

MUELLER RECORD

INSIDE ONLY

MARCH, 1944

No. 125

THREE GIRL WINNERS

Good Showing in First of Yearly Awards For Suggestions Made

The first distribution of suggestion award checks was announced February 11th. Fifteen employes shared in the prizes. Henrietta Phillips and C. C. Riedelberger led the procession, each receiving \$10 for two accepted suggestions.

The following received checks for \$5 each for one accepted suggestion: Dorothy Gepford, R. L. Pope, Donald Wade, Richard Dannewitz, C. D. Kelley, Wilfred Wendel, Arthula Hendrickson, Clark Curry, Velma Keishner, John Pritchett, Lester Gordy, G. M. Hutchens and Albert May.

Attention is called to the fact that three girls are on the list. Great showing gals! Keep on going!

■ ■ ■

UNDER AND OVER

Walter (Subway) Auer has suddenly developed an allergy for walking through the city under-passes. It all dates back to the night of February 25, when he, in company with another Mueller employee, whose identity is not available, approached the subway on Eldorado Street on foot. Just before reaching the subway these two gents parted, Walt continuing through the subway, the other ascending the railroad bank and taking to the tracks.

As Walt reached the half way mark beneath the subway. WHAM, BANG, CRASH, came a large transport truck, too high to clear the steel structure overhead, smashing to a stop and resting on its side. Walt disappeared in nothing flat from the scene, to be discovered shortly, about 200 yards down the street, peering out from behind a telephone pole.

Since this unhappy experience, no amount of persuasion prevents Walt from going over the top instead of through the passageway.

■ ■ ■

"Carelessness does more harm than want of knowledge."—Benjamin Franklin.

NEWS FOR THE RECORD

Its Value is Now Greater Than Ever . . . You Can Help

The purpose of this Inside Record is spreading news concerning employes. The more personal gossip printed means more of interest to readers.

The increased value of the news is due to its interest to the boys and girls in the service. Practically every letter from the front mentions the pleasure the Record gives in keeping the boys and girls in touch with factory employes and friends.

This fact makes it a patriotic duty on the part of every employe to do his bit in furnishing items.

Don't hesitate to do this even if the news concerns you personally.

Gossip about you, your home life, what you are doing, where you are going, and similar news about ex-employes, and your friends who know others in the organization is of interest.

It may not seem important to you but it will be to the soldier at the front.

Don't forget that. Send in your items or call on us and we will call and get the items from you.

■ ■ ■

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

The boys in the army encounter strange conditions, including climate. There is Willie Rohner in the Fiji Island where the temperature range is 60 to 96. On the other hand there is Preston Ruthrauff in Merry Old England where they have rains that start and seemingly never know when to stop. In a recent letter to his father he said that it has rained constantly for eight weeks with never a bit of sunshine. Why should they call it Merry Old England when Muddy Old England gives a clearer definition.

■ ■ ■

WAC: "What's that ugly insignia on the side of the bomber?"

Pilot: "Sh-h-h, that's the commanding officer looking out of a porthole."

was wasted. Circling the shore, they dropped their bombs and put to sea and home. We could see their bombs drop through the bomb bay doors and head for the target below. We could see the bright orange flame as the bombs exploded, and could feel the concussion after we saw the flash from them. Then silence reigned again.

Waves of Bombers

As the last wave left another wave appeared, then another, and still another. All dropped bombs with deadly accuracy as the fighters above warded off all enemy resistance, which was very slight. With our great air superiority the Japs deemed it unwise to appear in daylight. Therefore, no planes were lost. They all headed home save one that hovered above the target as though he already owned the place. Then came complete silence. (These 'silent' periods are more nerve-wracking than action itself.) We knew our time to go ashore was near and you could see cold perspiration on our foreheads, but it was the infantry's move now. They boarded small, fast craft and with guns in hand stole swiftly and cautiously to shore. It was then that we heard the rat-tat-tat of machine guns, the whine of rifle bullets, and boom of hand grenades. The infantry established a beach head which was our signal to land with equipment and get it off as quickly as possible so that the ships could put back to sea without being shelled. I hurried to the hold and boarded the truck that I was to ride ashore. With one hand on my cocked gun and the other holding the cab door I was stationed on my post and ready to move as soon as the trucks in front moved. Standing on the running board my ears were straining for sounds of rifle fire from snipers hidden in trees, firing on the trucks ahead of us. The infantry ahead made a remarkable showing as they had already cleared the way for us and pushed the Japs back a mile.

Dug Fox Holes

"Upon landing we scrambled for the nearest clear spot in the jungle to make camp for the night. We immediately dug foxholes as we knew the Japs would be over that night and bomb our positions. Our efforts were well worth while, the Japs did come, even before it was completely dark. They must have had a stooge hidden away somewhere in the clouds, because no sooner had our planes headed back to their base than the Jap planes were faintly heard. I can picture the stooge up there saying to himself, 'Anglo-Americans, please to prepare to meet honorable ancestors verly soon.' The drone of motors was getting closer and soon were directly over us. They must have been sure of themselves for they came in low, assuming we had no defense now that our planes were gone. Suddenly from a seemingly defenseless area came the trembling sound of ack-ack, both large and small. The ground shook as all guns went off simultaneously. The darkened

(Continued on Page 13)

SACKY A SHELL-BACK

Dearest Mother and Dad:

Hello again, after a few days' lay-off. This is the first opportunity I have had to write since last letter.

This will, no doubt, be a quickie but wanted to let you know that I am safe, and everything is O.K. Not much I can say about the trip other than we crossed the Equator, and it was interesting. As you know, when you cross the equator, there is quite a tradition about it. Before crossing you are either a land-lover or a polly-wog. Land lover being who gets sick on a ship, and a polly-wog one who does not. I have always been in the latter class. Then comes the big initiation, which makes you an official shell-back. Davey Jones, King Neptune and all his tribe come aboard, which is really rare. They took pictures of it which we should get later on. I was also framed and had a court martial, which I will send along with my certificate stating that I am an official member of the Shell-Back crew. The initiation consisted of eating a piece of raw fish, and that's really tough, but I did it. Then they cut your hair so as you have to have it all cut off—which makes me hair proof at this point. As are Bruce, Rush, Carroll, Capt. Petty and everyone else. Then you crawled through a canvas tube filled with salt water, and they whacked you across the rear while getting through. It was really fun and I am glad I am a member.

■ ■ ■

JAMES BECKER

James Becker, aged 27 and married, is in the service. Mrs. Becker was the former Margaret Trimmer. There is one child, Bruce. The family live in Maryland Heights. Bruce is a son of Laura Becker, a member of the core room force. He has been with us for two and a half years and was in Dept. 57 of the Munition plant. Mrs. Becker and son will continue to reside in Maryland Heights. When Bruce left for service he was hopeful to get into the aviation mechanical division.

■ ■ ■

FROM HUGH C. SANSOM

I am one of the fellows in service who receives the Mueller Record too. Thank Mueller Co. and all the employees for making it possible for me to receive this news. I like to know what is going on in the shops, and what the other fellows are doing in service. The Mueller Record seems to have it all. A few months ago I worked in the Chattanooga plant. While there I met several of the Decatur boys, and through the address system in the Record have a good chance of meeting more of them, in service. I like to trade ideas with them and find out the working conditions at the other plants.

Tell the boys there just what I am doing in the Navy and ask them to answer me

and tell me what they are doing. I am an electrician in the Navy. I do the same type of work I was doing on the outside, for Mueller Co.

The place we sleep is far from the bed at home. Three deep and about 30 to the room, but our food is very good.

I don't like this war stuff. I want to go home. If you fellows back there can speed things up a little, to shorten my stay in the Navy, or this war, I will gladly get on my knees and beg you to do it.

Do you know you are making one of the most important things we use in the Navy? Valves!

We have about as many valves on a ship as you have in the factory! And we have thousands of ships. We need replacements that are hard to get. Our guns are no good without the material you put out.

Maybe you may not make Navy products, but you can bet some company using your products is making Navy equipment.

Drop me a card and give me the news.

Your friend and buddy,
Hugh C. Sansom.

ON THE HIGH SEA



This fine looking young Sailor is now somewhere on the high sea, headed for activity against the Japs or the Germans. His name is Charles W. Johnson, and he is attached to the Battleship Bronstein as a gunner. His father Charles Elbert Johnson is a member of the Plant 3 force. His sailor

son was with us four years quitting in November 1942 to volunteer for service in the navy. He is 23 years old and was here on a twenty-four hour furlough to visit his parents. For the benefit of his friends and companions who may want to know we give his address.

Charles W. Johnson, G.M.
U.S.S. Bronstein I. E. 89
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.

FRANK A. EDMONSON

Frank A. Edmonson was sworn into the Naval service Saturday, March 11th, with rank of lieutenant (j.g.). His active duties begin April 1st—and that's no April fool joke. Frank realized that he was about due, took induction through drafting by the horns, so to speak, and volunteered. After this the details were short and to the part. As we all know, his physical condition was all the service required and his Millikin diploma settled the question of education. He was a member of the class of 1928. He is one of the best known

members of the Mueller organization, his duties bringing him into close contact with other employees. He has been with the company for 16 years. For several years past he has lived on and operated a farm, and recently held a public sale disposing of his stock in preparation for the naval duties he is about to assume.

Those of us who know him intimately have no doubt about his future on land or on sea. We feel confident that he will make good as an officer in the navy as he has in civil life.

DONALD A. TRAVIS

Donald A. Travis aged 26 is on the way. He was inducted March 14. Donald was a lathe operator at Plant 3 and has been with us about 3 years. Sea duty is his choice and he left in the expectation of being either in the navy or marines. Mrs. Travis and two children, Judith Ann and Donald W., will continue to reside in Long View place in this city.

JESSE C. DAILEY

Jesse C. Dailey, aged 37, married and the father of three children, is one among the older men answering the call. His children are: Doris May, 16; James Edward, 10; and Patricia Ann, 8. Jesse joined up with us November 6, 1928, and has been in the ground key division since, except for 10 months when he was located at Plant 3. He went to Chicago for his physical examination on February 4th and returned on March 6th for outfitting and assignment for boot training. He is going into the navy with the hope of being assigned to the machinery division.

FROM DELOS COZAD

J. W. Wells received a business letter from Delos Cozad, well known to many in the organization. The letter dated Feb. 8, contained the following of general interest:

February 7, 1944

Dear Mr. Wells:

At the present time I am somewhere in England, not yet in action. They keep us pretty busy training for that big day some time in the near future. At the present time I am extra busy because I am the only medical officer in the unit. The other medical officer got sick and was sent to the hospital, and as yet he has not been replaced.

You speak of very little rain lately. I sure wish I were back there because have seen enough rain to last a lifetime. Everyday the weather is the same, rain and fog. Good old English weather which you have always heard about.

ED ENGLAND

Ed England, age 30, is married and the father of three children, Donald Boyd, aged 4, Connie Joan, aged 3 and Roger Earl, aged 4 months. Ed is a resident of Sullivan but has been with us since August 1942, a mem-

ber of the Plant 3 force. He left Monday, March 6 for Ft. Sheridan in the hope that he would be assigned to the mechanical division of the army. Mrs. England and children will continue to make their home in Sullivan.

FIVE BAUMS IN SERVICE

Marvin Baum has volunteered and reported for service at the age of 35. He has two children, Shirley aged 14 and Forrest aged 9. Marvin joined our organization some ten years ago and has worked on the maintenance crew, polishing room and more recently in the munition department. He left Wednesday, February 23, for Chicago, for his preliminary examination, hoping to be assigned to the navy. Just what branch did not concern him, he said, just so long as he got a chance to plug a few Japs. He owns a home at 1765 West Division where Mrs. Baum and children will continue to make their home during his absence. He has four brothers in the service, Wilbur in the navy, formerly at Plant No. 3, Delmar in the Marines was in the maintenance dept. when he enlisted, Charles in the army worked here several years ago. The other brother in the army was not connected with Mueller. Altogether a fine family record in service.

G. F. SULWER ENLISTS

George F. Sulwer has been with the company for about fifteen years, working in the polishing department until we began making ammunition, since which he has been operating a lathe. He is married and is buying a home at 1300 North Dennis. Mr. and Mrs. Sulwer have five children: George Frank, Jr., aged 8; Mary Ann, aged 5; Joseph Patrick, aged 3; Helen and Betty (twins) aged 2.

Mr. Sulwer's sister will make her home with the family while he is in the service. It was George's hope that he would be placed in the Navy, but we are not advised as to his assignment.

CURTIS BAUER WRITES

We have a letter from Curtis Bauer, Camp Blanding, Fla., in which he refers to his recent visit to us while on furlough. He noticed changes, not so much in the office itself but in personnel, concerning which he says:

"The main difference seemed to be in the paymaster's office. Looked like it had been hit by a hurricane, only the replacements do not look so bad—do you Erma?"

Another excerpt is interesting:

"Got back Saturday afternoon. Next day passed my physical for overseas duty. Will soon be trading my mimeograph for U. S. carbine or something similar. In other words when it comes time for another furlough I may take it some place just outside of Berlin."

AT CAMP BLANDING

Private Marshall H. Rotz, 36901176, Company A, 218 Bn., 67 Regiment, Camp Blanding, Florida, writes briefly to W. S. Enloe: "It's sure nice down here—a little hot in the afternoon. They keep us on the jump all the time. Not so bad if it wasn't so far from home. Haven't much news and I'll sure be glad to get Mueller Record every month. Hello to everybody."

FROM DONALD AMMANN

The following is an excerpt from a letter received from Don Ammann, formerly of the Pattern Shop and now in the U. S. Air Corps, by Margaret Woodruff:

"You know it was just about two weeks ago that I saw my first Mueller fitting made by those dies that the boys have been making. It was on a B-24, and it was a No. 8 fitting. I don't remember if I told them in my last letter, but you might mention it to George next time you see him, if I didn't already.

"Well, now I have slightly less than 30 days left before graduation. I had my 50-3 instrument check last week and passed it O.K., so now all I have to do is get my flying time in, and I'll be all thru.

FRED IVAN KNAPP

Fred Ivan Knapp checked out March 4th at the age of 29 to do his part in the service. He is married, his wife being the former Lucille Sarver of Decatur. The couple have three children, Harold Duane, aged 5, Londa Fay, aged 3, and Edward Lionel aged 8 months. Fred has been with us for 3 years, except one year. On his first engagement he was in Plant 2, Department 8, and Plant 3. Upon his return he was assigned to Department 8. He passed his physical examination February 24th and when this was written was awaiting assignment for boot training. He did not know in what division he would serve.

IN THE NAVY



John and His Family

John Maxwell, aged 26, left his wife and two children when he answered the call. (Continued on Page 7)

... SARNIA ...

Came Valentine's Day and the only one who received a Valentine here at the office was Mr. Campbell—wonder who it was from?

Somehow or other the rumor was rumoured through Muellers that on Al's recent holiday (?) she was married—sorry folks—it was just a tonsilectomy, or at least that's what Al maintained.

On February 21st Muellers held one of their dances, and this time it was held at Kenwick Terrace. It was a very successful affair, or at least it seemed so, judging by the amount of laughing and noise that could be heard down on the street. We were very amazed to see Mike in such a damaged condition—don't tell us it was due to one of those infamous square dances, or could it have been something else—I wonder? Among those "wolfing it" at the dance were J. Milne, H. Morton, R. McIntyre and friend Paul Jacka, of Decatur; W. B. Campbell and G. W. Parker.

A lovely card was received from Ida Callanan in appreciation of a token of affection sent her during her illness. Best of everything to you Ida, and we hope we'll be seeing you soon tearing around the bowling alley on Monday nights.

Congratulations go forth to Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Barnes (Dept. 14) on the birth of a 13 pound baby boy on February 23rd. 13 pounds, whew, some Baby!

May we extend our sincerest sympathy to Hattie Ramsay whose mother passed away, and to Arlene Short, and Doreen (Short) McLeod on the loss of their father—who was also the brother of Lyle Short. It was with deep regret that we learned that Lois Maxfield's father passed away, as also did the mother of Frank Evans.

A War poster hung on the back of a wedding limousine—"Result of careless talk."

February couldn't have been "marrying" month because we have only two weddings to report. Mike Short was married to Marg McCoy Feb. 12th at the home of the groom's aunt and uncle Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Reynolds. Then Fred Tribbec and Edith Moffit (Dept. 14) took the fatal step February 5th at 2 P.M. at Lilac Lane Farm, Watford. After the ceremony performed by the Rev. Bonham the couple left for their honeymoon to London.

Thanks to Almeda the girls in the office, and some others also, had facials given by a representative of the Nona Lamarre Co., of Toronto. Everyone was very enthusiastic about it, and the opportunity as put forth by Almeda on behalf of the Rebekah's was certainly appreciated by all.

Jinx Campbell is still jinxing his corner of the office, but Helen King, being on the other side of the office naturally escaped this destiny for lo and behold on Monday morning, after a very hurried and unexpected trip to Windsor, arrived back at work with a beautiful diamond—lucky girl. Then to prove to us her luck had not deserted her, her fiancée was able to come back to Sarnia with her and they both attended the Mueller Dance, as Al would say, "The Navy comes through again," or words to that effect. By the way Helen what has happened to the other man in your life?

With bated breath we awaited Charlie's arrival back from the RCAF recruiting depot—only to find had something wrong with one of his ears. No wonder he made such a mad dash to Freddy to get the low-down on army life—I wonder if the RCAF knows Charlie also trips over telephone cords.

Over the weekend we had several servicemen in to see us. From the Army came Jack Burkholder (Dept. 14) and our ex-truck driver Fred Murphy. Then from the RCAF came Bob Bannister and friend Bob McKillop of Vancouver, and also Jack Cleave who is home on embarkation leave prior to going 'over'.

Income Tax, Oh! Income Tax, but I'm afraid it's a necessary evil and will have to be endured—like being born and dying. But in any event we have a great and growing country and it will have to be admitted by even the most miserly that what's worth having is worth paying for. So folks pay up with a smile, and after reading this little story I'm sure you'll agree we must all work and pay together or we'll not be able to live happily, comfortably and successfully together in peace in this wonderful country of ours.

We wonder where Bob's getting the fresh doughnuts—we know who's eating them, don't we Jean? By the way Shirley and Helen—who is eating them now?

Once again the Red Cross is asking for blood donors. Everything is done to make it as convenient as possible for you to go to the clinic, so folks step up and GIVE.

■ ■ ■

Everyone was very happy to hear that Jackie Wyville's husband, Allen, is recovering after a very narrow escape when his tank exploded. Allen had severe burns about the left side of the face and forehead but is coming along fine, according to a letter received by Jackie.

In a recent bowling tournament of the Factory versus the office Mac cinched the game with a score of 277. Even though the factory spotted the office a number of pins they eventually won out, after giving the office the first game. I feel like a traitor reporting this.—Ed.

She was peeved and called him "Mr."
Not because he went and Kr.,
But because just before,
As she opened, the door,
This same Mr. Kr. Sr.

Because she listened to BBC broadcasts from London, an Old Dutch woman was arrested and brought before a Nazi court.

"Why did you tune in on an English program?" queried the judge.
"Ah, but your honour," she responded. "Hitler promised us that he would be in London in October 1940. Since then, I have listened each day. I would not wish to miss der Fuehrer."

May we take this opportunity to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Hugh Morton, who recently joined the Mueller Family, and has become an associate of Scotty Milne's. We are all looking forward to meeting his charming wife and little daughter, who will join his wife shortly.

A BLOOD DONOR'S PRAYER

Grant me no less favour, God, than this:
That by my giving
Some war-spent but courageous eager soul,
May keep on living.

Grant that the faithful rhythms of my veins,
And my heart singing
May bring an urgent quickening and stay
His soul's far winging.

Because I have no stalwart lad by birth
To call me Mother,
I ask this small maternal share in one
Dear to another.

Then I shall walk a quiet but exalted way
Glad to be knowing
I fed the flame—and for some unknown son
Life is still glowing.
—Neil Griffith Wilson.

Coop—what do you think of a chap who would phone a girl at 4 o'clock in the morning—it certainly must have been important! By the way, the bowling pins are regulation and are not glued to the alley when your turn to bowl comes.

**Note to the Tool Room Table
At the Cafeteria**

Would you please give us the decisions arrived at in the discussions regarding sweater girls, and the pros and cons of hose rolled just above the knee?

(Continued on Page 12)

(Continued from Page 5)

Mrs. Maxwell was the former Catherine Pryor. The children are Lyle Edward, aged 5 and Sandra K, aged 1 year. The mother and children will continue living in their own home east of Antioch. John has been a member of the organization for four years. First in the foundry and then as watchman at Plant No. 3. He left March 1st for Chicago, hoping to get into the navy for Diesel Engine work.

NOW MARINE SERGEANT

From the Publication office, Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, we have the following official information.

Cherry Point, North Carolina, February 15—Marine Sergeant Ferden A. Herreid of 1755 North Edward Street, Decatur, Illinois, has been promoted to his present rank from that of Corporal.

Sergeant Herreid, who enlisted in the Marine Corps October 7, 1942, works in the electrical shop. He received his basic training at San Diego and then attended the electrical school in Newport, Rhode Island, the gunnairstructor (cq) school in Washington, D. C., and the Bosch Magneto School in Chicago, Illinois, before coming to Cherry Point.

Prior to his enlistment Sergeant Herreid had been employed by Mueller Co. in Decatur. He was graduated from Georgia Military Academy in 1940.

Ferden A. Herreid as shown by records in the employment office entered our employ May 4, 1942 and enlisted in the Marines September 25, 1942. During his brief service he worked in the shipping and other departments. He had a good record.

(Additional War News Pages 8 and 10)

MUELLER BOWLING LEAGUE

MARCH 14, 1944

Team	G	W	L	Pct.	Ave.
Tool Makers	87	55	32	.632	829
Targets	87	50	37	.575	733
Product Engineers	87	44	43	.506	734
Main Office	87	43	44	.494	765
Works Mgr. Office	87	41	46	.471	764
Pattern Shop	87	41	46	.471	754
Gunners	87	39	48	.448	764
Specialty Division	87	35	52	.402	762

Ten High Bowlers

A. Flaughter, Tool Makers	59	176	222
W. Behrns, Works Mgr. Of.	78	176	257
C. Curry, Tool Makers	81	175	225
W. Edward, Tool Makers	78	173	234
H. Stratman, Spec. Div.	81	172	225
R. Hill, Spec. Div.	86	172	225
A. Verdes, Main Office	59	171	223
B. Taylor, Gunners	86	171	234
D. Reidelberger, Tool Makers	79	170	274
W. Bailey, Product Eng.	81	167	228

ON FURLOUGH

Corporal Thomas J. Adams, Jr., spent a 15-day furlough with relatives and friends in Macon and Decatur. He was formerly a member of Plant 3 crew.

■ ■ ■

ELLIS TAKES NAVY

Edward W. Ellis, who has been working at the Munition Plant for the last year and one-half, left March 1 for Chicago where he reported for naval duty on that date. Edward, who is 36, leaves two children, Yvonne, aged 15, and Edward Austin, 13, who will stay with relatives during his service.

■ ■ ■

VIRGIL R. MORRISON

Virgil R. Morrison makes the fourth brother in the service. He has been with Mueller Co. thirteen years in June, 1944, working at Plant 2 and Plant 3. He has been guard at Plant 3 about 1 1/2 years, is married, and has two children, George Ray, 5 1/2 years and June Marilyn, 4 years.

Virgil is buying a home at 2105 North Woodford, where his wife and children will remain. Mrs. Morrison is working at the Sangamon Ordnance Plant at Illiopolis. Virgil's sister will live with Mrs. Morrison and take care of the children. He left Feb. 17 for Ft. Sheridan for further orders. His father, Alva Morrison, works in the Brass Foundry.

The Morrison brothers believe in defending their country, three of them have been in service for three years. They are Robert, Riley and Merle. They have been in the south Pacific over two years, New Caledonia, Australia, Guadalcanal, and Bougainville. Luther Morrison, Plant 3, is an uncle of these boys.

■ ■ ■

WILLIAM C. DIXON WRITES

J. W. Wells is in receipt of a letter from William C. Dixon, 36785584, Fifty-third training group, Class 154, Flight 534, Keesler Field, Miss. He says: "We have been having drill instructions, most of the time, then gas attack drill and a little camouflage display. I've had tests to determine if I'm going to be a cadet or go to a gunners school or be an aviation mechanic. I've not heard results of these tests, but about 60 per cent get by. Haven't seen any one from Decatur but have had letters from Dorothy Gephord and she tells me that you have a girl in my place. Hope she gets along fine. Don't see any reason why a girl should not do as well as a boy. I am about due for five days camping out on the rifle range for rifle practice. It will be the best part of the training so far. Before leaving Mr. Carroll told me we sold material here. Tell him I saw some valves here in the barracks but there is also a lot of old standard stuff.

Since I came it was decided that a tiling

ditch was needed for some of the barracks. I have some part in digging ditches."

The writer of this letter was a messenger boy in the main office, aged 17. Rather tough making a soldier out of a boy of that age—but he has the proper spirit—the letter shows that.—J.d.

■ ■ ■

HAROLD BARNETT

Harold is 20 years old and married, his wife having been the former Virginia Newton. There are two children: Jeannie aged 6, and Claudia, aged 4.

Harold came to us in August, 1942, and was assigned to machine at Plant No. 3. He reported to Ft. Sheridan, February 17th for assignment to boot training. He was hoping to be in the air corps. He is a Decatur boy. Mrs. Barnett and children will continue to make this city their home. She is a member of the Plant 3 force.

■ ■ ■

WALTER R. DONALDSON

Walter Raymond Donaldson, aged 26, and married. His wife was the former Doris Eaden. They have four children: Darlene aged 7, Barbara Ann aged 6, Richard Ray aged 3, and Billie Gene aged 8 months.

Walter left February 17 for Fort Sheridan for outfitting and assignment for boot training. He joined the Mueller organization in 1936 and has been with us since except for one year's lay off. He began in the grinding room and was later transferred to the munition division. Mrs. Donaldson and children will continue living on South Maffit street. He wanted to get into the air service but was just over the limit, and being disappointed he expressed the hope of being assigned to one of the different mechanical divisions.

■ ■ ■

RUSSELL ELDER CALLED

Russell Elder, aged 22 and single, started with us a year ago last November and was assigned to the Munition department, plant 3. He was inducted on February 3rd and left March 6th for Chicago to secure his outfit for service, and his assignment for boot training. He had no hint of the branch of the service to which he would be assigned. He prefers the air force. Russell is a Lovington boy and his parents reside there. Since joining our organization he has made his home in Decatur.

■ ■ ■

W. E. HARRIS

Technical Sgt. William Harris, now in England writes: "Have not been in England long enough to develop a Cockney accent but have been here long enough to realize just how small Illinois is. The food is good, quarters are not bad and entertainment can be had without having to look too far for it. It is always foggy as you've probably read and the British do everything exactly opposite from the way we do. Have

(Continued on Page 10)

PLANT 3 POTPOURRI

Helen Causey was not at work the other day. Said she was sick. They say Helen didn't drink enough water or she drank too much; if not that she is immune.

It is more like old times in the south end of the shop, now that Eva is happy again.

Now let's see! What three girls was it that spent Sunday afternoon at the transfer house waiting for a friend.

According to the Ouija board Liz Bratcher can sure bake good bread.

Mildred Hoy and Sophia Gordon are two new reporters for the Record in the south end of the shop, so you south enders better watch yourselves.

Nola was sure strong for her Ouija board when it told her about Rupert but when a few evenings later it told her Rupert was sixty-six years old and had twelve little Ruperts, Nola lost her respect for the Ouija board and Rupert, too.

Campbell said when she did get the second helping of stew Ruth Emerson ate it.

Harry brought a box for Sophia to put her waste paper in but it didn't seem like the same place so she is putting it on the floor.

Some like 'em young and tender but Lefty Adams likes 'em old with experience and those old ones sure like Lefty. The only trouble with the whole thing, Lefty's wife was with him (the end of a perfect evening).

Hap Thompson will plow your gardens while you wait, and if it happens to be around meal time Hap likes ham and eggs and apple pie—so if you want any plowing done call Hap, satisfaction guaranteed, especially on the ham and eggs and apple pie—phone 3-3545.

Speaking of square dances Liz Raskin says there is no such animal. All Liz was doing was going round and round, and if it was square Ben Taylor was standing on all four corners, 'cause every time Liz's eyes would clear so she could see—lo and behold, there was Ben ready to waltz her around again, Lizzie. Liz says she has pitched ball games when the batters went around the bases so fast it made her dizzy, but that was tame compared to this square-round dance stuff.

According to an official ballot the girls of plant 3 have voted Ray Kileen the No. 1 glamour boy of the year, this is no doubt

quite a disappointment to some of the plant 3 boys on the same ticket, but they just as well take it with a smile cause you can't fool the girls very long any time.

Sophia also has her doubts about those square dances, says they sure looked round to her.

Wayne M. Newlin's new address is: Wayne M. Newlin, F1/c U.S.S. Osirus D. E. No. 701 c/o Fleet Post Office, New York City, New York. Wayne's wife, Norma, is an inspector at plant 3.

After the war Latch is going in business for himself as a wrecking contractor.

Cpl. Dale Streight is in India now. Before leaving the States he was stationed at Camp Claihame, La. He went into the service in May 1943 with the Petroleum Engineers. Dale worked on the first shift at plant 3, where his wife, Iona, now works. Dale would like to hear from his friends at Mueller's.

Received a card from John Taylor who is now in Farragut, Idaho. He is getting along fine and sends his best regards to the gang at plant 3.

Address: John Elwood Taylor, A. S. Co. 164.44 Bks. 5.L—Camp Waldson, Farragut, Idaho.

John's wife works at plant 3.

Received a card from Jesse Dailey from Buffalo, N. Y. Says he is feeling fine and is on his way.

Fyke is going to trade his car for a hay baler.

The Cap line has been quiet since Travis left, but we really miss him.

J. Wiclington Wemple was lost in a fog Wednesday night but things have cleared up now.

We understand Farmer wishes he was in high school again. It isn't a bad idea, at that.

When they found Pat Davidson Monday night, he was sitting in his car with his hands on the steering wheel. They asked him if he could drive home. "Yes," Pat said, "but where in the hell is my car?"

Helen Meadows wore wool socks in case she had to work on the final inspection table.

(Continued on Page 11)

(Continued from Page 8)

some good stories to tell you when I get back. Have been pretty busy since arriving but will take time soon to write a long letter. So long for now with best wishes to all."

■ ■ ■

FROM CAMP HAAN, CALIFORNIA

Howard W. Hartwig who is at the above camp writes to W. S. Enloe: "They sure keep me busy in this man's army on the go day and night. Have spent 11 weeks in the desert and have about two weeks to go. Want to thank you and Mueller Co. for the Christmas presents."

■ ■ ■

LETTER FROM HECTOR

Fred Leslie Hector A.S., Company 122, 44 Camp Ward, U.S.N.T.S., Farragut, Idaho, writes Bill Enloe as follows: "Hello, Bill, here is my new address. Wish you would have it posted so the folks at Plant 3 can write to me. Sure am having a grand time. You should see me with my GI haircut. It isn't as cold out here as it was at home. Am getting plenty of exercises."

■ ■ ■

LIVES IN TIN HUT

Wayne M. Newlin, F. 1-c, Unit X, Area A-3, Q-Huts No. 16, U.S.N.T.S., Norfolk, (11), Va., to W. S. Enloe: "I should have written a letter but I've been pretty busy the last month. At that time I was getting ready for the final examination. I am about to get settled here but don't know for how long. May yet have a little more schooling before going aboard ship. We had a nice trip coming down. Just now we are living in a half-round tin hut. It is really a change from the university, tho. Please note my new address so I can receive the Record. It is a real help."

■ ■ ■

ALSO WANTS RECORD

This is to inform you of my change of address. I have been here over a month and this will be my permanent location. Please send me the monthly copy of the Mueller Record to the address below.

Pfc. John Sparks,
H.S. Co., 1916 Engrs. Bn.,
MacDill Field, Florida.

P.S. I was a former employe of Columbian Iron Works, Chattanooga.

■ ■ ■

ANOTHER ONE AT FARRAGUT

"This is to give you my address. We arrived at Farragut, Monday evening, February 7th. It's a great change from civilian life. Do not think the physical end will be so tough but certainly the change from my home life has already been plenty tough. Believe I'll be able to adjust myself to it. At any rate I hope it will not be too long. We are told our training period will be six weeks, unless we fail to pass

our "musts" which include a strength test, a swim test, and having our teeth in A-1 shape. So far our company has done well. We have a fine leader and I feel that we will be in shape to leave in six weeks. They are certainly sending in a lot of new recruits—thirteen hundred came in the day we were examined.

A. S. Haldon L. Hansen,
Co. 164-44 Bks. 5,
Camp Waldron,
U.S.N.T.N.,
Farragut, Idaho."

■ ■ ■

JOINS THE WAVES



June Krumsiek of the Works Manager's office has a new style Wave, not in her hair but in her patriotism, which prompts her to become a member of Uncle Sam's Waves. She was sworn in on March 10, and is now awaiting orders to go to New York where she will enter Hunter College for her initial training.

This will require six weeks, after which she will be assigned to active duty which will be confined to continental United States. June is a daughter of Ernie and Mrs. Krumsiek. Her father is general foreman at plant 3.

A farewell party was given her Tuesday evening, March 17th. She is the fifth girl in the organization to enlist in either the Navy or the Army. The other four who have already gone are: Clara Uhl, Juanita Isonne, Vivian Lang, Virginia Meredith.

There is another one in the offing, Pauline Edwards, of the Engineering department, just a little too late to make this issue of the Record.

■ ■ ■

DEGAND VOLUNTEERS

Alfred Degand, aged 33 years, married and has one son, James, aged 10 years. He was formerly a resident of Pana where he owns his own home. Mrs. Degand is employed at Plant 3 in the munition department and will continue there and make her home in this city.

Alfred Degand joined us November 13, 1942, and has been in the munition department, Plant 3. He volunteered for service in the Navy, and reported to Chicago March 2nd. He has not yet received definite assignment and at the time this was written could not give his definite training place.

■ ■ ■

Boss: "How did you happen to oversleep this morning?"

Office Boy: "There were eight of us in the house and the alarm was set for seven."

(Continued from Page 9)

Correction: Vivian Lang is in the Waves not the Wacs.

Eula Walker wore one green sock and one blue sock to work one day last week and the blue one was really blue.

Those wanting a sample of Evelyn's home made candy will have to bring their own spoons.

Mable Snyder doesn't care if her socks are three-quarter anklets or if they are inside out either.

After several years of trying to win a radio contest about the ingredients in breakfast food Roy Coffman has finally succeeded in winning first prize. This entitles him to three years subscription to the CHICAGO TRIBUNE. Nice going Roy, we knew you had it in you and we also hope you enjoy the paper.

Who could it be that runs around Plant No. 3 with a squeak in his shoes and a little tail in the back that looks like a jockey or better yet he goes by the name of mousey. How about it Roy.

Third Shift News

Well, after all of our kidding the Kelleys did get on days and we do miss them. We suppose that all set-up men have their troubles.

And we think ours is the best, but—there is one machine in particular that just will not stay fixed. What can the trouble be, Vic? ? ? ?

And by the way, we miss that underweight, undernourished, misunderstood George of the grinding room. What happened? Graduated to days.

Saw Hubie and June's baby the other day, and it's almost as large as either one of them.

Oh! Yes, in case you have any tires, and need any gas, and have any coupons drive by and see Grindstaff. What a change in the tool room.

Some more new people on our shift, all very nice.

Mighty afraid our farmers will be leaving us soon but from now on that's one of the most important jobs for them, in winning this war. Good luck to them.

Yours truly—alias Jimmy Fidler of third shift Mueller Record—wishes to take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks to everone on third shift, Mr. Adolph Muel-

ler and Mrs. Bashore for the many lovely things they did for me while I was ill.

Our slogan—You don't have to be crazy to work this shift, but it helps.

Our aim—and Frank's, to get always a few more in production than first or second.

Bright Acts, Sayings and Wishes

Eloise—Just to be streamlined.

Thehna—To get my man home from the Navy.

Bateman—Who has more fun than people?

Fay Turner—Resolved never again to say anything to embarrass anyone.

Moury—Never to flirt.

Norabelle—Just giggle.

Frenchy—Never to listen to jokes.

McElfresh—Never grow old.

Vic—Blushes so pretty.

Red—The serious type.

Mary—To rush home.

Pop—Asleep at the post.

Folly—Sweater girl.

Frank—Really don't know, but he does not need a spy glass or ear trumpet.

Earl—Romeo.

Bud—Lady's man and never absent.

Mac—Just give me a cup of coffee.

Roarick—Just give me a pair of roller skates and a boy.

Betty—A boy friend.

Bob—A few more worries.

Ray—Just thirsty.

Mabel—Will Sunday night never come.

Wanda—Jitterbug.

Elmer—To guard especially government property?

Bill—A large soap box—wanted.

Doc—Just a few more furnaces.

4 A. M.—Do I smell tobacco smoke???

Henderson—A new crochet pattern!!

Long—Never to act dignified.

Ada—A few more dishes.

Dorothy—Roll those eyes.

Norina—Just loves 100% table!

DEATHS

Mrs. Jessie Younger

Mrs. Jessie Younger, mother of Ancil, Jerry and Thomas Younger, died February 16 at the age of 76 following an illness of three weeks.

Mrs. Younger was born in Sullivan, September 3, 1867, and was married to Sia W. Younger in Bethany on August 7, 1883. She is survived by her husband and three daughters, Mrs. Maude Cothorn of Ramsey, Mrs. Mary Moore of Cowden, Mrs. Ruth Toubeaux of Peoria; six sons, Thomas B., Sia Anton, Jerry and J. Ancil, all of Decatur; Benjamin H. of Pana; and Frank of Blue Mound; a sister, Mrs. Cecil Renshaw of Kirksville, Mo.; 21 grandchildren, 13 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted in the Dawson and Wikoff funeral home with burial in Creelwood cemetery.

(Continued from Page 7)

THEY SAY THAT

A gossip is a person with a keen sense of rumour.

Big men become big by doing what they didn't want to do when they didn't want to do it.

Any time a man marries for money, he earns it.

A local businessman says he's been classified as 5-B by his Draft Board—baldness, bridgework, bifocals, baywindow and bunions.

Don't worry if you stumble once in a while. Remember, a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

What's wrong about wishing for things we do not possess? What else is there to wish for?

Stopping at 3rd base adds no more to the score than striking out.

"An optimist, my son, is a man who thinks his wife has quit cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house."

Chinese tombstone: Me, in person—no movie—no talkie.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy snoozes;
No nag since nineteen twenty-three
Has come to him for shoes.

Frantic voice on telephone: "Help! A robber just broke into the Old Maids Home."
Cop: "Who's this calling?"
Voice: "The Robber."

Said a wise old bee at the close of day,
"This colony business doesn't pay.
I put my honey in that old beehive
That others may eat and live and thrive;
I do more work in a day, by gee
Than some of the other fellows do in three.
I toil and worry and save and hoard,
And all I get is my room and board.
It's me for a hive I can run myself,
And me for the sweets of my hard earned pelf."

So the old bee flew to a meadow lone,
And started business all his own.
He gave no thought to the buzzing clan,
But all intent on his selfish plan,
He lived the life of a hermit free—
"Ah, this is great," said the wise old bee.
But the summer waned and the days grew drear

And the lone bee wailed as he dropped a tear;

For the varmints gobbled his little store,
And his wax played out and his heart was sore,

So he winged his way to the old home band,
And took his meals at the Helping Hand.
Alone, our work is of little worth;
Together we are the lords of the earth;
So it's all for each and it's each for all—
United we stand, divided we fall.

MUELLER DANCE

On February 21st, the first Mueller dance to be held at Kenwick Terrace, Sarnia's new and ultra-modern dance hall, took place. Our roving reporters, McBurp, O'hick and Bromo were there, and will try to convey a few impressions received.

The atmosphere seemed to vibrate with a kind of friendly gaiety attuned to the fine music of Jack Kennedy's band—a spontaneous spirit of good fellowship which somehow sets Mueller Dances apart. One Mueller lad who formerly never cared for dancing finally found courage to dance with a lovely fairy-like creature and is now a confirmed dance hound—or should we say fairy chaser? Noted several members of the Gamma Fu there. No doubt all are familiar with the Gamma Fu, that merry little sorority, and their famous slogan, "Why Don't you Gamma Fu too?" We saw the Cutbertsons there—but they didn't see us. Wow! Scotty Milne really goes to town in those square dances. Wish we knew more of the delicious looking femininity on the night shift. Bob and Mildred were out on the balcony looking at the stars. Wiser's Special Blend appeared to be stars. Saw Ethel Eliot there. Back from the West for a while. Tried to get a dance with "Ma White", but she knows our dancing too well. Corns hurt enough as it is. Duke Waller was there but danced only once. His dogs are prone to overheat on him. He does the rhumba with exceptional verve. We have heard it said that to rhumba with Duke is as good as a complete overhaul. Seemed odd to see Harry Barnes out from behind a ton of brass. Small Fry promised to dance with us, but failed to show. Notice how pretty Small Fry is becoming, boys?

Contributed by Lloyd Thomas (Dept. 14)

WEDDINGS

Deardorff-Williams

Miss Norma Ruth Deardorff became the bride of Harrison R. Williams, formerly of Plant No. 3, now Seaman First Class in the U. S. Coast Guard at Portsmouth, N. H., March 14 in a ceremony performed in the First Presbyterian Church in Morrisonville.

The bride has been employed at Staley's and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl G. Deardorff of Morrisonville. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar J. Williams, 1408 North McClellan.

Attendants were the bride's sister Arlene and the bridegroom's brother Howard. Members of the two families attended, and a reception for 35 guests in the Deardorff home followed the ceremony.

The couple left for Chicago and then for Portsmouth, where the groom is in the office of the captain of the port.

(Continued from Page 3)

and quiet sky became a lighted-bursting inferno. Shrapnel fell all around us, but with the shrapnel, a little out to sea, sixty percent of their bombers were falling with an orange flame trailing them down. Some were disintegrating in midair. The remaining planes took to flight, heading back so fast that it seemed they were rocket-propelled. The destruction they left was as slight as the efficiency of their mission.

Came Back at Night

They came back again that night, and again, and again, but always so high that I doubt if a sound detector could have picked them up. They dropped bombs, though, but most of them fell in the ocean. We were glad that it was getting close to dawn and our fighters would be over soon. We had a sleepless night in foxholes, crouched as close to the ground as possible with cold perspiration on our foreheads and seeping through our clothes until they were damp with moisture. We finished eating and roamed around the shore and in the jungles looking at the damage our naval guns did on the previous morning. Trees eighteen to twenty-four inches in diameter were sheared off at the top and lay on the ground like defeated lancers in the days of King Arthur. Bomb craters large enough to hold one-story buildings were strewn in a crazy pattern along the ground. I had never seen such destruction as this, and it was truly interesting. Numerous native villages, where once lived peaceful native tribes but now driven into the hills by Japs, were burned to the ground. These same Japs were forced to retreat empty handed, their equipment lost and their food seized. A huge supply of rice was acquired when we took over, enough to feed the Japs here about two years. They are probably living off the bark of trees now, which is very possible in the jungle to starving men.

"We lived in foxholes nearly a week after landing, and each night raiders were fewer and higher up until finally they ceased to come. We now retire in our hammocks at night. Once in a while we are awakened with a red alert, but instead of running to the foxholes we run to the beach and try to spot them by the sound of their motors, but nothing ever comes and we tread gleefully to bed.

Witnessed Dog Fight

"One day we were eye-witnesses to a dog fight. Two of our fighters intercepted six bombers which probably were gloating over the fact that they sneaked up on us. No plane losses on our side, but one probable on the Japs. We heard the machine gun fire and could see the red tracers just as it began to get dark. I always wanted to see a dog fight, and now I'm seeing many of them. There was a big dog fight over the ocean the other day, but about five miles off and we had to watch it through binoculars, without which we could see only

small images silhouetted against a navy-blue sky and occasionally a trail of smoke descending at a rapid pace to the ocean below.

"One day I witnessed another such fight but the participants were a couple of Jap barges trying to escape the onslaught which is so imminent, and they know it. The barges could be faintly seen on the horizon and directly above them were some of our fighters. One puff of smoke appeared and then another as the planes pulled out of their dive and scurried up toward the vast and empty sky. They were hurrying into another formation now and the first had already peeled off and was swiftly descending on the barges below. They were only a few feet off the ocean surface, flying in a horizontal position and speeding toward the barges with their guns blazing red. Each of the planes spent their ammunition and circled above, then on the horizon appeared a couple of destroyers racing for the finish. All of us on the beach listened for the report of the destroyers' guns. This tension was short for soon we saw the smoke from the guns and an instant later the noise of an explosion reached us. What had been the barges was no more. All was silent as the destroyers sailed proudly away.

"No more action has appeared, but the Japs are still on the move and they are running toward us. When and if they meet our lines and should chose to fight it out, there will be a merciless slaughter."

Paul R. Ammann,

Someplace in the SWPA"

■ ■ ■

CLUB DINNER

The members of the Foreman's Club met on Thursday evening, March 16 at 6:30 o'clock for a social time and dinner. It was a most enjoyable occasion. The dinner was most excellent and thoroughly enjoyed. At the conclusion of the feast W. E. Mueller and Adolph Mueller made brief talks.

■ ■ ■

BIRTHS

BORN TO: Mr. and Mrs. John Rodgers, February 8, a daughter, Donna Virginia, in St. Mary's hospital.

BORN TO: Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ashcraft, February 8, a son, Keith Edward, in Decatur and Macon County hospital.

BORN TO: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown, February 21, a son, Roger Wayne.

BORN TO: Corp. and Mrs. Edward Drew, February 21, a son, Douglas Lynn, in Decatur and Macon County hospital.

BORN TO: Mr. and Mrs. James Freeman, February 28, a daughter in St. Mary's hospital.

BORN TO: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Charnetzki, a daughter, Janet Ruth, February 29, in St. Mary's hospital.

LOS ANGELES NEWS

Nellie Long, Dept. 30, is a smart gal. She took time off to visit her husband, Sgt. Scott Long, in Utah, and brought him back with her. Scottie is a bombardier in the Air Corps expecting to be shipped any time. He asks that we tell his old friends how much he enjoyed being with them again. We are sure the feeling is mutual.

* * *



This is our first glimpse of Pvt. Oather Polk in uniform. Since entering the service he has been stationed in Denver, Colorado, and hasn't been able to visit us. He certainly makes a nice looking soldier doesn't he?

It is now Sgt. Ben Piatt to you. Ben formerly worked in Dept. 30 and his proud father Ben, Sr., is in our foundry.



Evelyn Gabrielsen used to ski in Norway so, of course, she went to Yosemite on her vacation. She made the pretty brown and yellow ski jacket, socks, mittens and helmet she is wearing.

* * *

Lacy Mayfield, set-up man, Dept. 30, couldn't stay out of the fight any longer. He joined the Navy and is now on his way to Farragut, Idaho. The machine shop gang presented him with an identification bracelet as a going-away present. Archie Hatfield, Gene Warren, Pete Briock, Chuck Musmecci, Earl Bright, Jack Warren and

Joe Higbee gave Lacy a poker party. All we know about it was that they sent their wives to the show. If any of you fellows in the Navy hear that old familiar war whoop, from a boat charging full speed ahead, hold your fire because it will be that "Old Salt" Lacy Lee. Best of luck to a really swell guy.

* * *

Harold (Sonnie) Hammel, who is now stationed in Norman, Oklahoma, writes to tell us the Navy is trying to make an airplane mechanic of him. Judging from our experience with Sonnie, we do not think that would be too difficult. He is appreciative of his opportunities and says he intends to make the most of them. It was quite a blow to the girls in the plant to learn that the area in which he is stationed is well supplied with the female sex. According to his letter, he is also taking advantage of those opportunities. Sonnie, like all of our other service men, wants more Los Angeles news in the Record. How about a little cooperation from some of his pals in giving us news items.

* * *

Everyone in the Superintendent's office stopped work long enough to greet Kenny Potts, when he visited us recently. He has put on a little weight and really looks grand. Kenny is stationed at Port Huene, near Oxnard, California.

* * *

Catherine Del Francia worked a whole year without being absent. Considering epidemics of food poisoning, flu, colds, etc., this is a remarkable record. Perhaps she will share her health secret with us.

* * *

You should have seen Proud Mamma Ruth Spease trying to get her Marine son to spruce up before showing him off to her fellow workers. He may be a tough Marine in his outfit but still her baby.

* * *

Liberators Winners

After 21 weeks of bowling, the Liberators were the winners of the Mueller League. Followed closely by the Wildcats, P-38's and the Mustangs.

Liberators: George Knudsen, Kenneth Wheeler, Nell Crossman, Bob Harper. Games won, 40.

Wildcats: Charles Musmecci, Del Cowdin, Bob Hesselbach, Gladys Reed. Games won, 37.

P-38's: Lou Wyant, Sylvia Wynne, Charles Daniel, Fern Hodges. Games won, 35.

Mustangs: Bill Jacob, Ed Wynne, Jerry Scoville, George Tolladay. Games won, 31.

In the sweepstakes that followed the league schedule, Howard Craig first, Dorothea Blaze second.

Howard Udell and Pete Briock first in

doubles; Howard Craig and Bruce Stotler second; George Knudsen and Dorothea Blize third.

In all fairness let us mention that Bruce Stotler finally pulled out of the rut. After 21 weeks of bowling he shot a 200 game, much to the chagrin of Beth Noble. She had bet him all season that he would not bowl 200. On the last night, feeling very safe, she bet an extra dollar that he wouldn't bowl 220. He bowled 223.

* * *

Side Lights

Most surprised bowlers: Pete Briock and Howard Odell when they won first place in the doubles sweepstakes.

Most improved bowler: Kenny Wheeler, a beginner, who helped his team to first place with a 152 average.

Most enthused bowler: George Tolladay who, win or lose, retained his happy attitude. George didn't do bad with that "southpaw" either.

Noisiest bowler: Bob Harper, excepting of Lacy Mayfield when there.

Best bowlers: Emmett Reedy with a 180 average for men and Helen Wellman with 159 average for women.

Following the Sweepstakes that ended the league, everyone decided bowling was such fun that after rearranging teams and adding new members a new league was started.

* * *

A Cinch to Win

A late report from the Mueller team bowling in the Beacon Bowl Handicap League in Southgate shows these boys are in first place in this 14 team league. With three more weeks to go they look like a cinch to win.

Last night was certainly their night. This team had weekly high game of 1052, high team series of 2861. Earl Bright, captain, topped the honor roll with a 602 series and George Leach's 231 game was high for the night. No wonder their team is in first place.

Members of the team and their averages are: Lacy Mayfield, 149; Leonard Johnson, 147; George Leach, 145; Earl Bright, 170; Archie Hatfield, 156; Gene Warren, 147.

Feb. 29, 1944

■ ■ ■

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE

(Further Ruminations from Our Soon-to-be-Opened Windows)

These March winds that do blow and blow have the quality of seeming to blow the very cobwebs out of our brains. And how most of us can do with a little bit of this Spring housecleaning. Old prejudices, discarded fears, mistaken convictions, these all clutter up our thinking and hamper us in the business of making the most of our time. How pleasant it would be to exchange the outmoded and weary mental equipment for a new set of brain machinery! So, blow, blow, March wind.

The Red Cross drive, which is on this

month, does deserve the support of all of us. On the field of battle, in the hospital, in camp and base the Red Cross goes where we can't. It works with our money. And our money will never do a more creditable piece of work than what it accomplishes through the Red Cross.

The Red Cross Blood Bank comes to Decatur again early next month. Here is another service for our fighting men. And it requires only a little time and a pint of our blood! It would be a sorry state of affairs to learn of some service man's need for life-giving plasma that was lacking because you or I had been too busy or too indifferent to report at the Blood Donor center. Whatever plans we may have for the first week in April are not quite so important as an opportunity to save life.

Congratulations to Carl and Marie Char-netzki on their new Leap Year daughter. Little Janet Ruth will have February 29 for her birthday anniversary and so has discovered early in life a way to stay young.

March 13 was a big day for Mueller Office employees, two of them making the morning headlines. Frank Edmonson is now Lieutenant (j.g.) Edmonson of the U. S. Navy and June Krumsiek was pictured signing her enlistment papers for the WAVES. How about "Anchors Aweigh" for our office theme song?

Bill Draper, PFC. Draper of the 724th Engineers, has been home on furlough for ten days or so. A veteran of the Arctic Northland, Bill is now training for base warehouse work and after completing his training in Marion, Ohio, where he is stationed at present, he expects to be shipped out.

Jane Wheeler has been in the East spending some time with Friend Husband. Floyd is stationed in New York, and Jane was able to make him an extended visit there.

Katherine Taylor has been journeying again, this time to spend a week-end with Gerald just before he embarked from the East Coast.

Velma Runyan had another flying visit with her favorite Marine in Cherry Point, North Carolina, leaving Decatur on the 16th.

Mabel Gates is rejoicing in the possession of a new birthday fountain pen, the gift of her brother Joe who is "somewhere in the Pacific."

Birthday congratulations are also in order for Evelyn Thompson who celebrated on March 10. Looks as though the Advertising Dept. is doing pretty well for birthday observance.

(Continued on Page 16)

"BARGAIN COLUMN PAGE"

BUSINESS SERVICE

WALLPAPER CLEANING—Call 9115 or 770 West Olive Street. Claude Stacy.

ITEMS FOR SALE

FOR SALE: 1—6 x 9 Blue Wilton Rug; 1—8-3 x 10-6 Kashan Wilton; 1—8-3 x 10-6 Wilton Tan; 1 High Chair; 1 Library Table Oak; 1 Dressing Table-triple mirror; 1 Rocking Chair; Table Lamps. Mrs. Roy B. Pease, R. R. 3, Decatur, Ill. Phone 29-570.

FOR SALE: 1 all yellow roller canary singer. Will make a nice Xmas present. Mrs. Roy B. Pease, R. R. 3, Decatur, Ill. Phone 29-570.

FOR SALE—1936 Chevrolet for sale—2 door—See Dewey West, Engine Room, Plant 1.

FOR SALE: Canvas tent, 7x7 ft., three feet side walls, six feet high, with poles and stakes—\$8.00. See Ancil Younger, Dept. 8 or 2014 N. Monroe St.

FOR SALE: A two wheel Garden plow with surface attachment. All in good condition. Prospective gardeners should not overlook this opportunity. Telephone 2-0831 or call 1525 North Clinton Street.

FOR SALE: 2 acres on hard road, south of Harristown. Also, 3 grave lot in Fair-lawn cemetery. Ralph Adams, lead dept. Tel. 2-1744.

FOR SALE: 1 Bed Davenport. A-1 condition. Color (Maroon). William Cloney, Boody, Illinois, or Mueller Plant No. 3.

WANTED

WANTED: 1 very small radio. Will buy or trade. table model. Virginia Barnett, Plant 3.

WANTED: Newspapers. We will pay highest price for clean newspapers, folded once and tied in bundles. No magazines. Please deliver to Mueller Co. Shipping Room before 10 a. m. any day except Saturday.

WANTED TO BUY: Electric Refrigerator. Plant 3, Jim Tilley

WANTED TO BUY—1 tire for motor scooter, tubeless type size 12 x 3.50. C. W. Murray, 840 S. 17th St. Phone 2-1339.

WANTED TO RENT: 4 or 5 room modern house in Roosevelt school district. (Would take 3 to 5 room apt. Mrs. Marie Brooks c/o Employment Office.)

MISSING—Vernier Caliper, 6 in. Notify Geo. Krag, Pattern Shop.

BOY SCOUT NEWS



Robert Hughes

The highlight of this month's news is the accompanying photograph of Sea Scout Robert Hughes. At the Annual Council Dinner held in February young Hughes was awarded his Eagle Scout rank, the highest honor obtainable. His mother, Mrs. Harold O. Hughes was privileged to pin on his Eagle badge and

he in turn pinned on her a miniature Eagle mother's pin. Not only his parents, but all of the troop are mighty proud of him.

Bobby first entered Scouting May 8, 1940, almost four years ago. His progress in the troop has been consistent and a pleasure to watch. As a leader, Bobby has gone right up the ladder. He has served as Bugler, Assistant Patrol Leader and Patrol Leader of the Tigers, and now is Senior Patrol Leader of the troop. Upon reaching the age of fifteen, Bobby enrolled in the Sea Scout Ship Viking (also connected with Mueller Co.) and at present is the ship's Yeoman. Young Hughes is our most consistent hiker. Since Mr. Jackson took over the troop we have had a hike a month for thirty-eight consecutive months and Bobby has never missed a one. A real record in Decatur. He holds the 100-hour Civic Service Medal and is O.W.I. Dispatch Bearer for Uncle Sam. Harold O. Hughes, his father, is our most active committee-man and a Scouter of long experience.

Richard Seiton has earned his first merit badge and Richard Hoppe earned his twenty-fourth at the last board of review. James Hansen and Philip Jordon were awarded Second Class at the same board. We hope others will be stimulated to greater advancement by all these achievements.

(Continued from Page 15)

Carl Dodwell, Corporal Dodwell, was an office visitor a couple of weeks ago. Carl and Gene Simpson are not too far apart at their respective California locations but in spite of repeated efforts have not been able to get together for a meeting.

Now is the time for all good Victory Gardeners to assemble tools and ideas. See you in the tomato patch.

As the No. 1 boy entered the dining room, he slipped and the priceless bird skidded to the floor. "Never mind, Boy," said the hostess quietly and kindly. "Take it back to the kitchen and bring in the other one."