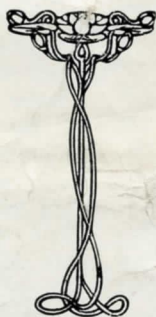


THE
MUELLER RECORD



November, 1922

THE MUELLER RECORD

VOL XI

NOVEMBER, 1922

NO. 138

EDITORIAL

THANKSGIVING

November 30 is our annual Thanksgiving Day. To the great majority this means football and a holiday. A few catch its real significance, and while accepting it in the spirit of rejoicing over manifold blessings, likewise devote at least a part of the day to serious meditation, and really give thanks, silently or orally. Either way is equally effective.

Don't be a grouch on Thanksgiving Day. Be a good fellow.

Don't let the little troubles encountered during the year outweigh the good things.

First of all you should be thankful that you are living in this wonderful age; that you have a healthy body and a clear mind; that you have friends; that, if you possess youth, you still have untrodden before you the ever changing path of life with its golden opportunities; that, if you have aged, you have seen and enjoyed life's journey and know by experience many things yet denied to younger people; that you have a job which gives you daily employment; and other blessings of daily recurrence.

All simple things, but you don't stop to think of them, but they are the most to be thankful for, just because they are simple.

It's the simple things that really make up life.

SMALL TOWNS LEAD

The idea that you are a small town product makes you a small town product. Just nurse the idea—that's all that's necessary. It's the small towns that produce big men and big things. Emerson is credited with saying that if you do anything better than anyone else, the world will make a beaten path to your door.

Here are a few striking examples:

There is practically no mining in New England but nearly all mining fuses are made in a little Connecticut village.

Cedar Vale, Kansas, produces about all the implements necessary for successful and scientific poultry raising. A little Iowa burg makes the equipment which produces an up-to-date barn for stock raising. The biggest optical-glass business is located somewhere in the hills of Massachusetts.

And when it comes to men. Small towns produced two of the greatest in American history—Lincoln and Grant. A thousand more could be enumerated if needed. In sports the same is true—Speaker, Cobb, Matthewson and Johnson. Metropolitan champions and statesmen are few and far between. They don't grow in cities—they thrive in the rural districts. The great outdoors make them. So don't bewail your fate if you are a small town product. Remember that you have not the handicap of city birth to begin to grow and spread.

Men who add brains to their skill with tools soon become foremen and superintendents—that's the history of industry the world over.

The man who cannot obey an order will never be big enough to give one.

A big country is not necessarily made up of square miles. Square people have a good deal to do with it.

Light wines and beers—after that light heads.

THE NEXT RECORD

The next Mueller Record will be the Christmas issue and if you have any suggestions or ideas that will help brighten its pages let us have them early.

WANTED—A SALESMAN

Who Knows The Game Like I Do

I admit that I am superstitious and I'm not ashamed of it, either. When I have related my side of the story, I am sure that you will agree with me that I'm right and Plumm is wrong. Plumm is the sales manager at the Plumbing Supply Company, the last place I worked. He "canned" me because I believe in hunches and even went so far as to insinuate I was lazy.

The truth of the matter was that he wanted me to work on Saturdays. Can you imagine such a thing? Of course, I used to do it when I was younger—before I became a "cracker-jack" salesman. But I was a pretty wise kid and it didn't take me long to find out from older and more experienced salesmen that it was poor practice—undignified. Plumbers don't want to talk to "peddlers" on that day. They've been working hard all week figuring jobs and so on, then maybe they'd want to plan a trip to the country or something for Sunday. So it was only natural for me to see where things stood and being a wise old bird, I beat it home on Friday afternoon. That may be superstition but it sounds like good "horse sense" to me.

Blue Monday

The next day that used to worry me was Monday. "Blue Monday" they called it before prohibition became famous. I used to work hard all day Monday, but after a few years road experience, I found out Monday was as bad a day as Saturday for getting business. You see it's like this: A plumber forgets all about business and has a good time fishing or motoring on Sunday. Then when Monday rolls around he's sore because he has to go back to work and he's in no humor to buy anything until Tuesday or Wednesday. You can't blame him. You'd be the same way if you hadn't been thinking about business for a whole day and then had everything pile up on you on Monday. Besides, I would have to leave home Sunday night or early Monday morning and I would be in no humor to talk shop any more than he'd be. So it would be foolish to try to sell him goods before Tuesday. Wouldn't it? Wednesday would be better yet, for he would have all his men started on jobs by that time.

Plumbers Busy

Plumm says it's a sign of laziness if you don't start working early in the morning. I say it's foolishness to try to start early. Now just put yourself in the plumber's place. He's got to get down to his office by eight o'clock. What's the first thing he does? He opens his local mail to see how

many checks came in. Then he's got to call up the supply house for material or call the depot to see what freight is in. This takes him until nine o'clock. Then he has to start his men out on jobs; maybe he'll have to go along with them. It'll take him another hour to get back. That's ten o'clock before he's ready to talk to a salesman. If you were a plumber you certainly wouldn't want to be bothered with a salesman before that time. I know I wouldn't.

Plumm harps on the subject of lunch time. Some traveling men, green beginners who don't know any better, work straight through the day from eight-thirty to five-thirty, only taking a few minutes off for lunch. Some even call on customers after supper. I'm too wise for anything like that. Two of the most important things we do are eat and rest. A man can't work 24 hours a day, and I know how a plumber feels; by eleven o'clock in the morning something starts gnawing in his stomach and he says to himself, "I'm getting hungry. I hope no salesman comes around now. I'll throw him out of the shop if he does." That's reasonable, all right. So, before long, he goes out to eat and gets back say at one-fifteen. For the next hour he feels kind of drowsy, you know—the food has to have time to digest before we're at our best.

Need of Recreation

By this time he's busy on the telephone answering complaints and the like for another hour at least. He's all worn out making excuses and he wishes it was five o'clock so that he could go home to his kids, pipe and carpet slippers. God pity the poor fool salesman who calls on him after three o'clock. He might get a small order, but nothing like he would get if he waited until ten o'clock the next morning. No sir! The best thing to do at three o'clock is to get a little relaxation at a ball game or look up the bunch at the hotel and play kelly or start a stud game.

Some traveling men try to sell goods on a rainy day. I don't. I've got a definite hunch about rainy days. The sky is weeping, there are few orders coming into the plumbing shops and all new building is stopped. No plumber is in a mood to buy on a day like that. Any wise salesman will defer his call until a nice, bright, cheerful, sunshiny day. Then you'll get a nice fat order if you're a good salesman like I am. This fellow Plumm, my ex-sales manager, tried to tell me that a rainy day was the best kind of a day to sell plumbing and heating goods, because the boss wasn't busy

looking after his work or taking the afternoon off to go fishing; and because other salesmen stayed away on such days, I would have the field all to myself and wouldn't be interrupted by someone butting in. Fancy such rot! You can well imagine that I told him where to head in at.

No Need of Suggestions

Another thing that gets my goat is this: Since my first two years on the road I have never found a sales manager who could teach me anything about selling plumbing and heating goods. Yet they're all the time wasting, wasting time and postage and printers' ink sending out their helps and suggestions. The idea of a man sitting in the office and showing me how to sell more specialties and how to get goods specified. They'd soon quit. I guess, if they knew what I did with their letters and bulletins. Experience is the only teacher that I'm willing to listen to.

But the straw that broke the camel's back was the deal they handed to one of my best customers. I worked hard to get this plumber's business and just because he was back four or five months in his payments, they turned his order down—wanted me to tell him he'd have to pay up before they could sell him any more goods. Can you imagine such a thing? Wanted me, an expert salesman, to act as a collector. Plumm said that "a child could sell goods to a plumber with poor credit, but it took a smart salesman to sell a poor account and collect the money when it was due." Silly, wasn't it? Now you understand why I'm not working there any more. I need a job bad but I don't want to work for a man who is as narrow-minded as Plumm. I've convinced you, I guess, that my ideas are right. If you want to hire a salesman who has had experience with a score of firms in the last two years, just write yours truly.



FOOT RACE TO FACTORY

The other morning Mrs. Merritt of the Polishing Department was hurrying down the railroad track on her way to work. A short distance ahead of her was Allen Travis of the Assembling Department. Glancing back, Mr. Travis thought he saw his wife coming so he slowed up so that she might catch up with him. When Mrs. Merritt reached him, he stared at her to make sure it was his wife. He soon saw his mistake and recognized Mrs. Merritt, although she did not remember ever having seen him before. Mrs. Merritt became frightened and started to run.

When Mr. Travis saw her run he thought the whistle had blown, so he started running also. The faster he ran the faster Mrs. Merritt ran, and the race kept on until both reached the factory completely out of breath.

ARDEN GADDIS



This is the son of Paul (Shorty) Gaddis of Department No. 30. Arden was a year old on October 3. Certainly a fine looking, healthy, good-natured kiddy.

SMILING VOICES IN BUSINESS

Voices tell a great deal about people. A voice may be vibrant and fairly radiant, or it may be dull, drab, and discouraging. The man who is in business has a decided asset if nature has favored him with a smiling voice. If he hasn't such a characteristic by nature, it is up to him to cultivate it and to iron out all of the humps and lumps and wrinkles of annoyance, and irritability and intolerance which it may show, for people are distinctly influenced by the voice of a person with whom they do business.

Did you ever notice how quickly we recognize a voice over the telephone? To us it summons up an immediate vision of the individual to whom it belongs. This is because it really is a vital and representative feature of that person's individuality. Let me tell you some few things about the voice which pleases and holds and convinces because it rings true:

Such a voice is not necessarily melodious or tuneful. One of the finest orators on the American continent today has a voice none too pleasant. Yet great crowds are drawn and lives influenced, because that voice is sincere, interested, earnest, kindly, and never monotonous.

The man in business will do well to take notice of these several points for they are a barometer, as it were, of the disposition and mental attitude of their possessor. The voice shows at once whether the person is a mere time-killer, a clock-server, a perfunctory worker, or one who is really interested in his task, and will, when occasion arises, put himself out to please.

CURIOSITIES OF WORDS

By Kelly Miller

Jingo was coined in the Russo-Turkish war. The apprehension in England over the outcome of that struggle found vent in a patriotic song which refrain was:

"We don't want to fight; but by jingo if we do, we've got the men; we've got the ships; we've got the money too."

The song became popular, was heard on every street corner, and from every organ grinder, and was whistled by every boot-black. Shortly after this the election campaign began, in which Gladstone, the head of the Liberals, attacked the Tory party, then led by the Earl of Beaconsfield. The Tory foreign policy was ridiculed by the Liberals as one of "bloodshed, glory and jingle." Since that time the word jingo has been used to designate an individual or section of a party prone to rush, without mature consideration, into the horrors of war.

Lynch comes from John Lynch, a farmer who inflicted summary punishment on fugitive slaves and criminals dwelling in the Dismal Swamp, North Carolina. These outlaws committed outrages that the colonial laws could not reach. John Lynch was a relative of the founder of Lynchburg, Va., and is said to have inflicted this method of punishment about the close of the seventeenth century.

Quiz.—It is said that Daly, manager of the Dublin theatre, laid a wager that a new word of no meaning should be the common talk and puzzle of the town within twenty-four hours. In consequence of this wager the letters "q-u-i-z" were chalked on all the walls of Dublin, with the effect that he won his wager.

Sandwich got its name from the Earl of Sandwich, who died in 1792. The Earl was an inveterate gamester, and used to have viands brought to him in the handy form now familiar to the world, so that he might go on playing without interruption. The Earl of Sandwich was first Lord of the Admiralty in 1778, when Captain Cook discovered the Hawaiian Islands; hence the former name of that group, the Sandwich Islands.



NEW YORKER NOW

O. E. Schooley, who has held various positions with the company—shipping room road and office, is now attached to the New York office. He left for his new post of duty November 10, accompanied by Mrs. Schooley and the baby.

"Ose" has lots of friends in the office and factory and they all join in wishing him success.

We anticipate that it will not take "Ose" over three weeks to speak pure "New Yoik."

THE NEW MAN ON FREIGHT

A young man from the east went out West to accept a position as operator and agent for a railroad running out of El Paso, Texas. This being his first position and his first trip out west, he was given some advice as how to handle himself and the agency by the Superintendent. Among these instructions was to wire the originating or billing agent or operator whenever there was a shortage or damage to goods unloaded at his station.

One day the local freight stopped at this young man's station and unloaded a lot of household goods, including a small Mexican burro. It was the first time the new agent had ever seen one of these animals, but he just took him for a dwarf Missouri mule and made a note on his check sheet: One Jack, and went on checking over the household goods that were unloaded. The writing on the bill was very poor and hard to read. The young man noticed one item that he took for one bureau, but he was unable to locate the bureau. He finally decided the local failed to unload it. He immediately wired the billing agent at El Paso as follows:

"Your way bill No. 2 yesterday, lot of household goods checks 1 bureau short and over one Jack. Please advise."

—Contributed.



YOUR IMPRESS

Now what is your niche in the mind of the man who met you yesterday? He figured you out and labeled you; then carefully filed you away. Are you on his list as one to respect, or as one to be ignored? Does he think you the sort that's sure to win, or the kind that's quickly floored?

The things you said—were they those that stick, or the kind that fade and die?

The story you told—did you tell it your best? If not, in all conscience, why?

Did you think while you talked? Or but glibly recite what you had heard of read?

Had you made it your own—this saying of yours—or quoted what others said?

Think—what is your niche in the mind of the man who met you yesterday. And figured you out and labeled you; then carefully filed you away?



KILLED 44 RABBITS

Roy Whitaker and Walter Drew of Department 5, and Frank Taylor and Ed. Winholtz of the Brass Finishing Department went hunting one Saturday recently, near Moweaqua. Roy said Drew had an awful hard time shooting some of them in the head.

NO. 30 HAS A PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McDonald Entertain on Hallowe'en.

The home of Mr. J. E. McDonald, Dispatch Clerk in the Machine Shop, was the scene of a delightful Hallowe'en party, when he and his wife entertained a number of men of Department 30 with their wives and friends.

One of the features of the evening was a "coon" hunt, which afforded much merriment. Basil Mason proved his sight the keenest by locating the largest number, but "Curly" Reeves outclassed all others with his keen appetite.

Several other contests were held, prizes being won by both Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gates, Miss Lida Bass, Mrs. Ida Mae Mason, and Ralph Baldwin.

A good time was enjoyed by all, even though Henry Leipski and Wilmer Coulter played a Hallowe'en prank and hid the cream which was to have been used for refreshments. Had they known it was to be used for this purpose, it is doubtful whether they would have carried out their act.

The Gates' Ford proved to be the car of the hour at the time of the breaking up of the party and delivered each one to his home.

This was the first of a series of parties which Department 30 intends having through the winter months and they are being looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure.



OH, HAROLD!

There seems to be a prevailing tendency on the part of most Muellerrites to pronounce my name as if it was spelled Dennerd. This is decidedly incorrect. The correct way is to pronounce it exactly as it is spelled—D-e-n-h-a-r-d, Den-hard.

Harold Denhard.



RESPONSIBILITY

Babson, the well known statistical authority, recently aptly illustrated the effects of responsibility. His little girl has a cat that often gives birth to a litter of kittens. Across the street lives a lively fox terrier. When the cat has no kittens and the dog appears on the scene, Madame Tabby scurries for the nerest tree and avoids the pup religiously. But when there is a litter of kittens to protect, the procedure is reversed. The cat chases the dog. It's the same cat, the same dog, and the same back yard both times.

But one time the cat has no responsibility. The other time she has. That realization of its responsibility gave the cat its courage and initiative and vision and resolve to do or die.

—The Couchmaker.

TRADE EXTENSION BUREAU

A meeting of the Trade Extension Bureau was held at Evansville, October 19, 20, and 21. It was attended by advertising representatives of some of the biggest companies in manufacturing plumbing supplies.

Our company was represented by C. N. Wagenseller.

The Trade Extension Bureau is a very important organization as relates to the plumber. It is upheld and supported by manufacturers, jobbers and the National Association of Master Plumbers. Its one purpose is to educate and assist the plumber to become a better business man.

The advertising men meet there once a year to discuss publicity plans for the coming year, and figure out plans which will prove beneficial and profitable to the plumbers. In addition ideas and suggestions are given to the Trade Extension Bureau for its use.

This organization is doing a very noteworthy work in building up the plumber as a business man.

The meeting just held was productive of much good and was in every way the best held since these conferences have been called.



LOOK FOR MORE TROUBLES

By Robert R. Updegraff

Ever stop to be thankful for the troubles of your job?

When you get the right slant on troubles, you discover that they are rather useful, after all. They pay about half your salary.

It's this way: Whether you are the buyer or the errand boy or the manager; whether you sell or keep books, some one could be round to handle your job for about half what you get, if it were not for the troubles—the things that go wrong, the people who treat you contemptibly, the difficulties that have to be met and overcome.

Who knows, perhaps if you went looking for more troubles and, instead of trying to duck them, developed the habit of meeting them half way and licking them, you might very soon find yourself getting twice as large a salary as you do now. For it's a fact, you know, that there are plenty of bigger jobs waiting for folks who aren't afraid of the troubles connected with them.



NEW RECREATION HALL

Work has started on the new recreation hall at the corner of Cerro Gordo and Monroe streets.

Billy Mason promises to have the building ready for a Christmas dance. Billy generally does what he says he will.

This new addition to the social side of our life will be featured in the Christmas Record which will, as usual, be a special edition.

The Office Owl, Hoo! Hoo!

Auer: "It makes me sore to have people about me."

Wells: "You should not get sore about at—suppose they'd tell the truth."

Tony: "My father weighed only four pounds at birth."

Marie: "Good heavens! Did he live?"

Cranston: "Hello! is this you, Gustin?"

Gustin: "Sure, what do you want?"

Cranston: "Why, I want to borrow fifty, is."

Gustin: "All right, I'll tell him when he comes in."

Shelton: "Our new minister is just wonderful. He brings home to you things you never saw before."

Coffman: "That's nothing. Our laundress does the same thing."

Helen: "Oh, Mildred, let me introduce Mr. Johns. He was born in the Canary Islands."

Mildred: "How nice. I suppose you sing like the rest of the canaries. Won't you sing for us?"

Scotty: "How do you know Schooley never went to college?"

McKibbin: "Why, he said he knew Babe Ruth when she was a chorus girl."

Miss McKee: "If the president and vice-president both die, who gets the job?"

Creta: "Why, the undertaker, of course."



WE WONDER

Why A. G. Martin came to work one morning armed with a shotgun

If Ollie really didn't hear the whistle the other morning? Maybe love is deaf besides being blind.

If Cecil lost her temper when she waited for the Henry, only to find one of its shoes out of order?

Why Melvin looks as "ye reporter" with such an "I'll-get-you-after-school" expression? A guilty conscience needs no accuser!

If Lee Myer wasn't glad Armistice Day was on Saturday, so he could rest up on Monday after such a strenuous celebration.

Why Henrietta objects to any mention of her name in connection with cities in the northern part of the state?

What would happen if every one Ed Stille opposes to accepted him?

"CONDITIONS"

Said the little red rooster, "Gosh, all hemlock, things are tough.

Seems that worms are getting scarcer, and I cannot find enough.

What's become of all those fat ones is a mystery to me.

There were thousands through that rainy spell—but now where can they be?

The old black hen who heard him didn't grumble or complain,

She had gone through lots of dry spells and lived through floods of rain.

So she flew up on the grindstone, and she gave her claws a whet,

As she said: "I've never seen the time there wasn't worms to get."

She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm;

The little rooster jeered, "New ground! that's no place for a worm."

The old black hen just spread her feet, she dug both fast and free,

"I must go to the worms," she said, "the worms won't come to me."

The rooster vainly spent the day, through habit by the way,

Where fat, round worms had passed in squads back in the rainy days.

When nightfall found him supperless, he growled in accents rough,

"I'm hungry as a fowl can be. Conditions sure are tough!"

He turned then to the old black hen and said: "It's worse with you:

For you're not only hungry, but you must be tired, too.

"I rested while I watched for worms, so I feel fairly perk;

But how are you? Without worms, too? And after all that work."

The old black hen hopped to her perch and dropped her lids in sleep.

And murmured in a lazy tone, "Young man, hear this and weep,

"I'm full of worms and happy, for I've dined both long and well,

"The worms are there as always—but I had to dig like hell."



PIGS A'PLENTY

John Hays, a farmer at Harrington, Ill., lost a pig. He advertised in the local paper that he would give a drink of good old "bonded stuff" to any one who returned the pig. The paper was printed at 4 o'clock and by 6 p. m. Mr. Hays had 10 pigs in his pen. By noon of the next day he was in fine shape to start a packing house, but the "likker" gave out.

Brass Chips

Ruth Chapman and Ethel Dixon have asked that their chairs be removed, as they are not where they should be when they should be and there is more room on the floor anyway.

Harold Kennedy is the new messenger boy. He succeeds Billy Casey, who has been transferred to the Advertising Department.

Charles Sapp, better known as "Smiley," who has been employed in the Advertising Department for over a year, has left to accept a position at the Decatur Herald. His place has been filled by Harlan Waddell.

Mrs. Ida Falk, formerly Miss Ida Kaminiski, has returned to work in the Core Department.

Miss Marie Yonker, sister of Tony Yonker of the Sales Department, is the new clerk in the Cost Department.

Ted R. Peek, formerly elevator boy in the Shipping Department, is now working in the Assembly Department. Ted has just returned from a year's service with the United States Navy.

Earl T. Hyde recently began work in the Drafting Department.

Mrs. Cora Wasson, who has been employed in the Brass Finishing Department for the last four years, left recently for Deer Lodge, Montana, where she will make her home.

Earl Hyde is a new draftsman in the Drafting Department.

Coming back from the gas convention at Atlantic City, Wilbur Simpson had just about time to say hello before he ducked out on a trip to Wisconsin.

Duke Mueller attended a convention of the American Water Works Association at Cedar Rapids in the early part of November.

A convention of the North Carolina Section of the American Water Works Association was held at Gastonia, N. C., in November. The company was represented by Everett Mueller.

Marie Treiweiler has resigned her position in the Sales Department and has gone to Colorado. For a time she will visit relatives, but her purpose is to secure a stenographer's position in Denver.

HONEYMOONIN'



Old friends will remember this former Mueller girl, who was known to us as Sidney Barnette of Department No. 8, Brass Shop. She is now Mrs. Jack Cook and is here shown with her husband, to whom she was married a few weeks ago. They live at Oglesby, Ill., and are still honeymoonin'.

Logan Peck, who has for a number of years been attached to the advertising and stationery department, has been promoted to the Billing Department.

Armistice Day was celebrated by closing both office and factory.

W. R. Gustin attended a meeting of Purchasing Agents at Chicago November 9.

Christmas four weeks from Monday. Oh, you Tempes Fugit.

Girls beware! George LaBrash and Grant Moon were seen down town together the other night, lookin' 'em over.

Gustin sent a new alarm clock down to Charlie Morris the other day. Charlie has been late for dinner several times lately. Bill thought the clock would overcome this.

Grover Meadows says if you want to be treated fine, go out to Bill Burk's house some Sunday morning.

Bill Burk and Roy Coffman spent a very pleasant noon hour at the home of Otto Halmbacher last Monday, eating rabbit.

Mrs. Baly, assistant matron, spent her vacation visiting her brother on a farm near Illiopolis. Needless to say, her many patients missed her while she was gone.

We have only recently been aware of the photographic possibilities of our Foundry
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TOOL MAKING DEPARTMENT

Hold Second Annual Coon Hunt and Get 'Possums

The annual coon hunt of Department 55 netted the bunch with an all round good time and the colored men who went with them with two big fat opossums.

The men left Decatur at 2:30 Saturday afternoon and arriving at Otter Lake, pitched their tent and made camp. All the men helped gather wood and make a fire. Harvey Woodruff proceeded to get the coffee to boiling and some of the men went fishing.

Seven o'clock and supper over, the men started to learn a few of their bunch how to hunt snipe. Herman Kelsch volunteered to hold the sack so they started after the snipe. Having placed Herman deep in the timber, the men returned to camp. Two hours later Herman returned with the lantern and an empty sack. He said he heard them but they wouldn't fly in the sack. Next year Fred Galka will hold the sack.

Nine o'clock and the dogs were turned loose, going west over into Calmus Lake bottoms. They had not gone very far until they opened up and in short time had 'possum number one.

There were several other hunters in the woods with their dogs and it was difficult to keep the dogs from mixing.

Starting south for the river bottoms the dogs entered into a strip of heavy timber and after trailing for about twenty minutes began to bark a tree. Coming up to the tree the climber found that it was hollow all the way up and having no way to find out what was in the hollow tree without cutting it down, which is against the game laws, the men went on after having a difficult time getting the dogs away from the tree. Starting the dogs once more they headed for the river bottoms. There were four dogs in the bunch—Whist, Spot, Joe and Limber. Whist was the first one to open trail, followed by Spot. They went over plowed ground to a slough. Joe is a white dog, and when he started across the plowed field to join the other dogs, all you could see was a white streak, and Herman Kelsch yelled, "there goes the coon across the field!" He thought that coons were white, he said. After trailing over into the slough they came back and started up the old levee, and then returned to the slough. Spot sat down and barked a tree. The rest joined in, and upon reaching the tree, 'possum number two was in a small sapling, his eyes shining like little balls of fire. After sacking him we started back for camp. The moon was out all night and it was almost light as day, as we wound our way slowly through the timber, arriving in camp at

3:30. The rest of the time until daylight was passed by games and stories.

Those going on the hunt were: W. P. Deverall, H. Woodruff, Rudolph Johnson, Cody Miller, Lester S. Kelly, Clarence Rubican, Bob Kortum, Fred Galka, Herman Kelsch, Ed. Dodwell, Lou Dodwell, M. Yonker, L. Wallenbrock, F. H. Zetterlind, Tom Gray, M. Lyons, Lesser Brown.



(Continued from page 9)

office. A most remarkable machine for taking pictures has been invented. For testimonials on the product, inquire of Miss Marcott of the Laboratory.

It has been reported that B. J. Marty's pipe is so strong that when he puts it in his desk, it flops around for a half hour before it settles down.

When Jack Trotter of the Core Room heard the new fan, which has recently been installed, he began to get excited and look for a place to run. He thought it was an aeroplane making straight for the Core Room.

Ask Deterding if he ever found an animal with a hide long enough to make a 32 foot belt.

A short time after Mike Fleckinstein arrived in Owaneco the railroad ticket office was robbed. Looks kinda suspicious.

Ezra Smith enjoyed a vacation of two days hunting on his brother's farm, west of Decatur. He reported getting his limit of birds each day.

Henry Liepski has followed the steps of our former handsome bell-hops and has been promoted to run a milling machine. This speaks well for Henry, for to get a promotion of this kind a bell-hop must hit the ball every day. There is a good future in Department 30 for bell-hops who are awake and on the job.

Emil Sharein has replaced Henry as bell-hop. So step on it, Emil.

J. A. Morrison is also a new man in Department 30.

Homer Starbody spent his vacation knocking the bunnies right and left. He reported extra good hunting.



TYPEWRITERS

For Sale—Two Oliver Typewriters. Price very reasonable. Fine Christmas present for some boy or girl. Call at Advertising Department.

OKAW ORGANIZATION**Some Notes and iTPs on a Recent Visit
By Muellerites**

Ray Salisbury, M. S. (Master of Snores).
—President general manager and head cook.

L. W. Rollins, D. D. (Doctor of Deviltry)
—Vice-president, assistant cook, keeper of tribute and chaplain.

Art Metzler—Secretary, quartermaster and chief guide.

Harold Probst—Chief engineer.

Marshall Hobbs—Assistant engineer and house man.

Lester Carder—Assistant to guide and general nuisance.

Earl Parker—Another nuisance.

Accidents

Some time ago John Shelton became indebted to a certain person in Pana to the extent of one dollar. He sent the money by Carder. While out looking up the party, Lester was run over by an auto. He was rushed to the Pana hospital and put in shape to continue the trip.

Ray got all "lit up" on hard cider and other grades of raw hooch and wandered off in the woods at night, fell over a log and sprained his ankle.

While Carder was sitting on a mud bank fishing, one of the fellows mistook him for a mud turtle, shot and killed him. The gang felt very badly about it (for proof of this ask to see photograph) and gave him a military funeral, conveying the casket on a gun carriage, shooting over the grave an' everything. Rollings, D. D., officiated.

Other Incidents

Rollins (as we were worrying along that old log road): "How did Adolph ever find this place?"

Hobbs: "John Shelton told him about it."

Rollins: "Well, how did John get wise?"

Parker: "An old Indian chief told him."

Carder beat the whole bunch playing poker. This happened Saturday evening, before his death Sunday morning.

When it began to rain in the night, Hobbs became very restless and borrowed the flashlight which Carder took to bed with him. After flashing it around a few times, he got it centered on a crack in the sheeting of the roof. The particles of mica on the rubber roofing glistened through and thinking that it was water, he swore that he was getting drowned. Ray covered him up with Red Parker's rubber coat

SHOULD BE PROUD

Why shouldn't Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sharlock be proud of this smiling, happy little fellow whose photograph was taken as he played on the grass at his Pittsburgh home. Otto is our Pittsburgh representative. He was formerly head of the claim department in the Main Office.

(which happened to be just common cloth) after which he slumbered peacefully.

Art: "There's a bedbug on this cot."

Harold (who was about half asleep, bounced out of bed in an instant): "Which cot?!"

Red Parker distinguished himself by the large quantity of "likker" and the heavy growth of beard that one so small as he could carry.

Yes, Carder caught four fish, three about four inches long and one somewhat smaller. He said they were bass. Most of the boys however, said they were "crawdads." This also happened before his untimely demise.

Art Meltzer proved to be the best pistol shot in the gang. Ask Probst about it. We didn't see that team of white mules John tells about, but we did see their mother. She is comfortably situated with a farmer not far from Vandalia and is well over ninety years of age.

Red Parker found a 'simmon tree and after Hobbs had kicked the leaves around for a while, he spied a large yellow' simmon which he started greedily to gobble. One bite was as far as he got. He said the ones Red ate were rotten. Some one took Ray a handful of the yellow ones. He ate them saying he had heard that 'simmons were good and that it wasn't up to him to deny it.



NEW YORK GOSSIP



Staff Reporter

Albert J. Rice.....Asst. Mgr.

Asst. Reporters

Miss Dorothy Hutchison.....Head Biller

William Hopf.....Shipping Clerk

GET TOGETHER CLUB

This branch has organized a "Get Together" Club which, according to our present plans, will meet the second Tuesday of each month.

Our first meeting was held October 18 and we had the pleasure of having with us at that time, Mr. Oscar B. Mueller, who happened to be in New York City.

Everyone left the office promptly at 5:15 p. m., and met at the Opera Restaurant, Broadway and 39th street, where a very nice dinner was served at the Company's expense.

We believe you will be interested in what we had to eat so here it is.

Menu

Celery and Olives a la "Grenich."
Blue Points de Hudson (River).
Chicken Swoop.
Philadelphia Chickens "Mit candied Sweet Murphies."
Square Green Peas.
Iscream and Kak.
Moca Java.
Little Rose Cigars.

Upon returning to the office the meeting was opened by Bill James who felt the effects of the strong coffee served during the dinner and reeled off a speech during which mention was made of the social affairs held by the Decatur Office people and of the Annual Picnic and the good times enjoyed at all of these affairs.

Bill then called upon Mr. Oscar Mueller who gave a short synopsis of what he thought might be done at this office in the way of forming a club consisting of all employees.

During the meeting we discussed several matters such as our page in the Mueller Record, future dinners, suggestion box and prizes for suggestions and welfare work.

This meeting was attended by all employees and the evening was a very enjoyable one.

Our next meeting will be held November 14 and we expect to have a good time.

OVER THE TOP

Just gaze upon this. The following New York men are over their quota, and still going strong.

L. J. Evans.

W. F. Hennessy.

Near the Top

These men can exceed their quota by putting forth special effort between now and the end of the year

C. J. G. Haas.

J. P. Stenner.

Ivan Van Haaften.

Ralph Gumaer.

L. A. Montgomery.



WELFARE COMMITTEE

If you get sick or knocked out at some of our future dinners we have this committee to look after you:

Mrs. Blanche Bergen—Chairman and Secretary.

Miss Irene Groclaude—Treasurer.

J. J. Stack.



Heard During Salesmen's Meeting

Someone asked Hennessy what he thought of the Volstead Act and Bill replied: "I haven't seen it yet, where is it playing?"



HOME AGAIN

"Antone" arrived home again "fine as a fiddle."

Mr. Schuermann slipped into New York the other evening on one of our big liners and after getting rid of his sea legs appeared early next morning at this office.

"Tony" was looking fine and said he enjoyed his trip very much and the Pashenpla at Oberammergau, or some such word as that.



VISITORS

During October we had the pleasure of the company of

Mr. Robert Mueller.

Mr. Frank Cruikshank.

Mr. Wilbur Simpson.

These gentlemen accomplished many things while at this office. New stock bins for basement, storm door for office entrance, and by gosh we are going to have the interior of first floor all painted white, just like Child's restaurant.



MR. SCHOOLEY ARRIVES

It was a great pleasure for us to welcome Mr. O. C. Schooley of the Decatur office. He reached New York Sunday, November 12, and reported at this office early Monday morning to take charge of our Order and Stock Departments.

Mr. Schooley's services are very much

needed here and we shall do everything possible to help him in his new work.



HAVE YOU NOTICED

The Suggestion Box
The long skirts on our girls.
The new cheaters on Al Rice. We now call him "Owl" Rice.



"OUR" ROY

We want the world to know our Mr. Leroy J. Evans has succeeded in waking up staid old Philadelphia.

Evans has managed to get the Boiler Inspection Department of Philadelphia to approve our Diaphragm Operated Relief Valve E-5060.

Good work, Evans.



TAPPING MACHINE SALES

Since January 1, the following water tapping machines have been sold by our salesmen.

Salesmen	Quota	No. Sold
J. P. Stenner	10	13
Wm. F. Hennesy	5	2
I. Van Haafte	6	18
Ralph Gumaer	9	13
L. J. Evans	14	18
C. J. G. Haas	12	21
L. A. Montgomery	14	8



NICE BUSINESS

Louis A. Montgomery, known socially in Mueller ranks and financially in Wall Street as "Indiosyncrasy," pulled on his hip boots recently and stepped right into an initial water works order. And it was a good one, too. Atta boy, Monty! Go to it! Shoes for the baby.

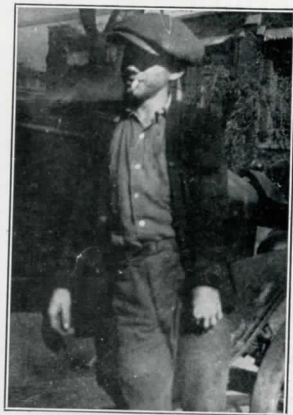
Evans, Hennesy, and Haas also came through with some very fine orders recently.



APPROVAL

"Mr. Carnegie was always one to take you by the hand and encourage and approve. It was the rarest thing in the world to hear him criticize the actions of others, especially in a business sense. I wonder, if you reflect to yourself — how every other man responds with his best efforts under such conditions? In my association in life, meeting with many and great men in various parts of the world, I have yet to find the man, however great or exalted his station, who did not do better work and put forth greater effort under a spirit of approval than he would ever do under a spirit of criticism. Now, Mr. Carnegie understood this great thing early in life, and it was the fine philosophy, which he practised always, that made him a great commercial success."

BELL HOP



This is Cletus Bradshaw, bell-hop in Roy Coffman's department. Cletus is one of those camera-shy birds who thought he could not be photographed. The camera man caught him with something between his lips that does not look good in a boy of his age. He was off duty at the time, it is to be hoped.

CONDUCTING ALUMINUM—A NEW INVENTION

A new invention called conducting aluminum M. 277, which is said to be creating a profound impression, has been made by Dr. Georges Giulini, the most famous expert in the aluminum trade. This new metal is produced by putting the ordinary aluminum through a special patented process, by which it acquires the same mechanical qualities and capacities as bronze, copper, and brass without changing its specific weight.

It is said that the price of the new metal can be kept within very low limits; so that, even at the pre-war prices of other metals, it will be able, by reason of its smaller specific weight, to compete with copper and brass very favorably. The fact that the new metal is a conductor will make it especially in demand in the electrical trade. The inventor anticipates for it also a good market among the builders of motor cars, aeroplanes, ships, and railway carriages. Leading men, to whom the invention is already known, are said to be much impressed with its possibilities.



ANDY GUMP'S CAMPAIGN

Miss Marcott asked Joker if Andy Gump won in the recent election. Joker, in all earnestness, said he did not know. He hadn't read the returns of the election.

WEDDINGS**Burns-Demlo**

Floyd Burns of the Grinding Department and Miss Mabel Demlo were married on October 29. They have gone to house-keeping at 1253½ North Morgan street.

Tolly-Duzan

Miss Elizabeth Duzan of Wabash, Ind., and Daniel Tolly of the Core Department were married Saturday, October 21, by Judge McCoy. They reside at 468 South Water street.

Reynolds-Soloski

Announcement has just been made of the wedding of Amos Reynolds of the Night Shift and Miss Agnes Soloski of Moweaqua, Ill. The wedding occurred August 19, in Macon, Ill. The boys on the Night Shift have suspected this of Amos for some time, but it was only recently that they got him to make a full confession.

Auburn-Benner

On Monday, October 16, at the Methodist parsonage in Shelbyville, Ill., the marriage of Miss Viola Benner of Shelbyville and Frank Auburn was solemnized. They returned to Decatur a few days later and now reside at 338 E. William. Frank has been employed in the Core Department for a number of years and the best wishes of the department are extended to him.

**BIRTHS**

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilmore, November 6, a son. He has been named Charles Jr. Mr. Gilmore is employed in the foundry.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Odie Walker, on October 31, a son, who has been named Odie Edward Jr. The father is a member of the Foundry force.

**NEW RECORD**

W. C. McClanahan of the Night Shift set a new record for the automatic cock grinder on November 14, when he ground 2,058 cocks in eleven hours, making an average of 187 per hour.

**SOME INDEXES**

One index of a man's value is his ability to work without supervision.

Where is the man who, when he looks in the mirror, doesn't admire his wife's taste?

No one would listen to us if they didn't know their turn to talk was comin'.

You are not successful until men wipe their hands on their coat-tails before shaking hands with you.

WONDER WHAT WE WOULD DO IF

Nellie wasn't here when Laz wanted "in." Opal would get thin.

Brock refused to be a drafting instructor. Adrian had to stay two hours after school Gussie were not here to tabulate.

Cecil Foltz would get industrious.

Grace couldn't laugh.

Dave wouldn't agree with Cecil.

Walt Auer had a wicker chair to sit on.

Saylor was a Republican—instead of bald headed.

Bessie didn't come back.

Lucas couldn't sneeze.

Ryder lost his galoshes.

Gilly got any fatter.

John Hon wore a gas mask.

Leo Martin didn't have a cuspidor.

Burns was a single man.

C. W. H. didn't have an "Overland."

Red Parker wore a beard.

Bill Burkholder got mad.

Joe couldn't find a drawing.

Hub Black had a girl.

Bob Dressen's shoes stopped squeaking.

Geneva takes a notion to get tied up.

Widick forgot to come to work (when he does).

Duke needed a bookcase.

Anton forgot the American language.

R. H. Mueller wouldn't answer the "call-a-phone."

Dorothy Hill had natural curly hair.

"Brew" Werner wouldn't make any mistakes.

John Shelton parked his bicycle in tree tops.

**THE AMERICAN GAS LIGHT CONVENTION**

The annual convention of the American Gas Light Association was held at the Steel Pier, Broadwalk, Atlantic City, October 23-28.

This was a notable affair. There are some very big business men in the gas industry and they are very punctual in attending their gatherings, while manufacturers exert themselves to make displays which will attract attention. The attendance at this convention was very good. Atlantic City in itself is always an attraction, but the big thing to the gas men was the convention and exhibit on the steel pier.

Our company had a very nice display. A feature was a faucet suspended by wires. From the faucet a stream of water flowed constantly to the mystification of the hundreds who stopped to witness the show. At one time we had the aisle blocked by a crowd numbering between forty and fifty persons.

During the week the company was represented by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cruikshank, J. W. Simpson, C. N. Wagenseller, R. E. Kirchner and Leroy Evans.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of the Employees' Aid Society, October 18,
1922—November 16, 1922

Bal. on hand Oct 18..... \$805.89

Receipts

Co.'s Contribution\$ 50.00
Dues for Nov. 494.90 544.90

\$1,350.79

Payments

Benefits listed below 388.57

Bal. Nov. 16, -922..... \$962.22

Benefits Paid

Tim McDermott\$12.00
D. E. Carson 59.15
Robert Burns 4.50
Gretchen Moore 23.65
W. J. Baldwin 5.83
Olaf C. Taylor 7.50
J. Olschefski 2.50
J. L. Hodges 20.00
A. E. Goldsborough 31.00
James Ashcraft 7.50
Frank Smith 12.00
Mrs. Mamie Lawrence 12.00
Daniel Tolly 20.25
Mrs. Marie Overfield 3.00
Blanche Monroe 6.00
Joe Grossman 15.00
Everett Jones 25.00
D. W. Wikle 18.00
William Taylor 20.00
Flossie Latch 21.89
John Cresap 34.00
Clifford Beavers 17.50
Hazel Overfield 9.00
Mrs. Anna Geibe 1.30

\$388.57

William E. Mueller, Treas.



THE NIGHT SHIFT WONDERS WHY

Oscar Taylor is absent so often. Is it because he's afraid of lightning?

James Diveley puts on his glasses every time he calls his wife on the telephone.

A. Reynolds does not want his wedding announced in the Record.

L. Kramer is going to take a two week's vacation at Thanksgiving.

Frank Williams (Slim) quit fishing and went to trapping.

Lloyd Prosser has not run into any one lately with his Buick six.

Virgil Kramer and his friends while on a joy ride ran into a concrete abutment.

JOE PLAYING TRICKS



This is Joe Breckenridge of Department No. 18. He has swiped the soup dishes from Jack DeCorney, the watchman and is doing a little fox-trot. Jack does not show in the picture—neither does the language he used!

THE BUSY MAN

If you want to get a favor done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
On which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has
A moment he can spare,
He's always "putting off" until
His friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time—
He cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done
And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works twenty-four hours a day,
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere,
That has no other use,
And fix you while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.



WANTED—MUELLER RECORD

Our files are short one issue of the Christmas Record, either 1915 or 1916.

Some one of our employees must have a copy of this Record. Its return to the advertising department would be greatly appreciated.

