Walt Whitehouse, Champ of 1936, Retains Golf Title in Walworth Tourney

By the grace of one stroke Walter Whitehouse, the pride of the Pattern Shop and defending champion, defeated Harold Culp of the Main Office in the finals of the A division of the Walworth Golf Championship Tournament. Walt eked out a 1-up victory over the contender and annexed the 1937 title. Baker Park was the scene of the bitterly fought match.

The finals, as we predicted, was a battle royal all the way. At no time was the contest on ice. Going out the first nine Walt and Harold finished even. Coming in the second nine they were still squared. Then going out on the third nine Walt stepped out in front, but it took two birdies to do it. Harold bore down coming in the last time. He cut down Walt’s lead to one and had a sweet chance to tie up the match on the last hole. Both the contestants shot par, and so ended a great match with Whitehouse the victor.

By defeating Hugh Duncan last month Vern Tredinnick won the Class B championship. This match was covered in last month’s issue of the Craftsman.

Prizes will be awarded the winner and runner-up in each class.

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<th>Culp</th>
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Wearing of the Green

Not satisfied with cornering the refreshment market, Pat Burns has concentrated his powerful political machine on influencing the plant’s management. He tactfully convinced the management that the roofs of the building ought to be painted green. He also had his eye on the yard crane, one of the biggest in the world, and was dreaming of making it look like a bit of old Erin when Charley Lindholm organized an anti-Burns movement. The anti-Burns organization delivered an ultimatum to the management declaring that every Swede in the plant would leave if the yard crane was painted green. Shortly thereafter the management came forth with the announcement that they had decided to use aluminum paint on the crane. Thus ended the Burns regime, and Pat has taken up his old hobby of rooting the Cubs into first place.

Eves that see and brains that think are the best safety devices.

Free Air

When the other fellow works it seldom makes us sweat, but one of those particularly hot noons a few weeks ago, Mr. Mather saw one of our workers struggling with a flat tire. He realized the man was going to have a pretty short noon hour at home and must have sweat a little for the fellow. That afternoon he called Mose Garland in the Painters’ Department. He tactfully convinced the other fellow to pull over to the curb, search the rear seat of the car, and flushed his light into the faces of the quaking couple. Whit-faced they slowly joined in a tight clasp as they faced their first crisis together. Out of the box popped the ticket and in a gruff, letter-of-the-law voice the officer said, “How ‘bout a cee-gar,” as the crumpled ticket floated to the ground. The officer got the cigar and the charming couple lived happily ever after.
Lubricated Plug Valve Dept. Picnic Held August 21 at San Souci

Saturday, August 21, dawned cloudy and threatening. It was a typical picnic day and the Lubricated Plug Valve Department had made extensive and somewhat elaborate arrangements to hold its annual picnic that afternoon at San Souci Park. Even though rain was in the offing the Lubricated Plug Valve Department which always does things according to schedule convened at the park that afternoon and had their "big day."

In a driving rain storm the married men's ball team proved to be more than the single men could handle. After the participants slid around in the mud for nine innings the score stood about 14-0 in the favor of the gents who have been sentenced by Judge Cupid to spend the rest of their lives in double harness.

After the ball game the dampened spirits of the gang were revived with refreshments. These consisted of red lemonsade, hot dogs, and what goes with it. Inasmuch as the downpour prevented the staging of various contests which were planned for the afternoon most of the time was spent in devouring the refreshments.

Late in the afternoon a football game was started but ended about as soon as it got under way when Dale Hamilton broke loose for a long run and ended up on East street with about forty fellows on top of him.

As the early hours of the morning came, the Plug Valve's "big day" ended. How everyone got home is still a mystery but the boys are looking forward to a bigger and better time next year.

Steel Finishing

Machinist Cecil F. Schoelkopf leaves September 26 for California. Mr. Schoelkopf will reside in San Bernardo and will work either for the Douglas Aircraft Co. or the Santa Fe Railroad. The many friends he will leave behind wish him success in his new venture.

Louis Mitton and family spent the Labor Day week end in the Ozark mountain region visiting friends and relatives.

The Steel Finishing is proud to have among its employees an outstanding marksman. Lt. Aurand E. Linker gave an excellent account of himself at the National Rifle Meet.

Nipple Department

Charles Draminski, better known as "Butch," suffered a leg injury while playing baseball which kept him from work for a week and a half. "Butch" was a star catcher in the Walworth Softball League but did not acquire the injury playing in a plant game. We sincerely hope the mishap will cause him no further trouble and will not handicap his stellar playing.

Bill Hansen claims anyone could have gotten a doggone good watch at the Springfield Fair for only ten cents. Bill says he knows a party who bought one. Sounds funny to us, Bill.

Just Before the Fish Fry

A fishing party composed of Glenn ("Jap") Hogeboom, Harold Hogeboom, and "Shorty" Johnson reported a very nice catch at Rock River. Hogeboom has a camp on Rock River just five miles from Prophetstown. The two day catch of catfish and flatheads that these fishermen hauled in weighed over 160 pounds. Individually the fish weighed from 5 to 15 pounds. In the picture below there are over 140 pounds of fish suspended on the string.

Besides being a fisherman "Jap" Hogeboom is assistant foreman of the Nipple Department. Harold is his son and "Shorty" is a nephew.

General Repair

P. H. Kaine has moved to his Neponset Estate and says it's a great place.

Dale Kleinfall was united in marriage with Eva Calcut. The boys wish them plenty of health and happiness in the future.

One of our great repair men is taking up plumbing, and will answer any question on syphons, cesspools, or sewers. Write to Elmer Peterson in care of The Electric Repair.

Bill DeBarre looked plenty bad after going to a Belgian wedding.

"Do"(Greasy) Williams spent most of his vacation in the big city of Annawan.

"Leaky" Doffer and Frank Rogers were smoking good cigarettes while "Do ' Williams was on his vacation.

After Pat Kaine moved to Neponset the Kewanee police force was decreased by one and the Neponset police force was increased by one. "That's significant," says our Employment Manager.

**Stockhouse Club Takes Series To Win Softball Championship**

The Stockhouse’s 6-5 defeat of the Steel Finishing on the Walworth diamond Thursday, September 2, was the coronaation spectacle that crowned the Packers the 1937 Walworth softball champions. It was the third and decisive game of the championship between the Stockhouse, the winner of the first round of the Walworth Softball League, and the Steel Finishing, the victor in the second round.

The Packers returned to the hustling, hard-hitting style of baseball that characterized their play in the first round. Timely singles by Leo Shinkevich, Barney Van Waes, and Myron Fulton combined to score six runs for the winners.

In the last inning the Finishers started a rally that gave promise of at least tying up the game. With two away Shaner reached first base safely. This brought the best hitters of the Steel Finishing up to bat. Cat Carroll, a left handed slugger whose specialty is two baggers, came to the plate. The spectators waved their fists and showed their tionsils. Then a chilled hush presided as Hilderbrand began to pitch. Carroll took a good one and with a resounding smash sent it humming toward center field. In any game that would have been good for two bases. The spectators howled but their cries were cut short.

Ken Westry, short fielder for the Stockhouse, raced toward the line drive with the speed of a greyhound. Nobody dreamed he could get it but on the dead run he caught the drive around his waistline to retire the side. It was a beautiful catch.

Other thrilling catches were made by Tony Sabotta and Krumnow. In the first inning Sabotta caught a long high fly on the run over his left shoulder. Lester Krumnow leaped in the air to take a drive that was so hot it almost catapulted him into a backward somersault.

Heiser allowed three hits, walked one, and whiffed one. The odd part about the game is that the three hits off Heiser were singles while three of the four hits off Hilderbrand, the winning pitcher, were doubles. Both the Packers and the Finishers had three errors. Yet the Packers won by one run.

In the championship series the Finishers showed all of the skill and fight which marked their play in the second round. They got the jump in the series by taking a somewhat lacadilical Stockhouse club into camp, the first game by a score of 6-2. The superior fielding and batting of the Finishers in this game aroused the Packers to the need of more hustle. In the second game the absence of

Louie Heiser, ace pitcher for the Finishers who was ill, weakened the Steel Finishing and an improved Stockhouse club won the fray, 3-0.

In the final fracas both teams put their full strength on the diamond and the exhibition that followed highly pleased both Managers Olson and Shaner as well as the promoters of the League.

Here is the box score for the final and decisive game:

**STOCKHOUSE**

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<td>Geo. Husar, ss.</td>
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<td>Leo Shinkevich, 3b.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Barney Van Waes, rf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Myron Fulton, lb.</td>
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<td>Max Olson, if.</td>
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<td>J. Nuedorf, 2b.</td>
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<td>M. Hilderbrand, p.</td>
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<td>B. Van Waes, Jr., cf.</td>
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**STEEL FINISHING**

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<td>Louie Heiser, p.</td>
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<td>Hank Nannen, rf.</td>
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<td>A. Shaphan, 1b.</td>
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<td>Carl Eisenbarth, c.</td>
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<td>F. Sabotta, lf.</td>
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<td>W. Burns, cf.</td>
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<td>E. Blackledge, 3b.</td>
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<td>C. Carroll, 3b.</td>
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The interest displayed in the softball league is a tribute to the management who kept up the diamond and provided part of the equipment. More than one hundred players participated in the games. Others were spectators at every game. Many were accustomed to going home, cleaning up, and then returning for the contests. Talk of the big league pennant races was almost drowned out by heated arguments about our softball teams, the players, and the coolness of the umpires, the unsung heroes of the league.

The Craftsman is glad of the support it gave to this plant league. It appreciates the opportunity the league furnished to form new friendships and inculcate the doctrine of teamwork.

The scheduled was played through to a successful conclusion, with general plant interest maintained to the last out of the last game.

**Frank**

Student: "Let's cut classes and take in a movie."

Second Student: "Can't do it, old man, I need the sleep."

From a Rochester, N. Y. church program:

The Offering: "Freely yhe have received, freely give."

Anthem: "Search me, O God."
Trucking Through Old Mexico

By E. W. Beckman

In the past eighteen years a group of Tri-City gypsies have had many novel and humorous experiences in cross-country hiking.

The group of roving nomads, known as the Blackhawk Hiking Club, has an active membership of over 250 men and women, coming from all walks of life. To satisfy their wanderlust, early each year we find them roaming to the home of J. H. Hauberg (President of the Club) for their camping council and plans for another pilgrimage to some distant shrine of beauty or historic enhancement. A program covering the contemplated trip of the year soon follows. In it the date, the meeting place, the distance, and the objective for each trip is outlined. It also states whether the educational features of the trip will be of historical, biological, geographical, or recreational nature.

The program provides for at least two such excursions in each month of the year and takes us to such interesting spots as Maquoketa Caves State Park, Iowa; Maple Sugar Camp, Linn; Devil's Lake, Wisconsin; Palisades State Park, Illinois; and a reception, an evening of music, at the home of the Haubers.

Among this list of travels you will also find one "Big Hike," a major undertaking of usually two weeks duration which will lead to some far-away Mecca. In recent years such jaunts have included Acadia National Park in Maine, Yellowstone and the Grand Teton Park of Wyoming, Grand Canyon of Arizona, and Timagami Lake of the Hudson Bay District, Canada. This year it lead to "Old Mexico."

Transportation consists of one and one-half ton trucks of standard make, painted in bright colors, with four foot sideboards similar to the International, Chevrolet, or Ford trucks used in marketing cattle. White canvas signs six feet long and three feet wide with bold black letters "Blackhawk Hiking Club, Rock Island, Illinois" are nailed conspicuously on the sideboards of the truck.

Hotel accommodations never seem to worry this group of hikers as each member carries a camper's bedrole or sleeping bag, consisting of two or three woolen blankets and a waterproof blankets covering, in case of rain. To these camping facilities is added a general kitchen of ten galvanized buckets, three steel skillets, a few extra pans for cooking specials, forks, spoons, and knives, which make the necessary culinary for the girls of the camp to cook "most welcome" meals, while the carrying of the wood, building the camp fire "for the cook,"

In order that we may more definitely follow the routing of the trip probably the story with definite date and camping sites will more easily fix the route of travel inasmuch as we have no map. When memory failed and the "Aguila Gasolina" road map ignored our importance and that of our camp, Frances Horler with her personal diary came to the rescue.

Frances will not soon forget the writing of notes on this trip. Many times when other girls were sleeping all about her and when more mosquitos were not sleeping at all — "about her" — she sat in her bedrole, scribbling blindly in her little book, assisted only by the darkness of the night.

Saturday, August 7th. At five o'clock we find 49 hikers assembled at the Hauberg home for the take-off. The weatherman provided a heavy rain and several showers on this morning tour for the hikers to try the quick change and use of their new ponchos. At Jefferson City, Missouri, we visited the State Capital where we found the mural painting of Benton, portraying pioneering life and history of the state. We were greatly interested in this work of art, for Benton is considered the greatest muralist in the United States and one of the four greatest in the world today. We later met the work of Diego Rivera, the Mexican artist, and also the murals of the famous Moranti in the state buildings and convents of Old Mexico. In connection with the Benton mural, across
the state building and placed on inside walls was carved the motto "Solus Populi Suprema Esto"—"Let the Welfare of the people be above everything." This night we were at the lawns of a tourist camp just outside Springfield, Mo.

Sunday, August 8th. We were up at five and through the heat we went to Atoka, Oklahoma. Camping site for the night was the most forlorn and desolate looking place imaginable. The day had been hot, the unattractive desert country very tiresome, and the night too hot to sleep.

Monday, August 9th. Up again at five. Cotton fields and cotton picking all along the way. Southern hospitality at Hillsboro, Texas, invited us into the courtroom of the County Courthouse to have our lunch, an extremely novel experience to us and no doubt novel to the citizens of the town also. Camp was set at New Braunfsels, Texas, beside a cyprus banked river where we enjoyed swimming both before and after evening meal. Incidentally, this river is known as the shortest river in the world, extending for less than a mile from the springs at its head through the town to its mouth, a junction with the Guadelupe River.

Tuesday, August 10th. Today we traveled into beautiful San Antonio with its historic Alamo. We reached Laredo before noon and while passing through the custom requirements we changed our dollars to pesos and centavos. The sun was terrifically hot on the Rio bridge. Scrubby vegetation seen in the afternoon was replaced by beautiful mountains toward evening. Three miles beyond the last custom's port, Propogantio Viviro, we found good water and a shower bath. We pitched camp. At evening meal we battled with the moths which seemed to heartily enjoy our stew. We slept on a lovely lawn where cold breezes swished through yuccas.

Wednesday, August 11th. Arose in darkness and on our way to Monterrey. We visited the Mexican markets with their new sights and new "odors." Watched the Mexican housewives do the washing on the rocks along the river. Burros and cattle wandered lazily across our path. At the Tropic of Cancer we crawled out of the trucks in the terrible heat to have our group picture taken. We camped at Rio Guaylaro, a major river which was extremely clear and had an unusually swift current, so that swimming was merely a grabbing of large rocks and trying not to get mugged by the water. We slept this night on a blanket of good rough rocks, formerly the bed of a river which had since receded.

Thursday, August 12th. Early this morning we started toward Tampico nicknamed "Thomas and Charlie." The mountains were ever so steep and thatched roofed homes looked as if they were insecurely stuck on the sides of them. Large fields of corn were growing on the steepest slope imaginable. This mountain road was partly driven in mist or through the clouds. It seems we often traveled miles without meeting up with life or towns of any size. Jogging along the highway, singing songs and joking, those inclined to notice the altitude or the constant rolling of the truck from side to side when winding our way on up to the Divide. If we were thrilled by new vegetation along the desert roads, we were greatly amazed by the courage of the peons clearing, more often cultivating, the large cornfields on the side of the mountain, which slanted beyond the 45 degree mark. We watched the miles and miles of stone walls, the work of the Indians centuries ago as they traveled up and down. Now and then a settlement of thatched roofed huts marked the industry of the region, when suddenly the arrival of a distinctly Spanish town with several modern gas stations sharply contrasted the progress of the Mexico of today. Surely no mountains can be more beautiful than those we saw today. We laid camp in a large grass-grown field at Aqua Fria where countless Indian children and adults came to watch us and scrambled for discarded tincans. Little girls acted as mothers to baby brothers and sisters whom they carried on their backs. There was no wood for the campfire here, so we bought some from the Indian lad. We camped on the Divide and carried over the rough hillsides for a distance of a half mile in ten gallon milk cans because the road to the lake was too rough for the trucks and the banks to the lake too marshy to approach.

Friday, August 13th. The ride to the ancient, quaint mountain town of Zimapán was cold. Here we visited the Cathedral of San Luis, a large beautiful building erected 312 years ago by the Spanish Padres. Nothing testifies more fully to the faith and unwavering trust of a people in their God than do the many beautiful cathedrals in the land of Mexico. To me the beauty of these temples is just indescribable—the feeling in their presence, a devout urge for reverence and prayer. The buildings are constructs of rock and massive constructed of rock, cotton, and mortar, worthy of long study. The altars, some in hand carved wood of unbelievably intricate design, some of onyx and richly decorated with beautiful statues—no one in a church but often five and six altars towering to heights of forty feet and more. The floors of smoothly worked stone and closely fitted, show wear from years in use. Lofty arches and stately domes, that challenge your most vivid imagination, stand in relief and are of picturesque design, decorated in pure gold and vivid colors. They are supported by massive marble columns, while the side walls are adorned with priceless paintings of artists who have since passed on.

As you travel along the highways of Mexico it seems you never lose sight of these cathedrals. All are different—all are outstanding works of Spanish design varying in general outline of structure by the number of towers, their style, and the relative location of the same, the mosaic tiled domes. We find them built in the busy streets of their cities—we see them on the hillside parishes built on the pyramids of old, so it is easy to believe that in the 500 years, from the Conquest to the Republic, the Spaniards erected more than 9,000 churches.

And now to San Juan Teotihuacan—to the pyramid and the ancient temple of the Toltec Indians, built 2,000 years ago to their God Quetzalcoatl. The largest of the pyramids was built for the worship of the sun. It is 750 feet square at the base and rises to a height of 217 feet, a side stairway ascending to the apex. We climbed the pyramid of the Sun and from its top could be seen the plan of these mysterious temples and surroundings. Spread before you to the left is the Pyramid of the Moon and (continued on page 9).
Most of our readers will be interested in a short description of Greensburg Works, as very few have had an opportunity to visit that plant.

The plant is laid out in rectangular shape, about twice as long as it is wide, and is in the valley of Jack Creek, which runs through the center of the plant lengthwise and is confined to its channel by concrete side-walls 8 to 10 feet high. Ordinarily it is a small stream, but as the property is surrounded by high hills on three sides, the drainage is very swift during a heavy rain storm and piles down the valley in a hurry, and on two or three occasions has done considerable damage to the plant. We think has been corrected by an additional underpass under Huff Avenue to take off the surplus water.

A branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad runs along the east side of the plant and on this side the Grey Iron Foundry No. 1 and its corerroom at the north end, together with the Cleaning and Tapping rooms at the south end, extend nearly the full length of the east side. On the west side the Malleable Foundry, Annealing, Cleaning, Galvanizing and Tapping extend in a similar manner along the west boundary line; across the south end is the Office Building, Union Department and part of the Finished Stock Warehouse. East of Jack Creek from the Malleable Foundry is the Power Plant. No. 2 Grey Iron Foundry and the Steel Foundry, and parallel with this and in between these buildings and the No. 1 Iron Foundry are the Brass Foundry, Brass Finishing Department and Brass Stock House, all under one roof with the foundry on the top floor. The Pattern Shops, Pattern Storage, Carpenter Shop and Cooperage Shop are in the four story building between the Power Plant and No. 1 Foundry, and just north of this is a long building used for finishing steel and iron valves and flanged fittings. This is a long high building with mezzanine floors on each side of the central crane runway. Some smaller and older buildings in the quadrangle house the Tool Making, Iron Cock Departments and Machinery.

The manufacturing property covers 19 acres enclosed mostly by building walls and the balance by fence. On the south side of Huff Avenue there are 12½ acres not enclosed, on which are the garage and a one story brick frame building, housing the plant cafeteria and the research laboratory. This building also has a room large enough for entertainment or that can be used as a gymnasium. Tennis courts, baseball diamond and parking space for employees' automobiles are also on this piece of land. The Company also owns about 50 acres 2 miles south of the plant which was acquired by Kelly and Jones to insure a water supply for the plant in case anything happened to the present supply which is purchased from the Water Company serving the district.

The Brass Foundry is modern in all respects, using oil fired Swartz furnaces for the regular mixtures and oil and gas fired crucible furnaces for special mixtures, including monel metal. This foundry is probably as well equipped to produce monel metal castings as any foundry in the country. The maximum capacity of this foundry is 16 to 18 tons melt per eight hour day.

The Malleable Foundry is equipped to melt about a little more than half the capacity of the Kewanee Malleable Foundry, but has enough floor space that by enlarging the cupola, they can eventually come up to Kewanee's capacity. This foundry does not have a mold conveyor, but does have sand handling equipment for one group of machines.

The No. 2 Grey Iron Foundry is used exclusively on larger valves and fittings similar to the size we produce in the Steel Iron Foundry at Kewanee. It has a large cupola and can melt 50 tons per day if necessary.

No. 1 Grey Iron Foundry does not have continuous pouring, it has a large floor area in which the molds are set out up to noon and about one o'clock pouring commences and continues until the heat is poured off. Sand and castings are handled during the night turn and everything is ready for the moulders when they come back again in the morning.

In the Steel Foundry there are two electric steel furnaces mounted on a turntable with one set of electrodes. With this arrangement one furnace can be charged while the other furnace is melting and when the heat is ready it is poured to a ladle and then that furnace is turned into the loading position and at the same time the freshly charged furnace swings under the electrodes and starts melting. This saves time and conserves heat which is in the lining of the furnace. The pouring is done at midnight in order to take advantage of the rate for electricity on the off-peak load.

The Power Plant consists of boilers, generators and air compressors, pumps and a substation. Most of the electric power is purchased in order to take advantage of the rate for electricity on the off-peak load.

Greensburg has now a thoroughly modern line of equipment with which to produce high grade brass valves for high pressure and severe service. It also produces a quality of steel castings not surpassed by any steel foundry with which we have had contact in the past, and is also just finishing a program of modernizing its finishing equipment for steel.

The Company has spent a lot of time, energy, thought, and money on this plant during the last few years and it now bids fair to be one of the bright spots amongst the Company's properties.

(Editors Note: Ivor Collins, formerly employed at the Kewanee Works now holds a position at the Walworth plant at Greensburg.)
Contests, Fun, Eats Make Memorable Occasion of Finishers' Picnic

The Steel Finishing Department held its annual outing and picnic at Frances Park Saturday afternoon, August 21. Forty-five or more attended. Perfect weather favored the occasion.

Beer, pop, and lunch were served continuously all afternoon. Joe Hadrer served as bartender and deserves a bouquet for the splendid way he did the job. Joe really "dished it out."

A fine program arranged by the committee was enthusiastically received and shared by all. Those who served on the committee were Otto Haupt, Henry Johnson, and Hayden Shaner.

One of the high spots of the afternoon was a lively ball game between the men over thirty years of age and those under thirty. Henry Johnson hurled for the old-timers and Dale Dugger took the mound for the young bucks. The contest wound-up in an air tight pitchers duel. Sad to say, the younger generation could only garner 18 runs off the slants of Henry Johnson. They lost the game by one run for the final score was 19-18 with the old-timers on the long end. "Butter" Peden, who umpired the tiff, proved to be very unpopular with the losers.

After the ball game some other very interesting contests were staged. "Doc" Hoffman, a ferocious eater who is no slouch at drinking either, upset the dope bucket by easily winning the pie eating contest. The judges failed to notice that Doc had more pie on his face than he had in his stomach.

Alex Staphan out jumped a field of nine other contestants to win the wiener eating event. The wieners were suspended from a strong cord above the heads of the contestants. Charley Widger was acclaimed the man who could eat two crackers and whistle faster than anybody else on the picnic grounds. (Charley was the only entry in this contest.)

Vice President and Works Manager A. J. Mather, who was a guest of the department, forgot the perplexing problems of managing a large plant and had as much fun as a school boy playing hooky. He proved that youth is not always supreme in winning strenuous contests. In an event held to see who was the fastest at drinking a bottle of beer through a nipple attachment Mather disposed of one in record time. G. E. Treemery who had been training for this contest for a long time finished first but was disqualified when it was discovered he chewed the nipple off and then drank the beer.

The feature of the day was the chicken-catching contest. Betting odds were heavy on the gay young blades who spend most of their time and hard earned money every evening chasing "chickens." After the chanticleer had demonstrated some beautiful open field running, it was finally brought down with a flying tackle from behind by Dale Dugger. The winner took all that was left.

The picnic was a great success and the committee in charge deserves due credit. They wish to thank all those who furnished transportation and donated for the picnic.

Broken Safety rules may mean broken bones.

That's Who I Am

Two strangers met at a roadside gasoline station. They joined each other in a refreshing drink. In the course of the conversation that ensued, one asked the other what he did for a living and where he worked.

The other fellow answered that he raised the plane of living for thousands of people from the disagreeable natural state of existence to that of comfort, ease, and luxury. Then he went on to say he saves many, many lives each year by furnishing water and heat under the most ideal modes of living. Through his work sanitation took the place of pestilence and disease. Homes and places of work and of amusement are warmer in the cold of winter and cooler in the heat of summer. Without his work electricity for light and power, gas for cooking and heating could not be produced.

He generalized by saying that practically everything that is done in the civilized world that adds to comfort, ease, sanitation, and convenience is made possible by his work. This he cinched by pointing to the stranger's car and remarking that the gas and oil, then going into his car, was there because of his work.

Whereupon, the stranger again asked what sort of work brought all these things into being. The fellow told him specifically that he worked at the Walworth Co., Kewanee Works, where they made valves and fittings for water, oil, air, gas, steam, and anything fluid. After which he remarked: "This fellow keeps his beer nice, doesn't he?"
KILLING THE GOOSE

Fables generally consist of truths doped up with a sugar coating to make them palatable to the reader, and make him feel that it is the other fellow who is the foolish one.

Many years ago a prominent king was not satisfied with getting a golden egg per day from his goose but wanted to get all the gold that was in the goose at once, so he put extra taxes on the goose and made it pay for the material and labor consumed in making the golden egg, and was so arbitrary and unreasonable that the goose could not get enough food to keep it alive - let alone lay any golden eggs. The goose was on the spot and it became a case of fight or starve, so it decided to fight. The goose fought for many years and the king gave up the fight and after that the golden eggs belonged to the goose and it soon had a nest full and hatched more geese that could lay golden eggs, and it so happened that nearly everyone that was willing to get out and hunt for them could have golden eggs.

American industry is a goose that has laid many golden eggs for many million people. All industrial goslings do not lay golden eggs. According to government statistics only two out of every hundred enterprises that start become permanently successful and lay golden eggs. It takes a well financed, well managed industry to lay golden eggs. There must be much hard work, lots of planning and great perseverance to get eggs that are gold.

Industry like the goose must lay more than enough eggs for the table. There must be an occasional surplus of eggs from which to hatch new geese to supply a growing population of egg eaters. The industrial goose must lay enough eggs so that the owners can hatch other enterprises by re-investing part of the eggs and thus provide more jobs and develop new industries to lay eggs when the old ones die.

The goose must have food, water, shelter and protection, otherwise it cannot lay eggs. Industry must have capital, brains, labor and protection or it cannot lay enough eggs. If the goose is harassed by dogs, foxes and wolves it will not lay eggs. If industry is preyed upon by politicians, thieves and racketeers who contribute nothing in the way of money, ideas or moral support, it will also quit laying golden eggs and certainly will not hatch out any more industries.

The American colonies had the help of France in their battle for freedom.

Who is going to help industry?

ON COMING AND GOING

While we are concerned primarily with industrial accidents, we, nevertheless, view with alarm the increasing death toll of automobile accidents. This was recently augmented with the creation of a new traffic hazard in our own front yard.

The routing of U. S. Highway 34 past the main entrance and principal parking lots of the Kewanee Works definitely places a larger share of responsibility for the prevention of accidents on the workers as they come in and leave the shop. Employees are requested to heed the signs. They point the way to safety.

We loathe the thought of our employees being maimed or killed. We value them because of their skill. The loss of even one is costly to us. Moreover, we value our men, because their years of association with the Walworth Company has formed fast ties of friendship. These friendships are as dear to us as their talents and abilities. The loss of a friend strikes close to the heart.

You may be in a hurry to get home to dinner at noon. We know that hard work develops a big appetite. But remember that it is better to be late, Mr. Driver, than it is to be the “late Mr. Driver.” The same goes for the pedestrian.

HELP! HELP!

Are you a contrib? Why not? Surely you have some secret desire to see how your writing looks in print.

It is a physical impossibility for the staff of the Craftsman, along with other shop duties, to contact each and every one of the 1900 or more employees every month. As a consequence, many events of news value are missed. We, therefore, solicit your assistance.

Give yourself a chance. You may be a natural journalist. Let the Craftsman be your testing ground. If you have a nose for news, use it. Uncover the facts of a happening and build a story around them to submit for publication.

Your contribution may gain you admittance to the Scoop Club, our honorary society. This group is composed of those distinguished and select few who have uncovered a choice bit of news and had it printed in the Craftsman before others got wind of it. Snoop, scoop, and come and join us.
Production and Orders
Production, in the Kewanee plant, for the month of August was prac­tically on a par with that of July and but a trifle below the average pro­duction for the past four months. The inventories again showed a slight in­crease over inventories for the month of July.
August production, which was decidedly greater than the monthly average production for the year 1936, likewise showed an increase over August production of the past year.
Incoming orders for the month were better than the month of July, and for the third consecutive month the bookings of the plant showed a forward step in the right direction.
With the total hours of plant opera­tions again on a par with those of August, 1936, we find the total num­ber of men and women employed in the plant more than one hundred em­ployees above the figure for last year. The encouraging feature however is that the pounds per man hour for this August is above that in the same month of 1936, for, the average hourly earnings for this increased number of men is the highest that has ever been paid in the history of the company. This is a tribute to the hearty cooperation and the fine spirit of each and every employee who has helped to maintain these higher wage stand­ards and helped make this record for production. It is this result, as out­lined in your work of August, that recommends your standard of work­manship to the customer of the past and the customer of the future.
You can not wholly rely on figures to tell the story of your business. What the customer thinks of your workmanship and of the products you sell, may be far more important. There is an intangible thing called “good will” which spells success, and your future business rests on that as on nothing else.
Mr. Leon, our representative in Mexico, recently informed us that in Mexico, this element of “good will business” was beautifully illustrated.
Mexico today is in its industrial infancy. It imports many tons of valves and fittings in the building, manufacturing, mining, and refining expansion now under way. Gold, silver, iron, lead, and many other metals are produced in large exportable quantities, while the production of oil from its many drilling fields is its chief export.
We have many competitors in our valves and fittings export trade to this land. Japan, Germany, France, and England are smart competitors. New competitors have no old way to worship. They copy and reproduce our fittings to the scratch, and then sell them at a discount lower than our cost.
But in spite of this, Mr. Leon sells Walworth to our friends and neigh­bors, in this country to the south. Why? Because of Walworth good will.
The Mexican jobber knows he can rely on Walworth quality, its service, and that a delivery promise once made will hold and can be relied upon. This service fosters good will.
From Mexico we also learned that our good friend, T. Carlos, Jr., whom we all remember by his always ready and courteous smiles when he was here brushing up on Walworth products, found the girl he worships. Good luck and our best wishes to our friend, and his wife, Mrs. T. Carlos Leon, Jr.

Brass Core Room
Louise Dellaert vacations in various parts of Ohio.
Cora Pitts and her sister spent the holidays at the Wisconsin Dells. They reported having a fine time.

Bernice Rappazak in recounting her trip through the West said the most thrilling event of the trip was being chased by a bear in Yellowstone. Flip Lippens saved her from the beast even though he and the lady weren’t on the best speaking terms at the time. Above is a picture of Ber­nice and the bear she tried to outrun.

Linker Back from National Rifle Matches
Lt. Linker, we salute you.
Lt. Aurand E. Linker of Company F, 129th infantry, National Guard, whom, we are proud to say, is employed in our Steel Finishing Depart­ment, was selected at Camp Logan, Zion City, Ill., as one of the high ten men to represent the national guard of Illinois in the national rifle matches at Camp Perry, Ohio.
Lt. Linker when interviewed recently by Hayden Shaner of the Craftsman gave the following account of his experiences:
Upon completion of a fifteen day tour of Camp Grant, eliminations were held at Camp Logan for one week. Ten men were picked. This team was to represent the Illinois National Guard in competition with National Guard teams from every state in the Union, service teams from the Marines, Navy, Army, Eng­ineers, Coast Guards, and Cavalry. Each team also sent a civilian team. The Illinois National Guard Team placed 18th out of a field of 78 teams. High team honors went to the U. S. Marines who captured nine out of a possible ten first places. The Infan­try captured the Herrick Individual Championship Trophy. In this match each man of an eight man team fires twenty shots at a thousand yards. In winning this trophy the Infantry set a new world’s record by scoring a 797 out of a possible 800. Thirty-five hundred men competed in the meet.

(Through Mexico, Cont’d)
on the right the Toltec Temple—a great depressed amphitheater outlined by walls where on close examination, we find large grotesque carvings and ‘serpents’ heads.
Here, in the National Museum recently built to house the historical relics found in these excavations, we find the large flat sacrificial stone taken from the top of the Pyramid upon which the red-robed Toltec priest placed the fair sacrifices to their God while white plumes in their hearts with his bright obsidian knife.
The place of extra interest was the “Shrine of Healing,” Mexico’s most famous Cathedral to the Virgin of Guadelupe, built on the spot where sainted the roots founded in an Indian’s tilma into a lovely cloth with a vivid image of the Virgin on it. The tilma still adorns the beautiful altar. Thousands of pilgrims annually visit the Shrine from December 5th to December 12th for the Fiesta, a religious and tribal ceremonials. It is to Mexico what Lourdes is to France. Here we also were shown the room decorated in gold leaf and red color where the Treaty of Guadelupe Hildago was signed, the end of the Mexican War with the United States.
After our visit to Guadelupe we mounted the trucks in rain and it poured all the way to Mexico City. When it rains in Mexico it pours, then it thunders and pours some more. It seemed that we spoke we fairly gurgled in the rain. Our camp, in Mexico City, was in the court of a Spanish hostelry directly across the street from the United States Embassy.
(To be continued.)

Walworth Craftsman
Boiler Golf Team Wins Title in City League

Members of the golf team of the Kewanee Boiler Corporation, which won the Community Golf League, were honored at a banquet at Midland Country Club and were presented with gold keys that had white enamel "K's" on a black background.

The Boiler team won the second round by winning five and tying one match. They were trailed by the Professional Men, Walworth placed third.

In the play-off between the Boilers, second round winners, and the Professional Men, who won the first round, the scores turned in by the Boilers gave them the championship over the Professional Men's team. The Boilers' net score was 604 and the Professional Men's net was 620.

The Walworth golf team wishes to take this opportunity to publicly thank the Kewanee Park Board for sponsoring the league and to express appreciation of the excellent way it was conducted by Bob Tlford, Parks Recreational Director.

Following is the standing of the teams in the Community Golf League at the completion of the second round:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEAM</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>L</th>
<th>T</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boiler</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Professional Men</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walworth</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbers</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Business Men</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boss</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minor Industries</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mable Konneck and Francis Daniel Wed in Sunday Church Service

Marriage of Miss Mabel Konneck and Francis Daniel was solemnized Sunday noon, September 11, at the Congregational Church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Myrtle Konneck. Everett Fraser was best man.

Following the service a wedding dinner was served in the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Konneck, 927 North Burr Street.

Francis Daniel is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Daniel, Cleveland, Ohio. He graduated from Wethersfield High School and is now employed in our Iron Body Valve Department. He and his bride will reside at 507 East First Street.

The best wishes of many Kewanee Works friends of the couple follow them into married life.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Sparling accompanied Mr. and Mrs. George Sparling to Fort Worth, Texas, where they attended the post office clerks' national convention. New Orleans was included in the itinerary of the trip.

Unpacking Barrels, Boxes and Crates

1. Wear gloves, a suitable apron and safety shoes.
2. Remove projecting nails and splinters before beginning to unpack.
3. Lift heavy loads chiefly with your leg muscles not your back.
4. If harmful chemicals are being handled, wear protective goggles, rubber gloves and other suitable protective clothing.
5. Permit no open flame lights, or fires, or hot surfaces near flammable materials or substances.
6. When handling glassware and other fragile articles avoid jars that might cause breakage.
7. When cutting wire or metal straps from bales or other packages, stand where the flying ends cannot strike you. Warn other persons in danger. Wear goggles as added protection.
8. Arrange unpacked materials with care to make safe piles.
9. Keep aisles, passages to exits and to fire-fighting equipment clear.
10. Remove all debris. Put waste in the containers provided. Store boxes, barrels, boards, etc. safely.

A good safety record is no accident.

Boiler Golf Team Wins Title in City League

Vern Tredinick

Malleable Foundry

From the looks of the chicken eggs he is selling Gus De Kayssel must raise some fine pigeons.

Hugh Duncan shook like a victim of St. Vitus dance after his airplane ride.

Achiel Van Vooren needs two flagmen when he pulls away from the curb.

Joe De Block should use his car for one of these transports.

"Papke" Rosebecke gave "Happy" Weeks a treatment of Sloan's liniment via the snuff route.

"Moon" Helslander should drive a horse and buggy. He'll get more speed from that combination than by driving his Chev in second gear.

Philco radios have nothing on Jim Heberer when it comes to automatic tuning, high frequency, short wave, high fidelity, tuned circuits, and high or low volume.

Morris Van Durmen has taken up hedge trimming. At present it looks like he shaved it all off.

If Bert Martin used the old fashioned solid inner tube he wouldn't have so many blow-outs going to Chicago.

Rinart Ouart took the fatal step on Thursday, September 16. All the boys gave him plenty of advice. Perhaps Rinart should keep his farm and put all his sons to work.

Bringing Up the Rear

Reading down the bumper from left to right: Tom McCarthy, Justine Hammerlink. We don't know what this is all about, but judging from Tom's expression it must be serious.
School Days are Here Again

Along with all the other halls of learning, Kewanee Works College got away to a good start this week with an enrollment of between ninety and one hundred students. Forty-three of these are Training Course Students which is less than half the total number. There are but ten subjects taught away to a good start this week with the work of each week is divided among the first four days with Friday free for any classes postponed on account of holidays or unexpected reasons. Altogether the outlook for this year with 180 course enrollments has been never better.

Success

Here is an idea that appeals to everyone — SUCCESS — the accomplishment of something attempted. Many of us do not enjoy as much of it as we would like because we do not attempt enough. Some of us fail because we do not hit the line hard enough when we do get a chance to carry the ball. Then sometimes we do not get the signals and miss out on our best chances, for success in any kind of work depends greatly on ability to recognize opportunities when they come our way.

Success means, not beating everyone else to first place, but making the most of the opportunities. "O.K." you say, "but how do I individually get my share?" Well that problem is different for each of us, but the way to tackle it is the same in every case. Like every original problem we must plan what is to be done and then work that plan. First we must figure out what it is that we want most to do and what we can do best, then we must organize our efforts for success in that line. That fellow is lucky whose daily task is the kind of work that he likes best. For most of us our choice is limited by what we can do and what we can get, but even then we still have some chance to choose the opportunity that promises the best returns. So we select our objective, a goal to be attained and the first part of our problem has been solved.

Now for the bigger job of attaining your objective. Take the best job you can get along the line of your chosen work. If you can't find such a job, take any job you can get. Concentrate on it until you are sure you are doing it satisfactorily but be on the lookout for any opportunity to transfer or move into a job in your own line. Meanwhile do all you can to prepare yourself for the work you want. Read up on it. Take study courses that will help you. Study all the possibilities of getting into your chosen line and follow up every chance you discover. Once started in that line, check up on yourself to see where you are weakest, then build up there. Play the game the best you know how. Success lies in making the best use of your opportunities but you must know your possibilities and be ready for your opportunities and recognize them when you meet them.

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Statement of Walworth Aid Association for Month of August, 1937

Cash on Hand August 1, 1937 ........ $1,921.05
Dues Received during the Month ........ 867.50
Disbursements 

Sick Benefits to 13 Members ............ $368.34
Benefits a/c 6 Walworth Accidents. 135.00
Benefits a/c 2 Outside Accidents ....... 85.00 588.34
Cash on Hand September 1, 1937 ....... $2,200.21

Mostly from Swallows

Soph: "They are raised from larks, bats, and swallows."

"Guess that my pen will have to go on itching."
"Why?"
"I'm out of scratch paper."
Iron Body Valve

In addition to our sympathies, we give our heartiest best wishes to Harold Hepner and Frances Daniel—"Just Married."

Lost: One two wheel trailer. Last seen running wild south of Kewanee's planeless and fieldless airport. Finder notify Oscar Aml.

Things seldom seen: Al Hamilton breaking speed laws in Iowa. He was fined $25.00 and costs. Ach Himmell!

Following is a list of the Iron Body Valve employees who took vacations this year and the place where they spent the time:

W. J. Frayer—Kentucky.
W. M. Orr—Wisconsin.
Frank Gill—Iowa and Nebraska.
William Thompson—Oklahoma (almost).

Harry Ringstrom—With his wife but we don't know where she went.
John Majeski—Four days (Can't remember where).
Dave Gamble—Summer camp at Bloomington. Came back with 96 cents. Had to forego pie for lunch for one week.
Ole Olson—Peoria, one day.

Boiler and Tin

Stewart Patterson has learned that accuracy is fundamental. Stewart goes in for gardening and came to work recently to fondly tell in a somewhat chesty manner that his sweet corn was fourteen feet high. Now some of the boys over there are synthetic Missourians and they had to be shown. After work they trekked to Patterson's cornfield and measured the stalks. Instead of fourteen feet they disclosed in a most scientific way that the stalks were only seven feet high. (Editor's Note. We'd like to hear your critics tell a fish that Margaret Hamilton has been wearing lately?)

Marjorie Goodrich spent Labor Day visiting in Decatur and Clinton, Illinois.

Harold Carlson proved his mastery of the culinary art the other day when he successfully revised a recipe for walnut bars to suit the particular tastes of the girls of the Order Department.

Have you noticed the new diamond that Margaret Hamilton has been wearing lately?


Charity Tibbetts and companions chose the eastern states and Canada for their vacation this year. Their first important stop was Niagara Falls. From there, they motored across New York and up into the New England states. All along the way they stopped to inspect points of historical interest. While in Vermont they visited relatives living in Burlington. From the New England states they crossed over into Canada. Their return trip was made on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence. According to Charity, Maine was the most beautiful state crossed, while an inspection of Louisa M. Alcott's homestead proved to be one of the most interesting points on their trip.

A trip to Yellowstone National Park proved to be a most delightful vacation for Homer Fincher this year.

One man can't do it, but all of us working together can stop accidents.

Main Office

Grace Ray has returned from California, where she enjoyed several weeks of sight-seeing and visiting relatives.

Iris Engel visited in Albea and Ottumwa, Iowa, for a week during the month of August.

Ed Kriewald enjoyed vacationing in the vicinity of the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Orv Bond sure loves his dogs. Not only does he possess an adorable little bull dog, but thanks to a friend of his, Orv now has added to his collection a rare and priceless "Hairless Pup," and if you want believe he is full of tricks, ask Orv.

If there is any doubt in any one's mind as to whether grasshoppers can be most embarrassing pests, ask Mildred Whitehouse.

Ez and Nancy Bowman, Eddie and Pegzey Olson, and Patsy Hood attended the Young Peoples Rally at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago over Labor Day.

Signild Binkley spent the week end of Sept. 1st visiting in Decatur and Clinton, Illinois.

Harold Carlson has learned that accuracy is fundamental. Stewart Patterson has learned that accuracy is fundamental. Stewart goes in for gardening and came to work recently to fondly tell in a somewhat chesty manner that his sweet corn was fourteen feet high. Now some of the boys over there are synthetic Missourians and they had to be shown. After work they trekked to Patterson's cornfield and measured the stalks. Instead of fourteen feet they disclosed in a most scientific way that the stalks were only seven feet high. (Editor's Note. We'd like to hear your critics tell a fish that Margaret Hamilton has been wearing lately?)


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Stockhouse

Joe Roginski opened his mouth—"Just Married." of the Stockhouse Editor told about how some girl cuddled in his lap not so very long ago. Be careful, Joe, "Spud" may get wind of this failing of yours.

Dick Witherell doesn't like the new typewriter the Company bought for him. He claims it doesn't spell as well as the old one.

Let Bill Boswell tell you the one about a girl in the Main Office who came home from work hungry and made herself a nice big sandwich out of Rival Dog Food by mistake. You can probably identify her by her bark. Woof! Woof!

Hank Farmer seems to enjoy hunting with a sixteen guage shotgun and twenty guage shells. Hank in some way or other got hold of the wrong ammunition for his gun and didn't realize it until he got to the place where he was going to hunt squirrels. Hank's partner claims he heard Hank mumbling to himself and it sounded like Hank was talking to the Lord.

I wonder?

Again the Stockhouse boys came through in the Walworth Soft Ball League to win the championship. After losing the opener in the play-off, the lads came back to whip the Steel Finishing in the following two games, thus gaining undisputed possession of the championship. The manager of the Stockhouse team wishes to express his hearty thanks to those fellows who gave their time and co-operation that enabled this department to put such a good team on the diamond.

Ken Westray's sensational catch of "Cat" Carroll's low line drive gave the boys something to talk about as the final game ended on that play.

Mickey Mouse and A. J. Mather met and posed for this picture at the Steel Finishers' picnic. A. J. asked Mickey how it felt to be animated, and Mickey replied that a fellow who had just drank a bottle of beer through a nipple ought to know. After that crack Mather was ready to send the famous mouse back to Walt Disney, his creator. But Mickey was a prize and Mather wanted something to show for his victory so he kept him.