

Discuss Running and Cycling at Safety Committee Meeting

The August Safety Committee convened on Friday, September 5, in the conference room of the Shop Office building. Members present were Emil Wirth, chairman; A. F. Griggs, secretary; Grover Graham, Reuben Trout, Albert Hamilton, and Maurice Garland, Jr.

Secretary Griggs reported a stop has been placed on the chain that opens the windows on the monitor in the Steel Finishing, thus preventing the breaking of glass when these windows are closed. Outside stairway at the Main Office has been repaired and a new guard has been placed for chippers in the Grey Iron scratch room. Guards have been placed on belts in the Grey Iron. An electric hoist has been ordered for galvanized washers. He also reported that cables and elevators had been inspected and found okay or ordered repaired.

Maurice Garland, Jr., reported noticing that the locomotive crane unloads scrap at the Malleable foundry at noon time occasionally and men going out the southwest gate for lunch sometimes pass under the crane boom. He also recommended publication of plant rules and regulations because violations such as running and cycling in the plant are quite conspicuous. Mr. Griggs responded that past experience has shown that they won't do this where a watchman is placed but nothing seems to stop them when there is no watchman around.

Mr. Garland also called attention to slag pile south of the Iron Mould. This is reaching undue proportions and it is difficult for a train man to get between the cars and the pile. Mr. Griggs explained that this pile was allowed to accumulate for "fill-in" at the old General Repair and that it would soon be taken away.

Emil Wirth and the Secretary reported a condition existing at No. 10 elevator in the scratch room. There is no operator on this elevator and it was necessary at times to operate the elevator from above, thus exposing workers to injury. They said the only way to correct this hazard was to extend the height of the elevator gate about twelve inches so no one can reach over and get ahold of the cable, but would be compelled to go downstairs and ride the elevator up. Mr. Griggs said he had issued an order to have the gate extended.

Albert Hamilton spoke on the poor floor conditions in the Iron Body Valve. He was informed that this was not exactly a safety measure and would probably be taken care of in the usual way.

It's better to mend unsafe habits than to darn luck.

Statement of Walworth Aid Association

For Month of August, 1940

Cash on Hand Aug. 1, ... \$1,796.99
 Dues Received..... 839.50

 2,636.49

DISBURSEMENTS

Benefits a/c Sickness and Accidents \$598.36
 Death Benefits.... 200.00
 Supplies 8.75 807.11

 Cash on Hand Sept. 1, ... \$1,829.38

The fat man was all bent over, struggling with something, and the curious old lady was watching him intently.

"Oh, so you're tying your shoe," she said sweetly.

Red in the face, he looked up in disgust.

"No, lady," he snorted. "I'm practicing Boy Scout knots."

Teacher (pointing to deer at the zoo), Johnny, what is that?

Johnny—I don't know.

Teacher—What does your mother call your father?

Johnny—Don't tell me that's a louse.

Sergeant of the Guard



Albert Aercke and Leo Swearingen.

Enrollment in Shop Classes Largest in School History

by J. E. Kemp

Walworth classes started this week with more students enrolled than in any past year. This increased interest may be due to different causes. In France during World War No. 1, if a Frenchman couldn't explain something his answer usually was "C'est la guerre" (It is the war). So it may be the war but more likely it is that there is a growing realization that personal effort and study are worthwhile and do bring results. Opportunity is OPPORTUNITY only to those who have capacity to grasp it. As it becomes more generally noticeable that those who have the ambition and will to prepare themselves for better jobs are more often receiving such preferment, these Walworth courses are given more consideration by everyone. Also it strengthens national defense to prepare yourself for better and more important work.

The enrollment in the twelve classes that got under way this month are as follows:

Machine Shop Practice—J. M. Al-	
lard, Instructor	10
Kewanee Products (2 classes)—	
J. E. Kemp, Instructor.....	40
Shop Mechanics—L. E. Anderson,	
Instructor	14
Engineering Drafting—C. H. Cot-	
ton, Instructor	8
Foundry Practice—R. E. Rodg-	
ers, Instructor	7
Beginning Drafting—Fred Huss-	
man, Instructor	17
Products Drafting—Ralph Salley,	
Instructor	16
Drafting Mathematics—Lawrence	
Cady, Instructor	9
Metal Study—J. E. Kemp, In-	
structor	4
Office Work—J. E. Kemp, In-	
structor	18
Shop Mathematics—Lennart Ring-	
strom, Instructor	13
Machine Design—Mauritz Peter-	
son, Instructor	7
Total.....	163

Made Supervisor

Maurice J. Garland, Sr., has been appointed supervisor of the General Stores and all trucking service of the Kewanee Works. In addition he will continue to have charge of the plant's watchman force, janitor service, and fire department. The new appointment became effective on September 1, 1940.

Boss: What makes you so late this morning?

Employee: I had a blowout.

Boss: Why, I didn't think you owned a car.

Employee: I don't. The blowout was last night.

Steel Finishing

by Hayden Shaner

We're Waiting

Did you ever hear of anyone making a challenge and then backing out of it? That's what the Lubricated kitten ball team did. They challenged the Steel Finishing, which immediately accepted. When the Plug Valves received the acceptance, they sent back word they would let us know later whether they would play us or not. It looks like the boys just across the lot lack intestinal fortitude.

Take It Back

While on the subject, I would like to have Mr. "Emeritus" Lindbeck retract the uncouth and untruthful statement he made about yours truly and Mr. W. That's all. Just take it back. Besides it has no connection with Walworth employees.

Last Chance

This is the last time we are going to challenge Bill Blair to a golf match. Either accept or forever hold your peace, Mr. Blair.

No Ill Effects

All of the Company F boys are back on the job, having suffered no ill effects from eating Capt. Linker's dog biscuits. Leo Swearingen was the smallest soldier and the heaviest eater. Kenny Nelson was all right until he exhausted his supply of "refreshments" and then the army really suffered. Not only that. Mr. Nelson's true love came all the way from Cambridge just to see him, Leo, Mickey McDermand, and several other of the boys.

Gold Bug

The latest contribution to the golfing world is none other than Mr. Dale Dugger. He has really succumbed to this "gripping" game. Dale would be okay if he'd tie a string to his chin and fasten it to his shoe to keep that noggin of his down. Time alone will tell whether or not Mr. D. is a second Sam Snead.

Occupied

Stan Lubin got the second floor of his two story doghouse ready just in time to move in. Eddie Blackledge rented the first floor.

Question

Johnny Gerrond of the Union Forge wants to know how much longer certain parties of the Steel Finishing are going to use the shower room for a laundry.

On The Job

Old Dan Cupid is going to take his toll again in this department. Yep, Frances "Scotty" Bennett is making that last leap the twenty-eighth of September. All the plug valve assemblers send their deepest regrets.

The End

"Casanova" Anderson is really a Casanova now. He's doing all right, too. He won't tell us her name but it looks as though "Casanova" is flirting with a ball and chain.

Opportunity

Captain A. E. Linker reports that anyone who wishes to see the country, our beautiful, scenic country, may do so now free of charge. The excursion lasts a whole year and will visit such places as the Rio Grande, southern Texas, etc. The beauty of the excursion lies in the fact that there is no charge. Surely you couldn't pass up a golden opportunity such as this. All you have to do is see Captain Linker at Company F headquarters and he'll greet you with open arms. Don't fail to take advantage of this marvelous free offer. All you have to do is sign your name on a piece of paper on a certain dotted line and your vacation worries are over. Life will be just one, big, happy family marching along on the sands of time.

Uncrowned

Again the Steel Finishing produces a champ. This time it's Dean "Kraut" Karau who completely and convincingly trimmed all competition offered him by members of the Walworth golf team. Waiting for him at the end of the rainbow was a pot of gold and the final victim was none other than the great Fred Marvin. However, Fred was great in defeat. He had to give Dean strokes, but Dean showed how to win like a real champion and beat Fred by seven strokes without the handicap. Nice going, Dean. There's no denying, \$2.50 is \$2.50 in any man's pocket.

The Hunter

The big smile across the face of Merle Dugger these days might be traced to that new coon dog he just purchased from a kennel downstate. The dog is really a beauty and prospects look good for a successful coon hunting season for Merle and his crafty coon hounds.

Nipple & Drivewell

by Jack Maynard

There has been quite a bit of speculation as to why Ed Brown and I came into work one Monday morning all bunged up. Contrary to the most popular conclusion, we had not been drinking or fighting. Truth of the matter is that I suffered a severe fall on the street curbing, causing a bad bruise which put an awful limp in my walk. And Ed, so he claims, was struck across the eye with a piece of wood while chopping same. As you know, there are various reasons given to a bum eye, and this one seems just as good as any.

P.S. It's sure tough when a reporter has to hurt himself to furnish news.

Machines are designed to cut fittings, not fingers.

Honeymoon Cottage

"Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts."

Back in the days when we attended school and labored over ancient history we learned how the Greeks, foiled in their attempts to capture Troy, resorted to trickery to take the city. They built a gigantic wooden horse which they offered to their enemies as a parting gift. In this horse they hid a number of their best soldiers. The Trojans dragged the huge horse within the walls of their city, and believing the Greeks had abandoned the siege they relaxed their vigilance. Under the cover of darkness the picked men emerged from the horse and threw open the gates to the invaders.

Now we're not going to accuse Bill Blewett of being a Greek, but on the face of things he certainly used Grecian tactics. Recently Bill purchased a cottage nestled in the Wisconsin lakes. Fishing and hunting in the vicinity is excellent, but the cottage itself could do with a number of improvements. Bill gave what time he could find to refixing the place, without completing the job. While he was fretting on ways and means of finishing the remodeling, his new assistant spilled the beans. He told Bill that he and pretty Mirilda Lee were going to wed. Eureka! That just gave Bill a grand idea. He magnanimously offered the couple free use of his cottage for a honeymoon. Overjoyed with having paradise tossed into his lap, Eddie Greiert thanked his fairy godfather over and over again.

Comes the catch. Young Greiert and his bride go merrily on planning for the wedding and the honeymoon. They're just tickled pink. But the scene changes, and we find Mr. Blewett burning the midnight oil as he prepares a list of things to be done about the cottage. Isn't he an old meanie, though. He's going to give the list of chores to the bridegroom as he wishes him "all the luck in the world, old man."

Oh glorious honeymoon! The bride scrubbed the floors while the groom fixed the kitchen sink, dug a ditch, mended the boat, put in the pump, and countless other little jobs. Sure, 'twas paradise enow.

Dairy manager's wife—"I sent my husband to the hospital because of his knee."

Kelly's wife—"Did he have water on it?"

Manager's wife—"No; his private secretary."

First Boa constrictor—"Whatja swallow that dog for? Didn't you just have a rabbit?"

Second Boa constrictor—"Yes, but I felt like I wanted a chaser."—College Humor.

Stockhouse News

by Max Olson

First of all, dear readers, is a story. The scene of the story is a local timber, the time about dawn. A Model-A Ford, with a retarded spark, pulls up in front of the timber. The motor stops, the door on the driver's side swings creakingly open, and the hero of this story steps stealthily out. Bill Boswell, as he is known to most gents, is about to indulge in a bit of squirrel hunting. Quietly he stalks his way into the woods, his eyes ever on the alert for game, and his shooting iron clutched at his side, ever ready for action. Suddenly, game is spotted, and the crisp morning air is shattered by the explosion of Bill's trusty shooting iron. Mr. Squirrel has ceased to be an occupant of that timber. A few minutes later game is spotted again, but this time Mr. Squirrel dives into a hole in a tree before Bill can get his trusty shooting iron into action. So, Bill finds himself a stump opposite the tree, and waits for Mr. Squirrel to reappear. Glancing at his wrist watch he finds that he has about an hour more of hunting, before he has to return home and take the wife to church. Time marches on, and still no squirrel appears. Bill's head begins to nod and finally he goes to sleep. The hustle and bustle of Mother Nature's wild life finally brings him to. He jumps to his feet with a start, glances at his watch, and discovers that he has slept an hour and a half. "What will the Mrs. say?" thought Bill. Can't you married men realize the many different excuses you had when you were in just such a situation as this? I suppose Bill was trying to think of one at the time this incident happened too. The scene now changes to the home of the Boswells. Bill is just pulling up in front of the house. On the front porch is the Mrs., hands on hips, and one toe tapping gently. As Bill approaches the toe tapping becomes more firm, and a voice, none too gentle, says, "WELL." "Aw, Honey, let's go to Davenport," says Bill. You guys can finish the story.

Johnny Williams has several new recipes on how to fix eggplant. His wife informs me that Johnny is quite a cook. "I never have to worry about my husband's meals, because if I can't fix them to suit him he fixes them himself," says the Mrs. One day Johnny was going to fix a meal, so he goes to the store and buys a pound of steak. Spreading the steak out on the table Johnny proceeded to chop it with a saucer, so it would fry up nice and tender. The saucer shattered into a dozen pieces, and Johnny was so disgusted that he just scraped the steak right off the table into the waste basket, and went over to the

With Company F At Camp McCoy



Mess



Rookie being initiated through the belt-line

store and bought another pound. This time Johnny used a knife to chop the steak with, but low and behold he forgot that the steak was on top of the oilcloth, which was spread on the table. Imagine Johnny's surprise when he lifted the steak up and found several good size cuts in wifey's new oilcloth. I bet he bought a new oil-

cloth too.

Have Tony Plessouskas tell you the story about the time he got a hole shot in one of the tires on his car, while visiting in Sheffield. While on the subject why not have Gusty Gustaitis tell you about some of his great love affairs. Both these stories have their rib-tickling moments.

"AFTER YOU, ALPHONSE"

Contrast the real attitude of capital with the imaginary crimes ascribed to it by spellbinders on the outside.

The air has been filled the last few years with shouts of "pot-bellied upper class", "the Wall street slavers", and a lot of other 'crummy' names that loud-mouthed and long-winded office seekers have tagged onto capitalists. They stand accused of robbing widows and orphans, monopolizing the necessities of life, and driving men to vicious living. They are blamed for everything that is really caused by the weaknesses of human nature.

Now let's open our eyes and see the real picture. Who are these capitalists? Are they men who sit in swivel chairs, push buzzers, and draw big salaries. Yes, some of them are, but they compose less than 10 per cent of the group. The rest are all around you; people you call by first name and refer to as being the salt of the earth. Those are the people these "comrades" want to overthrow. There's Jim who sweats in the foundry. There's Tom who drives a bus. There's Dan who was wounded in the World War. Remember how they gave up certain pleasures in order to save a little money. Jim's wife wanted a new car. Jim said he would like one, too, but they had better put away a little nest egg to cushion them against sickness and trouble. Tom was a popular fellow and could have had a grand and glorious time with the gang, but he stayed home because he didn't see any sense in squandering his hard earned dough. When Dan's oldest boy asked for a weekly allowance, Dan tactfully suggested the lad earn his own spending money selling newspapers and setting pins in the bowling alley. What he would have given the boy for an allowance he put in the bank. These are the simple, sound, honest-to-goodness folks that the silver tongues want to penalize. It so happened that Tom, Jim, and Dan invested their money in Walworth stock, thereby becoming capitalists. The money they put into stocks permitted the managers to erect buildings, to buy machines, to purchase patents, to acquire essential raw materials, and to hire workers. Has that handicapped human progress or has it oiled the machine and kept it running?

"But they're selfish and inconsiderate", we hear someone cry. Selfish, you don't say. From the president down to the janitor all have received a share of the returns of the business, but the capitalistic stockholders have for years

been refused a place at the table when roast is cut, although they are allowed to sit down by themselves when the losses are shared. Yes, the the stockholders, the lads who put up their hard earned money to start the business and keep it going, have not had their spoon in the porridge for many years. Now if they were inclined to be selfish and knew that the wheel that squeaks the loudest gets the most grease, they would have shouted bloody murder, threatened violence, and started legal action. But lo and behold, they are polite chaps who step back and say to the tax grabbers and employees, "After you, Alphonse".

Don't you think we owe these "pot-bellied capitalists" some apologies and a vote of thanks?

WHY THE RUSH?

You are all acquainted with the motorist who goes dashing down the road at ninety miles per hour, menacing the lives and safety of others. You naturally suppose he is on some urgent errand in which time is an important factor, but when you pull into the gas station at the next town you find him going into the nearby tavern with a bunch of the boys to put in an evening of drinking. "Something should be done about that", you remark. You're right, something certainly should be done.

The motorist who burns up the highway to go nowhere in particular has his counterpart in the worker who, as soon as the whistle blows, makes a mad, headlong dash to get out of the factory. As soon as he steps foot out of the gate he slows down to a more leisurely pace, thus manifesting that after all his house is not on fire or the good wife is not calling to him with her last breath.

Some day one of our ten second men is going to run into a serious accident. We can and do protect your eyes with goggles and your feet with safety shoes, but we have no safeguard to protect you from running into the switch engine, darting into the path of a truck, or falling over a misplaced wheelbarrow. Many accidents are caused by falls and many falls are caused by running. So don't do it, boys. The factory whistle isn't the starting gun for the hundred yard dash.

Our aim has been to make this plant a safe place in which to work. We ask your co-operation. All you have to do is to be more careful, for in life as in baseball it's the number of times you reach home safely that counts.

Production and Orders

At the Kewanee Works the month of August showed the old time punch in orders and in production. An influx of orders has built up a good sized backlog, which gives us the impression that better times are in the offing. Production to stock and the pounds produced per man hour were tops for 1940 so far.

Business this month holds up to the level of August and July and has exceeded them in tonnage shipped. Selling prices are still on the low side considering the present cost of product. Prices on many of our raw materials have advanced and wages were recently pushed up. However, no runaway market has developed to date, and we hope such activity will not occur.

Incoming business is principally from the Eastern seaboard region where there seems to be considerable activity in installing and repairing of steam heating systems. As most of you know, cast iron is used chiefly on heating lines whereas malleable is more suited to gas and water. This accounts for the pressure which has been brought on grey iron production, and is the reason why we had to convert our malleable foundry to grey iron production for one week. In spite of everything, we still have a good backlog of cast iron. As for malleable products, we have been producing a little more than we sell, which has allowed us to build up a little on stock.

A word of warning. Just because things are going more smoothly and the volume of business has picked up, it is not an excuse to become lax about expenses. One of the big problems of a large industry is the overhead. This enables many small competitors to beat us on prices. We can overcome this handicap by having low scrap records, by setting all-time high production rec-

Brass Core Room

by Lillian Stuart

The girls from the Brass Core room gathered at Windmont park for a hamburger fry and had a very good time. The "Wimpies" were delicious and evidently Ann Severs and Frances K. had both been on a diet waiting for such an occasion.

Ann Puski has been warned to keep her eyes open October 3. We wonder if it is so she can see?

Doris Adams, our reporter, is on a vacation which she is spending in Michigan. We hope she has a nice trip and a lot of fun.

We see by the headlines that Ann and Ed tried to drink Gary dry. Take it easy, kids, it can't be done.



ords, and by eliminating waste. These things enable us to be successful in our business and every employee has a part to play in the job. What do you say? Let's make 1940 a banner year.

Still in Love, Eh?



Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schneck.

Think twice. Once for yourself and once for the other fellow.

Minor Injuries Cause Three Workmen To Lose Time

August wasn't the month we expected it to be from a safety standpoint for our clock shows that we had three lost time accidents charged against us. It is true that these were only minor injuries; nevertheless, they all lost one or more days and had to be charged as lost time.

Uri L. Dyer of the Galvanizing lost time with a swollen hand.

Herbert Nelson of the Annealing was unloading annealing pots from the annealing furnaces and while lifting on one of the pot rings he felt a catch in his back but kept on working. A little later while sledging, he felt it again, the pain becoming quite severe. It kept him out of work one day.

Jacob VanHefte of the Tapping sprained his ankle while carrying a die to his work bench. Chuck blocks had been piled along side the passageway and he stepped on the edge of one of these blocks and turned his ankle, causing a sprain in his foot. He lost a day and a half.

A temperance lecturer ended his speech with: "Some people advocate total abstinence whilst others suggest moderation. But, I ask you, my friends, what is the all-important Drink question?"

From the back of the hall came the reply: "What'll you have?"



Main Office

By Susan Taylor

Cecil Sturm is the young fellow recently employed in our Cost and Estimate department, taking the place of Horace Thompson who is returning to college.

Ruth Cronau is the new employee in the Order department, taking over the duties of Darlene Kopp, who is now working in the Stock Record department.

Signild Binkley is back with us after a grand vacation in Kentucky and Tennessee.

Lois Campbell is the young lady recently employed in our Billing department, taking over Bessie Ramont's former job, while Bessie is now doing Augusta Boerjan's previous work. Augusta has been transferred to position left vacant by the marriage of Hazel Misenheimer.

Lyle Willetts is filling the position left vacant by Cecil Smith's new appointment, while Elwyn Johnson is executing Lyle's former duties.

Elsie Koepke spent a portion of the Labor holiday week-end in Milwaukee.

The girls of the Walworth Office entertained at a dinner party Thursday, August 22nd, honoring Miss Hazel Misenheimer, who was married August 31st, to Clarence Moline of Geneseo. A gift was presented the guest of honor by the office girls. We all wish Hazel and her husband the best of success and happiness. Needless to say, we shall miss her, for she was not only a good worker, but a pleasant one, and well liked by all of us.

Malleable Core Room

by Florence Voight

Donna Clark and Virginia Goodwin were Chicago visitors over Labor Day.

Tony Sabotta, accompanied by his wife and Helen Skutnick, motored to Dickeyville, Wisconsin, recently.

Emma Williams spent some time in Hennepin during that town's homecoming celebration.

Anna Pollock, our forelady, vacationed in Detroit, Michigan.

noon notes

Lubricated Plug Valve

by Em Lindbeck

History Repeats

I wonder if Secretary Wallace is going to speak every afternoon that the world series is on.

Falling Apart

Joe Pellan has a hard time keeping batteries in his car. The last time Joe went fishing, he lost the battery. Next time he had better tie in the motor.

Question

We wonder why little Art Melchin, Chuck Hood, Ross Richards, Buss Johnson, and Chuck Johnson go home so early on Saturday mornings.

Undisputed Champs

Well, the young, single fellows certainly led with the chin. They had the intestinal fortitude to challenge the married men to a softball game. The married men, who of course are the cream of the crop as far as athletic ability is concerned, poured it on, winning 5-2. The victors received a keg of beer. But the single men were not convinced. They demanded a return game. They got it. We smeared them proper the second time. We won't even mention the score, but that makes us two kegs of beer. I guess we won't have to listen to what they can do any more.

Kindergarten, Heh?

If you wonder why Verner Carlsson is always talking about good old school days, ask Len Johnson. He will tell you.

Granted

Yes, Tefor, you sure talk a good game of ball.

No Support

It's not hard to understand why Lawrence Standaert's arm is all puffed up. Battles like he has had to pitch would make anyone's arm sore.

Okay, Coach

The next time Len Johnson and Denby Davis are coaching for the married men's ball club, we hope they leave Little Caesar alone and tend to the job.

Going Up

Robert Buswell has left our department to take up aviation for Uncle Sam. He will be stationed at Scott Field in St. Louis. We hope he meets with much success in his new undertaking.

Half Right

I don't like to be one of those "I told you so" guys, but it looks like the Cubs are going to finish in 6th place like I predicted. I could tell Young Garland where Notre Dame will finish up in football too but why the heartache so early.

Tapping & Tool Making

by Earl Olson

Albert Paddock can thank his lucky stars that he is a good swimmer, because little Albert fell in with all his clothes on.

Ray Behnke moved to his new home in the west part of town. Say, Ray, where did you pick up that beautiful shiner you came in with the next day? Is that the way those west enders welcome a new neighbor? Well, they were just trying to impress you.

We don't know whether it's love or the draft but anyhow Fred L'Ecluse is going to see if two can live as cheap as one. Saturday, September 21, was the fatal day. We'll try to have a picture of the newlyweds for you next month.

Bobby Lee is hoping his wife will return from Denver soon because he is running out of dishes.

"Murphy" Ostman has accepted a position in the Tool Designing. The boys wish you good luck, "Murph".

George Grier and Chet Osborne still think the Sox have a chance of winning the American League flag. Step up, you takers.

Iron Body Valve

by Dave Gamble

FOR SALE: Pears ten inches in diameter and eight inches long. Four or five to a bushel. See Bill Kopp.

Sparky Brose has taken up eating raw bacon.

Ernest Widar spent a week in Pennsylvania and another week finding his way home.

Hogebloom and Oscar Alm are having a contest to see who can eat the most hack saw blades.

Albert Unakis suffered a lapse of memory and purchased a box of snuff.

Dutch Nass is experimenting on a new wind socket.

"Buck" Johnson bought a brand new bowling ball, but inasmuch as he couldn't find anyone to pay for his bowling he has retired.

Thrashers, Shellers, Bean Hullers and Cobs for Sale: See Wallace Anderson and Company.

Results

Since Ross Richards had his little picture in last month's Craftsman, he has to have a bodyguard to beat off the gals.

Still Hope

Art Melchin has been bringing in pictures every day, trying to get one put in the Craftsman. Well, Art, maybe next time.