie Friend

Here is the hunting party on the Okaw. Messrs Philip and Adolph are shown in this picture surrounded by enough game to prove their prowess as hunters.

The party on this particular day brought in quite a variety of game, including possum which may be seen stretched out on the pole. This spot in Southern Illinois is a natural game preserve. The banks of the Okaw are heavily timbered and this timber is filled with underbrush. It abounds with pheasants, quail, duck, rabbits, squirrel, muskrat, possum, coon and in fact all game that is native to this state.

Mr. Adolph bought eighty acres just a few days before the party reached there, having in mind a hunting and camping place for the members of the company and their employees.

After the first trip Mr. Mason of the Construction department, was dispatched to the place to figure out some improvements and additions to the cabin and the grounds immediately surrounding it.

It is going to prove one of the most popular places in the company's list of properties, and already plans are in the making for camping and hunting parties next summer and fall.



Bobbie Mueller

The party was made up of Mr. Hency of Monticello; R. H. Mueller, Andrew Black, John Dunaway, Jonathan Davidson of Mt. Auburn, James Shields of Monticello, Adolph Mueller, Philip Mueller, Mr. Jene of Vernon, Ill., Frank Mattison, Ulie Friend, Billy Mason, Merle Cobb, John Duffy, Anton Schuerman, and John Shelton.

For nearly two weeks this company idled the hours away, hunting, fishing, reading and loafing. The camp is in a secluded spot and during that time they saw but few people outside of their own party.

Bobbie Mueller, lower left hand corner, is the instigator of these hunts. He is in fact, the greatest hunter in our organization. Much of his spare time is spent afield or in his power boat on the river.

Here is Billy Mason, head of our Construction Department. Billy joined the party for a few days toward the close of the hunt, and proved to be something of a shooter himself. In his spare time he figured out the additions to be made to the house. Next year it will be in better shape and have more comforts and conveniences.

The trip to the Okaw river is an annual event, for November.



Billy Mason

## Two Mueller Branch Managers



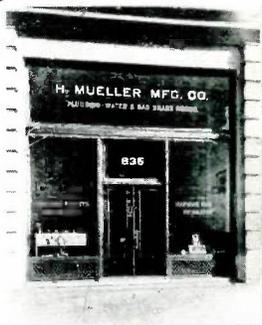
New York  
145-9 W. 30th



W.N. Dill



T.F. Leary



San Francisco  
635 Mission St.

Our New York branch is located at 145-149 W. 30th St., and our San Francisco branch at 635 Mission St.

The management of these places is directed by W. N. (Butsy) Dill in New York, and T. F. (Tom) Leary in San Francisco. They are widely known in the brass goods trade, both of them having been "tramps" the greater part of their sedate young lives. They have outgrown this sedateness now and are gay old boys. They can't step into any American city without some plumber, water works' manager or superintendent, or gas company superintendent greeting them with "Hello, Butsy," or "Hello, Tom."

Fortunately for them they have led quiet and upright lives, never deviating from the paths of righteousness and rectitude, and its safe for them to land anywhere and enjoy all the rights guaranteed honest citizens under the constitution and the 18th amendment. They are so generally known that if they ever should let "their foot slip" they couldn't get twenty miles away before some "bull" would nab 'em. This fact may perhaps have an influence on their conduct.

Whether this fact causes them to avoid the "primrose path" and stick close to the "steep and thorny road" is a matter for speculation and conjecture. We claim privilege and refuse to answer. We don't care to incriminate ourselves and put a stain on our otherwise spotless young life.

You fellows who know 'em, tell 'em.

Just the same we are all proud of these two good fellows—good in every sense of the word. Every man in our organization likes "Butsy" and "Tom." They embody two rare personalities which attract friends in and out of the organization—they play fair with the house and the trade—and that's why they have always been popular with the trade.

"Butsy" Dill entered the service of the

Mueller Mfg. Co. as a boy. He completed his 20 years' service some years back and then concluded

he would retire and rest. He did—he instituted divorce proceedings and got a decision. In about six weeks he came back and had the decree set aside. He could not stand it away from his first love. That gave him an idea and he picked himself out a splendid little woman, after many years of bachelorhood, and now he's really "settin' pretty."

And "Tom" Leary—he's just like "Butsy" only different. Tom was married early in life and has a fine partner and a row of healthy growing children. He is a product of the Mississippi Valley. He broke into the brass goods game from Rock Island, Illinois. He "peddled" for a number of companies until he became a salesman, and then he joined our organization and has been with us for years. Tom covered several different territories until the San Francisco branch was opened and he was picked as manager. From a devoted enthusiast of the Mississippi Valley, he has developed into the most rantankerous adopted son of California ever inoculated with the sunshine and climate. Start Tom on any subject you want to, but lay off of California and the Pacific coast—that is if you expect to get away alive. The real native son is a "piker" compared to Tom.

### SHE WENT KERPLUNK

Driving home from market over wet and muddy roads the old farmer met a friend.

"How are ye today, Silas," was the greeting.

"Just tolerable, thank ye, Abner."

"How's the Missus?"

"Ask her, she's settin' in the back end."

"Land sakes, Silas, there be nobody there."

"Gosh, that accounts for the splash I heard a mile back. Gol darn it, I'll have to drive back for her or go without supper tonight."

## THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE BRASS BUSINESS

There is more to this business than producing goods and making money. It is also making men. The importance of the human factor is recognized. The success of the business is also the success of those who work here. The men and the management are both mindful of this great fact. The close contact of the Company members with the workers gives reality to this idea.

The best of all welfare work is to give men steady employment. The Mueller plant has done this to a degree unequaled by any local industry, or by any competitor. During the slack times of 1921 the factory was running, and nearly always on full time. The yearly income is what a man has to live on, and steady work holds up that income in times of depression.

The human factor has consideration in many other ways. A recent venture is a school in Foremanship, in which the problems of management and the intelligent handling of men are ably presented to an eager group. Modern foremanship is rising to the dignity of a profession and our foremen are alert to this movement.

A Personnel Department in active touch with a variety of employe's activities such as employment, socials, athletics, sick benefits, night school, noon day lunches, etc. seeks to render service. Mueller policies are so well known in Decatur that the Employment Department has never known a shortage of applicants. During the war when help was scarce, we had waiting lists.

The Employes' Aid Society is a sick benefit association which offers protection against sickness and accident. It is controlled by the employes. Benefits range from five to fifteen dollars per week and monthly dues vary from thirty cents to one dollar per month. About ninety-five per cent of the entire force belong to the Aid Society. The officers keep in close touch with the disabled members. Benefits are paid promptly and cheerfully. During 1921, about \$5000 were paid in benefits.

The Society, with the help of monthly contributions from the Company, has built up a reserve of \$2500, which has been invested in bonds of the Mueller Metals Company.

The "Mueller Record" appears monthly and is eagerly received by the entire force. It has become an important means of setting forth policies and of extending an understanding of the plant as a whole to workers who see only a part of it. A series of illustrated articles descriptive of the various lines of work and showing their relation to different departments have appeared from time to time. These articles sketch the history of the department under

## "DIXIE"



Here is a snap shot of Ethel Dixon, clerk in Mr. Cruikshank's office. The camera caught her just as she was fixin' her hat to go home. Every one who saw the picture thought it was "just too cute" and so it's passed along for all Record readers to enjoy. Miss Dixon is one of the popular girls in the

main office building, and everybody knows her as "Dixie."

consideration, describe the work in process, mention items of particular interest, and point out the noteworthy achievements of the men.

Every year each employe is the guest of the Company at dinner in the Mueller Club. Groups of related departments meet on these occasions and matters of mutual interest are discussed.

The Foremen's Club meets each month. Discussions center about Company business, current business and the progressive influences in industry.

We have not space to mention here the various outings at the Mueller Lodge, the daily game of volley ball and baseball, the annual picnic, nor the children's Christmas party.

It is the constant aim of the Superintendent and the Foremen to treat all workers here with the same courtesy and consideration that is extended to our customers.

Why go to the movies when we can be amused here in the office? Who said a flirtation would not bring about anything? This one in particular brought about a jewelry box made of carved wood with many curios within—a dagger from the orient, a revolver from the wild and wooly west, but best of all was a ring which bore an engraved "M". Who can it mean? The only one we can think of is Marjorie. Now Margie be nice and set an example for the other girls.

When Stan told Pauline of his love,  
The color left her cheeks,  
But on the shoulder of his coat,  
It showed for several weeks.

# Making A River Into A Lake



Decatur dreams of mighty things and awakening invests them with the habiliments of reality, instead of yawning contentedly and saying "that was a pleasant dream," and then forgetting it. Decatur makes her dreams come true. That's why all who are familiar with Decatur recognize in her the truth of the statement—the biggest little city in America.

Years ago when our water works were built, either through luck, accident or perhaps design, the site selected proved most fortunate. It is the same spot upon which the plant now stands and seems to be the one logical place. A mile east of the dam the Sangamon river, which at normal stages of water is some 100 feet wide, makes a sweeping bend to the west. This is known as Allen's bend, and on the bluffs 90 feet above the river at this point is the site of the Mueller lodge.

There is always a good depth of water at the bend. The river at this point is fed by springs in the hills. Above or below at times you can cross on the bed of the river without dampening your feet. The springs at Allen's bend have always provided a sufficient supply of water to answer the city's needs in the most prolonged drouth.

This condition remained true until four or five years ago when increased manufacturing enterprises called for a greater supply of water than the projectors of the water works had ever thought possible.

Then Decatur began to dream of a big dam which would form an adequate lake and store up a water supply sufficient for two years.

And now that dream is all but realized. Something over a year ago, after thoroughly considering all details, work was commenced on the impounding dam, which is to create a lake 13 miles long and one-half

to three-fourths of a mile wide at a total cost of about \$2,500,000.

Today, following the recent heavy rains, the "oldest inhabitant" standing on the county bridge and looking east sees more water in the Sangamon than he ever saw before and those who said it "can't be did" say "darned if they didn't do it."

It was a stupendous undertaking. The dam itself is a beautiful piece of engineering which seemingly leaves nothing to be desired. But that is only part of the story.

There was an almost endless amount of work securing title to the land adjacent to the river which is to form the bed of the new lake. This had to be cleared of timber and underbrush, completely changing the landscape for a distance of 13 miles above the dam.

The story of this great work, which assures us an unlimited water supply and makes possible future growth by the addition of new industries, is best and most clearly told in statistical form.

Location Dam—Sangamon river at Decatur.  
Amount of water to be impounded—Eight billion gallons—two years' supply without rain.

Height of Dam—610 feet sea level; flash boards to be added will make water level 612½ feet.

Present water level—595 feet.

Length of spillway—480 feet concrete; total length of dam, 1,900 feet.

Height of concrete—28.5 feet, to 610-foot level.

Cost—Dam: Contract price, \$790,000 to \$975,000. Cost of land, bridges and roads: Estimated, \$1,000,000. Sewage, \$1,500,000.

Land taken—3,200 acres at 612-foot level; 3,800 at 615-foot level; 5,400 acres at 625-foot level.

County bridge—To be raised fourteen feet, standing fifteen feet above lake level.

Length of Lake—13 miles; width, half mile.

Bridges and Roads—Cost: Total, \$520,000.

(Continued on page 23)

### BEN OPEN TO SUSPICION

Ben Tarr submitted the following tried receipt for roast turkey to be served Christmas dinner:

Obtain a bird of any age so it is not less than ten years old. Put on a very limited diet for one month or until weight has been reduced one-half. Then feed on onions, salt fish and mushrooms one month. When he is fat enough to kill, behead carefully and remove all feathers. Cook three weeks or until done, then remove bones if possible. Cut up the meat as fine as circumstances permit using an axe if necessary. Thoroughly mix meat with garlic and jimson weed chopped in small pieces. Add cornmeal, salt and chili pepper and bake.

Ben says if this is made right the result will be worth the effort.

Editor—Who is Ben working for, Muellers or Jimmy Moran?

### WILD ANIMAL TRAINER

Harry Miller was once riding to work on his bicycle and a big dog started to chase him. Harry stepped on the accelerator, tightened up on the handle bars, and managed to run away from the dog. Of course, he was not scared, he simply hadn't time to stop and argue with the brute. Soon after some one told him the power of personal magnetism over animals.

A few days later, a big dog came at him again. Harry dismounted and bent the power of his hypnotic gaze upon the brute and cowed him into helplessness. For further particulars in this new art of self-protection, see Harry when he is not too busy initiating new molders.

### LIBRARY

A new selection of books supplied by the Decatur Public Library are now available at the Mueller Club. Books may be secured from Charles Connelly.

Subscriptions have been entered for a number of magazines which will be placed in the various Rest Rooms.

IF YOU HAVE MOVED be sure to register your new address with the Employment Office. This is an advantage to you as well as to the Company. The new City Directory will soon want a correct list of addresses and it is up to you to help get this list accurately done.

Why did Marjorie say she was late three nights instead of three mornings?

(Continued from page 5)

Charlie Riley, our blind friend, wants anything but lead ring gaskets. He has packed a million of 'em and says he can taste and see them.

Serubby Furry does not want anything but the earth with a fence around it.

A few thousand dollars each will satisfy Harold Probst, Geo. Leipski and J. A. Parker.

### CHRISTMAS GIF'S



Why shouldn't a fine plumbing fitting make as an acceptable Christmas present, just as well as a chair or lamp? That's the question we asked ourselves and then proceeded to urge our Combination Sink Faucet as a good thing to give. The illustration shows Claudia LaPief and Pearl Koontz doing these Combinations up in white paper, red ribbon and Christmas decorations.

Ben Tarr wants another bottle of that sure cure medicine and Clarence Foster says he will take the same.

Bring Alfred Venters a pair of scissors so that when the box making girls again sew up the pockets in his overalls he can cut them open quicker.

John Hoots wants a pair of boots to wade the flood water after Ed Carter gets through testing.

Harry Eller, a "born comedian," does not want a thing but a wife.

Emery Whitacre does not want anything but a jolly good time, which he always has anyway, and Geo. Redmon says if there is peace on earth, good will toward men, he will be satisfied.

A Pierce-Arrow will please George Helfin. Jack Dill wants the Pennsylvania railroad. He worked on it so long he says he can't get along without it.

George Busby and Wesley Kates want little farms at the edge of town and Shorty Williams wants a house and lot in town.

A new set of teeth to take the place of those John Burkholder had pulled will be very acceptable.

Bring Vict and Louise a cow. They want to get fat and are riding the milk wagon this winter. Pearl wants a fluffy boudoir cap, a wrist watch, sachet bag, lip stick, pearl necklace and anything else you can think of, while Claudia wants a cedar chest, gaiters, white kid gloves and satin slippers with beaded tops.

Do your best, Santa.

(Continued from page 22)

Financing—Dam by City: land and part of bridges, roads, etc., by Water Supply Company; sewage disposal by Sanitary District.

Water Supply Company—A corporation of Decatur citizens to furnish \$1,000,000 to buy land, change roads, etc. By contract with city, total income from water rents goes to pay operation of plant, dividends on preferred stock, and retire stock of Water Company.

Stock Subscriptions—Oversubscribed to \$1,200,000 in five days.

Land to City—In sixteen years or less all Water Company stock will be retired and land dedded to City without further cost.

Sanitary District—Organized to build intercepting sewers and sewage disposal plant at total cost of \$1,500,000.

# Decatur Water Works and Filter Plant



The germ of the Mueller Mfg. Co. was hidden in the plan of the Decatur Water Works, but no one knew it. The wise men of the city would have laughed at the suggestion, and yet the unfolding scroll of years has proved it. And there is food for thought in this. Every big public undertaking has concealed within it unknown business possibilities which will benefit individuals and communities in later years.

Here is the connecting link between our company and the Decatur Water Works with its original two little old Cameron pumps, which would not much more than supply our plant with water today.

The water works was established on the banks of the Sangamon about a mile south of the business center in 1870.

Heironymus Mueller was delegated by the city council to make all service connections. The primitive method of tapping mains stimulated his naturally inventive mind to devise and patent the Mueller Tapping Machine enabling a connection to be made without shutting off the water and without giving the tapper an involuntary shower bath.

Mr. Mueller recognized the lack of strength and suitability of an iron pipe thread on a corporation cock for a dependable connection at the main. He devised what has become known as the Mueller Thread on corporation cocks. The correctness of his solution of this problem is recognized by 95 per cent of water works and the Mueller Thread has become the standard in water works practice. In making a corporation cock with a Mueller thread it was a mechanical and service necessity to provide heavier walls in the corporation cock. In this design of a corporation cock, Mr. Mueller gave to the water works trade for the first time an



article possessing requisite strength and provided a thread which insures a thoroughly dependable connection of brass corporation cock with the iron main.

This achievement coupled with the invention of the Mueller Tapping Machine form the foundation upon which rests today the Mueller Enterprises.

The Decatur water works plant is a few hundred yards below the new dam shown on another page. Within the past few years it was rebuilt and enlarged. In addition to the big pumping engines it houses the municipal electric light machinery.

Just east of the pumping station is the new filter plant, which succeeded the old plant shown on the brow of the hill.

The water works system embraces 70 miles of mains, 7,790 meters; a capacity of 23,000,000 gallons and a domestic pressure of 80 pounds and fire pressure of about 125 pounds.

## WHY WE KID THEM.

Readers of this Record outside our own organization may wonder at the liberties we take with the members of the company, for instance referring to the president as the "Chief cook and bottle washer" of a camping trip.

In this organization it is not regarded as unduly familiar or undignified. It's the real downright human side of the Mueller boys that contributes so largely to the democratic spirit existing throughout the plant.

There is not a person in the organization who does not accord them all the respect due them, but when it comes to mixing with them, they are just men themselves, without any false dignity.

Some trucker or yard man is just as apt to call the president "Ot," or the company secretary "Bob" as he is likely to use the prefix "Mr." The company members don't care a rap about it—in fact they like it.

To many this may seem a peculiar relationship between employer and employe, but it makes for friendship, service and an effective organization.

## IN O. FLAT

Wonder what caused Johnny Albrecht to retreat so hastily from the office recently. Someone said he reached the drafting room in O. Flat.

**"FOR UNTO YOU A CHILD IS BORN."**

(By Lilly Gottwald)

"Come away, oh human child,  
To the water and wild.  
With a Fairy hand in hand,  
For the world is more full of weeping  
Than you can understand.—Keats.

Long, long ago a little child was born in a lowly stable hard by an Inn. The stars shone bright that night and angels sang, for the child brought a new understanding of love to the earth and peace to troubled hearts. The wonder of this gift of love he brought was so great and the magic of his peace gave such joy to men that the land where he was born for all time will be known as the Holy Land.

The great miracle of love is repeated everytime a child is born in every hut or palace in all the world. Our eyes have become blinded and our ears dulled by the jangles and ambitions of life so that we do not see the radiance of the stars or hear the angels sing when a human child comes to laugh and play with us.

There is joy everytime a child is born but were it not for the yearly festival of Christmas we self-absorbed grown ups might forget how holy a thing is the heart of a child, might forget how divine is the gift of a new life.

Every child carries a magic in its hand that drives away heartaches, a wonder in its eyes that draws us back again to sweet faith, a trust in its heart that makes life a joyous experiences. It is good for us to believe in the holiness of little children, to celebrate on Christmas day the greatest feast of all the earth's calendar, their oneness with divinity.

A man who understands toys understands childhood, and he can read the hearts of men. The world is his toyshop and men and women his toys. He can use everybody, it makes no difference how ugly a toy may be. He loves them when they are naughty like a little girl when she spans her doll. Like God who suffers us to come to him. If we had toys, if we have learned to play with them, we have the hearts of children and we will be able to laugh at the world and, yes, at ourselves.

We ought to yield ourselves, especially during these holidays to the influence of children. We ought to follow their trail to happiness, let them lead us to the joys of the imagination that we have probably half or wholly forgotten. We ought to be children again, in spirit at least, go out to the woods and gather greens for the house decorations, fill stockings with mysterious lumpy treasures, carry baskets of good things to the poor, hang out sheaves of wheat to the birds, dress dollies, bake funny cookies, and save our pennies to buy gifts. One of the great mysteries is the more we give the more we have, the more we love

**COMMON SENSE  
PRESENTS GIVEN**



One of two big truck loads of hams ready to unload the day before Christmas. The Company believes in common sense presents, and the employees with families appreciate the ham—it means not one big Christmas feast, but a good many.

Standing alongside the truck, left to right, the driver, Robt. Mueller, and a helper.

the more we are loved. We learn this from the children.

No gift we can give that costs a sacrifice of money holds half the charm or lives longer in memory than the humble little gifts children give us. It's the way they give it and the love that goes with it that makes the gift of value. It's a spirit of giving that we have forgotten among the many child qualities it would be well if we treasured.

The child is eternal and so are toys and tears and laughter. When after death the house is put in order by strange men, when the clothes that were worn and the things that were used are put away there will be found an upper room full of toys. These remain. And so toys are really the only thing worth the consideration of wise folk. Nothing else is real. Toys of tenderness, of mirth, toys that sail a man back to childhood, and toys that sweep him into manhood and beyond.

**NOT MORRIS.**

Nina—I want to buy an easy chair for my husband.

Salesman—Morris?

Nina—No, Earnest.

**VALUABLE TRICK**

If a man is born with a knack of making wisdom seem like nonsense and nonsense seem like wisdom, great social triumphs await him.

**CHANCE FOR FURBANK.**

Walt Behrns: "Here's something for Furbank to try his hand at"

Roy Coffman: "What's that, Humpy?"

Walt: "Train a Christmas tree to sprout its own presents."

## BRASS CHIPS

Don Rodgers of the Tool Department had a birthday last week and received a handsome gold watch from his mother and a chain and knife from his sister.

Ask Carl Draper how it happened he was once arrested for swiping his own silver ware.

W. R. Gustin called on his east side friends in New York recently, getting back home altogether with no excuse for collecting accident insurance.

John Cooley spent the after Thanksgiving days at his home in Clairmont, Illinois. He returned to work Thursday.

Charles Riley and Gottlieb Leipski celebrated birthdays November 30. The former was 36 years old, the latter 49.

Mrs. Matilda Panschart has been added to the packing force in the assembly room.

If there is anything peculiar about Will Atkinson's question marks put the blame on John Cooley. He taught him how to make them.

Wanted—Some one to rent Red White-side a farm. It must have everything necessary to farming except a cow. Red bought a cow sometime ago and says he is anxious to go to work.

Scrubby Furry has had an unusual number of unexplained absences to his credit. Jack Ronan thinks it's because Taylorville is too close to Decatur. J. A. Dill wants to know why Scrubby would pick on Taylorville of all towns. Come across, Scrubby, let's have the news.

Misses Reba Beal and Emma Leipski are back at work, after prolonged absences due to illness.

Our Supt. Chat Winegarden, celebrated his natal day December 13. He is 54 years old and says number 13 has always been his lucky number.

Walt Behrns is now regulating his watch with bus time. Full particulars as to the reason will be cheerfully given by Mr. Behrns himself.

John Hoots traded his Oakland for a big 48 horse-power Pan-American car. Shorty Williams vouches for the correctness of this information.

Every one in department 50 wonders why Jawnie Albrecht formed such a sudden dislike to the useful and harmless cat, and why he always looks under his desk when some one hollers "cats."

Lewis Fagan of the Pattern Vault, his wife and little Miss Virginia, aged one year, spent the Thanksgiving vacation with relatives at Strasburg. Good eats and good hunting made it a pleasant vacation. Lewis bagged plenty of ducks, quail, and rabbits.

Trevor Klinghamer is again helping in the Foundry.

Cecil Bass and Theodore Saltgaver, are new recruits in the Machine Shops.

Rufus Crook and Irl Beel are working in the Reclaiming Plant.

Paul Davlin attended the Y. M. C. A. State Convention held in Decatur Thanksgiving week.

Ed Kushmerz, factory messenger, won a Ranger bicycle by securing thirty subscriptions for the Decatur Herald.

Wilbur Trotter of the Foundry is in the government hospital in Chicago.

At the lunch table one noon Creta Jane found it necessary to use a napkin. She happened to think she didn't have any at her usual place. Nellie up and says, a "Mueller Bibb is what you need."

Mr. C. S. Chang interested some of the drafting department bunch one noon by exhibiting and translating his graduating diploma from the Chinese College.

Miss Eleanor Wolfe is again on the job in the record department after an illness of two weeks.

We wonder if Geo. Simpson of Department 55 is looking forward to inventory time next year.

Mr. Adolph Mueller went east on December 6 to attend a meeting of the Brass Association and look after other company business. He was accompanied by Mrs. Mueller.

### WIRELESS MESSAGE

Heinrichs to Billy Ford: "Can you tell me where moonshine comes from?"

Ford's reply: "No, that's a secret still."

(Continued from page 15)

The following is the individual and team standings at last report:

**Katzenjammer Kids**

Heinrichs, Mgr. . . . . 699	Sharlock, Capt. . . . . 221
W. B. Ford . . . . . 344	Judge . . . . . 97
DuBois . . . . . 353	C. T. Ford . . . . . 97
Aaron . . . . . 311	Kitchen . . . . . 97
Seevers . . . . . 139	Powell . . . . . 72
Shimer . . . . . 105	Masters . . . . . 71

Totals . . . . . 2606

**Silk Hat Harrys**

Bean, Mgr. . . . . 319	Logsdon . . . . . 126
Jett, Capt. . . . . 428	Cartwright . . . . . 124
Evans . . . . . 234	McCarthy . . . . . 156
Lincoln . . . . . 231	White . . . . . 116
Sullivan . . . . . 192	Simonds . . . . . 83
VanHaaften . . . . . 133	Hennessy . . . . . 47

Totals . . . . . 2189

**Buster Browns**

Stenner, Mgr. . . . . 437	Collins . . . . . 179
Marker, Capt. . . . . 466	McGaully . . . . . 146
Kirchner . . . . . 208	McCormick . . . . . 114
Ross . . . . . 193	Johnson . . . . . 86
Whitehead . . . . . 171	Haas . . . . . 89
Benton . . . . . 155	Gumaer . . . . . 52

Totals . . . . . 2296

**Mascots**

Riley . . . . . 45	Territory	31	. . . . . 11
	Total		. . . . . 56
	Grand Total		. . . . . 7147

**Quota Sales**

Aaron . . . . .	14	10
Bean . . . . .	8	10
Benton . . . . .	11	6
Cartwright . . . . .	2	8
Collins . . . . .	16	7
DuBois . . . . .	3	8
Evans . . . . .	10	19
Ford, C. T. . . . .	3	0
Ford, W. B. . . . .	21	27
Gumaer . . . . .	7	3
Haas . . . . .	12	13
Heinrichs . . . . .	4	2
Hennessy . . . . .	5	4
Jett . . . . .	5	10
Johnson . . . . .	2	6
Judge, (Okla. Terr.) . . . . .	20	26
Judge, (Ills. Terr.) . . . . .	4	5
Kirchner . . . . .	26	36
Kitchen (Fla. Terr.) . . . . .	4	11
Kitchen (Ills. Terr.) . . . . .	3	7
Lincoln . . . . .	6	11
Logsdon . . . . .	1	1
Masters . . . . .	10	8
Marker . . . . .	3	4
McCarthy . . . . .	16	8
McCormick . . . . .	16	17
McGaully . . . . .	9	13
Moore . . . . .	3	0
Powell . . . . .	15	18
Riley . . . . .	9	6
Ross . . . . .	8	7
Seevers . . . . .	15	12
Sharlock . . . . .	15	17
Shimer . . . . .	14	10
Simonds . . . . .	16	10
Stenner . . . . .	8	14
Sullivan . . . . .	10	16
White . . . . .	2	3
Whitehead . . . . .	8	19
Van Haaften . . . . .	5	11
Terr. No. 18, prev. to 9-1-21 . . . . .	12	11
Export . . . . .	0	3

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF ROBERT BE PROUD--Ducks



In all fairness we have got to hand it to Bob Mueller and Frank Cruikshank as hunters. They bring home the bacon, and they prove up with photographs. Far be it from us to disclose any names, but there are other hunters about the plant who go out and bring back nothing but big stories.

If they bring back any game it is in that repository now recognized as the only safe place for the transportation of liquor, evidently being under the impression that the Eighteenth amendment applies to game as well.

Messrs. Robert Mueller and Frank Cruikshank returned the other day from a shooting trip to the Illinois river, and our official photographer snapped them just after they reached Mr. Robert's home.

You will observe that Mr. Robert has not yet overcome the habit of looking high and feeling somewhat stuck up.

**A CHRISTMAS PETITION**

'Tis Christmas time, though we regret  
 Its many forced expenses.  
 We pretend to like the gifts we get,  
 And our friends make like pretenses.  
 Both for ourselves and those  
 Who recompense us,  
 Forgive us our Christmas as we  
 Forgive those who Christmas against us.

**AMUSEMENT TAX ALSO**

Jack DeFratus: "Does the barber charge you full price for a hair cut?"  
 Charlie Morris: "Worse than that Jack. He considers it such a joke he adds an amusement tax."

# Great Oaks From Little Acorns Grow



They do. We have been told that since childhood. And we have seen the oaks.

And great enterprises spring from small beginnings. That fact has been demonstrated many times, but here in Decatur we have no more striking example of it than in our own company.

Thirty years ago the present members of the Mueller Company were just average young men in the community.

They were not suspected—not even accused of having any unusual business ability. In fact there were hundreds of other young men of their own age who would have won the blue ribbon if some of the prophets had put in a spare hour picking winners.

But they did have business ability and more important, they had vision. They put their goal many years ahead and patiently plodded up the hill until they had reached it. Then there was another and still another goal—you see the last at the top of the page. And now we have another goal, the accomplishment of which means a few more years, but who would doubt its realization in the face of what has already been done.

The writer of this is going to be a little personal.

He knew the Mueller boys when their average weekly earnings were those of any other young man of 30 or 35 years ago. He knew other young men who made more and had opportunity coaxing them. He was in a position that brought under daily observation the growth and development of individuals and industry. He has been witness to this group of brothers who had no

opportunity coaxing them, but forced opportunity to heed their persistent demand, and turned it to account. He has seen those young men who had opportunity coaxing them fall back outstripped.

He has witnessed the fruits of persistent application to a plan made up of vision, of perseverance, of cooperation and seen the truth of the maxim—"where there is a will there is a way" exemplified and proved by three big successful factories after 30 years' effort.

You've got to admit it is a wonderful performance undertaken with a very limited capital and an equally limited credit.

It's a clear cut case of making a business in the face of heavy obstacles and severe competition—making it out of determination to be somebody and something in the world of commerce and industry.

Let those of us who know them best make the heartiest wish of any one for "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

The center panel is the Decatur plant; left oval, Sarnia, Ont.; right oval, Port Huron plant.

## SELF-RESPECT

You may be successful and have lots of friends,

Have property, stocks, bonds and pelf,  
But it isn't worthwhile to gain the whole pile,

If you cannot respect yourself!  
You may have fooled others and gotten their praise,

But there'll always be one little elf,  
To give you a stab and your conscience a jab,  
If you cannot respect yourself!

And when at the last you must leave it all;  
You're thru and you're laid on the shelf,  
Then your only gain is a heart full of pain,  
If you cannot respect yourself!

—Lillian Hall Crowley.

# ANCIENT AND MODERN BATHS

(Text of circular issued on occasion of Deatur Woman's Club visit to our factory)

Titus, Caracalla and Diocletian had their baths. Evidently they *overwhelmed* in luxurious splendor. Writers have raved about them for centuries.

But, these were not private baths—they were a sort of country club affair—but magnificent.

A few Emperors, Tribunes and Nobles had baths in their palaces.

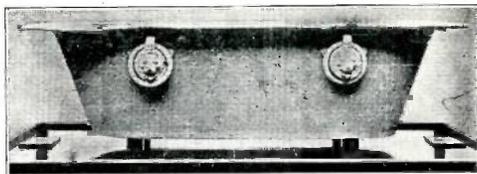
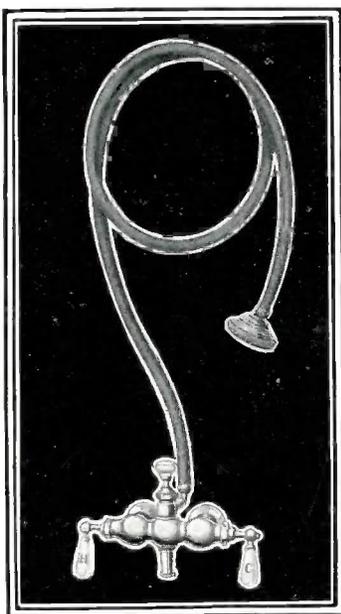
Here's one of them.

It was found in a Villa at Bosco Reale, a mile from Pompeii, first century A. D.

If a plumber suggested it for your bath room you'd dismiss him instantly, not to say haughtily. It's okeh as a relic—as a bath tub—nix.

In the first place you'd have to carry water to fill it.

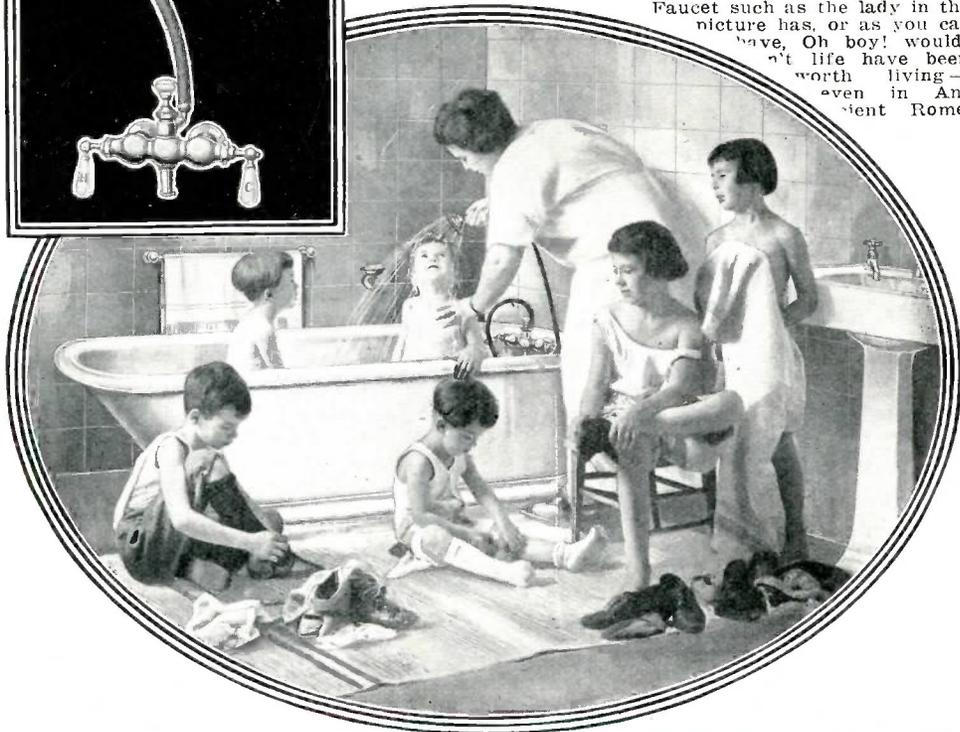
And then you'd have to carry water to empty it.



Nice sloppy bath room!  
And if you had six children to bathe you never would get the sweeping and dusting done.  
Your good temper and and beauty lines would disappear together.

Titus, Diocletian, Caracalla or any other of the pantless old rounders of Rome in their wildest and most fantastic visions of luxurious extravagance and elegance never dreamed of a pure white, glistening bath tub such as you possess.

And if they could have had a Mueller Tub-Shower Bath Faucet such as the lady in the picture has, or as you can have, Oh boy! wouldn't life have been worth living—even in Ancient Rome.



## NEARLY A GUNLESS HUNT



F. W. Cruikshank came back from his hunting trip on the Illinois river so well pleased with results that he could not resist the temptation of another hunt while the ducks are in flight.

Consequently he remained home one day, and Saturday, December 3, he got together his hunting outfit and prepared to return to the river. Mrs. Cruikshank helped him get ready, then got him in the car and started for the train running through the business section. It was noticeable that Frank seemed worried.

Finally he said: "By George, I know I've forgotten something and can't think to save my life what it is."

He kept on thinking and repeated his remark several times.

Then Mrs. Cruikshank took an inventory of the outfit and finally burst out laughing.

"Why, Frank, what you forgot to bring was your gun."

Frank will hear the end of this some day—not soon, though.

## EYES TO SEE

(By Lilly Gottwald)

"Once upon a time," said my grandmother as we sat together on Christmas Eve when all the others had gone to church, "there was a man who went out at night to borrow some fire. 'Help me, kind people,' he said, 'my wife has a little child and I must light a fire to warm her and the little one.' But it was very late, so every-

body was asleep and no one answered him.

"The man walked farther and farther on. At last in the distance he perceived the glimmer of flames and going in that direction he saw that the fire was burning in the open air. Around it lay sleeping a flock of white sheep, and over them watched an old shepherd.

"When the man came up he saw three large dogs asleep at the shepherd's feet. Waking at his approach they opened their wide jaws as if to bark but no sound was heard. The man saw the hair rise on their backs and their sharp teeth glisten in the fire-light as they rushed upon him. One snapped at his legs, one at his hand, and a third sprang at his throat. But neither jaws nor teeth would obey, and the man did not feel the smallest hurt. He wanted to go on that he might get what he needed but the sheep lay so close together that he could not move forward. So he stepped on the animals' backs and walked across them to the fire. But not a single one moved or stirred.

"When the man had almost reached the fire the shepherd looked up. He was a surly old man, cross and disagreeable to everyone, and when he saw the stranger he caught up the long pointed staff he carried in his hand while he was watching the flock, and hurled it at him. The staff flew straight at the man but before it struck him, it turned aside and whizzed far afield.

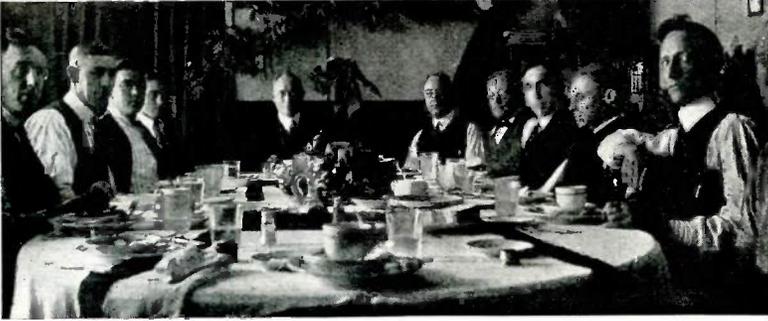
Then the man said to the shepherd, 'Good friend, aid me by giving me a little fire. My wife has an infant child and I need it to warm them both. The shepherd would gladly have refused but when he thought that his dogs had not been able to hurt the man, that the sheep had not run from him, and his staff would not strike him, he felt a little afraid and did not dare to do so.

"Take as much as you need," he said.

But the fire was almost out. There were no branches or brands, only a heap of glowing embers and the stranger had nothing in which he could put the coals. The shepherd saw this and was glad because the man could get no fire. But the stranger stooped down, took the coals from the ashes with his hands and put them in his cloak. And the coals neither burned his hands nor singed his cloak. The man carried them away as if they were nuts or apples.

When the shepherd who was a sullen, ill-tempered man saw all these things he began to wonder, "what kind of night is this when the dogs do not bite, the sheep feel no fear, the lance does not kill, and the fire does not scorch." He called to the stranger asking: "Why is it that all things shew mercy upon you?" "I cannot tell you if you do not see for yourself," said

## HALLOWE'EN AT CLUB HOUSE



Company members and certain heads of departments meet at lunch in the Club House every day. This picture was snapped Hallowe'en Day when the table was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The following happened to be present: Begin at left and read around the table: C. W. Hathaway, head of Drafting Department; John Shelton, Production Manager; Lucien Mueller, head of Foundry; W. E. Mueller, head of Regulator Sales Dept.; Adolph Mueller, President of the Company; Robert Mueller, Secretary of the Company; C. N. Wagenseller, Advertising Department; A. M. Cobb, Private Secretary and Office Manager; R. H. (Bobbie) Mueller, Engineering Department; L. H. Burleigh, Cost Department.

the man and went away to light a fire for his wife and child.

But the shepherd wanted to find out what all this meant so he followed him and found that the man did not even have a hut to live in, only a sort of cave with bare stone walls. The shepherd thought of the poor little child who might lay chilled and though he was a harsh man, he pitied and wanted to help it. So he gave the stranger a soft white sheepskin and told him to wrap the child in it.

The moment he showed that he too, could be merciful his eyes were opened and he saw and heard what he had neither seen nor heard before. He saw a dense circle of silver winged angels each with a harp in his hand and all singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Then the shepherd understood why on this night all creatures were so happy that they did not desire to harm anything. The angels were not only around the flocks but he saw them everywhere. They were in the cave, on the mountain, and flying under the sky. They came in throngs along the way and as they passed, stopped and gazed at the child. There were joy and happiness and mirth and singing and he saw all this amid the darkness of the night, where he had before seen and heard nothing. And he was so happy that his eyes were opened and he fell on his knees."

Grandmother paused and then went on, "But what the shepherd saw we could see, too, for the angels are flying over the earth every Christmas eve if we could only see them. Remember this, for it is as true as that I see you and you see me, it does not depend upon candles and lamps nor the moon and sun, but what we need is simply eyes to see."

### WHAT HENNESSY SAID

Down in the New York office Billy Dill was bragging that he had once been mistaken for Herbert Hoover, and McCarthy said that he had been pointed out as the original D'Artagan.

Hennessy busted in: "That's nothing, just the other day a fellow walked up and tapped me on the shoulder and says, "Great God is that you? Sure, says I."

### ALL HE WANTED

"Please sir," piped the tiny customer, whose head scarcely reached the counter, "father wants some oak varnish."

"How much does your father want, my little man?" asked the shopman.

"Father said you was to fill this," said the little fellow, handing over a half-gallon can. It was duly filled and handed over.

"Father will pay you on Saturday," said the recipient casually.

And the face of the shopman grew dark.

"We don't give credit here," he said, "Gimme back the can!"

Meekly the little lad handed back the can, which was emptied and given back to him with a scowl.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Father said you'd be sure to leave enough round the sides for him to finish the job he wants to do. And I think you have, sir."—Boston Post.

# MUELLER COMBINATION SINK FAUCET



## Gives you choice of Water Six Different Ways THROUGH SPOUT—Hot, Cold, Mixed THROUGH HOSE—Hot, Cold, Mixed

It makes work at the sink less disagreeable.

Keeps the hands out of the water.

Nothing equal to it for washing and rinsing dishes and vegetables, especially lettuce, spinach, cabbage, etc.

Provides water at suitable temperature for washing the hands.

You have always detested the work at the sink. The Mueller Combination Sink Faucet solves the problem for you.

There is sufficient hose to reach and fill a receptacle in any part of the sink or a pail on the floor.

Holding the spray against the strainer in the sink helps keep the trap free from grease and dirt.

One lady writes us: "It is a perfect joy. I want to congratulate you on the service you have done housewives by this invention."

Does not cost much. After you get it you would not part with it for five times its cost.

See your plumber. Call him on the phone now and instruct him to put one on your sink. The Mueller name is stamped on the goods.

## We Make all Kinds of Plumbing Brass Goods