

The Kisselgraph

★ ★ ★ Edited and printed in Hartford by Hartford Boys in the Kissel Factory for Hartford Boys in cantonments and overseas, fighting the righteous fight for God and Country. ★ ★ ★

VOL. 1 NO. 6

HARTFORD, WISCONSIN, DECEMBER 1, 1918

10c A COPY

12 Pages

Happy New Year--Boys

12 Pages

"TEED" LECOUNT ON U. S. PEACE SHIP

PRESIDENT WILSON AND U.
S. ENVOYS ON BOARD

Picked as Pharmacist Mate on
U. S. S. George Washington

In a letter dated Nov. 26th received by F. M. LeCount from his son Gordon LeCount, who has been serving in the U. S. Navy the past seven months, Teed very modestly states that "he was transferred yesterday to the U. S. Ship George Washington, which is the ship that will convey President Wilson and other notables who are to represent the United States at the Peace Conference in Europe." As the crew for this history making voyage is the pick of all branches of the U. S. Navy, it is indeed a great honor that was paid "Teed" when he was selected as the pharmacist mate for the trip, probably from among thousands of others. His letter goes on to say that the cruise will take at least three months, visiting all the European countries, especially those that have been at war. Good for you "Teed"—we've got you booked for a dozen lectures on your return. Regards to the boys over there.

W. L. KISSEL ILL WITH INFLUENZA

For the past two weeks, W. L. Kissel, secretary of the Kissel Motor Car Company, has been confined to his home with an attack of influenza, but was on the job again last Monday morning. It certainly did look good to see his smiling face again. You never know what a big niche your friends fill in your life until they are absent—then their loss hits you hard. That is why everybody here in the factory is "tickled" to see "W. L." again.

THIRTY SECOND DI- VISION IN PRUSSIA

WISCONSIN BOYS A PART OF
ARMY OF OCCUPATION

It looks as if you boys of the 32d Division will not be among those to arrive here on the first transports. We have carefully checked over the list of divisions and regiments scheduled for home embarkation, and the nearest we can find is the 86th, (the Blackhawk) division, which contains a number of boys from this vicinity. The Milwaukee Sentinel states that the 32nd Division is a part of the Third American army which has been selected to march to the Rhine. This means no doubt that a good many of Hartford's boys will take part in this history-making "hike." We all certainly envy the wonderful "doings" you are taking part in, as well as the wonderful sights you will see, so be prepared to have a good line of talk down when you arrive in Hartford as we will hire the Opera House for a month for you boys to give us the benefit of your experiences.

HARTFORD PEACE PARADE SHOWN ON THE SCREEN

We were so proud of our Peace Day stunts and Parade, that we had a regular motion picture operator would come out from Milwaukee to take pictures to be sent to the Hartford company in France, so you could see we were no pikers when it came to celebrating in the right way. To help defray the expense of taking the film as well as shipping it abroad, a special showing was given at the Opera House last Monday evening, and to say the pictures are a success is putting it mildly. When you see the film it will be like taking a walk through Washington county with all your old friends. And not only that but you will probably see for the first time some of the Kissel-built trucks.

CITY MEMORIAL FOR THE HARTFORD BOYS

MANY EXCELLENT IDEAS
SUBMITTED

Which—Statue or Hall?

The big question of the moment is "What kind of a memorial will Hartford build for its returning soldier boys?" One suggestion is to erect a suitable statue in the City Park to bear a plate with the names of the boys who entered service, and another plate bearing the names of our heroes who made the supreme sacrifice.

Another suggestion is that of building a Memorial Hall—in the form of a Club House. Just what the out come will be has not been definitely decided, but you can count on Hartford doing a big thing in a big way—a lasting tribute to the big part you boys played in the World War.

It seems that the Club House or "Home" idea is proving popular in other cities and towns in Wisconsin. Waupun has suggested a Liberty house for their soldier boys—Alderley, Wis., has just completed an armory—Ozaukee county is now raising \$10,000 for a monument, while Beloit is erecting a Memorial Hall and Building. Undoubtedly the next issue of The Kisselgraph will have more definite information as to the majority's approval. Again it is understood that the majority of Hartfordites are in favor of having a Memorial Fountain in the new city park with the names of Hartford's soldiers inscribed on a tablet either on a monument or the fountain.

Just as Hartford went "over the top" in backing up you boys "Over There", she will go way over it in erecting a fitting memorial for the wonderful work you accomplished, as your home-coming will prove.

HARTFORD IS HOME OF FAMOUS AUTHOR

HIS LATEST WORK ONE OF INTELLIGENCE

Author's Versatility and Consistency Amazing to Critics

The latest work from the pen of our renowned author Grover Cleveland Frey bears the title "Birds and Beasts" and has an addendum on "How to Horse a Card Game."

Every young hunter and card enthusiast should have it. It makes as clear as mud, the secret language of the mallard, the blue bill, the teal and the mud hen. It explains how to hold your mouth and everything when you want to call three mallards out of a flock of blue bills and then if you recall suddenly that you have blue bill shells in your 12 gauge cannon, how you can shoo the mallard back and changing the position of the mouth, call out the blue bills.

The chapter on cards is likewise enlightening, although indicating a rather strong prejudice for Fan Tan, (Chinese for "chip-in you carp.") It is carefully explained how to bull a party of poker players into playing any game you may fancy and how to regulate their bets so as to make all players conservative when you have a weak hand and reckless with their money when you have the winning cards. There are tasty suggestions on that lunch to serve after a card game if the host wins and what not to serve if he loses.

We have heard that this author is at work on a Mystery Play of intense dramatic interest entitled "Who Swiped Shumway's Ducks?"

ANNUAL ELECTION HARTFORD MASONIC LODGE

At the annual election of officers of Hartford's Masonic lodge, the following were elected:

W. M.—John Kofel.
Sr. W.—H. M. LeCount.
Jr. W.—Eugene J. O'Neil.
Secretary—Fred Kehr.
Treasurer—Fred Thiel.
Trustee—E. W. Sawyer.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HARTFORD RED CROSS

The same officers who have so successfully directed the work the past year, were unanimously elected for another term. The officers are as follows:

Chairman—E. W. Sawyer.
Vice Chairman—Mrs. G. C. Frey.
Secretary—Miss Florence Day.
Treasurer—Henry Esser.

LATE WAR CASUALTIES

Mr. and Mrs. Mat Fischer received a telegram announcing the death of their son Philip, on October 4th from wounds received in action. Private Fischer was born in the town of Hartford. He was called in the draft the latter part of March. He had been in France with the 355th Infantry five months before his death.

Two other soldier boys from this vicinity who died recently are: Henry Alvin Groth, Rubicon, died of pneumonia.

Edw. Schmeling, of Thiensville, died from disease.

Private Joseph Speeter, another Washington county boy, was killed in action in France, Oct. 4th.

Another late war casualty for Washington County with the closing of hostilities, is that of the death of Dan. P. Carey of the town of Rubicon, killed in action in France. Private Carey left on October 2nd, 1917 for Camp Grant, from whence he was transferred to Camp Pike, Little Rock Arkansas and sailed for France no June 26th.

SCHLEISINGERVILLE'S FIRST GOLD STAR

Up to a month ago Schleisingerville was one of the fortunate villages in the State of Wisconsin that had no gold star on its service flag. Recently Jac. Casper of Potter, Wis., received notice of the death of his son Edw. A. Casper who died in Glasgow, Scotland, of pneumonia. Private Casper left for Camp Grant early in the spring of 1918, with other Washington county boys. Later he was transferred to Camp Robinson, from where he sailed for France about the middle of September.

The Washington County Board of Supervisors is planning to issue to every Washington county boy who has entered the service either in camps or on the battlefield, a medal showing the county's appreciation.

Next Sunday Dec. 8th, the service flag of the North Side will be dedicated. Gen. Winkler will be the principal speaker.

The Hartford State Guards, through Captain LeCount, have written to the Adjutant General to see if state aid cannot be secured for the building of a regular armory here in Hartford for drilling as well as storing equipment, and social purposes. The reply to the letter states that there is a possibility that the State Legislature at its next session will make some provision. It has been suggested that if the Armory is built that it will contain a tablet with the list of the Hartford boys who have entered the service.

Happy New Year, Boys—come home as soon as you can.

SUITABLE NEW YEAR GIFTS

Henry Esser—A "dough" mixer.
A. A. Lau—A bouquet of sweet peas.

Guy Chaplin—The Kaiser's goat.
Frank LeCount—A smoke consumer.

Otto Wollner—The Youth's Companion.

A. E. Shumway—An All-Year KisselKrew.

A.K. Menzel—A chicken sandwich.
Fred Rhodes—A revised map of Germany.

Sam Parent—A lock of hair.
Dr. Monroe—A smile or two.

Mayor Lieven—A chest protector.
Mat. Vincent—A new flag for the city hall.

Geo. Reid—An alarm clock.
John Grimm—A fire extinguisher.

A. E. Breitenfelt—An aquarium.
E. F. Russell—An easy chair.

Jac. Hilt—A box of canned music.
J. A. Tarkington—A trouble finder.

A. J. Hemmy—A new postoffice building.

Fred Werner—A new model.
Geo. Pratt—A fashion plate.

Ralph Kaye—A glad hand.
Eugene O'Neil—A piece of the Rhine.

Jim Gates—Rules on speeding.
Jos. Spagnolo—A bride from Italy.

C. E. Jones—Uncle Sam's vest.
Chas. H. Lohr—A Ford for a watch charm.

A. A. Hauser—Liberty to sell more bonds.

E. S. Ruedi—The latest story.
Pete Schwartz—A bottle of grape juice.

Warren Place—An order to tan the Kaiser.

Al. Sorrenson—A chance to shave him.

F. C. Wienefelt—A league of bowlers.

A. Vogelsang—An Eagle for Success Aerie.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

We will ask Elsie and Martha to talk less about Harry and Howard, and think more—for we are sure they will obtain better results.

Harland LeCount please count your ducks and rabbits after you have been hunting, instead of before.

By Howard Weigand—To stick to his steady until the wedding bells peal out.

By Martha P—To tend strictly to her work.

By Herman Komp—To purchase that sparkler at Pelzer's and pop the question and leave the rest to "Luck."

By Art Eckert—Never to displease Helen again.

By Edna Wells—To make fewer trips to the Assembly Floor.

By Geo. Fischer—To be good natured for the entire year.

By Louis Sager—To make fewer trips to Fox Lake, and settle down in our good old town of Hartford.

For Breity—To stop telling us about the big fish that got away.

By Irma Lohr—To stop thinking about Howard and devote her attention to Francis.

By Doris Plank—To stop "trying to understand" and begin planning the wonderful time we'll have when "Bunny" comes marching home.

By Elsie Meyer—Not more than one engagement per month for 1919.

By Art Eckert—Not to raise nor attempt to raise more than three separate imitations of a mustache during the coming year.

By Kofel—To smile at least once a month.

By Ollie Menzel—So to live that when my summons comes that I shall not be haunted by memories of Okauchee.

By Beatrice Rosenheimer—To wear my hair like a grown-up.

By Jordan—to help car owners get an occasional bit of pleasure if only for a day or two—it will help the sales force.

By Albrecht—To continue an ardent supporter of all republicans regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, to argue in support of such men at every turn of the road and preach the gospel of the great "Bob" forever.

By Martha Probst—To let someone else do part of the work and see that they do it.

By McCausland—Never to go "sniping" harmless creatures who are cut off from escape by steel traps.

By Grover Frey—To stay home every sixth Sunday and one night a month and get acquainted with my family.

By Editor Kaye—To cease and desist from unwarranted "picking" on Menzel (under penalty of reprisals.)

By Al Schwefel—To drive F. W. D. trucks on flat cars with "safety first" as a slogan. Don't hurry now Al, the war is over.

Elizabeth's New Year's Resolution. I firmly resolve never again to take a trip to Rubicon when "Shorty" does the driving. Say Lizzie, where was "Pete" in the meantime.

Hello Joe K—As it is hardly possible for you to be home for New Year's Day, we all want to wish you a "Happy New Year" and want to tell you how anxious we are to see you home again. It is no wonder our boys fought so well with such an efficient cook to feed them.—Bud.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS—STENOGRAPHIC DEPT.

Anna Bannack has resolved to attend all the Kissel dances, not that she prefers the bright lights of Schauer's Hall, but it's getting rather cold now to sit out on the lawn of Eagle's Park, and wait for the encores. Anna's stepping some of late, too.

Sarah Uebele, has made a resolution for the last time, that she is going to do less talking and attend strictly to her work, now that the department has been put on piece work. Sarah has to keep on the job, or she will loose out.

Hattie Stark has made one mistake in her life time. She wore a diamond the other day to "start something" which she sure did. Hattie enjoyed the life for a short time until Ollie Menzel came in and tried to do the honors. This was too much, so Hattie resolves, the next time she wears a diamond, she will take the day off and make the announcement at home.

Agatha Esser—Sarah and Agatha would make a good team (pulling in opposite directions.) Sarah has cut out the gossip, and is going to work. While fair Agatha replies that she will not loose her flesh working for anyone.

Ruth Rehberg will make her resolutions known on New Year's morning. She is just waiting to see how much longer she will have to take orders from the Purchasing Dept. She says she has been taking orders from Martha for the last year, and don't think it fair now that she has to accept orders from the Purchasing Dept. as well. Poor Ruth.

Mildred Gergen, can you imagine it, has stopped eating candy and hot fudges. She feels now that her money can be put to much better use in a cedar chest or "Home Saving Stamps." Yes, this is something new.

We don't know whether Esther Menzel was trying to do a Doc Yak stunt or not, nor why she was taking a Ford into a blacksmith shop. Surely she didn't think she would get it shod on Sunday. But she got in there just the same, and not through the door either. Resolved—When any hair-raising stunts are pulled off by yours truly, somewhere further from home is to be chosen for exhibition.

Florence Turner, last but not least. We have been wracking our brains to find out what Florence is going to contribute towards our page but you know Florence, she won't tell. She says she is not going to turn over any more leaves this year, they are all filled up now. So we think we'll leave well enough alone, and let Florence take care of her own little love affairs.

HOW BREITY SOLD
764 KISSELGRAPHS

ALL THE NEWS BOYS AND
FACTORY GIRLS HELPED

The Liberty Band Played Patriotic
Airs to Help Sale

On Wednesday night, November 13th, not only in the business section but throughout the residential part of Hartford, a continuous cry of "Buy a Kisselgraph"—"Christmas Kisselgraph" was heard. It sounded like the announcement of a war extra in a large city. The originator of the idea was Mr. Breitenfelt, of drug store fame. He had his heart set on establishing a new sales record and he certainly made good.

If there is a single person in Hartford who did not purchase the Christmas Kisselgraph, he must have been sick.

We are all trying to make the Kisselgraph Mess Fund as big as possible, so that when you boys return home, we can pull off a reception stunt that will make even Peace Day's celebration look like a Sunday school picnic. All kinds of suggestions are being made and they will all be considered, but the main thing is to swell the fund and it certainly will grow to large proportions if everybody works as hard as Mr. Breitenfelt did.

The following is the total sales of the Christmas edition, together with a recapitulation of the entire fund.

Kisselgraph dance, Nov. 20th	59.00
War tax, 10 %	5.90
	<hr/>
	\$53.10

Kisselgraph dance, Nov. 27th	67.00
War tax, 10 %	6.70
	<hr/>
	\$60.30

Breity's Drug Store	764	76.40
Wiley House	187	18.70
Factory (Miss Turner)	187	18.70
Spagnolo's	96	9.60
Jones' Sweet Shop	79	7.90
LeCount's Cigar Store	13	1.30
Previous sales	1713	171.42

Total	3029	417.42
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Breity's sale of 764 copies of one edition is a record breaker. But it needs "record breakers" to make the Kisselgraph fund fully equal to the demands your reception will make, so we are going to keep up the good work. The Kisselgraph will be published until you boys start home, or your movements become uncertain. So far most of the boys are receiving their copies, but embarkation and discharge from camps may interfere.

The Kisselgraph

Published by The
Kissel Motor Car Company
on the first and fifteenth
of each month at

HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

RALPH KAYE, Editor

Assisted by 40 Factory Foremen,
1060 Kissel Employees and 25 special
reporters in the City of Hartford.

Subscription free to every Kissel
Factory and Hartford Boy who has
joined the Colors.

No Advertisements Accepted.

HARTFORD'S WAR RECORD

Two hundred Hartford boys in
France.

One hundred and fifty Hartford
boys in cantonments.

Seventy-six Fatherless Children of
France have been adopted. Nearly
\$3,000 donated for their care.

Four girls have become Red Cross
nurses, one of them now in France.

Has manufactured nearly \$8,000,-
000 worth of army ordnances, such
as trucks, etc.

Has tanned 36,000 sheep skins for
aviators and army coats.

The value of Red Cross articles
made here would cost over \$10,000
retail.

Hartford's Red Cross has shipped
twenty-three boxes of old clothing to
Belgium.

Three Hartford physicians now
serving in France.

Hartford's Liberty Loan record—
\$80,000 on the first; \$140,000 on the
second; \$178,000 on the third, and
\$207,000 on the fourth, a total of
\$605,500—one quarter of all Liberty
Bonds sold in the county.

A Red Cross membership of \$1,500
Has gone "over the top" on every
drive for war purposes.

Has the most active Red Cross or-
ganization in the county.

Has discontinued the teaching of
the German language in the High
school.

The city has over 1,500 Liberty
bond holders.

The Hartford branch of the Red
Cross has completed and shipped
1,160 hospital garments, 403 refugee
garments, 325 sweaters, 400 pairs of
knitted socks, 186 pairs of wristlets,
80 scarfs, 23 helmets, 100 knit wash
cloths, 123 knit sponges, 50,000 sur-
gical dressings, 200 comfort kits and
scores of other Red Cross supplies.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS RECORD

Washington county was twelfth
in total sales of War Savings stamps
among the counties in Wisconsin.
Postmaster Hemmy reports the sales
at the Hartford Postoffice alone as
having been close to \$100,000.

HARTFORD GENERAL HOSPITAL IS OPENED

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED FOR GENERAL PRACTICE

Twelve Patients can be Prop-
erly Cared for at one Time.

At last Hartford has a regular
City Hospital, making it unnecessary
for the patients of local doctors to be
taken to Milwaukee or other nearby
cities for the treatments which only
a hospital can give. For some time
it has been generally recognized that
Hartford should have a hospital—
that it was big enough and certain-
ly progressive and up-to-date enough
to be able to support an institution
of this character.

The new enterprise is in charge of
Miss Helen Lohr, a graduate nurse of
much experience, and Miss Grace
King, who is thoroughly competent
to handle the management and busi-
ness end. These two progressive
young ladies secured the three story
residence, formerly known as the
Kissel Flats, located on the corner
of Loos Street and Grand avenue.
The building is peculiarly adapted to
the convenience necessary in a hos-
pital with a capacity of 12 patients
at one time. Choice may be had of
ward beds or private rooms. Ex-
pert nurses are in attendance at all
times, and with good service, con-
venient location, combined with rea-
sonable rates, it will prove just the
kind of an institution Hartford is in
need of.

It is understood that all Hartford
doctors and physicians have given
the enterprise their approval, and
declared that it will be unnecessary
from now on to send their patients
elsewhere for treatment. It is a fine
thing to feel that when you are in
need of hospital services that they
are right at hand. You do not have
to risk complications which are apt
to result in having to wait until be-
ing taken out of town.

The operating room—modern in
every detail is prepared for any emer-
gency.

"THEY SAY"—

—How does Frances Hundsorfer
have time to care for her correspond-
ence, when that Union Street lad
takes up so much of her time?

—Martha Janzer wants to sell her
army shoes. Why, she hasn't ever
worn them.

—Patricia McCollow will not climb
any more wire fences, since she tore
her brand new coat.

—Joe Huse has quit chewing Nig-
ger Hair.

Sing a song of Kisselgraph,
A paper full of news—
To keep the boys all cheerful,
And drive away the blues.

So if you've any items,
Of interest, or full of laugh
Don't hesitate to send them
At once to The Kisselgraph.

Now that the war is over,
How happy we all may be
To know the sheet has cheered the
boys,
Both here and across the sea.
—Mrs. G. C. Frey.

KISSELGRAPH RECEIVED 'MID SHOT AND SHELL

Editor of Kisselgraph:—

Your little paper was received by
me while in the thick of the fight-
ing. You can imagine how good it
seemed to me to hear from home and
from the place I used to work.

I can't tell how much I appreciate
your paper and I can only say I hope
it is regular in coming, as sometimes
mail is held somewhere and it takes
as long as two months to hear from
home.

The news you print is very inter-
esting and I enjoyed immensely read-
ing it.

I always knew that Hartford was
behind its boys but it sounds good,
nevertheless, to hear it from a real
source, The Kisselgraph.

The continuance of this paper will
be appreciated more than you can
know, by

Yours truly

Elmer R. Fredenhall.

France, Nov. 3, 1918.

P. S.—Give my kindest regards to
my brother, Henry R. Fredenhall,
who works in the Machine Shop.

TO EDITH

Edith Turner sits still in her
chair,

And listens to voices from every-
where,

She knows all the sorrows

She knows all the joys

She knows all the girls

Who are chasing the boys.

She knows Ollie and Bernard and all
of the boys,

She knows Schwefel and Wendell,
that make lots of noise,

She's got a man overseas

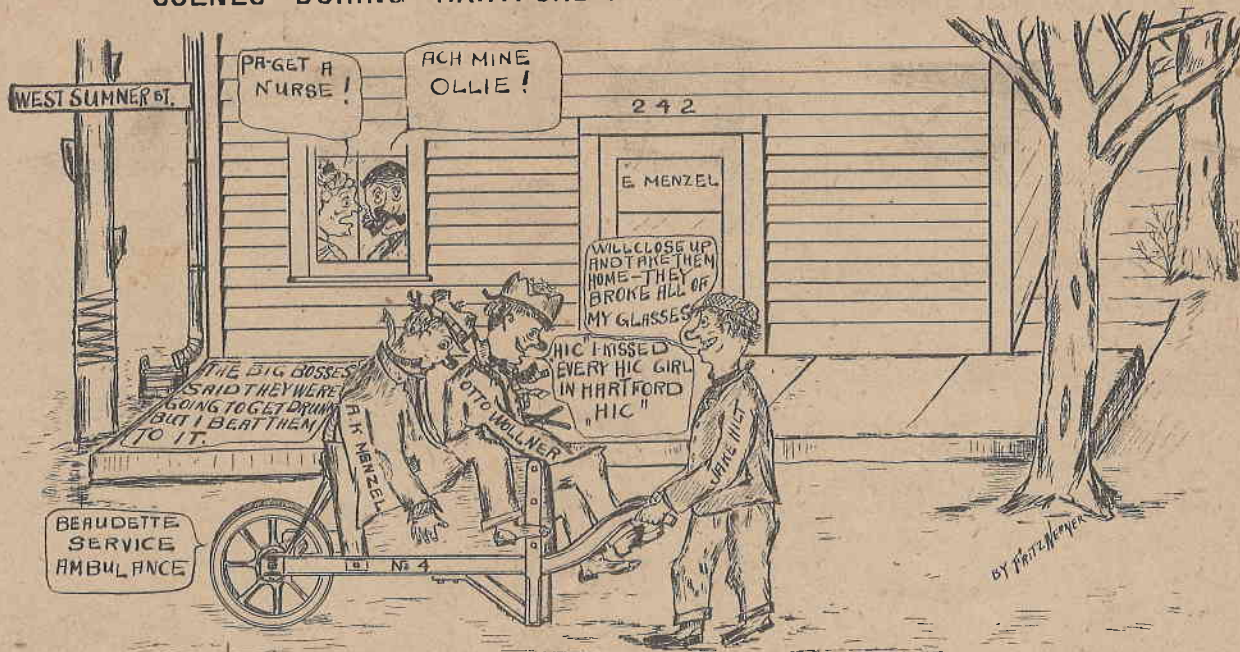
She's true to him too

She's a nice little girl

I think so, don't you?

Another ideal week, and now rain
on Saturday—hard on our week-end
hunting trips. "C. A. Williams pro-
poses a move to set the calendar
ahead to bring Sunday to the middle
of the week. Do we hear a second?"
Mr. Frey—"I second it and move an
amendment to transfer Fox Lake
nearer to Hartford. (Note—Frey
has sold his car.)

SCENES DURING HARTFORD'S PEACE DAY CELEBRATION



HARTFORD WISC NOV 11 1918 ONE HOUR AFTER BEGINNING OF PEACE CELEBRATION

It was early Monday morning
That peace was declared,
When the bells started ringing
We did not get scared.
For all of us knew,
Just what it was about,
And the people began,
To holler and shout.
They went to West Bend
Where the lights shone bright,
And some didn't get home
Until broad daylight.
In the evening a dance
Was held on the street.
And the band played for
The dancing feet.
But oh, the next morning
How they did feel,
Their limbs did ache and their poor
heads reel
Now it's all over we'll all remember
That peace was declared on the 11th
of November.

---By one of the Office Force.

Lil Westenberger and Ed. Russell did a famous pavement dance to amuse the large audience.

Frank Shebalck fell off the water wagon so hard Monday, he broke his goggles. He is working without them now as they are at the blacksmith shop for repairs, and it is awful hard on the boy too with so many bloomeralls around. Never mind, Frankie, what you don't see won't bother you.



Left to Right— Miss Jones, Miss Kieren, Miss Eleanore Westenberger, Mrs. J. B. Hahn, Miss "Joe" Etzel.



Left to Right—Mrs. F. W. Sachse, Miss Lilian Westenberger, Mrs. C. E. Jones.



Left to Right—Miss Hembel, Mrs. J. B. Hahn, Miss Caine.

Some of the boys celebrated the afternoon as guests of Mine Host Gotfried Ruegg, Mayor of Thompson.

F. Strubing felt so good over the victory and that Poland would again be free, that he wanted to paint the town red.

One fellow seen with a cornet was a brass band all by himself.

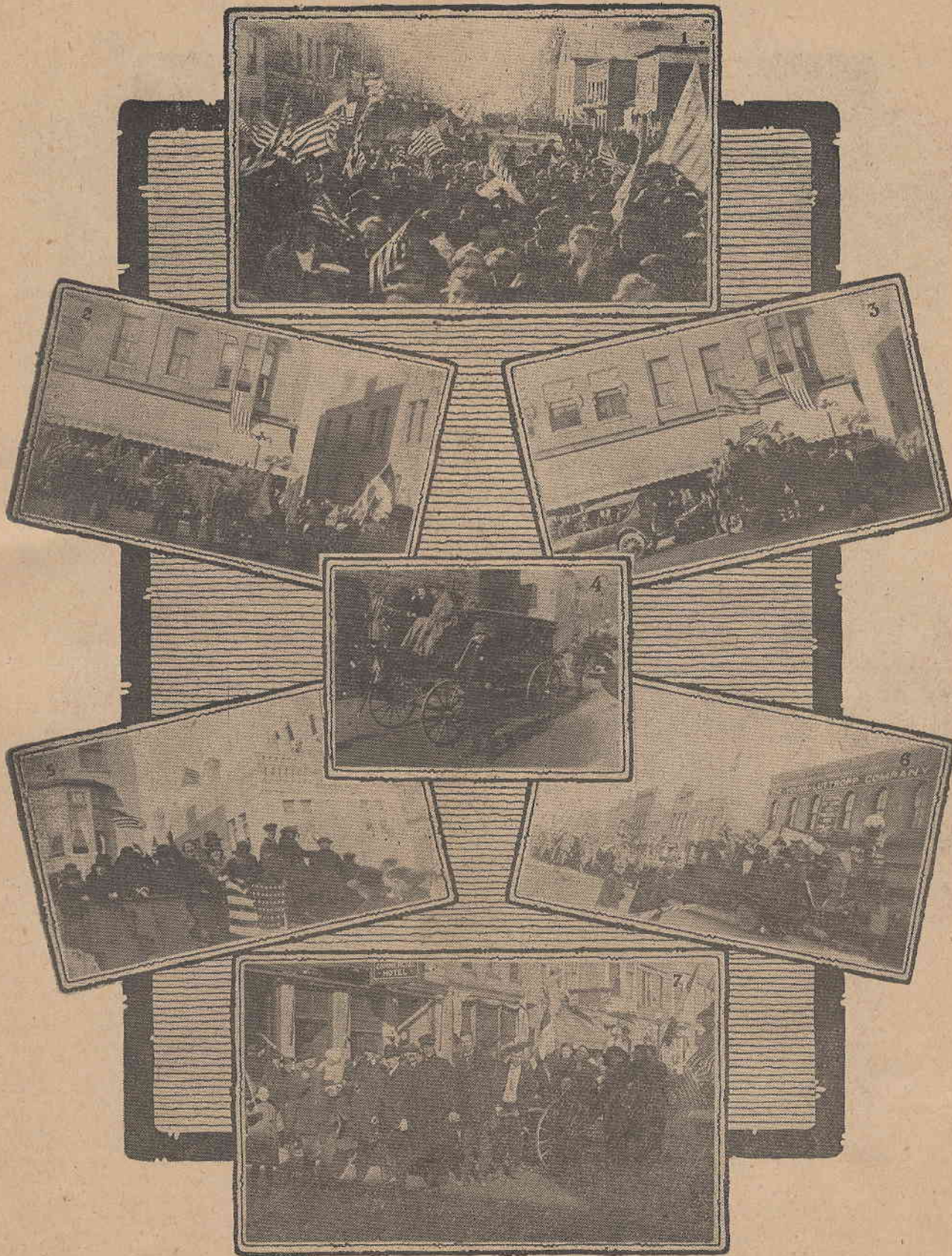
Hartford's parade over to West Bend was hard on some people. Elsie Meyers was not on the job the next morning. I think she got too much of it, for she was riding the steering wheel of Al. Schwefel's truck.

Well, boys, you all know Sam Parent. He's a great celebrator and he sure did celebrate the Day of Peace. Sam says he is going on the water wagon now. Keep it up Sam, till the boys come home.

Joe Wendell nearly lost his sock during the Peace parade. Anyone having an extra pair of hose supporters, please send them to Joe.



1. The big Eagle Flag. 2. Head of the Parade, showing W. L. Kissel, Capt. Parrott, Ralph Kaye, and G. A. Kissel. 3. The hearse carrying "Kaiser Bill's Coffin." 4. Parade passing City Hall. 5. Listening to Speeches in front of City Hall. 6. View of parade showing Kissel-built Camouflage Ammunition truck.



1. View taken from C. M. & St. P. train. 2. The Hartford tannery's delegation. 3. Part of truck parade. 4. Officer C. E. Jones guarding the "Kaiser's Coffin." 5. Close-up of a truck-load of Parade enthusiasts. 6. Showing the start of the Truck Section. 7. Ollie Menzel and his "15 man-power Jazz Wagon."

FEW OF THE STARS AT THE FIRST KISSELGRAPH DANCE



KISSEL FACTORY HOLDS DANCES

FIRST ONE AT SCHAUER'S HALL—A BIG SUCCESS

Entire Receipts Donated to Kisselgraph Mess Fund

Wednesday eve, Nov. 20, saw the first of a series of dances at Schauer's hall, given by the Kissel Motor Car Company and conducted by a committee of Kissel employes, and to say that it was a huge success, is putting it mildly. You can see from the photograph on this page that everybody was there and had a dandy time.

The Kissel Motor Car Company pays all the expense of these dances, donating the receipts to the Kisselgraph Mess Fund, and from the attendance at the first dance, it is plain to be seen that the fund will soon look like John D. Rockefeller's bank roll. For three nights in the month, local musicians will furnish the music. Mr. Freeman, who con-

ducts Hartford's Liberty band, selected six members, and they certainly did turn out some good "Jazz." It is planned that once a month special music as well as a special act will be imported from Milwaukee.

Oh boys! you should have seen some of our sedate officials kicking up their heels at our first Kissel dance of the season. They were like frisking young colts out for a frolic. Great Guns, boys, they're not Oslerized yet; or are they entering their second childhood? Here's hoping we have more of 'em next time—let's all be kids once in a while.

As for Fred Shumway's dance, it holds the interest from the first to the last. It is out of the ordinary, and far above the average type. Those who wax poetic will compare it to a breath of spring, and those who have no poetry in their souls, will be content to declare that it is a welcome relief.

George Bour went beyond his triumphs of former years, proving entirely different, totally distinctive and wonderful beyond comparison.

Sam Parent did more in one waltz for the future of dancing, more for the continuance of enthusiastic "stepping," more for the box office than any three of the biggest stars in the last ten years.

Ollie Menzel startled us in his graceful "stepping" reaching the pinnacle of box office success, and established a new standard for "hitting the high spots."

Edith Turner did a great fox-trot, throbbing with sobs and tears, rippling with comedy and tense with human interest.

"Booth" Tarkington was one of the sensations of the night and will be as great a sensation when you boys come home, because it is the type of thrilling dance in which public interest never wanes.

Ann Wiggins gave the most gorgeous, costly and spectacular dance of the series. It was full of Parisian atmosphere and notable for thrilling action and scenes of breathless suspense.

Otto Wollner did one of the most powerful, thrilling and dramatic dances ever produced. It certainly showed him at his best. His dance had swift, tense action, popular theme and was typically high class.

Breity did a great, vibrant colorful, spectacular waltz, that was ablaze with thrills, action and romance. It was of the rapid fire order, coupled with a 100 percent record possibilities for box office hits.

BLACK HAND WARNING

Ralph Kaye!—Beware of your head! Be prepared for a good kick in the jaw if you don't have the Kisselgraph dances later than the last one!

BOYS, YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

TO ATTEND THE KISSELGRAPH DANCES

These dances were organized about three week ago and a few months later were declared a big success by the great number of successful dancers who attended. We can feel proud of the fact that it is the only dance in this part of the country where such well known celebrities as Otto Wollner, Breity, Fred Shumway, "Booth" Tarkington, J. Kofel, R. Albrecht, Anne Wiggins, Ollie Menzel, Mary Manning, Dorothy Schmidt, Sam Parent, Elsie Meyers, etc. attend. We only get our mail twice a day, so naturally we don't know what is going on in dancing circles outside the city limits, but from the confidence of all the above "Flitting Stars" we take it for granted they are the ones that put the "See" in dancing and let it go at that. We only have three banks in this village, but since the remarkable success of these dances at which the patronage has grown at each performance at an alarming rate, the bank examiner on his last visit told us that he was laying plans for a fourth building to hold the over-flow of dancing coin that was pouring into the banks from now on. Furthermore there are a number of cheese factories as the atmosphere testifies that do a large volume of business due to the vigorous appetite which these dancing exercises promote. In addition we have several saloons doing a "full" business, but not on the nights when the Kisselgraph dances are held, owing to the fact that one faulty step would create such a sensation that our two bouncers would have their hands full. Consequently all business places in Hartford are open Wednesday nights so the crowds who come in from out of town can see that the city is progressive. Therefore we extend to you a cordial invitation to attend the next Kisselgraph dance and be one of the exhibits to compete for the many valuable prizes which are rumored will be offered by the local business houses, when the dances are over.

No flirting allowed.

An entry fee of 50 cents will be charged for all male specimens competing for the prizes. 10 cents will be charged for keeping your hat and coat so that your best friends can't swap with you when you are not watching them.

The performance starts generally at 8:30, stopping at 11:30, sometimes a quarter to 12:00, depending on how much pep is left after the first fifty dances.

The association will use every precaution in the management of all dances. They will not be responsible for any male who insists on leaving the hall with somebody else's girl. The snow is slippery—the hospital is full and doctors are very scarce just now.

Seeing that it is necessary for the males to have somebody to dance with, otherwise they wouldn't have a good time, we make it a rule to admit free of charge all members of the opposite sex. You will be surprised when you attend these dances to see how naturally the one sex dances with the other.

SUGGESTED PRIZES FOR THE BEST DANCERS

No. 1—Mart Monroe, 1 pure bred Berkshire Sow Pig, value \$50 for the fastest steppers.

No. 2—The Press Printing Co., \$5.00 worth of printing to the highest steppers.

No. 3—Otto Wollner, a Long Horn cheese to the classiest dancers.

No. 4—C. H. Lohr, one tall light and windshield cleaner to the best waltzers.

No. 5—The Heppe Cash Store Co., 4 pounds of their best coffee to the highest scoring parties in the one-step class.

No. 6—A. Westphal, 1 Kummel cheese to the couple dancing the most confidentially.

No. 7—P. Westenberger, a hall tree to the highest scoring couple in the Fox Trot class.

No. 8—T. Spagnolo, a bag of Oyster Shells to the second best Fox Trotters.

No. 9—G. Mueller & Son, a summer sausage to the best winter dancers.

No. 10—The Denison Store Co., 1 bushel potatoes to the slowest dancers.

Arnold Maas seemed to be having a good time at the Kisselgraph dance. But it was sure too bad, Arnold, that the orchestra didn't play "Don't try to steal the Sweetheart of a Soldier."

A very interesting occurrence occurred at the Kisselgraph dance last Wednesday. Ask Beatrice—love at first sight. How about it Mr. H—?

Miss Elsie Meyer is pretty popular at these Kissel dances. What's the cause, Elsie?

Anna Bannack has a "down and out look" since Joe went to Florida. Have you noticed it?

THE BOWLING LEAGUE

The Hartford Regulation Bowling league was organized last week, but broke up after one night's bowling. Ritzinger says. "What's the use of bowling if I can't win everything?" What happened that the Rexalls did not have a team? I guess Polt was afraid to have Breity put in another team as the other fellows never had a chance with that gang. Charley will bowl a 200 score and now he says unless he can bowl with Jimmy Smith or Count Gengeler he won't bowl. I don't blame you Charley, if I'd bowl 200 I'd charge admission.

Last Sunday afternoon six of Hartford's young ladies started out for West Bend in a Ford. As they were leaving the garage, Esther, the chauffeur made a short turn and used Schwartz's Blacksmith Shop for a brake. Luckily Ann wasn't top-heavy, for she played a roly poly stunt and rolled right back in. Mildred was cornered and squeezed pretty badly, and Grace was jarred so that she was scared out of a year's growth. Helen with eyes and ears wide open, wondered "Where do we go from here?" and Leona didn't wake up until it was all over. As the result Mr. Schwartz will have kindling wood for the rest of the season. After slight repairs had been made, such as straightening the axle, installing a new front spring, changing one of the tires, and putting on a new headlight, the girls started out on their journey, none the worse for their experience.

Wanted—A night man for Drug Store—Must be able to keep awake and should have some experience tending gold fish. Reasons as follows:

Breitenfelt, Top Sergeant of our State Guard Company has been putting it over on the boys in the way of extra practice by drilling his gold fish during the long hours after everybody has gone to bed. The boys couldn't understand when or on whom he was getting all of his experience until Friday night of this week. He was watched and was discovered going into his store at 3:30 A. M. and from close observation this was very timely, as he got there just as the fish were going over the top, and in time to put them back into the tank. It seems that he has been putting his fish through very intensive training and has them keyed up to the high point where they sometimes go "over the top" when he is not there to give the command.

Ed Russell has been seen for several mornings in front of Walderbach & Kelly's, dickering for prices on soup bones, but Lee says that all the advertising Russell has been doing costs money and so the prices of soup bones are still high.

COMING SOON

Vaudeville sketch entitled "When Friendship ceases" by Williams and Robertshaw, accompanied by Ellison.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Featrice Barefacts

Dear Feat:—

I have yearned for the attention of a certain young man who works in the office for a long time but he doesn't seem interested in me at all. He has a reputation as a "ladies' man" and has devoted himself to others, much less attractive than I—even though I do say it myself. He has called on me once or twice. When he left he seemed irritated and out of sorts. What can I do to command his constant attention? Peggy.

My Dear Peggy:

In the language of the Immortal Kissel—"Ask the man who owns one." In other words slip up "on the blind side" of one of your adored ones Enamorites and ask her, quick like, when she is off her guard, how she does it.

Featrice Barefacts.

My Dear Miss Barefacts:—

At the last Kissel dance, a young man who occupies a very influential position at the factory, insisted on dancing with me constantly. He had been eating onions and it was simply awful. I couldn't bear to hurt his feelings, and besides I want him to ask me to dance when he isn't intoxicated with onions. How can I register my displeasure without giving offense?

Angelface.

Dear Angie:—

Easy! Take a small, air-tight tin box and in it insert a button of garlic. Carry this constantly. On the first occasion when you and your friend are to be together, devour the garlic and see that he gets full benefit of your breath. When he begins to get groggy, you should remark sweetly: "I unknowingly ate some salad dressing this evening made with a dash of garlic. I would feel very, very much embarrassed had I not heard some one say at the last dance that you were fond of fried onions and often indulged. Surely you will sympathize?" If the garlic is strong enough, he will be cured.

Featrice Barefacts.

My Dear Featrice—

Just how far should a girl go in an innocent flirtation with a married man?

Anxious.

Dear Anxious—

Wrong department. This inquiry should be directed to either our war department or the Domestic Science editor. There is either something wrong domestically speaking or war is about to break out.

Featrice Barefacts.

My Dear Miss Barefacts:—

I was accused of hugging a girl during the Peace Parade and I ain't denying it. My wife woke me up in

the middle of the night and asked me if it could be true. I had to admit of course. It's awful to be married to so jealous a woman. What can I do?

Cleveland.

Dear Cleve:—

If I was a bald-headed man with three children, as you are and my wife was still hypnotized on me as yours is, I wouldn't Pusch any flirtations with popular young ladies with whom you have no chance.

Featrice Barefacts.



Lectures on matrimony in the Cloak room, daily.

Anna Whelan always passes the Tool Room with a smile. What's the idea, Anna?

The girl with dark hair and dark eyes working on internal grinders is some baby in her Sunday best. Well, you can't blame her for dolling up, look at George, with his new suit and shoes on.

TIN SHOP

I wonder what is the matter with Louis Sartich. He is hopping around in the Tin Shop just like a toad. No wonder, his wife is gone. How about that Louie?

Jimmie Manahan doesn't care for a harem, any way.

We have quite a number of up-to-date fellows in the Shop—but when you see Hank from Berlin, boys, hats off.

Andrew Schrier had the misfortune of looking for a round square. Seeing he could not find the round square, he returns with a half round mukket. What's the idea, Andrew? (And what is a mukket?)

Mr. Milbraith who was rushing back and forth in the bookkeeping department was asked what he was looking for. The answer was "Where's that small fellow?"—And Herman was there all the time.

The quiet little girl with the dark eyes and hair, working on the internal grinder is pretty well liked by the boys and girls of the Kissel shop. Anyhow by one certain party. So you had better look out Georgie or you'll lose your dark-eyed baby.

Someone told Carl Merklein that F. W. D. means Ford Wrong Drive. Carl has been working on a universal joint of some kind the last two weeks. If it ever works, we may see a new kind of a Ford eating up the dirt around Hartford.

Inspector Rose to Bill W.—"Say Bill, these cage ring screws are not right." Bill—"S'matter with them?" Rose—"They are .004 oversize, heads are 1-32 long and undersize and the threads are no good, outside of that they are O. K." Bill—"D—the cage ring screws, shut her down Smith."

U. S. ASSEMBLY DEPT.

K. O. Harris (Red Polster) has decided to wear a new uniform as he calls it. Strange, why nobody knew him. Why Red, the girls are crazy about you. What will become of us, eh, Boy?

Talk about our Inspectors. Why yes, we HAVE SOME. Yes, if they could inspect as good as they can talk, let us get together and buy a screw driver eh, everybody?

For Sale or Trade—My fine up-to-date baby Ford. Would like up-to-date farm of about 60 acres. Car has springless spring, smoke pipe concealed underneath car, also a gasless motor, etc. For particulars call on Steve Breitenbach, Ledge Ave., Sheet Metal Dept.

Wanted—A pair of second hand handers. Joe Wendell.

Erna says if there were 50 watt lights instead of 10 watt lights in the Cost Department, she could see better when running the adding machine. I wonder why?

Jim said that whoever wrote that in The Kisselgraph about Irene and Ralphine not wanting to work for him, got it wrong. He said he didn't want them; when he has a harem HE wants to run it.

A workman went up to the tool crib and asked for a left hand 3/4-inch by 12 gauge. The girl at the crib asked in a sweet little voice, "Are you left-handed?"

Three men from the sheet metal department went hunting to shoot anything they could find. They ran across a skunk, but that they left behind. Frank said it was a skunk, Steve said nay. Jack said it was Steve's Ford with the (gas) all blown away.

Although little Frankie of the Tool Room is too short for the marines, he is not too short for Margaret. How about it Frankie?

Wanted to Buy—A large quantity of very strong salt and pepper. Apply to Mr. Frank Sacko, Punch Press Ave. Sheet Metal Dept.

James Daggett, who was formerly connected with the Kissel Motor Car Company for a number of years, was a visitor in Hartford last week. Mr. Daggett is a brother-in-law of A. E. Shumway, and now conducts a Kissel station at Marshalltown, Ia.

Wanted—A man to carry Reckline's cotter pin box.—Enquire at Smith's office.

MACHINE SHOP ECHOES

Dedicated to J. S. Brings
Sung to the tune of "Mother"
B is for the 'basco that he has,
R is for the right he has to say
I is for the Indirect labor he figures
N is for his never ceasing smile
G is for the good he has been to us
S is for the shyness he possesses
Put them all together they spell
"Brings"
A word that means a world to us.

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING"

Keep the red head shining
While the girls are smiling
Though the girls are across the desk
They laugh at him.
They see his temper rising
While he keeps on fighting
Turn the dark cloud inside out
'Cause they'll soon get him.

UPHOLSTERING DEPT.

Elmo Frey was busy Monday morning, teaching Ida E. the electrician's trade. She is very clever about it as she has accomplished a great deal already. (You can tell a 'live' wire from a 'dead' one by merely touching it—)

Well, Mr. Atkins is back at his desk again after a brief illness. It sure seems good. You can't imagine how we missed him in the Cost Office.

Norman Kitto has been missing from his familiar place in the Machine shop the last few weeks, being laid up with Spanish Influenza. His many friends hope to see him back on the job soon.

According to all reports Anna Potman and Lassel Young had quite an argument in the Machine Shop, and Mr. Jerome Brings had to act as peacemaker. However the strain told on Anna and she didn't go back on the job until the following afternoon.

Anyone with hams to smoke A-la-Camel or Fatima, will do well to see Wm. Maas, gate Shanty No. 3. Do not bring sausage, as have tried to smoke this lately without success.

Ray Doubleday has been staying out late the last few nights. Ask Marie of the Upholstering Dept. about it.

Oh Boy, a couple of new peaches on the job, aren't there. They are beauts. Ask Jack and Frank of the Upholstering Dept.

A blonde lady started to work in the Bookkeeping Dept. at Sherman Barthorpe's old desk. If Sherman could only see her—he always fell for blondes. But there's no hope for you, Bar—she's married.

Anyone wishing beautiful "hand-work done" leave orders with Howard Weigand, Cost department. Mark orders Rush.

"Al, I need a new Battery."
"What's the matter with the one you've got?" "Run down?" "Why don't you keep your battery up—put water in once in a while." "Where do you get the water, down in the wash-room?"—Kid Wendell, the coming "champeen" driver.

AUTOMATIC DEPT.

Charles Wills is thinking about giving his men the following New Years presents:

Bill Wiringer—Six more automatics and 3 barrels of sawdust. Frank Plouff—A 2-passenger, 4-wheel drive baby carriage. Ed Smith a field glass, so that he can see what is going on all over the shop. Marie Mechnich—A carload of bolts and an automatic counting machine. Wm. Tesch—A machine far away from Joe Huse and Alberazer; he can't stand it any longer. A. Alberazer—A set-up man and an emery wheel next to his machine. A. Melius—A piece-work job that will last till the war is over. Carl Merklein—A new stenographer to help him write Jazz for the Kisselgraph. Philip Goss—A moustache cup and a new monkey wrench. Wm. Harsch—A book on how to raise his boy to be a soldier. John Kern—A high board fence around his machine to keep female inspectors away. Paul Voigt—A thousand or more of those hardskin nuts to crack. Joe Huse—A song entitled "I wonder where my boy is tonight."

Say Fellows—If you want to learn how to crochet, show up between 12 and 1 o'clock on the J. & L. floor. Bring your crochet hooks and your thread.

Rose to Jim Gates—"Say, Jim, the automatics are shut down. What shall I do now." Jim—"Go up and help my wife take care of the kids."

Stop! Look! Listen! Did you know that we have inventors in the Cost department? No? Well, you're dead! They are the contometer girls. Doris says 2 x 40-60. 35 and 35 equal 72. Of course they haven't a patent yet, but Doris says she will get it soon.

Lost—Somewhere between here and West Bend, a heel. Finder please return to Inspector Bill, Kissel Motor Car Co.

Wanted—Two men to help Louis and Eddie do piece-work. Apply at Fred Calvin's office.

The Vacant Chair in the Multi-graph Room has been filled. Miss Mary Strubing has joined the happy trio—Miss Rosenheimer and Miss Stacy.

QUACK! QUACK!

(What the hell is that?)

Say, boys, you heard about me in the last issue of the Kisselgraph as being responsible for that ignominious slaughter of a poor defenseless muskrat. Williams, who is responsible for it, came here with a reputation for duck hunting in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. He has a wonderful collection of fishing and hunting paraphernalia, including a toy twenty-gauge shot-gun.

His latest acquisition is a duck call, "coax them" as he puts it.

Otto Wollner hears of this and immediately organized a party, (you know how he does it) consisting of Williams, Halbe, Davis, Johnson, Frey and myself. He selects the Jenkins' (formerly of the Jenkins' Cigar Co.) shack on Lake Butte des Morts, with ducks right at the door. Williams, however, decided that was not near enough and started to manipulate his duck call. The first two were perfect quacks, but the rest sounded like a guinea hen, causing remarks from all sections of the lake—"throw the dam thing away"—"who opened the gate" and others unfit for print. ENOUGH SAID.

The party was a failure as far as hunting was concerned, but we still retain pleasant memories of our friend, Otto, the cook, and the way he supplied good eats.

You know boys, Otto is still single. He certainly would make an ideal husband for any girl, for he is capable of taking full charge of a kitchen and apparently is full of money. GIRLS—why pass up an opportunity like this, when he says that he is waiting to be asked. Don't take it for granted that his exhibition on Peace Celebration day is habitual.

MAC.

ROUGH WORK—RAFFLES!

Notice! The young person who stole a gold-filled watch from the show case in our store is known. We advise the return of the same at once.

Amidon Bros, Jewelers.

SECOND KISSELGRAPH DANCE

The second Kisselgraph Dance was held Thanksgiving Eve, at which there were 134 paid admissions and a total of 400 people. A special program was given, including the appearance of Will Hunter, conceded by theatrical critics as one of the country's foremost Scotch comedians. Mr. Hunter gave several imitations of Mr. Harry Lauder and proved a very popular offering. Three automobile headlights were installed in three corners of Schauer's hall for the moonlight dance.

They gave a very pretty effect, as one headlight was painted like a quarter-moon, the second had a green light, and the other a dark red light. Towards the close of the evening, or rather early in the morning, confetti throwing wound up the occasion.



BISCUIT, BISCUIT — WHO'S GOT THE BISCUIT?

A married man can't get away with a thing. He may think he does—but he don't. "Murder will out."

Our Champion trap shooter—Mr. "Chuck", I mean Charles Henry McCausland, went out on a collection trip and took Mrs. "Chuck"—I mean Mrs. Charles Henry with him—inseparable, that pair. His Hundred Point rambled so well since Tark put the marvelous baffle plates in it that the Racine police taxed "Chuck"—I mean Charles Henry \$25 for the use of their fine roads.

That wasn't bad enough, plus the \$20 he lost to Cliff Williams on the war. He forgot it was winter and left no one in charge of his house, nor did he drain his heating system. Last Sunday morning our own thoughtful Daddy Shumway gathered up the Sunday shift and hustling into the house, caught the icicles just as they were about to explode the radiator and destroy the Persian rugs and parquet floors.

Then came the grewsome discovery. When the furnace was opened preparatory to starting the thawing out fire, what should be found but half a dozen of Mrs. "Chuck's"—I mean Mrs. Charles Henry's best doughnuts among the ashes. Poor henpecked "Chuck"—I mean Charles Henry. Picture him as she says smiling across the table, "Have another of my doughnuts Chuck"—this time I mean "Chuck," cause its none of G. A.'s. business if she calls him Chuck. Then watch him take it meekly and when she isn't looking, slip it into his pocket and later sneak down and slide it into the furnace. It would have been all hunkey-dorey and he would have gotten away with it, if the durned things would burn. But it takes a mighty hot fire to burn concrete. Might have escaped too, if he had not left the water in the system and thus necessitated Sleuth Shumway's visit. Ain't it h—l to be married?

Who is the "Baby vamp" in Hartford? Surely if Chicago can have one so can Hartford.

Roman Geller, Kuck and Loth, and five other of Hartford's coming Business men, went coon hunting the other night, and after getting in the woods they heard a noise, and Matt Vincent describes it this way. He said he was sitting in front of the City Hall, when he saw a cloud of dust and smoke coming from the direction of Thompson, and before he knew it, this small regiment of hunters went by him like a streak, their heels smoking, their faces pale as

death, and their guns scattered all along the road from here to Thompson. Vincent claims they made the last half mile in ten seconds less than nothing. Geller is supplying all the boys with "Nerve Tonic" so next time they may do better.—Queery: What made them run?

Irene—It's quite a sad case when your mother comes to meet you coming home from a dance.

If Margaret Malsack knew how Frank flirted with the blue-eyed girl at West Bend Monday, I'll say she would be mad. She was some doll, eh, Frank?

Have you noticed the happy, self-satisfied expression Mildred Hahn is wearing of late? Without a doubt she's practicing the smile she'll give Jack when he returns from "Over There."

What's the matter with Babe Stacy? We haven't seen her at any dances of late. Have you sworn off Mildred, or doesn't Billy dance? Better get started, as we miss you very much.

Margaret Malsack does not go to any dances lately. What's the idea Margaret. Don't be afraid to show the diamond. How about it Frank?

The Hospital Clerk says she likes to drive on the Army Trucks, but prefers a Ford Sedan. I wonder why?

Fred Abelt celebrated last Monday to a farewell. Good for you Fred.

Miss Mae Sorenson visited the show house twice last week. Wonder who escorted her? Ask Frank, maybe he knows.

Martha Probst—We can't find where Martha has made any resolutions, for she is beating it to Milwaukee as hard as ever.

George said he does not like tall girls—according to that he must like small ones. How about it Erna?

Wanted—An expert gum chewer. Apply Al Martin, Canning company.

Clara Simon has been looking quite sad the last few days. And why so sad, Clara? Did Norman leave?

Hank does not mind flirting with our fair young lady, Clara S., as she is already taken.

Clara thinks West Bend is just about all right. And Clara, why did you look so blue Monday morning? Oh yes, it was after the night before.

Lena, what are you going to do with the rest of them when Bernard comes back?

No more "Earl-y" apples for the girls. What's the matter Earl? Has the supply given out?

Carl M. says— "They call me a woman hater. Maybe I am, but everyone knows I was all right before the girls started to work here." Never mind, Carl, think of the happy days before the war. The war surely has been hard on some of us. Think of poor B—

Say, Heck and Guse, what were your favorite drinks at Rubicon Friday eve? They sure seemed to have the same effect on both of you.

We haven't seen Mildred smile since Russell returned to school. You had better come back and drive the mail truck, Russell, as we know she misses those rides. Perhaps she prefers the "Speedster". Ask her!

When Mr. Jones turned out the lights in the Sweet Shop, Leona said, "That's right, I always did like the moonlight."

Anybody in need of a chauffeur call on Miss Esther Menzel—Phone 279.

Grace, while embracing one of her girl friends was heard to exclaim—"How different your cheek feels from Oscar's."

Dorothy Schmidt said after her trip to West Bend in Otto Wollner's car that her face felt like a blotter.

Said "Theda" Bannack the other night: "You don't have to take me home if you don't want to — But you want, don't you?"

Everyone reported having had a "glorious time" at the Rubicon dance. Anna Bannack and Mildred Hahn were on the job Saturday morning, as well as Mildred Gergen and Leona Parfrey. Anna said she wished "he" (?) had been there, and Mildred Gergen said she wouldn't have missed the dance for a "hot fudge" We know Russell was there, and that's what she meant. Leona and Mildred looked rather tired but happy the next day.

Leo, why all the sweet smiles of late? Who's the pretty lady with the big blue eyes that comes to see you of late? Confess, Leo, confess.

Found—Somewhere near 'sunrise' last Thursday morn—Lent and Anna star-gazing from somebody's back porch. Never mind, we know all.

Won't you tell us Clara, who that rosy cheeked fellow was that escorted you home from the Rubicon dance?

Last Saturday, Nov. 31st, was the last day on which Christmas boxes could be sent to you boys Overseas. When you boys open your boxes on Christmas day you will swear your friends and relatives have taken up mind reading in your absence, as every article was selected from the standpoint that you were buying it.