

# Walworth Craftsman

KEWANEE WORKS

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No. 9

## Tunnelling Sand Piles Decried at March Safety Committee Meeting

All Metal Pourers Equipped with Leggings

The practice of tunnelling into sand piles was pointed out as hazardous at the meeting of the Safety Committee held on Monday, March 7. In spite of warnings to that effect, which the Safety Director has issued, it was reported by Foreman Bill Burns of the Steeliron foundry that employees are still risking injury by tunnelling into sand piles, especially in winter months when a crust is frozen on the piles.

The committee was also cited a recent example of what happens when an injury is neglected. While a cupola helper in the Steeliron foundry was engaged in taking bricks from a pile to the cupola, a brick fell off the pile and struck his right instep. Thinking no damage had been done, the worker did not report to the plant hospital, but the next day he was unable to work because his foot was painful and sore from the blow of the falling brick.

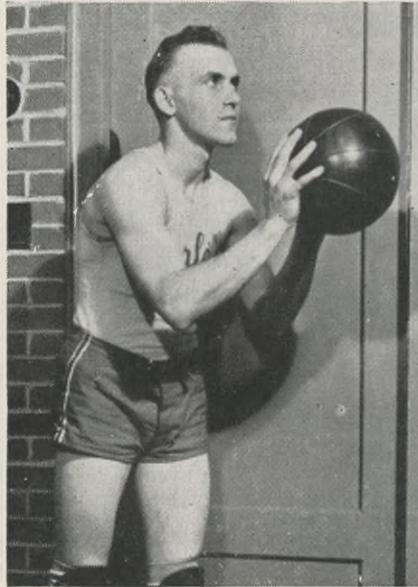
Weekly reports from H. E. Felt were submitted and indicated that all elevators in operation were safe. Mr. Felt also reported that multiple drill cables in the Steel Finishing department and the pre-heating ladle cables in the Brass foundry were okay.

Secretary A. F. Griggs said that Foreman Albert Poulson reported on March 5 that drums for Annealing department have been repaired and that guard for washer in Brass foundry, shield for electric welder in Steel Finishing department, and short staging for oilers in Grey Iron foundry scratch room are all finished. This work was ordered upon recommendation by Mr. Poulson after his recent inspection of safeguards in the plant.

Foreman Fred Wager of the Tapping department reported placing a belt guard on machine No. 1051 in his department.

The secretary informed the committee that on March 8 all metal pourers would be equipped with protective leggings.

One thing a good mechanic does not do is to use tools with mushroomed heads.



Eddie Griert

## Timekeeper Is Forward on Flashy Local Quintet of the Hardwoods

Eddie Griert, timekeeper in the General Repair department, has been demonstrating his athletic talents with that scrappy bunch of southsiders, the Peerless Bakers, who have established a claim for basketball supremacy in the tri-counties. Ed holds down a forward position of the quintet.

Chief rivals of the Bakers are the Kewanee Boilers. Intense animosity between these two teams was nurtured by close contests early in the season. All season long they have battled as if they bore a personal grudge. At present the Bakers have the edge, toppling the Boilers in a cage scrap for the championship of the second half of the "Y" league.

Our moral support goes to the Bakers because of the presence of a Walworth athlete on their roster and also because of their fine teamwork. We congratulate them on their past victories—they won a tournament at Canton recently—and root for the continuation of their success.

Take off that finger ring, if you are working around moving machinery, before it takes off a finger.

## Walworth Band Claims Distinction of Being One of First to Go on Air

Helped to Demonstrate Possibilities of Loud Speakers

The first reciprocal telephone conversation ever held over a distance, outside of a single building, was made over two miles of telegraph wire between the office of the Walworth Manufacturing Company and its plant at Cambridgeport by Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone and Mr. Watson. History repeats itself, and Walworth again assisted the pioneers in the development of the radio. F. O. Watt of the Boston Works informed us that the Walworth Band of the Boston Works was one of the first military bands to broadcast over the radio.

On February 22, 1921, some of the exhibitors at the New England Hardware Show were experimenting with loud speakers, so they invited the Walworth Band to broadcast a number of marches in order to demonstrate the possibilities of loud speakers.

The broadcast was made from Station WGI, Melford Hillside, by 12 men from the band (all of the musicians of the band could not be crowded into the station at that time). After the broadcast these twelve men repaired to the Mechanics Building, Boston, where the Hardware Show was in progress. There they were met by other members of the band, and then the full Walworth Band paraded around the hall, playing the marches which they had previously broadcasted.

The broadcast was considered one of the first big broadcasts around Boston as all previous broadcasting was done by individuals, small musical groups, or from phonograph records.

Station WGI, Medford Hillside, which was known as the AMRAD, also turned out one of the first cabinet sets known as the AMRAD set. This station with all its manufacturing facilities and patents, was later purchased by the Crosley Radio Corporation, which sold some of the broadcasting equipment and rights to one of the newer Boston stations.

## "Sailing, Sailing Over the Bounding" Pond

### Model Power Boats Steal Chicago Show

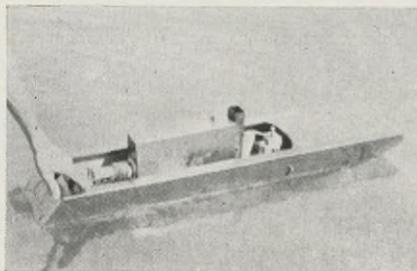
Tiny model power boats constructed to scale were the center of attraction at the recent Boat and Sport Show held at Navy Pier in Chicago. These models raced around a specially constructed pond at speeds which approximated thirty miles an hour. They were guided by stout cord attached to a pole in the center of the pond and cruised in a circle.

Julius Butalla, one of the founders of the Chicago Model Power Boat Association and who is now a draftsman in the Engineering department of the Kewanee Works, has constructed both gasoline and steam driven model speed boats, which have won prizes at model shows. His latest model was exhibited at the Chicago show.

Model power boat building is a hobby. Like locomotive and airplane modeling it has enthusiasts all over the world. Its followers design, build, and race their models. International meets are held every year.

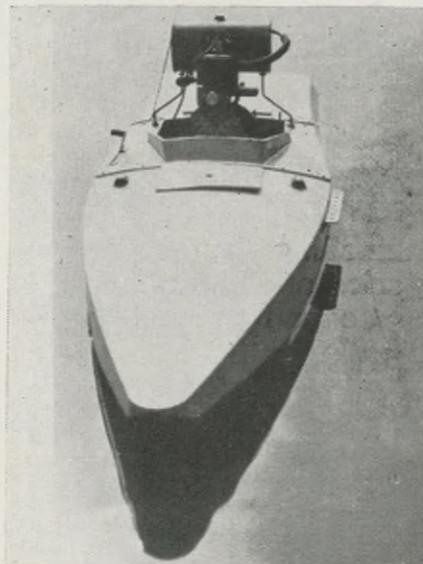
Many people look upon small speed boats as toys, but if you will investigate or talk to one of the model builders, you will be interested to find out the engineering ability that is really put forth by each individual when building a model speed boat. The present world's record for speed attained by them is 53.4 miles per hour.

Practically every member of the Chicago Model Power Boat Association has had several years of experience in designing these small high speed motors and hulls.



### An Engineer's Hobby

Pictured here are steam and gasoline speed boat models built by Julius Butalla. The gasoline model on the right is a Class B boat thirty-nine inches long with an eleven inch beam. It is driven by a one cylinder, two cycle gasoline motor which has a 1 1/8" x 1 1/8" bore and stroke. Ignition has three dry cells and uses 3/8-24 plug. This model has attained speeds up to twenty-five miles per hour.



## Kennish Knows Secret of Making Friends

### Receives and Feeds Callers Every Day

Although he is not versed in the rules Dale Carnegie established for winning friends, Fred Kennish shall, nevertheless, not want for them, because he simply applies the sage, old advice that the way to a heart is through the stomach.

Of course, the friends Fred makes with this method are unusual. They do not entertain him with the latest gossip, take away his hard earned money from him in a friendly game of poker or bridge, or invite him to go for an auto ride and then stop at the nearest gas station. Yet they visit him every day without fail.

In a way, his friends are old fashion. It is against their custom to go calling at late hours or to hang around until the host says he has worked hard and should get to bed at a reasonable hour. Usually their daily visit is reserved for the noon hour, and for some reason they prefer to pay their respects in a group instead of individually. At all times they show the proper respect and reserve. Never do they invade the sanctity of his home. They only come up onto the porch, and there they wait until Fred has finished his lunch and comes forth to receive them. Indeed, they are a well mannered lot. When he does appear they do not try to sell him insurance, lottery tickets, and stocks; no, they merely bow and nod in token of their cordial esteem and affection. After accepting their silent greetings, Fred feeds them and gives them more food to take home.

Fred knows that they will be there again tomorrow, for he can count on their faithfulness. And when Fred

takes leave of his abode and seeks a new and better world he knows he will be missed by his little friends—the squirrels he feeds every day.

## In Memoriam

FRANK RASH, age 75, who resided at 947 Kent street, died Wednesday, March 2, at his home. He had been ill about four weeks. Frank was employed by the Western Tube Co., one of our predecessors, in 1892 and worked in our plant for 6 1/2 years. Then for 1 1/2 years he did contract work, but was rehired at the plant in the fall of 1900. He was made foreman in 1902. On October 31, 1930, he retired. Frank was a member of the Red Men lodge and the Walworth Foremen's club. He was well liked about the Kewanee Works and the community. His passing is mourned by many.

### Statement Walworth Aid Association for Month of March 1938

Cash on Hand	
February 1, 1938	\$ 1,739.70
Dues Received during the month,	817.00
	<u>2,556.70</u>
<b>Disbursements</b>	
Benefits	\$868.34
F. A. Castle, Salary	25.00
	<u>893.34</u>
Cash on Hand	
March 1, 1938	\$1,663.36

### Safety Committee for Month of March

Emil Wirth, Chairman  
 Chas. Shoemaker  
 Wm. Burns  
 Richard Reckard  
 John Nass  
 Wm. Kopp  
 A. F. Griggs, Secretary



Meet Heavy Nelson, the man who tests all those large valves made at the Steel Finishing department of the Kewanee Works. There's none better in the testing line than Heavy. He knows the products and what they should be able to do. Every job he inspects he goes over as thoroughly as if thousands of lives depended on it being perfect.

## AN UNDERSTANDING

"Harris! How many times must I tell you to wear your safety goggles? You know the rules—or should, by this time."

Fred Harris looked up from his lathe, twisted his lips into a faintly derisive smile, and then blandly said: "What's eating you, Henry? Why, we haven't had an accident here in a couple of years. Anyhow, I know what I'm doing. This baby and I have an understanding." He patted the side of the lathe, and then shoved a lever. The lathe smoothly stopped.

"Maybe so," Henry Miller, the foreman, grunted, "but if the chief catches you violating his eye protection program he'll raise Cain. Only this morning he had all of us foremen in to listen to some statistics just released by the National Safety Council. Ed Morris—you know him, Read American Optical representative—read 'em to us. They make interesting reading. Listen."

"Gosh, Henry, I got work to do." Fred's voice was brusque.

"It can wait. Did you know that every thirty-six seconds a worker's eye is injured—eight hundred a working day—two hundred thousand a year? And that those eye accidents cost industry fifty million dollars a year?"

"So what?"

"Only this." Henry's voice became sternly prophetic. "One of these fine days that baby of yours is going to forget about that understanding—and give you a sock in the eye. Then you'll be one of the two hundred thousand and won't you look nice, being led around by a dog. Think it over, Fred."

"But those darned goggles slow up my production. I can't see through 'em. And they're always dirty and they hurt my nose."

Henry looked disgusted. "Sometimes I don't think you're so bright, Fred. Why don't you try wiping 'em for a change—and the Safety Director's always willing to make 'em comfortable. But anyhow, you heard my orders . . ."

That evening, over his coffee, Fred laughingly repeated Henry's warning to Betty.

"Can you imagine it—trying to tell the best machinist in the shop how to run his job. Why, I've forgotten more about my trade than Henry ever knew. Anyhow, no accident's going to happen to me."

An anxious look crept into his wife's eyes.

"Fred, you will be careful, won't you? What would happen to all of us if you were blinded? Please promise to wear those goggles all the time . . . for our sake."

"Oh, all right. But you'd think I was a baby, the way you and Henry fuss over me . . . me who went

through the Argonne Forest and never got a scratch. Hey, pipe down, you kids. What do you think this is—a boiler factory?"

The next day was cloudy and mournful, as if Nature were brooding over some great sorrow. But inside the brilliantly lighted machine shop there was intense activity. No time to worry about weather, for the production schedule was behind and Henry had given orders to speed up work.

Fred was in his element when these rush periods periodically came along. Smoothly, efficiently he went about his work, and his machine responded as if to a master. Coming up an aisle, Henry watched him admiringly and chuckled. Fred was the best machinist in the shop, no doubt about that, even if he was careless at times. And today he had on his safety goggles. Well—that was a concession—maybe the lecture yesterday did some good after all. He turned away to watch another operation.

Watching Henry's broad back from the corner of his eye, Fred swished off his goggles and leaned over the enormous lathe to make an adjustment. There, Everything was perfect. Leave it to old Fred to know what to do. And then it happened. There was a sharp whirring noise, a flash of steel, and Fred staggered back with a shriek, hand clapped over his right eye. Stuff began to ooze between his fingers as men came running from all directions, among them Henry.

"I knew it," the foreman muttered to himself. "I knew that darn fool would get it sooner or later. Hey, Jack, get the doctor quick . . ."

It was a month later, a bright shining day. Fred sat in his favorite easy-chair by the window, morosely fingering the dark patch over his eye. It wasn't true—it couldn't be possible—that he'd never see out of it again. How could he have been so careless . . . so stupid. If he had only followed Henry's instructions.

The door-bell rang, and a minute later Betty ushered a man into the room. Shading his right eye, Fred recognized Henry. The two men looked at each other awkwardly.

Finally, Henry said: "Well, old-timer, how goes it?"

"Okay. I'll be back to the shop soon, I guess."

Henry hesitated, then looked uncomfortably at Betty whose eyes glistened with tears.

"Sure," he finally said soothingly. "As a matter of fact, the boss told me to drop in this noon to tell you there'll be a job waiting for you as soon as you're recovered."

"What do you mean—a job? What about my old one?"

Henry looked even more uncomfortable. "Well, Fred, the boss seems to



### The Three Graces

All dressed up and no place to go are Mrs. Lyman Lyle, Jessie Fischer, and Jessie Ramsey. This picture was taken in predepression days when bobbed hair and short skirts were sweeping the country.

### Steel Finishing

by Hayden Shaner

Bernard Aulinkus passed out cigars on Thursday, February 24. The occasion for the passing of the stogies was the birth of an eight pound baby boy. We congratulate the proud parents. Dutch was so excited that it took us some time to calm him down and get the details. As yet the child doesn't have an official moniker, so Bernard is calling him "Mike" until they decide on his real name.

No wonder Kenny Nelson has been whistling the "Prisoner's Song" of late. An informer tells us that the speedcops patrol Main street quite a bit and that Kenny happened to be driving down the street the same time the speedcops were, only Kenny was making much better time.

He can't talk. We refer to rookie Aurand Linker, our gift to the ranks of Company F. On Tuesdays his best vocal effort is a throaty whisper. Since "Kernel" Linker took charge of the soldiers while the Captain is away on business, he yells so loud at the soldiers during drill on Monday nights that he is without the blessing of vocal expression on Tuesdays.

Abe Lincoln once said, "A little more light and a little less noise." One Monday Linker shouted orders so fast that Leo Swearingen could not understand what he was saying. As soon as Linker finished his talk, Leo stepped out and yelled, "SOLD to the AMERICAN TOBACCO CO."

think it would be too dangerous for you to operate another machine again with only one eye. But don't worry. We'll find something for you to do . . . maybe night watching . . . or something else light. It's tough, Fred, but it's better than nothing."

--Threads



### Exodus

You recall the biblical story of Moses leading the Israelites out of Egypt into the Promised Land. Then perhaps you can appreciate the exodus of Kewaneeans to Neponset, where taxes are lower and the necessities of life cheaper. This migration, which seems to be reaching the wholesale stage, might well be called to the attention of some of our tax makers, for the imposition of heavy real estate tax burdens, beyond the reach of the average property owner's pocketbook, is not going to induce the building of a bigger and better Kewanee, but may make a Promised Land out of Neponset and other small communities only a short drive from our factories.

### Brass Finishing

by Everett Stewart

We wonder how Ray Warren liked the oyster sandwich.

Elmer Phillips is in the rooster business. Recently he bought 100 roosters from the hatchery.

Lefty Lasky's worries are over. He finally got enough money to pay his income tax.



### Aid Association Directors of 1938

Reading around the table from left to right are Bert Martin, Jack Lee, Norman Teece, Lawrence Sparling, Charlie Becker, Fred Borkgren, John L. Johnson, Everett Stewart, William Kopp, Giles Hay, Herb Rogers, Raymond Behnke, Frank Castle, and A. F. Griggs. A few directors were absent. The officers elected for this year are President—Walt Ostman (Not present), Vice president—John L. Johnson, Secretary—Frank Castle, and Treasurer—A. F. Griggs.

### Unseen Men on the Payroll of the Kewanee Works

We have a varied lot of expenses which are just as necessary to pay in cash as our payrolls and if we translate these expenses into employees, figuratively speaking, allowing each one sixty cents an hour, forty hours a week and fifty weeks a year, then our unseen payroll lines up as follows:

For taxes we paid out enough in 1937 to employ twenty-five of these men full time, as stated, through the year.

For insurance, except group in-

urance, there was enough paid out to support nineteen men on the basis of the same earnings.

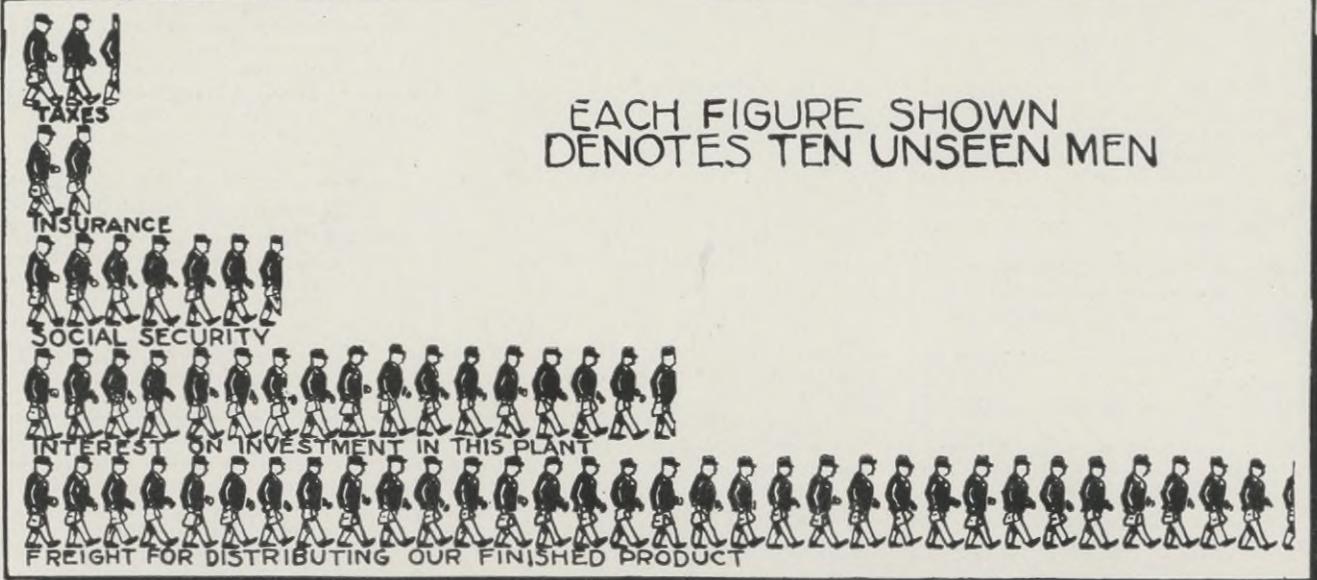
For social security, including group insurance, we paid out enough to keep sixty-six men employed.

The cost of freight alone for distributing our finished product into the hands of the customer, amounted to enough to keep three hundred twenty-two men steadily

employed at these rates.

And for the interest on the original investment in purchasing this plant we paid out enough to support one hundred sixty-nine men.

Making a total of six hundred one unseen employees constantly employed through the year, but whom we do not see nor realize are making this annual expense. For every three men that go through the gate there is also one unseen man going through.



## Main Office

by Susan Taylor

Spring is just around the corner, and soon the irises will be blooming. Some irises will be light, and then again some will be dark, but Hoot Gibson's irises will appear somewhat darker than they really are, for Hoot's irises are in the midst of two perfect shiners.

Vic Peterson, Jr., and his heart's desire, Miss Theresa Fortman accompanied the head of the Peterson clan, Vic, Sr., to Chicago Friday, March 11. It's unnecessary to tell you that Vic, Sr., attended the Golden Gloves finals, while young Vic showed his lady fair the sights of the big city.

A new Barrymore has been found. Screen tests conducted by Virgie Lippens revealed the latent Thespian talents of one Josh Sparling, and led to the hailing of Marjorie Sullivan and Ellen Stahl as the "wampus babies" of 1938. Comedian possibilities were recognized in Herb Ashley when he gave an unorthodox salute. Works Manager A. J. Mather was responsible for the lighting effects at the premiere. Thanks, Virg. We enjoyed your camera work and hope you give us some more of it in the near future.

Wally Redfield let Virgie run some of his colored film through her movie projector at our little office theater party. We go for this motion picture stuff and suggest that Lippens and Redfield incorporate and produce a Walworth extravaganza. Boy, how would this look in the glims . . . "Walworth Revels of 1938."

"Jolly Joe" Roginski became a first nighter recently. 'Tis rumored that he bought up the front five rows on both nights that the stage production, "Hit It Up," played the Kewanee High School Auditorium. Of course, Lillian Rynearson's gracing one of the choruses had nothing to do with Joe's sudden appreciation of the legitimate stage. Don't misunderstand us.

We have all missed the smile and pleasing personality of Iris Engles who has been confined to her home due to illness for the past several weeks. All her friends and fellow workers wish her a speedy recovery and hope she will be back with us soon.

Earl Brasel of the Engineering and Mary Homer have leaped into the sea of matrimony. We wish them smooth swimming.

Our office force is a sporting crowd. Many of them have attended all the high school football and basketball games this scholastic year. You could pick out a lot of familiar faces in the crowds which viewed the regional tourney recently.

We understand Dwen Freeberg is eating 'humble pie' at the Steel foundry.

## Man About Plant



George Basiger

In spring a young man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love, but George Basiger's fancy turns to thoughts of petunias, irises, roses, tulips, green grass, shrubs, and the like. George is the beautician who marcel and finger waves the lawn and bushes in front of the Main Office building.

Flowers and landscaping have been a life-long hobby with George. The spacious yard which surrounds his home is a glorious pattern of beautiful flowers, shrubs with bright green and shining foliage, and velvety green grass. Practically every evening in spring and summer you can find him outside helping nature along with her make-up.

George was born in Ohio. He once worked in a nursery in Delaware,

Ohio. After coming to Kewanee, he took employment as a tester at the Private Utilities Company. Then he came to our plant and worked in the Stockhouse, Tapping, Butt Finishing, Brass Foundry, and Yards successively.

Summer adds another responsibility to Basiger's shoulders in the form of the baseball diamond, which he lines and keeps up. Last year the average of four games a week was played on the diamond, and if it were not in A-1 condition for each contest, George heard plenty about it.

Now when you marvel at the beauty of our park or the excellent condition of the ball diamond, you know you are praising the handiwork of George Basiger.

## Junior High Boys Study Kewanee Works

Eight boys from Miss Molly Peterson's class of the Central Junior High School visited the Kewanee Works of the Walworth Company on Thursday, March 17, to study the raw materials, finished products, and the distribution at our plant. J. E. Kemp arranged an exhibit for the young scholars which showed our products as they progressed from patterns to finished valves. He also explained where our raw materials originated and the various uses for our products. The junior high students took notes and were very appreciative of the chance to get an inside view of Kewanee's principal industry.



Miss Rose Boyka of the Grey Iron core room will be surprised to see her picture here. She's probably been looking for it and wondering what became of it. It was found in the plant by an employee, who in identifying it came across the editor, who realized an opportunity when he saw one. She is very popular, so this picture will probably find its way into a good many albums. Miss Rose has a sailor sweetheart, we hear. Her affections are anchored.

"Well, the days are getting longer."  
"When did you get married?"

## THE RIGHT MEASURING STICK

Much of the failure to achieve social security is due to the use of the wrong measuring stick. So many of us are inclined to use a measure graduated in dollars to check up on progress made by deeds. You don't measure distance in hours and minutes or time in feet and inches. Social security is not measured in dollars and cents abstracted from one person's pocket and placed in the outstretched hand of another, but rather in the honesty of the government, the ability of its leaders and the industry and thrift of its people.

What is social security? Primarily it consists of a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. Government by all the people and not by class government. Class domination does not provide social security but rather social insecurity.

The child born of parents rich or poor should have sanitary living quarters, nourishing food, comfortable clothing and healthful recreation. It should be given an education broad enough to cover the general realm of human knowledge and specific enough to fit the youth to make an honest and comfortable living. Youth must be taught the necessity of knowing and obeying those laws of human conduct without which it is impossible for people to live as communities and nations with any kind of security, physical, economic or social.

Social security does not end there, it has just begun. The big job is to provide employment for the hands and minds of each annual crop of new workers which will permit them to develop their fitness and ability by doing something for the common good. To help provide more healthful living, more intelligent recreation, better economic conditions, more secure protection for life and property. These are the measuring sticks of human progress which is the real foundation of social security. To provide these opportunities requires the protection of and support by the government and the public of all those agencies of farming, industry, commerce, and science which provide honorable employment and advance the welfare of the people. What better scheme is there for old age security than the accumulated savings of thrifty years invested in enterprises which provide greater social security for the future while earning a substantial income for the present?

The theory is O.K. but putting it into practice

means a determined fight to rid the country of the thieves, liars, racketeers and parasites who are standing in the way of real social security for the honest citizen. SOME JOB!

## THE HORSESHOE NAIL

A marked cessation of business has caused hardship and confusion from the east to the west coast of the United States. Months of heavy production have been followed by the sharpest decline in the business history of this country.

Walworth has not escaped this general catastrophe. It has been forced to lay off good, loyal workers and to put the rest of the plant on a part time basis, even shutting down for a full week occasionally.

Such a schedule is bound to cause a lot of suffering, and the worker will intelligently question the why and wherefore of this depression, or recession, as it is called.

Attempting an analysis is no easy job. Business is like a balloon suspended somewhere in the middle of a room by rubber bands extending to all points of the room. The pull of each band influences the position of the balloon in the room, but it's exact location will depend on the resultant of these forces; that is, the resultant of all the various pulls of the bands. So with business. Multiple conditions and factors influence it, and its present condition, no doubt, is the result of a number of causes more numerous than the hairs on a young man's head.

To point out the many and various factors, which brought the present recession, is humanly impossible. It is our belief, however, that two factors which strongly influenced the resultant are a misconception that drastic increases in costs could be made without raising the cost of living and that high taxes could be imposed on business without doing it serious injury.

If you destroy the cause, you will destroy the effect that cause wrought. So by removing much of the incentive from business and increasing the risks, business has been practically destroyed. Destroying business has destroyed jobs. Destroying jobs has destroyed livelihoods. Destroying livelihoods has destroyed morale, bodies, and souls. All for the want of incentive, the horseshoe nail.

## Production and Orders

An Indian ranger in one of our western mountainous states was blessed with a healthy stomach and a good appetite. Running true to his native instinct of enjoying a good ham sandwich, he found an old established German restaurant in a neighboring village where 10c would buy a tender and juicy piece of boiled ham about an inch thick, liberally supported on top and bottom by a fresh slice of home-made bread cut proportionately about one inch thick. Needless to say, the Indian thoroughly relished the hospitable sandwich of the German restaurateur and came often to buy.

But with the business recession, the generous German failed in the restaurant enterprise and the local bank took it over. A receiver appointed by the bank took over the proceeds and went into the restaurant business.

One day the Indian after foraging in the mountains came strolling down the beaten path and made a straight line to his favorite restaurant. To the polite query of the new proprietor the tired and hungry Indian answered, "H'gh, me want ham-sanwich."

A large sharp knife quickly shaved off a thin piece of boiled ham, which was neatly hidden between two standardized recession-cut pieces of bread, and promptly served on a small plate decorated with a glass of fresh water at the side.

The Indian, marveling at the shrinkage of the service, slowly looked over the new deal sandwich and then slowly looked over the new proprietor.

Next he picked up the sandwich in his burly hands, held it up to be sure of his eyesight, looked it over carefully on top, side, and bottom, and then with a questioning gesture asked the new proprietor, "Dis, ham sandwich?"

"Yes. Ham sandwich," came the answer.

Assured as to it being a ham sandwich, the Indian responded, "H'gh, ham sanwich."

Then slowly lifting the top piece of bread he spied the red likeness of ham. Convinced, he grunted, "H'gh, darn near miss ham."

### Our "Ham Sandwich"

In regards to the incoming orders of the plant for the month of February, when it comes to looking for the bookings sandwiched in between a layer of inventories for the bottom and packed down by the production on top, we like the Indian could say, "H'gh, almost miss 'em." The orders were low, were spotty, and might be classified as "direct to the customers, without the buying to stock the shelves."

With the monthly booking of orders the lowest for the past four years,

production likewise toppled to the lowest production in the plant for five years or to April of 1933. With the falling off of orders and the falling off of production the total man hours of work for the plant also went down to a new monthly average, carrying us back to December, 1933, for an equal low plant operations in total man hours. With low operating hours, with highly specialized orders, the pounds produced per man hour worked was not at all comparable to former plant performance, but the management does highly commend the determined spirit and the bulldog fight of all our employees with which they set about to lick "Old Man Depression." Shoulder to shoulder and firmly entrenched, the whole Walworth organization is fighting, true to their slogan—"Let no orders pass."

### New Developments

There are developments on the horizon that may change the trend of the times. The railroad decision this month changes the outlook of railroad buying power; the President's conference with small business brings undivided profits to the foreground; ship-yards and closely allied manufacturers are booked to capacity; inventories and jobbers' lines are still declining; the stand of all nations for rebuilding military defense is now a confirmed policy and is increasing; materially strengthening the air defense and its equipment puts aircraft and aeronautical manufacturers in over-capacity production; used cars held by finance corporations are rapidly liquidating, and tractor and automobile industries are calling back some idle men. So with retail trade holding close to last year's figures, a spring strengthening of business in machine and tool lines, in steel business, in durable goods demand, may temporarily stimulate business, so that the manufacturers may pay bonded indebtedness and current interest obligations.

All business starts with buying and the customer must be sold. In every organization there are salesmen for jobbers, salesmen who put their own knowledge of our goods to the service of their customers.

We recall the heroism of a salesman for a French delicatessen importing house, who advised his son, during a long lingering sickness, not to follow in his footsteps. Selling to all the large metropolitan hotels, his orders were usually signed over big meals of rich foods for demonstrating and good will purposes. He faced the inevitable, but never flinched.

There was a time when a salesman who could not tell a funny story cleverly was at a disadvantage, no matter how well he understood the construc-

tion, the workmanship, the quality, the service for which the valve was designed. Today even those buyers who appreciate a good story or can eat an expensive meal have a sincere appreciation for the visiting salesman who can tell a good and useful story about the valve he sells and the good and useful service it will render to the customer. This type salesman eats with this knowledge and sleeps with this knowledge, so he always has a good enthusiastic story to tell. He feels it an essential part of his job to gather all information of his product and put it at his customers' service.

We, who are building valves, likewise are in this jobber's selling force, helping him tell his story. We are selling by building with our brain and our muscle, the story of the valve, the construction of the valve, the quality, the workmanship, the service it will perform. Actions speak louder than words and eating is the proof of the sandwich. So let our brain and muscle tell the customer of the quality service that our heart feels and gives in every sale, for business starts with buying and the customer is or is not, "but must" be sold.

### Double Prizes Offered



To the first one who can guess the identity of the human specimens in the above photo the Craftsman staff will award a slug of tobacco and the best cigar five cents can buy. Both of these men are renowned for their sunny smiles and their thick curly hair. Come on, plant boys, the winter hibernation is over! Spring into action. Call Double O for that delicious, delectable, delightful Brown Beauty cigar.



## Stockhouse

by Bill Boswell

Bob Fuerst holds his head high nowadays. The reason for this aloofness is the new coat of brilliant red and black paint given to the "dummy car" which Bob drives between the Union department and the Stockhouse.

Eddie Winski of the brass packing gang recently spent an evening out riding with one of the fairer sex. Hardly aware of the girl's presence Eddie spent the entire evening contentedly puffing away on his pipe. When asked whether he preferred a girl or a pipe, Eddie exclaimed, "Give me the pipe any time."

Who is the speed demon who works in the Stockhouse? We have heard that it is Louis Verway.

Herbie Ashley, the man about the main office, is temporarily suffering from absentmindedness. He sent an order to the Stockhouse marked "2/29/38." There are only 28 days in the second month, Herbie dear. Remember?

If you want a good "Just Married" sign, see Bob Cole. Bob has one that some jokester hung on his model-T Ford.

Among the more famous epitaphs is the one saying "He didn't know it was loaded." Tom McCarthy says another cold realization is "I didn't know she was married."

Charlie Demmler may have to turn sleuth or call in Dick Tracy to solve the mystery of his disappearing fire wood. The only clue in the case is the choosiness of the thief. He does not trouble himself with the smaller chunks, but takes the biggest pieces of kindling.



Miss Trully Van DeWoestine and Lawrence Duff were united in marriage Thursday, February 24, at Perry, Iowa. They spent the weekend at Perry and returned to reside at 112 South Grace avenue. Mrs. Duff has been employed in our Malleable core room, and Mr. Duff is also a Walworth employee. We wish them loads of happiness.

# noon notes

## Union, Inspection, & Blank Stock

by Laurence Stahl

Mrs. August Standaert died Thursday, March 3. The departments on the second floor of the F. & F. building extend their sincere sympathy to their fellow-worker, August Standaert, in his loss.

John Ainley of the Inspection is ill with pneumonia. We wish for him a speedy recovery.

Walter Tietz was ill with a cold which confined him to his home for a few days, but he is back on the job again.

Les Johnson took part in the Kewanee Lions Club annual minstrel show, "Hit It Up" at the Kewanee high school auditorium on Wednesday and Thursday, March 16-17.

Kipper herring sandwiches were served one day by Ray Welch. Phew!



The gentleman in uniform not only is stunning in appearance but is a sharpshooter as well. He is Lieutenant Linker, who is in command of Company F while Captain O'Neal is away. Company F will take part in the annual 15-day training period at Camp Grant, Rockford, again this year. This time it is planned to have the greatest peace-time mobilization in the state of Illinois since the World War.

Illinois since the World War.

## General Repair

by Eddie Griert

Baker Park terrain will look more like a plowed field than a golf course if Bill Blewett doesn't start hitting the ball instead of digging out all of the sod around it.

Some of the electric repair crew wish Harold Shaw would either shave the fuzz off his upper lip or use a little shoe blackening on it so men in other departments can tell that it is a mustache and not mistake it for the eggs he had for breakfast.

Well, it looks like the general repair gang have been playing cowboy and Indians with the kids. Bill Doffer came in with a cap gun hanging from his belt. Standley Forstrom came in with a sombrero on his head. Then to top it all Shorty Gaston came in with colored feathers all around his cap. Bill and Shorty use the alibi that the youngsters had been playing with their clothes, but Swede merely said that he was trying to preserve his school girl complexion by shading his map from the sun. Not bad!



Nichols' plunge into the matrimonial sea was announced to his co-workers by a large placard. Our congratulations.

Francis Nichols of the Lubricated Plug Valve dept. and Miss Madge Anderson of Chicago were married on St. Valentine's Day, February 14, at Davenport, Iowa. They took their honeymoon in Rock Island, and are now residing at 626 East Third street, Kewanee. The Lubricated Plug Valve department hasn't had much of a crop of bridegrooms in the last two years, so

## Malleable Core Room

by Florence Voight

Tillie Dixon reports an enjoyable week-end in Jacksonville recently.

Trully Van DeWoestine and Larry Duff gave us all a pleasant surprise when they were married in Iowa. Our best wishes follow the couple.

Clara Winski and Clarence Lewelyn, both from our core room, were the attendants of the bridal couple. Clarence stammered and blushed more than the bride and groom. Clara didn't blush as she has had much experience at being a bridesmaid, but she can't deny how homesick she was in Iowa.

Owing to an injured hand Minnie Earley is on our absentee list.

Lillie Geesey spent a few days with friends in Dixon, where she saw much of the damage done by that region's recent flood.

## Grey Iron Core Room

by Catherine Roser

Jack Baughman may be considered a good runner in Iowa, but he can't follow these Kewanee boys.

Pete Kull has a new method for pulling the cars out of the ovens. Ask him about it.

Betty B. would like to borrow a plate stretcher.

Anyone wishing duck eggs, see George M. at Grey Iron Core.



As you see in this photo newlyweds generally get their heads together to plan the future and so doing create a scene with more romantic appeal than any in which Robert Taylor and Alice Faye have ever appeared. Miss Eva Fawcett and Ivan Kelly, a Walworth employee, were married on Monday, Feb. 28, in Davenport. We wish them pleasant days together