

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. ★ ★ ★

VOLUME 1 HARTFORD, WISCONSIN, OCTOBER 15, 1918 NUMBER 3

Boys---here are seven pages of "Scandal!" Talk about "Snappy Stories." This issue is a sizzler. Read it.

KISSELGRAPH POPULAR IN HARTFORD

382 COPIES OF SECOND ISSUE ARE SOLD IN THE STORES

\$38.26 Received from Sale to be Added to Fund for You Boys

The business men of Hartford are certainly doing their durndest to help make The Kisselgraph a success. When it became known that The Kisselgraph was going to be sold at 10 cents a copy, and all the mouncey received from the same to be donated to a fund for you boys, several of Hartford's leading business stores offered to sell as many copies as possible. The stores that are authorized sales agents for The Kisselgraph are found below with the number of copies each of them sold.

	No. Copies	Amt.
Miss Turner (Factory)	191	\$19.16
Spagnola's	70	7.00
Central Drug Store	47	4.70
LeCount's Cigar Store	24	2.40
Jones' Sweet Shop	50	5.00
Totals	382	\$38.26

Mr. Werner made some dandy Kisselgraph coin boxes which are placed on the counters and in which all the money is kept. The day before the next issue is placed on sale, the money is collected from these boxes and is places in the bank to the account of The Kisselgraph. A committee will soon be appointed to take charge of this fund. A greater number of copies will undoubtedly be sold from now on, as everybody is proud of this little "sheet" and wants it to be a success.

G. A. KISSEL CAUGHT IN 'GERM BARRAGE'

"BIG CHIEF" DETAINED IN EAST BY GRIPPE

Attack Not Serious—Will be on the Job Shortly.

According to a wire received here at the factory, G. A. Kissel, President of the Kissel Motor Car Company, apparently ran into a barrage of grippe germs while in Washington, D. C. on business two weeks ago, which laid him up temporarily.

From subsequent reports from Mrs. Kissel since her arrival in Washington, it appears that while Mr Kissel was ill enough to be laid up in bed, his sickness was never serious. "Most inconvenient," as he expressed it in a letter to Mr. W. L. Kissel, adding that "he is getting along nicely, thanks to the splendid care given him by his 'nurse' and was anxious to get back on the job."

The factory has received a telegram from Mr. Kissel, stating that his pep is going up rapidly each day and that he expects to be home this week. We will all certainly be glad to see Mr. Kissel in his blue Custom Built Six again skimming along Main street or headed for Milwaukee.

SPANISH INFLUENZA UNDER CONTROL IN HARTFORD

You boys, no doubt, have heard of the epidemic of grippe or Spanish influenza that has broken out in the States.

Everything possible is being done to keep it out of Hartford; the situation is well in hand, and the number of cases is unusually low.

HARTFORD'S QUOTA OVER-SUBSCRIBED

4TH LIBERTY LOAN RAISED IN RECORD TIME

No Slacker Dollars to be Found in Hartford

Hats off, boys, to Hartford. Hartford City's quota for the 4th Liberty Loan was \$173,000.00 and by Saturday evening, the first day of the loan, the subscription had reached \$175,000.00. Isn't that great? This has placed Hartford among the very first cities in Wisconsin to go "over the top."

The town of Erin, which was allotted \$35,000.00, subscribed \$38,000.00 the first day; the town of West Bend went over its quota of \$96,100.00 by a \$8,200.00 margin, the village of Schleisingserville exceeded its quota of \$18,000.00 by \$400.00, and so it is going throughout the state and throughout the country.

Here at the Kissel factory every employe proved that not only are they willing to spend all their time and energy working for you boys by speeding up the Government work, but are more than willing to spend their money for liberty bonds. If money talks, the Kissel employes certainly made a loud noise. Get this—one-third of Hartford's quota was put up to the Kissel factory to be raised. That amount was approximately \$58,000.00. And would you believe it we raised \$77,500.00, so you can see boys that we are with you heart and soul. No wonder Bulgaria has surrendered—no wonder Turkey is about all in—and Austria-Hungary is about to follow suit.

Then its up to you, Kaiser Bill.

THE KISSELGRAPH



Bingo Kissel and Al Lotsch went to Milwaukee to enlist in the Marines, but they want only perfect men so Bingo was out of luck. Guess who went in, "Bean Pole" Loos also attended the party, but one of his lamps was on the hummer, while Bingo is kinda small and had a broken arch. Hard Lines! They're going to get to France anyway, so they went to West Bend and told the local Board to put 'em in the first call. Amen!

Joe Spagnolo received a card from Reuben Gehl Wednesday, stating that he will be back to the U. S. A. by Christmas. The card is a French card on which is printed 4 French medals. I wonder why Joe receives so many cards from the boys "over there." It must be on account of his famous hot fudge.

Joe Spagnolo just got a little Navy "dope" from Lyle Leach. He says that his mustache is the real thing all right, but it sorta bothered him while eating so he had to have the "dear little thing" removed. He envies the Comfort Club and the rest of the gang at Spag's, but says when he gets back that Luicks will have to put on a night shift making ice cream for there sure is going to be "some" consumed. Judging from the photos we've received, Navy life agrees with Lyle all right, but just the same we want the war to end so the poor fellow can let himself loose and devour 4789 gals. of ice cream as that seems to be the height of his ambition according to his letter.

Wm. C. Fritz has been transferred to San Lein Camp, Ellington Field, Houston, Texas. Bill says that they have for pets such as centipedes, horned toads and tarantulas, and he would send some in the near future.

H. B. Niles is now employed at Davenport, Ia., and says he now has charge of the assembly work on the famous French 75 millimeter guns for which they are building the recoils.

Peter Rettler was reported as seriously ill with pneumonia at Camp Lewis, near Seattle, Wash.

Lieut. Benson at one of the meetings of Company D of this city asked the following question—"What must a soldier be before he is entitled to a military funeral?" Sergt. McConighen—"He must be a Private." Lieut. Benson—"No. What is your answer, Corp LeCount?" Corp LeCount—"Dead, of course." Ouch—pass the Camels.

Al Esser, stationed on the Mexican border states that the Mexican girls are all right in a pinch as long as they cannot have the American girls. (What do you mean, Al, by "in a pinch?")

Lieut. Raymond McCann, formerly a teacher in the Hartford High School, has arrived safely in France. He is in charge of a company of colored men.

There are rumors out that "Jacky Pete" Westenberger is making such progress in the navy that he will, no doubt, be in command of one of Henry Ford's torpedo boat chasers in due time.

Harold Emmer was the first Hartford boy to stop bullets in battle, it being reported that on Aug. 29th he was wounded by a bullet, in the right leg above the knee and a bullet went through the top of his right foot.

First Lieut. Raymond Pondelick, now in France, successfully passed examination for aeroplane work and has been transferred to the Second Aviation Instruction, to take a course in Aerial Observation.

Edward J. Connelly who is stationed at Columbus, Ohio, writes us that he is more than pleased with army life, but says that he would like it still better if he would be sent across. Don't worry, Ed., you may get a crack at the Kaiser yet.

Wonder if Raymond Pondelick will cover his former rural route in an aeroplane when he gets back to Hartford. "Bullah" always was some high flyer.

Cards were received from Bunny Abbott and Frank Hauptert that they arrived safely in France. One of our young ladies is now patiently waiting for a letter. Hope Bunny will not let her wait too long.

The popular chauffeur, Ed. Nicodone, has given his services to his country and has entered the branch of automobile repairing and is stationed at the University of Wisconsin.

Kirk Laubenstein has entered the branch of the army school at Appleton, taking up the medical course, so the boys "over there," when he gets thoroughly versed in this branch, will have the best of care when Kirk gets "over there."

Only two out of eleven Hartford boys who applied for entry at the Student's Army Training School at Oshkosh, were rejected, because they were not graduates of high schools.

The Black Hawk Division arrived safely in France. The Hartford boys of this division are William Murphy, Ben Zurn, Frank Hauptert, Edw. Rettler and J. Wurdeman.

A telegram from the War Dept. announces that Arthur L. Larson has been seriously wounded. Private Larson was the first Hartford boy to be wounded in service overseas. His first injury occurred on July 19th.

Word has been received that the 86th National Army Division, composed of Wisconsin and Illinois troops, trained at Camp Grant, Illinois, took part in the big drive on Friday, October 4th, when the Germans were driven back to the Kreinhilde position. Undoubtedly this is the first combat these boys have taken part in as they have not been in France very long.

Arthur Pischke, Walter Weiler, Henry Duffrin and Bernard Pliska entrained Sept. 30th for Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Sergt. Grant Barthorpe, U. S. Aviation Flying Field at Rintoul, Ill., arrived at Fox Lake at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, Sept. 20th, via aeroplane, where he stopped for gasoline and eats. Sergt. Barthorpe is the brother of Sherman Barthorpe of the accounting department of the Kissel Factory, now in camp awaiting sailing orders.

It is understood that the Field Artillery boys from Camp Robinson, Sparta, have arrived in France. Hartford boys in this company are: Arthur B. Russell, Clarence Barnett, Chas. Keneally, Paul Kadolph, Elias and Harvey Swanton, Herbert Hahn and Ben Thorne.

Capt. Edw. Dayton of Kenosha is now Captain of Co. B, 107th Ammunition Train, composed of Hartford boys. Capt. Dayton succeeds Capt. H. G. Rogers, who is on special duty in England.

Maurice Friday has arrived safely overseas and has been assigned to a motor truck train, having taken a special training course at Madison for this branch of the army.

N. M. Schantz has been promoted to the rank of Captain. Capt. Schantz was a 2nd Lieut. of Hartford's Co. D, now Company B, 107th Ammunition Train.

Howard Weigand, better known as "Alice" the popular man of the hour in the Cost Office, reported to West Bend Wednesday, Oct. 9th for physical examination. As yet we have not heard the result of the trip but it's reported that "Dolly" Lohr is getting very lonesome. How about it, Howard?

Carl Borgen is now Acting Sgt. at Camp Cody, New Mexico, and is expecting to get his chevrons soon.

Douglas Portz has entered Officers' Training School at Lawrence University and is taking up military transportation and tank service.

"SPEED UP" IS KISSELETTE'S MOTTO

SWEETEST MUSIC TO HER EARS IS THAT OF HER MACHINE

"I haven't time to have my picture taken," said this Kisselette. "It is up to me to make every minute of the eight hour day produce. That is why we girls have adopted the motto, 'Keep the Wheels turning the full eight hour day.'" A minute's delay to us is the same as a soldier behind time when he is going "over the top". We look upon our work here at the Kissel factory as a military necess-



ity. The harder we work, the more the factory produces, and the nearer the end of the war when our boys will return home."

We know that you boys are proud of the way the girls and women of Hartford have buckled down to their war work. The splendid progress you boys have made in "going over the top," and keeping the "Huns on the Run" has acted as a boomerang on every Kisselette as well as every man here at the factory, and when Hartford's share in the world war is written on the pages of history, the devotion and patriotism of these girls and women who have donned the Kissel service uniform will come in for special attention. We are proud of you girls and our hats are off to you.



The village of Ackerville came near going up in smoke last week. Sparks from a passing locomotive set fire to Peter Schuck's barn, from which it spread to the house and barn of A. Wittertötter and to Louis Guenther's barn. All these buildings were completely destroyed.

Officer George Reid last week discovered an auto with a 1916 license number, and he lost no time in looking for the owner, when lo and behold, some one called his attention to year 1918 printed in small figures at the end of the license plate. Mistakes will sometimes happen.

There will be no State Fair at Milwaukee until we win the war. The grounds have been turned over to the government for use as a motor training camp where a thousand men will be in training for the Motor Convoy Corps.

Miss Katherine Hoffman, formerly school teacher at Schleisingerville, has been appointed clerk at the Hartford Post Office.

The October quota for the surgical dressings calls for 10,000 sponges. This is the largest order ever received by the Hartford Branch.

In a recent book drive for the soldiers' reading rooms in cantonments and overseas, the Hartford Boy Scouts collected 160 books.

We hear that one of our school "marms" recently received a letter of sixty pages from a friend at one of the army cantonments. Another case of the pen being mightier than the sword.

Mayor Lieven is already being called Senator by his friends. Say, boys, you ought to have seen Henry at the Dodge County fair last week—he was the biggest attraction.

A girl was heard to make this remark in the postoffice: "Too bad the Kaiser's picture could not be on postage stamps—it would then be fun licking 'em."

There hasn't been an arrest in Hartford for some time. This speaks well for our police department.

Lillian Westenberger took a party of friends over to the Beaver Dam fair last week. They reported a lovely trip and that the fair was fair and that they had a fair time. Just the same fare, only the substitutes in the Hot Dogs. (It's only fair weather when fair maids go together.)

Mrs. Ed. Boland, supervisor of surgical dressings class, Hartford, has been appointed enrolling agent for Washington County, for the U. S. Student Nurse Reserve.

The names of industrial slackers are to be published in Wisconsin newspapers if they do not get busy and get into essential work.

Only one buck with horns is the limit for deer hunters this season! An open season on skunks the year 'round has been made; a closed season on partridges, prairie chickens, woodcocks, will be continued for two more years.

Not to be outdone by their fond ones—we hear a Company of girls is soon to be organized known as Co. B. ("Be" here when you go and "be" here when you come back.)

Some Gypsies came to town and tried to take some of our pretty Kissel girls away. But nothing doing—they left town. No hope—Too many good looking boys in Hartford.

The activities of the many Hartford ladies in War Relief have made more than one man say he was sorry he had but one wife to give his country.

Gasless Sundays are still being observed. Jim Gates, Sam Parent and Dix, our new electric light superintendent, walked to Rubicon and back last Sunday. And by the way, boys, you ought to see Dix; he weighs about 300 pounds and sure is some live wire.

Will Bloor, well-known in Hartford, died at his mother's home at Stone Bank, with pneumonia.

The other Wednesday evening who was sitting at the City Hall but Officer Vincent, when something flew past him. It wasn't a fly—but Gibs Guse the male truck driver.

Miss Pauline Kissel who has charge of the knitting section of the Red Cross, is knitting "kitchen" toes on the socks.

Wendlen Brumm is running a government laundry in the Blue Ridge Mountains. He likes the work, but "it's never no place."

At a meeting of the Woman's Committee of the Council of Defense last Wednesday evening, Mrs. W. L. Kissel was appointed chairman of the committee for the county convention of the Woman's committee to be held this fall.

Miss Marie Stutchies has left Hartford for one of the camps where she will receive a special training course before leaving for France, where she will serve as a Red Cross nurse.

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.

BOYS DON'T WORRY ABOUT EFFECT ON US

THE KAISER'S PEACE OFFER WENT OVER OUR HEADS

4th Liberty Loan Will be Put Over the Top

If Germany thought that we would slow up our efforts to win the war by failing to back up you boys to the limit—there was nothing doing. President Wilson spoke for every man, woman and child in the good old U. S., when he replied to the Kaiser's "Peace" offer—"No truce. War goes on until invaded soil is freed. No peace discussion until the Central Powers accept the terms enunciated by President Wilson and then only upon the details of their application—No compromise with the Prussian Military Autocracy."

It's up to Kaiser Bill, boys, and we have drawn our belts tighter and rolled our sleeves up further to help you force Germany to make the right move. If Kaiser Bill thought he would slow up the 4th Liberty Loan drive, he is sadly mistaken. If made us all see that this loan and future loans, must be raised quickly and cheerfully. That is what we are all doing.

Some one asked why the boys who were wounded were shot in the leg and j. l. t. Some one said, "Because the Germans don't aim high."

Oh, how about Ted Frank and Frank Plouff keeping the tires warm from Hartford to Mayfield (real often.)

Ray Courtney has arrived safely "over there" according to dispatches.

The American Trench Bird



RAISED AND TRAINED AT WILSON'S PARK TRAINING CAMP NEAR HARTFORD, WIS. FEEDS ON IRON DUST FROM KISSEL'S FOUNDRY AND WITH HIS LONG BILL, DRAWS CHEMICALS FROM THE RUBICON RIVER. A CHEERFUL PRODUCER OF EGGS, DELIVERING SAME AT A RATE OF 30,000 A DAY, IN FORM OF 3 INCH HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS.

HE WORKS THIS:—

TAKING POSITION ACROSS THE ENEMY TRENCH, HIS GLORIOUS FACE TOWARD THE AMERICAN BOYS, HE BOWS GENTLY UP AND DOWN, WORKING HIS SHARP BILL AS A BAYONET IN THE TRENCH AT THE SAME TIME HE EASILY TAKES AIM REARWARD AND BARRAGES THE ENEMY RESERVES WITH EGGS FOR BREAKFAST . . .

FACTORY NEWS

The car loaders the other day were looking for a crow bar—they got hold of Harry Rhodes thinking he would serve the purpose.

Howard Weigand's "Hello, Cost Office" is quite popular. It is Martha Pusch now.

Something very unusual took place in our Parts Department the other day. One of the girls got busy and washed her desk. Strange things will happen.

Joe Rose, White City Foreman, is certainly all smiles these days since he is the proud father of twins. Joe is now the father of four boys and says that within a short time he needn't worry about getting help for his department. We are wondering if he will then change the name of the department from "White City" to "Twin City" or "Garden of Roses."

Mr. Alvin Jordan again leaves his department in distress—this time for St. Louis on a business trip, incidentally leaving all the work behind. We expect Mr. Jordan back Friday and hope he changes his habits and brings something to eat along, instead of something to do.

What seems to be in Frank Quick's mind when he comes to work? Frank makes his usual stop at the entrance of the J. & L. Dept. to talk to a fair maid. First a blush, then a little courage—then he has his little chat. Now Frank, you will have to stay in the Bachelor Club, because she says "wait till after the war."

Paul Koch of Milwaukee is one of the latest additions to the Kissel corps of F. W. D. testers. Paul is an old Kissel booster, having been an "ace" in the factory testing corps several years ago.

We are wondering why Manager W. W. Whitmore of our Western Union doesn't take his vacation. Answer—Because there are more girls here than at any resort. Even his assistants are girls.

Leonard Crouse was sent after a knot hole shrinker—seeing his order could not be filled he returned with a rubber crow bar.

Al Swefel was seen tightening sky bolts with a left hand monkey wrench at Iron Ridge Saturday night. Say, Al, who was the little Jane with the red hat?

Clara Simon is quite an expert in making cage ring bushings and Duke's Mixtures, and was sure tickled when they put on collar grinding. How about it Clara?

As we notice, Alphonse Hauser was laid up for a week with a sore foot from falling over his own feet—but is back at work again. I wonder what is the main attraction.

CYLINDER DEPT.

No. 1-A Machine Shop

Fred Abelt, our professional milling hand has purchased a new pair of Army shoes. Fred said there must be something attractive about army shoes because most of the factory girls give him a pleasant smile when they go past his flashy shoes. Fred hopes that the army shoes are not the only thing to be noticed by the French girls over there.

Andrew Brault, our up-to-date cylinder inspector is right on the job at the shop and at home. He has started a stock farm on a small scale, in which he is part owner of three Poland China pigs. He hopes that the war will end by Xmas, so that he have a good old feast on Victory day of the World's War.

THE KISSELGRAPH

TOP OF THE MORNIN' TO YEZ ALL—REGAN

Sure now, laddies, since the pleasure car production has been cut down we haven't much to do in the enamel hall—but we will be after doing our bit just the same.

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Our friend, Johnnie Weber,
Has wrote us a letter,
Telling us he is now in France,
And never felt better.
He is over there to hunt the Hun
And drive them from their nest.
We are sure that when they meet him
They'll know he's from the West.

Johnnie Burkel and Lee Hawkins,
Should hear Tom Laughren boast
Of how his son will beat them all,
From New York to the Coast.
He says his right's a wicked one,
But the left hook is a fright,
And when he lands on some pig's jaw
Daylight will turn to night.

You boys must all remember,
How the bottle corks would fly
When Alex Kanasky cut loose,
With champagne running high.
But now he's a different man
And the parties are no more,
For he has started in to buy
Bonds and Stamps galore.

Compton, Rudolph, Fitting and I
Went hunting where the ducks fly
fast,
Compton shot all Rudolph's shells,
But the ducks kept going right past
There was wild shooting done
Though Rudolph happened to nail
a few,
But the rice was tall and his eye-
sight poor
And he lost them in the marshy
slew.

Said McNamee "Come on boys,
A blackbird pie or bust."
So we started for McConville lake
Just a tearing up the dust.
He said You watch me bag the birds
If they set still and not fly
But the birdies danced the shimmy
dance,
And Mac lost his blackbird pie.

But we stayed there for the night,
Camping in a pleasant nook,
With some cold ones in the spring
And Jack Fitting for our cook.
Now Rudolph said, "We'll need some
milk
I'll take the pail and get some."
He got the milk, said ne'er a word,
We wondered why he kept so mum.

We found out why as morning came,
A farmer showed up with a cane,
To find the guy who milked his cow
And left her tied up in the lane.
We looked around to find Rudolph,
But he had seen the farmer first,
And the way that boy kicked up the
dust
Would give a mule an awful thirst.
S. H. Markle.

TOOL ROOM

Ray Leach of the U. S. stock room had business in Milwaukee Tuesday. Company or private biz, Ray?

Carl Griffin who has been sick for some time is back on the job.

The Purchasing Dept. and Stock Room have been working over time trying to keep Dr. Haibe and his crew of nurses in stock.

AUTOMATIC DEPT.

Mr. Wills had his desk chair upholstered last week — then they changed the time sheet system and Charles hasn't had any use for his chair since.

Joe Huse said, "Give me push rods or give me death."

Philip Goss got lonesome the other day and took a stroll over to his old water pump housing machine. He looked the Old War Horse over and then said to the operator—"Young man, that's where I got my start."

Say Fellows—Send over seven gas masks for men working near Joe Huse and Al Albrazer. Rush this order.

Bill Wiringer sure does keep the floor shining around the Automatics. Come on over, fellows, and give a look and maybe he will tell you how he does it.

Whenever Frank Plouff feels like taking it easy, he looks at the new sign above his machine, mumbles something to himself about the Kaiser and goes to it.

Sid Markle and Tim Rudolph went hunting Sunday. Tim says they got five ducks and Sid said they got fifteen. Tim must have counted the dead ducks, while Sid the ones that got away.

Carl M. wonders why he cannot make as much money as before. We know Carl, you are too busy with the Inspectors.

Philip sure thinks a lot of that three weeks' old misplaced eyebrow.

Shumway and Kofel say their potato farm back of the factory will not yield quite as much as it did last year. They didn't put enough hard work on it.

Matt Lechner said he would have had a good crop of potatoes on his patch back of the factory if the Gypsy band that went through Hartford hadn't stopped so long. Gypsies beware—steer clear of Hartford next year as Matt has a big gun and will do some practicing before next potato season.

It makes it quite pleasant for the Office Force of late, now that Mr. Frey wears a smile.—(What's the idea, Grover?)

ECHOES FROM THE FINISH- ING DEPT.

Harry Ewing left the other day but the cars keep going out just the same. Charlie Turner is doing Harry's job "dinging up cars" and believe me, Charles is a "humdinger."

"Claudius" Anderson is at the head of the touch-up gang. Claude is the whole gang now.

Mike Linde is still "pretty busy" when there is any piece work in sight but most of his time now is turned in as "general work."

Attention—Doc Hodgson—Occasionally we send out a Nightingale Blue car. (This is Doc's favorite color.)

Shorty Buerkle—I hear your old friend Tom is going to leave. Too bad—no one to argue with then.

Ben Starr, who has been married recently is now willing to work over time. 10 hours per day is not sufficient—he works 15 hours. Married life is all right Ben, after you get used to it.

Harry Byrnes of the Assembly department, is a regular fellow. Last week the stork deposited a 11½ pound boy, who brought with him the name Glenn Win-War Byrnes. So next day Papa Byrnes filled out an application for a \$50 Liberty bond for the young man.

Mr. Davey is not the only fellow who has girls working for him. Mr. Albrecht and Mr. Kofel are in the same class.

One of the Office Girls—"Oh, I'm going hunting next Sunday, Ann." Miss Wiggins—"Well, you stay away from around our house, for I don't want to get hit in the head with one of your stray bullets." Girl—"But, Ann, what would you do if you were in the front trenches?" Miss Wiggins—"Oh I guess I would do like the ostrich."

The Slinger telephone operator had a call for Haibe in "the hospital" at the factory the other day. She told the Kissel operator to hurry, because it must be a sick call. (She didn't know it was the hospital for F. W. D.'s)

The opening of school made quite a change in our Gear Paint Dept. It was quite a long wait this year, George, but it's better late than never.

MACHINE SHOP

When going to and from work all you can hear is squeak, squeak, squeak. What is it? It's those army shoes squeaking for more exercise.

While you boys are trucking ammunition to the front line trenches and making it lively for the Huns over there, Mr. Abbott, chief trucker is rushing things in the machine shop by bringing in rough stock faster than it can be machined.

Mr. John Schmekel went to North Lake fishing a few weeks ago and had unusually bad luck—he went over the side of the boat. The following week he was fond of telling stories of the big 'pickerel' he almost caught. Oh yes, John, that kind of barking goes in one ear and out the other, for we know there are lots of dog fish in North Lake. Another thing, John, we use hooks and lines nowadays for fishing instead of the Stone Age method of swimming after them.

Miss Edith Turner is wearing a big smile today. She got a letter from France.—(No wonder "Number busy--will ring again.")

Those wishing to do grinding in Dept. 1-A, call on Ben Starr for instructions. From out of his vest pocket, he will hand you a tocket, which starts off the wheel, but be sure and ask him, how to turn on the switch.

Fred Goecks always blushes to a deep red whenever a pretty girl casts her eyes at him. So don't you worry boys, your sweethearts are safe.

Irene said she never knew an iron chair could be so comfortable.

Sam Parent is still chewing snuff and grinding smooth parts for trucks for you boys "over there." Do you have much scrap, Sam?

While you are talking about good inspectors don't forget Rose H.

Fats is the chief subject in the Mailing Department. We wonder why, Elsie. Commence early as Harry looks as though he can eat.

Philip Goss is some duck hunter. Sunday morning bright and early, Frank Plouff arrived at the meeting place, but to Frankie's surprise and sorrow, Philip didn't appear. It's the same old story with Phil. Can't get him up in the morning. Our hunter Phil said if he ever went duck hunting, it would be in the afternoon.

Have you noticed the smile on Harry's face? His main work in the tool room is watching other skilled mechanics so his intended from the Mailing Department doesn't get kidnapped.

Matt Krebs said if Uncle Sam would pay the same price for killing Germans that he receives for turning drive shafts, he would take the next boat over.

John Striegel is still at his tricks of rushing out the "Custom Bullt Six." He wants to get busy at some Government toys. Just to be good to the boys.

Bobby Albrecht and Parker are very interested in politics at three minutes to twelve but when the whistle blows, Parker with his "All-Year Top" is on a dead beat for the clock.

Philip Konrad is very busy collecting Gateman's passes for army shoes, which are being sold to the employees of the Kissel Motor Car Company at a low cost.

I wish to thank the boys who so freely gave for the department flag, and also for their subscriptions on the Fourth Liberty Loan. You can see when entering the Seat Dept. of the F. W. D. that it has 100% courage, "over the top" pays, boys.

The Girls' Glee club of the Kissel office, met at the home of Martha Pusch recently. The neighbors said if they ever heard such queer noises again they'd sure send for the police. (Boys, ever hear of "No Woman's Land?" Well, don't anchor there, that's all.)

Cliff Montgomery—quite the Kidder—took two empty seat cans and placed them in two housings and said "I guess I will can these". ("Over the Cliff (T)?)

The Night Crew in the Machine Shop responded liberally for the 4th Liberty Loan issue. They bought \$6,650 worth. If the balance of the factory does as well, we'll go at least \$100,000. (Shake, boys, that's great.)

Frank Sheblack, our educated bookkeeper is back at his old game of wielding the pen and pencil. About three weeks ago Frankie thought he would take a whirl at the Machine Shop game, but I think the whirling made him dizzy. Well, you tried anyway, Frank.

The factory last week received a shipment of Strong Army shoes to be sold to the employees at cost. We are wondering if we could not get coal and general merchandise like this.

Willie Wetzel received a card from our former employee, Herbert Hahn, that he arrived safely in France. Say Herbert, if you handle your gun like you did the glue brush you will surely be able to "stick" Fritz soon.

We wonder why Howard is so down-hearted these last few days Has she gone back on you?



Harold Westenberger thinks The Kisselgraph will have it all over "Snappy Stories." What do you mean, Harold. What do you mean?

What's the matter with the girls at the Kissel plant? They won't go out nights. Guess they over work themselves in the day time. How about it, boys?

Lucile Gasper looks cute when she has her face powdered. You ought to see her Saturday scrubbing the porch. Oh Boy! She looks nice and home like. Ask Walter P.

Thelma Heisler sure is going to dances early lately.

Some High School boy is going to ask Papa for the use of his car some night to take out a pretty school girl. Get that Casey? Bat 'er up—make it a "home run!"

It is certain that Kofel will have no trouble keeping girls in his department. George and Charley certainly treat them pretty. —Ask Dutch.

Mayme Hayes says she knows a lot of things that would tickle the boys, but she don't know how to say them—(Use sign language, Mayme.)

Mr. A. E. Breitenfelt, proprietor of the Rexall store, claims to be the champion indoor fisherman of Hartford. He fishes seven days in the week and expects to be in good shape for the indoor fishing meet at Camp Douglas next week, (Bheity why don't you get after this guy. He's after you all right.)

Walter Belson, the prancing young advertising man at the Opera House is thinking of going on the stage— but he hasn't decided which he will play, the villain or the soubrette.

Ella Illig is the new clerk at the Sweet Shop. She hails from Hori-con, (and boys, when she says "hot fudge," you just order it—even if you had a "September Morn" in mind.)

Heppe's Fire Sale was assisted by a large number of Hartford's talented young ladies last week. We say talented, because they were specially selected for their various abilities.

Mary Manning chaperoned a party of young ladies on a visit to the fortune teller. They all report a most enjoyable evening, including many sensations—(such as—for instance, well you what what I mean, Mary.)

THE KISSELGRAPH

Vina Gehl, who is considered an expert in handling coins, was very noticeable in the Cash Dept. at the Fire Sale.

Wonder how Mr. Herbes likes riding home on a flat tire. Makes it bad when you have a lady for a chauffeur. How about it, Dolly?

Martha Pusch went home from the dance quite early the other night. We wonder why Orrin wouldn't let her stay. Never mind Orrin, she flirts with the rest, but still loves you.

Girls, get busy and write Art Eckerdt a love letter as he is almost driving Elsie insane asking for mail.

Miss Dora Sonnentag has been absent several days this week after staying out late the night before. Gosh! Dora and after you promised me that you would be "true to me" while I'm away!

Mike Gehl, Breity and Frank Wienefeld went fishing and got back with a nice mess of fish and among them a PICKEREL weighing over six pounds which Breitenfelt claims to have caught but it leaked out that when they started to fish Frank put his fish pole down into the water to see how deep it was and the pickerel ran "head on" into it and was stunned, so it came to the top and Frank picked it up and tells a likely story of how he caught it. Frank, be careful or next time one will jump into your lap and knock you off the boat. Maybe it was the "onions" that you ate being so strong that the fish couldn't stand it and just came to the top and gave himself up.

We are wondering why Harry Knopke has been wearing such a broad smile of late. But take a look at Elsie's left hand and you will know the reason why.—(Harry, ever hear that charming ditty entitled "Cancel that wedding march and play a funeral dirge for me?")

Boys, save up your pennies, as Ann Wiggins says she will not consider anyone unless they have millions.—(That's a darn good idea, Ann, but you'll have to cut the fudge Sundays.)

Things look quite strange as Miss Probst is not on duty. What is the attraction at Milwaukee, Martha? And here we were thinking that he was far away at camp—(Martha look me in the eyes and swear that—)

Mrs. Walraubenstein, you had better look out or you will be losing your Willie—as he is continually standing at the Mailing Dept. window.—(For the Love of Mike, girls, this town is too small!)

Jimmie Jones went to movie show last evening with—his wife,

Company D will soon elect a second lieutenant. All of the non-commissioned officers are awaiting the award of this plum with anxiety.

Us girls were going some the last few Sundays—Gasless Sundays—Oh, Boys, how we wish you were back home.

Harry Knoepke recently learned a new song. Sing it to the boys, Harry.

George Fischer hadn't better let his wife see him walking to work with all those Janes—or there'll be trouble.—(Haven't you had enough yet George?)

Isabelle Reid also was a notable person at the Fire Sale—she had charge of the safety dept.—pins, needles, hair nets and sox (and er—well never mind.)

Dr. Walter Monroe is getting to be some songster. He purchased a copy of "Oh Frenchy," and got the air on his way home.

Artie Tarkington was rushing around town the other night looking for a Kiddie Car. Oh Boy, "Gasless Sundays"

Margaret Clancy of Sweet Shop fame had a good position in the Clothing Dept. at the Fire Sale. She was considered a very efficient saleslady as she would greet the customer with her winning smile and start in like this: "We have coats from De-Coata and pants from Pants-xil-vania and vests from Vest Virginia, collars from Colorado and shoes from Shu-rus-lum. Did you wish them ribbed or short-waisted?"

Ed. Russell, the Revolutionary Leader of Hartford's Co. D, State Guards, sure made an awful showing while the Company was out pitching pup tents and maneuvering around last Sunday. In charge "Russell" let loose like he does when he sees a guy with a \$1000, to whom he wants to sell a mortgage, but his hind legs couldn't keep up, and our famous cook plowed up the sod, "with nose and gun, the deed was done, while we were marching on." As a cook he may be all right, even if he always burned the oatmeal, also as a leader for Revolutionary moves, but as a "charger" he is Nix. Can you imagine him with his sylph-like figure, buried with his head in the sod like an ostrich? Ed's waist-line is not built to stoop down and run. Oh, Menzel, you needn't laugh—when the Company comes to a "Right Dress" Menzel, Chaplin and Spiker's stomachs are always out a foot. Well, as Pat Hickey says, "Ed Russell's a nice old lady." But that's no reason why he should fill his pockets with pool chips at Le Count's Cigar store and then go to Chaplin's and sell them to Belson at 10 cents per dozen. I don't believe it do you?

Andrew Martin has just finished reading the last issue of Jim Jam Jems. (What for Andy?)

The big F. W. D. meeting is now a thing of the past and Tark, the walking cigar stand, is gradually recovering. Tark sure batted 300 in the Glad Hand League and did his best to "keep the home fires burning."

Bertha Brumm wears a pretty new sweater and 'round her neck she wears a yellow cord—when we ask her why she wears it, she wears it for her lover's far away." (Should that be plural or singular, Bertha?)

There was a little social gathering held at Wienefeld's hall Monday evening, Oct. 7th. The evening was spent in dancing and playing games—mostly games. Policeman Vincent acted as chaperone early the next morning. Is Wienefeld's Hall still there? Ask Hecky, he will tell you. About 10:30 the girls escorted the boys over to Spag's for refreshments. It is Leap Year? Oh Boy! you would have thought so if you had seen the girls. Is Tub Courtney still alive? Well you wouldn't think so by the BB shots he found in his ice cream. Ask Chubby, she will tell you who put them there. Girls were scarce, but boys were scarcer. The superfluous Jazzy Orchestra of St. Lawrence furnished the music. Everybody reported a good time and hope there are more in the future. (By the Bunch.)

Top Sergeant A. E. Breitenfelt of Company D is having difficulty in managing his new sword. In his hands it is dangerous, both to his nose and to the lives of those under his command. Cook Schroeder says Breity will have to practice with a broom stick in private as he has already been struck twice.

Our former body builder, Frederick Schmidt, looks fine in his U. S. uniform. He is stationed in Co. C, 14th U. S. Inf., Fort W. H. Seward, Alaska.

A SPECIAL DISPATCH FROM WEST BEND

To Menzel, Orth & Co.

"It was some party we had at the Washington House, wasn't it? Oh, Boy! You were certainly there on the confidential stuff. We were certainly sorry when the sun came up. Call us up when in Milwaukee, you have our telephone numbers.

Signed:

Red Head, Fatty and Skinny Blonde.
(I've been wondering why Menzel has been sought after by some parties. Apparently he's the boy who has the phone numbers. Which one has Kilbourn 3-5-Y, Ollie?)

THE KISSELGRAPH



Fred Shumway has taken out a hunting license—"Tis well—for with his experience at shooting (the Bull) he ought to get more than his share of the game. We understand though that Fred was disappointed after getting his license in finding out that with it he could not kill anything or shoot any place. Some of the neighbors around where he lives talk of the disappearance of a small red squirrel as well as Kofel's goat, that was noticed around the place for months. You can't do that stuff no matter if you have a license, Fred.

My, Boys! What a change in the old town. You won't know the place when you get back. Jones, the popular Sweet Shop man, won the baby buggy at the raffle given at the Community fair. No, there was nothing in the buggy.

Say, Fellers, have you seen the bunch at the First National Bank since Myrtle Weinert started work there. "Hank" is all togged out like a church most of the time, has quit chewing Piper Heidszig, and is all smiles, "Yea, Bo." Harry Radke doesn't write to his girl as often as he used, and buys gum every little while. Fred Maas doesn't go home right after four like he used to do, but sticks around quite a while—but Daddy Liver just tends to his knitting and says the young must have their fling. Esser has discontinued the "Hunt System" he used at the typewriter, and the fair lady makes the old machine hum. Breity has even cut out the singing and whistling concerts he used to give the boys much to their distress. Just think what an achievement it is now to send home your money to be handled by such a bunch of hustlers. But they have nothing on the Hartford Exchange bank since Owen's wife is at the bank watching them. You know the fair ones from Davy's department have to leave their money somewhere.

Ollie Menzel was seen going home with two fish the other night. Since there are no fish stores in town, I wonder where he stole, speared or netted them. Look who he associates with, Esser, Breity and Boland. You should see the new All-Year Top on Ollie's car. It reminds you of "In my Harem." Some warm baby. Leave it to Ollie. By the way, Ollie how did you find Cedar Lake on that night? (Esser:—Which night? Ollie:—None of your business, you loop hound.) Orth says he knows her or was he only fooling.) If I had caught that other jack I'd have won the pot; but oh, what's the use. Look at all the trouble figuring up.

Wanted—A girl for Saturday afternoon entertaining.

Here is something new for you, boys, when you come back to the Sweet Shop to get some nice refreshments: Three of the leading lights of the Kissel factory happened in at the Sweet Shop one night this week, and what they were thinking of was hard to imply, but one of them who is our mutual friend, Grover Frey, asked for ice cream 'without any dressing.

Bertha Brumm was a very amusing figure at the Fire Sale. She was passing the time by sewing linings in some of the latest models in hats. She is an expert in this line as she has had an unlimited amount of experience sewing on buttons.

We understand the reason Otto Wollner hasn't produced his "snappy" stuff is because he is reading the Parisienne.

Miss Elsie Meyer is wearing a smile and a ring—(And I thought that—pshaw, I can't believe. Why, just the other night I—)

Cora Seip has left us for the time being. Why are you so blue, Oscar?

Although Jazzy Pat left home for Milwaukee, he couldn't help but stop off at Hartford. Eh, Mona!

Miss Enid Jenks—entertained a few friends from her home at Oconomowoc. 'N everything.'

Elizabeth Schwartz steps quite a bit of late. How about it, Kraus?

Our little Olive is quite an attraction of late. Too bad she must stay home and study.

Why is it that all the girls stag it up to the dances nowadays? Is it because Kissel's have a night shift? Why not have a night shift for the girls?

Why can't we girls have the men of our dreams? Eh, Elizabeth!

This is 1918 and 1898 is a thing of the past. "And they are wearing 'em higher in Hartford, eh Dorothy?"

Oh Boy! I wish that our soldier boys were homeward bound as all the infants have gone to school and so we girls are all widowed.

Otto Wollner is nursing a sprained left hand and we just wonder if the moonlight nights didn't get him into trouble.

Mrs. Martha Portz is escorted to Slinger each morning by some member of the Woman's Council of Defense Motor Squad, where she takes the train for Milwaukee, having enrolled in the Red Cross Home Service Course. The field this covers is large and any young man wondering who is taking "her" out and other perplexities can write Mrs. Portz, for she is going to do all she can for the boys.

MESSAGE TO THE MAYOR

(Wireless from Beaver Dam)

To Mayor Lieven,
Hartford, Wis.,

We tried to have an orderly Fair this year, but owing to five inmates of Hartford breaking out and breezing here, it raised Cain with our chickens.

These Cain-raisers professed to be Jack Hallowell, Jake Hilt, Adolph Vogelsang, G. Chaplin and Roy Spiker. They were a swell-appearing gang and looked like a million dollars when they uncorked their wad of greenbacks. Our local men had no chance and threatened to mutiny. Only the size of Hilt, Spiker and Chaplin made them hesitate.

Since their departure we have had to begin all over again with our girls and it's some job. Bless the man who put the "less" into Gasoline-less Sundays. The Hartford boobs have to stay away from here whether they want to or not. Beware! you guys, less Beaver shows its Damn teeth.

B. D.

