

his work. The customer must be made to feel important. The product must be made with the customer's desire in view.

All of us have very important parts in this EASY formula for our salesmen--Enthusiasm, Audacity, Showmanship, Youmanship. Our workmanship must meet the enthusiasm with which the salesmen represent our hose to the customer. Our quality and packaging must present showmanship. Our salesmen must have the confidence we will fill the orders with the same workmanship and enthusiasm with which they have promised our company to deliver.

All of us are salesmen. We are selling our services. If we are to be successful, we, too, must become enthusiastic about our work: competition demands we make a better product and give better service.



An unscheduled sales meeting of Pete Houser, Sid Muller, Charlie Wirsching, and John Merrick was held at the picnic table. That's Muller with his foot on the bench presiding.

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The wheels of business and industry have turned faster and faster throughout our history - all Americans have moved ahead - because of the hope for a fair return, a fair reward, a fair profit.

DADDY AND HIS LITTLE GIRL

Today my daughter, who is 7 years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with a white collar. She had on black shoes and wore blue gloves. Her cocker spaniel, whose name is Coot, sat on the front porch and whined his canine belief in the folly of education as she waved good-bye and started off to the hall of learning.

Tonight we talked about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her, the girl with yellow curls, and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher, who has eyes in the back of her head, and the trees in the school yard, and about the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things--tremendously vital, unimportant things, and then we studied spelling, reading, arithmetic--and then to bed.

She's back there now--back in the nursery sound asleep, with "Princess Elizabeth" (that's her doll) cuddled in her right arm.

You guys wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I'm her daddy. When her doll is broken or her finger is cut or her head gets bumped, I can fix it--but when she starts to school, when she walks across the street, then she's in your hands.

She's a nice kid. She can run like a deer and dart about like a chipmunk. She likes to ride horses and swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoons. But I can't be with her all the time; I have to work to pay for her clothes and her education. So please help me look out for her. Please drive slowly past the schools and intersections--and please remember that children run from behind parked cars.

Please don't run over my little girl.

Author Unknown

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Why does the man who snores the loudest always get to sleep first?