

Staley Fellowship Club JOURNAL

*Published monthly for the benefit of the employes of the
A. E. Staley Manufacturing Co.—C. E. Murphy, Editor*

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“Our Country! In her intercourse with
foreign Nations may she always be in the
right; but our Country right or wrong.”
Stephen Decatur



THE FIRST STALEY COMPANY ROMANCE

Gale Garrett, our popular young millwright, and Alma Robb, the little lady of the sewing room, sprung a surprise on their friends by eloping to St. Louis.

We all wish them success.

Our congenial Traffic Manager, T. F. W., is back from a trip east. Yes, on business.

We expected to have a little story from our jovial salesman, Mr. Anderson, who at the last report was sojourning in Wisconsin, but up to date we have received no word. However, we expect to have a contribution from Mr. Anderson for the next issue.

Rambo and K. Sherman are away on a trip. From reports the fishing is good at Lincoln.

Watson, our congenial chemist, reports a fine time while getting the City Chemist married.

Joseph Pollock and John Keene in the last week are passing cigars in honor of the arrival of daughters.



TIT BITS FROM THE MAN IN THE MOON

I hear in the Moon—

That man and all his ways are vain.

That Jim Highley is chuck full of vanity.

That he is proud of his goatee.

That Eibo Frerichs has some skeleton in his cupboard.

That he maliciously has broken their necks.

That to produce a funny effect tickle his toes.

That your night engineer is a valetudinarian.

That he has a chronic case.

That he needs a good dose of Black Walnut.

That there are mysterious happenings in the Feed House.

That Hawkshaw Klumpp is trying to solve it.

That the mystery of the vacuum pan or why is the Feed House taking all the Feed Water, is the problem.

That your Beltman is strong for Woman Suffrage.

That he is practicing picket duty.

That he will be a Joan of Arc in kilts.

That he owns a beautiful pug dog.

That Jack Reynolds almost won a boat race.

That his compass had blown a fuse.

That his cars were demagnetized.

That Dudley Boren makes ascensions.

That he usually performs at the ball games.

That a good dose of castor oil would have a soothing effect.

That Walmsley has written a swan song.

That he did see a swan.

That that trip to Faries was good medicine.

That your assistant Storekeeper is some scrapper.

That he performs under Wild Cat Rules.

That the Badger fight is in order.

Yours truly,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Editor:

Of all the aviators, Mr. Galloway beats them all. He walks at night with all his might and when he is right he hits his pipe and takes his flight to the man in the moon.

Yours truly,

CORRESPONDENT.

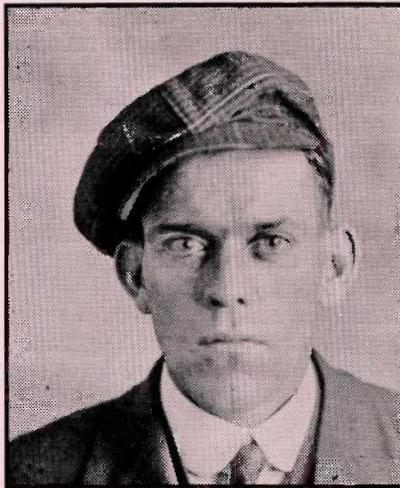
A TIME FOR CONGRATULATION

Notwithstanding the fact that we employed 23% more men in August of this year than last, and that our production was increased as much, the accident record for August, 1917, amounted to 22 reports on account of which the total time lost was four days, as compared with the August, 1916, record of 58 reports and 46 days total time lost. It can readily be seen that the constant preaching and hammering of the safety enthusiasts of this plant have been rewarded, as the credit for this excellent report belongs entirely to the men themselves.

No "Safety Campaign" can long be successful without the hearty co-operation of every employee in the plant. It is also evident that the majority of accidents certainly can be avoided, providing a united and persistent effort for "Safety First" is made by all concerned.

In conclusion I want to say: Let not our elation at the results accomplished so far, and the knowledge that our plant is safeguarded, guide us to a goal of false security. Let us strive to continue the good work, so that we may be able to show a still greater decrease in the number of accidents.

C. E. MURPHY.



WINNER OF AUGUST PRIZE

"Safety Engineer":

The collar on conveyor shaft, northeast corner of second floor of Feed House, is loose, and is liable to let go and hit somebody. I would suggest an immediate investigation of this.

Yours for safety,

JOHN REYNOLDS, No. 797.

OUR PICNIC

On September 4 our first annual picnic was held at Faries Park. At the start of the day, weather conditions were such that the committees in charge felt very much down-hearted, but around 1 o'clock Old Sol came out in all his glory, which gladdened the hearts of not only the committees, but of the families that had prepared their baskets the night before. The feature of the day was the ball game between the married and single men. Although helped throughout the game by our president, C. A. Keck (who is very much married), the married men were beaten. The feature of the game was the playing and coaching of Ot. Folk,

Fifteen hundred persons were out, and the committees in charge, together with President C. A. Keck, who worked so hard in order to make the picnic a success, are in order for congratulations, as everybody had a good time.

To top the success of the picnic, Mr. A. E. Staley made it known later that all expenses of the outing would be borne by himself. This indicates that Mr. Staley has the welfare of the men employed constantly in mind.

Another spoke has been added to the wheel showing the people of Decatur that the Staley Fellowship Club is second to none in this city. Our first spoke was the establishment of a baseball team, building a first class diamond with grandstand and bleachers, and giving the people of the city a brand of baseball that they have not seen for years.

On September 5, the second spoke was installed when the club, 238 strong, marched in the patriotic parade, headed by President C. A. Keck. The arrangement of our members, the banners, the flag, and our personification of Uncle Sam stirred the people all along the line, and our turnout was the best drilled and arranged of all the organizations in line.

This was our first public showing in a parade in Decatur. The next one will far outshine our fist, as the boys now have a dozen ideas as to what they will do.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!
Be Careful! Be Cautious!



By reason of our widespread channels, we were able to get the above picture, which shows our former well liked Feed House foreman, Thomas Pudney, and his fiancee. This picture was taken in Oswego, N. Y.

Good luck and God-speed on your journey, Tom.—Editor.

A MODERN DICTIONARY

- Alcohol— A liquid for preserving almost everything but secrets.
- Baby— A two-foot ruler.
- Bungalow— A contrivance that divides the front lawn and the back yard.
- Cook— One who can be relied upon to make a “hash” of anything.
- Crown— A costly ornament whose value is rapidly diminishing.
- Divorce— A popular exit in the Temple of Matrimony.
- Gossip— An uncensored news service for the exclusive benefit of the fair sex.
- Luck— Other people’s success; our own failure.
- Marriage— A few minutes at the head of the procession and a lifetime in the ranks.
- Mother— The unsalaried food controller.
- Reputation— A thing half the world tries to live up to and the other half to live down.



BASEBALL

Well, we put it over. Our first year in the Commercial League, and we were able to land the flag! September 7 we met the Mueller team to settle beyond doubt the long-standing feud between the two teams. We won 2 to 1. This was the last game that Dressen and Augustine will play against us. The feature of the game, as usual, was Happy Jack pitching, for he fanned eight of the Muellerites. The old maxim, "New blood helps," is shown to be true, since Mc-Glade joined our baseball team. The boys are now playing with the vim the big leaguers show when the pennant is in sight. And we sure needed something, for, although we have beaten the best of them, a large majority of our games have seemed lifeless.

See The Doctor

All injuries, no matter how trivial, should be immediately reported and receive the attention of the company physician.

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