

THE
PRIVATE LIFE
OF A TOOL CHEST

by OLD CHESTY HIMSELF

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A TOOL CHEST

YES, I am a Tool Chest as any one will know who sees me. You would never guess that I am twenty-five years old for I am still as sound in body as the day I was born. Of course, I've had some hard knocks at times, and I've seen a lot of life in my day. I've traveled up and down the land, and have had some mighty interesting experiences. That's why I am not quite as young looking as when I was born. But my owner says that does not matter much. I've heard him say that I am worth just as much to him now as ever before, and that he expects me to stay in his service until he retires. I hope that will be many more years

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by
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● *ne of the most up-to-date factories in
America.*

from now, for it really is a lot of fun to be active in the affairs of any one of America's good machine shops.

Would you like to know why we—my owner and I—think so much of each other? I'll tell you!

To begin with, I first saw the light of day in one of the most up-to-date factories in America—up in Dayton, ● hio, it was. I was born full grown,

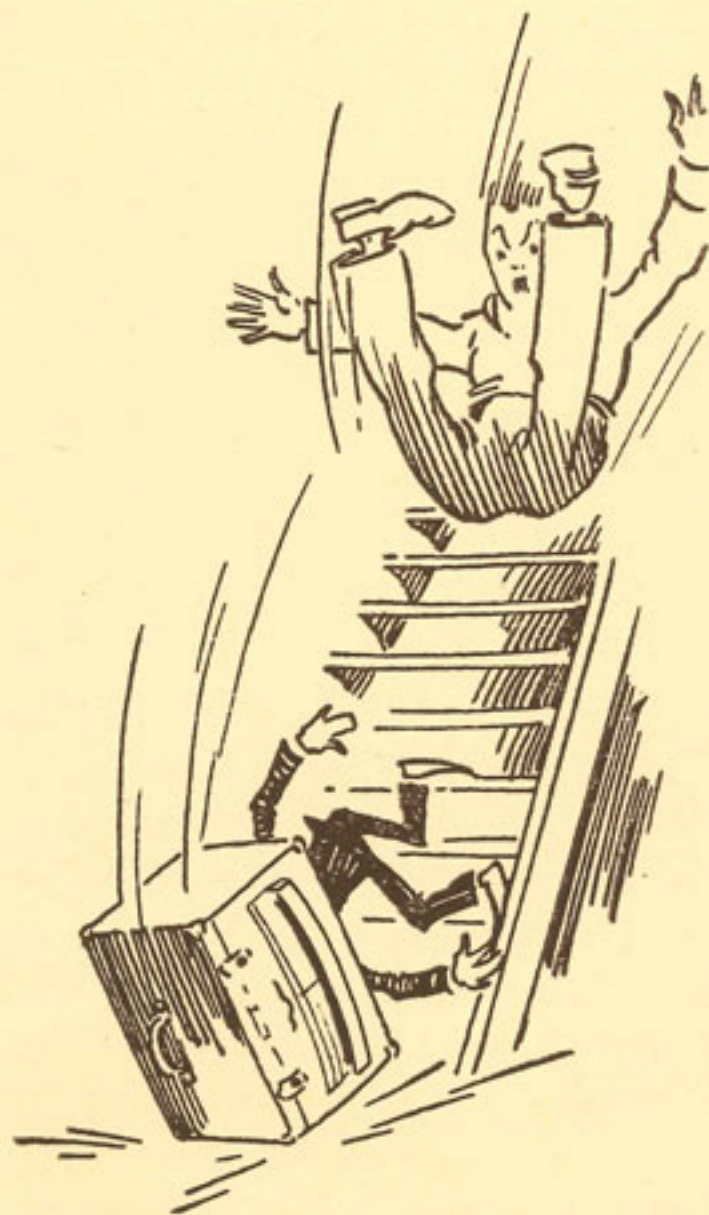
as you must know, and every one who saw me as I came off the finishing line, said I was a mighty fine specimen of the GERSTNER Tool Chest family, and would surely be a credit to the rest of that large family circle.

You see, my body was made of the choicest of Poplar wood. This was prepared with unusual care so that I would be sure never to warp nor to lose my attractive form. I was put together with equal care, with lock cornered joints firmly glued and nailed. This made me so strong, so sound in body, and so rugged that I feel sure they could have dropped me off the roof without dislocating a single joint. Why, once when my owner slipped on the stairs, he had to let go of me and I went bumping down step after step; and when I finally landed at the bottom, there

wasn't a single broken member in me—only those scars that you see on one of my corners there. After that, I never had any fears, for I knew that I was made right for a lot of real service.

When my frame had passed the most rigid inspection, I was dressed up in a rich coat of seal grained, black art leather that is waterproof, and that has worn unusually well all these years. I was then fitted with a complete set of nickel plated hardware that added to my strength and made me look like a million dollars.

My internal organs consist of a set of the finest, easy-sliding drawers you have ever seen. It's a joy to me to know how easily they slide, yet how snugly they fit, and also add to my attractive appearance. I've never suffered a single pain because of binding or sticking drawers. The



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make-up of their polished Quartered Oak faces, presents a most striking appearance. And the felt-lined bottoms and shellacked sides do take wonderful care of the fine set of tools that I carry. You must agree that I was made up splendidly in every detail, and that I passed final inspection with flying colors.

In a short time, I was sent out into the world to make my own way; and I'm glad to say that my wonderful experiences testify impressively to the skill and care with which my makers built me.

My first stopping place was in the store of a dealer here in Boston. The dealer and his salesmen were surely proud of the appearance I made. They placed me in a prominent part of the store where I was admired by a lot of unusually critical people. Many persons came to look me over,

and I heard quite a number of the fellows say, "I'll buy that GERSTNER Chest some day."

That same day my owner came along the street where I was stopping. He was just idling away a bit of time before going home from his work. He always did take an interest in fine tools, and I've observed time and again that a new one was placed in one of my drawers with loving hands. And that day he stopped in to see if the dealer might have something new that would help him in his work.

When he saw me, he came right over to me and was so impressed with my appearance of beauty and strength that he wanted me right away. And when he saw my trade mark, "Built by H. Gerstner & Sons, Dayton, Ohio," he didn't hesitate a bit. He told the dealer that he was

delighted to know that this line of chests was being carried, and that it should prove very profitable. He said, too, that he had heard so many favorable comments from his shop mates that he just knew that any chest made by GERSTNER would be more than good enough for him. I was wishing that he would take me



He concluded I was the best value and bought me.

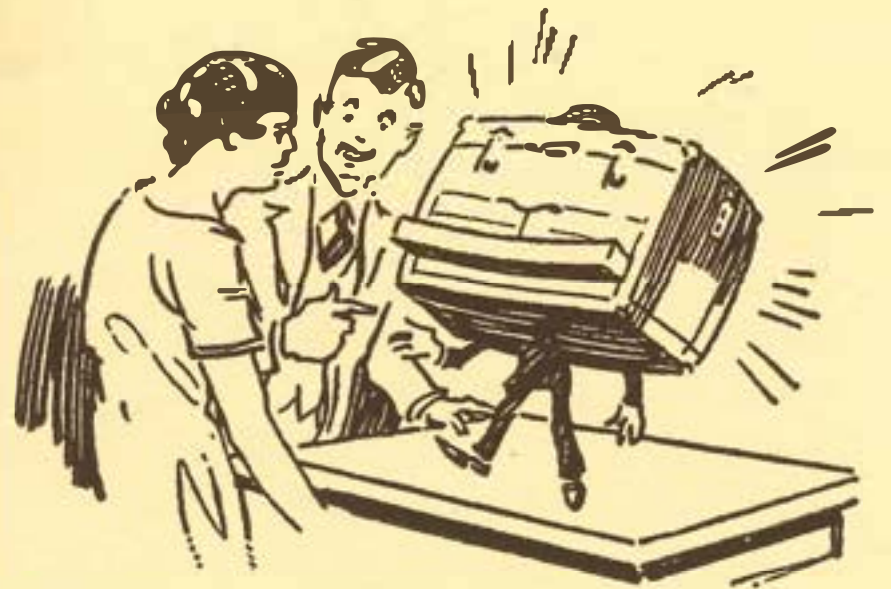
with him, and that's just what he did. When he had paid the price asked by the dealer, he said he was sure of getting the greatest possible value for every dollar of his money.

Just before going out with me, I heard the dealer say that he would send off to the factory right away for some of my brothers, "as he had never seen any goods that attracted so much favorable attention, and that sold itself so readily as that GERSTNER Chest." And my owner assured him that he would send some of his friends in to see them just as soon as they had arrived.

My owner took me home with him that night, to show to his young wife. You should have heard how he boasted to her about me. He praised me in such glowing terms that I became so proud that I almost burst off a lock.

Then the next day I was taken to the shop where I had my first practical experience in my life's work. My owner gathered his tools from bench drawers and from shelves here and there where he had kept them before. It didn't take long to have my drawers filled with a set of tools worth several hundred dollars. I've been carrying a full load of good tools ever since.

Without boasting in the least, I can say that I've served my owner well, and have repaid him many times the price he paid for me. I've made his work easier for him. I've kept his tools in such good order that he has said over and over that "he just doesn't know how he ever got along without me." I've kept his tools free from dust and dirt. He has never lost any time for his employers because of a mislaid tool, or because



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a tool was unfit to use when needed. On several occasions, I heard him tell his friends that a raise in his wages was due largely to the splendid way in which I had helped him do his work so much better and more easily. I just couldn't help noticing how his foreman always looked at me when he praised my owner for some fine piece of workmanship. It

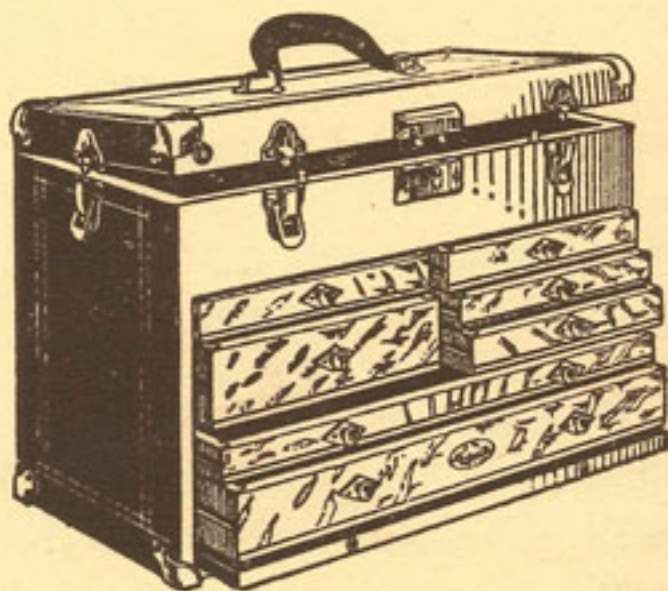
got so that my owner was always given the better paying jobs, and was promoted because of the way he was able to turn out better work more easily with my help.

Often when we came into a new shop where my owner was given a better job and better pay, some one would say, "What a good looking Tool Chest that is!" And then, "Where can I get one like it?" My owner always points with pride to my trade mark, and it isn't long until one of my brothers is sent over by the dealer.

My owner has often said that he never lost much time even in the worst depression of his career, just because the men who "know their stuff" and who give their tools the care they deserve in a GERSTNER Chest, are kept on the job when less particular men are "laid off."

Why don't you profit by some of my experiences, and also stop in at your own dealer's and ask about GERSTNER Chests? You would be just as proud to own and to use one of them as are the many thousands of other exacting machinists, tool-makers, diemakers, patternmakers and other skilled mechanics who are so well pleased with their GERSTNER Chests.

Won't you see about it at once? And when you do get your chest, you will know that I have not overstated anything in telling you of my own life. You will then know for yourself that a GERSTNER Chest, "made for the man who cares," will pay for itself many times in its life time.



THIS IS MY LATEST
PHOTO. IF YOU WISH
TO SEE PICTURES OF
THE REST OF THE
FAMILY, ASK US FOR
THEM.

The Gerstner & Sons
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