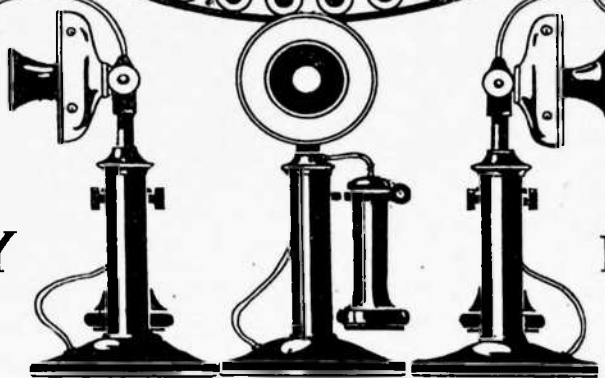


THE MONITOR



JANUARY

1919



THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.



HOWARD ALLEN SPEARS

Making the Last Bivouac in France

THE sad news reached Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Spears of Englewood, Colorado, recently, that their son Howard Allen Spears is numbered among those of the A. E. F. who will not return from France.

Howard Allen Spears was in a replacement company of infantry, and reached France early in October. Soon after arriving he contracted pleuro-pneumonia and passed away on the 27th of that month. Prior to joining the colors he was in the employ of the Installation Department in Denver as a switchboard man. He was twenty-one years of age, and a young man of fine character and promise.

His resting place in France will not be lonely. Many thousands of brave boys whose hearts beat high to the strains of the national anthems of the Allies and the lighter notes of "Tipperary" and "Over There," will keep him company.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards with solemn round
The Bivouac of the dead."

The MOUNTAIN STATES MONITOR



DENVER COLORADO



J. F. GREENAWALT, Editor Δ ELEANOR C. KILBOURN, Asst. Editor

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JANUARY :: NINETEEN-NINETEEN

A Brighter, Better Day

MANY are the lessons which the great war has given to society in general, and not a few can be applied to our own business and to our individual tasks. Out of the anguish of the process of refining by fire will come a refinement of human thought which will direct human action upon a higher plane and toward the fulfillment of a brighter, better day.

These thoughts are suggested by a letter written by Mr. G. E. Berggren, formerly Traveling Auditor for this Company, to General Auditor Reid, and which appears on another page of The Monitor. Mr. Berggren has evidently thought much about what he has seen and heard. He finds that morale was the invisible force that carried the victorious armies of the Allies irresistibly toward the Rhine; he is constrained to idealize the American soldier and to glorify service.

The men who marched to victory in France are the same men who in times of peace triumph over the enemies of success in industrial life. When they return to civil life they will surely convert army morale into industrial morale. As the soldier regarded his position in the army not as a job, but as his contribution to the cause of liberty, so when he returns to us he is very apt to regard his position as his contribution to the service which our institution as a whole is under obligation to give to the public.

Men whose physical courage has been tried by fire will have their moral courage strength-

ened and their sense of duty exalted. They have learned that "they best can serve who best agree," and so we may expect an absence of petty spites and bickerings and faultfindings and resentments, and who will say that those who rejoin the telephone ranks, imbued with the spirit of martial morale, service, discipline and all the standards that made our armies command the admiration of the world, will not prove to be the leaven that shall permeate and leaven our organization to its lasting benefit.

The day is coming when there will exist a closer, mutual relationship between fellow-workers, and between employes and management, through a better mutual understanding of their respective needs, their hopes and aspirations. There will come a fellowship of service, a common standard of thought and action, that must lead to mutual ideals and common purposes. And those of us who remained to work and pray while others fought, must learn the lesson and prepare ourselves for the conditions which will be ushered in with that brighter tomorrow which may already be discerned without the eye of prophecy.



Art of Telephony Makes Long Stride Forward



AN object toward which telephone and telegraph engineers have been working for many years has been attained, and in future the long distance wires will be busier than ever before, for they will carry more simultaneous messages. Engineers of the Bell System, almost since the use of long, open wires had dreamed of their greater utilization by means of which several conversations might be carried on at one and the same time. But the problem was a perplexing and difficult one—thought by some to be impossible of accomplishment, and not until the epochal year of 1918, which brought so many important changes to the world, did it reach fruition. Days and nights of research, study and united effort by dauntless engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company have brought into being the multiplex system of telephony and telegraphy, and again has the American inventive spirit given

to the world a most valuable addition to the long list of marvels wrought by Yankee ingenuity.

The following letter from Mr. Theo. N. Vail to Postmaster General Burleson, and the statement by Mr. Bancroft Gherardi, Acting Chief Engineer of the A. T. & T. Co., in which he sets forth in language as non-technical as possible, so that it may be understood by the layman, the practical working of the invention, will give a clear conception of the importance and value of the multiplex system.

"Hon. Albert S. Burleson,
"Postmaster General,
"Washington, D. C.

"Dear Mr. Burleson: I beg leave to announce to you the most recent practical application of the work of the technical staff of the Bell System. After several years of intense effort, they have invented and developed a practical system of multiplex telephony

and telegraphy by the use of which it is now possible to increase manyfold the message-carrying capacity of long telephone and telegraph wires, especially of the open wire type.

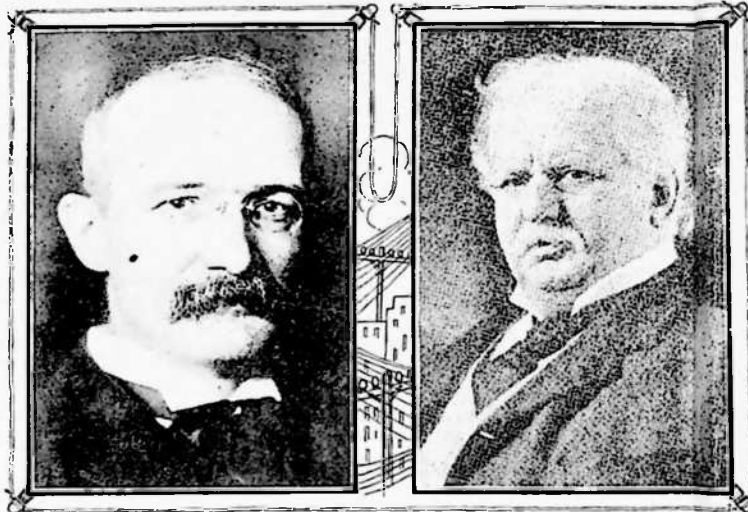
"An installation of the multiplex telephone system has been made between Baltimore and Pittsburg, and has been in service for more than a month. On Monday afternoon of this week accompanied by a party of distinguished Government and telephone and telegraph officials, I made an inspection of this system at Baltimore and a test of the service provided by it

between Baltimore and Pittsburg. All of the party were delighted with the successful working of the new system and the evident skill which had been shown in developing it.

"With this new system four telephone conversations over one pair of wires are simultaneously carried on, in addition to the telephone conversation provided by ordinary methods. Thus, over a sin-

gle pair of wires a total of five telephone conversations are simultaneously operated, each giving service as good as that provided by the circuit working in the ordinary way.

Heretofore the best telephone methods known to the art provided only one telephone conversation at a time over a single pair of wires. A number of years ago, we developed the 'phantom circuit' arrangement by which three telephone circuits are obtained from two pairs of wires, an important improvement of which we have made extensive use. Now by our new multiplex method, we are enabled to obtain five telephone circuits over one pair of wires, that is, ten simultaneous telephone conversations from the two pairs of wires which formerly could be used for only three simultaneous telephone conversations. This represents an increase of more than threefold in the telephone capacity of the wires as compared with the best previous state of the art, and a fivefold increase



President Thayer, Western Elect. Co.

President Vail, A. T. & T. Co.

under conditions where the 'phantom circuit' is not employed.

"In telephony, as well as in telegraphy, sensational results have been attained by the new system. By combining two telegraph wires into a metallic circuit of the type used for telephone working and by applying our new apparatus and methods to this metallic circuit, we have enormously increased the capacity of the wires for telegraph messages. As applied to high speed printer systems, we can do eight times as much as is now done, and as compared with the ordinary duplex telegraph circuit in general use we can do ten times as much. These increased results are attained without in any way impairing the quality of telegraph working.

The nature of these developments is such that if desired wires may be used partly for telephone and partly for telegraph. A pair of wires is available

pitts, H. P. Arnold, B. W. Kendall, R. A. Heising, H. J. Vennes, E. O. Scriven and H. F. Korthueuer of the Engineering Department of the Western Electric Company, the manufacturing division of the Bell System.

"From the earliest days of both the telephone and the telegraph, there have been almost numberless attempts by inventors, scientists and engineers to develop methods for the multiple transmission of messages. It was while working on the problem of multiplex telegraphy that Dr. Bell had his first conception of the structure of the original telephone. Now the organization which is continuously working to perfect the telephone and to extend its usefulness has accomplished not only multiplex telephony, but also multiplex telegraphy, and has solved the telegraph problem upon which Dr. Bell was working over forty years ago.



Chief Engineer Jewett
Western Electric Company



Col. J. J. Carty
Chief Eng. American Tel. & Tel. Co.



Acting Chief Engineer Gherardi
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

either for five simultaneous telephone conversations or for forty simultaneous telegraph messages, or partly for one and partly for the other.

"These developments have been the result of the work of the technical staff of the Bell System acting as an organization and are the outgrowth of their combined inventive and engineering skill. Hundreds of the men of our staff have co-operated in the work and it is impossible to name any one man who is entitled to even the major part of the credit for the result. Without, however, detracting from the credit due to any one of them, there are a few whose contributions to the system have been so distinctive that they should be named here. They are: O. B. Blackwell, G. A. Campbell, H. S. Osborne, J. R. Carson, Lloyd Espenschied, H. A. Affel and John Davidson, Jr., of the Engineering Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and E. H. Col-

"While heretofore no substantial practical results had been obtained, notwithstanding the efforts which have been directed to this problem, some proposals made by the earlier workers in this particular field have naturally proved suggestive in the successful solution of the problem. I have in mind particularly a suggestion made by Major General George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army, about ten years ago and which at the time attracted very general attention.

"Furthermore, while working in entirely different fields and with a different objective, Dr. Lee DeForest a number of years ago invented a wireless device known as the audion which by our improvements and adaptation we have made an important part of our system.

"From the nature of the apparatus and methods employed the system is not practically advantageous

on short lines, either telephone or telegraph. On long lines its application will be extended immediately, but its introduction must necessarily be gradual on account of the nature of the apparatus required and the rearrangement and adaptation of the lines themselves and their associated apparatus to the new method of working. Our studies show, however, that this system of multiplex telephony and telegraphy will have great usefulness on long, open wire lines. It is not too much to characterize this new system as marking an epoch in the development of long distance telephony and telegraphy.

"Sincerely yours.

(Signed) "THEO N. VAIL,
"President."

By Bancroft Gherardi, Acting Chief Engineer,
American Telephone and Telegraph Company:

"Mr. Vail's letter of December 11, 1918, announces the solution by the technical staff of the Bell System of one of the most difficult problems in telephony and telegraphy. This problem has been before telephone and telegraph engineers almost since the existence of the telephone and the telegraph. It has remained, however, for the Engineering Departments of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company working together to solve it. Its solution has required the very highest inventive and engineering skill and the technical staff who have worked on it so successfully are entitled to the very greatest credit for their work.

"The practical demonstration of this system was made upon a pair of wires extending between Baltimore and Pittsburg. Everyone knows of the great demands which have been made by the Government and the public for long-distance service since our entry into the war. Naturally, the demands for long-distance business in and out of Washington were greater even than the demands elsewhere. It was, therefore, decided last spring when this system was ready for practical trial to make it in such a location that the additional facilities provided would be available in assisting in carrying the war load of long-distance traffic in and out of Washington.

"A pair of long-distance wires extending from Washington to Baltimore and thence via Dallastown to Pittsburg was selected for the experiment. The multiplex system was applied only to that part of the circuit extending between Baltimore and Pittsburg; as for the part between Baltimore and Washington, additional wires were available in the cable. Before applying the new system the pair chosen between Baltimore and Pittsburg was operating as follows: In addition to carrying a telephone circuit of the usual type, each wire of the pair was equipped with composites for duplex telegraph working, and, further, that portion of the circuit from Baltimore to Dallastown was combined with another pair into a phantom telephone circuit. Without disturbing the working of any of these arrangements, by means of our multiplex system we superimposed on the wires in question four additional telephone circuits together with the complete signalling arrangements necessary to operate them. Both the talking and signalling on these new

circuits, provided by means of the multiplex, were as good as the original telephone circuit provided in the ordinary way. These circuits were placed in regular service during October of this year, being terminated on the toll switchboards at Washington and at Pittsburg in the usual manner and being, as far as the operators were concerned, exactly similar to ordinary telephone circuits. Since October they have been used interchangeably with the regular telephone circuits in handling the traffic, and this experience showed in actual service that the new circuits were as good as the circuits provided by the usual plan of working, a result which we had confidently expected from our earlier tests.

"It is difficult to explain in non-technical language how it is possible to carry on five telephone conversations simultaneously over a single pair of wires. It is necessary to send over this pair of wires five different electric currents at the same time and to provide means so that at the ends of the pair of wires these currents may be completely separated from each other so that each current coming from one particular telephone at one end may go to a particular telephone at the other end, although on the toll line the five currents have all been mixed together. The problem is to so modify each current before it goes on to the multiplexed part of the circuit that each current while preserving its ordinary characteristics has imposed upon it a new characteristic which will enable the apparatus at the receiving end of the circuit to distinguish the currents from each other. This is done by combining each ordinary telephone circuit with a carrier current of definite higher frequency. The frequency or the wave length of each of the carrier currents is different from that of the other carrier currents used on the same pair of wires and is adjusted to the separating devices at the distant end of the line.

"The underlying principle may be illustrated by considering a composite photograph of five individuals. Given such a composite photograph of the ordinary kind, it would obviously be impossible to derive from it the picture of each of the five individuals going to make it up. If, however, the composite photograph had been made up in five different colors the picture of each individual being in a different color, say one red, one blue, one green, one yellow and one violet, it would then be possible by looking at the picture through colored glasses, to see any one picture separate from the others. If red glasses were used the picture printed in red only would be seen; if blue glasses, the picture in blue, etc., although when looking at it in the ordinary way all of the picture would be seen together and only the combination would appear. As the tint of each picture serves as a means of differentiating it from the others, so the frequency of the carrier currents serves to differentiate each of the conversations in the new telephone multiplex.

"Naturally, to accomplish these results, considerable amounts of apparatus are required at the terminals of the multiplex line, and there is also required changes and rearrangements in the wires themselves. It is for this reason that the system, while physically applicable to wires, either long or short, is economi-

ically limited in its usefulness to long wires. On subscribers' lines or on short local or suburban trunks its costs and complications would not be justified. On long toll wires, however, it has without doubt an important field of application.

"When in the future the history of the development of the telephone and the telegraph art are written, our new multiplex telephone and telegraph system will occupy a more prominent position both on account of the skill and ingenuity which have been shown in its solution and the results which, as years go by, will arise out of its application.

"I am glad here to have the opportunity to express my appreciation of the brilliant work of the hundreds of men on the technical staff of the Bell System whose combined efforts have produced the multiplex telephone and telegraph system the success of which has recently been so strikingly demonstrated."

After a test in which the multiplex system was put through all its paces, Mr. Vail expressed his appreciation of the great work in the following letter to Acting Chief Engineer Gherardi and Chief Engineer Jewett and their technical staffs:

"December 18, 1918.

"Bancroft Gherardi, Esq., Acting Chief Engineer,
"American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"Frank B. Jewett, Esq., Chief Engineer,
"Western Electric Company.

"Gentlemen: I desire to express to you and through you to the technical staff of the Bell Tele-

phone System, my appreciation of the splendid results which they have accomplished through their combined inventive genius and engineering ability in developing the multiplex telephone and telegraph system. I have tested the operation of this system between Baltimore and Pittsburg and I am delighted with it. I want you to see that my personal thanks and congratulations are conveyed to each member of the staff who has had a part in this work.

"Yours very truly,
(Signed) "THEO. N. VAIL,
"President."

An Item For the Fuel Administration

After Patsy Hogan had left Dublin for the country, and rented a cottage with a small backyard, he returned to town and purchased a monkey. Not a word of his scheme would he disclose to his old cronies.

But afterwards he explained: "'Twas like this: I chained the monkey to a shtick in me yard, and the coal thrains were passin' all day, and on iv'ry thrain there was a stoker. In one week I had two tons of coal in me cellar, and the monkey was niver wanst hit!"

—London Tit-Bits.

Her Dusky Host

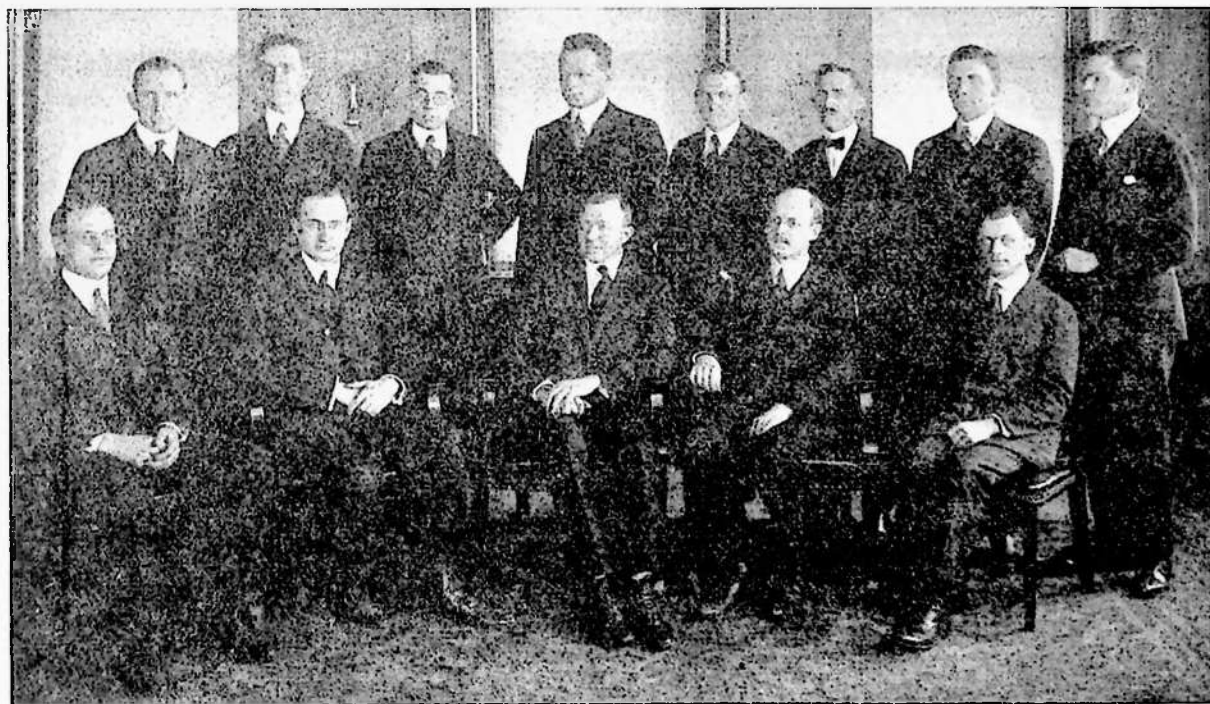
The colored elevator girl gazed curiously at the service pin on the waist of her passenger.

"Is yo' husband in France, lady?" she finally inquired.

Passenger (blushing furiously)—"No. This is for my sweetheart over there."

"Tec-hee! O Lawdy! If I wore a star fo' every beau I had in France I'd look like de Star Spangled Banner."

—Judge.



MEMBERS OF THE ALLIED TECHNICAL STAFFS, AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Left to Right, standing—E. J. Vennes and E. O. Scriven, of the Western Electric; Lloyd Espenschied and H. A. Ahel, of the A. T. & T. Co.; H. F. Kortheuer, Western Electric; J. R. Carson, A. T. & T. Co.; R. A. Heising, Western Electric, and John Davidson, Jr., A. T. & T. Co.
Left to Right, seated—H. D. Arnold, Western Electric; O. B. Blackwell, A. T. & T. Co.; E. H. Colpitts and B. W. Kendall, Western Electric, and H. S. Osborne, A. T. & T. Co.



Butte District

Anaconda Copper Mining Company's Stack, at Anaconda, Montana

By Myrtle E. Cotten

TOWERING skyward and standing sentinel watch over the portal of the Warm Springs Canon is the new stack erected this summer for the purpose of carrying away the smoke and gases from the Washoe smelter. This is the largest copper reduction plant in the world, and it now has the largest and highest smokestack in the world. The nearest competitors in height are the stack at Tacoma, which is surpassed by a dozen feet, and a concrete stack in Japan, which is thirteen feet lower. Neither compares in dimensions and carrying capacity with the Anaconda structure, which is 585 feet high, 90 feet in diameter at its base and 60 feet at the top. The wall at the bottom is five feet eight inches in thickness and at the top is twenty-one inches. The bricks used were made at the brick yard of the A. C. M. Company and are of a special size, 4 x 8 x 8 inches, and 2,500,000 were used. The cement used totaled 3,882,900 pounds, while nearly 10,000,000 pounds of sand and one-quarter million pounds of fireclay were used in its construction. The total weight of the stack is 24,250 tons. The scaffolding used within the stack was a forest of timber that formed the skeleton foundation from which the work was done. Seven elevators were used



Tallest Stack in the World. Erected by Anaconda Copper Mining Co., at Anaconda, Mont.

in hoisting the men and material.

Conducted through a vast flue system from the furnaces, the smoke will pass into chambers where will hang 111 miles of chains electrified by a high tension current. All the particles in the gases are electrified by contact as they pass through the links and are violently repelled to be attracted by great plates between which the chains are sus-

ended; these plates are grounded to form a negative pole. When they are thickly coated the circulation will be diverted, the current will be shut off, and the accumulations will drop into hoppers, from which they will go to a special reverberatory furnace for treating. The gases from these furnaces will pass to a new arsenic plant for precipitation before returning to the main flue system. From the base of the old stack (the lower part of which will be retained as part of the flue when the structure is razed) the extension passes in a double structure between the two sections of the smoke treaters, with ground dimensions of 110 by 310 feet, and each containing two units. There are twenty chambers to which the gases will be diverted through a sort of shutter valve and whence they will emerge to pass out through the stack after electrical separation. The capacity per minute of the treaters and stack will be 3,000,000 cubic feet of hot gas, mixed with 1,000,000 cubic feet of cooling air.

Missoula

On the last day of the open season, R. E. Rice, Manager, and Henry Engler, lineman, took the trusty jitney and started on a deer hunt. They simply had to make good on that day or not at all, so they left the car in a gulch somewhere about five miles from Nimrod and followed the trail. Late that afternoon they bagged their game, a ten-point buck and a two-year-old. After dragging the deer for three miles, they reached the car and started for home; but night fell and it was necessary to find a stopping place until day-break. They at last had the welcome sight of a building, which proved to be the Nimrod school house. They pried open a window and slept (?) there, getting back to Missoula in the morning with reports of a very enjoyable hunt and very proud of their big game.

At the present writing there are only two cases of influenza among our force.

Miss Lucy Goodman, former Chief Operator, was married recently to Mr. H. E. Wright. She decided that the four walls of home would suit her after nearly ten years of business life. Our very best wishes are with Mr. and Mrs. Wright for a long life of happiness.

■ ■ ■

Reassuring Her

"I see they are going to tax talking machines."
"Well, my dear, that probably won't affect you, and if it does I'll cheerfully pay the tax."



J. H. Heydorf
Plant Chief at Missoula

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Glasgow District

Ethel Working, Correspondent

Glasgow and surrounding territory are beginning to recover from the "flu," although there are a few of our employes still ill with it. Mr. Herman, the District Plant Chief, was taken with the "flu" shortly after his return from Wolf Point for Thanksgiving, and just returned to the office on Monday, December 16th. Seems good to see him back again, and we are all glad that he got through the way he did.

Mr. Hill, District Manager, and Mr. McCoy, Division Engineer, left Glasgow on Saturday, December 16th, for the Culbertson territory, and they are also stopping at Wolf Point on their way back.

Mr. Foy, lineman, is working at Nashua on trouble. Mr. Kirk, District Cashier, spent a few days checking up records at Culbertson, Poplar and Wolf Point last week.

The girls in the Traffic Department are spending their spare moments after work, taking advantage of the good weather and moonlight nights, skating on the river. We will have to hand it to Messrs. Kirk and Ritt to pull off something different when they are out skating. Ritt has sworn off skating since, but Kirk is going in spite of everything. Hope the weather holds out for a while yet. The health officer can't stop us from skating anyway. We have reports that the shows and everything else will probably be opened up soon.

Mr. Gushart, our operator at Hinsdale, has been very ill with the "flu," and is still in bed. Miss Esther I. Enseleit has been relieving at Hinsdale.

Mr. Earnest Allen, who worked for the Company before going into the Canadian Army, has been mustered out and has returned to the service of the Company.

Culbertson

Mr. Hornbeck returned early in December from his sad trip to Minnesota, where he went to lay his beloved wife to rest. She passed away on November 16th, leaving two small children. Mr. Hornbeck's mother will care for the little ones at her home in Minnesota.

The four days' visit of Mr. Otis B. Kirk, D. C., has been a great help in Culbertson, where the "flu" has caused delay and havoc.

Culbertson was again remembered with a visit from Messrs. Hill and McCoy, who were looking over the territory, visiting the Mondak exchange on a Sunday. Miss Margaret McGill, Chief Operator, was not expecting visitors on that day.

Billings District

Plant

This little old life of ours seems to be just one darn thing after another. First comes the war—because nothing much of importance happened before the war started—and then, as usual in all our fights, we win, the armistice is duly signed and world peace is in plain sight. Of course, the finishing touches have to be added by the powers that be, and it all looks favorable for a fine day tomorrow, when—BLUM! We are again thrown into an awful confusion by this influenza epidemic.

It came so suddenly and unexpectedly that no one was prepared to deal with its swift moving destruction. However, it was not long before the whole country was up in arms and trying mightily to secure some preventive for this terrible disease and its com-

plications. The disease showed no partiality with respect to persons or place, as it was and is everywhere, although at this date the number of cases has been greatly reduced.

In the Plant Department of the Billings exchange several of the force have been very ill with the "flu," but all have fortunately recovered so far.

Roy Coffman, Construction Foreman, came in from the field a short time ago, having completed the Cody-Burlington pole replacement estimate, and has been very sick with the "flu" ever since. Latest reports, however, are very favorable, and Roy should be back on the job in the near future.

Winsor Holgate, estimate clerk in the District Plant Chief's office, is also following the doctor's orders as to how to get rid of the "flu," and we are glad to state that his condition is improving and he should be among us again in a few days.

Plant Chief Hedberg hung up his stockings in Salt Lake City this Christmas, where he visited his mother and other relatives.

District Plant Chief Merritt and Equipment Superintendent Hensley made a trip recently to Hardin, Mont., supervising the work covering the new equipment being installed at that exchange. Their reports as to progress were very satisfactory. The report they gave as to the condition of the fog which they encountered on the way home is not very satisfactory. They said it beat a London fog, but that's impossible. You can judge for yourself what they must have tried to pull off in the way of a fog story—too (two) thin.

Just as we are closing our few notes for the next edition of The Monitor, we are informed that Bod Read and Bill Durham have returned from the front. As the home folks are to be considered first, these two boys are no doubt being gladly welcomed at home and after a few days will drop in to see us, and we surely will be glad to see them again.

Mr. Bellard, Auditor of Disbursements from the general office at Denver, dropped in for a day, and we enjoyed his short visit very much. We hope his next stop will be much longer.

The Price of One Dinner

Joe Baker was a switchman of the automatic class, He has studied late and early to catch up with Albert Mass; In testing for troubles, installations or otherwise, He surely is a genius and ought to have the prize.

There was a time when this same Joe was mostly out of town,
A-fixing telephones, poles and guys and wires that were down;
He wore old clothes and drove a car that never did behave.
But the hardest thing for Joe to do was to get a decent shave.

Now, if Joe goes out of town, it is by special request;
Puts on a shave, a collar white and clothes that have been pressed;
He also takes his appetite along, a healthy one and hard to beat.
And to satisfy his hungry wants—oh, boy, how he can eat!

Then one day we find our friend in a town not far away.
With loads of eats in front of him at the Silver Moon Cafe;
And a smile of satisfaction at the good things heaped on high
Was suddenly seen to disappear, for the train was drawing nigh.

Joe came home, made up his time and reported all was well.
Made out his vouchers and turned them in; so friends, to you I'll tell,
That eating such swell dinners at the Silver Moon Cafe
Is only for the bank roll class; you and I could never pay.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Smith, Chief Operator at Dillon, Dies of Influenza

The Northern Division is again compelled to chronicle the sad news of the death of one of our Company's faithful employes.

This time the grim reaper entered the home of Elizabeth M. Smith, Chief Operator at Dillon, Mont., and called her from earth.



Mrs. Elizabeth M. Smith

After a short illness of influenza, followed by pneumonia, Mrs. Smith passed away on November 16th. She had been in the employ of the Mountain States Company continuously for over five years, serving as operator, and for the past two years Chief Operator of the Dillon exchange. Always alert and courteous, ambitious and anxious to serve, Mrs. Smith's natural sweetness of disposition endeared

her to all who knew her, and the void caused by her death can only be partially filled by the pleasant memories of her beautiful life.

Mrs. Smith is survived by her husband who, at the time of her death, was with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, and by her father, mother, three sisters and four brothers.

Largest Gift in the History of the World

Final tabulation shows that something more than 203 million dollars was collected in the recent United War Work campaign. This is said to be the largest free will gift in the history of the world, and we can well believe that it is. It also shows that in time of war and stress narrow and sectarian views of life and its work are forgotten. It is to be hoped that this feeling will continue to prevail, and that the various creeds and organizations, having met and become thoroughly acquainted with the good work accomplished by one another on the battlefields and in the camps and huts and hospitals, where few people had time to think of creeds, will be and remain good friends and united workers for humanity and the right, in peace as in war.

This splendid sum, distributed among the seven war work organizations, will do its great part in helping to keep the boys smiling during the long period that must elapse before the peace parleys are concluded, and they are finally all at home again.

The Western Department, of which we are a part, raised 121 per cent of its quota.

Unappreciated Wit

"Men are really too mean for anything."

"What's the trouble now?"

"Why, I asked John for an automobile today and he said that I must be contented with the splendid carriage that nature has given me."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Statistician Has This to Say About Mistakes of Telephone Girls

There are nearly 300,000 telephone girls in the United States. They answer about 30,000,000 'phone calls every day. They probably make about three mistakes each, per day, or 900,000 in all. That is, 63,000,000 errors every week.

In 50 per cent, or 31,500,000 of these cases, the victim is a man, who uses not less than three profane and six abusive words to the telephone girl, or a total of 21,000,000 peevish words daily, a total of 147,000,000 words per week.

This Niagara of language helps make the telephone girl more and more nervous, and more and more likely to make more mistakes. That's the way with everybody, men, women and children. It's human nature.

It doesn't tend to sweeten her disposition, either.

Her's is a nervous, jumpy job anyway.

She works at it because she needs the money.

She's often a heroine. She warned the victims of the Johnstown flood. She stood to her post as long as the post lasted in the San Francisco fire. Her "Hello!" was melody to the ears of "Our Boys" in France a few weeks ago.

She's a good girl; we never heard of a bad telephone girl.

Sometimes she sizzles—and strikes because of the complaints of patrons about "rotten service." That's what she did in Fremont, Ohio, the other day.

She isn't the telephone company.

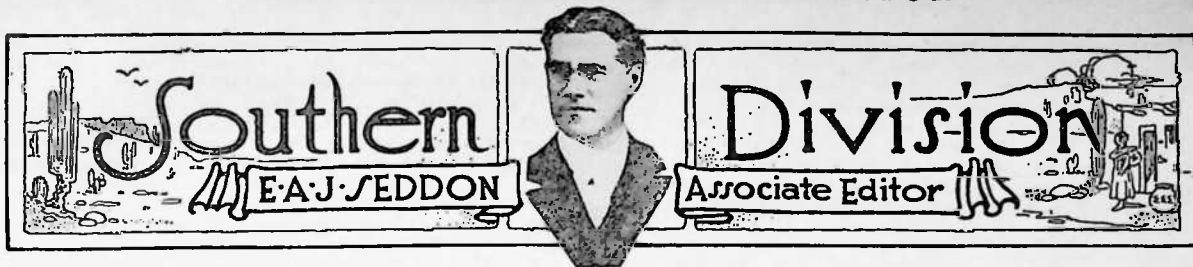
Thank you. You'll bear these things in mind next time, of course.

The Service Flag For General Pershing

Cheyenne, Wyoming, has the distinction of displaying a service flag for the commander of the American armies in France. In a window of the home of Senator Warren, father-in-law of General Pershing,



hangs this flag with its one blue star. Mrs. Pershing and the three little daughters, who perished in a fire at the Presidio, San Francisco, in August, 1915, are buried in Cheyenne.



El Paso District

Traffic

Miss Esther Brower is back again on toll, to the delight of her old chums.

Lucille Pepper stepped into harness for better or worse. Good luck, Lucille!

Elsie Joachamin has gone to Kansas City to make her home. Sorry to lose her.

Well, it's over! We mean the Annual Sups Xmas party. When such royal entertainers as Stratton, Clark, Teschner, Bates, Hand and Seamon start in they do the "very latest." And such a treat! First a ride down the Interurban to Ysleta, assuring us even if the trolley broke a burro was ready to pull us in on time for "cats" at the Valley Inn. The long table, decorated in Xmas style and Tri-State colors, was loaded with everything to tickle the palate. And such turkey! Everything that goes with it, too, came in, and such "fillin's" we never "et" since last year! And we danced on the "real hardwood floor." Mr. Hand can tell you there was no mistaking the quality of wood used. They do say you could hear 'em dance back at the office, where all the girls who wanted to go decided to be real good and be a "Sup" before they have the next party. We thank you for such a pleasant and merry evening.

P. S.: Forgot to tell you Santa Claus brought his pack ahead of time. The girls each had a lovely box of paper, while the men got a pretty ash tray.

Mrs. Moody caused a ripple of laughter by pulling this off on the Chief Operator:

"There is one way to get rid of Miss Hickmond in 1919. We can have 'Marjone Make' Louise Wheeler to the Barn while the Lovelady brings the Guy on. If he looks Moody and says 'Nix' lay Bates, Hand Seamon a Hammer, while Stratton Hailles a Dean and brings in the Pearl. No doubt there will be Helen Office for a few days, but it's one way to put a stop to this Jonah, give us all new 'Joy' and Cooper for life, so her name will not be Denis."

Miss Hickmond, as usual, was ready to reply, with the following:

"Why pick on me? I'm not a Hick; it's the name that was pushed on me. I still have 'Faith' that I will Haille a husband. But first he must have riches—his clothes made by a Taylor; must make the fires; must have a Packard and Parker at my house every night. Must have a home, not a Barn. Must not carry a Hammer; must not be as fat as 'Mr. Seamon,' but 'Lena' than 'Bates' and 'Nita.' When this man comes I'll not say 'Nix,' but give him my hand for the 'Pearl.'"

We've been wondering why Pa Bates visited the Toltec so often during the late epidemic, but having found out, decided to tell. 'Twas because he found "spirits" would keep the "flu" away.

Mrs. Exe—Why do you say that Mrs. Brown is very thoughtless?

Mrs. Wye—She had the parson to dinner the other evening and she served deviled eggs.

—Boston Transcript.

Resolved

We will be good
Now that 1918
Is going away
Never to return.

With this year's joy
And sorrows too.
We bid 1918
Our last adieu.

For war, not peace,
Was during your reign,
And backward we look
On bloody stains.

And 1919
Come in joyful stead,
Take up your reign,
Give us bread.

Give us peace,
Health, joy and love.
Let "Thy kingdom come
Like to that above!"

And in return,
Fair 1919,
We will be good
And true and clean.

And when peace reigns
Supreme,
May it written be
In 1919.

—Selly M. Guyon.

Albuquerque District

Greetings! A Happy New Year to All Mountain States People

The year has passed and again we change our calendar. Many new employes have been added to our list. From the Commercial Department, under the smiling and efficient Cashier, Mr. Letarte, better known as "Fred," and his able assistants, Mr. Bittner and Miss Dye, come reports of rushing business. They claim to have gone over the top, and each expects to be decorated.

Mr. Peugh, District Plant Chief, who came to Albuquerque from Yuma, and his right-hand men, Mahoney, Blick and Vorbach, claim they are ready for any emergency. Push the button and it is done. "All trouble removed before reported," is their motto.

The Traffic Department has only one grievance—the "flu." We were the first to make its acquaintance and we still have our hats off. It has been the cause of thinning our ranks continually. Some pest, that "flu!" Miss Jones, Albuquerque correspondent to The Monitor, has left our fold and is attending the university. Before leaving she wrote us "That Old, Sweet Song." Miss Hogan has returned to Albuquerque and resumed her work at THE TEL-

EPHONE OFFICE. Glad she is with us again. Gertrude Braun from St. Louis has joined our force. Don't believe there is an exchange that has the sparklers we have. Oh, boy, what will we do when June comes!

Mr. J. B. Reynolds, with a watchful eye although not really an M. D., is the doctor of all complaints. Some are treated homeopathy, some osteopathy and some get-at-it-path. Results guaranteed with all treatments. We all wish him a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year spent in the Albuquerque office.

The Evening Herald presented the following compliment to the operators at our exchange and we accepted the same and retired with a bouquet of American beauties and the American flag waving in our hand:

"While expressions of appreciation for the worthy work of physicians, nurses and welfare workers have been frequently heard wherever two or three have been gathered together, has it ever occurred to anyone to think of or mention the part our telephone operators have played in the relief work for 'flu' sufferers in the past four weeks?

"Patient, tired little girls, for such they really were in many cases, crowded into service before their full term of instruction was completed, willingly working overtime to relieve a sister worker who had the 'flu'; struggling with excited patrons who spoke English imperfectly or called wrong numbers; doing double the work day and night that would have been required of them in normal times. Surely a vote of thanks is due these 'soldiers of the switchboard' and a more patient tolerance for unavoidable errors in the future."

That Old, Sweet Song

Tell me not in wrathful phrases,
"You cut me off the line!"
To "Line is busy," don't remark,
"Your dome is solid pine!"

For when a line is busy,
That line will so remain,
Till parties cease their chatter,
So why drive me insane?

You know that some mistakes are made
In life's tumultuous whirl,
So lest you break the Golden Rule,
Forgive the "hello girl."

Oftimes my heart is anguished,
I listen thru the key
To gentle (?) words (dis)cutting
The faults of little me.

Then wistfully I meditate,
And ponder sad and long—
Why is the public so averse
To "Busy still!"—that old, sweet song?

Deming

Mr. Adams and party were out hunting for deer. As meat has gone up considerably of late, they were after the real four-legged ones. Mr. Adams enjoyed the experience very much and was very successful, being the only one of the party to secure the venison. The others were all experienced hunters, so the amateur Nimrod is to be congratulated.

Mr. Herbert, our Wire Chief, is beginning to think there is no such thing as being clear of work; just one thing after another, and at times a bunch at once. Camp Cody boys moving, cold weather and rain combined, all spell work for the Plant Department. Cheer up, boys; the worst is yet to come!

A colored citizen dropped into the office the other day

and wanted to know if El Paso was calling him. When it was found that the call had been canceled he placed a call for his wife at that station, but upon inquiry as to her name and address the colored gentleman said: "Ah, it ain't my wife; but—ah, yes, she is my wife, but I ain't had her change her name yet."

Our combination man, Mr. Webb, has purchased a snug little house and now says high rents can't hurt him.

Our student, Roy Nunn, is progressing very nicely.

The visitors this month were Messrs. Reynolds and Peugh.

Mrs. Adams, our Manager's wife, has been suffering from a bad cold.

No more joy rides for Mrs. West, our Chief Operator. She considers that she was lucky in escaping with a fractured wrist and several bad bruises in the collision last Sunday when she was en route to see the aviators make a start. Several others were in the party, but they escaped unhurt. We hope to have Mrs. West with us soon.

Phoenix District

Lillian Mitchell, Correspondent

The city of Phoenix is beginning to take on the air of a military camp now that so many of our soldier boys are returning. Several of our girls are wearing smiles that won't come off over the return of their heroes.

Mrs. William P. Doheney, Jr., our popular stenographer, better known as "Betty," is rejoicing over the return of her lieutenant husband from Fort Sill, Okla. She says he has come home to stay.

Mr. Seib, our local Wire Chief, and his entire family have been victims of "flu." We don't notice, though, that Seib lost much of his avoirdupois on account of his illness. He says had the Plant Department not been so efficient in keeping him well supplied with soup, while he was unable to obtain a nurse, serious results might have followed.

Mrs. E. J. Anderson, wife of the Tucson District Manager, is a visitor in our city.

Mrs. Kate Carter, Chief Operator at Chandler, is now in St. Joseph Hospital in Phoenix on account of an operation. We trust she will soon be out again.

Misses Belva Winn and Velma Peel have been added to the traffic force at Chandler.

The father of Miss Ila Sharman of the Phoenix exchange passed away a few days ago. We extend our sincere sympathy to Miss Sharman.

Miss Jennie Nash has accepted the position of night operator at Wickenburg.

Miss Mabel Kennedy, one of the Phoenix testboard operators, is sick with the "flu."

Mr. Andy Furry and helper, Mr. MacDonald, have finished their cable work at Phoenix and have left for Prescott.

Mr. A. B. Cudney has been added to the Phoenix plant force as installer.

Mr. E. J. Saberton has accepted a position as switchman in the auto plant.

Cableman Furry and Testman Fairbanks had another argument the other day over some cable trouble. Fairbanks, while testing one of the lines in trouble, said to Furry: "Andy, I know that cable is wet because the water is dripping from the transmitter here on the test desk." Fairy is sure some cable tester.

Yuma

All of the scars of battle are not won on the western front. The other day Frank Austin was sleuthing a bug

on the Phoenix-Yuma toll lead. While on the railroad right-of-way a railroad speeder decided to contest the right-of-way with "our Austin," and the speeder was decisively victorious. Frank was pretty badly chewed up, but from present indications will get over the encounter and be back on the job shortly, much to the delight of the Yuma traffic force.

While Frank was recuperating Mr. Fred Good officiated as troubleman for us. Fred was once Wire Chief at Mesa, Ariz., but forsook the delights of telephony for a ranch in the neighboring Imperial Valley. We were glad to have him with us and wish he would stay, but as he is a confirmed patron of husbandry now, we could not prevail on him to give up his country life in America.

Miss Gertrude Kelly was the hardest hit of all our influenza victims. She is now convalescing after a very severe siege of "flu" with complications.

We claim that Yuma is the nearest approach to a seaport in the Mountain States territory. In the "good ole days" ships used to come up the Colorado River from the Gulf of California and land at Yuma. If our next door neighbor, Mexico, ever quiets down enough to permit commerce through her borders, and if the government should provide funds to dredge the old river channel, it would be feasible to take a sea trip direct from Yuma to New York. This would give us at least one distinction over our sister exchanges in the Company.

Mrs. A. C. Smith, our cashier, is wearing the smile that won't come off these days. Her "Al" has returned to Yuma. Mr. Smith was forced to leave Yuma during the summer months on account of ill health, but has completely recovered now, and "Smitty" says HE is just about the best Christmas present she could ask for.

"This 'flu' thing is a fluke," quoth the Exchange Manager. "It's not gonna be serious." But pride goeth before a fall, and the E. M. was the first one of our force to be laid up. He is around at the present writing wondering how the shop ran along so nicely during his absence.

Mr. R. L. Burgess, erstwhile Tucson District Manager, writes the following to one of his Yuma friends: "I would send you a Hun helmet to use for the baby's bath tub only it's got a hole in it and would leak." Query: Who put the hole in the helmet?



Prescott District

About the middle of November our District Plant Chief, Mr. Murphy, and his wife were attacked by the common enemy, Spanish influenza, but after a two weeks siege they overpowered it and are now enjoying their usual good health. Mr. Murphy is again at work.

Early in the afternoon of the twentieth day of November death won the battle, and Mrs. Otteni, wife of our combination man, passed to her rest from the sufferings of influenza. Of the three children left motherless, one, the baby, joined its mother the following week. Mr. Otteni and the two remaining children are now well, and our sympathy goes out to him who must now be both father and mother.

Another victim of influenza was Dan Guthrie, one of our linemen. While apparently on the road to recovery, he quietly passed away at Mercy Hospital on November 21st, leaving a brother who is a patient at Fort Whipple Barracks. Just before his death word was received that another brother in New York had died from the same affliction. While Mr. Guthrie had been with us but a few months, he had made many friends, and his death was deeply regretted by his fellow employees.

We can say at last that the influenza epidemic has about run its course, and we hope soon to be entirely free from it in our stricken city.

Even in our sorrow we have had cause for joy, for many a home has been brightened by the smiling, happy faces of brother and son home from service.

The Bell System Service Flag on the Day of the Armistice Celebration

On the day we all celebrated a moving picture was taken of the scene in the vicinity of 195 Broadway, New York, and below is a reproduction. The nu-



merals on the great flag, which have been mounting steadily for nearly two years as the "Bell boys" donned the uniform, now show a total of 17,500, having been changed since the celebration.

The gold stars number 101.



A Good Investment

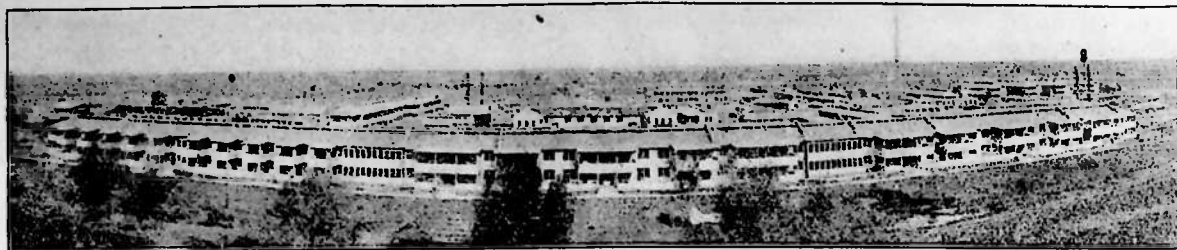
The 1919 War Savings Stamps are now on sale and the January price of a stamp, which will command \$5.00 on January 1, 1924, is \$4.12, drawing the same interest as the 1918 stamps.

The year 1918 saw Prussianism about "stamped" out. We helped to pay the price of this valuable work in blood and treasure, and the money is an infinitesimal consideration compared with the sacrifice of the lives of our boys. We must still pay until the work is finished, but, thanks to those who gave their all, it is mostly a matter of money now, not lives. We should buy ungrudgingly of such stamps and bonds as are offered this year, and thus complete the good work. Besides, the securities of our Government are the best investment in the world today.



Intelligent Direction

Customer—Where will I find the candelabra?
New Floorman—All canned goods are in the grocery department on the fourth floor.



Main Infirmary Building, U. S. A. General Hospital, at Aurora, Colorado

U. S. A. General Hospital No. 21 at Denver

OUT beyond the suburb of Aurora, where the rising light of morning first turns to brilliant day, and the light atmosphere of the mountains meets and mingles with the wine-like air of the plains, stands a concrete and convincing refutation of the statement made in the past that "republics are ungrateful." For there, in one of the most complete and perfect hospitals that could be planned or erected, will be cared for and nursed back to health and activity hundreds of our boys who counted not the cost to themselves, however heavy it might be, but freely and ungrudgingly did their utmost for their country. And when they returned from the horrors of war, broken in health, an appreciative country stood prepared to do all that affection and gratitude and unstinted means could accomplish for them in the way of restoring health, vigor and happiness.

The grounds of General Hospital No. 21 are 640 acres in extent—a square mile of sunshine and pure ozone. It is all so vast and the buildings and scope of the work to be performed are so extensive as to be a bit bewildering to one on a short visit. The impression carried away is that of a great work capably handled and being pushed to completion with all the speed compatible with thoroughness of construction.

In May, 1918, the first spadeful of soil was turned in a vast wheat field. Progress was slow at first, but was accelerated with the more prompt arrival of materials, and was soon under full swing, the place swarming with mechanics and laborers. By December first forty-eight cement buildings of fine appearance and magnificent proportions had been completed and turned over to Major W. P. Harlow, the commanding officer, and other buildings to the number of a total of about seventy-five are in process of construction.

Just to the left of the carefully sentried entrance is the staff officers' quarters with its recreation hall near by, while on the opposite side of the broad driveway, in a corresponding location, are the nurses' quarters and recreation room. The military branch of the work has its headquarters in the Administration Building, from which, of course, radiates the management of all attaches and hospital affairs in general. In one wing of this building are located the postoffice and telephone exchange. The operators lead a busy and interesting life in their well-lighted, well-ventilated working quarters, and when off duty are quartered with the nurses and subject to the military rules.

The Red Cross Building, located near the center of the group, deserves a paragraph by itself. The carved symbol of mercy is over the door, and the building is in the form of the Red Cross. It is designed as a common recreation center for soldiers and nurses, and a more delightful one could not be imagined. One end of the large room is occupied by a stage, and a moving picture apparatus installed opposite will provide that popular form of entertainment. Two huge fireplaces at either side of the room add comfort and cheer. The smaller rooms in the cross serve as reading, writing and lounging rooms. The walls are done in a spring-like shade of green, and altogether it is a most inviting and cozy place at all times and particularly enticing are the nooks by the fireplace on a cold or stormy day. On Christmas eve a giant of the forest, brilliantly illuminated from bushy base to tapering top, occupied the center of the room, and artists from Denver entertained an appreciative audience. Other trees were installed in wards where the boys were unable to go to the Red Cross building.

Nothing has been overlooked that will contribute to physical, mental or spiritual well-being. There is a chapel so that the hospital community may attend religious services without leaving the grounds.

Among the buildings that attract most attention is the main infirmary, 900 feet long by 34 feet wide, with sun porches opening to the south along its entire length. From these vantage points, while taking deep breaths of the healing air, the boys will have before them a mountain panorama ending with Pike's Peak far to the south, that tourists travel hundreds of miles to see. This great building is connected by pergola with the main mess hall and the operating and X-ray rooms. The interior as well as the exterior is sunny, for the walls are the color of Colorado's merry sunshine. The woodwork and furnishings are of white or light gray.

Scattered here and there, but all with an eye to symmetry of location, are many other ward buildings with their hardwood floors, comfortable beds and sleeping porches with canvas curtains to be drawn in case of too much sunshine, or wind or rain. From the rear sloping walks lead down from the upper floors, so that in case of a fire alarm invalid chairs may quickly be rolled to the ground.

Five messes are provided, four for officers and nurses and a large general mess which will accommodate 800 men. This great hall and its kitchen and

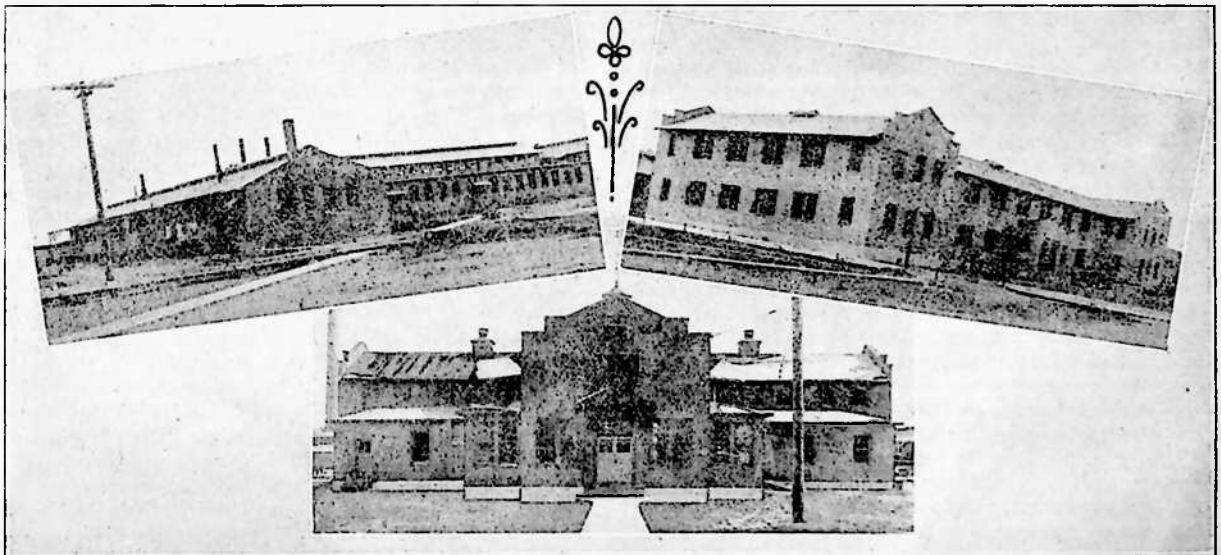
culinary attachments are of particular interest, as diet, in combination with Rocky Mountain air and sunshine, will play the chief part in recuperation. In fact, it would seem that this trio of healers, found in such perfection at General Hospital No. 21, would restore almost anyone to pristine vigor. The floors and tables are spotless and the copper food containers on the steam tables are shining. The tables were being laid for the evening meal, and one wanted to find a tray and make the rounds. The kitchen is in charge of an ex-officer of the French Army who, in pre-war days, was a famous New York chef employed in the Hotel Vanderbilt. It is needless to say that his heart is in his work of providing appetizing and nourishing dishes for the brave boys who helped to free the soil of his dear France from the invader, and that he might be suspected of taking more interest in the important part he plays in restoring them to health than he did in catering to the jaded appetites of multi-millionaires. Miss Baker, a graduate of the Agricultural College at Fort Collins, is head dietitian. The food is served cafeteria style, each boy selecting that which most appeals to his appetite, and each one has his regular place at table. Those who are unable to go to the mess hall are supplied with hot food in their rooms.

The Post Exchange, under the supervision of Captain Wallace, is another interesting feature of the general plan. Here the boys can cash their checks and spend as much money as they like on cigars, cigarettes, candies, soft drinks and the little luxuries of which grown-up army boys are fond. The motto at the Post Exchange is "Quick sales and small profits," for there is no thought of gain; whatever small margin of profits results is turned back into the men's mess fund to provide little extras for the boys. This exchange, which at first glance gives one the impression of a country store, is a popular meeting place, and seems to be the supply point for the boys' more personal needs. It includes as adjuncts a tailor shop,

a barber shop and a pool room. The balls were spinning about at a lively rate, and in one corner of the room a victrola was playing "jazzy" tunes such as soldiers delight in. It is probable that the training at the camps has increased our national love of music, and it is to be hoped that this is true. The boys returning from the home camps and overseas will insist upon more music and lively music, both vocal and instrumental, and it will be a fine thing if they inoculate the civilians with this love of melodies, for a singing nation is a lighter-hearted and happier nation.

But the healing air and sunshine and doctors and nurses will not comprise all that will help our boys back to the ranks of healthy workers. Trade schools are to be established for assisting them to take up some gainful occupation after recovery. A doctor prescribes the amount of exercise that may safely be taken by each patient in the course of a day. If able to use only the fore arms he may do some very light handwork. When strength and use of the entire arm are regained he may do wood-carving, photo retouching, engraving, or similar work. There will be university extension and agricultural college courses, where many branches of endeavor will be taught. There will be instruction in dairying, cheese-making, chicken-raising, agriculture, horticulture and floriculture, and these branches will all be carried on in connection with the hospital farm, as it is expected that when in complete running order the large tract of land will contain a dairy that will supply milk, butter and cheese for the tables, and vegetables, berries and fruit will also be produced on the farm.

About 100 vigorous soldier boys are engaged in detail duty about the grounds and buildings, and they have not been overlooked in the general scheme for health and comfort. Spacious, well-lighted and well-heated barracks are provided for them. There is much work to be done and there must be guards and sentries and orderlies, and they must remain well and



Upper Left—Main Mess Hall and Kitchen. Upper Right—Administration Building. Lower Center—Red Cross Building.

fit in order to help their comrades back to health.

The work of installing the telephone system in the hospital ground naturally was turned over to The Mountain States Company by the authorities at Washington, who said in effect "to install a telephone exchange and have it working when needed." We accordingly started work on plans for installing a permanent telephone exchange in a small city not yet in existence. A temporary 30-line P. B. X. was first installed in the temporary frame building provided for the Constructing Quartermaster and his force, with P. B. X. branches scattered over the field in temporary offices provided for the different zone superintendents.

This board was only in service a short time when we realized that "knowledge is not guesswork but the outcome of demonstrated experience." Our knowledge of the business which was to come from these improvised offices in the wheat field seemed to have been guesswork, for we were soon stringing the old reliable twisted pair wire in order to provide additional trunk lines to Aurora, at the same time sending out an S. O. S. for 19-gauge cable. We had previously notified our ally, The Western Electric Company, to reserve certain quantities of material for our use in connection with installing the exchange within the hospital grounds, and while a trunk cable between the Denver-York exchange and Aurora was considered necessary when the hospital was in operation, the fact that several Denver firms began to establish headquarters in the wheat field two miles east of Aurora, made it imperative that this cable be placed at once; and so it was, for our S. O. S. had been answered and the trunk cable was very soon serving its purpose of transmitting thought forces, the power behind all great works, to the complicated system in Denver, from which they radiated to all parts of the country, bringing in men and material, for Pershing needed this hospital. It was also necessary to install approximately two miles of cable between Aurora and the hospital grounds along the route on which the State Highway Commission was busy making a city street out of the country road along which our insignificant ranch line was originally built to serve a few subscribers; the tramway company was surveying for a proposed car line and the town of Aurora was placing street lights. Off to the north the power company was building a high-tension line and the railroad company was completing a new road into the grounds. Even with the railroad completed, the former country road still had the aspects of a street in the wholesale district of a city, as far as traffic was concerned, for the motor transport service is a large factor where industrial activities are taking place. After placing an additional section to the switchboard at Aurora and completing some minor equipment work at the Denver-York exchange, we had our "connections" in shape for the permanent installation of the exchange at "Recuperation City," where two-story buildings had sprung up like great mushrooms in the field where the former owner had planted fall wheat, never dreaming that by harvest time his field would bring forth a city with surfaced streets, cement sidewalks and large, airy buildings with all modern conveniences for the

comfort of the Davids of today who went forth to fight for the right.

Practically all of our construction forces in this section were called upon for this work, for due to delays, the causes of which were beyond our control, we were behind schedule and our word had been given that the work would be completed in time. However, such words as "fail" and "can't" form no part of Mountain States policy except where grouped into expressions such as "can't fail," etc. Therefore, the temporary plant which had been provided for the construction army was cut over one Saturday afternoon and the permanent installation, consisting mainly of a complete aerial cable plant on 35-foot and 40-foot joint poles, together with two sections of No. 4 320-line switchboards, wall-type distributing frame, ringing machine, power plant and other associated equipment, was turned over to the commanding officer a few days previous to the arrival of the first patients from "over there," and another channel was thus added to the ever-growing system for the transmission of intelligence.

The capacity of the hospital when completed will be about 5,000 patients. Christmas of 1918 found nearly 1,000 there watching the yule logs burning in the big fireplaces in the Red Cross building and enjoying the holiday entertainments and goodies. As each great transport docks at some Atlantic port, or Pacific, also, if they arrive from far-away Siberia, invalid boys who have experienced the hades of war and suffered its consequences are assigned to different hospitals, and General Hospital No. 21, one of the most perfect in the country, will receive as many as it can accommodate, especially of those whose throats and lungs need strengthening and healing. Colorado is known as one of the playgrounds of America, and by the same token its incomparable air and sunshine make it also one of the great recuperation grounds of America, and our home-coming soldier boys whose young strength has been sapped in their country's service will have full advantage of the best that country can offer them in the way of climate or anything else.

The great work yet to be accomplished to carry the scheme to completion goes steadily on, and it is a wonderful sight at close of day when 1,500 mechanics and laborers drop their tools and board the big army trucks provided to carry them to the waiting Aurora cars. The whistle blows, and presto! there is a great rush as the men hasten to turn in their cards. For a few minutes there is a mingling of perhaps fifteen or twenty nationalities of workmen, until each man has had his card punched and finds a foothold on a crowded truck. Then, just as suddenly, the animated scene has passed, leaving behind a great calm, a great peace, while the setting sun lights up and glorifies the mountains and the afterglow fades. The colors come fluttering down the staff and soon lights spring up all over "Recuperation City." The quiet evening sets in, followed by taps and the sound sleep in the clean night air of hill and plain from which the boys awaken with renewed strength and courage to win the after battle for health and years of usefulness and happiness, knowing that a united country is back of them in this fight as it was in the great world conflict.



THE year 1918 marked an epoch in world history. It has been one of many trials for the entire civilized world. It has seen the accomplishment of the one great purpose of the ages—world democracy. It has taught us the lessons of sacrifice, of patience, unselfishness and co-operation. The telephone family has endured bravely through it all, first by contributing its share of man power to the conflict, second by its generosity in meeting the financial demands to back them, third by conserving the essential materials and food so necessary, and fourth by its loyal spirit of co-operation with the government in efficient telephone service to it and to the public during the emergency.

We are about to embark upon a period of reconstruction and readjustment, and our efforts from now on will be marked with the feeling of youth, with nothing to lose and everything to gain. Although the year has brought sorrow to many and the fact that it might have been worse is their only real consolation, yet there is now much to strive for. We owe it to the world (now at peace) to contribute our share of effort to the accomplishments of the future.

May your prosperity and success be second only to your health and peace of mind for the year 1919 and the years to come.

Denver District

Hazel Thornton, Correspondent

Episode No. 2.—A little less painful than the first, but our knees are still shaky. We expect the "blue ticket" next month, just as we are beginning to feel bold and bad.

Here is something to start us along the right path for the new year: While taking a disconnect order from a subscriber leaving the city, we heard a pleasant voice at the other end of the wire, saying: "I hope I shall have as good service and as courteous treatment there as I have always had here." Wasn't that splendid? We smiled TWICE in ONE day because of that, and we thought possibly you would like to hear it. Good service is so often taken for granted that we appreciate the voicing of it now and then.

Mr. Emerson has sold his home and is staying at the Hotel Tours. He is now addicted to walking to work. It can't be to save car-fare, because we know he has a machine, so what do you suppose is the reason? Can it be to reduce? We wouldn't have him changed in any way, so we are worrying about this return to "pedestrianism" (whatever that is).

Mr. Wass, Miss Herbert and Miss Matthews are back after a trial at being invalids. The Adjusting Department looks almost human again after being stripped of MOST of its ornaments for over two weeks. This lets Miss Curtis return to the Contract Department, and, as other absentees are out of danger, "all's well."

Listen to this one! We get a paper from goodness knows where in Idaho, and there is a marked article containing news of Harry E. Rothermel, Traveling Auditor for the M. S. T. & T. Co.:

Place—Magic Dam, Idaho.

Time—About two hours.

"Setting"—Very still. (Bum joke!)

Size—All over fifteen inches and total weight over forty pounds.

Plot—Three men pulling one "poor fish" right after the other out of water stretched between two banks.

Moral—"Mr. Rothermel will probably return to Denver, but the local fishermen are going to the dam again, as they say nothing could keep them away from the place now."

There is a bunch of nuts in our department. I mean there WAS until two young ladies discovered their whereabouts and passed them, then they became shells. One culprit is doing penance now but, as usual, the originator of the plan is yet undiscovered. We are all sorry, because we miss our daily allotment of peanuts very much.

Mr. Althouse received a letter from Mr. Stonelake, now Exchange Manager at Raton, N. M., extending to the Commercial Department his best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Mr. Bozard also wished to be remembered to us.

Mr. Althouse also received a card from Mr. Taylor, who entered the service as a Y. M. C. A. worker, and is now in Paris. It read like this:

Friend George:

Yes, it is some city, with many wonderful sights, but I would like to see that building at 1429 Champa right now.

Have had a nice trip and enjoyed every minute of it. (I wonder?)

Give my very best to all the gang.

BERT.

Miss Leah Holmes is now supervisor of the Measured Service Department. She is a very small girl for such a position, but we are betting on her. You know what they say about "small bundles."

When this is distributed, best wishes for the New Year will be things of the past, but we extend ours anyway. Here's to you!

"May you live as long as you wish.
And have all you wish
As long as you live."

Main

Oh, yes, we are glad the war is over and all that, but since the armistice was signed it looks as though Dan Cupid is creating as much havoc among our Main forces as the Yanks did to the Huns.

One of the first victims (?) was Miss Eva Wallace, supervisor, when she became the bride of Jesse Daugherty on December 18th. We are sorry to lose Miss Wallace and extend our best wishes for her future happiness.

Miss Luella Clark's favorite song these days has been "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." He came marching home all right, only his name wasn't Johnny. Miss Clark is now smiling under the name of Mrs. Frank Shanahan.

We wondered why Miss Bernice Field had been looking so thoughtful lately, but the secret is out. She celebrated

the holiday season in the proper manner by getting married.

Misses Myrtle Anderson and Maurita McVey have also resigned.

How would you like to be an information operator and answer some of these:

"Central, give me Mr. Nelson's number, who lives on the '62' car line."

"Please give me the number of the dyeing and cleaning place between here and where the car turns."

"Will you give me those colored people's number in that white house near Twenty-second and ———?"

(November 11th. 6 p. m.): "Central, why are the whistles blowing?"

"Central, my wife has gone away. How do you make biscuits?"

"Give me this man's number. He lives seven blocks from the end of the Park Hill car line and he's got a German name."

"Central, when are the boys coming home from France?"

Death of Miss Lillian Hilbers



Miss Lillian Hilbers

News of the death of Lillian Hilbers, one of the house-board operators at Main, was received with deepest sadness. Miss Hilbers passed away on December 8, 1918, after a short illness of pneumonia following influenza. She had been in the employ of the Mountain States Company about six years, and her sunny disposition had endeared her to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Her loss is deeply felt by her many friends.

Champa

December meant for us the loss of Ida O'Connor, who resigned to go to California, and Bertha Kramer,

who left us to remain at home.

Next it meant the long-expected change of long distance from Main to the Champa retiring rooms. We sincerely hope that they will enjoy being with us as much as we enjoy having them share our lovely surroundings.

Ole Man Flu certainly did muss us up SOME in Champa. About half the force were missing at one time, including three of our supervisors, the Misses Eisele, Byrne and Hackett. Had it not been for the generous assistance of Main and the school we would not now be alive to tell the tale.

Of course, my mind doesn't wander or anything, but I really must tell you about Sadie Pitt.

One Sunday afternoon she was all "dolled up" like a bum check, and was out looking for a new domicile. Enter a friend of the family in a sea-goin' hack, drawn by a nag of the vintage of 1870. Of course, Miss Pitt, being rather aspiring, hesitated not, and the remainder of the afternoon found her touring Cheesman and City Parks. She can tell you every sentiment on the Thatcher Monument with the exception of a few words. This is explained by the fact that these unknown words were on the last lap and she was so dizzy from speeding around corners, etc., that she could no longer see.

South

Destiny

Leaning back in my unseen retreat,
I laugh at them all!
Men of vast affairs eagerly await my word,
Bankers hang on my answer,
Great editors beseech my speedy aid;
Men and women in distress call upon me;
I hear the cry of terror in the night,
Justice looks to me for aid,
And evil doers fear my lightning swiftness.
Usually I take pity on those who call,
But there are times when I hate men;
I loathe their imperious voices;
Their belief that I am hanging
On their every silly utterance,
And I hate their wives,
Women with babbling tongues,
Incoherent in their eagerness;
Sometimes I exert my tremendous power
And leave them foundering in the dark.
But the lovers—ah! the lovers,
I am the goddess who protects them;
Their impassioned exclamations
Are my constant joy.
All great affairs I leave when lovers talk
To smile and wish the man I love
Would whisper to me like that.
But duty calls me back from dreams.
I am the watcher over destinies and men,
Setting straight a million tangles.
I toil night and day,
Brooding over the little and big things of life.
By what mighty name am I called?
In what temples am I worshipped?
Where do men hymn my name?
I answer you they do always hymn it.
They do not know my worth;
I am the TELEPHONE OPERATOR.

All those from South who attended the Victory Ball reported a very good time and are waiting for that next "ball" the Company promised. We also heard that all the married men of the Company wish to thank the committee who arranged it for giving such short notice, as it saved them from buying new dresses for their wives.

We considered ourselves quite fortunate, as not many of our girls had the "flu," but in the past month it certainly "hit us hard." "It never rains but it pours." A number of girls have already returned.

It Has Come The Big Event

The South exchange announces the marriage of one of our most popular girls

Miss Essie Tschappatt
to
Roy McIntosh

Best wishes for a happy future.

We are glad to add Miss Margaret McCloskey to our operating force.

Miss Mary Smith has returned from an extended visit in the South. Welcome home, Mary!

We wish to extend our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy to Miss Orth in the death of her sister and brother, and to Miss Eisenrath in the loss of her mother.

Roxie's "Sweetie" has returned from "Somewhere in America." The operator certainly does a rushing business for South 1332 since his return. Does anyone want some vinegar?

Bananas! Nine for ten cents! Miss Ludwig, first purchaser, buys nine and devours them one after the other. Can you beat it?

The death of Miss Ione Lounsbury occurred at her home on December 8, 1918. Although a newcomer among us, Miss



A Juvenile Operator. Miss Florence Brandt of Broomfield, Colo.

Lounsbury had endeared herself to many in the South exchange, and her passing is greatly regretted by us all. The South girls extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved parents, brothers and sisters.

Does anybody want to go joyriding in a flivver? Miss Murray has one and has proved a most competent (?) driver. Be sure to get your life insured first.

Gallup

Miss Jessie Blakemore has gone to Illinois for several weeks to recuperate from a severe attack of influenza.

It is surprising how all the diamonds around this office have added brilliance since November 11th. We are wondering if it is a last flareup before they LEAVE US FOREVER.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to Miss Olga Bookstrom, whose brother succumbed to pneumonia.

Main's bee-u-tiful piano has

nothing on our Pathe talking machine, which might well be compared to Jeff's bluebird when it comes to a question of style, finish, speed, endurance and all-around class. It never gets tired—never has to be coaxed, and will play for every temperament and any mood, though it seems to be most responsive to Miss Carr when she plays "Love Me at Twilight." As for dancing—oh, boy! Especially when "Johnny Gallup" is around to dance with us. Several girls claim it is a fine way of reducing, but, all are agreed that the medal supply in Denver will soon be exhausted.

Denver Plant

1175 Osage Street,
Friday, December 13, 1918.
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Monitor Readers:

Thought we would drop you a line to let you know that today is the anniversary of the day we moved from where we were to where we are now just five years ago. During the "big snow" we had to use sleds and snowshoes. In all these five years we have managed to get along without removing or placing any partitions. The only change was made recently, when three of the desks were redraped; am sending you pictures of same. Thought you would be interested in knowing what effect same had.

Well, Raymond quit chewing, Charlie quit telling old, stale jokes, Judson hangs around till 9 a. m., and Frederick and I had to learn how to talk over again.

With kind regards and the season's greetings, we are
Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH,
Lincoln Park Correspondent.

We're not in the habit of bragging
Over matters concerning "the plant:"
We have lost a great many good fellows,
Who took Kaiser Bill's boast "You can't."

We've tried to keep the ball rolling without them,
More or less in the old-fashioned way;
With beauties like these to supplant them,
We have a right to go bragging "I'll say."

An Emergency Operator Aged Nine Years

We feel confident in saying that Little Florence Brandt of Broomfield is the youngest operator in the telephone family. Miss Florence is the nine-year-old daughter of

Mrs. Brandt, Exchange Manager at Broomfield, Colo., and during the recent "flu" epidemic four members of the office force, which included all the older members of the Brandt family, were taken ill. Little Florence stepped into the vacancy and took charge of the office until a relief operator arrived, and during the week that followed filled the same position while the operator went out to meals. The "flu" patients have now returned to work and the little girl is relieved of her responsibility.

Pueblo District

W. E. Quarles, Correspondent

The past month has shown a greater number of employees out on account of illness than during any like period in the memory of the oldest employe.



We are happy to say that with one exception all are recovering nicely. An account of the death of our Manager at Fowler is recorded elsewhere in this issue. Among the numerous employees who have been more or less seriously ill and who have returned to duty are: Mr. H. P. Stommel, our Manager at Canon City; Mr. H. I. Mason and Miss Juanita

Boyd, Manager and Chief Operator at Rocky Ford, and Miss Jeanette Davies, our Chief Operator at La Junta. So many of our operators have been ill that space forbids listing them all.

We approach the new year believing that 1919 will afford us many more blessings in every way than the year 1918. Perhaps no greater blessing could come to us than the signing of the armistice; still, we believe that that is only the beginning and that the next year will see many changes to brighten the lives of all mankind the world over.

Mr. C. E. Abbett, former Exchange Manager of Las Vegas, has been transferred to Pueblo as Exchange Wire Chief. We are happy to welcome him and hope he will like Pueblo as much as the rest of us do. Pueblo may be smoky and dirty, but it is a mighty good place, for all that, and we notice most of those who leave are glad to return.

Traveling Auditors Smith and Albert spent about three weeks of December checking some of the exchanges in our district. We have not yet received any reports on their audits, and therefore assume that no news is good news. We hope that when the reports do come along it will be found that everything was in good shape. In times like these, when there is so much sickness and general shortage of help, it is pretty hard to keep the routines up as we would wish to, but, generally speaking, we feel that our exchanges have done very well during the trying period of the past few months.



Fair Employees of Denver Plant—A Result of the War
Margaret Green, Bessie Goldstein, Edna Glass

Fowler

Death of Manager C. A. Williams

In deep sorrow we record the death of Mr. Charles A. Williams, our genial Exchange Manager at Fowler, which occurred on Friday night, December 6th. He had been ill only six days of the dreaded influenza, and though very strong and robust, was unable to resist the disease. The news of his death came as a great shock to the community.

Charles Ayres Williams was born in Colorado Springs in 1889, and leaves a widow who was formerly Miss Esther Isgrig of Pueblo. He had been Manager at Fowler and of the branch at Manzanola, for about three years, and had made a host of friends by his never-failing geniality and readiness for service in any good cause.

The burial, in charge of the Elks, took place at Pueblo. The large number of beautiful floral offerings attested to the popularity of Mr. Williams and the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. He will be long and sincerely missed.



Popular "Jack" Williams of Fowler, Colo., an Influenza Victim

Greeley District

Jeannette Baird, Correspondent

Greeley

District Manager H. H. Croll in a recent tour of the district, met the "flu bug" somewhere in the neighborhood of Platteville and, as the little germ is no respecter of persons, he has been confined to his home for a week or more. We are happy to report that he recovered in time to do justice to a good Christmas dinner, and we trust that Mrs. Croll and Brinker fared as well.

Greeley exchange has a reputation as "jiners." In the recent Red Cross membership campaign Mountain States was awarded a 100 per cent banner the first thing.

Mr. A. G. Johnson, former District Traffic Chief, now of the Division Traffic Superintendent's office, made us a short visit a few days ago. We presume he was looking after his interests in this part of the country. Sorry he did not inform the Mountain States bunch the nature of his interests, but we just guess it was not real estate.

Mr. George Spalding, Tax Commissioner, with Mrs. Spalding, drove up in their new Paige car two weeks ago for a rabbit hunt. Mr. Spalding says Switzer has some eagle eye for cottontails by flashlight. Total bag, four "bunnies."

Claude M. Strawn, Chief Clerk to R. F. Morris, Division Commercial Superintendent, paid us a very pleasant call this last week. He reports very optimistically from the division office.

We have received a very interesting letter from Arthur C. Baird, formerly cashier at Greeley, now first-class electrician on the S. S. Sucrosa, plying between New York and Cuba. He tells of picking up the wireless message that the armistice had been signed on the night of the 11th when he was 1,300 miles out at sea from Washington; their putting the ship in "full dress" and celebrating all by themselves, as no ships were sighted during the day with which to exchange greetings. Since all restrictions as to ships' lights, use of radio, etc., have been removed, life seems not so unpleasant, cruising around, to our former cashier, except for occasional storms and rough seas, and the few mines which may still be floating around.

Miss Mamie Holmes, Assistant Chief Operator, thinks "when a feller needs a friend" is when you and your mother are both sick and your nurse drops the case because it turns out to be influenza.

You know it sometimes takes women a long time to make up their minds. Miss Alice Clague, Miss Marguerite Wilcox, operators, and Miss Blanche Besaw, supervisor, finally decided to fall in line and have the influenza like other folks. We are glad to report they are back in their old places.

Ault

We are very glad to welcome to our midst Mrs. Daisy Brooks, formerly Miss Daisy Mitchell, long-distance operator at Greeley. She has accepted the night operator's position at the Ault office.

Eaton

Miss Elizabeth Mills, Chief Operator, paid a very pleasant visit to Miss DeBoer, Chief Operator, at Greeley. We are not just sure whether it was a visit to Miss DeBoer or whether it was expecting someone from France that rattled her so. Evidently something did, for no one in any other condition would have sent the pay checks for the whole exchange back to Denver just before Christmas unless something very exciting was about to happen.

Windsor

Mr. James Scott, Manager, and family have all gone through a siege of influenza during the past month, but they are reported practically as well as ever.

Miss Erna Stede, Chief Operator, was recently called home to Frederick to take care of her mother, who was seriously ill with influenza. We are glad to report that her mother is much improved and Miss Stede has returned to her duties.

Miss McKay, Assistant Chief Operator, has been out several days helping care for a sick family.

Platteville

Miss Cynthia Merritt, Manager, has been sick with "flu" for about a week, but is just about ready to return to duty. The office has been in charge of the Misses Egner.

We do not know what caused the "flu" germ to get the best of Miss Merritt, but we suppose she worked so faithfully to secure that 100 per cent collection last month that she exhausted herself to the extent that the "flu" germ found her an easy victim. We do not want this to scare other exchanges from getting 100 per cent collections, and we know Miss Merritt will not be bluffed by the experience, either. We want to congratulate Miss Merritt. It was certainly fine work.

Hillrose

Miss Leona Myer, Manager, was recently called away to Willard on account of the sickness of her mother. Just as she was getting ready to leave, she received a telegram announcing the sad news of the death of her friend in France. We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to Miss Myer, and we are glad to know her mother is better.

Miss Sickels of Hillrose and Miss Waldo from Brush have been managing affairs in Miss Myer's absence.

Fort Lupton

With sadness we report the death of Mrs. Henrietta McKenna, night operator at Fort Lupton, from influenza-pneumonia. Mrs. McKenna had been in our employ at Fort Lupton for the past two years, and had endeared herself to her associates as well as the public. We extend our deepest



Mrs. Henrietta McKenna, Late Night Operator, Fort Lupton, and Little Daughters, Regina and Mary

sympathy to the bereaved family.

Manager Kulp and Helper Sells assisted the A. T. & T. Co. people in clearing up the breakdowns caused by ninety-three poles going down in the A. T. & T. line between Hudson and Keenesburg on Sunday, December 8th, during the snow and sleet storm.

Sterling

Miss Eva Pomel has returned to her duties after a severe attack of bronchitis.

Mr. Kaufman, our Wire Chief, was off a couple of days; probably thought he had the "flu," but glad he changed his mind.

We are glad to have Miss Ione McKay with us again.

Mr. O. L. Ross and helpers, Messrs. Verdick and Wynkoop, were with us several weeks last month installing a new toll position, which makes quite an improvement in our operating room.

A new toll line to Haxtum and Holyoke has also been completed by Mr. Ianson and his gang. Kelly has a new toll station, which completes the last station to be added in this community.

Miss Helen Brown is back again after having been home two weeks with the "flu."

Messrs. Carl Smith and J. C. Albert, Traveling Auditors, paid us quite an extended visit last month. We hope next time they visit us they will let us know so we can have our desk dusted.

Miss Louise Morris, Assistant Chief Operator, was ill a few days with tonsillitis. We are glad to have her with us again.

Mr. Longfellow and family have been transferred to Fowler, Colo., where he will take over the duties of Manager. We are sorry to lose Mr. Longfellow, but our best wishes go with him to his new home.

Our Assistant Chief was seen wearing a sparkler the other day. That's right, the war is over.

Miss Marie McFarland has been called to her home in Haxtum on account of sickness.

The Misses Eslick and Caudel have been added to our local force.

Mrs. Maynard has accepted the position as night operator. Miss Ruth Swoboda, night operator for the past couple of months, is again on day duty.

Mr. Switzer of Greeley, District Plant Chief, stopped over in Sterling this week on his way to Julesburg. Mr. A. G. Hill, Manager, accompanied him to Julesburg. On the way back Mr. Switzer got out and hunted rabbits. He shot ten—some hunter!

Miss Elizabeth DeBoer, Chief Operator, is spending Christmas with her sisters at Hugo, Colo. We surely would have envied her had not our particular "Johnny come marching home" the other day.

Colorado Springs District

J. D. Dingell, Correspondent

Traffic Department

Painful disappointment followed elaborate plans for a private little "hop" the operators were planning. Everything was "rosy;" prospects of a real good time were in sight. The place and time were carefully selected, with goodies and everything to "top off" a select skip, when bang! Ward P. Gammons, the dynamic Traffic Chief, called for "order" and upset the entire program. Girls, this "flu" ban sure is the limit. Remember, though, there is a rainbow somewhere, and mayhap we'll yet have our skip.

Commercial Department

With the holiday season at hand and business in our line just a bit slower than usual, circumstances permitted our District Cashier, Mr. John T. Tierney, an opportunity

for a brief rest. Together with Mrs. Tierney and Jack T., Jr., the vacation was spent in Denver with relatives and a host of friends. The gap in the office was filled temporarily, in so far as it is possible, through the combined pooling of effort and especial co-operation of the commercial force. It is generally felt that the brief respite and temporary disassociation from business cares are much merited, and it is hoped were enjoyed to the fullest extent.

Plant Department

With the war over, the return of our heroes begins. William Dwyer heads the list of distinguished veterans. Discharged honorably, he returns to the game, as they all will, for there's something alluring about it.

Just following the armistice news, a letter was received by Mr. Ayersman from Herman Mansholt, our former Morse operator. The letter, written aboard a transport bound for France, was full of humor and interesting news. The contents would indicate that the author was content with his surroundings and glad to be there.

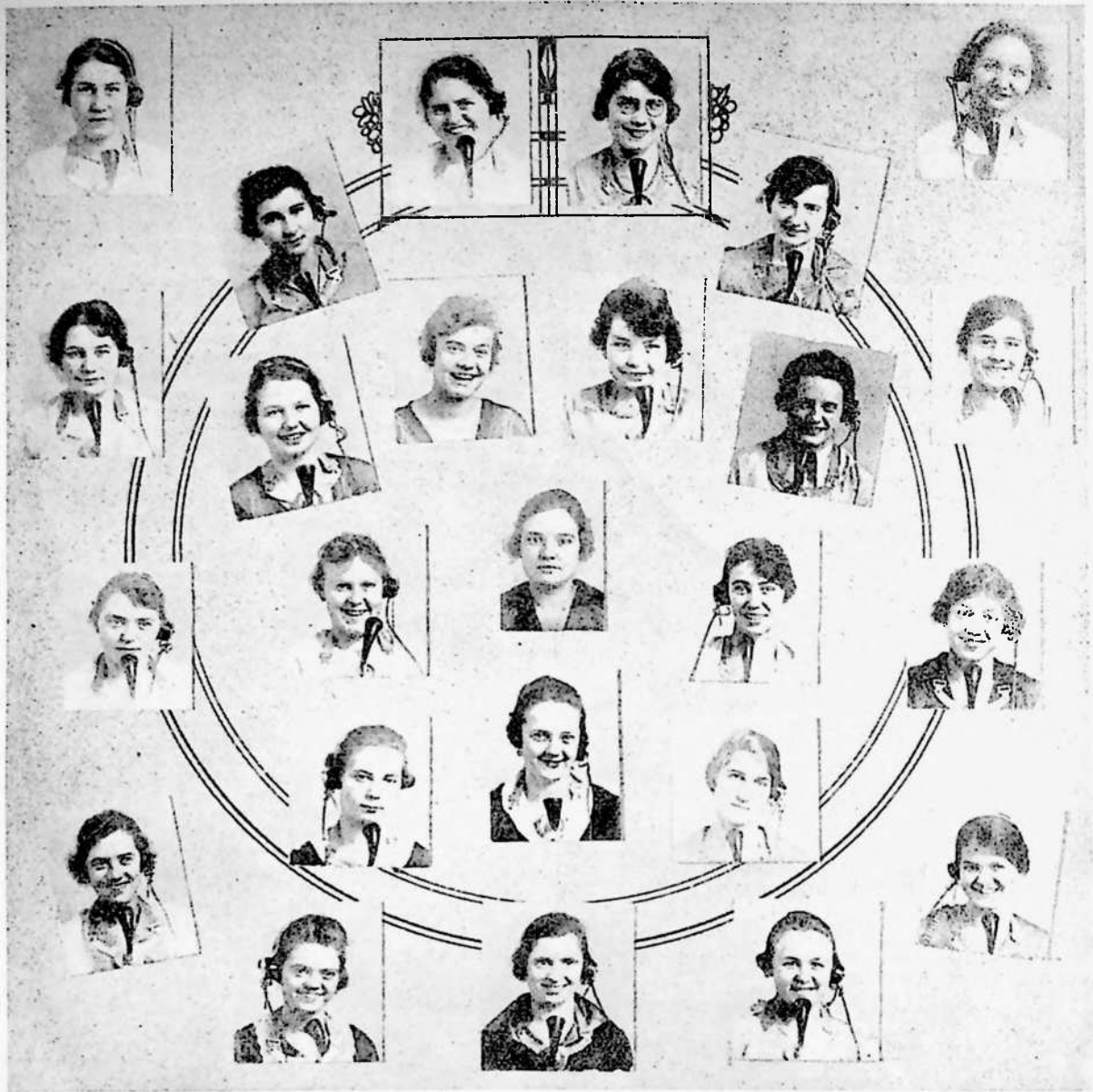
After a spell of the "flu," our poet laureate returns, stronger than ever, with his snappy brand of poetry. The individuals named in the writing below are all local employees, of course, but the situation can be fitted to almost any large exchange. I am submitting this tasty parcel of literature for general approval:

Everybody Works But "Ham"

Paulson's in the stock-room
 Counting Dingell's money.
 Holden's at the desk, sir,
 Working keys so funny.
 Haines is at the table
 Marking up the role;
 Kellogg's on the drop-car
 Climbing up a pole.
 Greenlee's at the counter
 Looking up a "pair"—
 (Dunn is at her shoulder
 With a look of care).
 Cree is searching blue-prints
 For a "Number Two."
 Gus is in the country
 With his jolly crew.
 Hal is in the side-car
 Kicking up a fuss.
 Landry is in the flivver
 Cleaning up the muss.
 Cunning's out with Charley
 Looking for a "bug."
 Ramsell's in the work-shop
 Searching for a slug.
 Hall is at the toll-test
 Checking up the "flu."
 Roy is doing something—
 He is busy too.
 Mack is running jumpers
 For some impatient "sub."
 Pennock's changing spark-plugs
 On his tiny "tub."
 Seever's fixing desk-stands
 For some hurried call.
 "Ham" talks to the ladies,
 He don't work at all.
 * * * * *
 Everybody works at our house
 But one old man.
 Everybody works at our house
 But dear old "Ham."

—B. J. Hamilton.

The epidemic seemed to impress itself upon the minds of a large number of plant, traffic and commercial employes with seriousness, following the taking down of one of the boys. There suddenly appeared a grand rush for the prophylactic serum, and everybody had a sore arm, paying the price of a contented mind. Whether there is any value to



SEVERAL REASONS WHY THEY HAVE GOOD SERVICE AT CHEYENNE. THE ALERT LOOKING GIRLS WHO GIVE IT
 Upper Row—Linnie Hughes; Mildred Mackley; Mary Smith, Chief Operator; Ervina Hughes, Assistant Chief Operator; Frieda Smith; Viola Perkins.
 Second Row—Grace Hudson, Armilda Karwal, Goldie Klitcher (now Mrs. Bolln), Mildred Lynch, Margaret Harris, Elizabeth Breither.
 Third Row—Delta Smith; Mildred Taft; "Clubby" Bentson; "Bughunter"; Helen McLaughlin; Vivian Cleave.
 Fourth Row—Constance Cowley, Marion Stone, Stella Watson, Marjorie Orr, Gladys Hosking.
 Lower Row—Gladys Nolan, Irene Cole, Edna Bayles.

the serum or not, the fact remains that we have been fortunate so far and quite free from the "flu."

From the "Sticks" comes the usual silence, which we take for granted to indicate as meaning all's well. It helps to cover the field in a general way in succinct fashion. We hope to show up strong in the future.

Cheyenne District

Huff Krug, Correspondent

Mr. C. L. Titus, our 100 per cent District Manager, was the happy recipient of a fine elk roast from an

admiring friend in Shoshoni, Wyo. Mr. Titus says the elk meat acted like a tonic on him, as he was about all in from a painful operation on his jawbone. He was a sick man for several days, but is back on the job again with his usual happy smile. It takes a great deal to keep the happy smile from our genial Manager's face.

Who do you think should come "busting" into the commercial office exclaiming, "Hello, Flo; hello, Merna; hello, Huff," but our own dear brave soldier boy, Sergeant Major Charles E. Anderson, who left the Plant Department here in Cheyenne to join the boys in khaki to help exterminate

the sons of Attila or, in straight English, the "dirty Huns." I know we all felt like greeting Charlie in the approved French style, we were so glad to see him. He has been gone only a short while, but has risen in Uncle Sam's service from a private to sergeant major, and was slated for regimental sergeant major when he was mustered out of the army; Charlie thinks he would have had the major general's job in a few more months. He said he had only one regret in leaving the Yankees, and that was that he didn't get a whack at the Germans. We all feel that if the "Terrible Swede" had gotten mixed up with the Boches they would have known they were in a fight. He has been in several forts and cantonments since leaving here, the last one being Camp Cody, N. M., where he was given an honorable discharge.

Charles was private secretary to District Plant Chief A. B. Forbes before leaving the Cheyenne office for training, being engaged in cussing Forms 27, etc., and all we have heard around the telephone building from "Art" a week before Charlie arrived was something like this: "Gee, but I'll be glad when Charlie gets back here. This office is sure going to ruin."

Ex-Sergeant Anderson left the day after his arrival for a two weeks' visit with his folks in Laramie, Wyo.

Did your humble correspondent hear someone say they heard Mr. C. L. Titus inviting Charlie out to his house to partake of some fine old wine of the 1886 vintage? I'll bet they toasted everyone they could think of just as an excuse to kill a quart of the rare stuff. Well, anyhow, the fact that Charlie is back here alive is worth a little celebration. Welcome home again to our little telephone family. Sergeant Anderson.

Mr. S. P. Officer is on an indefinite furlough on account of failing health. He left here with his mother, Mrs. A. H. Officer, for his home in Raton, N. M., where he will stay for a while, later leaving for San Diego, Calif., and other points in that beautiful state. Sam was ill from Spanish influenza for over a month, and didn't seem to regain his health, so thought best to take life easy for a while. Well, Sambo, here's hoping the sunny clime of California, where the life guards on the beach are all pretty girls helps you to regain that priceless gift of Nature, good health.

Mrs. Florence Hartzel succeeds Mr. Officer as District Cashier, and we all feel that this job will be well taken care of by her, as she is very efficient and systematic in her work. She says the job is one continuous round of pleasure, that is, in regard to making out pay rolls, especially the weekly pay rolls, for the Traffic Department, which seem to come and go in an endless stream.

Here is one that must not get by without a little publicity: Mrs. William Hartzel received another letter from Sergeant "Bill" Hartzel and was so happily excited over the news contained in this little loving missive that when she went over to the postoffice about an hour later she tried vainly for about ten minutes to stick the house doorkey in the postoffice lock box, when, suddenly coming out of a little trance in which she and "Bill" were in a little house, "just for two," discovered the fact she was using the wrong key, and, after a little silent cussing (the ladies all cuss silently, you know, Oswald), used the postoffice key with such good success the lock box opened just as easy.

Miss Goldie Kitchin, ex-public office clerk in the Commercial Department, heard the wedding bells at her sister's wedding last summer and they sounded so sweet and appealing that she decided to cast her fortune in with Mr. Frederick Bolln and become his better half. They say figures don't lie, but in Goldie's case they do, for how do you figure that one plus two equals two when one is married? Here's hoping that Mr. and Mrs. Bolln enjoy a long and happy married life.

Miss Myrna Jensen is again on the pay roll of the telephone company, having succeeded Mrs. Bolln as public office clerk. Miss Jensen was employed by the Telephone Company a few months ago, first in the commercial office in Cheyenne and later going to Casper, Wyo., in the same department. After a few months at Casper, she decided that there is no place like home sweet home, so came back to Cheyenne and worked for the Union Pacific Coal Company

until the time she re-entered the employment of the Telephone Company.

Casper

Don't think Casper has fallen off the map. The correspondent has merely been too busy in the office, owing to the illness of two of the commercial employes. However, all are back on the job now.

Miss Anna Gibbons of the public office has just returned from a vacation spent in Denver, Cheyenne and Wheatland. Manager Cowan thought he was getting the "flu," just to be popular, but instead he only had a cold.

Mr. Le Rossignal and his gang are back in Casper again, but we can never tell how long he will be with us, as he seems to be on the move all the time.

Mrs. Clara McDermott is back on the job, after suffering from "flu" and pneumonia.

We are pleased to write that Miss Colby, our stenographer, better known as "Spec," is back at work after undergoing an operation. But we are sorry that we are going to lose her soon, as she is going to a warmer climate.

The telephone office is not so short of help after all, as Billy Lee Steneck, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Steneck, has been added to our force.

Miss Mable Houseworth is again at work after a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Esther Tillgren has returned from the East, and she reports that she will be back at work the first of the year.

Mr. Brookins has moved his office to Cheyenne and Mr. Snyder, his assistant, has also been transferred to that place.

Mr. Woods was ill and all thought he was getting the flu, but he says there is no chance, as he has a real cure.

We are afraid if one of the boys doesn't hurry and come back from France, one of the girls of the commercial department will be taking a trip there.

Miss Gladys Pritchett spent Thanksgiving day in Greybull with her parents. Mr. Cowan also had his feet under mother's table in Douglas on that day.

Miss Gibbon tried "offel" hard to get sick, but owing to a dance to be given Thanksgiving evening, she was well. For some reason that we are unable to explain, she didn't go after all.

Chas. A. Cullen, former manager here, has just returned from doing his bit for Uncle Sam and is visiting old friends.

Boulder District

Ellen Gruesbeck, Correspondent

A few of the employes of the Boulder office have so far escaped the "flu." Though they claim to have done nothing to prevent an attack, we secretly believe that they are like the man who, when asked if he was doing anything to ward off the dread disease, replied: "Well, I ain't been taking much o' anything. Doc—that is, nothing to speak of. I tuk a couple o' bottles of Tinkham's bitters a while back, an' a bottle of Quackham's invigorator, with a couple of boxes of Curem's pills, and a lot o' quinine, and some dandelion tea my old woman made. I've got a mustard plaster on my back an' a liver pad on, an' I'm wearing an electric belt, and taking cod liver oil four times a day, with a dose or two of ginger every other day; 'cepting for that, I ain't taking nothing."

Miss Ada Seeburg, our popular Chief Operator, returned on Thursday after a two weeks' vacation, a part of which was spent in Denver visiting friends.

Silas Weber, after several months' sojourn as Wire Chief at Laramie, Wyo., has returned to Boulder and says he has come to stay. Si says Wyoming may be a fine state, but Boulder looks good to him.



Miss Ruth Roche of the Boulder Plant has been transferred to Mead, Colo., accepting the position as Manager of that exchange. Miss Roche came to Boulder from Walsenburg a year ago, entering the Traffic Department. In July she signified her desire to take up plant work and was transferred to the Plant Department, taking up switchboard. During the influenza epidemic she answered emergency calls to Nederland and Sulphur Springs, filling both positions very creditably. We wish Miss Roche abundance of good luck in her new position. She was always a cheerful "good fellow," and though we will miss her we are glad that she is still one of the "Family."

Miss Pearl Carmean returned Monday after several days' absence, due to the death of her sister, Jean Feeley. The sympathy of the Telephone Family is extended to Miss Carmean and her parents in their bereavement.

During the month of November, Steamboat Springs sent out a violent S. O. S., seven out of nine of the operating force being ill with the influenza. Misses Ruth Hall and Ellen Groesbeck answered the call, remaining in the city over two weeks. It was Miss Hall's first visit to the Western Slope, and although not enthusiastic as to the various "wonders" of the Moffat Road, she claims to have enjoyed her visit immensely and is ready to go again—when summer comes.

A letter from Freddie Weber states that he is "Somewhere in Southern France." He reports having been caught in a heavy storm in the North Sea, also having experienced the novel reality of traveling across England on a toy railroad, something like those seen in amusement parks in our country. He says England is a beautiful country, but not nearly so much so as France, and that neither can compare with "Etats Unis."

Heard In the Operating Room

Ethel—For heaven's sake, tell Harold not to drink grape-juice?

Grace—Why?

Ethel—He might be mistaken for a thermometer.

Mr. Copps—What is your definition of an optimist?

Miss Kelly—I don't know. What is yours?

Mr. Copps—A man who goes Christmas shopping with his wife.

"Why do you look so cross?" asked the fresh-faced operator of a weary looking switchboard girl.

"Oh, I had the meanest case of multiple trouble. I have chased it all morning. I had to take out four jacks before I found it."

"You're foolish, dear," sympathized her friend, "it doesn't pay to chase donkeys. I'd jump on and ride."

Wanted—A furnished room by an old lady with electric lights.

Wanted—Furnished room by gentleman with double doors.

Wanted—A man to take care of horses who can speak German.

Wanted—Lady to sew buttons on the second story of the First National Bank Building.

Wanted—A dog by a little boy with pointed ears.

Wanted—A room for two young men about 30 feet long and 20 feet wide.

Longmont

Oh, yes, Longmont is still on the face of the map, even though we have been quiet for the last few months. We have been keeping our attention riveted on the "flu" situation and had almost forgotten about Monitor notes. The ban was lifted Saturday, the town having been closed for ten weeks. Not one of the operators has had the "flu"—YET. But Mr. Irons enjoyed (?) a three weeks' vacation

because of pneumonia, and Mr. Henington, our lineman, was away from work for one week.

Did you ever hear of anyone riding on the bumper of a car? Ask Mr. Irons how it is done.

If anyone wants to know why Florence is so happy, they might read the Longmont paper to find out who the boys are that have returned from camp.

Miss Manley has taken up the Plant work and Miss Hancy is again at the switchboard.

Miss Powell and Miss Billings are new operators who have been added to our force.

Yes, and new lockers have been added to our rest room. We are anxiously waiting for the new long distance position which has been promised.

Fort Collins

All the folks in Fort Collins and vicinity, including the hired help, kids, wash boilers, tubs and tin whistles, were out on November 11 helping the U. S. of America to celebrate Victory Day. We know this is late, but you know the old adage.

Mrs. Herman Fauber (nee Maude Gooding) spent a few days in Fort Collins some time this fall on her way to join Friend Husband at Raton, N. M. If the Editor will please send a copy of this paper to her we can let you know whether she got there O. K.

Miss Georgia Dixon, from the Commercial department, spent a few days and two sleepless nights at Wellington this week looking after business matters while Miss Jennie Sinnard, Manager, remained home to take care of her "flu." While there Miss Dixon learned to play "Home, Sweet Home" on an "A-ccordine" and is planning to go on a concert tour.

Miss Annie Rooney drove over from Hawkinsville (pronounced by clearing your throat) and handed us two bits for a long distance call to Anytxcheezzz?? kerchoo!!! (Look out, you're getting the flu.)

Haven't had a note from the District Traffic Chief for so long we are afraid we must be getting along fine—or else there is a shortage of paper. Well, as Solomon says: "Better do your work well than not do it at all."

We get our checks twice a month now, so we can take a trip on the merry-go-round and not be afraid of overdrawing our account at the bank (sand bank). "The only account we ever had was a count of the fleas when we went to California next time"—by the Misses Seela and Bogard. They are planning to go as soon as they get caught up on their room rent an' everything.

Mr. T. C. Turner, the manager, hasn't had the "flu" but once, so far, but then you never can tell how things are going to turn out. He had to cut a hole in his gas mask through which to smoke his cigar.

Harry Kellogg and gang are here rebuilding the Transcontinental through town.

The District Traffic Chief wants a list of the hired help that had the flu and didn't get a benefit. As far as we are able to find out, no one got any benefit from the flu.

Wm. Evans and family have had influenza.

How Can We Reduce Our Gas Bill

At a recent conference held in the Exchange building "Somewhere in Fort Collins," between representatives of the various interests involved, including the distinguished Wire Chief and noted section patrolman, a famous switchboard man and a less famed telegraph operator, the general plan of the Peace Conference was worked out and, with the exception of some minor details, the general policies for the guidance of the peace delegates was decided upon. On account of the strict censorship, details of this agreement cannot be given out at this time, but the terms were discussed in voices loud enough for the delegates in Versailles to hear them, and they will, no doubt, govern themselves accordingly. We are reducing OUR light bill; are you?

Mr. Raisin was snooping around the other night after all the other birds had gone to rest (probably to see if anyone had accidentally left a light on on purpose) and stepped on

the wire that used to connect the telephone to the fourth desk in prosperous times, and got 110 volts. The only thing that saved him from a trip to Grand View was a pair of second-hand rubber heels and a hard-boiled exterior.

Subscriber—Never mind this call, Central, the telephone fell down on the baby eight months old.

Another subscriber—Central, how can I get the Fire Department without having a fire?

Mead

Mrs. Ada M. Eller, Manager of the exchange at Mead, Colo., died at her home on November 22, 1918, of Spanish influenza. Mrs. Eller has been an employe of the Telephone Company for six years, entering their employ on March 9th, 1912, as Exchange Manager at Milliken, Colo. On October 1st, 1915, she was transferred to Mead in the same capacity. She was highly respected by both her employers and patrons and leaves many friends to mourn her death. She is survived by one daughter, Thelma.

A Ski Trip (Not For Pleasure) by "Me and Joe"

The lot of a lineman in the Rockies may be more or less pleasant in summer when the scenery is uncovered, but this cannot be said of the months when grim winter holds unbroken sway.

The following "jingle" and the accompanying pictures are from Mr. Charles Killebrew, Wire Chief at Steamboat Springs, Colorado. The story back of the pictures is one involving hardship and real peril. Mr. Killebrew and his companion had a narrow escape, and finally threw away their tools to be rid of the weight. After getting the trouble, there were more troubles in store, for they were obliged to travel seven miles to Whiteley's Peak. It took them seven hours to make it, and when they reached there and had rested and were ready to start for home, the operator reported the line out again.

Last winter we went after trouble
On the Denver toll—
Me and Joe.

We drove eight miles and sky-gazed the line,
And we found no trouble,
Me and Joe.

We left our team and struck the trail
On skis, snow eight feet deep,
Me and Joe.

We walked on the boards eighteen hours,
Tired and sore, could not make any more,
Me and Joe.

We reached the cabin at eight at night,
Had some supper and lit our pipes,
Me and Joe.

We were up before breakfast and ready to go,
Some storm that night—14 inches of snow.
Me and Joe.

We found the trouble six miles below,
Got the wires working, messages began to go.
Me and Joe.

It was storming again quite badly.
We talked it over and smoked some more. Kept on going,
Me and Joe.

We sifted right along for twelve miles or more,
Came to Gray's ranch, half past four,
Me and Joe.

We spent the night, tired and sore.
Seven miles to Whiteley's to make on boards,
Me and Joe.

We started out full of pep, began to slip back—
Almost break's one's back. Bad going, soft snow,
Me and Joe.

We are on the job at 8 a. m. full of pep, ready to do our bit,
But not yet, for we sit around till the storm is o'er—
Me and Joe.

We hear the operator with a tale of woe,
Trouble on Denver toll—not a message can go. Alas!
Me and Joe.

Craig

Craig, Colorado—the end of the Moffat Road. I believe it quite fortunate Craig was no further west than it is, as we only have a train occasionally, our last through train being two weeks ago.

In December it is usual to travel by sled and skis, while this year we are still using autos.

We have an operating force of four girls—Ellen McCalum, Chief Operator, Faye Tuttle, Ida Pope Easum and Thelma Winters. We are to have another position here in May, which shows that we are growing.

Our District Manager, W. E. Ketterman, made us a short visit the last of November, which he will probably remember, as he made his way by hand car, sled, freight train, auto and passenger train.

Trinidad District

Roberta H. Mitchell, Correspondent

To those who run at the sound of Friday, the 13th, it looks possible, but to one who holds this as a charm day, it seems impossible that a usually well-meaning "boss" could hand one



THE TRUE SPIRIT OF SERVICE. FOLLOWING TOLL LINES IN THE ROCKIES IN WINTER

(1) Trouble on Harrison Creek Divide. Eleven Hours Making Nine Miles. (2) Carrying a Pole to Raise Wires Out of a Snowdrift, Walden Creek Divide. (3) Mr. Killebrew and Companion on Sulphur Springs-Steamboat Toll Line, October, 1918

such a title as "Monitor correspondent." Nevertheless, it happened on the above mentioned day, and unless the 23 exchanges of the district come to the correspondent's help, news will be missing.



Miss Nan Caskey, Trinidad Plant Employee, After the Elusive "Bug"

Who can help predicting a wonderful season for the farmers, dry and otherwise, when he sees the earth's ermine coat? "It's an ill wind," etc., but delayed trains with Christmas travelers and packages will eventually reach their destination, so why worry?

Despite the "flu" the Traffic Department had its usual celebration in keeping with the season. As actions speak louder than words, the enjoyment was much in evidence.

Trinidad operators have met all war drives and Liberty Loans in such a manner as to make everyone proud of them. It gives one a joyous feeling to know you are working with such loyal, patriotic girls.

In this district Silverton suffered more from the influenza than any town. Practically 10 per cent of the population died and all the operators were sufferers from the disease. Our Chief Operator, May McNamara, died October 23, 1918.

The Manager and line gang were the operating force for several days until Erma Revel of the Durango Traffic volunteered to help out. Then Mr. Mogee, the Manager, and Mr. Harmon, District Plant Chief, and Miss Revell gave service until Mr. Mogee secured the help of three school teachers in Silverton.

Mrs. Ida Haller, Manager at Mancos, died November 15, 1918, from Spanish influenza. Mrs. Haller and Miss Bessie Morefield, operator, were both ill, and Gertrude Nolan, who formerly worked at Mancos, took charge of the office until Miss Morefield was able to return. Miss Morefield was checked in as Manager December 1st.

Loyalty always shows up in an emergency.

Silverton estimate has been completed. This includes a complete new cable plant and new central office equipment. We also have a new location for the central office, which is much more pleasant than the old quarters.

Center-Saguache toll line estimate 1068 was completed December 24. Both estimates were handled by Alex Greeson and gang.

Alamosa-Durango toll line repair estimate was completed December 1, 1918, by B. H. Griffin, and the beautiful snow reached a depth of four feet.

A new telegraph repeater is being installed at Las Vegas. The telegraph repeater equipment is also being moved from the basement to the first floor. Can you sympathize with the Traffic in being such close neighbors to such a necessarily noisy department?

At Trinidad Mr. Shook and his assistants of the equipment branch have installed a new Wire Chief test desk of which the plant department is justly proud. They are also changing the repeater equipment from a 24 to a 38 volt battery. Before the equipment men leave, we will have a new recording and repeater position, No. 0, working.

Mr. Harry Avis, Wire Chief at Las Vegas, stopped in to say "Howdy" after spending Christmas with his folks. Mrs. Avis and small daughter will visit for a few weeks before returning to Las Vegas.

Hugh Brown, former clerk to the District Plant Chief, will resume his duties about January 1st, having been in Fort Collins for over two months in military training in the Radio branch of the Signal Corps.

Sergeant Adolph Richter returns to the Commercial Department January 1st. "Fats" had a good start towards Hunland, but the ship on which he left was called back when 300 miles out at sea. We are surely glad to have him back again, and are anxiously awaiting the return of our other local soldiers from overseas.

Grand Junction District

The employes of Grand Junction District were greatly shocked upon receiving the sad news of the death of Nathaniel Lysle Sibley at 3:20 p. m. on December 9, 1918. The end came after an illness of only a few days at the home of his mother in Denver, Colo.

Mr. Sibley was District Cashier at Grand Junction for a period of three and one-half years, resigning last March to enlist in the Aviation Section of the U. S. Army, but owing to some slight physical defect was not accepted. However, in July he enlisted in the Radio branch of the Signal Corps and was sent to Boulder, Colorado, for special training. He was transferred from this place during the early part of October to the officers' training school at Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas, at which place he remained until he was honorably discharged on November 30th. He had been in Denver only two days when he contracted pneumonia, the disease which caused his death.



N. Lysle Sibley

Mr. Sibley was universally liked by all who knew him and his death caused sorrow to the entire district.

Miss Edna Lillie suffered an attack of appendicitis but is now back on the job as all-night operator.

Miss Lola Welden, long distance operator, has been invited to spend a few days each month down in the office, helping the Commercial Department.

Miss Lucille Camfield, our Morse operator, contracted the Spanish influenza, and upon her recovery returned to her home in Colorado Springs. Miss Camfield is very much missed.

We are sorry indeed to record the death of Fred Fluke on October 19, 1918, in England. Mr. Fluke was employed in the Grand Junction office two years, first in the Commercial and later in the Plant Department. He was drafted for military service and left for Fort Collins June 15, 1918, where he received special training. On October 6th he sailed for England. There were many on the ship suffering from influenza, and he contracted the disease and pneumonia developed. Upon arrival in England he was immediately taken to a hospital, where every effort was made to save his life. He died October 19, 1918, and was buried with full military honors in England. Mr. Fluke was a young man prominent in social and religious circles and was one of the most popular employes in this district. To his wife we extend our deepest sympathies.

Some thoughts of Mr. Gow while making a FEW repairs to Dodge Car No. 73A: "I struggle underneath my boat to fix the shaft that screeches, and spoil a \$20 coat and \$15 breeches. I hit the hammer with my thumb and then, my English changed, I wish all cars in Kingdom Come and a 690 on 73A arranged."

The political prisoners of Russia were locked in a watertight compartment where there was a steady inrush of water, and were forced to use a hand pump in order to keep from being drowned. But those poor fellows did not have it on the Grand Junction forces very much, for during the snowstorm of November 21st one of the city water pipes near the telephone office clogged up and caused the water from the vats of a nearby laundry to back up through a drain pipe into the basement of the office. Before anyone

was "next" to what was taking place there was about 5 inches of water in the basement and good prospects of several inches more in a short time. All got in high, and after Tom Byrne's unsuccessful attempts to syphon the water out with a piece of rubber hose, a manhole pump was brought into action and two crews were put to work pumping the water out, Mr. Gow and Tom Byrne forming the day crew, while Cecil and Wallraff worked the night shift. In the meantime a two-man gang from the City Water Department was calmly picking a hole in the middle of Seventh Street trying to locate the clogged pipe. The Wire Chief considers himself lucky, even if he was at home trying to train a pair of bad tonsils.

Miss Blakely has returned from Denver, where she was called by the serious illness of her brother, who is now recovering.

Miss Stone, who has been ill two weeks, has gone to her home in Collbran to recuperate.

Glenwood Springs

The following letter was received at the Glenwood Springs Exchange:

"Dear Sirs:

"Received your letter in which you asked me if I wanted to sign the contract to have the telephone installed. Yes. I agree to pay the \$5 service charge, and I want to pay for a year's rent, making in all \$29, but I'll give you the check the day you install the telephone. I want to ask you one thing, and I hope you will do it.

"Before we had our phone taken out we reserved that if ever we had the phone installed again, we would have the same one or one just like it, and we were granted the permission. The one we used to have is installed on Mr. —'s place and the no. is —, but the telephone is numbered 250. I think if you want to you could install us one like I want. I am enclosing a picture of the kind I want; I will be more than pleased if you put one in just like it, or take Mr. —'s phone out and put him in another and have our own put in again.

"I will pay the \$29 the day you install the phone. Hoping you come and install it soon and put the one I want, I remain

"Yours most truly,"

Note—The picture was a 317 type taken from a catalogue.

Montrose

Combination Man Herbert E. Johnson is rejoicing over the recovery of a valuable ring which was returned to him a few days ago after having been lost for nearly three years. In January, 1915, he was building a telephone line from Lazear to Brown's ranch, which he finished in a blinding snowstorm. He made the last tie and to celebrate its completion he threw his hands up in the air and let out a happy yell. The intense cold had shrunken his fingers until they were several sizes too small for the ring. In the joyous toss of his hands, the ring flew off and fell in the deep snow, "somewhere in Colorado." The gang all joined in the hunt for it, but after having searched everywhere within a radius of one hundred yards from the pole, it was given up. And thus endeth the first chapter.

Chapter Two opens in a brilliant burst of autumnal sunrise. The cowboys are riding forth to the roundup. We will follow one sturdy knight of the saddle who rides with bowed head and downcast eyes, leaving the impression that he has suffered some great sorrow. The mournful notes of "O. Bury Me Not on the Lone Pa-rarie" which he sings strengthens this conviction, but the truth of the matter is that he is thinking of the most beautiful girl in Ioway who has just written him the one word "yes." Therefore there must be some other explanation for his dejected appearance, and here it is:

Ever since Bob Womack, from the hurricane deck of a cow pony, made the first discovery of gold in the Cripple Creek district, cowboys ride this way searching the earth and dreaming of riches. This "poor-but-honest" puncher was no exception to the rule. He was looking for gold. Suddenly he caught its unmistakable yellow gleam. Dis-mounting quickly, he picked up Mr. Johnson's ring. From

the engraving in it, its ownership was easily traced and two days later it came to H. E. by parcel post.

Can you beat it?

The latest pair of Montrose officials to take the "flu"—and they always take it in pairs—is Miss Mary Hobah, Cashier, and Miss Ellen Virtue, Assistant Chief Operator. At this writing they are both progressing nicely, and are expected to be back on the job in the next few days.

Mr. W. O. Snowden, recently employed in the Plant Department here, has been transferred to Palisade to fill the position of combination man.

Mr. Frank Barney, for many years district foreman at Montrose, has been transferred to the Fruita Exchange, where he will be found in the future. We all miss his cheery "Hi-er you do sir," which was his customary morning greeting. Nothing ever ruffled his good nature except when Mr. Gow wanted him to go to Ouray for a few days.

Misses Nellie Barnard and Alma Summers spent the holidays in Boulder with relatives and friends. If the Boulder Exchange force knew what a good Chief Operator Miss Barnard is and what a good plant accountant Miss Summers is, they would have been put to work getting out the monthly reports.

The self-appointed correspondent for the Monitor in this neck of the woods understands that there is some dark plot to which Manager Wolfing and Mrs. Roatcap are the leading instigators, to pull off an alleged joke on said correspondent. We predict that they will fail to put it across for the following reason: They know that these notes must be in by a certain date, but they will think of it again just a day or two too late. See if this is not a good guess.

Olathe

Hello, folks! Do I hear whispering voices? Well, of course you don't know us and probably never heard of us, but we are here and seem to think we are rather important. We may be little, but oh, my! Permit us to introduce ourselves, as we like you all so well and hope you will recognize us as one of the family.

Let us present Miss Hinton, with her sunny smile. They call her "Curl" for short, but we think "Happy" would suit her much better.

Next comes Rena, our gypsy queen. "She's neat and she's tidy and he meets her every Friday." But do you know, we are feeling quite a blueness about her. She is going to leave us very soon and things will never be quite the same without our little Miss Christy.

Fortunately there is never a loss without some gain, and that means Birdie Kirk, who, with her winsome smile and military air, we are glad to welcome to our happy circle.

Then there is Mary, so full of charm and grace. She's the girl we all love best, for whenever one of us gets tired and wants to play, we call on Mary, who is always anxious for a chance to amuse herself at the board. Here's to Mary McMullin!

You don't know our Chief? I'll tell you right now you have missed something. For several weeks we have been wondering why people who walk calmly into the booth rush out so frantically. Finally it dawned on us that it was Lysol. She ought to be in a hospital corps. for Mamie surely knows how to keep the "flu" away. We are all rejoicing with Mrs. Roatcap, for her heart is on the way home from Oregon.

Let's we forget the night operator. We hardly ever know just what to expect of her. One morning we found she had turned black, and we heard her singing. "Coon, coon, I wish my color would fade." We really forgive her, though, since she might have been ashes, and for a time at least we hope she will remain a member of the white race.

Yes, we have visitors occasionally. Mr. Wolfing was in for a few minutes not long ago, but his minutes are always too short.

Now we feel more acquainted and hope to meet with you all again in the near future.

(Note by the Montrose Manager—These notes were sent in from Olathe without signature, but they are so good that I want publicly to express my appreciation and offer them as an example for other exchanges.)

Death of Miss Ethel Casmon



Miss Ethel Casmon

After an illness of little more than a week, the brave, bright spirit of Ethel Casmon, stenographer in the legal department of the Mountain States Company in Denver, took its flight in the early morning of December 10th. She made a valiant fight for life, but the dread scourge which has entered so many happy homes and taken the brightest and best claimed her as a victim.

As a young girl, Miss Casmon entered the service of the Mountain States Company in the capacity of stenographer in the Accounting Department, later being transferred to the office of the Vice-President and General Manager, and when the Legal Department was organized a few years ago she became a most efficient member of the stenographic force. In times of an unusual volume of work Miss Casmon was ever on hand, cheerfully doing her part as a loyal and enthusiastic helper. Altogether she rendered more than twelve years of faithful and efficient service with the Mountain States Company.

It is truly said that "the king of shadows loves a shining mark." Ethel Casmon's bright smile and pleasant comradeship will long be remembered and sorely missed by those who had the privilege of her friendship during those twelve years.

In Flanders Fields—At Peace

Sleep well in Flanders Fields, Ye Brave
Your sacrifice was not for naught.
We firmly grasped the torch you gave
And won the peace for which you fought.

Up from the poppies soar the larks
To tell your spirits in the sky,
"All's well" with every cross that marks
The sacred soil in which you lie—
In Flanders Fields.

—The Wizard.

The Name of France

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right—
A name like a star, a name of light.
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood.
At the touch of a courage that knows not fear—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong—
A name that rings like a battle-song.
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
When the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
I give you *France!*

—Henry Van Dyke.

When Is a Man a Man?

When he can look out over the rivers, the hills, and the far horizon with a profound sense of his own littleness in the vast scheme of things, and yet have faith, hope, and courage—which is the root of every virtue. When he knows that down in his heart every man is as noble, as vile, as divine, as diabolic, and as lonely as himself, and seeks to know, to forgive and to love his fellow man. When he knows how to sympathize with men in their sorrows, yea, even in their sins—knowing that each man fights a hard fight against many odds. When he has learned how to make friends and to keep them, and above all how to keep friends with himself. When he loves flowers, can hunt birds without a gun, and feels the thrill of an old forgotten joy when he hears the laugh of a little child. When he can be happy and high-minded amid the meaner drudgeries of life. When the star-crowned trees, and the glint of sunlight on flowing waters, subdue him like the thought of one much loved and long dead. When no voice of distress reaches his ears in vain, and no hand seeks his aid without response. When he finds good in every faith that helps any man to lay hold of divine things and sees majestic meanings in life, whatever the name of that faith may be. When he can look into a wayside puddle and see something beyond mud, and into the face of the most forlorn fellow mortal and see something beyond sin. When he knows how to pray, how to love, how to hope. When he has kept faith with himself, with his fellow man, with his God; in his hand a sword for evil, in his heart a bit of a song—glad to live, but not afraid to die!

—Square and Compass.

Phonetic Stenography

Business Man to Stenographer—Miss Spell, you must be more careful with your orthography. In this letter I dictated to you yesterday you have struck a "d" for an "n" in "invoice," and begun the word "material" with a "b," not to mention other similar errors.

Miss Spell—But, sir, you had a cold yesterday, and that is the way you dictated those words.

—Judge.

A Bad Choice

"We played fool," declared the Crown Prince. "I see it now. We had the whole world to pick a fight with."

"Well?"

"And look at the crowd we picked out."—London Tit-Bits.

The Language of the Road

A former railroad brakeman who served in France brought in a bunch of prisoners.

"What have you there?" inquired an officer whom he met back of the lines.

"Just a string of empties, sir!" was his prompt reply.—Frank G. Davis, in Cartoons.



AN inspirational letter has been received by General Auditor Reid from Mr. A. E. Berggren, formerly Traveling Auditor for our Company, now Regional Auditor for the Y. M. C. A. for Southern France, with headquarters at Bordeaux. Mr. Berggren has had the enviable privilege of seeing American morale measure up to the mark under most trying conditions. The tribute he pays to our American soldiers is a very high one, and will intensify our already great pride in the A. E. F. and our feeling that their bravery at the front was equaled by their manliness and gentleness of conduct behind the lines.

Bordeaux, France, November 29.

Dear Chief:

I write these few lines to you to show that in spite of my negligence in not writing before, I still think of you in kind appreciation of the many things you have done for me.

Honestly, I miss the old faces, the old routines and the correct, though stern, businesslike methods of our Company.

Allow me the favor of a small compliment to you and your method of doing things by saying that every day I apply your teachings and system to things over here. So you see that the years I spent in your department have been of value to me. I used to think I had too much routine to contend with, but I know now from experience that routines have a tremendous value and are in the end time-savers. Strange to say, I fell into the job of writing them over here, and if you could see them you would see "M. S. T. & T." all over them, but unfortunately, without your signature.

We have a good accounting system, as I will show you when I come back.

I have the honor to represent your office over here in the official capacity of Regional Auditor for the South of France, and I hope I am doing a good job and feel reasonably sure that I am, because last week I was offered the position of Comptroller for the "Y" in the United Kingdom.

My position here saps all my energy. I have no time for letters and no time for pleasure. I came over to do a job and I am going to finish it, too.

The operation of the "Y" here is beyond all imagination—millions handled just like pennies—in fact, it is beyond human conception; much larger than anything I have been used to.

We operate restaurants feeding 8,000 per day, clubs, rest rooms, canteens, whole hotels, factories, stores, etc., and are right in the front line trenches with every convenience.

I tell you this war has been won through morale furnished through the medium of actual service to soldiers. Europe stands in open amazement at our work; nothing like it before.

I am not a Christian, and still retain a good many of my old tricks, but I am coming home with some new ideas of men and service.

I have been sad, glad, happy, worried, sick, cold, hungry, and, not to say the least, "broke" all the time, but it is worth while, and I am so happy to think I can go home with an uplifted head and say, "I was there."

Fighting? Well, I guess yes. Battle of Chateau Thierry.

the Argonne forest, Verdun and a few more, and now the big battle in the service of supplies at this port.

Believe all you ever heard about the Germans, for it is true. Personally, I shall never shake hands with anyone claiming that country when I return to the States.

I will tell you tales that read like romance, when I return, and all woven about men called American soldiers, too. Oh, how glad I am to be an American; how much it means to me; how proud I am of Old Glory and the premier place she now holds among the flags of other nations.

You people at home cannot imagine what a respect we command in Europe and how our President is appreciated. You know the saying about the "prophet in his own land."

Today is Thanksgiving and we have something to be glad for. If men never prayed before they are doing it today. There may be "beaucoup" censors, as the French say, but they don't control the wireless to the Lord.

The American soldier is the cleanest, most moral and temperate soldier in the world, and I'll put my last dollar on his being the best, too; so if you hear any bunk about him dismiss it as the vamping of some reformer's disordered mind. They all carry the sound of some promise to a mother ringing in their ears, and are leaving to France a memory of manhood that will carry through generations.

Most mail that I have written seems never to have been received in America, and I have received only four letters since leaving America. But, "c'est la guerre." The less answers I have to write.

It may interest you to know that I correspond with the Signal Corps boys and have received letters from them which I am proud of.

We are beginning to leave France, and how delighted the boys are at the thought of getting home, and with what appreciation of America, her ideals and customs, they will return. I love France, and so do all Americans, but we will ever love America, and now we appreciate our birthright as Americans as never before.

BACK THE BOYS TO THE LIMIT WHEN THEY COME BACK. THEY HAVE EARNED IT.

Be done with Germanism in any form or shape, for it is a snake in the grass and no amount of retribution or acquiescence can wipe out the blood-stains of Chateau Thierry or the Argonne forest. How sacred that ground will be to all of us from now on!

Be prepared for big changes when the boys come home; they will demand it in more ways than one; petty politics are a thing of the past; class distinction is done for, and there must be more humanity of man to man. Remember, privates in any army fight side by side, millionaire with pauper, labor with capital, Jew with Gentile, Protestant with Catholic—all for the common cause.

We are all back of President Wilson and his policies and think he has earned his trip to Europe, and our knowledge of conditions teaches us his trip is necessary. Some day we shall hang his picture next to Lincoln's.

Until I return next April the greatest word in the English language for me is "hope."

I remain just as sincerely as ever the same friend, with kind regards to the office.

A. E. BERGGREN.

Regional Auditor,
Headquarters Y. M. C. A.,
American Expeditionary Forces,
A. P. O. 505,
Bordeaux, France.

Since the signing of the armistice, and particularly around "the holidays," the thoughts of our wandering soldier boys have turned more and more towards home and the old associates. Mr. W. F. Brown, Eastern Division General Manager, is in receipt of news from Captain Young, who is now able to write rather freely, not from "Somewhere in France," but from—

Schuttringen, Luxembourg, November 27, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Brown:

Your good note of September 27th was received some time ago, but as we have been moving so fast I have not had time to answer it. Your command to "hurry up and lick 'em" was promptly complied with. I believe that was all we were waiting for.

I have a Boche rifle which I am going to try to bring home with me, but if you think we ought to have a machine gun or something larger, let me know.

We are now part of the Third Army, which is the Army of Occupation, and are on our way to Coblenz, following closely on the heels of the Huns. We are hardly giving them time to get out of our way. We are permitted to say where we are and where we have been, so I'll give you a synopsis of our travels.

On March 31st we left Camp Lewis for Camp Merritt, via Cheyenne (will you ever forget it?) arriving there April 6th. On April 22nd we left for the port of embarkation (Hoboken) and sailed April 23rd on the U. S. transport Huron. After being at sea three days another transport, the Acolus, collided with us, damaging both vessels to such an extent as to necessitate return to port of both. However, no one was hurt, but a lot of them were somewhat scared. We arrived in port April 29th and sailed again April 30th on the U. S. S. Manchuria, arriving at St. Nazaire, France, May 12th, but did not land until May 13th, seven a. m., when we marched to a camp five miles inland.

We remained at St. Nazaire about five days, when we were sent to Mehun-sur-Yevre by rail, passing through Nantes, Angers and Tours. At Mehun several of us had our first flight in an aeroplane and it was "hot stuff." Think I'll recommend them for "bug hunters." After staying at Mehun for about a week, we were given more of our equipment and motor transportation and my company was ordered to Palaiseau-Seine-et-Oise, about ten miles south of Paris, while "E" Company was sent to Blois. We drove overland, passing through Verzon, Orleans and Etamps, and received a very cordial welcome at Palaiseau, due, I believe, to our being the first Americans to stop at that town. While there we built a five-arm lead from Versailles to a point about twelve miles east, so got to see quite a lot of Versailles, Paris and the surrounding towns.

From Palaiseau we drove to Neufchateau, passing through Corbeil, Fontainebleau, Nogent-sur-Seine, Troyes, Pirrey, Brienne and Warcz. It was good weather and we enjoyed the trip immensely. Here we were assigned to the Fourth Army Corps and did quite a lot of construction work in this area, going as far northwest as Commercy and northeast as far as Bacarral. While at Neufchateau we made trips to Merécourt and Epinal and a few trips to Nancy.

From Neufchateau we moved to Toul, where we experienced many night air raids. From here we moved up to Royaucemix—close to the front, which was then along the Beaumont-Flirey-Pont-a-Mousson road. We participated in the St. Mihiel drive on September 17th, running twisted pair circuits over No Man's Land as far north as Pannes and laterals from there to Nonsard due east to Enverzen. Those were exciting days and they continued to be almost as exciting until November 11th, when the armistice was signed and when another drive was contemplated in our sector.

From Royaucemix we moved to Crene and from there to Etain, then to Jappecourt, thence to Bettembourg, and to our present location, which is just east of the city of Luxembourg.

Yesterday I was over to Grevenmacher on the Moselle River, and the day before down to Thionville. Luxem-

bourg is a great place, as is all of this country. However, I haven't seen any place that I like better than Denver.

We anticipate an early departure from this place, and the sooner we start the sooner we will arrive at our destination and get started for home. That is the main topic of conversation among us these days, and every one of us is anxious to get home. However, it will doubtless be some months before we get started back.

The boys are all well and happy, and it is with a lot of pride that I can tell you that we have had no casualties in our company except two minor accidents. Both were broken arms; one happened at night when it was very dark, the other in an automobile.

We have been in lots of activities and consider ourselves very fortunate in getting out with the two accidents I've just mentioned.

Please remember me to the entire telephone family.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,

Yours truly,

A. W. Young,
Captain, Signal Corps.

AL.

Mr. N. O. Pierce of Denver also received a letter from Captain Young, written from the same way station, en route to Coblenz to take his part in the "Watch on the Rhine."

November 30, 1918.

Your welcome letter of October 25th was just handed to me on my return from Hespringen via Luxembourg, and I was sure glad to get it.

We are now a part of the Army of Occupation and headed for the Rhine. Our station there will probably be Coblenz. How long we will be there is pretty much of a problem; am in hopes, of course, that it will not be long, for I am anxious to get home now that the war is practically over.

Yesterday I drove along the Moselle River up as far as Grevenmacher, a distance of about twelve miles. The scenery is pretty fair, but the river is not large, or as much of it as I have seen.

By the time you receive this we will undoubtedly have reached our destination. The past week has really been the first rest we have had since arriving in France, for I believe we are working longer hours and more than we did even during the activities. We don't mind that, however, for we know that as soon as we reach our destination our work will be about over, and the sooner we get there the better.

Have not been able to get any "Stars and Stripes" to send to you the past couple of weeks. They have not caught up with us. Was glad to know that you got some good dope out of those I did send.

The people in this part of the country are very cordial and we are welcomed wherever we go.

We are told that it is quite an honor to have been selected to function with the Army of Occupation, and that is probably right.

Thanksgiving day we had some nice roast pigs and apple sauce. I bought the pigs from the natives, so we had a pretty good dinner without turkey. We understand that we are to have turkey for Christmas.

Things are going fine for us now. We are moving in the morning, so must pack up and be ready for an early start.

The President had Christmas dinner with the happy doughboys, but our Yankee Thanksgiving was also a fete day in a town in Luxembourg. Some members of the 405th Telegraph Battalion had a real dinner of roast pig with all the trimmin's, and, while in a state of happy expectancy, with tantalizing odors reaching him from the piece de resistance, Lieutenant Kunsemiller wrote a long letter telling his old Denver telephone friends all about it.

"C'est Thanksgiving, and we are about to partake of a real pig. Our Mess Sergeant, Culp, formerly of the Edge-

water Beach Hotel, Chicago, where he was steward or chef de manger (pronounced ma' zhey, first syllable nazalized), contracted for six young pigs, each weighing approximately thirty pounds, for the men, and an extra one for the officers. We are to have them stuffed with a dressing, a favorite with the visitors at the Edgewater Beach salle a manger. As side dishes there will be apple sauce, cheese, bread and butter, chocolate cake, tomato and onion salad, coffee with cream and sugar, jam and apples whole.

Say! What more could we wish for, with Aladdin's lamp? Nothing! Wine would spoil the bounteous repast. Cigars and cigarettes, of course, will follow, but each will have his own. Way over here in Luxembourg, nearly two thousand miles from the source of our supply, yet as happy as school kids during the spring vacation, and as full of life as the French mademoiselles.

I have had the papers and note how splendidly Denver and the States subscribed to the Stars and Stripes. You will never be able to realize what it meant to us when we heard that you-all had gone over the top. Such news can have but one effect on the minds of us over here and that is an exhilarating one; one of enthusiasm, adding ambition to energy.

The news of the Spanish "flu" is horrifying. I heard of it at first hand from doctors at Toul, Meurthe et Moselle, when I visited Base Hospital 45 to get one of our men who had broken an arm. It is a terrible thing to have, and one to be dreaded.

So the old organization is still runing along; but how could it be otherwise? I saw in a recent number of The Monitor (handed me by a man from another organization) that you have four gold stars on your flag. I think I should say "our" flag.

I saw Lieutenant Gomez at Neuf-Chateau, Vosges, some three months ago. He left for the front, was gassed, and I took a trip down to see him. He was then up and about, with no thought of further trouble. Have not heard from him since, but if anything had happened seriously I am sure you would have heard. He was not wounded by shell; it was the dreaded "mustard" gas, and was pretty bad. He will receive a chevron. Possibly by now he has returned to New York or Denver.

(After dinner): We are very comfortable at this moment, full of the above or aforementioned "menu," which we have just finished (since starting this). Have visited the grand city of Luxembourg, the capital, and it is the prettiest place I have ever seen, built upon the top of a very high and rocky mountain. I am sending you a postal picture of the American troops entering the capital on November 21, 1918. We passed through the following day. The wife of the American minister to Lux met General Pershing at the entrance, presented him with a beautiful floral wreath, said "I must also kiss you"—and did, so I am told. A lady told Major Walsh and myself the above story a day or so ago when we were in the city making purchases. She spoke good English and has been in Minneapolis. All the folks here are in love with the Americans. But—why shouldn't they be? Pourquoi pas?

Prices here are sky-high. They have been isolated for four years, with only Germany to draw upon. As she had nothing and took from them more than she returned, you can easily understand the reason. Shoes that I would only wear in the stable are marked 125 francs; collars, 6.25 francs; hard-boiled shirts, 30 francs. A glass of wine (small glass and pink wine), 2 francs; a slice of potato pie, very small, 1.50 marks, about 2 francs, as they figure values. But to top it all was a dish of ice cream today; yes, it was delicious, 50 cents, American cash.

But it was worth it.

Foodstuffs and clothing, as well, are out of sight, and what more do we want? I priced, or asked to see, silk waists for ladies; they had none, but did have some very fine linen ones, "batistree" as they call them—80 francs. Holy mackerel!

Yes, have the helmet "photoed;" use the plates for what you like. Also, use the helmet if you care to show it to friends. No, it was not I who put the hole in it; it was found in that condition. I would like to bring home my American helmet, and will if possible. They are so different.



American Troops Entering City of Luxembourg, November 21, 1918

I have a dandy camouflaged Boche helmet that I may send along. I have never had an officer's helmet, though many of the men have picked them up.

I have seen Nancy and Verdun during our travels up here. It is a privilege to be of Uncle Sam's Army, especially when we have such men over us as we have.

Captain Young is betting on our getting away from here by the first of the year, but I say hardly before May 1st. Suppose we split, and I say "Bonne nuit jusqu' a Mars 31, 1919." If we arrive home about May 30, 1919, it will be quite a gala day, n'est-ce pas? Let us hope it is not far from that date, but first we are to march under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

Gee, I wish that you could see all that I have seen or that I were able to describe it as Irvin Cobb would do. Oh, well—maybe.

So long, then.

Sincerely,

CHARLES.

Members of the 405th Telegraph Battalion have written us of the accident to Edward Bertagnolli, formerly manager for the Mountain States Company at Central City, Colo. We have the pleasure this month of a letter from Mr. Bertagnolli himself, who was convalescent and still doing his bit, this time for the boys in the hospital. His interesting letter describes the treatment and care of the wounded.

Having had my arm taken out of splints a few days ago, will try to make use of it in writing you a few lines.

As I write we have just had rumors that Germany had signed the armistice. Here's hoping.

Before I was injured I was on detached service near the lines and used to go up occasionally at night. Never realized really what war was until I came back here to the hospital. Have been here two months now and, being able to get around, I am helping out with the work. In watching the dressings I have seen almost all of the bones in the human skeleton, it seems. The most encouraging part of it all is how cheerfully the majority of the fellows take it.

Just now my job is to give out the Dakin solution every two hours. In case you have not read of this, will try to give you a detail of it. We will say that a fellow is hit in the shinbone in action. The first thing, of course, is the first aid which dresses the wound and gives an injection to take care of any gangrene that might or may have set in. From there he goes to the field hospital, which is directly back of the lines. There he is given ether and the wound is laid well open, the fragments of bone removed and the remainder set and placed in a Thomas splint on which traction can be applied very easily, so as to insure against the

leg shortening. Small rubber tubes are laid in the wound so as to irrigate it properly with the solution, which is composed of lime water, etc. These tubes irrigate the wound



Edward C. Bertagnolli

every two hours, and no salve or other medicine is used until the wound is almost clean. Then a dry gauze is applied, and finally the wound is sewed and ten days later is perfectly healed.

So in seeing the dressings applied and giving out the solution, in fact being around a big army hospital, brings the war to one in a much different light. One case here, a German prisoner, has a hole in his right temple. A tube is inserted a little way beyond his left eye, and whenever I give him the solution a part of it comes out through his nostrils. He is getting along fine, but he will, of course, be permanently blind.

Am enclosing a German paper mark which a prisoner gave me. He is a Prussian, was shot above the ankle, and laid in the Argonne forest four days before he was found. Gangrene had set in, so he lost his leg above the knee. He will be walking again in a very short time.

My being here is due to an accident. Was coming back from the front September 8th, at night, on a motorcycle. It was raining, as usual, and very dark. A truck loaded with ammunition was on my side of the road. I was thrown and my right arm broken just below the shoulder and right leg bruised. It was my luck to have to lie on my back four weeks, but at that I was fortunate.

Have not had any news from the bunch since here; mail must have been missent, so you probably know more of them than I. Suppose they have had rough usage since I left, but hope to find them intact. Am hopeful of leaving here very shortly:

ED BERTAGNOLLI.

P. S.: Just happened to think that it is time to be wished a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, free from war restrictions.

Twice wounded—once so severely that he was reported killed—and once gassed, is the record of Sergeant G. H. Stephens, former District Cashier at Phoenix. Anxious to get into service as soon as possible after the United States declared war, Mr. Stephens enlisted in the regular army, and after a short period of training at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., he was on his way across, arriving in France in June, 1917. He was in the first big battle in which the regulars engaged. He was gassed and sent to the hospital, where he remained five weeks. Upon recovery he returned to his regiment, the 18th Infantry, and later was wounded in the left arm and side by a Hun machine gun. The last wound, from which he is now recovering in a hospital at Vichy, France, was in his knee. In a letter to a Phoenix friend he says:

Am taking an enforced vacation as a guest of the Red Cross, the result of an argument with a Boche machine gun.

Recovered from the wounds received in the big drive last July at Soissons, but it necessitated the hors du combat role for a period of nearly two months. In assisting to reduce the number of machine gun nests I must have effected a short circuit with them; hits were scored in the left arm and through the left side, but, incidentally, we went considerably over our quota of Huns. Suffice to say, it was well worth the game, as the Americans waltzed right through them. However, the fighting was rather stiff.

Returned to duty in time for the extensive fall campaign. Our division, being the oldest, is generally used where there is plenty of rough work ahead, consequently we experienced some strenuous performances, which completely overshadowed all the previous engagements. Managed to last about

a month; another altercation with machine guns, perforated through the right leg and was obliged to go back to the hospital for the third time seeking much-needed repairs.

At that I was extremely fortunate, as we participated in most of the important operations, which you no doubt have read about, and, personally, I "got in" four more sessions over the top. Don't expect to be out of commission very long this time.

I saw Joe Bales in September and he was looking fine and appears to be all right. He was transferred to another company and is doing some clerical work.

The hospital where I am at present is located in the southern part of France at the famous resort of Vichy, where the celebrated mineral springs are located. It certainly is a beautiful place and the hospital is exceedingly fine. Also, the hot mineral baths are a specialty here.

Please convey my highest regards to all my Phoenix friends. Will probably be able to see them by next winter.

GLENN H. STEPHENS.

District Plant Chief Rock of Boulder, Colo., sends us a cheery letter from Mr. John O. Mulford, formerly plant clerk at Boulder, who was following the long, briny trail to France with a great deal of eagerness and gusto.

On Board Ship.

Dear Mr. Rock:

This AIN'T no time of day, this AIN'T no day of the month, I AIN'T nowhere and I AIN'T going no place, and I am getting along fine and dandy and feel great, only that I am seasick and I can't get enough to eat, as my appetite is enormous. I had six meals today, three going down and three coming up, and I am still hungry. Hope I ain't giving away any military information and that this gets by the censor.

Very sincerely,

TOAD.

P. S.: Would give a \$20 bill for enough dry land to do "about face" on.

Well, Mr. Rock, after scribbling the above, will add a few lines more. Will say I am about in the middle of the Atlantic, and no doubt you receive very few letters written at this point. This will be posted at a future time and no doubt you will receive it in due time. It is needless to state that you will know, long before this reaches you, that I have arrived "safely overseas," and you know as much about where I will be as I do. But the time is drawing near when I will finally be put in as a cog in the big wheel which the civilized people in this little old world of ours is casting so as to crush the hordes of Kaiser Bill and make this world once more a decent place to live in. You notice I use the expression "little old world," and indeed it is small, after all. It is hard for me to realize I am so far from Boulder at the present writing, but such is the case, nevertheless, and I am looking forward to the uncertainties of the future with a great deal of satisfaction. I know I will feel much more like I am really worth while and doing my little bit than if I were back in the States around a training camp, although the latter is essential, no doubt, before one comes over here. But from the very first you know how I have felt about going over across the pond.

Will no doubt in the near future be able to write a few notes of interest, and will do so when the opportunity presents itself. Will try to save my personal impressions, etc., until I come back and no doubt many an interesting chat we will have. This is my first effort at getting a letter by the censor and I trust it reaches you O. K. Give my very best to the telephone family, and will not say again that I enjoy any of their letters at any time, as that is a settled fact. By the way, you might introduce me to the two clerks you now have in the office. Ha! Ha! Will close with the very best wishes to yourself and family.

Very sincerely,

TOAD.

John O. Mulford,
1st Co., 7th P. O. D. Bat., A. E. F.



Western Division



C. A. POFF, Associate Editor

Salt Lake Commercial

E. C. Allen, Correspondent

Hurrah! hurrah! the war is over. Three cheers for Old Glory and many more for the American boys and Army, and also for those who backed them up with Liberty Bonds, Thrift Stamps, Red Cross funds, Y. M. C. A. funds, soldiers' mess fund, and last but not least, everybody's love. Demobilization is being rapidly engaged in and many Sammies spent Christmas at home. May our Heavenly Father comfort the disabled and find a resting place for the fallen who have made the supreme sacrifice.



Business has been exceptionally brisk around the Salt Lake Division Plant and the greatest cause was old flu, who at this writing is gradually disappearing. This epidemic created any amount of uneasiness in our plant and some sixty employes were off duty more or less for about nine weeks; either had the "flu" or were afraid they would get it.

The Commercial Department has been quite lucky with their force and all on account of the every attention to the employes by their superior officials, who kept the place well disinfected with a high-powered liquid, and furnished all employes with a free vaccination and inoculation which kept us all about normal. Thanks be to the ones who officiated. Miss McLain is the only one absent at present on account of the "flu," and it is reported her early return to duty is expected. Several of the girls had sore arms from inoculation, and the way they went around anyone not acquainted with the facts would have thought the lameness was caused by the demobilization of their Sammy sweethearts, but on closer investigation the real cause was easily observed.

Mr. DeNike, Division Manager, and family are spending some weeks on the coast, and it is certain they will enjoy the balmy mornings there, as they will not have to come in contact with Jack Frost.

Exchange Manager H. C. Clive of Evanston, Wyoming, gave us a short visit after a two weeks' tussle with old "flu." H. C. says he got old "flu" DOWN all right. Of course, there is a reason—Evanston sells something besides telephones.

Ex-Manager Frank Hunter of Garfield was in the office and reports business good in his jurisdiction, both in our line and the "flu." The epidemic is gradually abating.

The employes are glad the service charge has been lowered, as they can find time to write up contracts now and don't have quite so many explanations. Now the war is over and business is gradually drifting back to a normal basis, let us all put our shoulder to the wheel and PUSH.

Salt Lake Traffic

Esther Couitts, Correspondent

Wasatch

Some more new supervisors, we notice. Miss Maude Wright and Miss Mabel Carmody are two of



them and, needless to say, they are very capable ones.

Miss Edith Parsons, our faithful P. B. X. operator, has at last deserted her post for a better one. Yes, she's a supervisor, too. We suppose there were some bitter lamentations "downstairs" for a while, but they'll get over it. Anyway, her successor, Miss Effie Couitts, has a sweet voice too. And Miss Verna Bouck is now assistant P. B. X. operator. Certainly, it agrees with her. Everything does.

Miss Genevieve Cotterell, head record clerk, has been promoted to the City Traffic Manager's office as clerk, and Mrs. Lillian Pfremer has very efficiently taken her place. They both are well pleased with the promotions, and so is everyone else.

Miss Isabelle Pearson, supervisor, has been transferred to the Ogden exchange. Miss Pearson recently was married and the change is due to the fact that her husband is employed there. She leaves in the spring for an extended visit to her home in England. Miss Pearson was one of our most capable supervisors and exceedingly well liked by everyone. The good will and best wishes of the entire Wasatch force go with her.

Mrs. Harriet Kunckle, information operator, has resigned on account of home duties. Too bad, but of course Mr. Kunckle can't ALWAYS get his own breakfast.

Miss Mercedes Olsen, local operator, resigned on account of ill health.

New Years' Resolution

RESOLVED

1. To arrive at work on time at least twice a week.
2. To smile sweetly and wait patiently when the elevator passes us on its way to the basement at 8:59 a. m.
3. To refrain from kicking our locker—too often—when it refuses to open.
4. To refrain from swearing softly under our breath as we toil to the fourth floor when the elevator is off duty.
5. To arrive in the operating room four minutes before instead of after.
6. To look pleasant when we DO come in. (No, not a Cheshire-cat grin, exactly.)
7. To move like a human being instead of a tank.
8. To refrain from looking at the clock every two minutes when at the board.

Wasatch Traffic

The fact that it is almost Christmas and "Peace on Earth" doesn't seem to bother the conscience of the little "Gu Flerm" (if it has any), for we still have nice long "flu" lists to mention. Our City Traffic Manager, Mr. B. T. Miller, and Mrs. Miller are at present ill with the disease and everybody in the Traffic Department is "kinda worried," but reports so far have been favorable, and we can only fervently hope for the speedy recovery of both.

Others who have not returned to the fold are Miss Ellenore Peake and Mrs. Margaret Hines, Supervisors; Ardelle Stanzell, Clara Whitecar, Fannie Mills, Nellie Boulden, Nellie Young, Drucille Clark, Josephine Zettergreen, Lucille Kilburn, Mabel Desmond and Julia Higham, all local operators. We are hoping to see them all soon.

We have with us again Mrs. Clea Kennedy, Supervisor, Miss Earline Barrett, the Misses Elleanor and Margaret Cunningham, Mame and Grace Cook, and Miss Mattie Brown, all "Fluites," and it certainly seems good to see them once more.

There was only one who did not return. Miss Bessie Quinn, local operator, died November 24th of Spanish influenza while on a visit to California. Miss Quinn was an employe of the Company but a short time, but her death was a shock to all of us. Our sincere sympathy is extended to her family.

Some more "goings-on" in the operating room. This time it's a new tool-switching position which is very badly needed. We'll be glad when it's done, because those switch-board men DO get in one's way, sometimes.

Owing to the ban on public gatherings, our social activities for the past two months have been somewhat limited. However, a meeting was held one evening in December by the members of the "Victory Party" committee, at the home of Mrs. E. W. Hansen on Harvard Avenue, for the purpose of discussing important details concerning the "Victory Party," which Wasatch is going to have as soon as the ban is lifted. The committee consisted of six members, but as two were ill, only four were present. They were the Misses Esther and Effie Couatts, Miss Rose Viallett and Miss Lavina LeCheminant. The evening was a very enjoyable one to all, as there were many curious and wonderful things to be found in Mrs. Hansen's beautiful home—pictures, bric-a-brac, etc., which had been collected from all parts of the world. Refreshments were served to the always hungry girls. Among them was some delicious taffy which, alas, has clinging tendencies, a good deal of it stubbornly refusing to part from the plate. However, everybody managed to pull off enough to make themselves ill. The time went all too quickly and all were sorry when it came time to leave. As for the "important details," we are sorry to say they were forgotten, and the Victory Party, too.

Weery Winnie Wisits Watsatch

Well y' know my secunt cuzen Lula Guggles she's one a thez here 'fone centrels wat yu 'cuss at wen yu cant git yer fone nomber an' she says wood i like t' see th' insides of a 'fone office an' a course me been 'wun a them there kind wat always wants t' see everythink their is i says sure mike an jazzd in as big oz life t' take a peek an say? i wusent enythink like i thot a toll they wuz only 'bout 3 fones in the hole room stead of a thowzend like i alwys thot before wen yu first went in they wuz a long thing calld a snitch board but it didnt snitch on nobuddy wile i wuz their it had a lot a little round holes not-holes i gess but they dont call em that lula says thay wuz a boys name johns or sumthink like that well an say—thay wuz reel 'lectric lites shinin' on this here board rite in th' daytime to i shood think the fone peopl's lite bill wood be a frite, these here centrels wuz al settin in front a this board hittin' it with sum long things they call em slugs. thay had harnesses on not the slugs i mean the gurls with straps round there necks t' keep im from takin' em off i gess an decievers on there ears only they didnt deceive me none, i new wat thay wuz fer thout any buddy tellin me an horns to tawk in to only thay looked moor like a ear trumpit than a hansmitter wat lula says thay wuz an al these here janes done wuz mumble figers at each other like thay wuz crazy in th hed there wuz also sum lady's walkin' round lookin at these here gurls an they never sat down oncet wile i wuz their. Lula says thay wuz stoop-evisers but i cood-nt see th sense of a name like that wy thay didnt stoop oncet jest wawked if that wuz me id rather wawk out on th strete were sumthink eggsting lik a auto acident wood mabe hapen well to rezoom thay wuz a lot a difrent kinds a boards in this here place wun wuz a inflamashun board were yu find out enythink yu want to no sumthink lik

kathlean Kay an down at the end wuz a place thay says wuz a hospotal but nobuddy their looked lik thay wuz sick rite next to it thay wuz a p d q but i didnt ast wat it ment i gess thay call it that cause th girl that wuz settin their wuz sure movin er arms p d q across the room wuz a Bee board another fool name id say fer thay wusn't no bees eny were caus i looked al around maybe it wuz a nother kind of Bee well this board wuz bout th same uz th other ones only the lites wuz turned off an then their wuz wun moor board thay says wuz a Newsomthink but it didnt look no newer than the rest of em it had red lites on it lula says thay wuz th kind of fones wat yu half tu pay a nikel t' tawk in an' when i herd that i wanted to git away from that their plase cose wy?

i'll tellyu—oncet i put a beer chip in th' place yu otto put th nikel an say? i wuz scaret to death wun a them centrels ud turn round an recognyse my face so i says to lula cum on them lites makes my hed dissy so we went way down to th other end of the rume were thay wuz stil anotheir board thay says it wuz a long distance but thay got a funy idea of distance wy it wuz rite their in th same room an sum moor janes settin' round only these wuz worce en the othir wuns thay hollered offul lik thay wuz mad at sumbuddy may B thay wuz lula didnt no nothink much bout that their board an eny way by that time i wuz board to so we went an wen i got home i says to ma its a reel eddicashun to see th insides of a fone office i'll never cuss at a fone centrel eny moor but thays wun think i didnt find out yet an that is how cin them gurls ring up sumbuddy elses fone number for yu?

Wasatch Toll

Mr. L. W. Gillilan, our Traffic Chief, now has charge of the Murray, Midvale and Douglas exchanges in addition to his other duties. Quite some job for one manager, but it doesn't seem to bother him.

Mrs. Irene Brain has resigned her position as tool rate clerk on account of home duties. We are sorry to lose her, but of course the home comes first.

Miss Bonnie Hill, toll operator, has resigned in favor of a better position as the wife of Mr. —. We don't know his name, but he's a lucky man, anyway.

Mrs. Irene Ace, formerly toll rate clerk, has been transferred to the Newhouse Hotel as toll attendant. Mrs. Ace has an unbroken service record of over thirteen years, having been employed by the Company in Denver a number of years before coming to Salt Lake City. She was also Chief Operator at Pocatello for some time.

Miss Catherine Schuler, Toll Chief Operator, and Miss Naomi Baker, Assistant Chief Operator, are both ill at present. Of course, it's the "flu." Reports are favorable, however, and before long we hope to see them again.

Mrs. Kirk (Miss Hazel Rose) has temporarily resumed her duties as Chief Operator during the absence of Miss Schuler. We don't believe Mr. Kirk will EVER get a home-cooked meal.

Others who have been on the "flu" list are: Miss Dorothy Shaw, Supervisor, Miss Ivy Gee, Dorothy Ball, Florence Edgar and Elvie Emery. They have all recovered and are back again, we are glad to say.

Mr. C. H. Hill, formerly Toll Traffic Chief, is now City Traffic Supervisor, and has moved his headquarters to the second floor. He was "always in the way" on the fifth floor. That's why we got rid of him.

Miss Edith Zackerson, Toll Instructor, is very busy at the present time with a class of students who before long



Miss Olive Kay, Supervisor at Wasatch Exchange

will burst forth as full-fledged toll operators, and we "bet" they'll be good ones, with such an instructor.

Local operators who have been transferred to the Toll Department are: Miss Rose Mitchell, Rhea Wallace, Lucille Jeffs, Ada Eve.

Wasatch Training School

Miss Gladys Lyons, instructor, has been called away on account of the death of her brother from Spanish influenza. He leaves a wife and six children, all of whom suffered from the same disease. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to them in their bereavement.

Miss LaVerne Terry, principal, has returned after a few weeks' absence on account of illness. Is it necessary to say what she had? I think not. We are all overjoyed to see her again.

Triple Funeral for W. S. Irvine and Children

Seeing the bodies of her husband and little son and daughter lowered into one wide grave was the heart-crushing experience of Mrs. W. S. Irvine of Salt Lake City. The little girl, Catherine Virginia, aged three years, died on Thanksgiving day; the son, Ellison, six years old, on Sunday, December 1st, and the father the following Tuesday, the three deaths and funeral taking place within eight days. All were victims of influenza and the wife and mother is left alone.

Mr. Irvine was an employe of the Mountain States Company at Salt Lake City. He was born in Park City, Utah, and was only 29 years of age.

Hyland

A large number of girls from our exchange have been absent on account of the "flu." But we are glad to say nearly all of them have returned with bigger smiles than ever.

The Misses Mabel Hill and Essie Wilson are two who are still unable to leave their beds, but we hope to see them both soon.

Miss Anna Smith, one of our popular Supervisors, has been ill for some time with rheumatism, but is recovering slowly and before long we hope to have her with us again.

During the last thrift stamp drive Hyland went gaily over the top, which isn't the first time, either. We have always done our bit when asked, and are ready to do so again when the time comes. Just watch us.

Do you all realize that the old year and the "old war" are both at an end? We are all glad and happy and wish everybody Happy New Year. But we are NOT going to stop buying thrift stamps.

Murray

Mr. C. Alston, our Commercial Manager, has returned after a few weeks' absence on account of the death of his wife from Spanish influenza. Mrs. Alston was taken ill while on a visit to Seattle. Her husband was immediately notified, but she died before he could reach her side. Our deepest sympathy is extended to him in his bereavement.

Mr. L. W. Gillilan is our new Traffic Manager and we are all perfectly—ah, well, we LIKE him.

The Misses Dora Krots and Martha Nelson are both Mrs. now. The lucky men are Mr. Sabb and Mr. Jones. Miss Nelson has resigned on account of the wonderful event. Of course, we don't blame her, but we hate to lose her just the same.

Mr. William Sweeney, our Wire Chief, thought he had the "flu" one day, but it "flew" before it became the "flu," so it wasn't the "flu" after all. We are glad 'cause maybe HE would have "flew."

Mr. Bud Nelson has been transferred from the Salt Lake Plant Department to ours. Welcome to our city, Bud.

Ogden District

L. O. Bingham, Correspondent

Congratulations are in order for our Traffic Chief, Mr. L. O. Bingham, who Sunday morning became proud papa to a bouncing ten-pound boy. More so because this is his first boy, and we shall not soon forget the proud smile on his face when he told the good news. "Long life and good health, L. O., Jr.!"



We are glad to say most of our "flu" girls are with us again. We surely welcome our dear matron, who is able to be with us, after an absence of several weeks—"a time of batching."

Since the momentous day—November 11th—things are beginning to look decidedly more cheerful. At least Miss Stevens has been wearing a smile, for she has already welcomed home a lad in khaki.

As a few resignations are expected in the Spring, we are training a new class of girls. For local operators, Miss Browning, Miss Austad and Miss Upton, and transferred from local to toll are Miss Paul, Miss Schwab and Miss Toone.

We desire to extend our deep sympathy to Miss Kathryne Denkers and Juanita Fraughton, each of whom recently lost her father.

After completion of a two-number call:

Party—Will you please give me the charges, and have the call paid for at Salt Lake City?

Operator—But we can't make a two-number call collect.

Party—Oh, Central, I didn't talk to two numbers—just the one.

Recently Miss Carroll, while watching the green lights in the hospital, asked why they kept flashing in and out as they did. Mr. Dudley explained that it was caused by the line wires being blown together by the wind. Miss Carroll said their clothes line was swinging back and forth but it did not make the lights in their home flash. This was too much for Mr. Dudley. Explanations, please.

Mr. Bingham has received the following very interesting letter from Corporal W. C. Smith, a former Mountain States boy, who is now quite an American "pioneer" in France:

"France, November 1.

"Your letter just received and I will take a few minutes before supper to write you. I assure you that it will not be a chicken or trout supper, as you put it in your letter, but the eats we have are very good of their kind. There is some monotony, of course, but it's not so bad, although I long to enjoy a meal from real china dishes.

"Your letter carried the spirit of a Yank in every deal, and was full of real, live news. I realize the hard times you at home are also enduring, but some were chosen to fulfill their part at home and others called to the fighting forces.

"It has now been a year since I left home and all that was near and dear to me. Since then my life has been filled with experiences that no one could buy. Am still in the front line where fighting is hot these last few weeks, and I can say that my heart has been in my mouth a hundred times at least. The miraculous escapes I've experienced are many, and I hope some day I'll have the pleasure of relating them.

"We are still chasing Germans, and from the way we are going Berlin is sure to fall. The air is full of excitement at all hours of the day and night, and many a battle I've witnessed that has thrilled my soul with horror.

"This country has been called 'Sunny France,' but from my experience I will give it the name of 'rainy France.' The last month has been about as wet as it could be and the mud has been fierce. When I say 'mud,' I must add that I have never seen anything to equal it. Uncle Sam has taken pity on us and issued us rubber hip boots, but at that, boats could be used to advantage in some places. Sleeping

in our little dog tents and dugouts is not very conducive to the best rest, by any means, and we also have plenty of company—rats, mice and cooties keep us awake many hours and the language that some of the boys use is not printable.

"Through it all I've managed to keep well, and today finds me in the best of health, as is the general story throughout the battery.

"I enjoyed your article on 'Pioneer Day in Utah' in The Monitor very much. I've only received one Monitor since I've been here, and reading matter of any kind is scarce here on the front.

"I hear from home quite regularly, and am pleased that conditions are as good as they are. Would be glad to have you call on my wife any time you are at the Lake.

"No doubt you are a busy man at this season, and I only wish I were there to help you out.

"Haven't heard from Bob Beveridge or Mac or Leonard since I met them some time ago, but suppose they are performing their duty somewhere along the line.

"Will be glad to hear from you any time.

"Your friend.

"W. C. SMITH.

"Battery B, 148th F. A., A. E. F."

Brigham City

The Brigham City operators were very sorry to learn that their Wire Chief and Manager, Mr. Vernon U. Butters, had resigned his position. We wish him the best of luck in any work he may undertake, and know that his sunny smile and pleasant disposition will be appreciated by all as it was with the Brigham City operators.

However, we extend a cordial welcome to our new Manager, Mr. H. E. Brewington, and also to Mr. L. A. Zeitler, Wire Chief.

Important Notes

November 18, 1918, Miss Irene Reed, one of our toll operators, decided to purchase a small notebook in which to keep a record of her good behavior. (Does she need a whole book?)

Our Chief Operator is preparing for a general exodus in the spring, after the return of the soldiers.

Logan

Mr. L. E. Sommerville, Wire Chief at Logan, has been quarantined with the "flu," and while all this was happening a little girl came to his home to help brighten his dreary days.

The influenza has hit our force at Lewiston and Smithfield, and came near putting over a knockout blow on the service at these places. We had four out at Lewiston, including the Chief Operator, and at this writing we have four out at Smithfield, including our Chief Operator, but it looks like brighter days for us in the near future. Let us hope so, at any rate.

After a prolonged trip, Miss Belle Richardson is back with our local force.

Miss Ida Redford is back with us after a two weeks' absence, having had influenza.

We extend a hearty welcome to Miss Norma Cederland, who has recently been added to our local force.

We all feel proud of our Manager of late. The Lewiston exchange being completely crippled by influenza, all operators having contracted it, Mr. Morgan came to the rescue and did some real assisting. Subscribers said he was a mite slow, but didn't mind this, he was so extremely courteous.

The wearing of masks seems quite a trial to most operators, but it must be enforced. We hope there will be a conservation of cosmetics. If an operator does not own a mirror she has lost all interest in life.

Had Something, Anyway

Jim—I envy the man who sung the tenor solo.

Maud—Why, I thought he had a very poor voice.

Jim—So did I, but just think of his nerve.

—Brooklyn Citizen.

Operator—Number, please.

Subscriber—252-J.

Operator—Is that 252-J?

Subscriber (impatiently)—Says so in your last catalogue.

Operator—Are you quite certain I've had the very latest form of influenza?

Doctor—Quite so, madam. You coughed exactly like the Countess of Wessex.

Pocatello District

Mr. D. B. Mackintosh, Division Commercial Superintendent, and Mr. M. R. Cahoon, were Pocatello visitors December 13th and 14th.

Mr. B. A. Robinson, Exchange Manager at Grace, Idaho, was in Pocatello last week.

What do you mean, C. W. H., "twenty sence"?

The Pocatello District desires to express their sincere sympathy to Mr. Jack Irvine in the loss of his brother and his brother's two children of Salt Lake City.

Mr. Curtis Neyman and Thad Mayor are busy clearing up the remainder of the 1918 estimates.

Mr. Major Atkin has been in McCammon for the past two weeks, assisting Mr. Kroft, Exchange Manager, who is recovering from an attack of influenza.

Mr. J. E. King, Chief at Twin Falls, is very ill with influenza.

We are wondering just what queer words we could use to induce Twin Falls, Buhl and Montpelier to send in some Monitor notes. Let us hope to hear from them next month.

Traffic

Mrs. McCartney, our Day Supervisor, has just returned after a month's illness. We all welcome her back.

Miss Holscher, former Salt Lake toll operator, has recently accepted the position of Assistant Chief Operator.

Miss Browning, Instructress, has been kept busy training toll operators. We expect to be using our new toll board by February 15th, and do not want to be unprepared. We are also starting a new class of local students. We hope to have a full and proficient force to handle the spring traffic.

Mr. Dressler is this week visiting the Alaskan portion of his Idaho territory. We are sure he will appreciate our balmy breezes when he returns.

Miss Florence Feldsted, our clerk, has been scanning the papers in an effort to find a way to reduce. Guess she has found one, as she is taking treatments regularly and expects to weigh about ninety pounds by spring.

Burley

Mr. S. J. Jones, our District Manager, was here for a couple of days the early part of the month, the first visit in four months.

Mr. W. R. Dressler, our District Traffic Chief, was a very studious visitor this month. We must admit that he does not make his visits for fun.

The city of Burley was designated by the voters of Cassia County to become the County Seat, formerly located at Albion, one of the oldest towns in this State. Burley is fast becoming a town of considerable pretensions and this may be a good hint to the Plant Department that we must have more cable capacity.

Miss Naomi Pratt, formerly employed by the Cassia Independent Telephone Company at Albion, Idaho, has been added to our operating force.

A large number of our operating force was out with influenza, but we are pleased to report a full house again.

Idaho Falls

Mr. W. R. Dressler, District Traffic Chief, made us a visit December 6th.

Congratulations are in order. Mr. McCarroll, our Man-

ager, is the proud father of a fine baby girl, born December 7, 1918.

We are all glad to welcome back Miss Ruth Tubbs, Assistant Chief Operator, after an absence of six weeks, due to ill health.

Word has been received from Miss Esther Hansen, formerly one of our very efficient toll operators, that she has accepted a position with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company at San Francisco.

Miss Glendora Trimble has been added to the operating force.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Miss Hazel Field, whose sister, Mrs. Alice Telford, passed away December 4th. Mrs. Telford was formerly one of our operators at Idaho Falls.

Miss Pearl Graham is taking a two weeks' layoff, due to the fact that two of her brothers have just returned from the service, one from a cantonment and the other from the fighting zone in France.

Miss Clara Dolder, Chief Operator at Shelley, Idaho, made us a short visit December 13th.

Miss Edna Liston has been called to Rigby, where she will act in the capacity of nurse for her sister, who is very ill with influenza.

Rexburg

Repairman Goodliffe, the other morning when gently calling No. 54, otherwise known as "Lizzie," from her beauty sleep in the garage, reported that she sneezed and coughed in a most heart-rending manner. With the expert assistance of Wire Chief Grimm, and upon close examination, it was learned that she had some badly congested spark plugs and her compression was at low ebb. Also, that any little excitement, such as low gear work, developed audible palpitations of the connection rods and a fever in the radiator of an alarming degree. Manager Woodruff prescribed an application of Form(ula) 27 and a couple of days rest in the Flivver Hospital. We are pleased to report that "Lizzie" is convalescing very nicely from Flivver "Flu" and back on the job again.

Three of the most fastidious young ladies of the Rexburg exchange, who always have the last word in styles, fads and notions, could not let such a popular rage of the season as the "flu" pass by without participating.

Blackfoot

The Blackfoot exchange had its share of "flu," but fortunately, all of those stricken have recovered.

Messrs. Jones, Osborne and Dressler were Blackfoot visitors this month.

Emma Clark, Pearl Young and Mrs. H. Bills have been added to the Blackfoot operating force. Miss Frances Riley has succeeded Myrtle Wright as Chief Operator, due to the resignation of Miss Wright.

Miss Lottie Showalter has been appointed public office clerk, succeeding Miss Riley.

Frank Oliver has been added to the Plant Department as combination man.

St. Anthony

The St. Anthony exchange has been fortunate, as only one of the employes, Miss Howard, the night operator, has had influenza.

Miss Browning and Miss Hix were Idaho Falls visitors December 14th.

Miss Barrett and Mrs. Bates of the Rexburg exchange made us a pleasant visit December 7th.

Miss Hammond, Chief Operator, and Miss Kooch were business visitors at the Ashton exchange December 12th.

Miss Meredith has resigned her position as public office clerk to resume her high school studies.

Mr. Jack Irvine was kept busy for several days repairing cables which had been shot during the peace celebration.

During the month of November Mr. Thad Mayor and patrol crew overhauled the toll lines and built an up-to-date crossing over the railroad, of which we have been badly in need for some time.

Provo District

W. Raymond Green, Correspondent

Notice to Visitors: When you come to Provo be prepared to stay at least four days. We are under strict quarantine rules now, and everyone coming into the city is to be housed up for four days. If then no influenza is apparent they are allowed to go about their duties. Also, don't forget your masks. Yes, sir; fine, if you don't wear them. The police are watching everyone in this respect.

They are also watching all incoming trains, as Leon Y. Billings, District Cashier; Jack Teasdale, Wire Chief, and E. A. Grames, chauffeur, found out to their sorrow. Billings and Grames returning from Nephi, and Jack returning from a week's duck hunting out on the Sevier River, thinking they could slip one over on the police, and that possibly they were exempt from the above rulings, quietly slipped off the train, only to be nabbed by said officers of the law and escorted to a waiting automobile and then taken to their homes, there to remain for four days. All District Manager Lewis' pleadings for the boys' release were to no avail. All agreed that they didn't mind being housed up for the four days, but that they thought it was an imposition to be charged fifty cents each for the automobile ride, which they claimed should have been free. The police always were hard-hearted, anyway. Never mind, Jack, the ducks were fine and we certainly enjoyed them.

We might say Provo District is fast getting back to normal. Most everyone in the district who has had the "flu" is back to work, with the exception of Abe Bowers, Manager at Nephi, and two of the Provo operating force, Miss Thelma Nesbitt and Mrs. Leona Beesley Nesbitt. Abe has been sick for some time, but we now hear that he is getting along nicely, and we certainly hope to have him with us again soon. Mrs. Nesbitt and Miss Nesbitt were taken ill lately and are getting along very nicely. We hope their cases will not prove serious.

Mrs. Nesbitt, prior to her illness, resigned as Assistant Chief Operator of the Provo exchange. She will, however, act as relief operator here. She is succeeded by Miss Alta Levitt of the local force.

Late additions to the local force are: Eva Wilson, Cleone Perry, Vera Banks, Viola and Clara Bell Hurst. The latter two were transferred from the El Paso, Texas, force. We welcome them all into the telephone family.

We lost one operator this month, also. Miss Martha Ahlander, after several months' service with the Company, resigned her position December 11, 1918. The lucky man is



A GROUP OF PROVOITES
(1) Miss Jones, (2) Mr. Remington, (3) Mr. Maguire, (4) Mr. Hearford, (5) Miss Defoe, (6) Mr. Guest

Mr. Dewey Gaysforth. We all join in wishing them all the future happiness and success possible.

Haven't heart much of "Mack" since he left the district office. Guess he is too busy to even think of us fellows up here. Loosen up, Mack, and drop us a line anyway. We still love you.

"That light-complexioned fellow in the front office" came back the other day looking lighter than ever. He sure had some case of influenza. His lamentations are great because of this and his recent escapade with the officers, but we are glad to have "Bill" with us again.

Elwyn Wride, acting manager at Nephi, has just returned to his duties after having been ill with "flu." May you rapidly regain your former healthy condition, "Wad."

Ross Ripple, section patrolman of this district, is at present down south in Dixie around Kanarrville, Beaver and St. George, Utah. In all probability Ross will stay there as long as possible as Provo is quite a distance north in the winter time. How about it, Ross?

Estimate W-1030, the Salt Lake-Provo toll line construction, which has been in process of construction for the past several months, has been completed on this end of the job, and the construction gang are about to commence on the Provo rural lines.

The office of the District Plant Chief, which has heretofore been in the Knight Block, is to be moved into the Telephone Building the latter part of December.

Speaking of New Year's resolutions, someone heard someone say, the other day, that one thing he was going to resolve and stick by was not to receive as a gift any more automobile paraphernalia. Someone else said that they were going to wear their "flu" mask when out on the street, at least; not just under their nose, but where the city ordinance says it should be. How about it, Miss McCullough? 'Way back in the dark can be heard mumblings to the effect that there will be no more arrests on account of influenza rules if they can help it.

Well, folks, we are closing a year's work this month, and it makes us wonder whether or not we have done all we could to keep the ball rolling. Let's hope we have, for I believe Provo District has held her own in any and all cases so far, and let's make this year a banner year and thus keep up the old standard for which she is noted. All together, folks, not one at a time, but united and with team work.

Boise District

F. H. Yegge, Correspondent

Commercial Department

For the past two weeks Miss Lorna Jones has been quarantined with Spanish influenza, and District Manager F. B. Jones was confined to his home on account of illness the same length of time. Mr. Jones is back on the job again and reports that his daughter will be out in a few days.

The Commercial Department has been working days and staying awake nights studying, in an effort to keep pace with the numerous changes in Government regulations of service charges and subscribers' rates. Undoubtedly it will be necessary for them to install an extensive information bureau in order to furnish subscribers with information as to toll bills contracted after January 21st.

Plant Department

Mr. A. S. Dolling recently returned from the hospital, where he enjoyed a two weeks' visit nursing the "flu." When he returned for duty we were all astonished when he began passing around the cigars with the remark that it was an eight-pound baby boy. Mr. Dolling was taken ill with

the "flu," and a few days later his nine-year-old daughter was also stricken with the same disease, and it was certainly a comfort to Mr. Dolling in his serious illness when he was advised that he was the father of a fine baby boy.

Mr. C. A. Snyder, District Plant Chief, while recently visiting the Jerome exchange, was hailed as an agent for a casket house. While there the ghosts walked—ask Mr. Rothermel, Traveling Auditor.

Miss Owens, stenographer in Mr. Snyder's office, is often found gazing toward the setting sun with a far-away look in her eyes. Portland isn't so far away, Miss Owens, so why worry? It may not all be true.

Word has been received from Mr. R. E. Johnson, former Manager at Gooding, that he has arrived safely "somewhere in France."

Messrs. Snyder and Bulkley were given the first treatment yesterday of a series of inoculations intended to prevent the "flu," and they have been asking their friends if they thought the "flu" was worse than the treatment.

Ed Brasfield has recently been transferred from the store-room to the position of night switchboard man, and we find that it takes some trouble to keep Ed busy.

The equipment installers, R. F. Smith and C. A. Anderson, have arrived in Boise to spend several months installing new toll switchboard equipment and complete new telegraph equipment.

Traffic Department

Our retiring room in Boise recently assumed quite a different air from the fact that a new hardwood floor was provided and a Victrola added, so that everyone could keep step. The only difficulty is we have no dancing teacher on the force, although we understand applications will be considered.

Miss Iva Williamson, one of our local operators, recently resigned to be married. Mr. Robert Atherton is the lucky man, and we wish them continued happiness.

Miss Zilpha Drennan was recently added to our local operating force to replace Miss Williamson. Miss Emily Twogood was chosen to succeed Mrs. Maude Barton as Night Chief Operator. We expect the night force to assume quite different proportions when the new toll rates go into effect January 21st.

During the past week we have had no poor service observations. Reason—Mrs. Norris, Service Observer, has been absent on account of illness. We are glad Mrs. Norris is again able to be on the job.

Caldwell

The Caldwell exchange has been without a Wire Chief for the past several weeks, and Manager Glenn Beatty has also been serving in this capacity until recently, when Floyd J. Malby, formerly a Construction Foreman, was appointed Wire Chief of the Caldwell exchange. While the exchange was without a Wire Chief, Glenn H. McWilliams, installer, was absent for two weeks on account of illness.

Miss Elizabeth Rose has been added to the operating force, taking the place of Hazel Cosby, who resigned her position and left for Pocatello.

Council

During the past few days we have had some welcome visitors and we dislike to see them leave; not because we wished them to stay, but because they took with them our dear Manager, George H. Orton, who has served faithfully in the capacity of Manager in this exchange for the past seven years. Messrs. J. A. Lakness, District Cashier; F. H. Yegge, District Traffic Chief of Boise, and William J. Elwell, Manager of Weiser, arrived in the exchange and checked everything from cellar to garret, and the exchange was turned over to Mr. Elwell as Manager in addition to his present exchange of Weiser.

Mr. Orton, our former Manager, came to Council seven years ago, after having served in the employ of the Utah Independent Telephone Company for several years, and his many friends in Council dislike to see him leave, but content themselves with knowing that he has been advanced to testboard man in the Boise exchange.



We have been advised by the agent of the P. & I. N. Railway that when Mr. Lakness left Council it was necessary for him to rent a drawing room in order to get to Boise without being arrested. We are unable to make an explanation, but we do know that Mr. Lakness left Council one evening at ten o'clock and walked three miles to the tall timbers through the snow to cut a Christmas tree, and we do know that he climbed a twenty-five foot pole like a squirrel, without climbers, so we are inclined to believe the story of the station agent.

New Meadows

With interest we have read The Monitor each month for the past two years, but never have we even thought that New Meadows would have a place in our magazine, and seldom do we have a visitor from the telephone family unless our toll line is in trouble. Only a short time ago the offices and shops of the P. & I. N. Railway were moved from New Meadows to Weiser, effecting a reduction in the number of subscribers' stations from twenty-eight to twelve, but it seems the less subscribers we have, the more company we have, and our new Manager, William J. Elwell of Weiser, accompanied by J. A. Lakness and F. H. Yegge of Boise, spent a whole day in New Meadows.

We understand the lines from New Meadows to McCall and Grangeville where we connect with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, are to be changed from grounded to metallic lines next spring, and if this is done, we expect that our little exchange will be on a very important toll line between the Mountain States and Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Companies' exchanges.

Vale

The following letter was recently received by the Manager of the Vale, Oregon, exchange from Albert W. Reed, president of the Chamber of Commerce:

"In reply to yours regarding the Warm Springs irrigation project, we are pleased to furnish the following facts: The Warm Springs district was originated under the laws of the State of Oregon about nine years ago, with the intention of impounding the upper Malheur River to irrigate the section of land contingent to the City of Vale.

"Minor difficulties have interrupted our work until the last two months, and during this period all these difficulties have been overcome, and we are now actually engaged in the completion of this project.

"This project consists of a dam located seventy miles above Vale, being built at a cost of upward of \$750,000 which, together with canals for distribution of this water, we will expend one-half million dollars.

"There is included in this district about 40,000 acres of land, 9,000 of which, at the present time, are under cultivation. In addition to this, 31,000 acres of land will be open to settlers. At the present time the population of Vale and surrounding valley is approximately 1,200 people. The expectations are that upon completion of this project, or within the next two or three years, there will be about 6,000 people. This new settlement will be a great boom for you in your telephone work and will increase much in the rural districts as well as within the city.

"The Chamber of Commerce appreciate the efforts you have made to furnish our city with good telephone service, and think that you will have a great extension in your rural service throughout the country."

Miss Edith Jones, Chief Operator, left Vale on December 15th for a thirty-day furlough, which she will spend at her home in New Plymouth, Idaho.

Miss Helen Mueller of Vale will take the work of Chief Operator during the absence of Miss Johnson.

Nyssa

Miss Josie Sherman has been absent on account of illness for the past two weeks, but will be able to resume her duties in a few days.

Her First Praise

Taking advantage of the scarcity of labor, a young lady decided to take the training course in a local telephone

office. One morning she was called before the Manager to explain why she was performing some of her duties in a very careless manner.

"Miss Brown," said the Manager, "for the last two weeks your work has been very perfunctory. We cannot—"

"Mr. Smith," interrupted the young woman, "I have been working here for a month now, and although I have been trying my best, that is the first praise I have received."

Jerome

For the past six months Jerome has been the headquarters for several construction crews, but finally when F. J. Malby and gang left, on December 6th, the construction work was completed, giving us two new toll lines to Twin Falls, several rural lines, an increase in cable capacity, besides leaving the balance of our plant in good condition.

During the past month we were visited by two traveling auditors, Messrs. D. R. Smith and H. E. Rothermel. Mr. Rothermel was very much impressed with our little city, especially in the demonstration at the time the ghost walked.

Weiser

Some time ago Manager W. J. Elwell was told that he would soon annex the exchanges of New Meadows and Council, and this information seemed to cast a gloom over our usually jovial Manager, but alas, with his return from the first week-end trip to this newly acquired territory, things seemed brighter, and serenity reigns once more. Was it the pleasant trip or your return to Weiser that caused such an agreeable change?

Miss Lula Huber, Chief Operator, has been busy teaching new operators, but we now feel we are real operators. However, a new wrinkle on service observations has been started, and we are waiting for the results. (Is that our civil service examination?)

A subscriber recently asked, "Who is the congenial fellow who fixed my telephone last Sunday?" You can appreciate our surprise at such an inquiry, since it was no other than our faithful Wire Chief, G. W. Garrett, who bears a service record of thirty-two years in the Bell service, the past seven years of which were spent in the Plant Department at Weiser. Mr. Garrett has placed another button on his coat collar, overhauled his speeder and defiantly awaits the appearance of trouble on the line between Weiser and the North Pole.

Payette

Miss Lena Chapin, who has been employed as an operator for the past year, has been transferred to the Manager's office.

When Mr. Lakness asked Manager J. I. Henton about the collections, Mr. Henton said they showed a 50 per cent increase and said most of the patrons now visit the office to pay their bills. "Do not misunderstand me," said Mr. Henton, "the reason they visit the office now is that Miss Chapin does not allow the fire to go out."

Moral: Keep the home fires burning.

Time Saving Device

Two war workers were discussing slackers.

"Bothered with time-wasting callers, are you? Why don't you try my plan," said the first.

"What is your plan?" said the second.

"Why, when the bell rings I put on my hat and gloves before I open the door. If it proves to be someone I don't want to see, I say: 'So sorry, but I'm just going out.'"

"But suppose it's someone you want to see?" asked the second.

"Oh, then, I say, 'So fortunate, I've just come in.'"

—Los Angeles Times.

Out of the Shadow of Night
The World moves into Light;
It is Daybreak everywhere.

—Longfellow.

Accounting Department

A. R. Grosheider, Correspondent

"The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft aglee," Burns said, but if he had been a Monitor correspondent he would have said they "always" go wrong.

The writer has planned and pleaded for copy for this month's issue, but both plans and pleas have "gang aglee" except for the notes of G. L. and the reports, which are always of interest.

All of this is by way of apology for any shortcomings on this page and an apology is defined as "a poor substitute" which, in this case, will no doubt be considered a proper definition.

Some time ago the writer saw a copy of a letter sent to different departments urging the practice of economy in stationery and supplies. No statistics were given, and to me the outstanding feature of the letter was its brevity. I wondered upon reading it if the author of it had in mind the economy of time in its composition also. Anyway, the thought expressed and that implied gave me a thought that has been very helpful to me, and I trust it may to others.

Try to grasp the idea that YOU are the sole owner of this Company and imagine how YOU would conduct YOURSELF in the practice of economy if such were the case. If we could all do that can you then imagine what a saving in time and material might be effected? Think it over.

The other evening I called a friend of mine to accompany me to a show and she said she'd love to but she didn't have a thing to wear, and as I sit here writing these notes I feel just as she did—I'd love to write something for The Monitor but there isn't anything to write. Oh, well, I suppose I could tell about the talk of Mr. Wilson on efficiency last month, but I forgot just what it was he said, although I remember as we sat there I thought we might all profit by the talk. Then, you know, the following evening we all met at El Jebel Temple for some refreshments, dancing and some music, but of course a more able pen than mine will write about that, and I expect they will put it real flowery like and just sort of CASUALLY mention the refreshments, whereas I just came right out and told about us having them. I have a notion to write something about the vote on whether we come to work at 8 a. m. or 8:30, incidentally quitting at 5 p. m. or 5:30, but I'm afraid some of the 8 o'clock enthusiasts might get peeved, so I guess I'd better not.

If Margaret Boyle hadn't told everyone about the sensations of having one's "navy" drop in unexpectedly I could write about that, but she was so excited and happy about it that she couldn't help advertising it, so I'll have to let that go.

Then Irene Doyle wears the collars she received in a package from France so conspicuously that any poor attempt of mine falls short, when you can see the exquisite handiwork yourself, so that's tabooed. I think she also got some other things, too, possibly a handkerchief, apron and scarf, but she hasn't worn them to the office yet, so I can't say.

And if it wasn't that we've all buried the hatchet, I could just sort of offhand mention the switch of ledgers that some of us endured, but there's no use bringing up the subject and, of course, Christmas is nearly here and everyone is working frantically to complete a last gift, leastwise that was what Edna Muir said she was doing. I shouldn't have mentioned that, for I don't think she wants anyone to know she actually makes gifts. It would be useless, of course, to tell about Frank Neff's visit home, for there he was right before us all, looking mighty fine in his U. S. uniform. He has returned to camp, having been called home on account of his sisters' illness, and it was, after all, a pleasant trip for him, for he left her much improved.

I suppose everyone knows about Mrs. Stevenson's husband being mustered out of Camp Purdue, and home and everything, but since we have an idea she aims to leave us and go to honest-to-goodness housekeeping, we weren't overly enthusiastic about it.

So you see there isn't a thing I could really write about, and, anyway, I bet when the Editor got my last contribution he muttered between his teeth in the way that villians and editors do, "Quoth the raven, never more."

G. L.

Employes' Subscription to American Telephone and Telegraph Company Stock under Original Plan and Subscriptions to Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company Stock

Report of Audit upon Closing of Books

Mr. Roderick Reid, General Auditor.

Dear Sir: The final installment on stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company subscribed for by employes of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company under the original plan of January, 1915, was collected in October, 1918, from our September pay rolls.

An individual ledger sheet, Form S. N. 347, has been kept by the Accounting Department, showing each installment and dividend credit and interest charge and all other essential information in respect to each subscription. These books are now closed and this is the report of audit upon closing of books.

The financial arrangements and accounting for these subscriptions were handled by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and we merely acted as its agent in collecting installments and turning over the amount collected, so that there is not much checking to be done so far as our records are concerned.

The completed statistics are given in Monthly Report No. 20 for October, 1918, and in condensed form are as follows:

	No. of Purchasers	No. of Shares	Cost
Total subscriptions of employes—January, 1915	303	1,089	\$119,790.00
Transferred from other Bell Companies	11	35	3,850.00
Grand total	314	1,124	\$123,640.00
Transferred to other Bell Companies	5	16	\$ 1,760.00
Withdrawals on account of death, leaving service, etc. 64		213	23,430.00

Purchase completed by pay- ment of balance due.....	120	460	50,600.00
Purchase completed at ter- mination of contract.....	125	435	47,850.00
Grand total	314	1,124	\$123,640.00

As a matter of information, the following figures show how payment of the purchase price of stock subscribed for under the plan was effected, the amounts being based on one share and agreement terminated through monthly installments according to the plan, the purchaser being on a monthly pay basis:

Installments paid by employe through monthly deductions from pay.....			\$ 86.14
Dividend credits during life of contract (at 8 per cent)		\$30.00	
Less interest charges on unpaid balances (at 4 per cent)	8.14	21.86	
Credit on account of the sale of "rights to pur- chase"		2.00	
Purchase price of stock.....			\$110.00

The records used in connection with the plan have been returned to the Treasurer and the Auditor of Disbursements for filing until ready for the archives.

Employees' Purchases of Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company Stock

In reference to agreements entered into by employes of this Company in the month of January, 1915, for the purchase of shares of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company stock, the final payment, as you know, was made by deductions from our August, 1918, pay rolls. These books have now been closed and this is the report of audit.

Applications for the purchase of Mountain States stock under the plan were taken from employes on Form M. S. 345. These forms on file show that 179 employes subscribed for a total of \$53,600.

Upon termination of the individual subscriptions, receipts were taken from the employes for stock delivered in accordance with the plan, and these receipts are on file attached to the respective Form M. S. 345.

It might be of interest, particularly to the subscribers, to mention the amount deducted from employe's pay in order to complete the purchase. The payment of one share of stock, par value \$100, the employe being on a monthly pay roll basis, was completed as follows:

41 monthly installments at \$2.00, de- ducted from pay rolls.....		\$82.00
1 monthly installment at \$2.43 (last pay roll deduction).....	2.43	
		\$84.43
13 dividend credits at \$1.75 each (7 per cent per annum).....		\$22.75
Less interest charged on unpaid balances (4 per cent per annum).....	7.18	15.57

The Accounting Department kept an individual ledger sheet, Form S. N. 347, for each subscriber, on which is entered each installment, dividend credit, interest charge and all other necessary information.

The provisions of both plans have been fully complied with and the receipts on file indicate that stock certificates have been delivered to all employes entitled to receive them.

Yours truly,
(Signed) A. F. HOFFMAN,
Chief Traveling Auditor.

The statistician says:
That on November 1st this Company had in office fur-
niture and fixtures a valuation of over \$300,000.

The Little Towns

Oh, little town in Arkansas and little town in Maine,
And little sheltered valley town and hamlet on the plain,
Salem, Jackson, Waukesha, and Brookville, and Peru,
San Mateo, and Irontown, and Lake, and Waterloo,
Little town we smiled upon and loved for simple ways,
Quiet streets and garden beds and friendly sunlit days.
Out of you the soldiers came,
Little town of homely name,
Young and strong and brave with laughter
They saw truth and followed after.
Little town, the birth of them
Makes you kin to Bethlehem!

Little town where Jimmy Brown ran the grocery store,
Little town where Manuel fished along the shore,
Where Russian Steve was carpenter, and sandy Pat
McQuade
Worked all day in overalls at his mechanic's trade,
Where Allen Perkins practiced law, and John, Judge Har-
per's son,
Planned a little house for two that never shall be done—
Little town, you gave them all,
Rich and poor and great and small,
Bred them clean and straight and strong,
Sent them forth to right the wrong.

Little town, their glorious death
Makes you kin to Nazareth! —Ifilda Morris, in New York Times.

Sage of Fish Lake.

Old Hez Parker, the sage of Pistakee Lake, has some competition in Old Cy Goff of Fish Lake, Michigan. A reserved city dweller of impeccable habits has run up to Cy's for a day of bass casting. After the supper chairs were pushed back, Cy drew forth a trio of mangy Virginia twist-ers and handed one to the guest.

"Don't think I'll take one, thank you," said the c. d.
"Have a cigarette, then?" Cy continued, digging into his hip pocket for the makins."
"No, guess not," returned the visitor.
"How about a chew?" Cy persisted.
"Don't use tobacco at all, Mr. Goff."
"Well," Cy ejaculated in consternation, "What in blazes do ye do with yer mouth, then?"—Chicago Tribune.

Tribute

What shall we say of them, the dead who died
Upon the fields of France to crush the foe?
How shall we show our pity and our pride?
How shall we crown their glory and their woe?
Not by the means of futile words of praise—
The nameless dead do never ask this gift—
Not by the splendid monuments we raise
Nor by the half-mast flags we sadly lift;
But let this be their glory, be their due.
Let but their single thought speak for them here:
In that rich moment when they gave, each knew,
E'en as he lost the things he'd held most dear,
That matter not what be Life's unseen Plan,
He's played his part, and proved himself a man.
—Robert A. Donaldson, S. S. U.

Might Call it That

Jail Visitor—My friend, have you any religious convictions?
Prisoner—Well, I reckon that's the right word. I was sent here for robbing a church.—Boston Transcript.

War of Conquest

Patience—Do you believe the war was one of conquest?
Patrice—Well, I know a lot of girls who got husbands by it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Educational Department

QUESTIONS

Do You Hesitate to Ask Questions

THERE are many people who do not ask questions about things they should, because they hesitate to admit that they are not already thoroughly familiar with the subject. With us in the telephone business there is every reason that we should not be timid in asking questions, since there is so much of a technical nature connected with our every-day duties that no one can know the answer to every question that may come up. One of our associates may know, and in asking him we may add something to our knowledge of our work. If he does not know, then two people would be interested in the question and should get a satisfactory answer from someone who does know, or from some book on the subject. We may, in turn, be able to answer some question that is puzzling our associates. The more we learn, the more we realize how much we don't know, and it is generally the man who already has a broad knowledge who asks the most questions. The Educational Department is always ready to submit answers to questions that may come up in connection with the student's work or studies, and students should not hesitate in writing in for information.

The following question was asked by one of our students recently, and, as the principle involved is not generally understood and should be of interest to many, we are publishing the answer here. The question in substance was as follows:

The accompanying sketch (see circuit) is of a physical circuit having a grounded phantom, the ringers only of the stations on these circuits being shown. While discussing some trouble on this line it was stated that a solid short between the repeating coil at R and station C would

prevent the central office from ringing station B if the short was close to R, say at X. I cannot see how a short at X could affect the ringer at B.

The following was submitted as an answer:

When ringing from the central office on the physical circuit, the central office side of the repeating coil at R acts as a primary winding and the station C side of this repeating coil acts as a secondary winding in inducing the alternating ringing current into the circuit containing the ringer of station C. Under normal ringing conditions this "secondary" winding will be in a closed circuit of over 2,500 ohms (the resistance of the ringer at C plus the line resistance), and the current set up in this circuit will be small, owing to the high impedance. With a small current flowing in the secondary circuit, the impedance of the primary winding will be comparatively high. If a short circuit is placed on the secondary winding of the repeating coil the impedance of the secondary circuit is reduced to practically that of the ohmic resistance of the secondary winding of the repeating coil, or 42 ohms, and a comparatively heavy current will flow in this circuit, and the impedance of the primary winding is correspondingly reduced. It must be remembered that as much energy must be taken from the primary circuit as is set up in the secondary circuit by induction.

In order to explain why the impedance of the primary winding is dependent upon the current used in the secondary circuit, we are including the following extract, in reference to the repeating coil, from Section 4 of Plant Course No. 5 of our educational courses:

Figure No. 29 is intended to illustrate how the lines of force set up in toroidal type coils cut the windings. When an alternating current flows through one winding of a repeating coil this winding acts as the primary

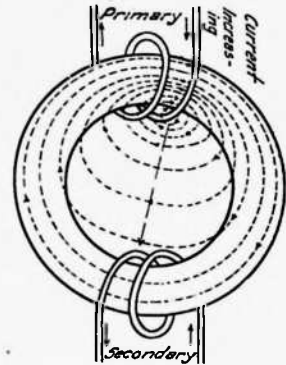
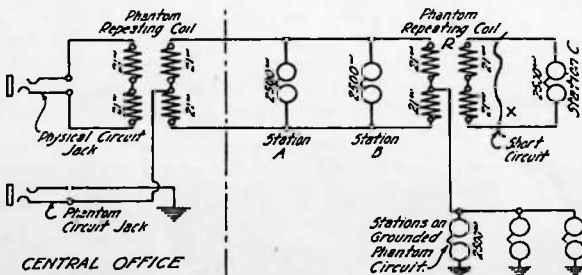


Figure No. 29

and the other as the secondary. It must be remembered, as explained in Plant Course No. 1, that the lines of force set up about a conductor carrying a current are in the form of circles in a plane at right angles to the conductor, and that these circles of force originate at the center of the conductor and expand as the current increases in strength and contract into the center of the conductor again as the current decreases, always in the form of a closed loop. In the figure, one line of force is shown in the different stages of expanding from a point on one turn of one winding. It is seen that it will expand across the ring (seeking the path of iron) until its path is completely in the iron core. It will be seen that all turns of all windings on the ring will thus be cut, if the line of force expands far enough to complete its path in the iron. When the current setting up this line of force is decreasing in strength, the line of force will contract to its starting point, again cutting all the turns, but in the opposite direction. If the secondary winding forms part of a closed circuit, a current will be generated in it. It should be noticed that the lines of force set up by each turn of the primary winding cut the other turns of the same winding, as well as those of the secondary, and induce potentials in the primary winding which oppose or impede the flow of



alternating or varying currents through this winding, as explained under the retardation coil.

The current induced in the secondary winding will also set up lines of force which will cut the primary winding and induce potentials in the primary, but these potentials will be in the direction to assist the change in current strength in the primary winding; because the direction of the secondary current is such that its magnetic field reacting on the primary winding has the opposite effect on this winding as that of its own magnetic field, thus tending to neutralize the self-induction of the primary winding. It is thus seen that if the circuit containing the secondary winding of an induction or repeating coil is open, the primary winding will offer inductive impedance to varying currents, but that if the secondary circuit is closed, this impedance is diminished or practically neutralized by the current induced in the secondary winding, depending on how much current is permitted to flow in the circuit containing this winding.

From the above it will be seen that if the secondary winding of the repeating coil is on short circuit, the impedance of the primary winding will be reduced to practically that of its ohmic resistance, or 42 ohms. With an impedance (in this case resistance only) of 42 ohms plus some line resistance in parallel with the ringer at B, it can easily be seen why this ringer (2,500 ohms) may not receive sufficient current. The amount of current shunted from the ringers at A and B by the low impedance of the repeating coil winding, depends upon the line resistance between these ringers and the repeating coil, and this determines whether or not they will operate.

The short circuit under discussion does not, of course, affect the grounded phantom circuit.

We are always glad to be of any assistance possible to students in answering queries of a technical nature that may arise in their work or studies and hope the information contained herein may be of value to you.

Certificates Issued Between November 21 and December 20, 1918

Plant Course No. 1—Electricity and Magnetism

Borke, W. F. (D. C.)..... Salt Lake City, Utah
 Clore, Guy (P.)..... Boulder, Colorado
 St. John, Ronald (E. M.)..... Portales, New Mexico

Plant Course No. 2—Substation Practice

Ceell, W. H. (P.)..... Grand Junction, Colorado
 Cooley, Mary (Part 1) (P.)..... Roswell, New Mexico
 Keller, W. R. (P.)..... Billings, Montana
 Stockwell, E. D. (P.)..... Denver, Colorado

Plant Course No. 3—Private Branch Exchanges

Donohue, J. P. (P.)..... Butte, Montana

Plant Course No. 4—Outside Plant

Gammons, W. P. (P.)..... Colorado Springs, Colorado
 MacDonald, W. E. (P.)..... Colorado Springs, Colorado
 Hellberg, D. (P.)..... Ogden, Utah

Lecture Course No. 1—Personal Development and the Bell System

Ceell, W. H. (P.)..... Grand Junction, Colorado

D. C. Division Construction Department
 P. Plant Department
 E. M. Exchange Manager

Crushing Retort

Algy—When he called you a fool what did you say, dear boy?

Reggie—I told him that some chaps don't know enough to keep their opinions to themselves.

—Boston Transcript.

Repartee

Tillie Clinger says that the reason she didn't last long as ladies' teller at the bank was because when Mrs. Pomperosity accused her of impertinence she told her to go chase herself.

—Galveston News.

Morale—A Lot In It

The Peace Meanings of a War Word

There's one thing to be said in favor of the war—it is getting us acquainted with a lot of new words.

Words with punch in them—words with a wallop to them.

Right-arm words, you might call them.

One of these words is "morale." It's about the best word the war has given us.

"Morale" is a sort of high-toned word for "team work." But it means a lot more than team work.

Anyhow, "team work," like "efficiency," has been mouthed and printed and written so much that it lacks the ambition it once had.

So along comes the war and gives us "morale."

Morale means that I believe in you and you believe in me and we believe in all the rest of the bunch, and all of us believe together that the crowd of us can do our work better and quicker than anybody else anywhere.

Morale means a whole lot more than simply that we believe these things. It means that we make good on our belief. It means that I don't sit down at my desk, or lean up against a wall somewhere and think dark green thoughts about the fellow upstairs or the fellows over in the other departments.

It means that you don't grouch around and tell yourself that I am dumping about half my work onto your shoulders and that I've got a pull with the boss or I never could hold down my job.

It means that we are all so busy and so glad watching the way the whole outfit is putting the thing over that there isn't any room in our systems for self-pity or for knocks on the others.

It means that the sight of you and the way you are digging into your task puts about 50 per cent more pep into me—makes me feel that no matter what is ahead of me it can't beat me, because I've got all the rest of the crowd behind me and with me.

Morale means—why, it means friendship, after all. Just plain, every-day common or garden horse-sense friendship, geared up to the motor of earnestness and applied belief.

A business organization is just like an army—if it hasn't the right sort of morale, good-night!

You can't buy morale, you can't make it, you can't borrow it—you've got to have it.

And if you have it you'll make any Hindenburg line in the world look like a chalk mark after an eraser has swept over it.

WILBUR NESBIT.

Stung!

A young bridegroom, after the wedding was over and the bride's father had gone to his club, began to search excitedly among the wedding gifts.

"What are you looking for, dear?" asked the bride.

"That \$5,000 check of your father's," he replied anxiously. "I don't see it anywhere."

"Poor papa is so absent-minded," said the bride. "He lit his cigar with it."

—Boston Transcript.

My Country



OUR COUNTRY IS ALL THAT surrounds you, all that has reared and nourished you, everything that you have loved. That land you see, those houses, those trees, those smiling girls that pass, that is your country. The laws that protect you, the bread which rewards your toil, the words you exchange, the joy and the sadness which come to you from men and the things amid which you live, that is your country. The little chamber where you once saw your mother, the recollections she has left you, the earth where she reposes, that is your country. You see it, and you breathe it everywhere! I imagine, my son, your rights and your duties, your affections and your needs, your recollections and your gratitude, all united under one name, and that name will be

"MY COUNTRY!"



EMIL SOUVESTRE

*French Author, Soldier
and Patriot*