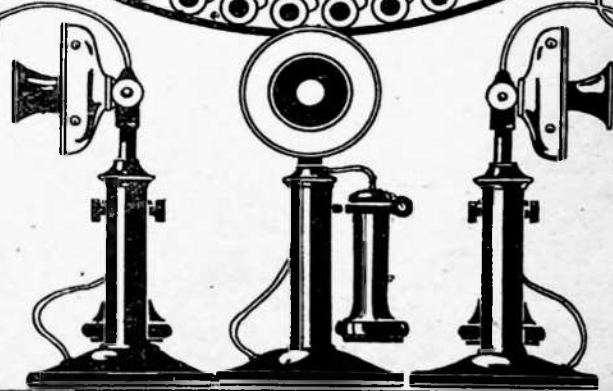


THE MONITOR



FEBRUARY

1919



THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.

A Mountain States Girl on Duty at Versailles Peace Conference

WHEN the representatives of the "Big Five" gathered around the baize-covered peace table at Versailles desire outside information to help them in their deliberations and decisions, and call upon some official or bureau for such information, Miss Merle Egan, former Associate Editor of The Monitor for our Northern Division, will supervise the call, for she is head central at Versailles.

The eyes and hopes of the world are fixed on that conference, and it is truly a wonderful opportunity that has come to the Montana girl to have a part in assisting the men who have the great responsibility. When the first units of telephone operators were being recruited for overseas duty Miss Egan volunteered for immediate service and her preliminary work in France was with the American Army.

We congratulate our capable representative at Versailles. Among the splendid American girls who have served and are serving their country in France Miss Egan will be one who will some day have thrilling stories to tell (to her grandchildren, we hope) of the greatest days in history.



Miss Merle Egan

The MOUNTAIN STATES MONITOR

DENVER COLORADO

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FEBRUARY :: NINETEEN-NINETEEN

A Golden Key



HERE are a few, a very, very few, people who apparently "get on" in life without much effort. They are like the cat that always lands upon its feet. But these few are the exception that proves the rule that nothing worth while is accomplished without effort; that no higher ground is reached without climbing step by step; that self-improvement is not possible without assiduous study and striving.

Achievement doesn't come by accident. Someone may say that the invention of the telephone was an accident, but he must admit that it was the accidental result of years of research and study of the subject of harmonics with a view to developing the multiplex telegraph. So that after all the telephone was the result of study and application.

Men learn by study and by experience; and a combination of the two is bound to extend the limit of one's usefulness. Each day in the telephone business affords new experience which, if profited by, better qualifies one to meet the experiences of the morrow. The problems arising out of each day's experience are easier of solution when they are attacked in the light of knowledge secured by study of the subjects involved.

These are not just random thoughts, but they naturally arise from a con-

templation of the study courses provided by our Educational Department. These courses are so comprehensive and yet so specifically adaptable to the student's present duties that their value is at once obvious to anyone who investigates them. During the period of army training the lessons were used in various camps and S. A. T. C. units, and the Director of Posts of the Republic of France has had them translated for use by the telephone employes of that country.

The changes in personnel and in positions, and in many cases multiplied duties as a result of the war, interfered considerably with the fullest enjoyment of the opportunities afforded by the study courses; but now that the trend of conditions is toward normal times, renewed interest should develop in this important subject.

The proximate purpose of vocational training is to fit one to better fill his present position, which naturally results ultimately in one being qualified for a better position. This thought was expressed in substance by an eminent educator, and it is undoubtedly good reasoning. The man who best fills his present job is generally the one selected for the job higher up.

The study courses comprise the Golden Key that will open the door to Opportunity.

Radio Telephony In the War

From an Interview With Dr. Frank B. Jewett
Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Co.



SINCE the signing of the armistice there have appeared in the public press a number of references to the development of radio telephony for use in connection with airplane operation under war conditions. Some of these, rather meager articles have made reference to and been accompanied by photographs of President Wilson communicating by radio telephone with an observer in an airplane. Up to the present time, however, no complete and authentic story outlining the development and use of this wonderful instrument for increased war efficiency has appeared.

The story of radio telephone development, which has seen its fruition and greatest usefulness during the past eighteen months, goes back a number of years. Everyone will recall how the world was startled in the summer of 1915 by the announcement that transcontinental and transoceanic wireless telephony had been accomplished by the engineers of the Bell Telephone System. At that time it was announced that in addition to the accomplishment of long distance wireless telephony the still further accomplishment of connecting together wire and wireless telephone systems had been achieved. As indicated in the first announcement, made in 1915, telephone conversations had been carried on between New York and such distant places as Panama, San Diego, San Francisco and Honolulu. In all of these part of the conversation was by wire from New York to the great Naval Radio Station at Arlington and thence by wireless to the distant receiving station. Shortly after this first announcement, it will be remembered that radio telephone communication was established between New York, via Arlington, with the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

Following this work, in the course of which had been developed fundamental circuits and arrangements, upon which subsequent developments had been based, the engineers of the Bell System, and particularly those of the Western Electric Company, undertook the further development and commercialization of radio telephony for special uses for which it seemed to be particularly adapted. First among these were, obviously, communication between ships, between airplanes in flight and from ships or airplanes to land stations. These were all clearly fields in which radio communication was without a serious rival and were all fields in which radio telephony, if successfully applied, would have great advantages over radio telegraphy for much the same reason that the ordinary telephone is superior to the ordinary telegraph for the great bulk of land communication.

Although the basic development work had been accomplished by the end of 1915, much yet remained to be done to render radio telephony practicable in

the fields just enumerated. This was particularly true in the case of airplane service, where limitations of space, weight and energy supply were vital factors. With the problem clearly stated, however, logical constructive work is always possible, and following directly upon the earlier work the engineers of the Western Electric Company set themselves the task of solving the problems of practical application in these special fields—fields which within a few months were destined to loom large in the affairs of mankind. So substantial was the foundation on which they built and so vigorous was their prosecution of the work that when the crisis arose in the early part of 1917 a solution of the specific military problem was well under way.

For a clear understanding of the story of airplane radio telephone development it is now necessary to go back somewhat and recall events in a somewhat different field.

When Congress, in the early summer of 1916, passed legislation creating a Reserve Corps for the Army and Navy, the Signal Corps, as an integral branch of the Army and under the able leadership of Major General George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer, enlisted the co-operation of the Telephone and Telegraph Companies of the country and, with the untiring assistance of Mr. (now Colonel) J. J. Carty, Chief Engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, assembled a Reserve Corps of many thousand officers and men, all of whom were experts in various lines of Signal Corps work. The formation of this Signal Reserve Corps and the rapidity with which the various units were mobilized and sent to France after the declaration of war is well known. The part of General Squier's far-sighted program which is not generally known, but which has an intimate bearing on the development of airplane radio, is that which pertains to the commissioning of Mr. Frank B. Jewett, Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, as a Major and later as a Lieutenant Colonel in the Signal Corps. At the same time, a number of Mr. Jewett's principal assistants were commissioned in the Signal Officers' Reserve Corps. At the time this was done it was General Squier's intention to make use of the vast telephone and telegraph development and research facilities of the Western Electric Company, the largest research organization of the kind in the world, for the needs of the Signal Corps.

So vital was this part of the program to the Signal Corps plans that immediately after the outbreak of hostilities Mr. Jewett and his assistants were called into active service and entrusted with the carrying out of numerous Signal Corps developments as well as the getting together of a large staff of competent experts for research and development work in France

and the United States. One of the first large problems that was undertaken was the development of radio telephony for use on airplanes.

On May 22, 1917, General Squier called Mr. Jewett to Washington for a conference on airplane communication. Present at this conference, in addition to the Chief Signal Officer, were Colonel Rees, the then British Airplane Liaison Officer to the United States; Captain (now Colonel) Culver of the Signal Corps, and Major Craft, one of Mr. Jewett's assistants. At this conference the requirements for intercommunication between airplanes of a battle squadron and from the squadron to ground were discussed and the needs for better communication than then existed pointed out. As a result of the work theretofore done, Mr. Jewett was able to advise the Chief Signal Officer of the practical certainty of a rapid and satisfactory development of a radio telephone apparatus which would fulfill all of the requirements that had been set up. At the conclusion of the conference the Chief Signal Officer handed Mr. Jewett an order to proceed with the work, and directed him to push it forward with all expedition. Captain Culver, who had had considerable experience in aviation and had performed a considerable number of airplane radio telegraph experiments, was assigned by the Chief Signal Officer to assist in the carrying on of the work. While Captain Culver was not a developer of equipment, he at all times rendered great assistance in testing out equipments which were developed, in securing the necessary field data and in facilitating the adaptation of a wireless telephone to the intricate needs of airplane operation. In the fall of 1917 he was delegated by Colonel Slaughter, the head of the Radio Division of the Signal Corps, to go overseas with some of the early sets of radio telephone equipment for a demonstration of the new facilities to the forces in France.

Following the conference of May 22nd, Colonel Jewett applied all of the resources of the Western Electric Company to a furtherance of the development. So great had been the progress since the 1915 experiments that under the stimulus of war pressure the engineers of the Western Electric Company were able to test out the first radio telephone sets on airplanes at Langley Field during the first week of July, 1917. This first test was necessarily accomplished with improvised apparatus. During the months which followed the initial successful demonstration every energy of the huge Western Electric Company's engineering organization was employed on the problem of reducing to a practical manufacturing basis the various elements involved. The magnitude of the production required and the time elements involved were such that no chances of failure could be permitted at this stage of the work. Although the production of a light, compact and fool-proof radio transmitting and receiving set was a large problem in itself, an even greater amount of time and skill were required in the development of a suitable power plant for the transmitting set and the still more difficult problems of a telephone transmitter and receiver and their mounting to make speech possible and audible above the tremendous roar and vibration of a huge modern airplane

propelled by the unmuffled energy of a 400-horsepower motor. When it is appreciated that under normal conditions a passenger in an airplane cannot even hear himself talk, we can form some idea of the problem which confronted Colonel Jewett and his assistants. The notability of the achievement is evident from the result, which permits the pilot or observer in an airplane to communicate with his mate or with his fellow pilot or observer in a distant airplane or with a comrade on the ground many miles away by radio telephone and to do this without raising his voice above the ordinary conversational limits and without any interference whatever from the ever-present din and roar from the motor of the on-rushing airplane. The achievement has undoubtedly revolutionized the operation of airplanes in both peace and war and well merits the statement of General Squier in his address on January 10th before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers as one of the most revolutionary and far-reaching developments of the war.

Although less difficult and of an entirely different character, the production of a suitable power plant for the radio transmitter was fraught with many knotty

WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

December 9, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Vail:

The Chief Signal Officer, General Squier, has called to my attention the splendid spirit of co-operation and helpfulness which has been evinced during the war by the wonderful engineering organization of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The Airplane Radio Telephone Set, which has proven so satisfactory to the Air Service, and which has brought about entirely new methods of military use of airplanes, is a particular example of the result of this co-operation. The evolution and development of this and other important apparatus was made possible only because your engineering staff freely furnished the highly technical knowledge and skill necessary in the development, design and manufacture of the sets.

Please express to your engineers my appreciation of the splendid service rendered.

Very truly yours,

NEWTON D. BAKER,
Secretary of War.

Mr. Theodore N. Vail, President,
American Telephone and Telegraph Company,
195 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Hon. Newton D. Baker,
Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Secretary:

For all connected with the Bell System, by which the American Telephone and Telegraph, its associated operating, and Western Electric companies are known, please accept our hearty appreciation of your commendatory words.

Each corporation and individual, when called upon to serve in this work, responded without question and without hesitation and put forth their best efforts to aid.

It will be great compensation to each and every one to feel that the efforts were not in vain, and it will gratify that personal element which each individual possesses to know that it was appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

THEO. N. VAIL,
President.

problems. Light weight, durability, uniformity of output under every conceivable condition of airplane operation and a minimum of interference with the normal functions of flying, combat or acrobatics all combined to circumscribe the engineer within a very restricted area. The ultimate solution was a small wind-driven generator with an ingenious vacuum tube regulating device which produced an almost unvarying quantity of electricity for the telephone set, whether the plane was climbing sharply and at low speed or nose-diving at 150 miles an hour or more.

By the late summer of 1917 all of these developments of the Western Electric Company's engineers had progressed to the point that practical apparatus was ready for quantity production under modern manufacturing methods, and on the Sunday following Thanksgiving, 1917, an official demonstration was made before the entire Aircraft Production Board, assembled at the Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio. Present at this demonstration, in addition to the members of the Aircraft Board, were numerous officers of both the Army and the Navy, and there for the first time in history airplanes in flight were directed in intricate maneuvers at one instant by the spoken word from the ground and at another by the voice of the commander in the leading plane. Reports and combat directions were given and received in the clearest of spoken speech without a hitch, and everyone present voted that the achievement marked an epoch in airplane operation.

With the formal demonstration completed, pressure was immediately applied to produce the necessary quantity of sets, with their multitude of auxiliary and subsidiary parts. Great quantities of equipment were thought to be needed by both the Army and the Navy. Much of this equipment, though new in form, involved but an intensive application of ordinary manufacturing methods. Other parts, most notable among which were the vacuum tube transmitting and receiving elements, required the establishment on a huge scale of an entirely new industry. These vacuum tubes, which are probably the most wonderful piece of electrical apparatus which man's ingenuity has thus far produced, had prior to 1917 been manufactured in relatively small quantities. On January 1, 1918, the entire production in the United States was probably not in excess of 100 or 200 tubes per week, almost all of which were employed in the Bell Telephone System in connection with its wire telephone service. From January 1, 1918, to the early summer of that year the Western Electric Company established factories and trained thousands of operatives so that when the armistice was signed the necessary transmitting and receiving tubes for radio telephone sets were being produced at a rate in excess of a million and a half good tubes per year. While most of these tubes were destined for use in connection with airplanes, large quantities were employed for other radio telephone and telegraph equipments which had been developed as a result of war needs. In addition to radio telephone equipments for both Army and Navy airplanes, it is interesting to note that all of the vast fleet of submarine chasers which were fitted out in the United

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER
WASHINGTON

My Dear Colonel Jewett:

I wish to call your attention to the letter of the 9th instant from The Honorable, The Secretary of War, to Mr. Vail, and in connection therewith I wish to add my deepest appreciation of the superb co-operation, the scientific knowledge, and the technical skill, all so freely and whole-heartedly given by that part of the Bell System which is the Engineering Department of the Western Electric Company, in the development of the highly technical signaling apparatus required for our Expeditionary Forces.

Will you please see to it that the employes of your department who have striven so hard during the past eighteen months to accomplish the phenomenal results attained, are informed that they and their efforts are known and appreciated in Washington. Also permit me to extend to each and every individual concerned my best wishes for the future.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE O. SQUIER,

Major General,

Chief Signal Officer of the Army.

Colonel F. B. Jewett, Chief Engineer,
Western Electric Company,
463 West Street, New York, N. Y.

States were equipped with radio telephone apparatus, without which it would have been impossible for them to carry on the group tactics of a successful submarine chase.

The foregoing is a brief outline of the airplane radio telephone history. To appreciate the full story it would be necessary to spend many hours in the wonderful laboratories of the Western Electric Company, the research branch of the Bell Telephone System, which occupies a huge building fronting the majestic Hudson River—a building from whose windows the workers of miracles have during the past year and a half witnessed the sailing of thousands of their comrades to the battlefields of France and been stimulated thereby to superhuman efforts in the production of instruments to safeguard their lives and insure their ultimate victory.

It Can Be Done

Somebody said that "it couldn't be done,"

But he, with a chuckle, replied

That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he tried.

So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried he hid it.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done—

AND HE DID IT.

Some printers scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that,

At least no one ever has done it."

But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With the lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,

Without any doubting or crying,

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done—

AND HE DID IT.



Western Division



C. A. POFF, Associate Editor

Salt Lake Commercial

A Telephone Instrument Into Which No More German Will Be Spoken

A TELEPHONE instrument with a war history has found its way from the battlefields to Salt Lake City. It was taken from a Hun officer at the battle of Mont Blanc, near Suippe, France, on October 3, 1918, by Lieut. Col. Clyde V. Simpson, Division Signal Officer of the Third Division, which is now a part of the Army of Occupation. The instrument was presented to District Manager C. C. Campbell by Col. Simpson, his close personal friend.

Col. Simpson, who was a resident of Cheyenne, Wyo., received his commission as First Lieutenant at Fort D. A. Russell about seven years ago. Shortly after arriving in France, he wrote that he would at least attempt to disconnect the kaiser's telephone, and has made good on his promise.

Examination of the telephone instrument revealed the characteristic aptitude of the Germans in adapting the ideas of others for their own use. The mechanism showed no new principles in telephony, but it was ingenious in the combination of the various devices in general use. Many of the parts were worn down, giving evidence of its long-continued use, and the various parts were so constructed that they could be quickly assembled in case repairs were necessary in the trenches or in field work.



Smiling Americans Replace Scowling Germans in the Use of This Telephone Instrument

The words of confidence and courage that were spoken into the transmitter in the early days of the war finally gave way to accents of despair, and the defeated officer was compelled to hand it over to become a war trophy for the victors.

Miss Virginia Barr and Miss Vera Moore of the Salt Lake Commercial Department are looking pleased at the opportunity to inspect the set which babbled of battles and resounded to the noise of bursting shells.

Salt Lake Traffic

Esther Couitts, Correspondent

Wasatch

We were deeply sorry to hear of the death of the wife and baby of Mr. C. A. Wyman, who is a recent acquisition of the Traffic Department. Mrs. Wyman was a victim of influenza and leaves, besides her husband, two children, one of whom is at present ill with the same disease. The heartfelt sympathy of the entire Wasatch force is extended to the bereaved family.



Miss Orthella Clark, supervisor, has resigned to accept the offer of a vaudeville tour on the Orpheum circuit. Miss Clark is the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice and without doubt will make good in her new field of labor. She was one of our most popular supervisors and we are very sorry to lose her, but wish her the best of success.

Miss Nellie Young, operator, has resigned on account of home duties. Yes, her husband came back.

Miss Mattie Brown, another local operator, has resigned in favor of school.

Hooray! Only one new "flu" case to report this month. Miss Nan Collett, local operator, is at present ill with pneumonia, caused by influenza. Her condition is reported favorable, we are glad to say, and before long we hope to hear her gentle voice again.

Others on our absent list are the Misses Della Rife, Ruby Lee, Dora Brown and Audrey Todd; but, thank goodness, it is not the "flu." We hope to see them all soon.

Miss Dorothea Pearce, night Chief Operator, is also ill, due to a relapse following an attack of influenza. We are all fervently hoping for a speedy recovery, especially the night operators. They must miss her "terribly."

Miss Clara Whitecar, local operator, has returned to the field after an absence of a few weeks on account of the same old "bug," and, of course, we are overjoyed to see her once more.

The Misses Myrtle Corless and Ardelle Stanzell, local operators, have been promoted to the rank of information operators. Both young ladies are pleased at the change.

Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will that conflicts with difficulty, which we call effort. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men a consciousness of their powers, does not train them to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will, that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing.

—William Ellery Channing in *The Inland Printer*.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

All About the Big Victory Party!

Junior Benefit Association Entertains At Greatest Social Event of Season!

After four long, weary years of inactivity on account of the war, the members of the Junior Telephone Benefit Association bestirred themselves and decided to DO something. That "something" developed into a Victory Party, which was held in the division offices Saturday evening, January 4th. A committee of operators was chosen to take charge of affairs, and it was owing to their diligent efforts that the event was a brilliant success. The guests numbered over four hundred, including P. B. X. operators and those of suburban exchanges. Each one on arriving was given an identification card of blue, also a bell-shaped program of the same color. They were then turned over to a member of the reception committee who directed them to one of many features of the entertainment. On account of the large number of guests, the program was arranged so that three performances of each feature were given, thus enabling everyone to witness them.

First came the "cabaret." Here to the merry strains of the "jazz" orchestra, one could dance one's head off—or sit quietly and partake of refreshments served by a neat waitress.

ENTERTAINERS? Of course! No cabaret would be complete without these. Every nation (except Germany), from Scotland to Spain, was represented in songs and dances. The performers were Miss Mary June Davis, fairy dance; Miss Stella Livesy, Spanish dance; Miss LaFon Schattily, character dance; Master Warren Coutts, song; Miss Effie Coutts, hula song and dance; Miss Afton Gallacher, sword dance; and Miss Bessie Service, sailor's hornpipe. Every number was cleverly executed and, judging from the applause, the audience was well pleased.

Then on the next floor one came upon a weird spot in a grove of pines, illuminated only by camp fires. Here three tents were pitched and in each of these sat a Gypsy palmist who could tell one's past, present and future in the space of a few minutes. This was perhaps the most popular feature of the evening, as the palmists were three of the most proficient in the city. The tents were crowded the entire evening, and at 12 o'clock there were still some untold fortunes. Hard by the Gypsy camp was—sh!—a gambling den! If one were lucky a soap doll or a "ukulele" would be the reward. If not, one was forced to be content with a tin whistle or a bandana handkerchief.

Across the way was a "reel" moving picture show, where the leading men and women of the Telephone Company

were starred; also other comedies (in two parts). All features were passed by the National Board of Censorship and, judging from the shouts of merriment which greeted the ear whenever the door of admittance was opened, the "show" was entirely satisfactory.

Last, but not least, came the "entertainment de luxe" which took place in the operators' parlors on the fourth floor. Here famous artists from all over the world (and Murray) were gathered for the occasion, and they all certainly outdid themselves. Every number was delightfully rendered to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. The program was as follows: Miss Orthella Clark, vocal solo; Master Donald Starr, whistling solo; Miss Ruby Lee, piano solo; Miss LaNez Pitkin, reading; the Misses Vera Smith and Orthella Clark, vocal duet, and the Misses Della and La Serne Bird, 'cello and piano duet.

Every performer on both the cabaret and musical program, except the two boy musicians, was an employee of the Company, which goes to show that the Orpheum circuit hasn't ALL the "talent" of Salt Lake.

At twelve o'clock, which came all too soon, the strains of "Aloha Oe" were heard, a gentle reminder that it was time to go home. Everybody had a wonderful time and said so (with variations). And so the Victory Party came to an end, but the eventful evening was one which will long be remembered by all.

This season the Christmas spirit was manifested in a fitting way by the girls of Wasatch and Hyland. Someone suggested playing Santa Claus to the poor, an idea which met with hearty approval, so enough money in voluntary con-



The "Four Hundred" of Salt Lake City Celebrate Victory With a Costume Party

tributions was obtained to buy twenty-four needy families a Christmas dinner. The total amount was nearly \$65, half of which was contributed by the girls of Hyland.

A committee was appointed to take charge of the buying, packing and delivering of the dinners, and their choice of edibles was a very sensible one. Each basket contained a five-pound roast of beef, potatoes, onions, celery, bread, butter, raisins, apples, oranges, bananas, candy, nuts and a glass of jelly. The last was generously donated by Mrs. George Quillian, wife of our Division Cashier.

An automobile was chartered for the occasion and by 7 o'clock on Christmas Eve every basket had been disposed of. The names of the families were secured from the Red Cross organization and were all found to be deserving of help. There is no doubt that every dinner was greatly appreciated, judging from the stories told by the girls who delivered them.

In most cases there were a large number of children, and to see the wistful, hungry little faces brighten when they spied the baskets doubly repaid the girls for their efforts. One poor old lady who was a helpless cripple wept tears of gratitude at sight of the basket, and it was learned afterward that had she not been remembered she would have had no dinner at all. Another, a widow with six children, insisted on coming out to the car to thank the givers. Another family, the father of which was blind, was found to be in great need. The Christmas basket, they said, was a godsend and the father, groping his way to the door, shook hands with each one of the committee.

And when the girls went to their homes that night it was with the warm feeling that accompanies a kind heart, and their Christmas was the happier for it, as it is always more blessed to give than to receive.

Wasatch Toll Department

Yes, we have made a New Year's resolution to proclaim the fact that we still exist. N. B.

The old year has taken with it a number of our capable operators, among them the Misses Davis, Sorenson and Goist. We are sorry to lose them, but wish them success.

We are glad to report that the Misses Katherine Schooler, Naomi Baker, Dorothy Ball and Ivy Gee are with us again after a desperate encounter with the "flu bug." Their appetites are none the worse for it, as was noticeable at the Victory Party. It was necessary to play "The Star Spangled Banner" to separate them from their refreshments.

Miss Isabelle Barlow has been promoted to the rank of supervisor. Of course, it agrees with her.

Title: Ignorance Is Bliss, and Sometimes Embarrassing. A superintendent of one of the mines at Alta placed a call for John Dow in Salt Lake.

The Alta operators rang and asked for Mr. Dow. The serious Mrs. Dow answered: "John's not home. What do you want?"

Operator: When do you expect him in?

Mrs. Dow: What do you want?

Operator: Please have him call Alta when he returns.

Mrs. Dow: Call Alta! Indeed, I will not. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to be calling a married man with ten children! BANG!!!

Title: Miss Davis as Sherlock the Second.

Miss Davis: On your call to Provo, Mrs. White is unknown. Can you give me any further information as to where she may be found?

Subscriber: Well, yes; she wrote me a very nice letter in a well-educated hand, that looked like she has ambition, and she told me all about nursing. I should think by that you could locate her.

Hyland Exchange

Miss Anna Smith, who has been ill for a long time, is back with us again, we hope to stay.

Miss Mabel Hill and Miss Essie Wilson returned to the fold a short time ago but, we are sorry to say, are again on our absent list. We miss them and hope it will not be long until we see them.



WASATCH AND HYLAND GIRLS PLAY SANTA CLAUS
Upper—The Dinner Baskets. Lower—Ready to Deliver the Goods

Mrs. Anna Don has been called away for a short time on account of the death of her husband. Mr. Don died in New York while in the service of Uncle Sam. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Don in her bereavement.

The Misses Olsen, Wise and Brewer are all on the sick list at present, but reports are favorable and we are hoping to see them in a few weeks.

Five new girls have been added to our operating force. They are the Misses Wise, Gold, Hodson, Johnson, Lacy, McCarty and Hotill.

Miss J. Kunkel, one of our popular day supervisors, has resigned.

Several of our efficient operators have been promoted and are now full-fledged supervisors. They are: Misses Rhoda Kay, Genevieve McCormick, Cox and Brinton.

Miss Myrtle Marks, our evening Chief Operator, has returned after an absence of several weeks on account of the "flu." It is good to see her once more.

Midvale

We have been so busy of late that we haven't even had time for Monitor notes. Next month we promise to do better. However, this much we can say: Miss Erma Malstrom, Chief Operator; Miss Ella Hansen, Assistant Chief Operator, and Miss Mettie Thomas, operator, are all on our absent list at present. We hope for their speedy recovery.

Miss Gladys Beckstead and Lucy Williams, two of our capable operators, are again back after a battle with the same "bug," and it goes without saying that we are very glad to see them.

Murray

When the "flu" situation first became serious we were very fortunate in having it pass our door but later it visited us, and Mrs. Florence Schicks and Miss Maybelle

Beckstead were the unlucky ones. Mrs. Schicks is back at work and Miss Beckstead is expected in the near future.

Bud Nelson and "Alice" visited our exchange Tuesday.

The girls' retiring room is being remodeled and when completed will be four feet and two inches larger.

Mr. Alston has been feeling quite miserable for the past two weeks, but we are pleased to say that he is better.

LaVeta Thompson returned to work on Monday, after being ill three weeks, due to a nervous breakdown.

Mr. Lockett is employed at the Murray Exchange at present.

Mr. Lawrence Thaynes has been very ill with the "flu," but is reported to be on the road to recovery.

Provo District

W. Raymond Green, Correspondent

It is with deep sorrow that we record in this month's notes the untimely death of our District Plant Chief, Mr. E. L. Burbridge. At Christmas time, while visiting his family at Idaho Falls, Mr. Burbridge contracted influenza, which later developed into pneumonia. For a time it was thought his case would be a light one, and every hope was entertained for his recovery, but suddenly he took a turn for the worse and passed away on Monday morning, January 6th.

To know Mr. Burbridge was to become his friend. His congenial personality and readiness to help in any way he could won for him a large circle of friends during the short time he was in the Provo District, and his death is sincerely mourned.

The entire Provo District force joins in extending heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Burbridge's sorrowing mother, sister and brother, and trust that strength and courage will be granted them to bear their great loss.

Miss Marva Booth has lately been added to the local operating force.

Misses Grace and Ruia Steele, local operators, are down with "flu." We hope their cases will not prove serious and that they will soon be with us again.

For knowledge as to how best to start a Ford in winter, inquire of "Tab" Boyden and George Myers, installers, they having worked out a plan all by themselves whereby they can start car No. 62 off all at once—in fact, too much all at once at times. "Hurry with that bucket of water, George."

Mr. Lewis, District Manager, and family, were taken down with influenza a short time ago, but we are glad to say that their cases proved light and that Mr. Lewis is back at work. The District Manager says he is just getting even with "Bill," who became ill during the last of the month, and it was no more than fair for him to remain at home during the busy time as did "Bill."

The construction gang have all been laid off for some time, owing to weather conditions. At the time of the lay-off they were working on Provo Rural Estimate No. W-1118. We hope that conditions will soon be such that work can be resumed. Mr. I. L. Muhlstein, former foreman of the gang, is at present assisting Mr. B. B. Flack, Manager at Springville and Spanish Fork, with plant work. Mr. Neiswander, construction foreman, and Mr. E. A. Grames, chauffeur, have been transferred to Salt Lake City.

Spanish Fork

All operators here, with the exception of one, are down with influenza. We were compelled to draw into the force two former employes of this department.

American Fork

Miss Sadie Shipley, night operator, is ill with "flu." We trust her case will not prove serious and that she will be with us soon.

Miss Hazel Nelson, Chief Operator at Pleasant Grove, was home for some time nursing her mother and sister, who have been ill of influenza. She has returned to duty, fortunately escaping the disease.

Payson

Sorry to have to state that we are sharing the same fate as Spanish Fork. Only one operator of the regular force escaped influenza. We also had to draw into the service two former employes.

Nephi

We have a town full of "flu." Misses Clara Hobbs and Olivet Bowles, after battling the disease for some time, are at work again. We are also expecting our Manager, Mr. A. J. Bowers, back shortly. Mr. E. H. Kaye, our toll station man at Mona, is the latest sufferer.

Mount Pleasant

Mr. J. A. Whipple, Manager, has returned to work after several weeks' illness with "flu." We are glad to have Anor with us again. Misses Rolfsen and Ericksen are again on duty after having suffered their share of the epidemic.

Division officials have been down this month looking over the situation at Ephraim. We hope they contemplate rebuilding, as we have striven hard for it, gaining some thirty to thirty-five stations for the year from a population of about 2,500. A number of these stations were added through the untiring efforts of Miss Olsen, our Chief Operator at Ephraim. Mr. Lewis, District Manager, and Manager Whipple also contributed their efforts toward the good object.

Richfield

Our town is so strictly quarantined that we are almost afraid to send any Monitor notes this month.

The brother of Miss Ericksen, our Chief Operator, passed away recently. He had just returned from service with our gallant marines when he was taken with influenza, from which he was unable to rally. We extend deepest sympathy for the bereaved sister and other members of the family.

Springville, Beaver, Eureka and Heber

TOO MUCH INFLUENZA.

Boise District

F. H. Yeuge, Correspondent

Boise

During the past few weeks the "flu" has decided to discontinue the former practice of showing partiality, and instead of giving a list of those affected, we could more easily say who escaped. In discussing the epidemic, Lois Gahan, local supervisor, claims that she was personally benefited by her experience, as she has learned to appreciate perfect health and enjoy the happiness of being able to be back to duty.

Miss Anderson, C. O., heaved a sigh of relief on the morning of January 14th, when Ellen Grady, traffic clerk, returned after a two weeks' absence battling the epidemic.

For several months Mr. Dan Smith has served well as janitor in the Boise Exchange and, failing to appear for duty on January 7th, an investigation disclosed the fact that he and three other colored people had died of ptomaine poison following a dinner party.

Miss Owens, plant clerk in Mr. Snyder's office, has returned from Portland, and although changed in many other respects, still wears the same old smile.

Mr. Don Southward, cashier in the Commercial Department, has been seriously ill for the past ten days. Everyone welcomes Sam Atkinson, who has been assisting during the absence of Mr. Southward.

For the past year Miss Thelma Smith has been employed as operator in the Boise office, and her sudden death, due to influenza, was a shock to all who knew her and a great loss to her many friends.



Jerome

For the past two years Laura Thorpe has been Chief Operator, and recently was transferred to the Commercial Department as clerk in the manager's office. Miss Thorpe was succeeded by Sallie Williams, formerly an operator in this exchange. Miss Williams came to Jerome some time ago, from Fayetteville, Ark., where she was employed in the Traffic Department for five years, serving as Chief Operator the last two years.

Messrs. C. A. Snyder and C. W. Bulkley paid the Jerome Exchange an extended visit, making equipment additions and repairs, etc. We are always glad to have some of the district men stay long enough to get acquainted, and we hope they understand that we appreciated the visit.

Manager C. J. Watrous and family have recovered from an attack of influenza and Mr. Watrous is back on the job again.

Jack Davis has been employed as combination man, and we imagine he will be a busy man for some time to come, as we are holding thirty contracts for new telephones. Jack is an "old-timer," having worked in the Construction Department in Idaho and Utah with Foreman J. A. Hamilton, and was a "pioneer" with the Pioneer Telephone Company in Oklahoma.

Mt. Home

Since little letters and small notes have been to no avail, and have been filed away as "common correspondence," Mr. Yegge personally prevailed upon us to remind everyone, by means of a few Monitor notes, that Mountain Home is in this district.

This has been some busy place for about the last week, during which time Messrs. F. H. Yegge, C. A. Snyder and J. A. Lakness have been with us part of the time. The object of the commotion—or rather objects—have been ex-Manager J. S. Goul and our new Manager, G. H. Orton.

Mr. Goul, who has faithfully served as Manager at Mountain Home for the past fifteen months, resigned to take a position as Assistant County Treasurer. He is succeeded by Mr. G. H. Orton of Council, who says he stayed in one place until they had no more use for him. We are truly sorry to lose Mr. Goul, but we heartily welcome Mr. Orton to his new position.

Mrs. Edna Bach succeeded Miss Edith Bruce in the operating room. Mrs. Bach was with us before Cupid's dart was aimed at her. "He" will soon be home from Camp Lewis.

Mrs. Ora F. Cannon, who performed well the duties of clerk for the past year, has resigned. She says she has "retired." We surely miss her in the office.

Miss Leona Still of the Glens Ferry Exchange has been absent for the past week on account of illness. Miss May Watkins has filled her place.

Miss Birdie Brandtner, Glens Ferry's Chief Operator, says to tell everyone how proud they are of their new partition, which separates the operating room from the public office. She says "It's simply swell."

Payette

Exchange Manager J. I. Henton came to work one morning smoking a corn-cob pipe, which he put in the pocket of his overcoat when hanging the same in the corner. Some moments later the atmosphere became a choking, hazy blue, and Mr. Henton immediately retreated to the rear part of the building, to find columns of smoke ascending from his overcoat. Upon seizing the coat and extinguishing the flames, he found

an unusually large hole where the pocket formerly rested. It is needless to state whether or not any New Year's resolutions were broken.

During the past month we received visits from Messrs. F. H. Yegge, J. A. Lakness, C. A. Snyder and G. W. Bulkley of the Boise office.

Manager J. I. Henton promises to furnish some pictures for the Monitor next summer, saying that he is unable to take the pictures now, because it is impossible to take pictures at night. Now our curiosity is aroused to know what scenery is available on winter nights and summer days.

On January 16th the Payette Exchange force enjoyed a celebration which we hope will be the first of a series (probably quarterly). Our guests were Lula Huber, Chief Operator at Weiser; George Dolling, Manager, and June Hillier, Chief Operator of Ontario; E. S. Carson, Manager, and Stranda Strang, Chief Operator of Emmett; Marie Ackerman, Chief Operator at New Plymouth; Manager and Mrs. Hubert and Miss Hooker of Fruitland, and F. H. Yegge of Boise. The meeting was arranged for the purpose of discussing the application of our new toll rates, and the Commercial Club rooms were secured for the occasion, and outside of six hours of real business, a luncheon was served at the Bancroft Hotel and a general get-acquainted spirit prevailed. It was necessary for some to return home early, while others remained to enjoy a dance given by the Commercial Club. Aside from the educational feature, those present unanimously agreed that such meetings, if held quarterly, would result in a 50 per cent increase in efficiency. A question for the efficiency expert: "Does it pay?"

Shoshone

Those of you who have not visited our exchange should not form the conclusion that Shoshone is in the back woods, but recently one of our accommodating subscribers called at the office and told us that he was unable to get central, and explained that the cable near his house was broken, and suggested that as a possible cause of the trouble. The following day Mr. Groesbeck visited the station and found the cable torn to the ground, a huge pile of wood in the back yard and a stump near by where our accommodating friend had cut down a tree the previous day. District Cableman J. Cocoran was soon on the job and, strange as it may seem, when the cable was repaired, our friend was able to get central.

Having no public library in Shoshone, you can appreciate how thankful we were when one morning we received sufficient literature to furnish reading matter to last at least thirty days, and imagine our disappointment when the following day Mr. Yegge arrived and took the joy out of life by telling us the literature in regard to new toll rates must be memorized within the next twenty-four hours. Apparently he didn't think we would do it, because he stayed right here until we studied every lesson and asked enough questions to stagger the U. S. information bureau.

Vale, Oregon

A year terrible in its wonders is behind us. A year glorious in its possibilities is ahead. To have lived during the past year and taken part in its stupendous demonstration of power and its overwhelming victory of right over unrighteousness was the privilege of the ages. To live during the period of reconstruction that is just dawning is a prospect too alluring to becloud with language.

But as we face that prospect, let us not magnify the idea of reconstruction. Let us rather emphasize the idea of new construction, not rebuilding of the old, but a building of the new where the old once stood. Let us, as we enter upon this first new year of the world's new life, lay deep the foundation of better things than those that have been sacrificed, great and good though much that has gone has been. And let us not cross oceans or continents to do it. Let us each begin at home. Banish that miserable allusion that distance lends enchantment! The brightest spot on earth is our own dooryard if we will but open our eyes to see, not yonder in another state or another nation. Let the



Howard Clyne of Boise, Formerly of Soda Springs, Idaho, Occupying a Well-known and Favorite Seat

two big words of this new year be "here" and "now." (Right here, right now, is our opportunity.)

And let us not look for big things to do. The biggest thing in the world is the little thing well done, and in every home, in every office, in every village, the little things are lying in wait for the willing hand to undertake. Undertake it. Accomplish it in a big way, and power will be given to accomplish the larger thing beyond it.

The new year is here. It cannot be a year of accomplishment for the world unless it is a year of accomplishment at home. It cannot be a year of accomplishment at home unless it is a year of accomplishment by each individual of the tasks that nature wisely places before him.

Each thing we do throughout this year
To make our job a better one
Will make Mother Bell a better bell
And ring out louder when 'tis done.

—H. H. Waggoner.

Miss Edith Johnson, Chief Operator, has resigned to take up music, and Miss Dessa Reed is to fill the vacancy as Chief Operator.

Miss Flora Smith, our night operator, has recovered from an attack of "flu" and is back on the board again. "Thanks be to goodness," says Miss Reed. Miss Reed has been working double shift during Miss Flora's illness.

It is nice to be a correspondent; all one has to do is to nose around all month and jot down such stuff as this:

Pumpkin Center Telephone Company

Manager Hoskins, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn-crib.

While Peter Tool, our Wire Chief, was escorting Miss Peggie Tulip from the New Year dance last Tuesday night, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Toole on the public square.

Ontario

This has been our busy month, with Teresa Stoner and the Wire Chief down with "flu" and Kate Long, our night operator, out with tonsillitis, and no relief to be found. However, Miss Stoner and the Wire Chief are back on the job, and Miss Long has promised to get better and return in a few days.

District Plant Chief C. A. Snyder and C. W. Bulkley slipped in the 3rd to pay us what was intended to be a flying visit, but we developed a bad case of trouble in the ringing power, which detained them longer than they intended to stay. However, we always like to have them around. We are expecting "Buck" back soon to make repairs and additions to our switchboard.

Nyssa

Note.—Last month the Nyssa Exchange was too busy repairing cable trouble to send in Monitor notes. We are wondering if they are still repairing cable trouble or have another excuse this month.

Ogden District

L. O. Bingham, Correspondent

Brigham City

Is Brigham City still on the map? Well, yes. Not so much in a social way, but very much so in a business way. There is surely no reason why operators in this exchange should forget their local or toll phrases on account of having nothing to do.



The "flu" has again visited this office, making a call on three of our toll operators. "Sara Joe," another toll operator, has a bad case of tonsillitis, but we hope she will be with us soon.

We are surely proud of the new lights that have been recently installed in the operating room. They are just what we have needed and wanted.

Miss Anderson, our Chief Operator, is wondering why we are having no visitors, and no wonder, for we have not seen any for months, it seems.

We all are quite sure we are going to have something real interesting to report as soon as "our soldier boys" return.

Ogden

Increased business is surely being anticipated at our office with the installing of a new set of local and toll boards.

Miss Eva Allard has been welcomed at the new position of long distance supervisor. Her former place as rate clerk was given to Miss Salena Greenwell.

We are very glad to have Miss Esther Anderson with us after a three months' trip in the East.

The past week we have missed the pleasant smile of our Traffic Chief, Mr. L. O. Bingham, who is visiting the exchanges in this district.

Miss Paine, our Chief Operator, is confined to her home with tonsillitis. Her speedy recovery is the wish of all.

L. O. Bingham, dressed in neatness,
With his passbook in his hand,
Came a-rushing in the office,
And he shook us by the hand.
He said, "Now be good, my girlies,
While I'm away upon this trip,
For in the interest of the service
To the desert I must slip."

Preston

We wish to extend sympathy to our Chief Operator, Miss Helen Scott, who was recently called to Montana by the sad news of the sudden death of her father. After spending a week with her family, she has again returned to her duties.

Miss Nora Smart spent the week-end visiting friends at Pocatello.

Mrs. Helen Merrill recently resigned her position as clerk in the Commercial Department. There's a reason. Soldier husband has returned.

Miss Clara Peterson of the Traffic Department has consented to fill Mrs. Merrill's place.

Miss Edith Hillstead is our new relief operator.

When the weather is beautiful, and the roads are great, and your car is in "bully" shape, motoring is something delightful—even in a Ford. But when the weather is awful, (with the mercury dropping), and the roads are rotten, and you are looking for trouble "on the lines" and not "under your flivver," it's everything but a joy ride. At least, those are the ideas expressed by our Manager, Mr. Clark, after he returned late one night from this same predicament. Why, he even said: "I wish Henry Ford had never been born." But, then, he hadn't had his supper.

Rock Springs

Here we are again. Who says we are not keeping up with the bunch?

With the heavy traffic load and the illness of our operators, Rock Springs has had quite a hard pull, but the manner in which the patrons remembered the operators at Christmas made us feel that the service we gave was not in vain.

Mr. Bingham stopped over to see us for a few hours on his way to Pinedale. Sorry he could not stay longer. Call again, Mr. Bingham.

Sub.—Long distance, please.

Opr.—This is long distance.

Sub.—How much was my call to Elko?

Opr.—\$5.30 and 5 cents for war tax.

Sub.—How many minutes did I talk?

Opr.—Five minutes.

Sub.—Well, all right, but that is the biggest long distance lie I ever heard.

Pocatello District

The Pocatello Traffic Department is still here, although there have been several changes, resignations and additions.

Miss Browning has been very busy training six new local operators, namely, Ruth Jackson, Rose Bethke, Clara McIlvain, Dorothy Byrd, Dorothy Cockrell and Violetta Jensen. In addition to this, she has been training Anna McCartney, Lillian Hronek, Margaret Myers and Julia Hastings for toll.

Miss Frederick last week gave us all a surprise when she reluctantly asked for an afternoon off in which to get married—slight request which was granted, of course. She will work until the first of February and then expects to settle down as a full-fledged married lady. We all wish her much happiness and success.

Miss Calloway has resigned and is returning to her home in Mountain Home.

Mrs. Sheeley has resigned on account of ill health.

The Chief Operators from all the near-by exchanges met in Pocatello on January 15th to go over, with Mr. Dressler, the new toll operating instructions effective January 21st.

Miss Feldsted, former record clerk, is now doing clerical work for Mr. Dressler and Miss Jeffries has accepted the position of record clerk.

Miss Fuller, who has been away for two months, has just returned.

Buhl

We Buhlites decided to keep quiet last month, thinking we would have more to say at this time, but alas! Nothing very lively or interesting has happened except that we are doing a rushing business.

Mrs. Audrey Moore, Chief Operator, who has been ill with influenza at her home near Salt Lake City, expects to be with us soon, after an absence of four weeks.

Miss Irene Woodward has been added to the traffic force.

Little Alice Vickers, four-year-old daughter of L. P. Vickers, Exchange Manager, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is fast recovering.

Out of our force of nine operators seven had the "flu" at one time. Maybe Miss Walters and Mrs. Scott didn't "go some" during their absence.

With a feeling of sadness, we announce the passing of one of our operators, Miss Mary Fulkerson, who died of influenza in December. She had only been with us a few months, always interested in her work and a favorite with all the employees. Surely, we will miss her, and we extend to her bereaved relatives our sympathy.

Have we told you of our new Wire Chief? Vernon E. Kelly is his name.

Burley

G. R. Armstrong, appraisal engineer from Denver, who is making an appraisal of the Rupert, Idaho, Exchange, visited this exchange on January 8th. Mr. Armstrong was formerly connected with the old Rocky Mountain Bell and is very well known to many of the old-timers in this section. He found in Mr. Fred H. Bacon, our Wire Chief, an old-timer in the telephone business. Mr. Bacon was Manager of the Helena Exchange at the time Mr. Armstrong was Manager of the Butte Exchange, some eight years ago.

John H. Story, who has been employed in the Plant Department for the past two years, has resigned and taken up a new line of work. Parley Young, formerly Manager at Driggs, succeeded Mr. Story.

New employes added to the operating force are Veda Pratt, Sylvia Driggs, Naomi Pratt, Vermont Rappley and Madia Pratt.

Company Buss No. 38 is on her last legs, having contracted the "flu." The District Plant Chief says, "Hurry and give her something to make her stand up a little longer." Tom is a pretty good "doc," all right.

Mr. R. W. Gardner, Manager, participated in the latest indoor amusement—the "flu."

Maud Yeaman has been appointed Assistant Chief Operator.

Idaho Falls

Mr. S. N. Sheppard and Mr. Burt Barfus have been transferred from Construction No. 3, Pocatello, to the Plant Department at Idaho Falls.

Mr. Neyman, with his construction crew, are placing cross-arms and open wire in order to recover some No. 17 twisted pair.

Some girls get wound up, while others get held up, but Miss Belva Farr, our traffic clerk, owns a winter-time "Blossom" who always "phones her up."

Commercial clerk calling a rural subscriber whose bill has been returned "unclaimed": Clerk—Where do you get your mail, Mrs. Johnson, Idaho Falls or Rigby? Sub.—Well, I don't get it either place; I get it at the postoffice.

Mr. Eugene L. Burbridge, District Plant Chief at Provo, passed away recently at the home of his mother in Idaho Falls, as a result of an attack of influenza. Mr. Burbridge was formerly an employe at this exchange, and for this reason we share mutually with the Provo District employes in their grief for the death of a young man who was always our good friend and companion. We extend our sincere sympathy to his mother, his sisters and his brother.

Montpelier

Miss K. O'Connor has been transferred from the Commercial Department to the Traffic as Chief Operator, replacing Miss Birch, resigned.

Miss Arvilla Burton has been promoted from operator to Assistant Chief and takes to the work like a duck to water.

Mr. R. H. Chilcoat has been transferred from Pocatello as Exchange Wire Chief.

Mr. Summers, our Exchange Manager, returned to work Saturday after an absence of ten days on account of "flu." He claims that the "flu" isn't half bad; it's the doctor bill that sets you back.

Rexburg

Our Plant Department has equipped the plant men with lanterns which make it lighter during hours worked overtime installing telephones early and late. Mr. Grimm and Mr. Goodliffe have, incidentally, installed ninety-six telephones in less than ninety days and removed twenty-seven. This shows a handsome gain and, along with other duties of plant men, means we have surely been going some.

Miss Lucile Nelson and Miss Lillie Shelton have been added to our operating force.

Twin Falls

Mr. Rupert, switchboard man, who has been ill with influenza for the past two weeks, is rapidly recovering and expects to be back on the job soon.

Work has been started remodeling the new switchboard, which will add three new positions.

The new rates and new methods of operating are causing considerable excitement among the operators.

Word has been received here of the death of Marie Jensen, former operator here, which occurred November 8th in Oakland, Cal.

Ruth King, Minnie Johnson, Mabel Grinstead and Marjorie Thompson have been added to our operating force.

Miss Mildred Tsync, who returned after an absence of three years, did not remain with us long and was married to William Stack January 8th. She did not obtain our permission, but we wish her happiness just the same.

The Working Schedule

"How long has that clerk worked for you?" asked the caller.

"About four hours," replied the boss.

"I thought he had been here longer than that," said the caller.

"He has," said the boss. "He has been here for four months."

O'Connor's Ride

In Which Mr. F. H. Bacon, Now Wire Chief at Burley, Idaho, Participated

A SEARCH for a pair of pliers by Mr. Joe O'Connor, Signal Maintainer in charge of the section of Northern Pacific Railroad extending from Laurel to Columbus, Mont., and his assistant, Mr. F. H. Bacon, now Wire Chief for the Mountain States Company at Burley, Ida., prevented a freight train from going into the Yellowstone River on a dark November night in 1911, and possibly saved a passenger train from a like fate. Mr. Bacon is quite well known in Northern and Western Division telephone circles, and was Exchange Manager at Helena, Mont., in 1907.



Mr. F. H. Bacon, Wire Chief,
Burley, Idaho

The two signal men were on their round of inspection of lamps, batteries, lights and their connecting wires, making the trip in a little motor car called a "Buda." "Joe" lived at Park City, Mont., and when the two had returned there Mr. Bacon asked Mr. O'Connor for his pliers which he had loaned to him at Laurel, as he wished to repair something about the car. The tool could not be located and it was while the men were searching along the route for the mislaid pliers that they discovered an immense rock on the track, saved the freight and then ran in to Columbus and notified a passenger train which was waiting on a siding for the freight to pass.

The incident was later woven into the following "ballad" by Mr. Day, at that time Superintendent of Signals on the Montana Division of the Northern Pacific:

The shades of night had fallen
On a gloomy, wintry day,
When O'Connor to his helper
These simple words did say:

"Run out the little Buda,
And put her on the track;
I've lost my eight-inch pliers,
To Columbus we'll go back."

Joe opened wide the throttle,
Bacon pushed her from the rear,
And in just eleven minutes
Rapids Passing track drew near.

The 2A signals beckoned,
All lights were green—all clear.
On sped the little Buda;
They lost all sense of fear.

The wind blew through their whiskers,
The air grew damp and cold,
But still on towards Columbus
The little Buda rolled.

"What place was that?" yelled Bacon
Joe answered, "I don't know;
We're bound to make Columbus,
So onward let us go."

Around the bluffs they rumbled,
The Yellowstone in sight;
The chugging of the Buda
Disturbed the chilly night.

"Hold! Stop! Back up! Put on the air!"
Fred Bacon then did cry;
"I see a rock upon the track,
We cannot pass it by."

Joe grasped the brake, put on the air,
Reversed her on the spot;
With might and main he slid the wheels,
And stopped her on the dot.

"We cannot move this mighty rock,
It's far too big for two;
It's big enough to wreck a train,
And No. 4 is due."

A happy thought then dawned on Joe,
"I know the very stunt;
We'll open up the relay box,
And then put on a shunt."

The signal went from clear to stop,
The rear one just half way;
The fertile brain of faithful Joe
Had surely saved the day.

The flagman sped around the bluff,
His lantern in his hand;
A look of fear was on his face
As the darksome track he scanned.

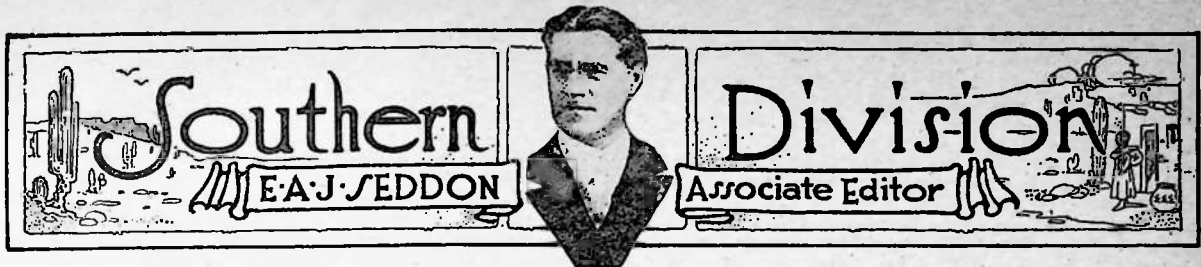
In accents loud to Joe he yelled,
"What makes the signals red?"
"A five-ton rock is on the track
Around the curve," Joe said.

Just then a headlight hove in sight,
Turned darkness into day;
'Twas fast express train No. 4,
Feeling cautiously its way.

Expert Joe jumped from the train,
All smiles and out of breath;
"The 2A signals now," he said,
"Saved the passengers from death."

The engineman a vision had
Of the wreck that would have been
Had not the 2A signals shown
The danger he was in.

Joe's pliers still remain unfound,
But what cares he for that,
Since due to grateful passengers
He wears a Stetson hat?



El Paso

IT WAS the night before Christmas, or thereabouts, when someone wanted the paymaster—but no one could find the paymaster, and then someone else wanted him, but that did not cause him to materialize, and before long there was a general paging for "Mr. Phillips." Also, by a strange coincidence, the Wire Chief turned up missing and cries for "Mr. Chamberlin" began to swell the general clamor. Now the paymaster and Wire Chief are important personages—at least they are at times—and when they are wanted they are wanted right now and not at some other time. But they were nowhere to be seen and the mystery began to thicken. Later on someone was passing through the basement and they heard strange sounds proceeding from the furnace room: "Now, Mac, let me run it awhile, it's mine." "Hold on there, Phil, you can't do that, you'll put it on the blink." "Hurry and turn that switch—you'll wreck her." "Say, Mac, what do you reckon this doodad is for?" "Say, ain't she a beauty?" "Now see what you've done." Well, there they were, both of them, down on their hands and knees operating an electric railway system which Santa Claus was due to put in the stocking of Phil, Jr. Phil had invested heavily in electric rolling stock and had appointed Chamberlin consulting electrical engineer and was receiving instruction in the elements of electricity. That part of it was all right, but when Phil undertook to instruct his young hopeful into the mysteries of electrical engineering—bingo! All the house lights went out. And they went out again the next night until it became a regular thing and Phil began to tire of going to bed early in the dark, but being resourceful, he ordered half a barrel of dry cells which, while adding much to maintenance costs, also added much to his peace of mind and also lessened the chances of Phil, Jr., hearing those things he should not hear.

Rumbles From the Bowling Alley

Dinty McCandliss says that old Bill Hohenzollern has busted up what promised to be the champion bowling team of the entire Mountain States territory, but most of the bowlers have kept in good training since last season, and there is no doubt but that they would have taken all events from the S. L. aggregation, but—well, there's Jack Adams, last year's champ. He's been throwing hand grenades with the soldiers at Camp Cody all summer and is in good trim, but he is hung up in Deming.

R. S. Anderson, our near champ, resigned and has become a cattle baron, but we intended to replace him with J. A. Kelly, the originator of the hook ball (when it hooks), and who has been taking setting-up exercises to get into condition.

W. A. Bradshaw has spent the summer watching the

groove and has it located and is ready to go, and also has a good line of alibis handy.

C. H. Phillips has been eating Grape Nuts, Quaker Oats and Heinz Baked Beans and increasing his weight ten pounds, making a total of 102 pounds, and is rearing to go.

F. Baird has been shooting cannon balls at the Huns and we don't see how he could lose out on the groove, but he is still on the other side of the Big Wet.

We expect to make a 250 bowler out of Bishop Smith, but since he has gone on the road, guess he has dropped back into his old average of 91. And so it goes. If it isn't one thing it's another. But if the S. L. bunch think they can put one over on us, we'll just round up all the shavetails and buck privates who have returned and show them some bowling.

Walter Prager, who for nearly a year has been with the Army at San Antonio, has now returned to his former position as Assistant Treasurer of the Tri-State Telephone Company.

O. C. Joy, Construction Foreman, recently passed through El Paso on his way from Nogales to Fort Sumner, where he will clean up a little job, and then proceed to Texico. Tom Prather followed shortly after to take charge of the cable work.

The recent conference in El Paso gave us an opportunity to glad-hand some old friends and acquaintances. Since our territory is nigh on a thousand miles from east to west, we don't get to see some of them very often. C. C. Croke of the Roswell District says the people are fully reconciled to their newly acquired arid condition and that even the town drunkard, sober for once, says it is a good thing for the people. But, as C. C. C. remarks, some are born virtuous, some acquire virtue, while other have virtue thrust upon them.

M. C. Hunter, estimate clerk, has resigned and has accepted a position with a wholesale grocery firm at Deming. T. J. Elliott, formerly of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, more recently a Lieutenant in the Army, has succeeded him.

J. A. Kelly is rapidly assuming normal, having recently acquired the position of father to a fair young maid.

C. L. Calloway, who for several years was deskman and later record man in El Paso, resigned last fall to accept a position at Santa Rita, where he was getting along very nicely. Unfortunately, he was stricken with the dread epidemic and in a very few days succumbed to its ravages, leaving a young wife and baby. Clint was a young man well liked by all those with whom he came in contact, a good worker and a reliable employe, and the news of his death was a great shock to his many El Paso friends. His body was brought to El Paso and the funeral services held in the Peak Undertaking Parlors. There was a large attendance of the telephone fraternity and many other friends.

A Card

It is our desire to express through the columns of The Monitor, our gratitude and appreciation of the many kindnesses and expressions of sympathy extended to us by our telephone friends at the time of the sudden death of our beloved "Clint." The floral offerings were many and beautiful, and your heartfelt sympathy did much to soothe our sorrow.

Mrs. C. L. Calloway.
Mrs. W. C. Calloway.
Mrs. E. C. Dendinger.

J. A. Tew, who enlisted in the navy, has returned and is now with the Construction Department at Fort Sumner.

Leo Wren has accepted a position as storekeeper.

C. D. McClure, formerly Wire Chief at Santa Fe, has been transferred to El Paso, where he has been appointed deskman.

E. C. Dendinger, who for several months past has been working in the Tucson District, is now working in El Paso as installer.

W. C. Milam has returned and shed his navy uniform and is now working with the El Paso force of installers.

William F. Higgins and Harry W. Thorpe are new men with the local force. Theodore R. Stepp has again returned to us after an absence of about six months.

Jerome Dalezal, recently discharged from the Army, was a visitor at headquarters before returning to his old job at Pecos.

Albuquerque District

Venice King, Correspondent

Commercial Department

The Rotary Club, which needs no introduction to anyone in our good old U. S. A., takes off its hat to

J. B. Reynolds, our up-to-date Manager, in the following appreciative note:



"The Albuquerque Rotary Club, at its luncheon today, heard an intensely interesting outline of the beginnings and mighty growth of the telephone, told by J. B. Reynolds, District Manager of the Mountain States Telephone Company.

Mr. Reynolds began his brief discussion with the invention of the telephone, simultaneously by Bell and Gray, and told of the early stages of its development into commercial usage and finally into the nation-wide web of wire service now in use. He used the growth of telephone service in Albuquerque in the last ten years as illustrative of the growth of the use of the telephone universally. It was one of the most interesting addresses the club has heard in the series of talks on practical subjects by members."

Congratulations are being showered upon Mr. Letarte, our always happy cashier, who is entertaining his daughter, who arrived on January 12, 1919. If she shows due appreciation of her father's good qualities she will be expected to stay permanently.

Mr. G. L. Spear left some time ago with the intention of joining the Navy and doing his bit, but owing to the signing of the armistice, has returned to his duties with the Telephone Company. Mr. Spear is a very efficient clerk, and we are glad to number him among our Telephone Family again, and hope he will be with us indefinitely.

Plant Department

District Plant Chief Peugh has had the "flu," but is now able to hang around the office after two weeks' vacation. He says, "Guess not vacation." But we are from Missouri.

Mr. Maisel, General Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has started an evening class in telegraphy which meets twice a week at the Albuquerque High School. Among our family are the following employes who grasp every opportunity for improvement: Messrs. Peugh, Mahoney, Blick, Bates, Ambrose, Moore, Webb, LeBow, from the Plant Department, and Mr. Spear from the Commercial Department.

Walter Berger, who was Assistant Wire Chief at Albuquerque, left to do his bit for Uncle Sam, and after the signing of the armistice returned to telephone work and was promoted to Wire Chief at Deming. Mr. Berger has many friends in Albuquerque, who regret to see him leave, but

congratulate him on his promotion and hope he will climb still higher.

Traffic

We did not intentionally appropriate the compliment extended to Deming by Mrs. Ellen Barnes, but as Deming got the cake and the associating editor gave Albuquerque the compliment (?)—If Deming is satisfied (?) so is Albuquerque.

Miss Steele, Assistant Chief Operator, has been ill with acute bronchitis for the last three weeks. Miss Steele has been with the Company eleven years, and this is the first time she has been out of the office on account of illness. She has been missed from the office and we will be glad when she is able to return.

The following operators have been suffering from "flu": Misses Anson, Brown, Waldie, Carmon, Wenborne, Heighes, Corl, Ellis, Jones, Thirion, Bowman and Green. Some have returned to the office feeling fine after their vacation, but the others were not so fortunate and are still unable to be with us.

Miss La Force, Miss Roe, Miss Spries and Miss Jordan are new operators who have been added to our force.

There is a great deal of excitement among the L. D. operators over the new rules and rates that took effect January 21st. Say, boy, these are some rules; can we make it? Why, speed is our middle name and we will be there to greet you.

Deming

Mrs. Leon Harry, our Assistant Chief Operator, left recently for Des Moines, Iowa, to meet her soldier husband, just back from France. We miss her, but rejoice with her in Mr. Harry's safe return. Miss Deric Quisenberry was promoted to the vacancy. We are glad to see her advance and are sure that she will succeed.

Mrs. Julia Lowry, Assistant Chief Operator at Camp Cody, resigned in December to return to her home in Windom, Minn.

Miss Clara Custer of Camp Cody has resigned to be married to Sergeant Lewis, stationed at Camp Cody. Mrs. Cryer, her hister, also resigned to move to Albuquerque.

Other recent resignations were Miss Ruth White and Mrs. Myrtle Hond.

Mrs. Mary West, our Chief Operator, wishes to express, through The Monitor, her appreciation of the beautiful flowers sent her by the operators during her recent illness.

Mr. R. A. Rogers, Installation Foreman, and his assistant, Mr. Scinz, are completing the installation of a new set of storage batteries for this exchange.

Wire Chief Herbert has been transferred to Nogales, Ariz. Mr. Berger of Albuquerque is with us again in the capacity of Wire Chief.

Roy Nunn, Assistant Combination Man, is developing artistic tendencies. He was found in the operating room a short time ago painting fire buckets and other articles.

Phoenix District

Lillian Mitchell, Correspondent

Our city is again in the grip of the "flu," but we hope its stay will be of short duration.

Our hearts are again saddened by the death of Mrs. C. D. Cropper, formerly Miss Glenn Boone, who passed away on January 10th of pneumonia. While Mrs. Cropper had resigned her position as District Traffic Chief on October 1st, and was not connected with the work at the time of her death, she was still keenly interested in all the affairs of the office. Her death came as a shock to her devoted husband and sister.

Mrs. Cropper, during her seven years of service in the Traffic Department of the Phoenix Exchange, won many



friends with her sunny disposition and sweetness of character. We extend our sincere sympathy to her loved ones in their great loss.

Everybody around the office wore a broad smile when R. E. Syler's smiling face again appeared behind the Toll Wire Chief's desk in the telegraph room. We regretted his departure to El Paso, and his many friends welcome him back to Phoenix.

Mrs. William P. Doheny, Jr., and Mrs. Ed Doheny, both of the Commercial Department, were recent victims of the "flu." We are glad to say they are back on the job.

Mr. H. D. McVay, District Manager, and Miss Elsie Thomas, our Traffic Chief, are spending a few days in El Paso attending the conference of traffic and commercial employes.

In a recent issue of The Monitor we told of the successful polish Mr. Goodman had secured for "Black Annie," which made her look as though she had just rolled out of Henry's factory. Her attractive appearance caused some sneak thief to take her from the garage without authority, and now Mr. Goodman only has fond recollections of his once perfectly good Ford.

Miss Cecilia Farrell and Mr. M. L. Sutton were quietly married on January 5, 1919. Miss Farrell was traffic clerk and, while we rejoice in her new happiness and all join in wishing her many years of wedded life, we regret to have her leave us. However, she says she must try the role of housekeeper.

Now that Prescott and Phoenix Districts are consolidated. Mr. Green, our District Cashier, says pay rolls are the leading topics of the day.

Miss Mabel Kennedy has returned after a recent combat with the "flu."

Mr. A. E. Goodman, who has been confined to his home for the past two weeks with a severe cold, expects to be out again in a few days.

Mr. Teschner and Mr. T. E. Matthews were recent visitors in our city.

Yuma

A lot of us took a chance on the big drawing of Yuma lands, but none of the twenty-odd capital prizes fell to any telephone employes.

Mr. Mathews of Mr. McCarn's office, in Denver, was a Yuma visitor last month.

Our lot and exchange on Main Street, Somerton, is greatly improved in appearance by the installation of a concrete walk.

We have hopes that the embargo on installations in Yuma will soon be lifted. We are basing this hope on numerous packages that are drifting into the office marked, "Hold for equipment installer."

Mr. McVay, our District Manager, and Miss Thomas, the District Traffic Chief, have been down to give us the "once over."

With the coming of a little cold snap (something unusual in Yuma), the Traffic Department broke out with a violent attack of "red sweateritis." They all look as if they had been knitted from the same ball of yarn, and perhaps they were for all we know. The attack has spread to the commercial office. The fire department has just left after a run up to the office, stating that someone reported that they saw red flames leaping from the windows of the telephone exchange.

If Winnie McDowell didn't like her place on the switchboard so well, she might make good as a stage driver, judging from the way she chauffeured a jitney bus up the street.

Prescott

Mr. E. P. Seaman formerly Evening District Traffic Chief in the El Paso office, was transferred to the Prescott Exchange in the capacity of Manager, succeeding Mr. R. M. Buchler, deceased. Mr. Seaman was accompanied to Prescott by Messrs. M. E. Bates of El Paso, H. D. McVay and A. E. Goodman of Phoenix. We welcome our new Manager, and extend to him our hearty co-operation.

A new visitor to our city was Delos E. Jeffery, our con-

genial Manager from Winslow, who spent a few days during the Christmas holidays with Mr. Murphy of Prescott Plant Department. Mr. Jeffery expressed himself as having been favorably impressed with our famed climate and hearty hospitality. Let us see you often, Mr. Jeffery.

The smiling voice of Beatrice Cassel is again heard over the local switchboard of the Prescott Exchange.

Mr. Fred B. Doll, Exchange Manager at Humboldt, has returned to his duties after having recovered from Spanish influenza.

Mrs. Beebe of Humboldt resigned her position as junior operator upon the home-coming of her husband, who has returned from the service of his country. Mrs. Beebe was succeeded by Mrs. Doll, wife of the Exchange Manager.

Roswell District

F. A. Teschner, Correspondent



TAKE ONE of those days
WHEN everything
GOES DEAD wrong,
WHEN YOU get up
FEELING WAY out of sorts
AND YOUR breakfast
DON'T SEEM to
FILL THE bill
JUST right
AND THE boys
SNAP YOU off
WITH A curt
"YES" and "No"
AND somehow
YOU JUST can't
MAKE THINGS go
AND YOU
ANSWER THE phone
AND YOU hear
YOUR THREE-YEAR old
AT THE other end say:
"HELLO, DADDIE!"
DID THAT old desk stand
EVER mean
QUITE AS much to you?

"Where's Jean?" Such was the general query among the traffic workers.

"Where's Jean?" echoed back from the Commercial Department.

"I want the Chief Operator. Where's Jean?" came back from the plant men. And what's all this about Jean?

Why, Miss Jean Fitzwilliams, Chief Operator at Roswell, of course. She is taking a three months' furlough. "To take a little rest," she confided to the correspondent just before she left. We wish you a fine trip, Jean, and we'll try to keep the home fires burning till you get back.

There is nothing that can quite equal the lure of the Sunny Slope of the Pecos. Pearl Watson Fridley, formerly of Clovis and more recently Chief Operator at Douglas, Ariz., through some secret channel of information, heard that we needed an Assistant Chief Operator at Roswell. That decided her. Arizona was too dry, Douglas was too near the border and a thousand other little reasons caused the most logical thing to happen. She is now with us at Roswell, and welcome back to the Sunny Slope.

Artesia

Exchange Manager Bigler is again on the job at Artesia. He just barely got to camp when someone told him the big fuss was over and his military career was suddenly cut short. We all joined the town folks in extending the glad hand.

Continued on page 27



Chapter No. 1 Holds Election

THE postponed election of officers of Chapter No. 1 was finally staged on the evening of January 28, 1919, in the auditorium of El Jebel Temple. On account of the influenza epidemic, the election was postponed twice after all plans were made to hold it at the regular November meeting.

The election itself was marked with no particular excitement, as the polls were well watched by the non-partisan police, headed by Chief Hause. However, burlesque campaigning prior to the election which constituted the evening's program was marked with several outbursts of real oratory consisting mostly of Noah Webster's select creations of no less than six syllables, and from what can be gathered from those present, they were used in the same sequence as originally published by Noah. The truth was uttered in at least two instances by each speaker, once when he named his candidates and once when he imparted the names of the offices for which his candidates were running. The legitimate tickets were represented as follows:

Reconstructionist Party

Candidates	
President.....F. C. Davis	Campaign Mgr....Jos. Miller
Vice-President...P. R. Hospe	Speaker.....F. H. Yelton
Secretary.....C. E. Hannum	Speaker.....D. F. Doolittle
Treasurer.....J. W. Ballard	Speaker.....J. A. Coffey

Victory Party

Candidates	
President.....A. F. Hoffman	Campaign Mgr....J. W. Todd
Vice-President...W. G. Meier	Speaker.....R. C. Mann
Secretary.....T. E. Mathews	Speaker.....O. L. Leonard
Treasurer.....E. L. Riemer	Speaker....J. F. Greenawalt

The Reds, or Bolsheviki Party

Boss Lamping, with Ringleader Gillette and Understudy Meier, endeavored with the assistance of the foreign element from "Sausage" Street to upset the dope, split the ticket (car tickets) and elect their own Bolshevist "canned dates." Limited space prohibits publication of the campaign expenses, but by the elaborate display at the election, Bill got away with it all right!

It was necessary to recruit a couple of additional votes at the eleventh hour to bring the desired results. This was ably handled by Judges N. O. Pierce, C. W. Tucker and J. G. Griffith. It has not yet been discovered who was instigator of this unexpected calamity, but "murder will out," so we expect to know soon.

The ballot resulted in the election of F. C. Davis, President; P. R. Hospe, Vice-President; T. E. Mathews, Secretary, and J. W. Ballard, Treasurer.

The regular brand of election smokes was in evidence and tutti fruita ice cream completed the evening's enjoyment.

Denver District

Hazel Thornton, Correspondent

So many things of interest have happened lately that we all are excited and don't know where to "begin

to commence at." 'Spect this is a good place. Mr. D. F. Doolittle is now working under a new manager; in fact, his whole household comes under the new administration. They are, to say the least, willing subjects to the new ruler, whose name is Elizabeth Jane Doolittle, and she was born January 23, 1919. She weighed seven and three-fourths pounds. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle in their happiness, and think the baby girl was indeed far-sighted to choose them for her parents.

Mr. C. L. Paul, formerly employed in the Contract Department, has returned from military service and is now in the Credit Department.

Mr. Paul reported to the S. M. A. U. of C. Berkeley, Cal., on March 9, 1918, and was there until June 12th, when he was transferred to Mather Field, Sacramento, Cal. He was graduated from there on October 9th with the commission of Second Lieutenant. Later he was transferred to Rockwell Field, San Diego, where he remained until he was honorably discharged, January 2, 1919.

He came home with a number of decorations on his uniform, and it is rumored that he is entitled to several more, but is too modest to wear them.

(By request.) The girls of the Contract Department were entertained at the home of Miss Thornton on Saturday evening, January 4th. They spent a very noisy evening, and—WE had a good time anyway, and hope the girls did. The time was divided between music (?), dancing, talking and eating, and the way those girls can eat olives! All except one appeared on the following Monday, so we consider ourselves very fortunate. Maybe we'll try it again.

It is with pleasure that we report the return of Mr. Rochette to the Adjusting Department. Considering the seriousness of his illness, he has recovered very rapidly, but he was absent a long time and we are glad to have him with us again, but sh!—Where is that sweet little moustache that he displayed on his first visit to the office?

Who was it, anyway, that started the idea that Mr. Althouse was running an employment agency? Anyone short of help immediately applies to the Contract Department. According to Mr. Althouse, any more requests may not be given such prompt attention. Some of us feel like strays.

Edward W. Thielke has returned from training camp, but it is not yet settled as to what department he will grace. He was formerly in the Contract Department and the sight of its present sadly demoralized condition (decorated with so many girls) was a great shock to him.

Frank Neff is at the present time at Fort Logan awaiting his release. He will return to the Bookkeeping Department.

It certainly does bring smiles to our faces and cheer to our hearts to have so many of the boys returning to us so much the better for their great experience. Of course, it looks as though it would mean losing some of the girls, but if they get enough of them, the men can hold the jobs almost as well as we have done.

Champa

I have very little to say this month, as everyone has either been unusually civilized or all chance foolish actions have been kept from my knowledge. Maybe the girls are mad at me.

We did have a very lovely party Christmas eve, though, which not only helped to make the long distance girls feel more at home with us, but also took us back to the days in

which Santa and a little red wagon were THE events of our young lives.

Since the signing of the armistice, the false and the true, we have noted with a certain degree of delight the return of many familiar faces. We mention in particular those of Messrs. Colley, Blackwell and Trehearne. There are undoubtedly many others, but I am forced through lack of further knowledge to limit the faces to three.

We have had three resignations lately. Miss Clemens left to be married and Misses Erickson and Bradley have sojourned to other hamlets.

Main

Now that the "flu" epidemic has passed, Main is back to normal again. We are all on the job, 200 strong, and our one aim is to send our average soaring higher and higher.

According to the following, it looks as though we are receiving help from all directions:

Misses Celia Luper and Irene Geary have been transferred from York to Main.

Miss Jessie Beck from South, and from away up in Evergreen comes Miss Edna Maul.

Needless to say, these girls are heartily welcomed into the Main Exchange.

Miss Grace Finlayson, former information operator, is now our time clerk.

Information also loses Miss Myrtle Hofstad, who is assisting the clerks during the absence of Miss Fannie Cox.

Miss Cox left February 1st on a three months' furlough.

Misses McCartin and Loew have been promoted to information.

Our latest bride up to date is Miss Irene Parsons, one of our popular "B" board operators. Much to our sorrow, Miss Parsons decided it would be so much nicer to sing "Smiles" for Roy Washburn than for us, so we just naturally lost out. A host of good wishes follow the happy pair from all the Main operating force.

GIRLS, BEWARE! Don't go to Littleton to get married, because those people just CAN'T keep a secret, and now everybody knows that Miss Evelyn Wilson is Mrs. John Richmond.

South

On Tuesday, the day before Christmas, we celebrated with a party. Did we have a good time? Well, I guess we did! The parlor was decorated with red and green festoons, and wreaths were everywhere in evidence, and that Christmas tree, all decorated with ornaments, little electric lights, cranberry and popcorn strings, which Mrs. Spicer and Mrs. Hall so kindly strung for us, was certainly beautiful. The tables were put together and spread with "real" table cloths, giving the appearance of a banquet table. A large kewpie occupied the center, while a poinsettia held its own at each end. Each girl found a favor at her place. And now, last but by no means least, Neapolitan ice cream, a various assortment of cakes, and candy were served. While we thus banqueted an Edison played the most "mesmerizing, tantalizing" music you ever heard. The girls all wish to express their thanks to Miss McVeigh, Mrs. Spicer, Mrs. Hall and others who assisted in giving them such a good time. We also wish to express our thanks and appreciation to the Carl Schultz Piano Company for the Edison which they so kindly loaned us to furnish music at our Christmas party. We certainly enjoyed it.

Miss Cora Ruehle has been promoted to Supervisor.

Miss Bertha Nelson has resigned to accept the P. B. X. at the Continental Oil Company. We wish her success in her new work.

Gallup

Have you noticed recently that our exchange has taken on the appearance of a jewelry store? If not just count the diamonds.

Now listen, everybody,
A secret I have heard;
Of course nobody told me,
But a naughty little bird.

Have you ever noticed
That a very simple thing
Makes such a difference in our midst,
Like a little diamond ring.

Miss Henderson won't tell us,
But we think it will be soon;
In fact, we are suspicious
That she'll say good-bye in June.

Miss George, we'll hate to lose you,
The thought makes us feel blue;
And we all were shocked when Golden said:
"Well, I've enlisted too."

Miss Parsons looks suspicious,
As does Miss Hooper too,
And we heard about a bungalow;
Miss Henrich, is that true?

We have heard that Miss Supanchis
Has the date already set,
And we think the same of Gagen,
Tho' she has not told us yet.

Dame Rumor has said it,
And strange tho' it may seem,
Just be prepared to say good-bye
To Williams and De Neen.

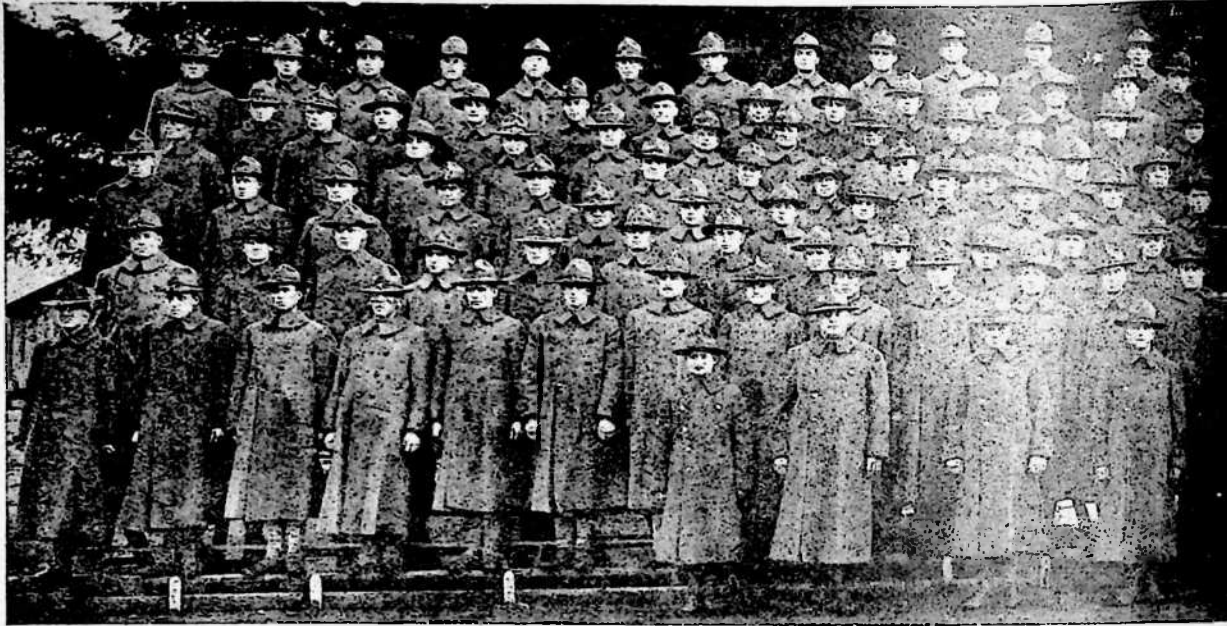
There's Gladys Long and Grenfell,
You can tell at just a glance
That they are only waiting
For the ship to come from France.

Now, girls, don't be offended;
It may not all be true,
The fact is I am jealous
That I don't possess one too.

—Mabel Sullivan, Operator at Gallup.



A QUINTETTE OF GALLUP EXCHANGE GIRLS
Upper—Miss Gladys Long and Olive Grenfell. Center—Miss Anna Henderson.
Lower—Misses Irma Wilkinson and Myrtle Wagstaff



405TH TELEGRAPH BATTALION, AT

From Puget Sound to the Rhine

Log of the 405th Telegraph Battalion

IT'S a far cry from the forested shores of Puget Sound to the hills of the Rhine, but the 405th Telegraph Battalion made it in just a few months. They packed the old kit bags at Camp Lewis, Washington, in April, 1918, and reached what the former kaiser used to call "the sacred soil of the Fatherland" in time for a fine Christmas feast. Bitter must have been Wilhelm's reflections on December 25, 1918. His well-known ambition to enjoy a Christmas menu in Paris had been baffled and finally blown away by the guns of the Allies. In the beginning, he visualized himself gazing out on the Champs Elysees at the conquered Parisians, while he sipped their inimitable champagne, but after four weary rather than merry Christmas days, supreme confidence gave way to dark despair, and on the fifth the "idiotic Yankees," the "contemptible little British crowd" and the "degenerate French" were all rejoicing, celebrating and feasting—on the banks of the Rhine.

The cooks had a busy day, and the boys of the battalion must have felt as did the poet who said:

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, we may live without heart;
We may live without love, we may live without books,
But where is the man that can live without cooks?"

And the echoing hills of the Rhineland would answer, "Where?"

Captain Young has sent us the menu and the program, and if any man among all "those present" didn't have a good dinner and a good time he must have been

too homesick to sit up. Here is what came on the table:

Cream of Tomato Soup		
Broiled Beefsteak and Gravy		
Mashed Potatoes		
Roast Chicken and Dressing		
Stewed Tomatoes		
Apple Kuchen	Peach Kuchen	
Prune Whip and Chocolate Cake		
Cigars	Cigarettes	
Candy		
Coffee	Beer	Wine

And after a dinner like that, the boys surely must have been in a genial and appreciative mood for a program like this:

Scene: 218 Satisfied Faces. Reason: Beaucoup "Honest-to-Gawd Chow."

Time: 5:00 P. M. Christmas Day, 1918.

Place: Kurhotel im Nettetal, Two Kilos From Mayen, Germany.

Girls: THE ONE "OVER THERE."

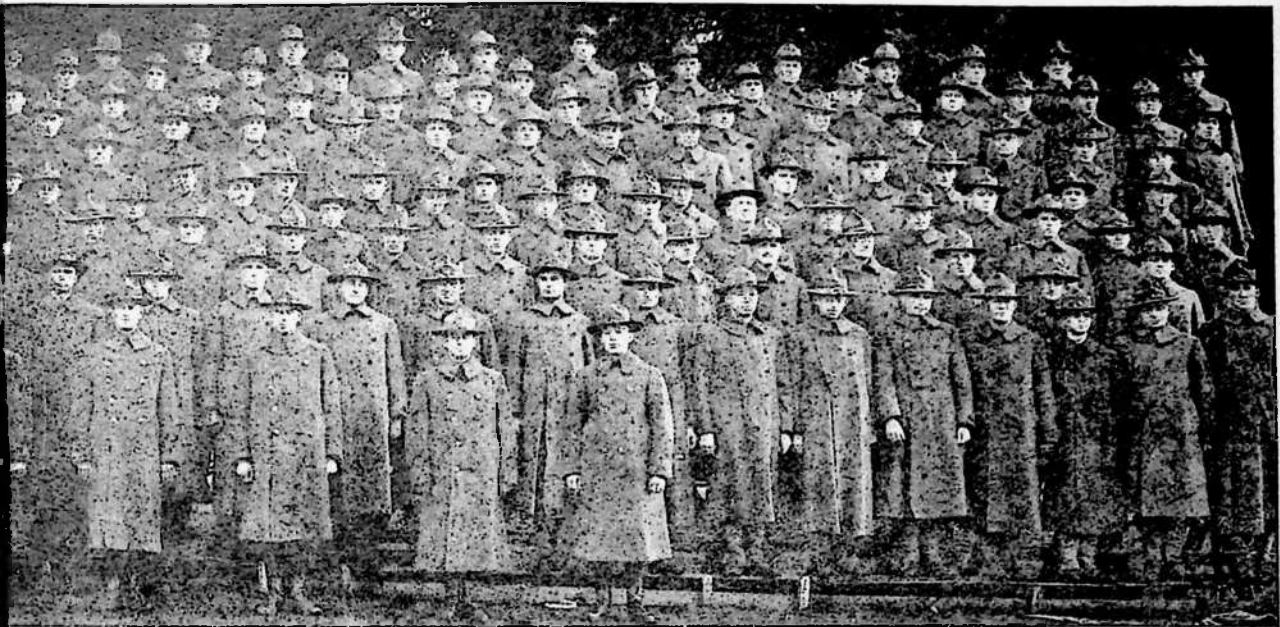
Cast: Ibsen, Conlin, Holt, White, Pearson, Strong, St. John, Pautsch, Blattner, Hall, Nesselhauf, Birkett, Creek, McAlister, Culp, Robinson, Wales, Taylor, Davis, Johnson, Peterson, Gormley.

I

Opening Chorus

"The Enlisted Men Have 'Better Halves'; the Officers Have 'Better Quarters'"

"All Together, Men"



WIS, WASHINGTON, DECEMBER, 1917

II

Address by Richard Eugene Walsh
The Battalion Skipper, Inc.

III

The Soldiers Three (?)
Sob and Jazz Artists Soon Forgotten
In
"Who Wants Him Now, Men?"

IV

All Jolson Creak
Veteran of the Battle of Com-bien
"Cullud Preachers I've Known"

V

147 lbs.	Cognac Jimmy	Second Tenor
168 lbs.	Steamboat St. John	Tenor
156 lbs.	"Seconds" Whitey	Burytone
189 lbs.	"Believe Me" Strong	Bassoprofundo
660 lbs.	of AWOL Harmony LGO No. 13 SOL.		

VI

Judge Priest of Ol' Kaintuck
The Mess Sergeant Sub.
"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

VII

Melba Ibsen, the Glow Worm
Silver-Throated Fatima Tenor

VIII

Pavlowa Freckles Conlin
Terpsichorean Kitchen Policeman

IX

"Aujourd' hui" Taylor
The Duckette of Luxemburg
Local Stuff

X

U-No-Me-Al Peterson
The Copenhagen Thrush. Heilige-Nacht

XI

Gormley With the Thousand Eyes
He Looks Beyond the Veil. Ask Him Anything
Charley Strock, Pianist
Davis, the Prodigal Son of the Wandering Jew, Director

The roster of the battalion follows, and contains many names that are dear and familiar to those of us who have followed the fortunes of the boys with interest and anxiety.

THE ROLL OF HONOR, those who found the end of the Great Adventure in the home camp and on the fields of France, and those wounded in action, is, fortunately, a short one:

Killed in Action:

Tucker, Harry C., Cpl.—Nonsard, St. Mihiel Salient, September 16, 1918.

Died of Wounds Received in Action:

Cox, Gilbert W., Pvt. lcl.—Nonsard, St. Mihiel Salient, September 16, 1918.

Died of Disease in the United States:

Ansley, George N., Pvt.—Salt Lake City.
Davison, Harry T., Jr., Pvt.—Seattle.
Edwards, Rex L., Pvt.—Camp Lewis, Washington.

Wounded in Action:

Bishop, William E., Sgt. lcl.—Nonsard, St. Mihiel Salient, September 16, 1918.



Kurhotel im Nettetal, Mayen, Germany, Where 405th Telegraph Battalion Dined Christmas, 1918

Walton, James F., Pvt.—Nonsard, St. Mihiel Salient, September 16, 1918.

The Battalion History includes the wandering of the boys from Camp Lewis to Mayen, Rhineland, Germany, where the Christmas dinner was enjoyed, and the folder concludes with the query:

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?"

Home, we hope, boys, to your own "patric." A rich American woman who established a hospital at Neuilly, France, in the early days of the war and knows whereof she speaks, says the American soldier is the finest thing God ever made. You have all, dead, wounded and living, done your duty nobly and well. There are affectionate and grateful memories for those who went west into the sunset and a hearty welcome awaiting for those who come back.



Wilhelm, the Haunted. Ousted From the Seats of the Mighty, He Feels Another "Drop"

A Four-Footed War Hero

To have gone through a series of London air raids at the side of his mistress, refusing to leave her at any time, and then to perish on the day of the armistice celebration was the fate of "Pat," a small dog belonging to the sister of Mr. B. F. Howard, Electrical Engineer of the Mountain States Company.

Mr. Howard's sister is a Red Cross nurse in London, who served during the entire four years of the war and experienced all the numerous air raids made on that city. "Pat" was her constant companion and when the bombs were falling the brave little dog never lost his nerve, but stood the noise without a whimper. On one occasion the porch of the adjoining house was destroyed.

On the day of the armistice celebration "Pat" was out with the crowd and became so excited that he ran in front of an automobile and was killed—a little hero of the war. The following verses are by Miss Winnie Parish, eleven years of age, a niece of Mr. Howard, who will long mourn the loss of her faithful friend:

"Pat"

A little grave beneath the whisp'ring pines,
Whose branches breathe a gentle lullaby;
Down from the starry sky the cold moon shines;
Softly the night wind passes with a sigh.

The nightingale soars upwards towards the moon;
Its little throat swells out as on it flies;
Well may you stop to listen to the tune
With wonder-parted lips and softened eyes.

Dew-laden cobwebs shine like jeweled lace;
Fondly the cricket chirrups in the shade—
The owl, hooting, flits from place to place,
And he sleeps sound where last he had been laid.

And yet 'tis but his body that lies there—
Where is that part of him that never dies?
That caused his joyous bark upon the stair,
That looked at you from out his loving eyes?

What living man can say where it has gone?
Methinks that Christ, Who made the sacrifice,
Meant not that we should be redeemed alone;
Perhaps he waits for you in Paradise.

—Winnie Parish.

Caught Off Guard

"Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?"
"Nothing but a postcard, ma'am."
"Who is it from, Mary?"
"And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" asked the girl with an injured air.
"Perhaps not. But anyone who sends me a message on a postcard is either stupid or impertinent."
"You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl loftily; "but that's a nice way to be talkin' about your own mother."

—Boston Transcript.

Income Tax

Tax Commissioner George Spalding wishes to remind all employes who are subject to the income tax, that their statements must be filed before March 1st. It is imperative that this matter have prompt attention.



THE AURORA, COLORADO, FORCE

Mrs. Agee, Exchange Manager, Center. At Left and Right, Miss Ballowe and Miss Wright

Aurora

Better late than never! At last we are here in full force. Mrs. Verna Agee has been our Exchange Manager for five years, while Miss Ballowe and Miss Wright have operated here for the past year and a half.

Both operators were presented with courtesy pins on Christmas day by the Telephone Company, and Aurora is now 100 per cent "courtesy all the time."

Miss Ballowe has resigned and will leave in a few days to accept a position with the Aurora State Bank. We are very sorry to lose her, but wish her much success in her new work.

Miss Eva Rodgers, who was formerly at Hazeltine, will succeed her.

Subscriber—Give me Aurora information.

Operator—This is information.

Subscriber—What is the number of the Sanitary Grocery?

Operator—Aurora 3.

Subscriber—I called that number and that isn't the one I want.

Operator—Well, that's the only Sanitary Grocery we have.

'Nuff sed! Good-bye!

Boulder District

Ellen Groesbeck, Correspondent

Miss Maud Hayward has resigned her position with the Telephone Company to enter the service for canteen work overseas. Miss Hayward is one of the oldest and most trusted employees of the Boulder office, having entered this office August 8, 1901. During the years employed in the Commercial Department, she has been one of the most faithful, not only in her work, but in the social life of the Telephone Family. With the opening of the war, she made application for work in both the Red Cross and Y. W. C. A. branches, but did not receive her appointment until December. She has been ordered to report in New York for a week's conference at Barnard College before going overseas.

Although we are glad that Miss Hayward has been able to do this splendid thing, we are sorry to lose her and hope that some day she will come back to us.

Mr. Guy Clore has returned to the office after two weeks' illness with influenza.

Cy Meyn has returned home after several months' sojourn in Camp Arthur, Cal. Cy seemed delighted to get home and although army life is hardly what you would call a picnic, he says he has but one regret, and that is that the Huns got cold feet before he could get "over there."

On Wednesday, January 1st, the A. T. and T. Auxiliary entertained at the home of Mrs. W. E. Ketterman, in honor of Miss Hayward. The business of the evening was the annual installation of officers and was quickly disposed of. The officers elected for the ensuing year were:

President—Mrs. W. E. Ketterman.

Vice-President—Miss Ethel Seeburg.

Treasurer—Miss Ada Seeburg.

Secretary—Miss Ellen Groesbeck.

Auditor—Mrs. A. W. Barnes.

Supervisor—Miss Hazel Kelly.

Assistant Supervisor—Mrs. J. Gilmore.

After the business session the whole party was treated to a surprise by the "boys," who arrived en masse to wish Miss Hayward good luck and a safe journey.

Miss Hayward was presented with a handsome radium watch by the gentlemen and a steamer rug by the ladies.

A delicious luncheon was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Mulford, Miss Carmean, Miss Burgener and Miss Westcott. If Mrs. Ketterman forgot about the "fine" and served a dinner instead of the stipulated course of just three things, we will lay the fault at Miss Hayward's door and forgive her.

Mr. J. F. Ross, who has been absent for several days because of a badly sprained ankle, is again on the job.

Miss Ethel Westcott is the new plant girl now. Cheer up, Ethel, we all had our troubles once.

Miss Margaret Furlong of the Denver Commercial office was a Boulder visitor New Year's, an out-of-town guest at the little party given in honor of Miss Hayward.



Miss Maud Hayward of Boulder, Who Is in Canteen Work Overseas

Death Claims Sweet Nellie Snell

The many friends of Nellie Snell were shocked to hear of her death on Sunday, January 5th, resulting from influenza and pneumonia. She had not been well for more than two weeks and at the last grew rapidly worse, until Sunday morning she passed away.

Nellie was born in Boulder and had lived in this city all her life. She entered the employ of the Telephone Company ten years ago and her timid smile and sweet, kindly nature won her many friends among the employes. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her, and to her sister, Miss Alice, and her mother, is extended the sympathy of the entire Telephone Family.

Did It Ever Happen to You?

Were you ever sent by the chief to talk to a certain man in another part of the city? And did you ever decide that it was too far to walk and incidentally slip onto a south-bound train, intending to jump off at the University? And when you tried to jump off you found the vestibule was closed? And did you ever find yourself in Denver with but fifteen seconds to catch a train back home, and as you ran until your coat-tails stuck straight behind, you puffed and blowed till everyone stared and craned their necks? And when you reached the office, some three hours later and the chief asked what Mr. ——— said, what did you tell him?

If you had taken a number of ladies out riding in someone else's car, and just as you reached the cemetery the pesky thing refused to go any farther—did it ever occur to you that you might be out of gasoline? And when you had walked a good many blocks to a filling station and back again, had filled up the tank and started on, if you got only a block farther and the car stopped again—did it ever occur to you that you might be out of water? AND DID YOU SWEAR?

"Oh, Boy!"

An overwhelming catastrophe
Came to our office yesterday;
It seemed almost a tragedy,
Upon the heels of a holiday.
And this is the bursting bomb that dropped,
Cochran had his moustache cropped.

Mr. Rossman said his heart was dead,
Miss Hayward couldn't talk, she said;
Harold's golden hair turned red,
Miss Ingram sat and held her head.
And all because of the awful fact,
Cochran had his moustache whacked.

Circuit 82 went out,
The Longmont phantom got the gout;
We found Friend Barnie in a pout,
The Chief demanding what 'twas all about.
And this was what was driving us nuts,
Cochran had his moustache cut.

The world, once such a merry place,
Is now a dreary, desolate waste;
The thought on which our hopes are based,
Are that never again on his handsome face
Will happen that thing which we all have feared,
That Cochran should have his moustache sheared.

Colorado Springs District

J. D. Dingell, Correspondent

Traffic Department

With the new toll rates about to become effective, the Traffic Department takes its place in the ray of the spotlight. With the return of Mr. Ward P. Gammons from the Traffic Chiefs' conference at Denver, came a stream of "liberal interpretations" of the various phases that will confront the toll operating, as well as the commercial forces. For a period of two hours the laws were laid down to the operators, with an invited attendance of the entire Commercial Department. Questions were hurled at the interpreter in rapid-fire order by all, who seemed to be eager to understand thoroughly the new rules. The questions covered all sides of the issue, asked by Mr. Holland from his standpoint, and Paulson solicitously inquired how it would affect his pay stations when a subscriber would desire to reverse a "P. P." call and had an



THREE FAIR MAIDS OF BOULDER OFFICE.
Left to Right—Miss Helen Forsythe, Evening Supervisor; Miss Ada Seeburg,
Chief Operator; Miss Hazel Kelly, Assistant Chief Operator

amount deposited to cover the report charges, thereby splitting the total charges paid between two points. After as thorough an understanding as could have been inculcated through an illustrating vocabulary, Mr. Gammons betook himself for a tour of the district, where he further expounded his interpretations of the law.

For the finishing touches, Miss Barr, our Chief Operator, was called on. Her class was attended by Miss Frances Killeen of Cripple Creek, Miss Lulu Jones of Castle Rock and Mrs. Dewhurst of Calhan. Mr. George L. King, Exchange Manager at Cripple Creek, and Mr. Demory Gillette of Palmer Lake also attended the district meet. Mr. King had been in a local hospital with the "flu," and availed himself of the opportunity of attending the conference before leaving.

Plant Department

Mr. Ayersman's brief illness of a very mild form seems to be about the most startling bit of news to be gathered from this department. The exact diagnosis has never really been disclosed, as it had not taken place. It is my impression, however, that the inspection tour of the district plant had something to do with the indisposition of several days.

Pay day and a fire sale came at an opportune time. Plant men stormed a local sporting goods store and all came back with high-top leather boots, ready for the sleets and storms. On with some toll trouble for a real test.

With Mr. Hamilton's poetic contribution, plant news will terminate for this writing.

The Magic Telephone

What saves the housewife
Countless steps each day,
And weary hours of toil at home alone,
What gives her comfort, safety, joy, play?
THE MAGIC TELEPHONE.

What saves the farmer
Needless trips to town when time is gold,
And crops should all be sown,
Or calls his neighbor Brown to help,
Or plans unfold?
THE MAGIC TELEPHONE.

What gives the merchant
Perfect touch with patrons far and near,
Or with the wholesale house
An order to postpone,
That he may neither cheat nor losses fear?
THE MAGIC TELEPHONE.

What brings together
As a UNIT, ALL the WORLd,
What flashes business, friendship, love,
From zone to zone;
By WHAT are THESE through sunshine,
Storm or tempest hurled?
THE MAGIC TELEPHONE.

—J. Burnett Hamilton.

Trinidad District

Roberta H. Mitchell, Correspondent

Everybody too busy on new toll rates to think of Monitor news.

A new circuit has been added between Trinidad and Aguilar, phantom circuit No. 0307, completed January 7, 1919, on estimate E-1046.

Mr. Hagin, switchboard man at Trinidad, spent several days at Walsenburg clearing up troubles.

The new toll rates made effective January 21st were the cause of many conferences. January 14th the District Traffic



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU ?

Chiefs of the Eastern Division were in Denver to straighten out the kinks.

Since then each toll center has been the scene of much activity on the part of the managers, chief operators and toll operators.

Mr. D. Mogee, Silverton Manager, spent Tuesday, January 21st, in Durango going over T. C. 112.

The temperature around the San Luis Valley has been unusually low this winter, often reaching 30 below.

Mr. Hugh Trainer, Manager at Alamosa, was called to Las Vegas, N. M., on account of the illness and death of his father. Our sincerest sympathy goes out to Mr. Trainer.

Mr. E. B. Forney, Trinidad Wire Chief, is in Greeley, called there by the death of his mother. Mr. Forney also has our sympathy.

Mr. Charles Tuttle, Wire Chief at Walsenburg, is having a siege with the "flu." Mr. Alex Greeson, Construction Foreman, is handling the work at Walsenburg during Mr. Tuttle's absence.

A flea and a fly were discussing the flu and wondering each of them what they would do. Said the flea let us fly, said the fly let us flee; so they flew through a flaw in the flu.

The question has often been asked, "What is an efficient salesman?" And the best answer yet reported is, "An efficient salesman is an Irishman that buys something from a Jew and sells it to a Scotchman at a profit."

Greeley District

Jeannette Baird, Correspondent

Messrs. N. Castner, Fort Morgan; A. G. Hill, Sterling; O. H. Barney, Brush; G. F. Kulp, Fort Lupton; G. G. Stow, Eaton; James Scott, Windsor; H. W. Bolton, Julesburg, and B. M. Mossman, Gilcrest, Managers of these various exchanges, were guests of Manager H. H. Croll and the district office January 8th and 9th, the occasion being an educational lecture by Mr. R. B. Bonney, Educational Director. Mr. Bonney forcefully presented the efficiency methods of the United States in training its army, and as a result several of the gentlemen present enrolled for further educational work. After the lecture a buffet supper was served by Mrs. Roxanna Young and Miss Georgia Hillen. The music for the evening was furnished by a victrola loaned by the Hext Music Company, and from the records we discovered the next morning, there are some of us in doubt as to whether the lecture was the only enjoyment of the evening, for even a one-legged man could not sit still while such music was being played.

L. O. Gates, formerly student in Greeley Plant Depart-

ment, who has been on military furlough for several months, has returned to the same department, having been discharged from Camp Greene, S. C., after receiving his commission as Second Lieutenant in a Machine Gun Company.

Mr. A. G. Johnson of the Division Traffic Superintendent's office has been making a tour of the Greeley District in the interest of the new toll rate schedule. We think we should like to keep him permanently in Greeley as complaint clerk for his charming smile would surely help some.

District Manager H. H. Croll was called to Buffalo, N. Y., by the serious illness of his brother.

Pueblo District

W. E. Quarles, Correspondent

On January 16th the Pueblo employes, nearly 100 per cent strong, assembled at Fisher's Hall to listen to an address by Mr. R. B. Bonney, and also to a short talk by our Division General Manager, Mr. W. F. Brown. This was the first large gathering of the Pueblo employes in more than a year, and the entire evening proved thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Bonney's talk was well received, and we are sure will prove of great benefit to all who heard him. From 10 o'clock until midnight dancing was enjoyed by all present.

The evening proved an inspiration and has resulted in plans being already laid for a large dance at the new Garden Academy on the evening of February 19th. Up until about two years ago it was the custom of the employes in the Pueblo office to have a large annual dancing party, and with the revival of the affair this year it is hoped it will prove an annual event in the future.

We are happy to report that Mr. C. T. Hopkins, our District Manager, is back after an absence of four or five weeks, due to sickness.

Mr. Frank West has been added to our commercial force, and we hope he will like us well enough to remain permanently as a member of the Telephone Family.

We gained fifty-five subscribers in December and eighty-nine in January. If the present rate of gain keeps up very long we will soon need further switchboard facilities in addition to the three positions now being added by the equipment installers. We still dream of being large enough to have one or two sub-exchanges in the not dim distant future.

Lamar

We have added Mrs. Anna Saunders of Pueblo to our operating force.

Miss Bertha Denny of Fowler, formerly Lamar operator, paid us a visit a few days ago.

Our New Year's party was a "monstrous" success. The five-piece orchestra added to the pleasure of the evening and furnished lovely music for those who cared for dancing, while others enjoyed an occasional game of cards. We were sorry that our Wiley and Holly neighbors were unable to be with us because of the deep snow. Those on the refreshment committee deserve much credit for the elaborate lunch served.

Our obliging manager kindly offered to sing a song, which



Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mashburn. Mr. Mashburn is Exchange Manager at Las Animas

announcement immediately caused a stampede, leaving no one but the Wire Chief, who was so overcome he was unable to escape.

In attempting to get a picture of the group the bright lights gave them stage fright, and the results were moving pictures.

Kary A. Hunter, latest addition to the plant force, has changed from the state of single blessedness and joined the ranks of the Benedicts, having recently married Miss Irene Breyton of Lamar.

Grand Junction District

Agnes Woldridge, Correspondent

Miss Arthur, District Traffic Chief, has returned from a trip to Denver, where she attended a conference of Traffic Chiefs to discuss the new toll rates.

Miss Egger has returned from a short vacation, and by the constant smile on her face and her frequent references to a certain time, we fear that she will not be with us much longer.

Miss Jennie Blakely has returned to work after a siege of influenza.

Miss Anna Lindhardt, stenographer, is back after a two weeks' absence on account of influenza.

Mr. Herman Eiche, Exchange Manager at Rifle, spent several days at the Grand Junction office getting familiar with plant and commercial accounting.

Mrs. Margaret Boster has been checked in as the new Chief Operator at Palisade, succeeding Mrs. Conrad.

Mr. Douglas, Exchange Manager at Delta, and Mr. Walker, Exchange Manager at Mesa, were visitors at the Grand Junction office this week.

On January 12, 1919, at St. Joseph Church, occurred the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Forrest and Mr. Morris Coles, with only a few intimate friends present. The bride is a very popular and well-known employe of the Telephone Company, having worked in this exchange for several years. At the time of her marriage she was Supervisor. The groom is a young man of splendid personality, and is now employed as Assistant Manager of the Woolworth Store in Colorado Springs, where the young people will make their home. We are very sorry to see Miss Forrest leave us, but all join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Coles a verry happy and prosperous married life.

The employes of the Telephone Company enjoyed a delightful evening on Januay 16th at a party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Coles. The event took place at the Knights of Columbus Hall with four men and about twenty ladies present. It is unnecessary to state that the men were very popular.

After enjoying dancing for some time, we were served with delicious refreshments. Mr. Paschall without a doubt distinguished himself by his superhuman efforts to eat all of the ice cream to be found. Mr. Coles also showed wonderful ability in devouring angel food cake, while Mrs. Coles, in some mysterious way, hid more pickles than usual.

With a very appropriate speech, Miss Egger presented the honored guests with two very pretty pieces of cut glass.

At a late hour the party broke up, each person having spent an enjoyable evening and one to be remembered with pleasure.

Montrose

In this late day of "universal service" new uses for the telephone would seem to be hard to discover or invent, yet Miss Ortha W. Lee, principal of the Maple Grove School, has made such a discovery and put it into very practical use. Instead of sitting down and drawing her pay, as she would have been excusable in doing, she began calling up her pupils by telephone and assigning lessons for home study, at the same time leaving word to call her if any help was needed. The plan found instant favor and the success of her experiment was soon proven by the many calls for assistance.

To aid her in her work a desk telephone was installed

and the school board sent out circular letters to all the patrons requesting, whenever possible, to give her the right of way on all lines. In conversation with Miss Lee, she said that by this method of teaching she was able to give each student the very best of individual instruction. As a result, when school resumes its regular sessions the pupils will be practically as far advanced as if there had been no interruption.

This is just another proof of the wonderful versatility of the telephone. In the trying times of the dreaded plague it has been the doctor's most faithful assistant, the merchant's most efficient clerk, the banker's constant adviser, and has kept the pastor in personal touch with his flock. It is easy to imagine what untold suffering would have followed the enactment of such drastic health regulations without the telephone.

The Western Union telegraph office has been moved into beautiful new quarters in the Home State Bank Building, just across the alley from the telephone office and, as the postoffice is only across the street from both, if a man gets a letter requiring a quick answer he has only to step across the street to the telegraph office, and if it requires instant action, the telephone office is thirty feet nearer.

The Montrose operating force were the recipients of many useful and tasteful presents during Christmas week, of which they were very appreciative; but they were more than grateful for the many kind words spoken of their work, both on the street and in the press. It is no doubt more or less true everywhere, but here there is an almost perfect understanding of each other's position between the operators and the subscribers.

The manager, the top of whose head has been a stranger to natural covering for many years, is sprouting a luxuriant growth of tender new hair.

Miss Mary Hoban, local cashier, has been acting as traveling auditor for the past few days, checking in a new chief operator at Olathe.

Paul Leisy, the energetic young janitor of the Montrose Exchange, is an electrical experimenter of remarkable ability for his age. One of his experiments recently required a transformer of such range that it could not be bought without special manufacture. Paul decided that if that was the case he might as well make it himself, so he went to work and in about a week had it completed. The energy with which he worked can better be appreciated when it is explained that at the same time he was looking after his work at the office and attending High School. Then, too, he had to rebuild it a time or two before he was satisfied with it. The finished transformer is electrically and mechanically perfect and would reflect credit on a well-equipped shop.

Glenwood Springs

We enjoyed a visit from Mr. R. E. Gow and Miss Arthur of the district office the first part of the month. While they were in Glenwood Springs a little telephone party was pulled off and a pleasant evening spent at the home of Mrs. Barlem, where our Chief Operator, Miss Robinson, lives. The "eats" were not the smallest part of the program, and it was surprising how much Divinity candy Miss Arthur handled. Before the party broke up a couple of flashlight pictures were taken.

Miss Lillian Kuntz has returned from the East, where she has been taking a three-months' vacation. Miss Elizabeth Fitzgerald began her vacation January 13th.

Miss Hadsell, formerly an operator at Rifle, is now helping us in the Glenwood Springs office.

Mr. Herman Eiche is being checked in at Rifle as Exchange Manager, this month. This will relieve the Glenwood Springs Plant Department of the maintenance of Rifle



Mrs. Morris Coles, nee Miss Forrest

and Grand Valley and, incidentally, of one more man, Clyde Burnaugh. Clyde has accepted a position with the Western Union construction crew, working near Glenwood Springs at this time.

Coasting parties have been in evidence every night in Glenwood Springs for the past three months.

Telluride

Since our last Monitor notes, Miss Ethyl Larson of Kearney, Neb., has succeeded Miss Ida Larson, who resigned to accept a position with the Western Union.

Mrs. A. A. Lyke arrived from Steamboat Springs, which not only added smiles to our Wire Chief's countenance, but brought great relief to our Traffic Department, as she accepted the position as relief operator. Mrs. Lyke is a very efficient operator, having worked in Telluride before the cut-over in 1912.

Miss Lillian Thompson is back at work after a week's lay-off.

If frequent visits to Sawpit and a sparkler are any symptoms that Dan Cupid is soon to visit our Traffic Department, we fear that one of our force will not be with us long. (Of course, we will not mention any names.)

Manager Hunt is again able to be at his desk, after being confined to his bed for several days. We feared an attack of "flu," but it proved to be only a cold.

■ ■

Grand Junction Rejoices Over Lifting of Debt On Y. M. C. A. Building

District Manager Risley Praised for His Part in the Good Work

The Grand Junction Sentinel, in its account of a campaign that was made recently to lift the debt on the beautiful Y. M. C. A. building in that city, expresses the appreciation of the people for the efforts made by the chairman of the committee, Mr. H. R. Risley, our District Manager.

All things considered, it is a plucky committee that starts out to raise \$37,000 in a city the size of Grand Junction, these days. But this committee did it, and Mr. Risley, at the head, proved to be one of the most popular as well as effective managers and solicitors who ever conducted a money-raising campaign in the Western Slope city.

The finish of the good work was celebrated with a dinner in the handsome structure now relieved of debt, and was a most happy affair for all concerned.

■ ■

His Office Boy

A newspaper editor in London has written a tribute to his office boy, killed in action in France, that is a bit different from the usual English style of writing. It tells a story right from the heart of the chief's affection for his young co-worker, as follows:

"Humphreys is asleep in France. Most people do not know Humphreys. He was only a boy—the merry boy of the staff. He grew up with it. He was a member of the League of the Helping Hand. He made the world seem bright on its darkest day, for Humphreys knew the joy of life. He enlisted one day on his way to the office, quietly and without a word to any human being. It was work for a boy, he thought, and he did it. He was in the trenches for years. He hardly ever had a rest.

"And now he is gone—one more on the long, long roll of England's heroes; one more on the long, long,

road that leads to everlasting life. The life of the earth is poorer, but the memory of Humphreys is something rare and rich."

—Chamberlin's.

Roswell District

Continued from page 17

Mr. Lockwood Gail, who temporarily held the ship (manager-ship) in Mr. Bigler's absence, has been transferred to the Plant Department at Roswell. Just before leaving Artesia, said Mr. Gail thought it necessary to pull off something original. We've all heard of baling wires, barrel hoops, clock springs, eagle's nests and dog chains causing toll line troubles, but it was left to Gail to tell us about this one. Some one had reported the Artesia-Roswell toll line swinging short at times and Gail was out on it. In a couple of hours he came back with the report something like this:

Gail—I've found the trouble on the 370.

Testman—What was it?

Gail—Jack rabbit and a steel trap.

Testman—Come again, did you say jack rabbit and steel trap?

Gail—Yes.

Testman—What was the cause of the trouble?

Gail—Hawk, I guess.

Testman—That's fine bunk to put on my log record. I think I'll wait till you send in your 85. Adios.

Ft. Sumner

Reports began coming from a little burg called Santa Rosa that the Exchange Manager at that place had a covetous eye on a little exchange just across over in the Roswell District, and you all know what generally happens when you get your mind made up about something and then go after it. The result in this case was that Mr. F. A. Esch was transferred to Ft. Sumner as Exchange Manager, and from present indications Santa Rosa has lost a pretty good man.

Mr. J. Douglas Gillespie, former Exchange Manager at Ft. Sumner, has returned from the Central Officers' Training Camp at Camp Pike, and has been transferred to the Phoenix District. "Doug" always was a clever bird and we are expecting to hear big things about him.

This happened during our recent shortage when all the operators were enjoying an enforced vacation on account of the "flu." The accustomed pleasant feminine "Number, please," was temporarily being replaced by the raucous masculine, and this is how it happened:

Operator—Number, please.

Subscriber—Have you any overshoes?

Operator—Number, please.

Subscriber—Oh, a No. 8 or 9 will do.

Operator—I think you want a dry goods store. I'll ring No. 10 for you.

Clovis

Texico is all dolled up with a brand new spick and span central office. Anxious to get into it? Well, I guess we are. We can hardly wait for the gang to get here to make the cut over.

■ ■

Where Troubles Go

A crowd of troubles passed him by
As he with courage waited;
He said, "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"

"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected;
Who weakly say goodbye to hope—
We go—where we're expected."

—Selected.

Accounting Department

A. R. Grosheider, Correspondent

The "Statistician"

WHAT an enormous movement in connects and disconnects it does take to get a small gain in stations. For the Company in the year 1918 the record is as follows:

Connects	65,939
Disconnects	63,081
Net gain	2,858

Disbursing Office

Mr. A. F. Hoffman, Chief Traveling Auditor, is very proud of a map-and-pin scheme which hangs just above his desk. Little red and blue pins marshal all the exchanges in proper array, while white ones representing the Traveling Auditors, go marching across the map under the guidance of the master hand.

The cluster of little pins about Denver leaves scarcely any room for big ones, so when headquarters

receives a visit from Carl Smith, who "Dodges" about the Eastern Division, his pin takes a vacation across the Kansas line. What would happen if a Traveling Auditors' conference occurred?

Corporate and Federal Accounting

A conference of members of the General Accounting Department, Denver, was held on January 29th and 30th in the offices of General Auditor Roderick Reid, to go over the subject of corporate and federal accounting made necessary under federal control.

At this conference were also present Mr. Clyde Uhrig of the General Accounting staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Messrs. George H. Edwards and R. D. Sheldon, traveling auditors of the American Company.

Mr. Uhrig came from the New York office to explain in detail the intricate questions involved in closing the books for the year and in setting up the new accounts necessary to care for corporate and federal transactions under government control of our two constituent companies, the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Tri-State Telephone Company.

Northern Division

January

January, 1919, is more remarkable than many Januarys which have passed. It is as if a great fog had lifted and let in the bright sunlight on a new year. A more fitting occasion for a celebration in honor of the Roman deity, Janus, will never come to pass. Janus was placed on almost an equal footing with Jupiter by the Romans, and it is after him that the first month of the year was named. They ascribed the beginning and ending of all things to him, including the change of seasons, the ups and downs of fortune and the difficulties of the human race in agriculture, industry, arts and religion. He is represented with two heads, one being that of a young man to indicate the beginning, the other that of an old man to indicate the end.

Some think the two faces of this mythical deity allegories Noah and his sons who looked back on the world before the flood and forward on the world after the deluge had abated.

Janus was publicly worshipped by the Romans, who erected a temple in his honor. The gates of this temple stood open so long as Rome was at war, and were closed with great rejoicing in time of peace. The nations of the world now stand united in hoping that



Two Good Looking Husky Boys From U. S. A.

Taken in Bordeaux, France. The tall one is G. E. Berggren of the General Auditor's office. Mr. Berggren is Regional Auditor of the Y. M. C. A. for France.

Janus has locked securely the gates of 1918—and lost the key!

Will You Join the Chase?

Have you heard of the "hounds?" You probably have. The thought brings to your mind the sound of the hunter's bugle and the pawing of well-groomed steeds eager to join the chase. The hound is first and foremost in running down the quarry. Our quarry stands for an idea and our ability to scent the idea and run it down will prove whether or not we are competent "hounds."

There is a new idea born every second, and this means plenty of prey for each and every hound who wishes to join the chase. A little curiosity is necessary, and also a bit of perseverance. This should be combined with enough energy to stalk the quarry and thereby register the satisfaction of the successful "hound."

Here is one of your first opportunities to prove your ability in the chase. Use a new word correctly each day when talking to a brother "hound" and be sure to notice each new one that he uses. There are plenty to go around. Out of about 317,000 terms which compose the dictionary, only 2,750 are in common use by the average person. Only one a day for one year would mean 365 new words in your vocabulary.

This will help us start the New Year in a new way. Mr. Eaton will give anyone accurate information concerning the "hounds."

A partial list of "hounds":

E. L. Holden
John U. Hiltz
Reece Heaton, a junior "hound"
E. G. Butterfield, Manager, Hamilton
Eddie Jones
R. C. Swain, Exchange Manager

New members' names will be published each month, or as fast as we find the new "hounds." Just let us catch a manager or clerk running something around he doesn't know about but is finding out about and he is at once past the puppy stage and elected a "hound."

Eastern Division

We are glad to see our old friend, George Matheson, back on the job as office supplies supervisor.

V. B. Larkin, P. E. Remington and O. V. Anderson have recently returned from military service. Mr. Remington has been assigned the job of rewriting and bringing up to date a number of circulars which have for some time been side-tracked.

Messrs. Sheldon and Wiseman, A. T. & T. Co. traveling auditor and office supplies expert, have completed their work and gone, Mr. Edwards, A. T. & T. Co. traveling auditor, remaining. They are always congenial and we feel that much good has been accomplished through their visits.

"Grundies"

It has been discovered recently that we have two ornithologists in our "fambly." Mr. Roderick Reid is at present making a study of a family of finches which call on him daily for the seed he diligently places on his window ledge for them.

Mr. M. R. Caldwell's present specialty, he says, is "snow

birds." He was overtaken in the hall a few days ago taking home a package of seed for his pets.

One reason for writing this is to be able to use the word "ornithologist" by way of contribution to the "hound" fund.

You may know the fellow
Who thinks he thinks,
Or the fellow who thinks he knows,
But find the fellow
Who knows he thinks,
And you know the fellow who knows.

—Mabel Roberts.

A wise old adage says, "Never do today what can be put off until tomorrow." I generally follow that as long as I can, but there comes a time when it can't be done tomorrow, and so I've set me down to write these lines. I had thought I'd write a catchy little article on the date the Monitors reach us, giving as a paramount reason for writing it the annoyance of reading the items after they are several weeks old, but I'm really afraid they'd take this job away from me and, realizing the loss to you all, I'll refrain and only mention pleasantly the various and sundry happenings I've pigeonholed from day to day.

I'm sure Whittier was a good man, and far be it from me to criticize his writings in any way, but it has been borne upon me this last month that his poem, "How Beautiful Is the Snow," was written in the summer. Mr. Grosheider says he didn't recite it anyway, as he shoveled the walk clear one A. M. But snow nor anything else didn't tend to shorten the "bread" line that stood in front of the express company one memorable day last month when the State officials, having their own larders full, ordered our Colorado "bone dry." Others of us politely refrained from mentioning the fact to those whose feet seemed unusually tired the next morning, for, of course, telephone service is universal, and our people must be present in every gathering. But the old reliable is dwindling away. Speaking of old reliable reminds me that in our division office here we have fifty employes who have been with the Company over four years, and a goodly portion of the fifty runs up to ten and fifteen years and over.

Several of our overseas and over here friends have been mustered out and are home again, and of course the girls are all excited, some of them contemplating the day of their exit from the office. It was my first intention to run a sort of society column and announce the engagement, adding perhaps that the "Podunk Herald joins a host of friends," etc., but a mother of seventeen daughters warned me of the famous "slip," so I've refrained from mentioning names. By the way, has anyone in the office failed to hear of my flowers from France. This really is in the nature of an advertisement, and if there be, please come at once, for I'm looking for new material.

And now come the national affairs—seems like I can't keep out of it. There doesn't seem to be much to say, however. The Peace Conference is getting along all right, and we feel sure they'll do as well as we could, only I hope with the settling of all the questions of universal importance they won't forget we want the freedom of the sneeze.

—G. B. L.

Mr. Croll Got By—After Establishing Identity and Making Explanations

The just and the unjust, the innocent and the guilty, all look alike, in the darkness, at least, to the sleuths of the law. So our District Manager at Greeley found one glomy night in January as he was returning from a remote corner of his district to the metropolis of Weld County. As he drove upon the bridge leading into the old home town, his highest ambition in the way of a drink being a cup of hot coffee served on the family dining table, two figures leaped out of the dark and turned a spotlight full in his face. He did just what anyone would have done under the circumstances; possessed of a perfectly clear conscience and thinking of holdups, he "stepped on 'er" and the car shot along, but his troubles were not ended. The sheriff's office, on the lookout for bootleggers, had orders to guard the bridge well—and they were carrying out instructions to the letter, for at the far end of the structure two more figures popped out of the darkness and, drawing guns, commanded our law-abiding D. M. to "Halt."

He did so—at the business end of the guns, and says he never before realized that a little shooting-iron could look so long and so "nawsty." The gentlemen on the job behind the guns were taking no chances on letting any purveyor of contraband wet goods get by, but Mr. Croll stoutly denied having taken on any solids, to say nothing of liquids, since high noon, so they treated him better than the French did their opponents at Verdun, and let him "pass."

Now, heretofore, a bone-dry State has had no terrors for Mr. Croll, for has he not lived in a bone-dry (?) community these many years? They say even the mince pies at Greeley—but then, why speak of it? For we must all get used to it now.

The Revelation

*The same old sprint in the morning, boys, to the same old din
and smut;*

*Chained all day to the same old desk, down in the same old rut;
Posting the same old greasy books, catching the same old train;
Oh, how will I manage to stick it all, if I ever get back again?*

*We've bidden good-bye to life in a cage, we're finished with
pushing a pen;*

*They're pumping us full of bellicose rage, they're showing us
how to be men.*

*We're only beginning to find ourselves; we're wonders of
brawn and thew;*

*But when we go back to our "sissy" jobs—oh, what are we
going to do?*

*For shoulders curved with the counter stoop will be carried erect
and square;*

*And faces white from the office light will be bronzed by the
open air;*

*And we'll walk with the stride of a new-born pride, with a
new-found joy in our eyes,*

Scornful men who have dived with death under the naked skies.

*And when we get back to the dreary grind, and the bald-headed
boss' call,*

*Don't you think that the dingy window-blind, and the dingier
office wall,*

*Will suddenly melt to a vision of space, of violent, flame-scarred
night?*

*Then . . . oh, the joy of the danger-thrill, and oh, the roar of
the fight?*

*Don't you think as we peddle a card of pins the counter will
fade away,*

*And again we'll be seeing the sand-bag rims, and the barb-
wire's misty gray?*

*As a flat voice asks for a pound of tea, don't you fancy we'll
hear instead*

*The night-wind moan and the soothing drone of the packet
overhead?*

*Don't you guess that the things we're seeing now will haunt us
through all the years;*

*Heaven and hell rolled into one, glory and blood and tears;
Life's pattern picked with a scarlet thread, where once we wove
with a gray*

*To remind us all how we played our part in the shock of an
epic day?*

*Oh, we're booked for the Great Adventure now, we're pledged
to the Real Romance;*

*We'll find ourselves or we'll lose ourselves somewhere in giddy
old France;*

*We'll know the zest of the fighter's life; the best that we have
we'll give;*

*We'll hunger and thirst; we'll die . . . but first—we'll live;
by the gods, we'll live!*

*We'll breathe free air and we'll bivouac under the starry sky;
We'll march with men and we'll fight with men, and we'll see
men laugh and die;*

*We'll know such joy as we never dreamed; we'll fathom the
depths of pain;*

*But the hardest bit of it all will be—when we come back home
again.*

*For some of us smirk in a chiffon shop, and some of us teach in
a school;*

*Some of us help with the seat of our pants to polish an office
stool;*

*The merits of somebody's soap or jam some of us seek to
explain,*

*But all of us wonder what we'll do when we have to go back
again.*

—Robert W. Service.

All Together

*It ain't the guns nor armament
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.*

*It ain't the individuals
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' team work
Of every bloomin' soul.*

—Kipling.



Reorganization of Chapter No. 7, Telephone Society, at Helena

WITH the cessation of hostilities and abatement of the influenza epidemic our thoughts are free to turn toward the problems of reconstruction. One of the influences at our command as a means of promoting good-fellowship and bringing into closer touch the employes and the Company is the Telephone Society of the Mountain States. In pre-war days Chapter No. 7, at Helena, was very active and successful.

On the evening of January 20th Chapter 7 was reorganized. The spirit of the meeting was most enthusiastic and prospects for the future are bright. The officers elected for the coming year were: Eugene Holden, President; Tom C. Crayon, Vice-President; Harvey Higgins, Secretary, and A. M. Paulson, Treasurer.

Mr. C. G. Eaton gave the chapter a splendid talk on service and loyalty and punctuated his remarks with a nice donation to the chapter to help along with the big event planned for February 22nd. We have no advance information as to what the program committee has in store for us, but if past performances are indicative, we may be sure that February 22nd will be fittingly celebrated.

Olaf Jacobson has been transferred to Mr. McCoy's force in the capacity of Exchange Construction Engineer.

Great Falls District

G. H. Platt, Correspondent

It is our sad duty this month to record the passing of our District Manager, Mr. R. F. Carney, which occurred on January 1 following an attack of pneumonia. From the first his illness was serious and soon became critical. He was, however, conscious to the last and realized that he had but little chance of recovery. His last wish was to live the old year out. The news of his death came as a great shock to his host of friends, who would not abandon hope that he might win the fight for life.

Mr. Carney came to Great Falls in 1911 as District Manager for the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company, and when, some

years later, the old Independent Exchange was taken over, the Company expressed its confidence in him by appointing him manager of the consolidated business, which position he ably filled until the time of his death, enjoying the confidence and esteem of employer and employe alike, as well as that of the general public. In business, as in social life, Mr. Carney was exceedingly popular, and in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the city he took a keen interest and lent a helping hand.

Mr. Carney's career from his first entrance into business until the time of his death was a successful one. Entering the service of the Light and Power Company of Madrid, N. Y., at the age of sixteen years, he displayed such an aptitude for business that within a year he became manager of the concern. Being of an ambitious disposition and looking for larger fields of endeavor, he secured employment with the New York Telephone Company, and after holding several good positions with that company in various cities in Northern New York, he obtained a transfer to the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company, for which concern he acted as Exchange Manager at different points in Southern Idaho.

In 1909 he was appointed Special Representative for the State of Montana, and the following year accepted the managership of the Helena District, from which in 1911 he was transferred to Great Falls in like capacity.

The funeral services were held on Sunday, January 5th, under the auspices of Cascade Lodge No. 34, A. F. and A. M., and Great Falls Commandery of Knights Templar, of which Mr. Carney was an esteemed member. The Great Falls Rotary and Commercial Clubs were largely represented, the deceased being prominently associated with both of these organizations.

Mr. Carney is survived by his wife and two children, to whom deepest sympathy is extended by all his associates.

Mr. F. E. Farwell, our new District Manager, took up his duties last Monday. Mr. Farwell is well known in Great Falls, having been associated with the work in the Northern Division for many years. We believe that we are voicing the sentiments of all the employes of this district when we extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Farwell and wish him the success which attends those well-directed efforts of which we know him to be capable.

Lineman W. C. Blackburn was out on toll line trouble in the early part of the month and, finding it impossible to use his Ford car, resorted to the hire of a team. Imagine our surprise, however, on receiving a voucher worded as follows: "To cover cost of four team feeds for Lineman Blackburn." We never had any doubt as to the species to which Mr. Blackburn belongs, but we should not have expected such a candid admission from him.



Mr. R. F. Carney, Late District Manager, Great Falls, Montana

Billings District

Plant

E. E. Miller, Correspondent

We are reminded that the "flu" is still with us, in that several of the employes around the building are sick with the universal malady. At this time we believe that, with very few exceptions, everyone has had some experience (even though in a light form) with this disease, but hope that all will be well again when we go to press for the next issue of The Monitor.

A Case of "Flu"

The following is just a commonplace description of a case of "flu" in which the writer was the sufferer:

I had been feeling fine all along, principally because my mode of living for the past three months was as near 100 per cent as possible to make it. Had kept away from movie shows and gatherings of any kind. Even did not go down town in the evenings; in fact, took all of the necessary precautions as prescribed by the medical fraternity. Had watched myself so closely that I thought surely I was immune from any attack of these infinitesimal germs.

But, alack and alas! It can't be did. One night not long ago I woke up about 1:30 a. m. and could not determine whether I was in the River Jordan or having a wrestling match with Satan himself on the hot cinders down below. The way the perspiration was oozing from me was awful and my temperature during that night must have been 1.000.

The result was that I stayed in bed for a week; couldn't even hang up my stockings the night before Christmas, and my Christmas dinner consisted of a meal that wouldn't keep a chicadee alive for five minutes. However, the fever died out and then I experienced that horrible sensation of extreme weakness.

Your vitality seems all to have disappeared; no pep whatever; all cats taste alike and you only eat because it's before you as per the doctor's orders and is essential to help build up your weakened condition. Later when your appetite shows signs of life—oh, boy! How good that first piece of beefsteak taste, and right then you begin to sit up to the table regular like a star boarder and take on three squares a day, and then some.

In conclusion, I wish to state that the "flu" is not the nicest thing in the world to have around the house, and if you have any preference in the matter, don't have it.

Mr. W. F. McIntyre, Division Plant Superintendent, came to town the other day by train and, after a short visit, departed the same way.

Mr. Clark, Supervisor of Maintenance, from the general office, made us a nice visit during the early part of January.

Messrs. Crapo and Milligan, from the equipment department at Denver, arrived in town a few days ago and in company with Mr. M. C. Hensley of Billings departed for a trip of inspection of several of the exchanges in the Northern Division.

Mr. C. H. Lytle, traveling auditor, has also been with us. "Doc" is sure there when it comes to high finance and would put Thomas W. Lawson to shame in any sort of competition.

F. C. Merritt, District Plant Chief, recently drove to Joliet on a trip of inspection of the toll lines in that vicinity, which are being repaired, and reported the roads as good as at any time last summer, and with the exception of a rather cool wind, it was like driving in the month of October.

Mr. E. V. Fuston has been transferred from the telegraph department of Salt Lake City to the Billings department. His initiation to the Billings district was not according to rule, in that his whole family are sick with the "flu," but last reports of their condition were favorable.

If at any time the old married men want any inside information on the art of nursing and cooking at the time the whole family is sick with the "flu," I will be only too glad to refer you to an expert in the game, and his name is Jackson, chief of the telegraph operators, at Billings.

O. R. Hedberg, Plant Chief of this exchange, and family, have returned from a very pleasant visit to Salt Lake City. We don't know how anxious the rest of the family were to return home, but we understand that "Bish," after a certain day, just had to get back, pronto. Rumor has it that the boys at the plant office in the Salt City play them high, wide and handsome. "Bish" declares, "Never again."

Joe Wenzel has completed the Hardin estimate and is now in Billings with his crew starting the Billings cable relief estimate.

Roy C. Coffman has been working in the District Plant office for the past week, being initiated into the mysteries of plant accounting. Next week he goes to Thermopolis, Wyo., for a short time on some exchange work.

Jack Read is pushing right along on the toll repair estimate between Red Lodge and Laurel and hopes to be through in a few days, at which time it is thought he will start the Laurel Exchange estimate.

Joe Schneider doesn't know whether he has had the "flu" or not. All I have to say is that when Joe gets it he will have it and will know it and Bill Gates won't have to tell him about it, either.

The Plant Department seems to be the only one to write any Monitor notes of late. Looks like the Traffic and Commercial Departments would get together and join the game. There is nothing to it; just sit down for an hour or so and with that old machine of yours tell in your own language what has been going on for the past thirty days. You don't have to make any spread of big words and diplomatic language. That's not at all necessary, because we other fellows who have tried to contribute every month would not know what you meant and would have to read the notes with the aid of Webster unabridged. So, wake up and hear the birds sing and be one of the regular contributors. This also applies to the man known as one of the best bowlers in the world, if that is not covering too much territory. There is another chap around here who is right there on suggestions for The Monitor, and I believe if that gentleman were properly approached the correspondent of the Commercial Department would get some live subjects.

Attention of: N. H. Castle, Red Lodge; A. G. Krauss, Bozeman, and other Northern Division fishermen! Can you offer anything that beats this?

Hamilton, Ont.—Fish are so numerous in Lake Minnetonka that they are wearing out the piling of bridges. County surveyors on inspection trips say the fish swim past in such steady streams that the constant swish of their sides against the wooden supports leaves a trail of sawdust on the water. Consequently, one bridge has already been closed for repairs. Suggestions that the county install a resort where the fish could scratch their backs and thus save the bridge foundations have met with no response.

Butte District

O. R. Newman, Correspondent

We are reliably informed that a great many New Year resolutions are going to be kept this year. But then it won't be such a hard matter, after all, since special legislation and a vigilant police force are ever ready to detect any indications of backsliding.

Speaking of resolutions, brings to mind the fact that we are not going to lose sight of the benefits resulting from the many restrictions that were placed upon us during the trying war period. Everyone knows there were no slackers in our organization, either in business or private life. As we look back, we can see that many amusing incidents occurred, even though the effort was made to help out in the tragedy of war. Without comment we relate the following incident which did not occur in this Company: A fire had destroyed some 100 feet of 400 pair cable, which practically demoralized the service of the exchange. The plant men were on the job early the next morning to make repairs. The foreman, in looking over the local stock, found a reel containing 120 feet of 400 pair cable. "How fortunate," he

remarked, "that we have ready at hand the proper length and size of cable to repair the damage." The Exchange Manager was horrified, but finally managed to say, "Why, man, you can't use that!" "And why not?" asked the surprised foreman. "Because," said the Manager, ready to overwhelm him with his reply, "that reel is plainly and distinctly marked, 'Do not use; hold for emergency.'"

Butte City is financially embarrassed, but we did not realize this fact until last week, when Cable Splicer Ed Dalley, with Foreman Joe Uhr as helper, who is wintering in Butte, worked three days repairing the city fire and police signal cables and received their pay in warrants. Since it is absolutely impossible to cash city warrants, Joe says he is going to take the city hall clock and if that doesn't cover the bill he will take the mayor's desk.

Mr. Harry Marx and John Cotter of the Equipment Department are doing some central office rearrangements and installations in the Butte Exchange.

Mr. A. W. Sar of the Equipment Department recently completed the installation of a new set of storage batteries at Deer Lodge, for which we are duly thankful.

Mr. E. G. Scott and William E. Bennett of the Equipment Department will install an additional toll section at Missoula.

Mr. Gene Holden, Division Cashier, was in Butte on business just before New Year's; at least we assume this was a business trip, as we saw very little of Gene.

Mr. A. E. Crosse, Division Supervisor of Equipment, has been in Butte for the past week. The last time Mr. Crosse paid us a visit he took sick with the measles and this time he is busy sidestepping the "flu."

Mr. H. O. Jacobson of the Division Construction Engineers' office is in Butte making an engineering study of our plant.

Mr. W. B. Green has arrived from Denver to assist Mr. R. E. Leonard in the A. T. & T. inductive tests that have been made throughout our territory for the past few months.

Mr. A. L. Clark, formerly Assistant District Cashier, paid us a short visit while en route to Helena.

Mr. F. A. Clark, Supervisor of Maintenance, spent two very busy days in Butte looking over our equipment and outlining proposed routine changes.

Mr. W. F. McIntyre, Division Plant Superintendent, spent a couple of days in Butte recently. Mr. McIntyre has been kept so busy lately that he is more of a caller than an actual visitor, as his time is generally limited.

It is with regret that we report the death of Mr. Martin H. Frincke, which occurred at Deer Lodge, Mont., on December 21, 1918. Mr. Frincke was formerly connected with our Company at Denver and recently came to Montana. At the time of his death he was employed as relief sub-station attendant operator for the Chicago & Milwaukee Railway Company. Mr. Frincke was of powerful build and apparently in good health at the time he was stricken down with influenza. He leaves a wife and two small children to mourn his loss. The body was taken to Denver for burial.

Mr. M. C. Hensley, Division Installation Foreman for the Equipment Department, is in Butte looking over the progress of the central office work being handled at this and other exchanges throughout the Butte District.

Repairman R. M. Baker sustained an accident to his hand last week while clearing a "bug" in an aerial wire lead. The "bug" in question happened to be a cat, which strenuously objected to being removed, with the result that Mr. Baker is nursing a badly lacerated finger.

Mr. C. M. Dahlgreen was recently transferred from Forsyth as our Exchange Manager at Deer Lodge. Charley says that as long as he can see the mountains and knows that he is within walking distance of a good trout stream he is absolutely satisfied.

Mr. H. D. Webster, Manager at Three Forks, together with his entire family, have been quarantined with the "flu." Mr. L. M. Combs of the Butte Plant Department is acting as relief Exchange Manager while Mr. Webster is in quarantine.

Mr. H. R. Anderson and Mr. E. G. Wilson of Denver spent several days in Butte in connection with telegraph maintenance

and new installation work now in progress in their department.

Mr. T. F. McCoy, Division Construction Engineer, came over from Helena with Mr. Jacobson. While Mr. McCoy insists that his visit was merely to introduce Mr. Jacobson to Butte, we are inclined to believe that the real intent of his visit was to see what Mr. R. E. Leonard of the A. T. & T. Co. had done with his Dodge car.

Mr. M. W. Smith, District Traffic Chief, has been very busy lately getting his department lined up for the new toll rates which became effective at midnight, January 21st. He spent several days in a general conference at Helena.

The following Exchange Managers were visitors at the Butte Exchange in order to familiarize themselves with the conditions imposed upon us by the new toll rates: Manager E. G. Butterfield, Hamilton; Manager R. E. Rice, Missoula; Manager J. B. Fleming, Anaconda; Manager C. M. Dahlgreen, Deer Lodge.

Butte Traffic

The usual Christmas tree, which was one of the most attractive ever placed in the rest room, was the main feature during the holiday season, and with its myriad of twinkling lights and vari-colored ornaments, sparkling tinsel, ropes of popcorn and gifts galore, presented a very pretty picture. As in preceding years, Mr. Maher and Mr. Drouth did the wiring, and the usual beautiful effect was produced.

The method by which the gifts were chosen was carried out in an unusually unique manner. Each girl's name was written on a card, these being placed in a receptacle, which entitled every girl to draw therefrom. By so doing, each girl received an individual gift. These gifts all came within a stated sum and created no end of amusement.

Among the happiest "girls" around the rest room at Christmas time were Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Sugden, who had each been presented with a handsome black velvet silver mounted hand-bag. These beautiful gifts were given them by their girls and were greatly appreciated.

Miss Nora Sullivan, who has been very ill with pneumonia following influenza, is able to resume her duties again as supervisor.

Miss Velma Stevens and Miss Ethel Hill, who were both seriously injured in an automobile accident on Thanksgiving Day, have recovered and are back with us again.

Miss Thelma Fewell, our "only boy," the girl bubbling with enthusiasm and fun and expectation, is going to Chicago the first of February. After six weeks' leave of absence, during which time she will visit relatives, she will return to her duties as toll operator.

Miss Marguerite Stawe, one of our toll operators, who drew a wide circle of friends about her during her stay with us, has resigned and gone to Spokane, where she has since been married to a prosperous young man of that city.

Miss Bess McCracken, who has gone through a siege of influenza, has returned. Miss McCracken has only praise for the good work done at the Red Cross Hospital, but says she would rather be a nurse than a patient.

Mrs. Queen and Mrs. Darragh have resigned to take up their duties as home-makers, Mr. Queen having returned from Camp Lewis and Mr. Darragh from France. Mr. Darragh was wounded in action and was in a hospital for some time, but has entirely recovered.

Several interesting letters have been received from our former Chief Operator, Miss Celia Grimecke, who is now in Paris. She gives witty and instructive accounts of her work "over there." Miss Grimecke expects to return in a few months.

Butte Chapter No. 18

For the past year Butte Chapter No. 18 of the Telephone Society of the Mountain States has been inactive, due to the pressure of duties brought about by war conditions. On January 6th a meeting of the chapter was held, at which time Mr. J. F. Greenawalt, President of the Telephone Society, delivered an address, the purpose of which was to revive interest in our Telephone Chapter and the educa-

tional plan. Mr. Greenawalt, among other subjects, mentioned the beneficial results that could be obtained if army morale was introduced and adapted to our own organization. The meeting was well attended and Mr. Greenawalt's talk very much appreciated.

Mr. R. M. Morris, Division Commercial Superintendent, was a visitor at this meeting and gave us a little talk regarding co-operation. Mr. Morris has the distinction of being the first Division Office official to address the Butte Chapter.

Mr. R. E. Leonard of the A. T. & T. Engineering Department gave us a brief outline of the inductive interference resulting from the Milwaukee electrification and the result of tests and practices that had been instituted to mitigate this evil.

Steps were taken to immediately reorganize, and a meeting was called for January 15th, at which time candidates for officers for the year 1919 were announced. At the meeting on Wednesday, January 15th, a great deal of amusement was had by the members while making the official count of the ballot. We now have two very strong tickets in the field and final election will be held on February 12th.

In connection with the chapter work, we have organized four five-men bowling teams and believe that Butte will be able to give a good account of herself if at any future time we should have an inter-city bowling contest.

Missoula

Sofus Peterson has returned from Camp Dodge wearing the red chevron of an honorable discharge. "Pete" says he isn't coming back to work until he feels that he has made up all the sleep he lost while doing his bit. He isn't keen on the five a. m. rising hour.

Grover Moore, Wire Chief, and his family, have all been quite ill with influenza. Ray Moore acted as Wire Chief during the absence of the regular Chief.

Miss Iva Terry had a slight touch of influenza.

Mrs. Leonard of the Commercial Department and Clyde Richardson of the Plant were reported ill.

Miss Margaret Sullivan has returned from a three weeks' visit to her home in Butte.

Our new toll section is here, a brand new No. 1 board, and if the installers don't stall instead of install, we hope to have it working soon.

Congratulations to Miss Hazel Courser, our Manager at Plains, Mont., for bringing collections up around the 90 per cent mark.

Glasgow District

Ethel Working, Correspondent

The less said about New Year resolutions the better, as far as some people are concerned in the Glasgow District. The various Exchange Managers resolved to send in all the Monitor notes possible each month, but as yet we have seen nothing of them in this office. At least, they should have resolved so to do, if they didn't.

Mr. Hill brought in a large rabbit, with the assistance of Mr. Rittenhouse, Wire Chief, and presented the same to our District Cashier as a Christmas present. This was business and hunting combined.

Mr. Carl C. Hill, District Manager, visited the division offices at Helena January 4th, and again on January 14th, on business.

Otis B. Kirk, District Cashier, was at Wolf Point the second week in January taking contracts for telephones on the north side of town, covering new installations.

Mr. Herman, District Plant Chief, checked up the estimate at Wolf Point, January 10th. Mr. Carter, foreman, has completed the estimate and is now working on the new installations. D. J. Foy, foreman, has been working on the

Nashua-Wolf Point estimate, giving us additional circuit from Glasgow to Wolf Point.

Mr. G. P. McCoy, transferred to Glasgow from Great Falls, has the Fairview estimate well under way and hopes to be in the new quarters soon.

Miss Gushart, who has been absent for a month on account of illness, has returned to work.

Mr. S. S. McCoy, who was Exchange Manager at Cody, Wyo., previous to enlisting in the Army in June, has been in Malta Exchange as Manager. Mr. McCoy was Sergeant Instructor in Radio Mechanics, Logan, Utah (U. A. C. Unit), and is the brother of T. F. McCoy of Helena, Division Engineer.

Dee A. Patton, formerly employed with the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company at Glasgow, has returned after military service overseas.

Subscriber calling for Miss H—: Opr—What is the number, please? Subscriber—You will find it in the telephone directory.

The Telephones Continued to Function

It is an old and tried axiom that the telephone is a ever-present help in an emergency, and this was proven once more at Three Forks, Mont., quite recently when the power company's transformer station was burned out. In the operation of its system at Three Forks the Company depended upon the power to charge its batteries every other day, but in the emergency Mr. O. R. Newman of Butte shipped a portable Delco charging unit to Three Forks and the telephone bells continued to ring and the calls went through as usual.

The appreciation of the citizens of Three Forks was embodied in a letter received by Mr. Webster, our local Manager:

Mr. H. D. Webster, Local Manager.

Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.,

Three Forks, Mont.

Dear Mr. Webster:

Knowing that in the operation of the telephone system in Three Forks you are dependent upon the power to charge your batteries every other day, we feel that you and your Company are to be complimented upon the splendid service maintained during the time the power was off on account of the burning of a transformer. By your providing the emergency charging outfit, it gave the citizens of this community uninterrupted service.

Very few of the people here knew of the difficulty with which you had to contend. As this organization represents a large number of the citizens, and in the sentiment herein expressed feels that it is the wish of all the people who are your patrons that your efforts are appreciated and that your service has been most satisfactory.

H. O. FROHBACH,

Chamber of Commerce Manager.

A Good Motto

One of the largest and most successful shoe buyers in the United States has the following motto framed on his desk. He says he owes most of his success to its influence upon his life:

"Let me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder

To the faults of those about me; let me praise a little more;

Let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery;

Let me serve a little better those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver when temptation bids me waver,

Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be.

Let me be a little meeker with the brother that is weaker;

Let me think more of my neighbor, and a little less of me."

Educational Department

The Common Battery Subscriber's Set

THE accompanying sketch shows schematically the circuit of the common battery subscriber's set. When the receiver is removed from the hook, the line circuit is closed through the set so that current from the central office battery flows through the line relay, or line signal, at the central office, through the line to the L-1 terminal of the set, through the 1-2 winding of the induction coil, the switch hook contact, transmitter and back to the central office battery, operating the relay, or signal, thus signaling the operator. When the operator plugs into the line jack, the line relay, or signal, is disconnected from the line and central office battery current is supplied to the line through the cord. Let us assume that this current flows into the set at L-1 and leaves at L-2. The operation is the same, of course, if the connections are reversed. This current flows through the 1-2 winding of the induction coil and transmitter as long as the receiver is off of the hook, and due to the resistance of the transmitter there will be a drop in voltage across its terminals. It should be noted that the receiver, 3-4 winding of the induction coil and the condenser are connected in parallel with the transmitter. As one plate of the condenser is connected to one terminal of the transmitter (through the 3-4 winding of the induction coil and the receiver), and the other plate of the condenser to the other terminal (through the 1-2 terminal), these plates will be at the same difference of potential as the drop in voltage across the transmitter, so long as there is no change in the current in the circuit.

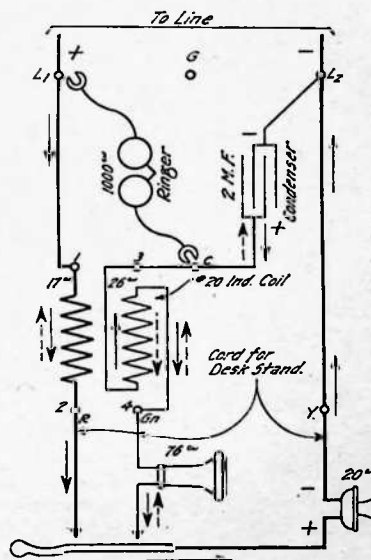
Now, suppose that the transmitter is spoken into. This causes the diaphragm to rapidly vibrate in unison with the sound waves. Let us, at this time, consider only what takes place in the circuit while the diaphragm is moving inward. This movement compresses the carbon granules, thereby lowering the resistance of the transmitter. Lowering the resistance of the transmitter lowers the resistance of the whole circuit that much and, according to Ohm's law, there will be a corresponding increase of the current flowing in the line. Now, when we lower the resistance of the transmitter we correspondingly reduce the voltage across its terminals, which is likewise the potential difference applied across the condenser. As the voltage applied to the condenser is reduced, the condenser will give up a corresponding

part of its charge so that current will flow out from the lower plate through the 3-4 winding, the receiver, transmitter and the L-2 terminal, to the other plate of the condenser, as indicated by the solid arrows. The increase in the line current, due to the decrease of the transmitter resistance, will induce a current in the 3-4 winding in the opposite direction to the line current; that is, in the same direction in this winding as the current discharging from the condenser, as shown by the solid arrow. The current discharging from the condenser augmented by the current induced from the 1-2 winding will react on the 1-2 winding, inducing a

potential difference across its terminals and also the terminals of the condenser. This causes the condenser to charge through the receiver and 3-4 winding of the induction coil, as shown by the dotted arrows. The decrease in line current through the 1-2 winding, due to the increase of the transmitter resistance, causes a current to be induced in the 3-4 winding, but since the line current is decreasing, the current induced in the 3-4 winding will flow in the same direction around the coil as the line current, as shown by the dotted arrow, which is in the same direction as the current charging the condenser through this winding. Now, the increase of current through the 3-4 winding reacts on the 1-2 winding and induces a potential in the latter winding in the opposite direction to that of the line potential, thus opposing the flow of current in the line. Thus, it is seen that the current flowing through the 3-4 winding into the condenser greatly aids, through the action of the induction coil, the transmitter in decreasing the flow of the line current.

It is thus seen that, by the proper association of the induction coil windings and condenser with the transmitter, the condenser can be made to charge and discharge through the induction coil in such a manner as to induce potentials in the 1-2 winding so as to intensify the increasing and decreasing of the line current set up by the varying resistance of the transmitter. It should be noted that the transmitter, receiver, 3-4 winding of the induction coil and condenser are in a local circuit. This circuit may be considered to act in somewhat the same manner as the primary circuit of the magneto set, the condenser corresponding to the primary battery. The transmitter causes the condenser to charge and discharge, thus setting up currents in the local circuit which are induced into the line circuit by the induction coil.

When the user of the set is listening to the party at the distant end; that is, when the set is receiving the incoming voice currents (alternating superimposed on the direct current), flow through the set from L-1 through the 1-2 winding of the induction coil, through the switch hook contact, the transmitter and back out on the line at L-2. These varying or alternating voice currents, in flowing through the 1-2 winding of the induction coil, induce alternating currents of like characteristics in the 3-4 winding which flow through the local circuit, including the 3-4 winding, the receiver, the



current in this winding in the same direction as the line current. The 3-4 winding has 1,400 turns, while the 1-2 winding has 1,700 turns, so that the potential is stepped up in the 1-2 winding. It is thus seen that the current discharged from the condenser greatly augments, through the medium of the induction coil, the increased current in the line caused by the decrease in resistance of the transmitter.

Let us now consider the action of the circuit while the transmitter diaphragm is moving outward. This movement loosens the carbon granules and thereby increases the resistance of the circuit, thus decreasing the current flowing in the line. The increase of the transmitter resistance increases

switch hook contact and transmitter, charging and discharging the condenser. These currents, flowing through the receiver, strengthening and weakening the receiver magnet, attract and release the receiver diaphragm with varying intensity, causing it to vibrate and produce sounds similar to those affecting the transmitter at the sending station. The incoming voice currents from the line do not flow from the switch hook contact directly through the receiver and 3-4 winding of the induction coil, charging and discharging the condenser and back over the line through L-2, because the currents induced in the 3-4 winding are always in such a direction as to oppose the line voice currents from flowing through this part of the circuit. When the impulse of voice current in the line is increasing in the 1-2 winding in the direction of the solid arrow, the current induced in the 3-4 winding will be in the direction of the solid arrow on this winding so that the two unite and flow together through the transmitter. This is true when the line impulse is in the opposite direction, as may be traced in the circuit. It is thus seen that the only manner in which the incoming voice currents affect the receiver is by induction.

When the receiver is hung on the hook, the circuit through the talking apparatus is open and the ringer is connected across the line in series with the condenser. This is necessary so that there will be no conducting path for direct current from one line wire to the other, otherwise direct current would flow through the central office signal while the receiver was on the hook and cause the signal to be permanently displayed, as well as a waste of current. When ringing current is sent out on the line from the central office, sufficient current will flow through the ringer, charging and discharging the condenser connected in series to operate the ringer; that is, the ringer circuit is closed to alternating ringing current, but open to direct current. The high impedance of the ringer coils prevents the ringer from shunting the voice currents from the talking circuit.

The action of the condenser and the complete operation of the common battery set is covered in Section 3 of Plant Course No. 2.

Certificates Issued between December 21, 1918 and January 20, 1919.

Plant Course No. 1—Electricity and Magnetism

Huntley, D. C. (P.).....Nogales, Ariz.
Williamson, G. W. (M.).....Denver, Colo.

Plant Course No. 4—Outside Plant

Almqvist, A. (P.).....Denver, Colo.

Lecture Course No. 1—Personal Development and the Bell System

Stockwell, E. D. (P.).....Denver, Colo.

M.....Mailing Department
P.....Plant Department

The Crucial Week for the Green Employee

Men often get discouraged and quit the first month on a new job and do not analyze the cause of their failure. This article aims to discuss one universal reason for discouragement and failure in commercial and industrial life. A green man often labels himself as "incompetent" because he doesn't understand the nervous readjustment that accompanies any change of occupation, nor does he foresee the crucial moments in this readjustment.

Every man in every occupation makes mistakes at the start. This is nothing to his discredit, providing he has profited by them and rearranges his mode of conduct so as to prevent the same mistake twice. The man higher up always extends the privilege of making one mistake; but woe to the man who continues to repeat it. Repeated blundering soon catalogues an

employee as incompetent and he is fired or is relegated to some niche of mediocre service where his mistakes are not costly.

However, every man has had a week, we'll say the third, when everything goes dead wrong. If they all had backbone enough to "stick" in spite of it, this discussion would miss fire; but thousands quit—only to swell our vast American army of floaters, lowering the standard of efficiency in every occupation. What is there about the third week that is unquestionably critical?

The routine of new work necessitates the formation of new habits. The process of habit formation is as essentially physiological as any other function of our material bodies. It has its basis in the most highly organized mechanism of man—the nervous system. The sense organs, coming in contact with the world about us, receive impressions. These impressions are transmitted to nerve centers in the brain or spinal cord, and action results. If the message transferred is dependent on the brain for interpretation, the process is conscious; if the process is reflex, a lower brain center, perhaps the spinal cord, handles it with no thought on our part. To form a habit is to transfer the circuit to a lower brain center and relieve the higher mental faculties for new work. The transfer takes place after the same pathway has been used so often that a stimulus meets no resistance when it excites the nerve ending.

Nervous tissue is very plastic and readily yields to repeated stimulation. But from the time we start to form a habit until it is absolutely part and parcel of our body, there are dangerous pitfalls for the individual. The most critical time is when we must judge whether or not we can trust the lower nerve centers to carry out our work. Too much new stimulus forces us to crowd unripe habits into the subordinate centers of control. What happens? They function inefficiently, we make mistakes, call these new habits back to consciousness, confusion results, and we get discouraged.

Learning to operate a typewriter, an adding machine, a lathe, a crane, or anything else, means not only one readjustment, but thousands—hence the significance of the problem. We must not try to let our new habits do the work before they are grown-up. If an employee can cross this plateau of uncertainty in forming new habits, the battle is half won. If an employer can understand the stress and strain of this period for the employee, he will often develop a valuable man instead of losing his temper and firing him.

If you are a learner, strive to attend to the routine until the habit is thoroughly ripe; if an employer, take the "third week" into account and help the green man.

—Scientific American.

After the Revival

"Ask and ye shall receive," said the evangelist. "Pray for anything you want, with faith, and your prayer will be answered."

That night the grocer's youngest son was heard to pray for the first time, as follows: "O Lord, here is a small trial order. Please send us ten pails of candy ten sacks of sugar, ten barrels of flour, and ten barrels of pepper. Oh! h—l! that's too much pepper!"



MRS. ZADA F. BLACK, formerly with our Company at Brush, Colo., now doing her chief operating in France, will come home with more than a service stripe, for she is having an experience that will store her mind with enough material to reminisce on during a long life.

The following letter to Mrs. Black's old telephone friends will give some idea of what an unusual experience the young lady from Brush is having as an attaché of the A. E. F.:

Neufchateau, France, December 15, 1918.

Après La Guerre, but I am still trodding over these stony roads, through the pasture and up the hill where we are still billeted in barracks. The heavens seem to never cease their dripping and the streets are rivers of mud. My boots are the first thing I put on in the morning and the last thing I take off at night. Our latest pets are rats—they visit each room every night looking for goodies. I have experienced everything but the cooties.

We were asked whether we wanted to be mustered out here or return to the States tout de suite. I signed for foreign service as long as the Signal Corps needed me or saw fit to keep me. But I don't think it will be long after the peace conference, as most of the girls are being replaced by men. Several of the offices are being closed already. I am anxious to be transferred to Paris in order to see the wonderful old city, and no doubt will be, as I think we all leave for there.

You know we are not supposed to ride in machines or leave the city, but like real soldiers we go A. W. O. L. (meaning absent without our leave), and I guess I have ridden in everything from a dog cart to a three-ton Liberty truck. It's amusing how some of the girls take trips, on their days off they start out on the road in the direction they wish to go and hail the first truck that comes along, taking chances on getting back that night on a returning truck. So far I have not had to do that and have seen all the front and battlefields, even into Metz and other German territory, due to a friend who has transportation, but when I tell you the name you won't think him a Frenchman, as it is Colonel Mike Sullivan. (Do I hear you laugh?) Well, he is surely great to show me these interesting places and to take me where women do not get to go.

One of my pleasant trips was to Domremy, the home of Joan d' Arc. Just a dirty little village about four miles from here, but so historically known and visited by every American in the vicinity. Her home was a little cement house, dark and bare. Even to be Joan d' Arc, I should not want to be born there or to live in the village. The country around is beautiful, so picturesque, with its little brook running through the valley. The rivers of France are wonderful, wide but shallow and clear. The Basilique, built in her memory, is on a hill overlooking this pretty valley where she herded the cows and received her marvelous visions. It contains eight wonderful paintings of her life by Lionel Royer.

Margaret Wilson visited us November 12th on her way to the front. You know we have a street rechristened the Rue President Wilson.

Another of my interesting trips was to the base hospitals, base 82 and the Justice Group at Toul are the first bases

behind the fring lines, wonderfully constructed and managed places; very interesting to go through there and see how our boys are taken care of after the battles. Base 66 is here at Neufchateau and was the first large base built here in France. Part of it is in the old German barracks which they occupied in the war of 1870. You have no idea how the United States has gone into every detail of this war. I thought of war only as fighting, but when you see the hundreds of departments and how many men it takes for each one you begin to realize that war is hell.

A few days ago I visited the photographic laboratory of the First Air Force and saw the aerial pictures of both the French and German trenches. The cities we have bombed as well as those the Germans had. It was the complete General Headquarters copies and I was quite fortunate in seeing them.

I think the most interesting trip was on December 12th, my day off, when I dolled all up in riding breeches, boots, raincoat and cap and started for Germany. Started early in the morning with Sullivan and driver. As usual, it was raining, but I don't mind that any more; am almost web-footed anyway, and always mud-stained. Went by way of Toul, through oodles of French villages which I named Dirty, Dirtier and Dirtiest. You know in the small towns the house and stable is under one roof and the horse lot is the family front yard, and, judging the wealth by the piles, this was the wealthiest part of France. Toul itself is a pretty town, good-sized, and one of the strongest fortified in the war zone. The Germans were very close to the city at one time, and it has been bombed a number of times since I have been in Neufchateau. Between Toul and Rosieres we got out of the car and walked across the battlefields, dodging the barbed wire entanglements. The trenches are being filled in, but we were in the dugouts, which are holes in the ground about four feet wide, two or three feet deep with a half covering of tiling or sheet iron, camouflaged with boughs, leaves and earth. This didn't look like much protection or very comfortable to me, but under heavy firing I suppose the boys were glad to duck into them. The gun emplacements are like a cave, perhaps twenty feet long, ten feet wide and from six to ten feet deep, with a camouflaged top of wire or screen covered with the boughs and leaves. The ammunition is piled high and covered with tents camouflaged with green, brown and yellow paint so as to look like the ground and hills to the enemy in the distance. I thought I was in the South or going through the Georgia Belt in some of the villages, so many of the colored troops clearing and salvaging.

The roads of France are great, hard as flint and well kept, trees on each side, a regular boulevard. In this section of the country the roads are all camouflaged by using twigs and limbs of small trees, braiding and twining them together to look like solid wood; these are used up the trunk of the trees as high as the limbs. Sometimes cloth is used, too; also used when there are no trees and when the enemy is in front they are placed slanting so the road is completely hidden and looks to the enemy like a solid wood. On this road, which was the French side of the Meuse, we were on the Allied front, but crossing the bridge at Pont a Mousson, we were on German-held territory. This beautiful and massive bridge, as all the French bridges are, as they are huge cement ones, was half destroyed, bombed and crumbling to the middle of the river. The

Americans had constructed a temporary wooden one—imagine a wooden bridge in France. The town of Pont a Mousson is a complete ruin, hardly a building standing, roofs caved in, huge holes in others, many of them piles of mortar and rock. The whole town looks like an Irish shanty when Pat comes home on Saturday night with only half his pay envelope. Every building has sustained some damage; the sides of some looked to be peppered by the flying shrapnel. Many families are living in one room, the only one standing in a large building. From this town we passed several destroyed villages, until we neared Metz, which has not been destroyed. Metz, you know, has been held by the Germans since the war of 1870. No one is allowed in Metz without a pass signed by the General, but who has more nerve than an Irishman? So Colonel Sullivan proceeded to get us in. Of course, had they seen me they would have known we were not on official business, but a joy ride party, so I dropped myself in an army blanket and quietly lay on the bottom of the car. The M. P. stopped us at the entrance of the city, but Colonel Sullivan told him he had business and was the I. M. supply officer for that area, and with the promise of going to the Provost Marshal's office we got by, but you can bet we did not go; we rubber-necked all over the town. And it was a treat, too, as it is a real city, quite like an American city with its bright lights, broad and paved streets and good-looking stores, shops, cafes and wonderful window trims. And it was clean, too. We were afraid to get out of the car for fear we would get pinched, but slipped into a jewelry store and bought a souvenir spoon; just had to do that. Oh, yes, I have a number of German souvenirs: ammunition, bullets, money and a German officer line helmet.

Came home by the way of Nancy, which is another beautiful city, a petite Paris, with its beautiful city square. I visited Nancy on a previous trip, but must tell you a little about it. For four years the huge gates, statues and public buildings had been camouflaged and covered with sand bags. They had just been removed when I was up there and looked so new and clean. The public square is in the center of the town, with a fence affair encircling it and huge bronze gates leading you into the different streets. Beautiful statues and fountains are there. We visited the City Hall, the Cathedral, Grand Hotel, where the American Y. M. C. A. has its headquarters, and the Museum; also went through the Ducal Palace and Triumphal Arch. Nancy has been heavily bombed, a number of public buildings ruined and a great part of the residence part destroyed. The Museum was bombed—beautiful statues standing in ruins. In one room which was completely destroyed there remains just one statue of a mother and child, the mother standing with one hand raised as in defense, the other on the kneeling child. Wasn't it strange this one was left unharmed? Stopped on the way home at the home of an old Frenchman a few miles distant from Neufchateau. Met them when I first came here and have visited them several times—both about seventy years old. They were sitting before the fireplace when we arrived, but hurriedly prepared a dinner for us. Oh, the joy of that fireplace, with its burning logs! We enjoyed its glowing light while madam cooked our dinner. I say that would almost make one go down the street and gaze in the furniture store windows.

I have had some very interesting trips and have seen the real thing, but I did miss the air raids, as all we have had here were alerts when bombing the near-by towns, principally Combrey les Bells, the large American aviation field.

I have enjoyed so much more being here than I would have remaining in the U. S. A., and have seen the fronts in this part, with the exception of St. Mihiel and Verdun, where I expect to go next week. Then I am ready to go to Europe, but I can't come home before the middle of February, for I must have a service stripe, you know.

We are just as busy as when hostilities were going on, but don't know how long the office will remain open.

Magneto system here; we are the switching office to the advance Army of Occupation. I talk to Briey, Conplains, Luxemburg and Metz every day. By the way, I was trying to make myself heard somewhere in Germany a couple of

weeks ago and Orpha Clark of Fort Morgan recognized my voice and called me that evening. I was glad to talk to him, but would have preferred to have seen him, as I have seen no one I knew in the States with the exception of my cousin, who is in Chaumont.

Love to all.

ZADA.

Master Signal Electrician "Vic" H. Maymon is now with the 405th in the native habitat of the Hun, and writes most interestingly to Mr. Titus, of Cheyenne, of conditions as they look to him during the waiting period between armistice and actual peace:

Beltheim, Germany, December 13, 1918.

I surely was glad to hear from you. Things up to a week or ten days ago had been moving very fast over here for us. We certainly were busy until we landed at Grevenmaucher, Luxemburg. At that point we crossed the Moselle River into Wellen, Germany and since that time things have come easier; just moving along now at a slow, easy pace.

The Germans didn't last long after they were once on the run. Chateau Thierry was the beginning of their finish, and from that time on the Americans went ahead. St. Mihiel put a big crimp in the Huns, and when they finally lost the Argonne woods and Sedan they were finished. The Allies then had control of all; the Boches were badly beaten when they hollered "Enuf." If they had held on one day longer they would have seen a real offensive by the Americans; the stage was all set for a real show around Metz and Point a Mousson.

I was in Hudecourt, France, on the way to Circe on November 11, at 11 a. m. when the show was called off. I was buying some candy at the Y. M. C. A., but the guy was so excited he simply could not do any business. I asked for some candy, and he said, "Dammit, man, can't you wait a few minutes while I celebrate? You know they don't end a war like this every day." Guess he was voicing the sentiments of the whole American Army, as there was quite a bunch around and they all seemed satisfied to wait.

Shortly after this our battalion was attached to the newly organized Third Army, the army that is to occupy that part of Germany designated in the armistice. Then we were on our way. The first two days of the journey was through that part of France that for four years had been occupied but not destroyed by the Germans. This was the center of the iron and coal industry, Langres, Esch, Piennes, Audan, La Roman, La Tesch and Annetz being some of the towns we passed through. It surely is a fine country. From here we passed on into the little duchy of Luxemburg. This really is a garden spot. It also was occupied by the Germans and somewhat run down from the effects, but nevertheless a beautiful place, fine farms, good roads, and above all clean towns and cities. We stopped over at Joffecourt, Bettenbourg, Schuttringen, Grevenmaucher, and also in the city of Luxemburg for one day. Thanksgiving I spent in that city.

On December 1st, at 8 a. m., we crossed the Moselle River into Germany; have until this move followed along the river. It is a fine country, many industries, good farms, and all the hills are vineyards. This section is where the famous Moselle wines come from. Some of the cities we passed were Oberbillig, Metblich, Trier, Eleraug, Berncastle, Wittlich, Alf, Bullay, Burg and Zell, where we parted company with the Moselle River, and then on to Beltheim, where we are at present located. It is the typical German farming town you read about in the story books—wooden shoes, oxen for beasts of burden, homespun clothes and everything to correspond.

Can't rave about the country, though. The war is over and I am ready to come home. Trust old Uncle Sam can see his way clear real soon to say, "Well, let's go." And we'll be on our way.

Don't know whether I will get that German rifle back there, but am sure I will make the grade with a bayonet I have. It's a dandy, too. Sent you a helmet by mail; trust you received it O. K.

Don't think we will see Bertagnolli on this side of the water again. Understand all men in the hospitals will be sent home immediately. We had several there from accidents and illness; suppose some are on their way now.

Weather has not been so nice lately. Very little sunshine and plenty of rain and mud; just like it used to be around Tacoma and Seattle. Believe we have never struck a place yet where the climate could compare with Colorado. It is in a class all by itself.

We certainly have no complaint to make of the treatment we are receiving. I expect the smiles of the Germans are forced, but nevertheless, they smile. The country is sure hard up; no rubber, wool, gasoline or soap, and many other things are lacking too numerous to mention. Food, also, is mighty scarce for them; they are not living on the fat of the land these days.

Will close, with best wishes and sincere regards.

VIC.

Toll Line Trouble At "Twenty Four Below."

Mr. Douglas Paterson, installer at Pueblo, will not forget New Year day of 1919. He started the new year right by getting to bed early, but about 5:30 a. m. his telephone call bell, which makes itself heard without difficulty, pealed loud enough to waken the Seven Sleepers, and the Wire Chief's voice was heard querying, "What are you doing?" Now, Mr. Paterson thinks that is a needless question when propounded at that hour of the morning, but the chief was anxious, so he might be excused. After both men had gotten thoroughly awake Mr. Paterson was asked if he would kindly put on all the clothes he had, and steal a few more, and go on a case of toll line trouble about sixteen miles in the country. The chief added that it was "22 below." Mr. Paterson thought this was "kidding," as it showed only zero when he retired, but when he got out he found the mercury was trying to drop out of the bottom of the thermometer, as it showed 26 degrees below zero at the "Y," and 24 below by the government instrument.

But two indomitable gentlemen, Messrs. Switzer and Paterson, started in a Ford after that trouble. The radiator froze twice and they had to stop and thaw it out with a blow-torch. They ran out of water several times and had to melt snow; went into a ditch once—took two hours to get out. They finally located the trouble—not sixteen miles, but a little more than twice that distance—thirty-three miles from Pueblo. The two men didn't occupy the Ford all the way, but took turns running in order to keep their feet from freezing. On the return trip they found some sacks and made good use of them.

They also found a man walking into Pueblo. He had made about three miles over open country, and when the telephone men told him how cold it was he ejaculated, "Oh, my Gawd!" He felt that Providence had sent him aid when he was taken on as a passenger.

In addition to the toll line and the pedestrian, our heroic telephone men found still another case of trouble. This was a man about sixty years of age who had ventured out hunting and had fallen into water up to his arms. He was at the point of giving up when discovered by Mr. Switzer and Mr. Paterson, who undoubtedly saved his life. They wrapped him in a heavy canvas, but when they reached his home had to carry him into the house. His clothes were ice-covered.

Our men came through all right with the exception of snow-burn, which caused no more serious result than peeling of the skin. However, they will not for a long time forget their "Happy New Year."



America the Beautiful

Samuel A. Ward

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain.
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for heroes proved,
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life.
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.



At the Peace Table

By Edgar A. Guest

Who shall sit at the table, then, when the terms of peace are made—
The wisest men of the troubled lands in their silver and gold brocade?
Yes, they shall gather in solemn state to speak for each living race,
But who shall speak for the unseen dead that shall come to the council place?

Tho' you see them not and you hear them not, they shall sit at the table, too;
They shall throng the room where the peace is made and know what it is you do;
The innocent dead from the sea shall rise to stand at the wise man's side,
And over his shoulder a boy shall look—a boy that was crucified.

You may guard the doors of that council hall with barriers strong and stout,
But the dead unbidden shall enter there, and never you'll shut them out.
And the man that died in the open boat, and the babies that suffered worse,
Shall sit at the table when peace is made by the side of a martyred nurse.

You may see them not, but they'll all be there; when they speak you may fail to hear;
You may think that you're making your pacts alone, but their spirits will hover near;
And whatever the terms of the peace you make with the tyrant whose hands are red,
You must please not only the living here, but must satisfy your dead.

The Signal Corps

THEY are making songs about the boys,
Glad songs of praise and cheer;
They sing about the Big Marines—
The men who know no fear.
Of songs about the Infantry
We have a goodly store.
I want to sing a song in praise
Of the men of the Signal Corps.

They're a sturdy crew, they're a hardy crew,
And as fit as one could find;
And when the boys go "over the top"
You'll find them right behind.
They stretch their wires and set their poles
In the battle's reek and roar.
Through the living hell of shot and shell
Go the men of the Signal Corps.

Theirs not the glory of sweeping charge,
But peril is ever near;
When they test their lines in the face of death
And keep "all trouble clear."
And if there are orders to be sent,
Or messages anywhere—
In the front line trench, or list'ning post,
The 'phone is always there.

Then here's to the men of the Signal Corps.
They are few, but brave and true;
They are doing their bit for Liberty
And the old Red, White and Blue.
And when the boys come marching home
We will cheer as ne'er before,
And our eyes will fill and our hearts will thrill
For our boys of the Signal Corps.

EVERETT DAVISON,
Night Operator, Lincoln.