

# The Clow Employees News

Dedicated to the Welfare of the Men and Management

Vol. 1, No. 8

NEWCOMERSTOWN, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1919

Published Monthly

## NEWCOMERSTOWN FOUNDRY NOTES

The month of October was by 50 per cent the best shipping month ever experienced in the Gasteam department. The company greatly appreciates the work done and the spirit with which the boys jumped in to help get out promised shipments. The working attendance has been exceptionally good considering that much overtime work was being done, which is so strenuous on the human body. Now a long strong pull altogether boys for the month of November and we will be in good shape on deliveries and in position to resume operations on a normal basis once more.

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Steam lines have been completed into the Radiator Machine Shop, both on the first and second floors and into the Gasteam Assembling dept. and the workmen in these departments will be able to keep comfortably warm this winter.

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"Stoeple Jack" Lukens has been spreading paint around and over many parts of the plant which heretofore have been sadly in need of same. One of the most noticeable places is in the Power House which looks mighty fine with its new inside coating of white paint. Foreman V. D. Crater and his able assistants say that they can actually see each other now without turning on the lights in daytime. Your place looks fine Crater, keep it up to date.

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Craig Moore, Boss Shipping Clerk says Tyler of the Gasteam is not the only one who has been getting out shipments, for the pipe tonnage shipped in October was the greatest in any month for the the past three years. This speaks mighty well for the entire department and shows that there has been much activity in the plant during the month of October. Just about one more month of good shipping so let's all see if we can not make this month of November go one better in all shipping departments.

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The new 60 inch by 60 inch by 30 foot planer recently purchased for the Flange Machine shop is being erected and will soon be operating. When this new planer is put into service, all the new flasks for the pipe foundry will be planed before being put together and we are sure this will help make better pipe and it will make the job of clamping very much easier.

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The House Committee of the Clow Mutual Industrial Club has leased the entire east side of the second floor of the Lydick building on Main st., and will occupy same after Dec. first. Plans are being made to redecorate and relight the new rooms and to erect suitable partitions. This will give us much larger quarters than we are enjoying at present and will nicely take care of our fastgrowing membership.

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President and Mrs. W. E. Clow were here Nov. 4th on their return from a trip to France. We have not for a long time seen Mr. Clow looking more fit, and he certainly is full up of what he saw touring seven hundred miles of the battlefields of France and Lower Belgium. He brought back some very interesting pictures which we hope will be exhibited to we employees in the near future.

## WALTER J. O'DAY



WALTER J. O'DAY

Walter J. O'Day, potentate of the Cast Iron Pipe Sales and Traffic Department, known to every man and girl in the organization as "Walter," was born an Irishman, (Heaven bless 'em) in Cincinnati, Ohio on April 8, 1876. Of his boyhood days we know little but believe his neighbors could tell us many tales that would be amusing.

Our first record of Walter's burst into the world of business is May, 1890, when he tried (his own words) to sell real estate in Cincinnati. One month was enough, for in June, 1890 he is to be found as weighman in the shipping yard of the Addyston Pipe & Steel Company, Newport, Kentucky. They tell me that Walter was some shipping clerk—if a customer wanted a quarter bend and he had none, an eight bend usually answered his purpose well enough for Walter, and shortages seldom occurred which could not in some way be remedied by this versatile shipping clerk that knew where everything was, what it was and why it was.

In January, 1897 Addyston was closed on account of bad times and Walter gained some more selling experience. His present knack seems not to have been developed for after selling bicycles for a few months he became a mail clerk, and in June, 1897 returned to Addyston where he remained until May, 1900, when he joined forces with the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories as an inspector of pipe at Radford, Virginia.

In May, 1900, he received a tele-

gram from Mr. W. E. Clow, president of this company, asking him to come as shipping clerk to Newcomerstown. He was there the next day and ruled over the destinies of that department until February, 1902, when Mr. Clow discharged him on Saturday and hired him again on Sunday to come to Chicago to help Jim Healey. Jim talks very little of this period in Walter's career except to his most intimate friends, but anyway Walter progressed, taking Steve McAuliffe's place in the fall and in 1903 moved up to Cort Ames' job in the sales end of the Cast Iron Pipe department. As he says himself, he's been there ever since except when laid up with rheumatism which, since July the first, has become less and less often.

Seriously the Foundries owe a great deal to Walter O'Day. He sells pipe and fittings where they were never sold before and he sells them at prices which allow the foundries to make a profit and expand. Walter could get an order out of the King of Sweden and before leaving would be calling him Oscar and be royally addressed as Walt.

In closing we must not forget to report Walter's best successful accomplishment when he persuaded Miss Sarah Whalen to marry him in October, 1900. They have one son, George, seventeen years old today, who is teaching his father how to drive a machine (and he needs teaching, they tell me.) Though George may know how to drive he will have to "step some" to beat his father as a salesmen and an all round good man.

## THE COSHOCTON FOUNDRY NOTES

Soon after the "opening" of the club rooms in September, the members met for an election of officers. It was the unanimous voice that the blacksmith foreman, L. W. Merrill, be made president of the Clow Club. It is beyond doubt but what the right man in the right place has been chosen. There is not a man who has been with the company a month who does not know "Lew." However, it is not solely because he is so well known that he is such a good man to lead the Clow Club, but he is popular with his fellow employees, has had much experience in office work in fraternal organizations, and above all, he is a man of broad vision, believes in giving the employer a full day's work, a man always ready to lend assistance in promoting a co-operative interest between employer and employee. He has already done much and is still doing to keep interest going in the Club rooms. Lloyd Conley, of the core room was the unanimous choice for vice president. What has been said of the president can truthfully be said of the vice president, and whenever it becomes his duty to preside over the meetings, he will be found ready and willing. The committee on by-laws saw fit to combine the office of secretary and treasurer under one head and have that office always filled by a man from the welfare department, so those duties fell to W. R. Todd.

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Newton Dusenberry has returned to his work on the loading gang, after a forced absence of several weeks on account of an injured hand.

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Regular meetings of the Clow Club are Friday evenings of each week in the Club rooms at 7:30. The meetings start promptly and if you have been missing any of them, you are the loser, so come to all of them, and don't let another Friday night slip by you.

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The steel and brick work of the foundry extension is going up rapidly, and Foreman Baxter with his men from Newcomerstown are looking after the carpenter end of it, so it will only be a short time until we will have ample space to store all flasks under cover.

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The heating system for the machine shop has been installed. The air is heated in the boiler room by passing through a series of coil pipe, thence it is forced by means of a large blower through air passages over to the machine shop, and there is distributed equally through the building, affording an even temperature for the men to work in.

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Clifford Kiser of the pipe foundry repair department, enlisted in the United States Army on Nov. 7th.

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We delivered a load of potatoes to the employees on Nov. 12th. This is the second car load for the Clow men, and it goes with saying that these potatoes were bought by the men much cheaper than they were being sold in Coshocton.

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Mrs. Frank Gosser, the wife of our efficient machine shop foreman, has been very ill at her home on South Second st. At this writing, we are glad to say she is much improved.

(Continued on last page)

The Clow Employees News

W. A. Boers  
W. R. Todd Editors

EDITORIAL STAFF

Newcomerstown—Ass't Manager F. W. Schwab, Robt. W. Tempest, Harry Tyler, Oscar Sheets, O. C. Moore.  
Coshocton—Guy P. Clow, E. D. Patterson, Laura Cooper, Paul McNary, Gus Kratz.

EDITORIAL

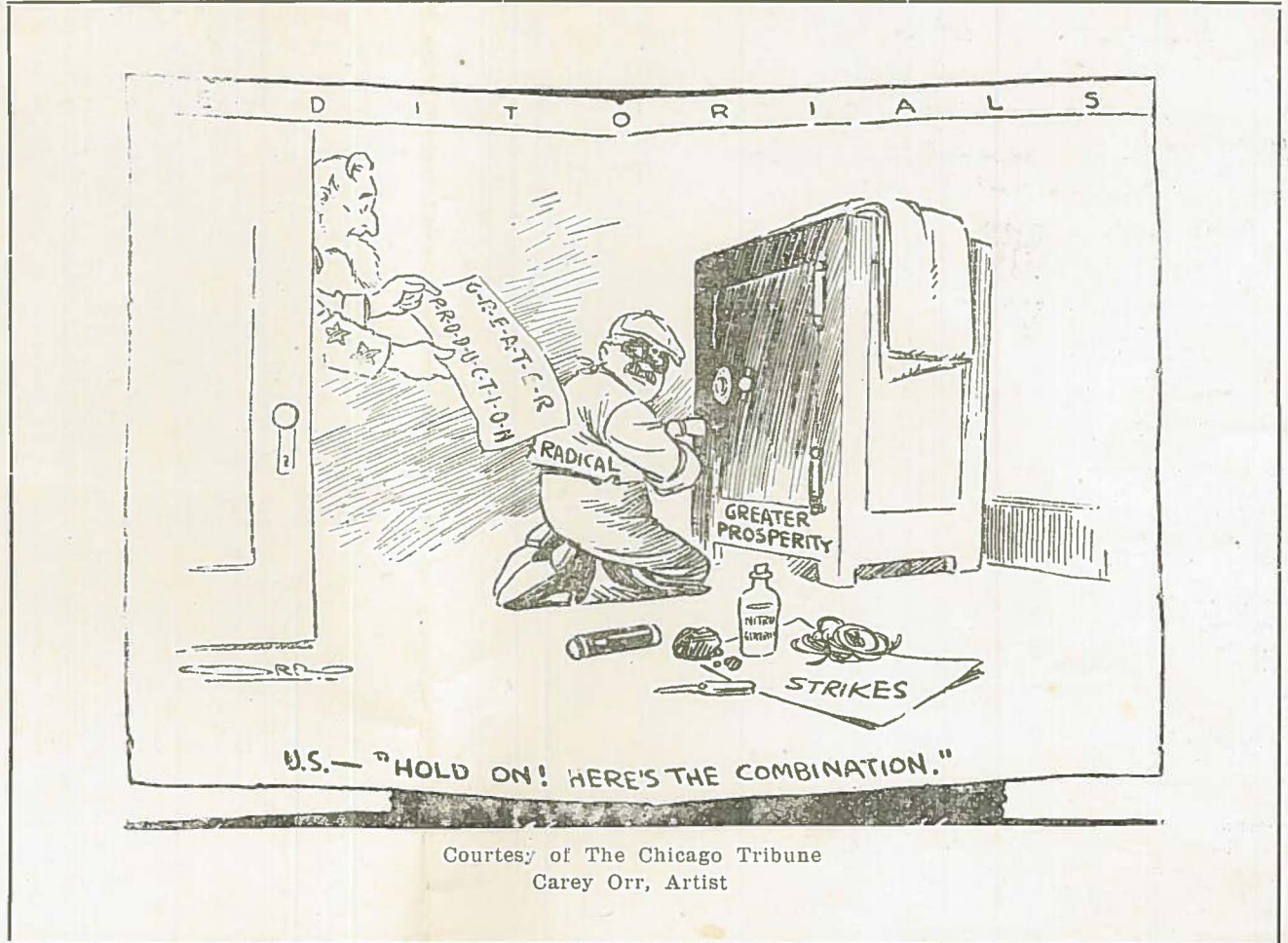
THE PROBLEM OF TODAY AND THE FUTURE

The problem of today is production. The leading men, business, political and professional, have been writing articles, the gist of which is summed up in the words—more production. Our own common sense tells us that this is true. If we are to have bread at a reasonable price, the farmer must work hard and produce a lot, for if he has a lot of wheat he need not charge so much per bushel to make a living for himself and family. This wheat must be transported and stored and by doing this work with a few people who are working hard it can be done cheaply and that will help. The miller has the same factor—so has the baker and all along the line it is a question of more production per man that will eventually reduce the cost of living and nothing else.

Today we have several things which are interfering with this much desired result and delaying that time when one dollar will buy one dollar's worth of goods instead of fifty cents' worth as it does today. First comes the profiteer of which we have heard a great deal and know very little. There are mighty few of them and they are growing less each year. When the last one dies no one will mourn. In the first place under the present tax laws there is no profit for the profiteer—at least sixty percent goes to Uncle Sam. Not only that but our war experience has left laws on our books that we hope will always remain, which makes this practice dangerous—almost as much so as counterfeiting. The profiteer exists today mostly in the yellow journals and in the minds of radical agitators.

Second, and the most dangerous by far, is our labor agitator. His business and his livelihood depends on keeping business in a state of agitation—calling one strike after another—without just cause or reason. Just recently we have had endless examples of his absolute devilry. The Steel Corporation have treated their men better than any other industry, they pay high wages, have the best possible working conditions, have spent \$39,000,000.00 for houses which they rent cheaply to their men, \$65,868,707.09 on welfare work since 1912, have a pension system, an employees' stock purchase system and have always been more than willing to receive suggestions or criticisms from their own men. Union leaders, none of whom ever worked for the Corporation, proceeded to organize the men in the Corporation, and though they only reached a small proportion of these workers, called a strike which has already cost you and me and the other American taxpayers millions of dollars—to what end. The plants are now operating close to normal, the men are back at work, being out a month's pay that they and their family need. On a colossal scale this is an example of what is happening almost every day—strikes being called for no justifiable reason, causing the men to lose wages, costing the employer a tremendous loss which he must shoulder onto you and me by increasing his selling price.

Then there is the Red, and in this class we put the leaders of the proposed coal strike just as we put those men in Gary, Indiana, who are opposed to our form of government



Courtesy of The Chicago Tribune  
Carey Orr, Artist

and want to adopt the soviet government of Russia. There is little danger that this group will get far in this country—in fact Herbert Hoover, who has done more than any man in the world to crush Bolshevism by furnished food to starving Europe, comes back with the message, that Socialism and Bolshevism is "bankrupting itself in the extraordinary lowering of productivity of industrial commodities to a point that was below the necessity for continued existence of their millions of people." Having butchered thousands and starved millions besides committing every crime in the category of criminology, the Bolshevik realizes that he must produce and to do so he must have a safe and sane government to protect the people and assure "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" to every mortal.

Despite our troubles we are going to come out all right and this "government of people for the people by the people" is going to lead the world back to peace and safety. The words of Theodore Vail, Chairman of the Board of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, carry their message to every American. From it we quote the closing paragraph:

"There isn't room in this country for chronic croakers. America was not built by timidity, but by courage and energy and vision. We are infinitely stronger today than in the days of our forefathers. We are stronger even than we were when the World War began. Europe looks to us for leadership and encouragement in restoring the world's equilibrium. Let us set Europe an example of faith and industry and enterprise by immediately starting full steam ahead. We can thus combine patriotism with profit, for it will prove sound business statesmanship to act aggressively now."

Let us all do our share. Let us co-operate, play fair with each other and get down to business and produce. The United States with its democratic government, its natural resources and its citizens will take care of the rest.

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PRETTY TALL

Laborer—And have they tall buildings in America, Pat?

Pat—Tall buildings, have they? Faith Mike, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass.—Exchange.

THE BATTLE OF "U-ARGONNE"

The rays of a sun, blended as only the beautiful hills and restful valleys of our own and only Ohio can blend them, into landscape so dear to us, the beauty of which surpasses all other scenery offered by any other section of the globe (if we are not married) was just awaking the populace of the villages and citylets interspersing the north central part of our state when the peacefulness and quietude was abruptly broken by the call to arms?

Uncle Sam had not as yet deemed it necessary to select, as volunteers were swarming to recruiting stations and choosing for themselves the department of the service they thought would be the least dangerous—but, oh, the sad mistakes that were made. Soon, in the little Citylet of Piqua, the recruiting station suffered a decided lull in its activities and shame began to manifest itself in the countenance of the proud and gray-haired old soldiers who so willingly and bravely answered the call back in the "sixties," and then the inevitable happened—the whole United States seemed to ask in one voice, "Piqua, have you another man that will go?" and after the deliberation consistent with such a proposition, in the same tone of voice, Piqua answered, "I Have-e-mann," and our hero marched off to fight the losing fight in what he vowed should be "no-other-man's land" in the wilderness—"U Argonne."

Von Mersman, the field marshal of the opposing (?) forces had so carefully schooled his daughter, the Princess Mardi, in the defensive that he thought the front on which she was stationed was invincible, and so it was until our gallant Captain Havemann voluntarily took the position directly opposite the strong holds of Princess Mardi. Days dawned and faded; nights passed like shadows; weeks, months and years passed, and although our hero had worked cautiously and silently (?) the expanse which he called "no-other-man's land" still lay ahead.

On the eve of October 25, 1919, after weeks of careful planning, Captain Havemann decided that the time had come. He was going to take (?) the invincible Princess Mardi, or be taken himself (no question,) so dressing himself properly for the occasion, he very quietly (?)

slipped out into "no-other-man's land" to make personal observations of the movements of the opposing (?) forces.

From this position "up in the air" he could plainly see the Princess Mardi making preparations as he thought for an offensive such as he had silently (?) planned, so making deductions from his observations, he decided that his offensive should start on the 29th. Having made every preparation, he silently (?) awaited the zero hour on the fateful morning, which found the ground soaked, and the low hanging clouds doing all in their power to soak it more, and as the hour drew nearer and nearer, he began to realize, that had he planned even the weather conditions, he could not have designed it more favorable for the occasion on which he was bent (a year later "broke") for the weather was ideal for a murder.

At last the zero hour came and Captain Havemann emerged from his dug-out and single-handed leaped over the parapet, dashed across "no-other-man's land" heeding no command of "Halt" or the fusillade of cupid's darts coming from other sources until he stood face to face with the pride of Von Marsman's forces—Princess Mardi, where in words of tone very indicative of their meaning, he shouted, "I have come for you." The countenance of the Princess showed that she had been taken completely by surprise (?) in the well-planned attack—that Von Mersman had been out generated—and that it was evident that someone was going to be made prisoner very soon.

The Princess, determined to not surrender without disclosing the fact that she too was practically prepared for just such an offensive, very nonchalantly declared that only one minute divided the present and the time when her preparation would be complete; whereupon, pointing a shapelessly digit at the clock, she called attention to the time, which was eighty-five-nine, and the priest would be in at nine.

"I surrender," she said as the organ sent forth strains from Lohengrin, which reminded him of the songs of the birds of the Argonne, and as the ring glided to its place on the waiting finger, and the warmth from her little hand was transferred to his, he thought—and all of us agreed—"Havemann, you are lost in the forest—"U-Ar-gonne."

# A FEW PICK-UPS

*Personal, Private and Sometimes Both*

Mrs. Thelma Beiter has resigned her position as timekeeper, effective Nov. 1st, and has gone to Cleveland to take special training in a business course. We wish for her success in her chosen field.

Mrs. J. L. Sheets and family started for New Phil'a the other day and Joe says it cost him over \$75.00 and a lot of "you know" to replace two blow-outs. Joe says he will have to raise the price of theater tickets to get his money back.

Miss Charlotte Lewis assumed the duties of timekeeper Nov. 1st, vice her sister, Mrs. Beiter.

Mrs. Nora B. Gardner, of the office, spent part of the last week of October in Cincinnati as a delegate of the local lodge of Eastern Stars attending their state convention, and reports a most delightful time.

Vice President Kent S. Clow was at the foundries Nov. 3rd and 4th. He came here to meet his father, President W. E. Clow, who was just returning from a business and pleasure trip to France.

Thos. Sapp, shakeout on Pit No. 1, was injured on Oct. 14th, receiving a bad sprain which has kept him from working for the past three weeks.

Howard Peoples of the cleaning shed has been compelled to remain at his home the past month on account of sickness.

Clarence Gardner, foreman of flange machine shop, was in Toledo the last week in October as a delegate from his lodge to the state meet of the Masonic lodge. He reports having an interesting time.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Warner, Oct. 17th, a bouncing baby boy. One more moulder for the plant a few years hence.

Earl Mallet of the cupola department, has lost the past three weeks with an infected finger, but thinks he will soon be at work again.

Henry Postle of the cupola department has been off duty with a badly burned foot, but is able to resume his duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Stoffer were in New Phil'a Nov. 6th. Chas. says he went up to get the official returns on the wet and dry election.

Cashier Chas. R. Starker and W. B. Vansickle of the repair department were elected to the village council at the November election.

Albert McMillen of the loading gang fell from the top of a gondola one night and fortunately for him only sustained slight bruises, which caused two days lay-off.

Frank Gadd is moving to Akron. We hate to lose Frank as he is a good, dependable worker, but his only child lives there and Frank says that makes a difference.

Chas. L. Baxter, foreman of the carpenter construction gang, has taken his whole force, consisting of Wm. Smith, Wm. Lehman, Frank Carr and W. B. Starts, to assist in the construction work now being completed at the Coshocton plant. They go down each morning and back on the evening train.

Mrs. A. I. McCall has been under the doctor's care since her last baby was born, and has been removed to the Coshocton hospital for attention and we hope for her a speedy recovery.

It's awful to have your loved one slam the door in your face, isn't it Chester?

We don't blame her, though, Chester, if all those Saturday night doings of yours are true.

Zeke and Scrubby went to church. Scrubby said Zeke had six cents and after the collection was taken Zeke still held the nickle.

But Franklin Milligan lost a perfectly good half dollar, or a quarter of it anyway.

France Raine, the Jess Williard of the Gasteam department.

We all hope Charlie Cou's don't get too scared to shoot this time.

Don't give anyone a piece of your mind—you need it all your self.

Frieda Bonnell has certainly forgotten her Coshoc'or attraction, considering that which she seems to have found in the draughting room.

Joe Sheets now plays euche and intends to learn dancing. What's the world coming to?

Harvey Eagon, foreman pattern shop, made a pleasure trip to Akron and Cleveland the first of the month.

Zack Brown, No. 1, core maker, met with a painful fin'ce accident which put him out of commission for two weeks.

Frank Kelch, No. 2 pit boss, was off duty a few days with an iron burn on his leg.

Frank Sells, assistant pipe foundry foreman, spent a part of the first week in this month visiting his daughter in Akron.

We forgot to mention in our last issue that Mike Mulligan placed his cash on the White Sox to win the World's Series.

Councilman-Elect Bertie Van Sickle of the repair department met with a slight head accident the other day and when he seemed so highly elevated over it, someone asked why the good cheer, and he replied that he had supposed his head was solid bone, but seeing the blood come, he had cause for rejoicing.

## AND SO ON

Some compositor, disgusted with the inconsistency of English Orthography, has been at the pains to construct the following rather elaborate travesty. The ingenious reader, can of course lengthen it at his own pleasure:

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernal with a rough around his neck, flue up thee rode ass quick as a dear. After a thyme he stopped at a gun house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to rase his fare, pail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips.

The man who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, for fear her guessed would knot weight. But, when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site.

"Ewe poor deer. Why dew you lye hear? Are you dyeing?"

"Know" he said, "I am feint."

She boar hymn inn her alms, as she aught, two a rheum where he mite bee quite, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, rapped hymn up warmly, gave him a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went forth as hail as a young hoarse.

## CLOW VS. CLOW

In the last Foundry News, in the column of sport, There should have been a base ball report.

We left Newcomerstown to do that part,

But it seems they didn't have the heart.

So now while you are all sitting around,

I'll tell about the ball game at Newcomerstown.

When we went up they were full of conceit,

For they really thought they couldn't be beat,

But our boys said 'twould be just a vacation

To clean up on that small town aggregation.

When Todd marched them in, they surely looked fine,

There was three Bordenkircher's boys and Callentire.

There was Ikey Hook and Womer and Farmer,

Also Henry Clark, the good old timer,

And Bender, our southpaw, the boy with the nerve,

And Francis Clark on the bench in reserve.

In the start the home team took the field,

And of course we had the bats to wield.

Well Kelly was up and he knew their failing,

He bunted and down to first went sailing.

Then Walter came up said the same rhyme

And got on first in plenty of time.

When two men struck out they started to grin,

But before they got three out Kelly came in.

Then Bender started tossing the ball about

With down shoots and cork screws and inns and outs;

He had them gucassing 'twas plain to see,

For all the ump said was "One, two, three."

The next two innings was exciting fun,

For neither side could bring in a run.

Shoets got on our nerves. We didn't know what to expect

When some real good hitters couldn't connect.

They said "He may throw those straight balls in defiance,

For we are used to playing with men that have science."

Tho Clark, Womer and Farmer hit out in good places,

Lard luck! they all had to die on the bases.

Yes, they hit a few way out in the park,

But they fell in a well, for out there was Clark.

It was no use for them to hit out a fly,

He would jump up and get them right out of the sky.

But in the fourth, an error, Oh, what a bore!

For it let Newcomerstown bring in a score.

Then our Bill B sent one way out in the field,

Got to second, then to third for a steal.

We had them going you could easily see,

For Womer's clean hit scored Willie B.

In the fifth Hook got back his bunting eye,

And smacked it out for a nice big fly,

Then started round the bases to spin.

Farmer's two bagger brought Ikey in.

In the sixth Bender, who is never a lagger,

Picked up the stick and hit out a two-bagger,

And when Clarke came to bat Bender on third,

And Henry used his head, the old bird,

And bunted one right out in the

## SAFETY FIRST

The picture show which was given on the night of Nov. 4th was largely and enthusiastically attended both by Clow employees and the interested public. We believe that more of our employes should bring their families along for the "Safety First" movement must start in the home as well as in the industries. The pictures exhibited were in two reels entitled "Why" produced by the United States Steel Corporation and loaned to us for the occasion. They showed some very interesting safety devices and some very un-called-for accidents and we believe that this way of showing the advantages of Safety will be everlasting in the minds of those who see the pictures. Our next show will be Tuesday evening December 2nd, and we are promised a very interesting and instructive "Safety First" show. Lest our people have a wrong idea, we wish to advise those not present that the whole evening is not given to Safety pictures. At the next show we will have two reels of Western life, one reel of comedy and then the Safety reels. First show will begin promptly at 7 o'clock and the second show at 8.15. If you can't get in to see the beginning at 7, come for the second show at 8.15. Let us have a good attendance at these shows.

clover,  
And Sheets was so fat he couldn't stoop over.  
He laid down on the ball, threw to first, 'twas too late,  
And Bender had already touched the home plate.  
Then in the eighth, I'm a son of a gun,  
Newcomerstown got a real earned run.  
Then Kelly hit a nice long drive  
And started like a bee to its hive.  
Then Walter got to first and tried to steal second sack,  
But the ball beat him there and he turned back.  
The big baseman said "Little boy, you're my meat."  
But Walter was a bit too quick on his feet.  
And ran rings around them and while they were having their fun,  
Kelly came in for another run.  
Then Tempest gave up and gave "Big Slim" the mon,  
He needed the change, for he was going out on a run.  
We made them think Coshocton a terror,  
For we played the whole game with only one error.  
Who made that error I'm not going to say,  
For I don't want to spoil such a beautiful day.

—By L. W. M.

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'Tis now time  
To be thankful  
That we have worked  
All year  
With a concern  
That has paid us enough  
To get along without  
Striking,  
As others have done.  
We have not been paid  
As high a wage  
As in other places,  
And have not lived  
In luxury;  
But we have not suffered  
And are content to know  
That when that  
Time comes, when work  
Is scarce, and times  
Are bad,  
That Clows  
Will still see  
That we live  
In comfort.  
That's all.  
A LABORER.

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The way to find time to do everything is never to let Time find you doing nothing.

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Watch for the Xmas number.

**COSHOCTON NOTES**

(Continued from first page)

Paul McNary of the machine shop, and who is also on the "News" staff, spent his vacation in New York, Pennsylvania and Canada, visiting points of interest. He says the Lost Niagara, which has recently been unearthed in Canada is even more wonderful than Niagara Falls. Paul was accompanied on the trip by Mrs. McNary.

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Newcomerstown and Coshocton played an exciting game of billiards recently. The participants for Newcomerstown were Harry Dillehay, Oscar Sheets, "Red" Stewart and E. V. Daily; for Coshocton E. D. Paterson, assisted by J. M. McCloy and G. P. Clow. The final result; two games Coshocton, one game Newcomerstown. Total points favor Newcomerstown.

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Mrs. G. P. Clow and daughter, Jeanette Bell Clow, were recent visitors with friends in Steubenville, O.

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Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glazier of Chestnut Street are the proud parents of their first baby daughter.

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Mr. K. H. Smith of the yard gang has been off from work several weeks on account of a badly sprained knee.

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Mr. John McNary of the machine shop, was in Baltimore, Md., recently attending the annual convention of I. O. O. F.

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The wedding bells have been ringing again recently and the chimes were heard by Charles Pierce of the welding department, who went forth and led to the altar of matrimony Miss Frances Heiser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heiser, 316 N. Ninth St. Mrs. Pierce is bookkeeper for the Elliott Ice Co., a position which she has held for several years. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce have many friends who extend congratulations to them and wish them much happiness.

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Virgil Brown, of the electric gang, has purchased a house in Coshocton. We are wondering if that means anything serious like—well, what does it mean Virgil?

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It is said that the Coshocton people were "flying" during fair week, that the assistant foundry foreman, while taking a few loops, said "Look at those people down there. I wonder what they are thinking of." The aviator replied, "They are thinking we are both going to be killed." "Well," said Pete, "fifty per cent of us up here think that too."

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"Bill" Swigert, of the machine shop, says he wished the company would put in some kind of an air floor sweeper, so his work this winter will not be so heavy. The new heating system does away with coal and coal dust, and if he could get an air sweeper, he would then have no trouble at all.

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We have a letter on our desk from Newcomerstown, saying a "write up" of the Coshocton-Newcomerstown base ball game would be in the October issue of the News. We have read every line of that issue and not one word about base ball. However, we are not surprised at not seeing a long article going into details of the game, but as the game was played in Newcomerstown, we thought the game should be reported from the Newcomerstown works. Be good losers as well as good winners.

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Wanted—to know who the fourteen men were whom Oscar struck out in the Clow vs. Clow game. The scorer must have gotten the strikeouts mixed with record of some other game, for there were not nearly so many who failed in connecting with Oscar's offerings.

**NEW BRICK HOMES**



We illustrate in the above pictures five new brick houses just completed which were built to sell to our colored employees. These homes were built on large lots, each containing more than half an acre. The ground thus provided is ample for pigs, chickens, etc., and to grow enough vegetables to last throughout the year thus cutting down considerably, the high cost of living. A street is opened in front of the homes and on this is laid suitable cement walks to each home. The houses contain four well lighted, airy rooms and a basement under the whole house with an inside and outside stairway in same. They are electric lighted and the material for the bath rooms is installed, ready to put the fixtures in

place. These homes are located on a tract of 50 acres of land recently acquired for home sites, and it will be the policy of the Company to continue building operations on this and other plots of ground they now own. Two of the pictures give a close up view of the homes to give you a better idea of the construction which consists of cement foundation, brick walls, cement steps and sidewalks. Mrs. Andrew Burns is shown in one of the pictures in front of the home in which she lives, and Mrs. Wm. Teague and daughter are shown in front of the home in which they live. The company is trying to do everything possible to make living conditions of those who work with them, the best that can be had.

**Maybe We Can Find the Handle In The Box.**

Bond 26 July

Lewis Stover Mitchell  
House Portland.

Dear Fren: I get the valve which I buy from you alright, but why for gods doan you sen me no handle, wats the use of the valve wen she doan have no handle, I lose by me customer sure thing you doan treat me rite, is my money so good to you as other fellows, I wate 10 days and my customer he holler like hell by the valve, you know he is hot summer now, and the wind no blow the well, the valve she got no handle, so wat the helligoan do. you doan sen me the handle pretyqueck I sen her back and goan order some valves from Krain Companie, goodbye

Your friend,  
Antoni Scheminic Dutro.

Since I write thees letter the goddam handle i fine in the bocks, so excuus to me.

**JACK, THE TIME KILLER**

There's a prospect to see in the morning;  
But before Jack attempts any work,  
He settles the war for an hour or more  
In a talk with the telephone clerk.  
He looks at a couple of letters,  
And sketchily skims through the news,  
And says that the dope bears out his fond hope  
That the Giants are going to lose.  
He goes to luncheon at noontime,  
And sits round and puffs a cigar,  
While he stoutly contends to a couple of friends  
That this fighting is going too far.  
He is back on the job at two-thirty  
And sticks till a quarter past four,  
Then he strolls to the board where the tallies are scored  
And "fans" for a full hour or more.  
At his home or hotel in the evening  
He plans out the Russian campaign.  
He tells all the bunch of his newly born hunch  
That the plans of the Allies are vain.  
He sits 'round till bedtime deploring  
The prices of food-stuffs and cotton.  
Then he climbs into bed, wearied out and half dead.  
And wonders why business is rotten!  
—Author Unknown

**ENTERTAINMENT**

The members of The Clow Mutual Industrial Club are planning a "Frolic" which will be staged on the third floor of the Lydick building Friday night November 21st. Just what stunts will be pulled off we are not at liberty to say but if you knew who composed the entertainment committee you would naturally expect something out of the ordinary. The object of the gathering is to further the acquaintance of the members and their wives, a sort of "Get together" meeting. The evening will be full of games, music, stunts and eating. This last affair is in charge of three of the girls and three of the boys of the office, all big eaters, so we can feel reasonably sure of satisfaction in that direction. All those eligible to attend are urged to be present, and if this one is a success, why not make it an annual affair.

A Boston school teacher had been explaining to her class about the three kingdoms of nature—the animal, the mineral, and the vegetable. When she had finished she said to the class: "Now, who can tell me what the highest degree of animal life is?"

At this a little girl in a rear row of seats raised her hand and replied: "The highest degree of animal life is the giraffe."—Metropolitan Magazine.

**WOMAN'S CORNER**

**RELISH**

Two heads of cabbage, twelve peppers, eight onions, three cups brown sugar, two teaspoons mustard sauce, two teaspoons celery seed, one bunch celery, salt and vinegar. Let come to a boil.

**FRUIT CAKE**

Two cups of water, two cups of seeded raisins, two cups seedless raisins, two cups brown sugar (or granulated,) one teaspoon ground cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon, two teaspoons nutmeg, two-thirds cup of shortening, one-half teaspoon of salt. Cook all together for three minutes. When cool, add four cups flour (sifted,) two teaspoons soda dissolved in a little warm water and one cup nut meats. One teaspoon

baking powder goes with flour. Bake in a slow oven about one and one-half hours.

**HOT WATER PASTE**

Three cups flour, one cup lard, one-half cup boiling water, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon baking powder, cream lard, add water, sift dry ingredients and mix.

**DEVILS FOOD CAKE**

Two tablespoons cocoa, pour over it one-half cup boiling water, one cup sugar, one-fourth cup melted butter, one-fourth cup of sour milk in which one teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, one and one-half cups flour, one egg beaten until light, pinch of salt. Flavor if desired.