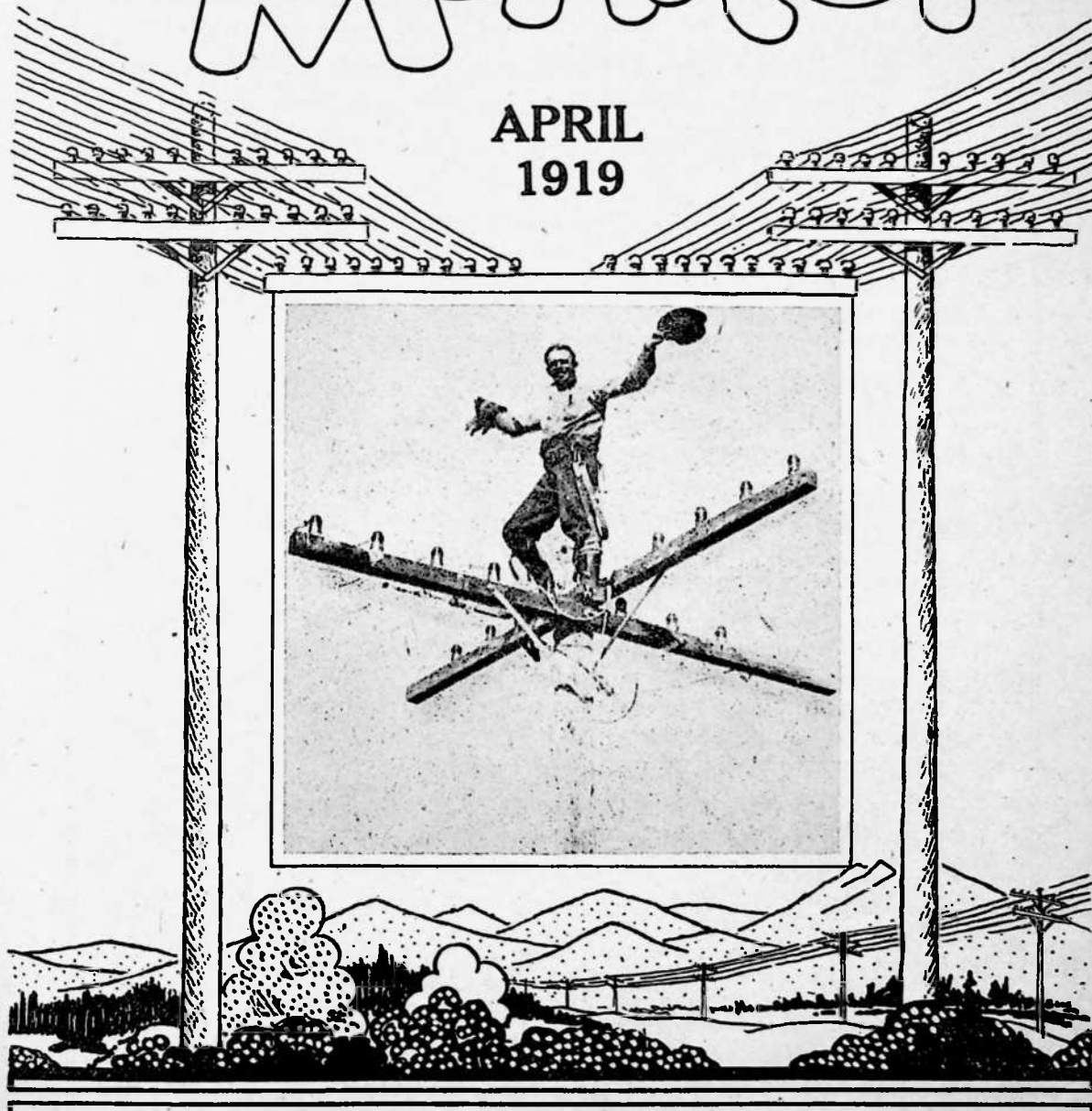


The Monitor

APRIL
1919



THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.



What Is Life Worth?

“Had the fighting continued another six months 100,000 more American boys would have found graves in Europe”

“With that report in mind consider who some of the additional Americans would have been. Think for a moment of your acquaintance or of your own flesh and blood been numbered among those victims, but who today are bodied men.

“What are those 100,000 lives worth to you?

“What is the life worth of the one closest to you who might have been sacrificed in that six months of fighting?

“Can you estimate the lives of your sons and brothers in money? If you can, then you should be able to promptly estimate the amount it is your duty to lend to the Government to pay for the things that ended the war and saved that life or those lives that you value.

“The government’s expenditure of money in ending the war was trivial in comparison with the value of the 100,000 lives saved. There is no better investment in the world than money loaned to save lives. In lending you save the lives and your money, too. In addition, you are paid interest on your money. Can you beat that investment for real merit and worth?

“Lay aside every paltry criticism until you have cleaned your own slate by lending to save National Honor, to save Liberty, to save Freedom, and to save LIFE.”

Buy a Victory Liberty Bond



The MOUNTAIN STATES MONITOR

DENVER COLORADO

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APRIL :: NINETEEN-NINETEEN

"They Can Because They Think They Can"

"Do not think that what is hard for thee is impossible for man;
but if a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it attainable by thee."



ETHER consciously or unconsciously the above quotation from Marcus Aurelius must undoubtedly be the motto of the Bell engineering department in New York City. Certainly the invention of the wireless telephone and its subsequent development for use in aeroplanes was surrounded with difficulties that would appear to the layman to be insurmountable. But to the technical mind it was conceived to be possible and therefore attainable, and the task was undertaken on that hypothesis.

Likewise the development of the multiplex telephone, which is destined to practically revolutionize long distance service, was accomplished only through the indomitable determination of this group of scientists who, believing it to be possible and proper, also deemed it attainable:

Virgil has a line, the interpretation

of which is, "they can because they think they can," and this also applies to our canny engineers. Apparently "what they purpose, that they perform," and what they have accomplished proves again the fatuity of the expression "it can't be done."

By the way, couldn't the bit of quoted advice by the ancient philosopher be acted upon with profit by all our departments and by each individual in each department. The difficult thing is not always impossible, though it may be attainable only through profound study and determined effort. Indifference will not accomplish anything. Application to a fixed purpose, belief in one's own unaided ability—these are the motive power of the world's progress.

In these times when the sinews of war are being devoted to the conquests of peace, there is great need of a general mental attitude that reflects the spirit of determination necessary to accomplish the needful things of the day.

Returned Soldiers Back On the Job

Ahern, John
 Alberts, Maury H.
 Allen, William C.
 Anderson, Charles Emil
 Anderson, Harold R.
 Anderson, Oscar Clarence
 Angel, Grover William
 Atterbury, Roscoe Dare
 Austerman, Archie
 Bagby, Cheney C.
 Barcus, William H.
 Barron, Hugh T.
 Beatty, Frank S., Jr.
 Beck, Albert E.
 Berger, Walter Owen
 Bigler, Earl Newton
 Blackwell, Lee R.
 Boland, Harry E.
 Bossler, Harry R.
 Braidwood, William Clark
 Breer, Arthur H.
 Brown, Fitzhugh
 Brown, Frank E.
 Brown, M. F.
 Burley, George L.
 Burnaugh, Clyde Llewellyn
 Burns, William R.
 Cameron, David F.
 Cannon, Harold
 Carlon, Ambrose B.
 Carson, Ellsworth E.
 Christensen, James H.
 Christensen, Shirley
 Clark, Hyder A.
 Colley, Kenneth H.
 Condit, Edwin Glenn
 Coyer, Elmer F.
 Cullen, Charles A.
 Cunnington, John R.
 Cushman, William H.
 Dahlberg, L. B.
 Dailey, James B.
 Davis, Alfred Wooley
 Day, W. F.
 Deering, Henry P.
 Dent, Clarence W.
 Dismuke, Stanley
 Dolezal, Jerome R.
 Dryburg, Ernest J.
 Durham, William E.
 Dwyer, William J.
 Eastman, Ira T.
 Elliott, Harry W.
 Elvis, Peter
 English, Glen W.
 Ferrell, Fay Newton
 Fishburn, John George
 French, Arthur B.
 Gannett, Harold Leroy
 Gates, Leonard O.
 Gillespie, James D.
 Gleason, Thomas F.
 Goette, Theo. R.
 Gordon, William L.
 Gregory, Archie G.
 Hale, William K.
 Hattrick, Ernest
 Hazlett, Stanley
 Hershey, Earl W.



When prize money was withheld during a mutiny in British India, a private scribbled on the walls of Delhi:

When war is rife and danger's nigh,
 "God and the soldier" 's all the cry.
 When war is o'er and danger righted,
 God is forgotten and the soldier slighted.

This is not true of the Mountain States Telephone Company.

Above is a photograph of a big flag that floats over the main entrance of the Mountain States Telephone headquarters building in Denver. On April 1, 155 telephone men who had been honorably discharged returned home and 155 jobs were waiting for them. Our 100 per cent spirit not only obtained in all war activities, but is just as pronounced in caring for the soldiers who return. "A job for every returned soldier who enlisted from the Telephone Company" is not only our motto, but a reality. Additional names of returned soldiers will be published in subsequent issues of The Monitor. The figures on the flag will be changed accordingly.

Hobson, Chalcy C.
 Hoffman, Frank E.
 Holland, James G.
 Holmes, George B.
 Holmes, Harold H.
 Hunter, Thomas
 Ireson, Alfred W.
 Johnson, Clarence C.
 Johnson, Ingwall J.
 Jones, Harry M.
 Kearns, William E.
 Kelly, Chester F.
 Kuder, Clyde S.
 Lacey, Harry E.
 Lamb, W. E., Jr.
 Lennon, Ben L.
 Lindsay, Richard W.

Linton, George F.
 Liston, Earl Clayton
 Lutton, Everett Franklin
 MacCalvin, Jacob L.
 Maher, John D.
 Marvin, Floyd J.
 Mason, James L.
 McCoy, Stephen S.
 McKee, Rexford B.
 McMillan, John D.
 McMurrin, Joseph
 Meyer, A. G.
 Meyn, Cyrus R.
 Milam, Walton D.
 Miller, Merlin Clair
 Morgan, Jean George
 Murphy, Edward A.
 Neal, Raymond Lewis
 Neff, Frank Harris
 Nielsen, Robert
 Oleson, Ford L.
 Oliver, Oren E.
 O'Neal, John G.
 Patton, Dee Arthur
 Paul, Clarence LeRoy
 Peters, Alfred S.
 Petersen, Sofus
 Pickett, Eugene L.
 Prager, Walter
 Read, Robert E.
 Richter, Adolph H.
 Rickman, Theodore B.
 Roberts, Carl A.
 Robertson, Claude
 Rominger, William J.
 Russell, Paul B.
 Schakel, Leonard F.
 Schmaling, Wilbur W.
 Scott, Clarence E.
 Sellman, Carl A.
 Smith, George W.
 Smith, Lawrence
 Sobel, Joseph W.
 Soderstrom, Carl Axel
 Somerville, Robert J.
 Sparks, Herbert E.
 Sparr, Wilbur W.
 Stokes, Paul B.
 Swihart, Dewey W.
 Taylor, Hawley C.
 Taylor, Willford Cassidy
 Tew, Joel A.
 Thielke, Edward C.
 Thorell, Edwin E.
 Trehearne, George W.
 Tueller, Joel B.
 Van Hyning, Lewis F.
 Velosky, Joseph P.
 Waters, Bernard O.
 Webb, Charles E.
 Weber, Fred
 Wells, Albert E.
 Welti, Albert
 Whyte, Jack F.
 Wilcox, Claude V.
 Winchester, Rex J.
 Wolfkiel, James E.
 Wright, Ben T.
 Yaussi, Ernest

Hope Stalks Amid the Ruins

Once Deserted Village Bids
Fair to Come Back Again



AS THE TIDE of the ocean rises and falls and rises again—ever on and on, so life itself and the products of life ever move on—now running, now a pause, now a new start, and the world and its affairs rise and fall as the tide. Some “come back”—many never do.

Illustrative of the ever changing woof and warp of Time there is to be seen today, out in the fastness of the Rockies, a once “deserted

village” that is “coming back.” This village is Silvercliff, located on the east rim of the Wonderful Wet Mountain Valley, in Custer county, Colorado.

For a number of years following the decline of this once prosperous and richest camp in the state, there was shown but little life, save for the handful of mountain denizens and the prowling visitation of the night-wolves and the cedar bats.

From a floating and varying population of 3,000 to 5,000 souls the numbers dwindled and shrunk away to scarcely a corporal’s guard, and the buildings, once filled with an active and prosperous people, tumbled down and decayed, the windows broken out, the roofs caved in and the walls toppled to destruction.

Silvercliff was at one time the thrickest mining camp in Colorado. Located on the eastern slope of the Sangre de Cristo range of mountains that tower above the clouds, this hustling, bustling young city sprang up almost in a night, following the discovery of one of the richest silver mines in the Rockies. For ten years it vied with Leadville, the “city above the clouds,” for prominence in the mining world. Thousands of people rushed to the new Eldorado in search of gold and silver. The hills and mountain sides in every direction swarmed with prospectors who dreamed of sudden wealth.

The Bassett silver mine, in the very heart of the camp, produced its millions in the white metal. Its fame became known all over the world. Ore taken from it was almost pure silver. The vein was what is known as a “chimney chute,” almost perpendicular

with no feeders or stringers running from it in any direction. Down, down, went the miners into this wonderful chimney, sending to the surface millions of dollars’ worth of silver, until the greatest depth ever reached in any mine in Colorado was measured. Then came a “pinch” in the chimney and at about the same time the depreciation in the price of silver came on and the work was stopped. That marked the beginning of decay and desolation of Silvercliff.

The Bassett bank suspended business and the men who had made their millions moved away. The side-walls of the ruins stand today near the dump that almost covered it even in the palmy days.

Smaller mines in the camp, many of them producing both gold and silver, were closed down. It is a curious fact that when a mining camp ceases to go ahead it at once begins on a rapid decline. Prospectors, like rats in a sinking ship, pick up their shovels and rush to new camps where a boom is on.

The St. Cloud hotel, a magnificent stone structure, with all the modern conveniences of the time, was forced to close its doors for want of patronage, and it is now but a ruin of mortar and stone. Senators, judges, and men of wealth and prominence had made this hotel headquarters for political and business seances. It was in the St. Cloud that a mass meeting was held one night nearly forty years ago for the purpose of starting a movement to have the state capitol located at Silvercliff. Aspen, Golden and Denver were rivals. A bitter fight ensued, but Denver voted Indians, tombstones and prairie dogs, it was claimed, and secured the state capitol.

In the ruins may be seen a house in which lived a leading banker and later United States senator. Also in this same house lived John W. Bailey, a prominent



RUINS OF ST. CLOUD HOTEL

mining man who later died in New York City. Mr. Bailey was one of the early arrivals in the camp, going there from Deadwood, South Dakota.

The streets of the once prosperous camp became almost deserted. A few of the buildings are occupied by families who still held on to their small mines and some of them make a livelihood by raising cattle on the slopes or conducting a little store.

One of the most notable characters who for years wandered about the deserted camp was an old man with staff in hand, feebly feeling his way. His hair and beard were white as the snows on the crest of the Sangre de Cristo. His eyesight was gone; to him the light of day brought no vision of mountain grandeur or beauties of a golden sunset.

Just forty years ago this aged man—John McIsaac, lost his sight by a premature explosion of powder he was arranging for a shot in a prospect hole. With the decline of the mountain city he had no difficulty in finding a comfortable house in which to live, and during all these years he lived alone with but few to cheer him and none to molest. He wandered about the ruins of the old city, a human counterpart to the place that was once as strong and vigorous as he in the day of his youth. In the summer months he raised a garden, the product of which, added to the chickens and eggs from his poultry yard, was sufficient to keep him from want.

Up and down the beautiful and fertile Wet Mountain Valley, stretching for miles to the south and north, just off the rugged foothills where stand the ruins of Silvercliff, lies one of the most prosperous and productive farming communities in Colorado. Many of the houses on these farms were moved from the deserted city. A railroad has pushed its way into the valley and a new town has sprung up nearer the farming center.

Some believe that out of the ruins of the once thriving city of Silvercliff will rise another mining, industrial and commercial center that will redeem the lost energies and bring a realization to hopes that were all but forlorn.

They believe that where now the howl of the gray wolf and the yapping, snarling, wrangling of the coyotes fill the night air with weird and dismal sounds, there will again be heard the buzz and bustle of human activity, and that the dead crumbling walls will be lifted from their present state of chaos and desolation.

And Silvercliff is "coming back." The advance in the price of silver and rare metals is the leaven that bids fair to again push this once throbbing mining camp to the top of the barrel.



Insignia for Telephone Army Girls

Telephone operators and other women who have been serving with the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe, if in uniform, are to be accorded service and wound stripes, according to recommendations of Secretary of War Baker. These distinctive features are to be the same as service and wound chevrons worn by members of the army nurse corps.



Telephones in the United States

The number of telephones in use in the United States at the close of the calendar year 1917 was 11,713,228—1 to every 9 persons, or every two families; and the number of calls made during the year is estimated at 21,842,000,000, an average of more than 200 for every man, woman and child in the country. These are among the interesting features of a preliminary report on the telephone industry of the United States, just made public.

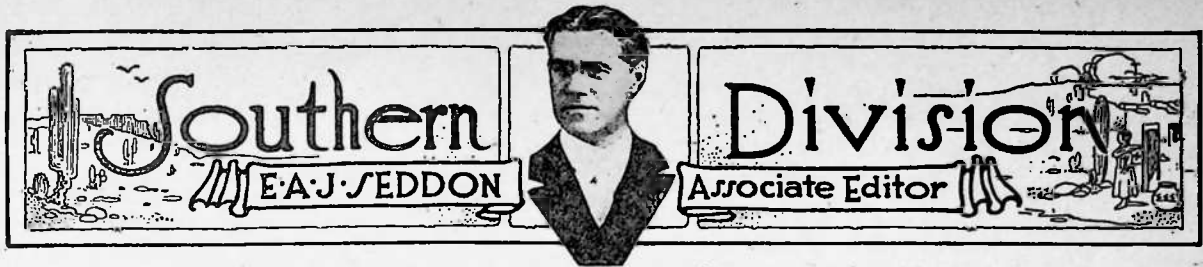
The Bell Telephone System reported, for 1917, 62.6 per cent of the total number of telephones, 80.3 per cent of the total wire mileage, and 76.4 per cent of the total value of plant and equipment. In addition to the 7,326,862 telephones directly owned by this system, there were 3,164,902 independently owned telephones which were connected with the Bell lines and exchanges for the interchange of local and long-distance service. The Bell service, therefore, reaches 10,491,764 telephones, or 89.6 per cent of the total number reported.



TYPICAL SCENE IN DESERTED VILLAGE

EDITOR'S NOTE

It is indeed gratifying to know that The Monitor's correspondents are thoroughly alive and capable in gathering the news for these pages. We are only sorry that space does not permit publishing all of the items that come in. Because an item, an article or a picture is left out does not mean that it is not worthy a place in The Monitor. As with all good and interesting publications, space with us is to be considered. But keep the copy coming—we'll use as much of it as we can.



El Paso District

Garney Warne went over to Juarez looking for trouble, and found it. Juarez is a good place to find trouble, but there is no guarantee you will find that particular brand for which you are looking—you usually get the surprise of your sweet young life, as more than one could tell if they would. But Garney was looking for trouble legitimately, that is to say, he had instructions to look for it in the Juarez cables, and by this token you are safe in assuming that he is a bug specialist and is an adept in trailing the elusive meghom and the treacherous microfared to their respective haunts.

Now the Juarez cables are historic and have seen service under several dynasties. It must be admitted that nobody has been breaking his neck dashing over to Juarez to clear cable trouble. In consequence, the cable cootie throve and multiplied and then Garney received orders to go forth and demobilize them. Armed with a kitful of passports and other red tape, Garney sallied forth. And, as nothing happened the first day or so, Garney must have grown careless. In view of subsequent events, it must be borne in mind that Juarez is a haven of suspicious characters, and the Juarez gendarme is not to be censured for not taking chances. However, we are willing to admit that when Garney and his grunt first started on the job, they were highly suspicious looking characters and a glance at their passport photographs would add confirmation to this appellation.

All well regulated cables are in back alleys and naturally there was where Garney spent most of his time. This naturally called for an investigation. Garney one day became conscious that he was being spied upon from various corners, and in order to allay any suspicions the gendarme might have toward him, Garney frequently whistled that little song, "Little Drops of Water," etc. Not being able to speak "Mex," Garney conceived the idea that "music hath charms to soothe—" but evidently his trilling was off key. Four



J. G. Warne, Cable Cootie Expert, and T. F. McKinney, Connoisseur of Ohndust, Who Crossed the Rio Grande on a Peaceful Trouble Shooting Expedition.

gendarmes, armed to the teeth, rushed Garney from as many directions, and when they caught sight of McKinney a riot call was put in and four more gendarmes armed with rifles and sabres took care of Garney's helper and they were marched in triumph to the cooler. N. F. Lucero came to the rescue and Garney returned to his job.

Traffic

Well, it's over; that is, the big show. Every one was here and every one had a grand and glorious time. The program was well carried out, at the conclusion of which delicious refreshments were served and dancing was indulged in by one and all.

The following program was rendered:

1. Violin and Flute Duet..... Mr. Colley, Mr. Thew
Accompanied by Mrs. Thew
2. Playlet—The Coquette.
Katherine Barns.....The Coquette
Grace Murray.....Soldier
Muriel Jones.....Sailor
Hazel Kelly.....Dude
3. Solo.....Reva Reyes
4. Playlet—How We Got Our Flag.
Gladys Hailles.....Betsy Ross
Ruby Edmondsan.....George Washington
Thirza Gresham.....Sentry
Grace Murray.....Rookie
5. Song and Fancy Dance.....Reva Reyes
6. Vocal Solo.....Mrs. Lillian Cooper

This was the beginning of a series of entertainments to be given through the summer months, and we are all looking forward to another treat in the near future.

We are all very glad to welcome Mrs. Webb, the evening matron, who has been with us since Mrs. Guyon resigned.

We learn that Miss Annie Russell is to be married very soon. We wish her happiness.

Just when we thought everything was going along smoothly a fire broke out at the smelter and burned through one of our cables. The March winds also got a bit frisky and flopped a bungalow roof into a 300-pair aerial cable lead.

B. G. Honeycut, who for several months past has been repairman in El Paso, has been transferred to Willcox, Arizona, as combination manager.

Miss Alta Rector has returned from a several weeks' visit on the Pacific Coast.

W. C. Callaway, formerly foreman in the construction department, has been transferred to the El Paso local plant.

Leo L. Insall was recently transferred from Denver to El Paso.

Tiny Tom Prather, who has completed the cable work at Texico, New Mexico, has returned to Denver.

James F. Baird has returned from service overseas and has resumed his old position as testboardman at El Paso. He arrived just in time to get in on that interstate telephone bowling match.

W. O. Robertson, testboardman at El Paso, has been transferred to Phoenix to a similar position.



Those Cats

Mary had a Thomas cat.

It warbled like Caruso;

A neighbor swung a baseball bat—

Now Thomas doesn't do so. —Kreolite News.

Roswell District

F. A. Teschner, Correspondent

Our employes are really enthusiastic about the regular semi-monthly "get-together" meetings which are being held regularly at Roswell. Much good is resulting from these gatherings, which are for the purpose of discussing telephone problems that come up regularly in our daily work and also those topics that come up from time to time and which are of general interest. Rate schedules, system and telephone efficiency and operating were among the subjects that have been discussed.



Artesia

Corporal Gail Hamilton, formerly of Artesia, New Mexico, is now with the 405th Telegraph Battalion of the American Army of Occupation in Germany. Gail's letters are frequent and newsy and we were fortunate enough to receive one of his photos and a bunch of postcard views.



Corporal
Gail Hamilton

Over the Wire

Lake Arthur Resident: "You people had a fire last night?"

Roswell Resident: "Yes, we did."

Lake Arthur Resident: "Was it serious?"

Roswell Resident: "No, it was just the flue at the Federal Building."

Lake Arthur Resident: "Well, well, we shouldn't be surprised. Even the "flues" are having the "flu."

Clovis

"Why pick on us?" was the general lament from the installers, cable and line men when they were ordered to rebuild Texico. Texico is a little town situated a few miles from Clovis, New Mexico, on the Texas border. The reason for the general weepfest seemed to be that they were being deported.

Nothing of the kind, however. The installer found a brand new central office building built according to our standards for towns of this size, and now Installer Knipp has just about completed his work and made the move from the old to the new building. "Pretty work" is the way Wire Chief Honea sizes up the installation.

Not the least among the good work being done in our little town is the rebuild being made by Construction Foreman Joy and his gang.

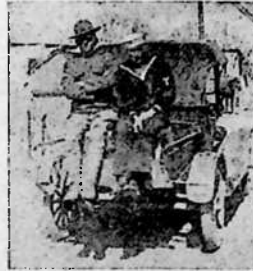
Bundled up in togs and goggles until he looked like an amateur aviator being photographed for the admiration of future generations, District Plant Chief Teschner slid down between the coil box and the emergency brake in MS No. 23 (our efficient Henry) and tried to make us believe he was getting relief from the wind storm. He says the sand storms described in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" by Harold Bell Wright have nothing on the little gale that blew between Texico and Clovis.

The morning after:

Honea: "Does the wind blow up around here, Mr. Teschner?"

Teschner: "??IX!*(?)!?" (Deleted by the censor.)

Exchange Manager Meyers is back from one of his fre-



Back to Civil Life and Glad of It.
A. L. Roberts and P. H. Vauchetlet.

quent trips to Enid and other Oklahoma points. He sure was wearing a million-dollar smile when he came home. Maybe that photograph of a fair Enid damsel he carried in his suit case had something to do with it.

Miss Ollye Thomas, our amiable operator, has just returned from Vaughn and other points where she has been visiting.

For just a short time between trains Miss Fitzwilliams, district traffic chief, of Roswell, was with us. We are always glad to see Miss Fitzwilliams, even if it is for just a short time.

Portales

Our building has had a general overhauling and we can now boast of one of the neatest little central offices in Roswell district. Manager St. John claims the most condensed and efficient work room in the district and the new rest room for the operators can best be described by quoting Chief Operator Miss Henderson: "It is most delightful cozy."

Phoenix District

Lillian Mitchell, Correspondent

There was great rejoicing in the Phoenix office among the employes who knew Glenn H. Stephens, when we heard he had safely arrived at home from France. We are anxious to welcome him to our city.

Mr. McLaughlin, manager of the Buck-eye exchange, was a recent visitor to our city to meet his wife and baby, who arrived from Safford, Arizona.

H. S. Percival, traveling auditor, who is a Phoenix visitor, celebrated his 21st birthday a few days ago. We are sure we will be invited to a dinner party soon to help him eat the many nice things which have been sent him by parcel post.

Mrs. G. H. Green, wife of our district cashier, is on the sick list.

Yuma

Miss Winfrey McDowell now appears on the pay roll as Mrs. James Cawley. The big event came as a surprise to the telephone force and her many friends. We all feel that Jim is a lucky chap, and are glad that he has acceded to his wife's request that she remain with us for the summer.

Mr. Hess, San Francisco toll wire chief, stopped off to get acquainted. The visit was mutually pleasant.

The All-American Canal, designed to serve Imperial Valley, California, with irrigating water, has been approved by the U. S. R. S. This will obviate the taking of the water through Mexico. Yuma will be headquarters for the construction of this project, which will employ a thousand men.

Brownie McCracken, combination man, should move to Somerton and run for mayor. Every time he hits the village to the south of us the whole town turns out to welcome him, and to tell him any gossip of the day. He knows 'em all and his drive down Main Street reminds one of old home week.

The manager greatly enjoyed a flying visit to Phoenix and a hand shake with old friends in the district office.

Prescott

In February, Mr. Field resigned his position with the plant department to accept a position in Los Angeles, California. He was replaced by Henry Lyons, who recently returned from overseas service and who was transferred to this exchange. We welcome Mr. Lyons.

Miss Theora Simmons, chief operator, was called to Ontario, California, due to information received advising her of serious injuries to her sister sustained in an auto acci-

dent. As soon as her sister shows improvement we hope to have Miss Simmons back with us. During her absence, Miss Stella Simmons is acting as chief operator.

During the month of February we were visited by Traveling Auditor H. S. Percival.

Tucumcari District

Mr. Dunwoody, our district manager, was trying to rush the season last week. He drove to Santa Rosa and got snowed in. Welcome snow. Excitement ruled the office—that is, the traffic department—when our new combination man arrived from Albuquerque. Everything was lovely until we heard he was married!

Miss Maurine Steckman, otherwise known as "Chubby," received a wonderful grass skirt and a string of beads straight from Hawaii. She wishes to inquire, would it create excitement if she wore them to the office?

Amarillo Operator: "Tucumcari, did the wind blow last night?"

Tucumcari Operator: "Yep, it blew so hard it blew the electric lights out."

Amarillo Operator: "That's all, Tucum. Thank you. Some wind."

Mrs. Ollie Collins has resigned as chief operator. Mrs. Collins has been a most faithful operator with the company for the last two years. Her smiling face will be very greatly missed. Miss Curbello will be our new chief.

Mr. Roy Gardner has resigned and intends to raise a few cows, chickens, dogs, and everything.

Mr. Child, our wire chief, is still with us. It wouldn't seem like home without Mr. Child.

Ruth Moine is a very apt pupil. She is learning how to play the ukulele.

Albuquerque District

Venice King, Correspondent

Plant

Ice skating is lots of fun, but it doesn't pay to try to do too many stunts. Mr. Vorbach tried it and broke his leg. The worst of it was, he got no sympathy whatever. How would you like to send a telegram home like the following and get such an answer:



Telegram: "Ice skating. Broke leg. Send money."

Answer: "Joy riding. Broke leg. No money."

If anybody has any sympathy for this poor fellow, please send it at once. It will be appreciated fully as much as the money would have been. The only reason he didn't break his neck was because he didn't try to skate on his head.

Mr. A. H. Blick, former testboardman at Albuquerque, has been transferred to Tucumcari in a similar capacity.

Mr. Albert Kneipp, former installation foreman of the Southern Division, has accepted a position here as assistant wire chief.

Mr. C. L. Bates, city foreman, is in Silver City.

Traffic

Miss Wilcox and Miss Heighes entertained a number of operators at the home of Miss Wilcox last Friday evening. The evening was spent in dancing and singing and having a good time in general. Delicious refreshments were served and everybody went home wishing the two hostesses would give another party soon.

Miss James gave a dinner party for some of the boys in

a local hospital who have been gassed. The boys enjoyed an evening of music that certainly did them worlds of good.

Commercial

Mr. Ambrose and Mr. Spear went out and did some repair work the other day. It certainly went hard with them. Mr. Ambrose was so lame he could hardly navigate. Mr. Spear felt terribly over being mistaken for a native. I wonder what would become of them if they had to do real line work?

Wire Chief: "What light, Operator?"

Silence.

Wire Chief: "What light, Operator?"

Again no response.

In a few minutes the W. C. calls in again. The new operator calls the supervisor.

New Operator: "Someone keeps calling in and saying, 'Good-night, Operator.' Will you please see what he wants?"

Man from Country: "I want to see about having a telephone put in. What is the cheapest you can give me?"

Clerk: "The cheapest we can give you is a four-party line."

Man from Country: "What do you mean by that?"

Clerk: "That means that there will be four people on the line."

Man from Country: "I don't want your telephone, then. I want to talk to more than four people, and besides they may not be the four people I want to talk to."

Tucson District

G. H. Wattles, Correspondent

On Sunday, March 2nd, a bunch from the Telephone family, together with some of their friends, ventured out for the first real picnic of the season. They motored to a nice camping spot near the Colossal Cave near Vail.

Most of them were on the ground by high noon with appetites sharpened. They soon had a hot fire and Tripp started right in just like he knew how to make real coffee—well, anyway it tasted good, whether it was the novelty of the "camping out style" or really good coffee. After getting the "hot dogs" hot, they were ready for the chow. The "Red Devil" (Franz's Ford, dubbed the "Red Devil" account of its dull red finish) dashed up and swiped Tripp's spare tire and beat it. Right away trouble was suspected, for the list checked short one Olds and its occupants, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps.

The missing parties showed up some time later. Mr. Phelps had one arm bandaged, and both he and Franz resembled convalescents fresh from a hospital. This created a little excitement, but the ladies in their party told the story, which was something like this:

"Messrs. Phelps and Franzen were making a tire change, when, all of a sudden, a loud report rang out and both of them fell to the ground almost lifeless. Something terrible had happened. Could some careless hunter have shot them by mistake? What was to be done? We shook them, but they did not stir. We then proceeded to bathe their heads with water from the canteen and for a few minutes we thought we might not be able to revive them. Finally they began to show signs of life, and in a short time they had resumed their work on the tire change." Franz was there with a lot of good sound advice and he gave the benefit of it in the following way:

"Don't try to put too small a rim on a wheel. Don't try to remove a tire from a rim without letting the air out unless you have a gas mask."



In the afternoon part of the bunch took a two-mile hike up the hills to the cave and did a little exploring through the winding passages until the candles began to grow short and all reluctantly returned to daylight.

Douglas

George Mavor, assistant secretary of our company, was a Douglas visitor and gave us the once over on our "G 6."

Again we have with us on the traffic force the smiling face of Helen Jacquez, formerly Helen Danford, who, over a year ago, accepted the position as P. B. X. operator at the Phelps Dodge Mercantile Company.

Miss Josie May Gibbons has been added to our local force, replacing Helen Flack, resigned.

Lova Falk, our cashier, is having "some" time in making up her Form 754 during the past few days. At first it was rather hard to make, and just what she was intending to do, as it started off with 15-2, 15-2, etc., but after inquiring around a little, it was learned that she was only adding up her score on cribbage.

Mr. D. F. Papot is still on his ranch, and we all think that the local hardware stores will soon be declaring another dividend, as he is now fully equipped from plow to threshing machine.

Frank Foley is still with us and wondering where he can get an outfit that will keep him on a ladder as well as a pole. Frank forgets himself once in a while and reaches out as though he were on a pole, but the ladder wants to go with him.

Tombstone

Look out, Monitor fans, we're coming! Who? Why. Tombstone, of course. We sincerely hope that the patient perusers of Monitor pages believe in the saying, "Better late than never." We do.

Mr. and Mrs. Smart, our new manager and manageress, were duly initiated and are now installed in their new home. Mr. Smart seems to find both Courtland and Benson more interesting than Tombstone, so we see him occasionally between trips. We have our suspicions.

One thing follows another, and now that the war is over (we are not sorry, oh no) we are afraid that "someone" is coming home from "over there" and steal "someone" "over here." The answer to our lost, strayed or stolen ad will be—Miss Ciochetti.

Miss Virginia Marrs, our efficient relief operator, left Sunday for Oakland, California, where she will visit with relatives for several months.

Nogales

We have been so occupied admiring our new exchange, equipment and building that our Monitor notes account has become slightly in arrears. In consequence of which, through Form 109 routine, we agreed to put on our editorial night-cap and make an attempt at representation at any rate. The district correspondent stated that this would be an awful strain on the night-cap in all probability, but to make the attempt as an experiment if nothing more.

But it's true, we have a brand new, honest-to-grandma "gab-box" system with self-starting telephones and pleased subscribers and everything. Cut over just about a year after the completion of the new building and now working smoothly and all changing completed. In some cases "the little black boxes" changed in place of the old style magneto type instruments did not take very well; some few subscribers stating that they did not want their telephones changed, and in one case the subscriber refused to pay his bill because there was no crank on his telephone and it could not be used.

Mr. J. S. Jennings, the wire chief, stood the strain very nicely until all was completed, but the actuality proved too much and he is now in the hospital slowly recovering but yet inclined to believe that he was seeing things as a result of mescal obtained on the Mexican side of the line. However, he is doing nicely and we hope to have him back with us within two weeks.

Mr. D. J. Lovell is temporarily a member of the plant force, due to an unusual amount of work at this time.

Mr. E. J. Anderson, district manager, has been our only visitor this month, having dropped in twice but each time leaving the same day.

Photo of Marvelous Wireless Telephony Apparatus Which Broke All Records by Transmitting Messages 150 Miles From Airplane

Secretary of the Navy Daniels conversed with the airplane of Ensign Harry Sadenwater, in flight 150 miles away. This conversation carried on by wireless was from the Secretary's desk to the plane at sea, 150 miles away, and broke all former records, which were from 40 to 50 miles.

Photo shows the wonderful apparatus as used on the plane.



To a Girl Somewhere in U. S. A.—Presumably the Lone Star State

Chesley, France, January 25, 1919.

To the Editor of The Monitor, Denver:

Dear Sir—Will you kindly publish the following letter in The Monitor, for I feel that it is the only way I have of getting my answer back to the writer of a Christmas letter I received, signed "A Girl from the U. S. A."?

The letter I received was for me, all right, as it had my address but not the writer's name, and I feel that such a beautiful letter must have been written by someone of the El Paso office, as I know of no one else there who would write such a beautiful letter and not care to give her name.

Thanking you in advance for any favor, and also hoping to be back on the job where I can get The Monitor each month. I am, with very best wishes to the whole gang,

Sincerely yours,

E. J. BACON.

Master Engineer,
Headquarters Detachment, 11th Engineers,
A. P. O. 796, A. E. F.

Chesley, France, January 25.

To "Just a Girl from the U. S. A."

Your most welcome letter reached me January 14, 1919, and I was very glad to get it, also to learn that "someone" unknown had that much interest in me.

All of our mail has been late in getting to us, and so far your letter has been the first Christmas cheer to reach me, although I know there must be more on the way for me, as I happen to be married and have a dandy little wife who will thank you as I do for the interest shown.

As soon as I return to my work I expect to report to El Paso, and should I stay in your city my wife will be with me and I know she as well as myself would like to thank you in person should you care to let yourself be known to either of us.

It is the spirit you who have stayed at home from necessity have shown that has made it easier for us over here. You are the people who have fought the hard war—not us. It is true we have taken some great chances, but we did not have the time to think about them.

Should you read this letter you will know yours reached me O. K. and I thank you more than I can tell you.

Sincerely,
E. J. BACON.



"Back to the dear old homeland—
Back with the peaceful dove.
Don't let us sing of war any more—
Just let us sing of love."

"Come in at once! Shelling feared!"
"Too late. Shelling!"

That was the last heard from the front line operator, James C. Durham, all through the day of terrific shelling and gun fire, as he stuck to his post where it seemed no human life could endure. But at night he crawled back into the trenches as a spectre returned from the tomb.

"Hello! Jim—ain't you dead!" his comrades exclaimed.

"Well, just look me over and see," smiled Jim through a coating of mud and sand on his tanned face.

But why go into details? It's the grand old story of bravery and endurance. Jim—yes, our own Jim C. Durham—is back again and his "job was waiting for him." He was a Morse operator at Pueblo when the call came. He went over with the 405th, Co. D, but was separated from the main bunch in some way.

"We picked German messages from the air," said Jim, "then sent them to the office and from there they went to the intelligence department to be deciphered.

"In taking messages from our own operators we never knew where they came from nor from whom. All was in Morse and Continental code.

"In Paris I was within 225 feet of where a Big Bertha shell dropped. One gets accustomed to those things, though. I've laid with other men under camouflage out in the open while fierce-looking airplanes would dart down to within a few hundred feet of us,

and then sail on. Had the driver seen us he'd unloaded a basket of shells on us.

"But what beats me is that I was sent back with the casualty company to have my nice little appendix cut out; and here I am, home again—and the war is over!"

Telephone Language at the Front

"Hello! Bucket-of-Blood. Listen in on Tin Can; Heinie has the range on Podunk! Whizz-bang!"

Sounds like Comanche talk, even to a modern telephone man, doesn't it? But that's the language the telephone boys of the 405th used "Over There," when they were close-up on the front line, with bombs, 75's and all kinds of death-dealing fireworks zipping and hissing about them.

It is an interesting story that Edward C. Bertagnolli, former exchange manager at Central City, tells about "the new language" of the signal service Yanks, their codes and operations. Mr. Bertagnolli saw service of nine months and is home with a patched-up right arm and a world of experience.

"The complete story of the work of the 405th will never be written," said Mr. Bertagnolli, "no more than can be written the details of the many great battles of the war; but to the honor and praise of the boys who were engaged to connect up the directing powers of the army with the activities at the front, let it be said as was said of Jim Bludso of old:

"They never flunked, they never failed—
I reckon they never knowed how."

"Of but one sector I will speak in particular, because it is most vivid to my mind—that of Toul and Menil-la-Toul. Toul is a city; Menil-la-Toul is a village some ten miles nearer the front. For days—yes, weeks—plans were being made for the big drive against the Huns. It was the business of the telephone Signal Corps to get the wires as far ahead of the division as possible. Much of it had to be



What One Hun Bomb Did in Paris



Ruins Caused by Air Raid on Paris

placed underground. Our work was necessarily mostly done at night. The Huns were not asleep, and don't ever let anyone tell you those fellows don't know how to shoot. Years of hard training made them expert gunners. And they had the advantage of knowing every foot of No Man's Land because they had lived in it and fought over it.

"But we often went out in broad daylight. One day when I was out stringing a twisted pair I advanced almost a mile ahead of my motorcycle. I was alone. I saw an airplane sailing toward me from the enemy. I hiked it back toward my motor but Heinie had my number and dropped a nice little shell to the left of me a few yards. It tore a hole in the ground as big as the old swimming hole we kids used to bathe in. Half a minute later another bomb dropped to the right of me. I felt that the next would strike center, but I was on my way. The third hit in my trail some yards behind me. By this time our anti-aircraft guns were busy and Heinie retreated.

"Finally all was in readiness. We had laid 2,000,000 feet of twisted pairs, touching the very edge of the objective point. We had installed headquarters equipment in a dug-out over 60 feet underground. No one seemed to know which side would lay down the first barrage—the Germans or the Allies. Each was waiting—waiting—waiting. The suspense was more terrible, it seemed, than the roar of guns. Then came the order, 'Cut over the lines.' There were 125 of us in the system. Each man knew what to do and he did it. In just fourteen minutes from the time the order was given the cut-over was perfected and the 2,000,000 feet of twisted pairs were sur-charged and ready for use.

"And then—well, you all know what happened. The Huns were routed and a great victory won. If the army officers hadn't stopped the Yanks they would have gone right on into Berlin, I do believe; and the telephone would have been with them. We had prepared for that.

"One of the bravest and most daring attacks I saw on the front was when a lone Heinie sailed into a flock of five of the Allied airplanes, right over our heads. The day was clear and we could see every movement. One of our big signal balloons was anchored some 1,500 feet above us. Two of our boys were in the baskets directing the fire. Heinie was sent out to put the signal service out of commission. He soared above the balloon, then dived toward it, throwing out fire balls. They missed. He rose again amidst a fusillade from our five airplanes. Again he darted toward the signal balloon and this time his fire balls struck with an explosion.

"The signal men swung out in their parachutes and floated to the ground in safety. The balloon was consumed in two minutes. The German flier flapped his wings and escaped. It was the bravest thing I ever saw, and even though he is a Hun I'd like to hang an iron cross on him.

"Oh, yes, about the Bucket-of-Blood. Well, German spies were always to be considered, so every month each telephone exchange got a new name and there was no rhyme nor reason in the name except that it threw the spy off the track. For instance, one month an exchange was known as 'Eye-Opener,' the next it would be 'Tin Can,' then 'Bucket-of-Blood,' and so on. In telephoning we never mentioned the name of a regiment or company, nor did we give official titles to any office. It was always, 'Hello, Brown, this is Smith,' although Smith might have been a captain or a colonel.

"An old woman, a German sympathizer, within our lines, apparently innocently, hung out a washing in her yard each day. One day she'd hang out shirts, next day nothing but stockings, another day petticoats, another handkerchiefs, etc. By this she was giving code messages to the Germans. She is now in a penitentiary in France.

"One old German had two horses, one black and one white. It was noticed that he never drove them out twice hitched the same way; one day the white horse would be on the left side; next day the white horse would be on the right side. Some days only one horse was driven. This old spy is now also 'Somewhere in France.'

"But here I am back home again, and I'm glad of it."

"Al" Longs for Home and Panamas

How would you like to live in a country where you had to keep the street as well as the sidewalk in front of your house clear of snow? That is what they do in Germany. However, the fraus, frauleins and kinder do the work, so the lordly herren should worry.

Captain Young of the 405th writes about that and other subjects from Mayen, where he was still sojourning on February 10:

"We have not heard a thing as yet, but expect that we will get our orders between the 1st and 15th of March. If we do not I would just as soon have the show start up again.

"We had a little snow last night, and it seems that the law over here requires the property owners to keep the streets as well as the sidewalks clean, and you should see the women and children shoveling and sweeping snow. The women do most of the drudgery work, which does not help them keep up appearances like our American women. But we should worry! We can't talk to them nor are we permitted to fraternize with any of these people. At that, no one wants to have anything to do with them.

"We have been attached to the Fourth Corps since it was organized, in June, 1918, and are still a part of it. How much longer we are going to be with it is quite a question. Rumor has it that the Fourth Corps will be broken up between the 1st and 15th of March. It won't make me a bit mad if we are ordered home then, or even sooner.

"I finally had a picture taken and am sending you one of the proofs. It takes a long time to get a finished job on account of so many having pictures taken. The patch on the shoulder is the Fourth Corps insignia and the chevron on the sleeve for six months' service over here. When we get home we will have to remove the patch, also the Sam Browne belt and no doubt the gold chevron, but we should worry as long as we get home. A blue serge and a Panama will strike me just about right.

"Everybody well and happy. Give my warmest regards to the telephone family.

"A. W. YOUNG."



Capt. A. W. Young

Back Home and in Business

Howard C. Brayton, who enlisted with the 405th, is home again and has preferred to launch into the automobile business in Pueblo rather than take his old job with the Telephone Company that was waiting for him.

Private Brayton enlisted for the air service, trained in California, where he "got his wings," and was as far on his way as Hoboken when the kaiser said, "Ring off; Ich habe genuch!"

Over the Top at Cantigny

Cantigny is a name that will live in American history, and one of the Mountain States Company's representatives in the fight has written a letter describing the work of the Signal Corps in building and maintaining a line under the heaviest of shell fire. Sergeant H. D. McCormack, former exchange manager at Rawlins, Wyoming, is now with the Army of Occupation, and writes from Montabaur, Germany:

"Having gone over the top with the first wave of infantry at Cantigny, the first village to be taken by the American soldiers in France, I will try to tell you how I felt and what I saw during that action.

"About 2 p. m. on the day preceding the attack, the captain commanding Company B, Second Field Battalion, Signal Corps, informed the company that he had volun-

teered the services of twenty-five men from his company to build a line and furnish communication for the infantry which was ordered to straighten out a dangerous salient which the Germans had forced into our lines during the early spring offensive.

"Because of this being a local attack against a very strong position to take and to hold, it was known by all that the German command would not give up this strong front, especially to the Americans, if they could possibly hold it or drive the Americans out, because of the moral effect it would have on the Allied soldiers and against the morale of their own troops, as the Americans' fighting qualities had been ridiculed and cheapened to the German soldiers by their high command.

"It was also decided by our signal officers that a telephone line that would hold up under the heavy German fire that was expected must be of a special type.

"It was decided to build a 'ladder' line which would consist of three twisted pair lines which would make up the legs of the ladder; cross lines or 'steps' were to be laid and spliced on to the three legs of the ladder. It was necessary for the men laying the lines to be very careful when splicing the wires together, because if a connection was reversed the line would be shorted and the efforts of all would be worthless until the trouble could be found, and the trouble shooters would have to do this under heavy enemy fire.

"The twenty-five of us chosen to build and maintain this line were given special instructions on the construction of this line on three afternoons preceding the attack. We were cautioned that it was necessary to do our part correctly; that an error by any one would make the whole thing worthless until it could be gone over and repaired. We were also told that this line would be built under heavy shell fire; that we were to go over with and keep pace with the infantry, also to keep our wits about us.

"We went up to the front line trenches on the night before the big doings, arriving at the jumping-off trench at 11 p. m. We had a little work to do which occupied our time until about 3 a. m., after which we caught a little sleep. We had worked all day and most of the night, and knew that we had two or three hard days ahead of us.

"Everything was quiet that night except for the usual artillery and machine-gun fire, until our batteries opened their destructive and counter-battery fire at 5 a. m. in preparation for our advance.

"I cannot explain my feelings from the time our barrage commenced until the word was given to go. I was glad that I had been given the opportunity. I was very nervous but not afraid, and was extremely anxious for the zero hour to arrive.

"At last, 6:45 a. m., the word was passed along to fix bayonets, then to go. As far as I could see on either side the boys were going, and we fellows with the big 60-pound coils of wire on our backs were going with them. I carried and unreeled the first reel of wire on the left flank of the ladder line, after which I helped to splice the steps to the legs of the ladder.

"The shelling was heavy. Airplanes, both French and German, were overhead; I even noticed a few birds flying around over No Man's Land that morning.

"The doughboys reached their objective and held it, although the enemy did their best to dislodge them. The line we built worked from the time we reached our objective until 18 hours afterwards without repair, under the heaviest of shell fire. I had experienced my first trip over the top without injury, even if I did have lots of dirt thrown on me.

"I have just heard of an order that states this Division will be included in the permanent Army of Occupation, and that we will probably be home between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

"MAC."

Sgt. H. D. McCormack,
Co. B, 2nd Field Bn.,
Signal Corps.

Brief Resume of the Work of the "405th"

We are all immensely proud of being related to the 405th Telegraph Battalion. In fact, we are highly delighted to be related to the entire A. E. F.

The 405th was honored by being made a part of the Army of Occupation, and they are now marking time in Germany, where they are able to review events that moved very swiftly in the closing days of the war. While the guns were working overtime and shells were whizzing and exploding there was little time for correspondence; scarcely the time necessary for eating and sleeping.

The battalion had its first exciting experience in a collision at sea, when the boys had been three days out. Their boat was so badly damaged that they were obliged to put back to port. The collision happened at night in the intense darkness, due to "no lights" orders, but the lack of confusion and panic was so marked that the ship commander specially mentioned it in a letter to the troop commander in the following language: "The entire lack of panic amongst the troops, the absence of excitement and no noise (in fact, less than would have been experienced at an ordinary drill), bespeaks in the highest manner a discipline characteristic of the best traditions of the U. S. Army."

On the second attempt the boys were off and had their first glimpse of the coast of France on a bright May day. Shortly after, they traveled by rail up the beautiful Loire Valley.

The enemy was lunging hard for Paris. "Big Bertha" and the Gothas were doing their best to make life unsafe and unendurable in the once gay city.

Our boys were getting busy, and Company E was sent to a point near Paris to do some very urgent construction work. Material was difficult to obtain and tools were scarce, but the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the men was shown to excellent advantage.

Before this work was entirely finished the men were assigned to the Fourth Corps, First American Army, and drove overland to Neufchateau, in the Vosges section. Here again they gave results and their American versatility manifested itself in the construction of all kinds of aerial lines, from light bracket and railway dispatch lines to heavy long-distance lines and aerial cable plant. The lines were operated and maintained in a practically perfect manner.

The boys remained at this work until midsummer, when they were moved to Toul and later transferred to Royau-meix, Meurthe et Moselle. Things were moving, fast shaping for big action. Our men took over the French lines, which appeared much entangled, and with feverish haste and the hardest kind of work disentangled these strange lines and adjusted them to meet the needs of our army; also they built auxiliary lines and made the Corps P. C. installation in the new underground headquarters at Menil-la-Tour.

September had come and the stage was being set for the final scenes of the war. The battalion was divided into platoons and some of the men were assigned to duty in a dense woods. A portion of the line was on open wire, some on stake lines and a portion on trees. Difficult to follow in daylight through the thick underbrush, with lines of barbed wire entanglements across the path half hidden by foliage, it was almost impossible at night—and much work had to be done under cover of darkness. The autumn rains started and complicated matters.

Suddenly a strange, almost uncanny hush seemed to settle over things and the lines which had so recently hummed until they had been fairly hot with business were little used.

It was the calm before the storm. The men felt it and inaction under the shelter of those pup tents in the dripping woods was harder to bear than anything they had previously gone through.

"Der Tag" had passed. "The Day," "Le Jour," had come. The mighty bombardment that preceded the end started at 1 o'clock in the morning and it seemed as if the lid of the earth was being blown off. Our men worked all day and night carrying forward the necessary circuits, using such

supports as they could find and lance poles when there were no other supports. They had expected one day to get the boche on the run, and they knew their lance practice would then be most useful.

The roads were impassable for traffic except ambulances and supplies. The construction trucks became stalled in the jam. There was but one way to get the wire forward and that was to carry it. It was carried and strung by hands that, as the day wore on, became sore and bleeding. Sergeants, corporals, privates, all worked long hours willingly; there were no complaints. When they were finally able to rest a little, even the shells that exploded in their vicinity did not much disturb the heavy slumber of those utterly exhausted signal corps boys.

But the objective had been reached and the St. Mihiel salient was a matter of history. The First American Army had won its triumph.

The battalion became a part of the Army of Occupation and started for the Rhine, where they celebrated Christmas. They have their minds all made up as to where their next celebration will be staged—in the land of their hearts' desire—America the beautiful.

The Army Poets

When Sambo Gets Back to Dixie

Bon jouah defe, Liza Jane!
How's you-all dis yere aujourd'hui?
I'se been to Frawnce 'n' back agin,
'N' you shor'll soon compree
Dis yere Frawnsay lingerie.
Aw, oui, maw cherie-ee,
I dun see you sho' compree!
Viola, a joli kiss—
Jus' lakk dis—
Comme saw, mah Dixie belle!
You-all's bettah'n any Frawnsay
mademoiselle.

—FRANCIS W. EWING,
Pvt. Co. A, 309th Field Signal Bn.

The world is so full of a number of Huns
I'm sure we should all take good care of our guns.
—Stars and Stripes.

Short and Sweet

Some men grow as their business grows—others merely swell.

What a man is depends largely upon what he does when he has nothing to do.

After all, the great difference between a man and a mule is that a mule seldom kicks without cause.

The first and last years of your life do not amount to much. If you are going to make good, you'll have to do it now.

Don't get downhearted because you happen to make a mistake. Every time a smart man makes a mistake he learns something.

An agent approaching a house met a little boy at the gate and asked, "Is your mother at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy politely.

The agent walked across the long lawn, and after rapping several times without receiving an answer, returned to the boy, saying: "I thought you said your mother was at home."

"Yes, sir, she is," replied the boy.

"But I have rapped several times without receiving an answer."

"That may be, sir," said the boy; "I don't live there."

—Everybody's

405th Commanded by Brigadier General Wells

Headquarters Fourth Army Corps, American E. F.

From: Chief of Staff.

To: Chief Signal Officer, Fourth Army Corps.

Subject: Commendation of Signal Troops.

1. In view of the many changes that are taking place and transfers that are being effected throughout the American E. F., the corps commander directs me to communicate through you to the commanding officers of the 405th Telegraph Battalion, while they are still with us, his appreciation of the loyal and efficient work they have performed.

2. This organization has served with this army corps since its organization. During this time they have gone through the various stages of their work of construction, operation and maintenance of lines of information, passing from the training area to the occupation of the Toul sector, through the St. Mihiel offensive of September 12, 13 and 14, building an advanced system on captured territory and salvaging large quantities of material resulting from that offensive. Then on through the minor operations in the Woivre, September 14, to end operations between the Meuse and Moselle September 26 to November 11, the date of the armistice. Then finally, on November 17 to date, the forward march into Germany of the Army of Occupation.

3. During all this period these troops have performed their duties well. Only they themselves know of the countless difficulties they have had to overcome.

4. These troops have exhibited soldierly qualities of loyalty, courage and originality that make the American soldier what he is.

B. R. WELLS,
Brigadier General, Signal Corps.

Office of Chief Signal Officer,
Headquarters Fourth Army Corps, American E. F.

February 6, 1919.

To: Commanding Officer, 405th Telegraph Battalion Signal Corps.

1. It is with great satisfaction that this communication is forwarded to you for the records of your battalion and of the individuals of your command. The loyalty, energy, efficiency and willingness displayed by your troops, individually and collectively, are matters of deep gratification to me, and I know also to yourselves. The consciousness of duty well performed is the greatest reward a soldier can receive, and you have that. You have suffered casualties of men killed, wounded and died of disease resulting from exposure and hardships, but your performance of duty has always been cheerful and successful. The manner in which on several occasions your troops have laid from eight to twelve kilometers of wire by hand over country and roads that transports could not pass, carrying the wire on your backs, regardless of hours, sleep or food, simply evidences the indomitable spirit which has actuated your troops throughout this war.

2. I take this occasion, on leaving this army corps, to thank you for your work and your spirit and to wish you all the success in life which is your due.

IRVING J. CARR,
Colonel, Signal Corps.

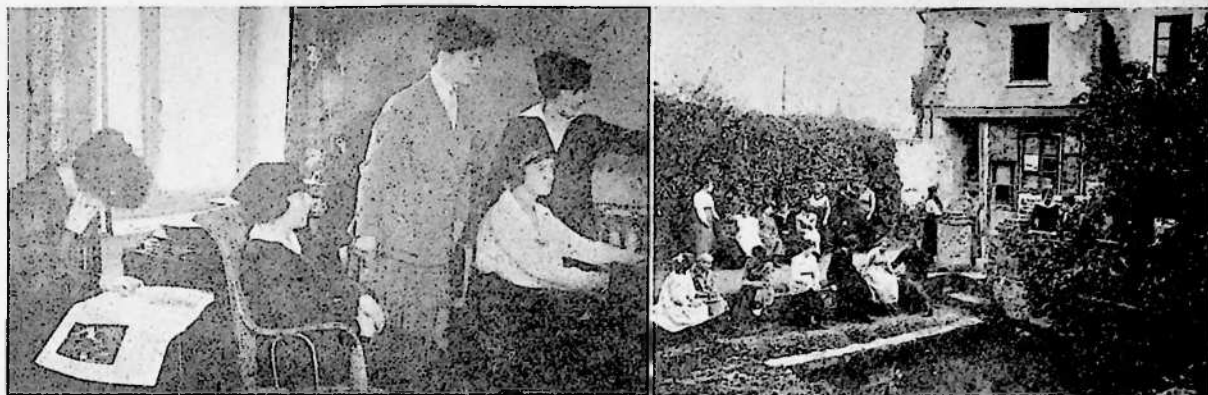
Headquarters 405th Telegraph Battalion, S. C.,
American E. F.

February 14, 1919.

To: The Commanding Officer, Company D, 405th Telegraph Battalion, S. C.

1. I take this opportunity of expressing to you my appreciation of the excellence of the performance of the duties that brought forth the above commendation from the corps commander and the indorsement from the corps signal officer, and I wish to add, in forwarding this letter to you, my own personal wish for the continuance of your brilliant record. May each of you, officer and man, share alike in the knowledge of this glorious achievement.

RICHARD E. WALSH,
Major, Signal Corps.



(1) Signal Corps Girls in Their Club at Tours. (2) Quaint Old French House and Garden, Rest Home of Signal Corps Girls

At the Sign of the Blue Triangle

The war has been a precedent breaker in many ways. For the first time in history women were recognized officially as part of the army, and the women telephone operators of the Signal Corps played an important part, not even surpassed by the work of the nurses, each in their different lines aiding greatly in the victorious conclusion. If the women could not be "cited" for gallantry in action they have at least received great praise for bravery under fire, for many of them were subjected to all the dangers of those within range of the sweeping Teuton guns.

The Signal Corps girls were under military rule. Discipline regulated their lives and as a reward they wore on the collars of their uniforms the symbol of the trust of a nation—the letters "U. S. A."

The housing and comfort of the Signal Corps girls in France was entrusted by our Government to the Y. W. C. A., an organization with fifty-two years' experience in this work.

The houses were almost invariably quaint old French establishments with attractive gardens and beautiful shrubbery—the whole atmosphere having a peculiar charm for our modern American business girls. Just before the last big drive the Y. W. C. A. secretary in charge of the unit that was to be moved up near the front secured a splendid house, something which the officers thought would be impossible. The location made it possible for the unit to be close to action, where they put through such perfect connections as to play no small part in the success of the drive.

Two Hostess houses have now been established in Germany for the American canteen workers and Signal Corps girls who have advanced with the A. E. F. Since the signing of the armistice the girls have made many transfers from France to Germany and back again, sometimes on very short notice—the fortune of war. Their quarters might be on the banks of the Seine or the Rhine, but wherever they were all the comforts possible under the circumstances were provided.

Christmas cheer was provided by the home folks, and the girls received in their stockings hung up in France, money for parties, chocolates and even beauty

pins. The employes of the Bell System contributed about \$465, made up of very small amounts accruing from the sale of rights belonging to stock held by trustees for the subscribing employes. To distribute this amount among thirty thousand employes would have given each one interested about one cent and a half—less, of course, than the cost of distribution. Therefore, with the hearty approval of all concerned, a check for the money was sent to Mrs. Henry P. Davison, treasurer of the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A.

The uniformed soldiers of the switchboard, in some cases having their gas masks within easy reach for instant use, have done their part faithfully and well, and have been in the minds and hearts of their one hundred million backers at home.

Praise for Telephone Girl

Following letter from the chief of the fire department at Jerome, Idaho, tells of another telephone operator who considered duty and safety of others at her own peril:

Jerome Fire Department

Jerome, Idaho, March 12, 1919.

Mr. Fred B. Jones, District Manager,
The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company,
Boise, Idaho.

Dear Sir: This morning at 3 o'clock we had a very bad, smoky fire that threatened to become serious, in the lower floor of the drug store in the east part of the same building in which the telephone office is located, and it filled your offices with a dense smoke.

One of your operators, Miss Laura Thorp, discovered the fire through the smoke coming into her office and turned in the alarm and stayed at the board until some of the firemen forced her to leave in order to save her from being overcome by the smoke.

I wish to say she is entitled to unlimited praise.

Yours truly,

R. W. BURROUGHS,
Chief Fire Department.

Welcome to Our Family

A. U. Mayfield, well-known Denver newspaperman, is now connected with the Publicity Department of the Telephone Company, and will also assist in getting out The Monitor. Welcome, "Rips!"



Western Division



C. A. POFF, Associate Editor

Salt Lake Commercial

E. C. Allen, Correspondent

The Bible says, "Take unto yourself a wife."
The Wise Man says, after reading the scripture,
"Be careful whose wife you take."



Mr. Zimmerman, one of our able equipment men, recently took unto himself a wife.

Mr. Zimmerman wishes to thank all those concerned for the beautiful box of silverware.

Miss Lane has been transferred from the Traffic Department to the supervisor's desk in the Commercial Department.

Our congenial building superintendent, Mr. Lewis, has resigned and assumed management of the "Mab" Manufacturing Company, whose products are in such demand as to require all of Mr. Lewis' time. James Price, the new superintendent of the building, has taken up his duties, and the carpenters are hard at work on a fireproof addition to the city offices. Our company is constantly making improvements for the safety of its employes and the public.

Business is drifting back to normal and everyone seems to be busy.

A great many smiling faces are to be seen around the Salt Lake division plant since demobilization is in progress. Nearly every department has a representative of Uncle Sam, and our company has given employment to all returned soldiers and sailors.

Among the many returned to civilian life is D. W. Craig,

of the plant department. He brought with him a number of snapshots of rural scenes in France.

The entertainment committee of Chapter 13 have left nothing undone to furnish interesting features, both educational and amusing, for its members. The last meeting was well attended. Mr. J. F. Greenawalt was the speaker, and efficiently the subject of his interesting and instructive talk.

The bowling league is lining up for the season, and several returned soldiers are listed. Big results are expected when it comes to shooting these cannon balls and scoring hits.

If anyone has a grievance against the M. S. T. & T. Co. the writer suggests that he spend a Tuesday afternoon at our office and count the people who come and go. Of course, there is a reason, but not all are wise to it. We do not believe that there is another company or business house in the city that has the patronage our company has on this particular afternoon. If anyone is in doubt ask Mr. Quillian and be convinced. TUESDAY IS PAY DAY.

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

Do right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman.



Field Repair Man, Signal Corps, A. E. F.



French Peasant Women Herding Goats



Mess Wagon for Field Men, Signal Corps

(Photos Brought Home by D. W. Craig.)

Salt Lake Traffic

Esther Coutts, Correspondent

A gala affair indeed was the costume party which was given by the members of the Telephone Club Monday evening, March 17, at the Community Club house. All women employes of the Traffic Department were invited and accepted enthusiastically. Irish maidens, Chinese mandarins, village gossips, soldiers and sailors danced with Italian organ grinders, newsboys and colonial grande dames.

Miss Bertha Carr as "Sis Hopkins" received a big laugh every time she flopped her braids. Misses May and Amy Rogers were "screams" in the characters of an old village rustic and his wife, and Miss Clara Jeffs as 'Peanut Petro' created a sensation.

Two prizes were given, one for the best and one for the most ridiculous costume. There were so many clever characters that it was difficult for the judges to make a decision, but everybody agreed that it was a fair one when finally made.

Miss Rehan Best as a Chinese mandarin was awarded first prize. The booby prize went to Miss Esther Coutts, whose characterization was a cross between "Sis Hopkins" and a Bowery tough.

Clever character dances were executed by Misses Bessie Service and Afton Gallacher. Miss Service danced the sailor's hornpipe and Miss Gallacher the sword dance.

The gymnasium, where the happy affair was held, was attractively decorated in shamrocks and green crepe paper.

A novel idea in regard to refreshments was carried out. Each guest brought her luncheon in a basket. The baskets were arranged on a long table and when the time came everybody grabbed the nearest one. In addition, green lemonade and green candy were served.

When all the refreshments had vanished the guests took their leave, everybody agreeing that the character party had been a huge success.

The committee who took charge of the affair are deserving of special mention. It was entirely due to their energy and tireless efforts that the affair was so successful. These young ladies were Misses LaNez Pitkin, Mame Jones, Clea Kennedy, Althea Clark, Jeanette Parry, Rhea Wallace and Ruby Lec.

There have been a number of changes in our department during the last month. Miss Ellinor Peake, supervisor, who was absent for some time on account of illness, has returned but has been transferred to the Hyland Exchange.



A Group of Merry-makers, Costume Party, Salt Lake City.—Courtesy of Salt Lake Tribune

Miss Rehan Best has also deserted us for Hyland. We are sorry to lose them.

Recent Wasatch acquisitions are the Misses Madeline DeSpain, Lily Forsythe and Genevieve McCormick from Hyland and the Misses Beckstead and Windquist from the Murray Exchange. We are glad to see them and hope they will like us.

Miss Effie Coutts, our P. B. X. operator, has been transferred to the Training School Department. We know the change is most agreeable, as said young lady is fond of exercising her vocal powers, and will now have ample opportunity to do so.

Training School

We are happy to inform everybody that our school-room is finished at last. It is large and sunny and is equipped with all modern improvements. The switchboard has ten "A" positions and there are five desk positions. At present we have two classes of student operators, who bid fair to be the brightest and best we have had. Why shouldn't they be, with seven efficient instructresses and a principal like Miss Terry?

We have welcomed to our ranks two new instructresses, Misses LaNae Erickson and Effie Coutts.

Wasatch Toll

Miss White is very busy instructing five new operators for toll: Misses Stanley, Watson, Marshall, Squires and Hales.

Miss Riser is enjoying a furlough in sunny California.

A number of toll and Wasatch operators spent a delightful evening on February 23 at a candy pull given by Miss Ethel Moon. After pulling the candy they ate it with



"On With the Dance"

spoons and spent the remainder of the evening dancing and drinking—"water" and, well—what's the "diff"—they had a glorious time.

At the end of the perfect evening, to be exact at 12:29 a. m., the party broke up. The occasion will long be remembered by the delighted participants.



Beaver

Another Dutchman has been found in southern Utah.

He called in from his telephone, and said: "Hello, is dis de—um—ah, de—Middlins?" Knowing he had made an awful mistake, he left the telephone.

Then one day, being desperate, he asked in a feeble voice for a number. "I can't hear you," said the operator, then gave him some instructions, but the receiver went up with a bang.

Going straight to the manager, he demanded his telephone removed immediately. "Why, on what grounds?" queried the manager.

The brazen creature had insulted him.

"What did she say?" asked Mr. C—

"Vell, if you must know," said the Dutchman, "I'll tell you in her own vords. She said, 'Shake up your pants, mister.'"

Wasatch Local



A LESSON in "light" economy is demonstrated by our chief operator, Miss Effie Johnson. When the No. 60 globes burn out, does she run for another? Not much! She grabs the window stick, gives the refractory globe a gentle poke—and lo! there is light once more.

Miss Ethel Jackson has efficiently taken the place of Miss Coutts.

Miss Verna Bouch, assistant P. B. X. operator, has been promoted to the rank of supervisor. Miss Ruby Lee has taken her place. Both young ladies are pleased with the promotion.

Miss Ida Whipple, supervisor, has returned after an absence of a few weeks on account of illness.

Those on our absent list at present are the Misses Vilate Brinton, Audrey Todd, Jennie Gill and Louise Welti. We hope to see them all soon.

Miss LaNae Erickson, one of our most popular supervisors, has returned after an illness of a week, but has now deserted us for the Training School Department. We are sure the change is agreeable. She told us so.

Miss Ruby Lee has returned after a serious illness, during which she had an operation for throat trouble.

The Misses Jeanette Jessop and Jennie Uhlstrom, local operators, have resigned.

We were sorry to hear that Miss Alice Collett, one of our most popular girls, who has been absent on an extended furlough, has decided not to return.

On Friday evening, March 14, an informal dancing party was given by the telephone girls at the Telephone Society club rooms, 115 South State Street. All employees of the Traffic Department, including P. B. X. operators, were invited and everybody was there with bells. Music was furnished by Woodward's jazz orchestra. Refreshments were served in the big dining-rooms on the second floor and in the dance hall was a large punch bowl which was the most popular feature of the evening. An impromptu program was cleverly carried out during intermission. Mr. B. T. Miller, our City Traffic Manager, delivered an appropriate speech (against his will, however), and Miss Orthella Clark and Miss Vera Smith entertained with songs and piano duets. It was a merry evening and everybody had a jolly time, including the Traffic Managers, who SAID they couldn't dance. We noticed, however, that they stepped pretty lively whenever the music started. The party came to an end at 12 o'clock and the guests left with the feeling that the evening had been well spent and the girls who helped make it a success felt amply repaid for their efforts.

A delightful supper party was recently given at the home of Mrs. M. M. Johnson, 116 South Fifth East Street, by Miss Leone Doyle, one of our popular supervisors. She was ably assisted by Miss Louise Staples. Those present were the Misses LaNae Erickson, Marie Anderson, Mame Jones, Cleta Kennedy, Mame Sjostedt, Bertha Carr, Rehan Best, Esther Coutts and Mrs. E. W. Hansen.

After a delicious supper, temptingly served Dutch style (trimmings included), the guests retired to the parlors, where dancing and singing were enjoyed. Then they all took a trip to the basement—which wasn't a regular basement at all, but a real honest-to-goodness poolroom—and played pool until time to go home. Oh, of course nobody knew the rules of the game, but that didn't matter; they could hit the ball—sometimes. At 12 o'clock the guests took their leave after fervently assuring the hostesses that they had a wonderful time, and they meant it, too. Oh, we nearly forgot to mention the most important detail—Mrs. M. M. Johnson wore her famous rope of nearly pearls.

P. S.—Another detail overlooked. One of the guests, Miss Marie Anderson, being in rather high spirits, on the way home, tried to fool the street car conductor with a near-beer chip, but failed miserably in the attempt and was

forced to part with her last six cents after all. (We wonder that she didn't try to purloin the nearly pearls.)

The first meeting of the Telephone Social Club was held Monday evening, March 4, at the Community Club House, 328 East Broadway, for the purpose of electing officers. A nominating committee was chosen to take charge of the votes, which were cast by ballot. Those elected are: Miss LaNez Pitkin, president; Miss Esther Coutts, vice-president; Miss Madeline DeSpain, secretary, and Miss Genevieve Cotterell, treasurer.

Regardless of the fact that illness caused the absence of a number of operators during the past two months, Salt Lake toll brought the percentage up to 90 and made a resolution to give 100 per cent service in the future.

Yes, they aim high, but considering the fact that they have a new recording board consisting of eight positions and five new ticket positions, why shouldn't they?

Hyland

Miss Essie Wilson returned to the fold after a serious illness, but was forced to resign, after all, on account of continued ill health. We were very sorry to lose Miss Wilson, who was a faithful employe for a number of years.

Miss Lyle Bullock had a splendid time at the coast. She rather wanted to stay. It may have been the climate, and it may have been Dan Cupid (?).

The Misses Nelson, Kay and Schattely are with us again. We are glad to say.

Miss Andreason is on our absent list at present.

Miss Cox, one of our popular supervisors, has resigned. Why? We have drawn inferences.

We felt rather blue when our record clerk, Miss DeSpain, left us for Wasatch, but we all hope she will be as successful as she was at Hyland. We have welcomed Miss Best in her stead, so are reconciled.

The dance at the Independent Hall and the costume party were recent enjoyable events.

Spring is coming and Hyland is very much alive and working hard.

Miss Williams: "Mr. McAdam, there is a big bug here. Will you come and take it away, please?"

Mr. McAdam: "You bet!"

Did he carry it away? My goodness, yes! on a very long stick, and the naughty little beast flew away with the happy feeling that it had delayed the traffic for several moments.

Midvale

On March 4th, Mrs. Nettie Thomas entertained at her home on Holden Street in honor of the Midvale telephone operators. Cards and music were the main features of the evening, after which a delicious luncheon was served. Mrs. Thomas is some cook!

The operating room, operators' rest room and terminal room have just been surprised with a coat of paint, which makes the office more cheerful.

Mr. L. W. Gillilan, traffic chief, pays the Midvale office a visit every Tuesday afternoon about 4 o'clock. All the girls line up with a smile. (Reason—pay day!)

Operator: "Number, please?"

Subscriber: "Wasatch 618 S 12 E."

Operator: "Wasatch 618 S 12 E? I think you are calling the wrong number. Will you refer to the directory, please?"

Subscriber: "Yes, I will look in the guide once more."

Murray

Miss Maybelle Beckstead and Miss Etta Winquist have been transferred to Wasatch exchange.

Our rest room is now complete. We have just received a nice new wicker day couch, a table, four chairs, towel rack, and curtains. We invite you all to come and see us, as we think our exchange is the only exchange.



Spig has cub, O gendle spig—
We clab our hands ad houd;
But why the dickens dode you stir
Ad kick Old Widder oud?

Ogden District

L. O. Binzham, Correspondent

Brigham City

"Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." Sure, here is once that the rule applies—I can't put this off till tomorrow, because it has to be done today. I really ought not to feel this way about writing, because there surely ought to be enough to write about.



I didn't tell you about that little party down at Anderson's, did I? Well, the girls decided that it was time we were doing something to break the monotony, so someone suggested that we have a party and each one take a turn making candy. Believe me, I'll never "tell the world" what cooks the Brigham City operators are.

Anyway, most of the girls are right there when it comes to tickling the ivory and dancing. The other night Roma Holst, one of our long distance operators, gave a dancing party for all operators and a few others. We don't know how she knew what would exactly please us, but she did, it seems. That music surely had some ragtime swing and that dainty luncheon was enough to make us almost forget the other cooking that was demonstrated.

Logan

We are sorry to state that Miss Anna Christensen, our chief operator, is on the sick list again.

We certainly are lucky to have as assistant chief operator Miss Elva Danielson. She is carrying on very capably in Miss Christensen's place.

We have added to our operating force Mrs. Vera France, whose husband is with the army of occupation in Germany.

A very successful meeting of all the employes at the Logan exchange was held March 8. Everything pertaining to the telephone business was discussed at this meeting, and every employe felt like using additional energy in his labors in order to make a success of all undertakings.

Miss May Maughn, chief operator at Hyrum, paid us a short visit in March.

Mr. Coyer of Salt Lake City and Mr. Gish, district plant chief, paid Logan a short visit recently.

Mr. Waldo Cockrell, division traffic superintendent, paid Logan a visit a short time ago.

Mr. F. W. Carroll, district manager, paid us a short visit and gave us some instructions on how to tear down and build up a tariff book.

Ogden

We are glad to have Miss Annie Toone, who has been ill for some time, with us again.

Miss Mae Porterfield has been quite ill with pneumonia but is now on the road to recovery.

Miss Clara Brough had a bad case of ptomaine poisoning and will never again be able to look a malted milk "square in the face."

We are starting a new class of local operators. They are Misses Hazel Browning, Marie Denkers, Sylvia Dunham, Nellie Grondsma and Bernice Shafer.

W. C. Higgins, service foreman, had a bad fall by a ladder slipping out from under him, causing a seriously sprained ankle.

During the early part of March Mr. Lawrence Taylor was released from active service with the U. S. Marines and has assumed his regular duties in the Commercial Department.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Miss Edith Shields, who lost her father recently.

Each day between the hours of twelve and one you may be entertained in the rest room by Miss Ida Wooley, palmist,

She is good. Ask Miss Geiger or Miss Paine. But she does not profess to tell the future. No, girls, just your characteristics, good or bad. No charge—absolutely free.

Miss May Roth, breathlessly rushing into the rest room: "Say, what do you think! I paid for my Liberty Bond and they gave it to me."

Rock Springs

There is everything at Rock Springs to remind one of spring. March came in like a lamb.

Miss Stava Sandstrom has returned to us after a short illness wearing her usual sunny smile.

Miss Margaret Freeman and Miss Effie Daniels have been added to our operating force.

Boise District

F. H. Yegge, Correspondent

Boise

We were very agreeably surprised on March 11th when Mr. F. H. Reid of Denver and Mr. D. B. Mackintosh of Salt Lake City visited our city, and on March 12th all exchange managers in the Boise District assembled for a conference. This was the first opportunity for most of the managers to meet Mr. Reid and Mr. Mackintosh and from the many expressions from the boys, the conference was a great benefit to all. After the conference a dinner was served at "The Brand," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" at "The Penny Theatre" closed the program for the day (for most of us).



In our last notes to The Monitor we expressed our expectations, and since that time our congratulations. On February 15th, Mr. C. M. Robertson, manager at Hailey, and Miss Florence Gray, payroll clerk in Boise, were married and have taken up their abode at Hailey.

Miss Esther Anderson has been appointed as instructor and is now teaching six students, who will be prepared to take positions on the local switchboard about April 1st. A class of three toll students recently graduated and have taken their places at the switchboard.

Miss Owens, to Miss Robinson, who was thoughtfully sorting correspondence: "Can you tell the difference between a man and an egg?"

Miss Robinson: "No, why?"

Miss Owens: "Well, I can."

Gooding

Mr. Groesbeck, our manager, is wearing a smile of delight. You would, too, if you had a welcome guest in your home. It's a ten-pound girl.

Lieuru Winner has resigned to accept a position as stenographer. She was one of our best long distance operators, even though she only reaches a short distance up.

Valma Nielson has been advanced to long distance and Alta Nielson is making good progress as a junior operator.

We have a new ghost in Gooding. Mr. Bulkley is the cause of this one. He installed a phantom, Gooding to Shoshone.

Miss Ethel O'Brien, our night operator, has been ill for the past two weeks.

Subscriber: "Central, give me Oh-oh-oh."

Operator: "You are calling the wrong number."

Subscriber: "But Information told me the number was Three oh."

Weiser

In the absence of our Monitor items from Weiser, the following are selections from March 1st Narrative Report:

Snow, snow and more snow; but we should worry, for snow means moisture, moisture means more crops, crops mean more business, business means more operators, and more operators mean more grief—but we don't mind such grief; we rather like it.

We have our usual number of operators and it looks as though our business is getting heavy enough for more, and since we have room for both business and operators, we are hoping with all our might.

Miss Martha Dickerson, who worked in the Weiser exchange for two months, decided to attend school in Seattle and has moved to that city.

Veda Anderson, our night operator, is doing splendidly and has contributed her share toward completing several calls to Chicago and Los Angeles.

Miss Huber, our one hundred per cent chief operator, is rapidly mastering the person-to-person, station-to-station, report charges, messenger rates, morning, evening and night rates, and other things too numerous to mention.

Mountain Home

Miss Hattie Querry, relief operator, resigned to attend school.

Miss Florence Isaacs, who was employed in Mountain Home for two months during the busy season last year, is acting as relief operator.

Miss Stella Harris has accepted the long vacant position as clerk in the manager's office.

Our chief operator, Laura Warner, was recently made very happy by the arrival of her brother from France. He was in the service twenty-two months, six months of this time having been spent in the trenches.

First Subscriber: "Is this you, Doctor?"

Second Subscriber (at home): "This is Doctor Smith."

First Subscriber: "Well, I went up to your office and you weren't there."

Shoshone

Messrs. C. A. Snyder and J. A. Lakness honored us with a hurried visit about two weeks ago. Mr. C. W. Bulkley was also in Shoshone, but not to visit. He stayed two days building shelves, archives and making general repairs. We hope he understands our appreciation of his visit and will return soon.

During the past year Mr. H. W. Groesbeck, manager at Gooding, has visited us often, and equally as often were we entertained with the song "Gee I Wish I Had a Girl." Recently when he visited this exchange he came in the office with a box of candy under each arm. He wore a smile, but was not singing. After the first excitement was over we learned that he was the proud papa of a ten-pound baby girl. We wonder what the next song will be.

Caldwell

On the evening of February 8th the business section of Caldwell was threatened with one of the worst fires that ever occurred here. Several business buildings were burned to the ground and the loss was heavy. Telephone service was temporarily interrupted, due to a cable being burned. Repairs were made in a short time and everything was soon working again.

Miss Frank Hustead is teaching three new operators, and she says that she is afraid it will be necessary to request General Pershing to delay the work of demobilizing the soldiers until she has a chance to teach another class.

Miss Erma Scott resigned to accept a position as bookkeeper and Miss Marjorie Vail is taking the place vacated by Miss Scott.

The roads have been rather rough in the vicinity of Caldwell the past two weeks, and both Sadie Freeburn and Mattie Calvert have suffered sprained ankles, but are fully recovered and are back at work.

Our spring house cleaning has recently been completed and we wish to say that our wire chief, Mr. Mallaby, is

without doubt the best janitor-engineer in the state of Idaho. That is taking in some territory, but we are strong for Mr. Mallaby.

Pocatello District

Mabel B. DeFoe, Correspondent

A conference was held in Pocatello Monday, March 10, at which were present all the managers in the district. We were fortunate in having with us at this conference Mr. F. H. Reid, assistant general manager, and Mr. D. B. Mackintosh, division commercial superintendent.

Our noted fisherman, H. E. Rothermel, has again made a reputation for himself on a catch of two large fish, four inches each. What seems to be a mystery to us is why his friend, D. R. Smith, spent so much time with the game warden in that territory relative to fishing licenses required of non-residents.

Traffic

Spring is coming at last and with it a little more toll business. Here's hoping it continues to improve, as we wish to make a good showing when we move to our new toll board. We expect to be using it by the 15th of April, and we will make the supreme effort to give one hundred per cent toll service.

Many of the girls have been taking advantage of the past quiet season by taking some time off, and perhaps it is just as well, for if Pocatello succeeds in getting the Willard-Dempsey match, no doubt we will all find vent for any surplus energy.

Miss Callahan has been taking a short vacation. Not because she wanted it but because directions said "Take it." In other words, a small flag waves in front of Mary's home and no one comes or goes.

Plant

On the evening of March 5th the men employes of the Pocatello exchange reorganized Chapter No. 14, and if the first attendance is any indication of the success of the chapter, we can feel assured that it will be worth while, as every employe was present. Mr. S. J. Jones, district manager, outlined briefly the policy of the company regarding the Telephone Society and also gave the boys his views as to the necessity of getting together in a social way. The last Wednesday of each month was decided upon for meeting night of the chapter, and we extend a cordial invitation to the division and general office officials as well as other district officials to attend whenever it is possible for them to do so. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Thos. A. Osborne, president; F. L. Bryan, vice-president; W. R. Underhill, secretary; M. G. Atkin, treasurer. It is the intention of the society to conduct an educational class and hold meetings each Monday night, and we hope in this way to keep abreast of the telephone business. We would also like to make mention of the fact that Mr. Leonard Minor was the first man to pay his dues and the treasurer is still wondering how it happened that Leonard had this small change in his pocket.

The Plant Department wish to thank Mr. Rothermel and Mr. Smith for the many ideas they gave us regarding Plant matters and we hope to see them again in the near future, at which time we will arrange for a fishing party, but with the necessary protection which has been lacking heretofore.

We were sorry to see Mr. M. E. Remington transferred to Salt Lake City, but we understand this is only a temporary arrangement and he will be returned to Pocatello.

We appreciated very much the recent visit of Mr. E. F. Coyer, division construction superintendent, and hope to see him again soon.

Buhl

Mr. R. J. Coakley, district cashier, paid us a visit in March.

Thelma Yeaman is planning to spend her vacation in Pendleton, Oregon, but we believe there is another reason why she is going to Oregon, and that reason is "Lester."

Floey Phillips has been added to our force as relief operator.

Mrs. Audrey Moore has resumed her duties as chief operator after a two months' illness of influenza-pneumonia. We surely are glad to have her with us again.

Twin Falls

Miss Eunice Gates, who spent the past year in Donnelly, Idaho, is back at Twin Falls as toll operator.

Joe Kind resigned as wire chief and left with his family for their former home at Blackfoot, Idaho.

Laura E. Rudolph, assistant chief operator, resigned in February, at which time she changed her name to Mrs. Ralph Johnson. She will reside on a farm near Jerome.

Miss Clara Campbell succeeds Miss Rudolph as assistant chief.

Mr. Ross L. Johnson returned in February from San Diego, near which place he has been stationed the past year. He brought with him an honorable discharge from the Marine Corps. Ross has taken up his former position as wire chief.

Winifred Ryan, night operator, resigned in February to be married.

Miss Lillian Johnson, toll operator, returned recently from California, where she spent the winter.

Harriett E. Holler, chief operator, visited during February in Idaho Falls, the guest of Miss Ruth Tubbs. "Tubby" accompanied her home and it certainly seemed like old times to have her with us again.

Provo District

W. Raymond Green, Correspondent

Construction work in our district is starting again. Estimate No. W-1045, at Richfield, Utah, was commenced in March. This is the first construction work we have had in this district since the first part of January of this year. Thad Mayor, of the construction department at Salt Lake, has been transferred to this district as construction foreman for the Richfield job.

The district office received a visit from all the managers of the district on March 4. The occasion was a meeting held for them in the Provo building.

Ross Ripple, alias "Runick," has returned to duty after a month's illness.

Vivian Billings has accepted the position of collector and solicitor in this exchange, filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Cloe Van Wagenen. We assure Mr. Billings that we are pleased to have him with us.

J. M. Lewis, district manager, has been a visitor in the Commercial Department this month. There are rumors that since he has spent so much time in San Pete County he has a number of times signed his name "Lewison."

On the evening of March 4 an operators' meeting was held. Later in the evening dancing and luncheon were enjoyed at Hansen's.

American Fork

Wire Chief Teasdale has made several much appreciated visits to American Fork during the past few weeks.

Mrs. Sadie Beck and Misses Nelson and Olsen of Pleasant Grove spent an enjoyable evening with Manager Myers and family of this place.

Miss Lelia Varney, operator at American Fork, spent a three weeks' vacation in Idaho.

Miss Cloe Miller is an addition to the operating force at American Fork and Miss Edris Asher at Lehi.

Heber

We are still having winter with about a foot of snow and more falling.

Payson

With the approach of balmy springtime Manager Vance is showing signs of restlessness. He is thinking of the old hangout where he waits for them to come and try his bait.

Eureka

The employes of this exchange enjoyed a sleighing party recently. The keen night air whetted all appetites and the delicious luncheon at the California cafe, following the ride, was heartily enjoyed.

Miss Pendray, a former operator, has just returned from the western coast and taken up her former duties. They all come back.

Operator: "Number, please?"
Subscriber: "Time, please."

Operator: "That service has been discontinued."

Subscriber: "What?"
Operator: "That service," etc.

Subscriber: "Of all things! When did I order my telephone disconnected?"

We cannot say much about Mr. Thompson, as he and the wire chief are too busy installing telephones to be interviewed.

Nephi

At Nephi one of our old employes has returned to the home town after a sojourn in the "Over There" countries. Welcome home. We hope soon to have some stories of his adventures.

Richfield

At a very enthusiastic meeting of the commercial club it was unanimously decided to bond the city for paving to be done this year. The amount to be expended is approximately \$165,000. This will exceed the amount for a like purpose in any city south of Salt Lake.

Richfield is situated in the heart of the richest farming section in the state, with many hundreds of acres of fertile land yet unclaimed, so we still have room for those seeking agricultural opportunities of exceptional promise.

It has been proven in the past few days that telephone ability is not the only accomplishment of our wire chief. He is also a skillful plumber. One did not have to ask if the sewer system of the central office was being repaired. It was very evident that such was the case.

District Manager Lewis has been with us a few days, looking over things in general.

Division Construction Superintendent Coyer and Construction Foreman Mayor were here looking over the Richfield estimate. Mr. Mayor expects to be with us until the estimate is completed.

Miss La Prael Pace of the operating department enjoyed a week's visit in Salt Lake City.

Andrew Peterson passed another milestone on life's journey recently and the event was duly celebrated at his home. Games, singing and dancing were enjoyed, and the best, Mrs. Peterson's delicious luncheon, was reserved for the last. As a token of affection and esteem for Andy he was presented with a nice smoking set.



Ethel Zimmerman, Mildred Oldham and Phyllis Oldham, Rexburg, Idaho, Thoroughbreds Who Have the Right of Way

The Fools' Court a Grand Success

"**S**AY, Stell, did you hear that awful noise Tuesday night, March 18th?"

"Did I? Well, I guess I did. I thought it was nothing short of Gabriel blowing his horn, and I did rise accordingly."

"No, no, you were all wrong, Stell. It was just the second meeting of the Gladiators. Chapter No. 6 again crossed the Rubicon and war was on."

"Well, what was the creation that rose on the stage at the beginning of the evening? I thought it was a vegetable garden on wheels until it started to speak—then you couldn't fool me any longer. I knew it wasn't."

"Oh, yes, Stell, that was Fan Sherman with a bunch of radishes clasped to her bosom for a corsage bouquet. You know she's a vegetarian."

"Well, what was she screaming about, anyway?"

"Oh, she was telling the crowd to get their partners for the grand march."

Stell, they did know how. I guess it's true that their soldier friends have arrived from France. Well, to make a long story short, Miss Finlayson received an ivory hair receiver and her partner, Miss Hofstead, a sewing basket.

"Miss McFann and Miss Bisant, impersonating a farmer and his wife, Miss Bisant being quite chic and entirely lovable with a suede spat for a glove, received a consolation prize to make them feel better, because, you see, they were feeling pretty bad 'cause they weren't the biggest fools at the court."

"After interviewing Miss Finlayson and her partner, Miss Hofstead, I was told they were impersonating Tom Thumb and his wife. Well, Stell, it's a good thing they told me, for I had them all wrong. I thought Miss Finlayson was the original Hawaiian queen and Miss Hofstead was the king of Sheba, and while eloping, said king broke his leg and didn't have time to bandage it, so was just dragging it along after him as both went sneaking through space."



"ONE OF THE SWEET OLD CHAPTERS"—NO. 6—HAD A MERRY EVENING

"Oh, was that all? I thought it was something important."

"Say, Stell, I say it was most important. The judges sat in state, some incog.—all very much in the limelight, to pass judgment upon the howling multitude. You might not think it's important, but when there are 150 girls in costume and only four prizes I insist the problem takes on weight."

"Well, after some time of parading in front of Judges Riden, Fisher, Day, Sullivan and Kempton, they came to a deadlock over who was to get the first prize for being the most foolish. Some insisted on Marie Bisant and her partner, Blanche McFann, while others were sure it should go to Grace Finlayson and her partner, Myrtle Hofstead. So to keep all the judges' wigs where they belonged, they at last agreed on one thing, and that was to let the verdict rest with the people. But fate stepped in and saved us from our hard lot. Fate came in the form of twins, to-wit, Alfonso and Gaston. Marie Bisant, playing Gaston, smilingly begged Miss Grace Finlayson to be the biggest fool. Miss Finlayson, playing the part of Alfonso, bowed low and told Miss Bisant she could never rob her of that honor, and so forth and so on, until they became so madly infatuated with one another they fell into each other's arms and did the famous Jeffries and Johnson clinch. And, oh

"While dancing the hula-hula, Miss Bisant had a slight accident with her skirt, but with the aid of a post and a few pins the day was saved."

"Who was the girl that looked like Samantha from Saratoga, hat and all?"

"Oh, Stell, you are thinking of Mary Hilburger. She received the prize—an ivory soap dish—for having the most original costume. Well, you know that person, Miss Yancy? She said it was a good thing Miss Hilburger received the soap dish in place of me, because I would have no use for it. Now what do you guess she meant?"

"Miss Mae Coopersmith received a buffer for being the cutest. She brought her family, same helping her win the prize."

"Well, after all the presents were squandered with little or no bloodshed, each person being over 18 years of age received good money to go shopping. Of course, if a child under age was present and accompanied by an adult, she would be honored in the money line, so Margaret Keefe was safe, as she came with Aileen Wilson."

"After receiving said money; they started to spend it. First they rushed to the fish pond, where two crooked men, one in a gray tweed suit, the other in a red flannel shirt and overalls, were doing business. If you had met them in

the dark they would have looked like Lefty Louie and Slick Slim. But on close inspection you recognized Miss Molly Stember and her pal in crime, Mrs. Zimmerman. They would first take your money and then give either a birch canoe, a coal shovel with a noise attached, a rabbit, a whistle, or some other fool thing. Don't think they pulled off anything crooked, as they were constantly under our eagle eyes and besides they were afraid of their license.

"Two peculiar looking objects were selling crispettes, but we can't tell their names, as the police are looking for them.

"The salted peanut stand was guarded by a couple of Stones and seemed to be a popular place. The sacks looked like they might have been tampered with, but we are not blaming anyone because we can't tell—the peanuts might have walked away.

"Mabel O'Connor and Doris Smith had charge of the soda fountain. But I guess they would both make better moving picture actresses than soda jerkers. Stell, for I asked for a gin fizz as advertised, only to be handed a grape soda pop. Curses!

"Then if you slipped a little to your right you would be able to get, for the small sum of 20 cents (paper money) a nice juicy hot dog, and in the words of Miss Bisant, they were guaranteed to be thoroughbreds, and we will say they sure were fine with mustard and everything.

"They gave candy away at random. They had games to play, the most popular being 'Pipe and Irishman' staged by Miss Mabel Evans. The idea was to get a pipe as near the Irishman's mouth as possible so he could smoke. Catherine Bradley, never having smoked, didn't see why the tip of the nose wasn't as good as any place, and there's where she stuck it. Miss Molly Stember, the village cut-up, received a celluloid doll as a prize for hitting the mouth. I wonder why?

"Then, when everybody had all they could stand, including indigestion, Morrison's Jazz Band started to play, and my, Stell, how they can play. You just can't make your feet behave. Who was it said, 'All you could see was beauty and grace; ah, that happy sensation' of floating in space.' I guess it was Shakespeare, as it sounds like his works.

"Then we danced and threw confetti, long strings of paper ropes entangled the dancers, fortune-tellers walked around loose and told your fortunes if the spirit moved them, and all was happy until—Ida Westblade, being dressed as a heartbreaker in her brother's best suit, and she, thinking nothing was too good for her, asks our president, Miss Caroline Bayne, to lead the grand march with 'him.' After the grand march Miss Bayne was leaning on his arm, he looking down into her nether optics, telling her, Miss Bayne, how much she resembled a garden of roses, when lo! a vision in lavender floated in right from the harem. Miss Bayne looked around for her gentleman friend, found him not by her side, but worshipping at the shrine of the harem. Miss Bayne, fainting into my arms, murmured, 'Tis the way of all flesh.'

"But with the above being an exception, I think I can truthfully say the evening was sublime. The girls agreed en masse that they had one grand time.

"So, Stell, try to forgive them for waking you up, because land knows you were young once yourself.

"Well, I guess I'll throw my chewing gum away and say good-night, Stell."

(Curtain)

Butte Telephone League Closes Bowling Season

Tuesday evening, March 25th, saw the close of the Butte Telephone Bowling League for the winter season, after a very interesting series of games.

The honors for the season were carried away by Johnson's team, who was followed by Maher's team, in second place, with Owens next and Herman's team in the cellar. The possibilities of the finish for the last two evenings were such that any one of three teams could have nosed out into first place, by a spectacular finish, which condition contributed materially to the interest on those occasions.

During the entire series, extending over a period of several months, the keenest rivalry existed, and a great many amusing situations developed from time to time.

FINAL STANDING OF TEAMS

Team	Games	Won	Lost	Percentage
Johnson	27	19	8	704
Maher	27	17	10	630
Owens	27	15	12	555
Herman	27	4	23	148

BOWLING LEAGUE AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON

Name	Games	Pins	Average
Owens	27	3909	145
Johnson	24	3231	135
Maher	27	3622	134
Benedict	27	3507	130
Byrd	27	3505	130
Littlefield	15	1888	126
Halford	21	2587	123
Crayon	27	3299	122
Herman	21	2491	119
Flynn	18	2142	119
Jackson	27	3092	115
Baker	21	2491	119
Drout	15	1725	115
Bliss	27	3080	114
Heater	24	2635	110
Newman	27	2911	108
Dubel	21	2195	105
Garton	24	2547	106

SUBSTITUTES

Fleider	3	437	146
McLain	15	136	136
Weingartner	3	391	130
Smith	12	1426	119

MOUNTAIN STATES BOWLING LEAGUE

Games for Tuesday Night, March 25, 1919

Name	1st	2nd	3rd	Total	Average
Johnson	171	193	152	516	172
Benedict	175	159	159	493	164½
Bliss	105	108	125	338	112½
Flynn	108	152	100	360	120
Drout	148	84	120	352	117½
Totals	707	696	656	2059	
Fleider	145	132	160	437	145%
Weingartner	150	128	113	391	130%
Heater	159	129	136	424	141½
Dummy	130	160	130	420	140
Herman	111	108	128	347	115%
Totals	695	657	667	2019	
Crayon	138	100	105	343	114%
Byrd	155	169	101	425	141%
Dubel	98	93	149	330	110
Jackson	134	143	113	390	130
Maher	134	141	144	419	139%
Totals	659	646	612	1907	
Owens	145	126	141	412	137½
Halford	99	120	119	338	112½
Newman	142	153	100	395	131%
Baker	123	139	111	373	124½
Littlefield	114	142	124	380	126%
Totals	623	680	595	1898	

TEN HIGH AVERAGES FOR TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 1919

Johnson	516	172
Benedict	493	164½
Fleider	437	145%
Byrd	425	141%
Heater	424	141½
Maher	419	139%
Owens	412	137½
Newman	395	131%
Weingartner	391	130½
Jackson	390	130
Total	4302	...
Grand Average	...	143.4

Accounting Department

J. A. DeLavergne, Correspondent

Fools Rush In

When the general auditor asked me to take charge of the accounting department pages of *The Monitor*—well, there was only one thing to do—throw myself on the mercy of the court. Why? Well, in the first place the job doesn't pay anything, and long ago I made up my mind to accept no more purely honorary positions. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and I need the money. Secondly, as the preachers say, the position is no sinecure; anyway I've heard so—there is **SOME** work connected with it. And thirdly, one must needs be a Solomon to decide what copy to accept and what to reject, and **HOW**, so as to keep peace in the family.

Rob Wagner once said that safe-blowers and second-story men are not the only people who travel under an alias. Authors also have a sense of shame. But where do I get off—what earthly good is a nom-de-plume to me, with my name strung across the top of this page? Nothing doing in the alibi line.

Gentle reader, these few lines are not intended to point a moral, neither to adorn a tale. The average person—and I take it most of us are that—doesn't like preachments. Tally one that I don't; and when they try to put one over on me by camouflaging the sermon—well, somehow we can all detect the shell game as far as a mouse can smell cheese, and we are done with that author right then and there. Barnum was wrong.

No, this is just a little get-acquainted monologue, without any attempt at rhyme or reason—both of these can come later. But, speaking of rhymes, do you remember about the town poet who sent Josh Billings a sample of his verse and asked for an opinion? Josh came back with this: "Deer Sur: Yew **MAY** be a dam phool, but yew're no poet." So, whenever I feel a desire to burst into song via the poetical route, I think twice and—don't.

"However, this new job and the ever-recurring thought that I've got to deliver the "message to Garcia," take all the joy out of my life. You know Elbert Hubbard started a lot of trouble for us folks when he penned that little story which made East Aurora famous. It might not have gotten across in such whirlwind style if George Daniels of the New York Central hadn't taken a fancy to it and wired Elbert to send him posthaste one million copies. C. O. D. After that it was like a Ford—everybody had to have one. And then that man Rowan he made so much fuss over—he just **HAPPENED** to find Garcia. Let us suppose for the moment that he hadn't found him, and had gone back to the boss and said; "O most worshipful Master, I have sailed the seas and searched the trackless jungles and Garcia is not." You and I don't need any gift of second sight to figure out that the boss would have said, "By the Beard of the Prophet, your head is solid ivory. Why in the name of the Sacred Cow didn't you ask me where he was at before you started?"

No, I've always been strong for wising-up before sailing uncharted seas. It's better to be long on information before you start than short on it after you get away from anchorage. Don't you think so? Play safe if possible, but don't be afraid to take a gambler's chance if necessary.

Now, setting all jokes to one side, as Ring Lardner says, this newspaper game isn't a new one to me. When I was a boy, back in Missouri, I worked on a country weekly. My

experiences were surely interesting if not remunerative. I started in at three dollars a week to learn the business. How well I remember that old print shop! It was on the northeast corner of the "Square" over Abe Biermann's clothing emporium. It was reached by a long wooden stairway on the outside of the building, and leading up from the sidewalk. The editor was one of the old school. He sat in his sanctum five days out of the business week, with his feet on the table, chewed finecut tobacco, and cursed the administration. On the sixth day he got busy and ground out enough "copy" to keep us poor devils working all night by the light of coal oil lamps, putting the stuff into type. Think of it! And on a weekly paper! Many a night I fed papers into the old "Cincinnati" cylinder press at four o'clock in the morning, so sleepy I scarcely knew what I was doing. By daybreak I was out carrying the route over town. Talk about your halcyon days of youth!

One day the editor and I had a little disagreement and he led me gently to the door, and, with a parting admonition that he would "learn" me to be more respectful to my elders, kicked me down stairs. But I was not discouraged. I got a job next day on the opposition sheet, and held it down for several years.

(I have just shown the above to the General Auditor. He always wants to look over everything. Did he pat me on the back or anything? Not a chance. All he said was: "Well, if we print this, Greenawalt won't have any trouble getting *The Monitor* entered as second class matter.")

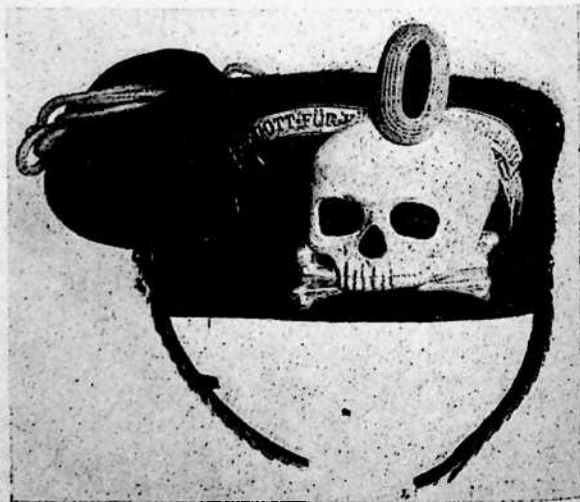
□ □

J. A. D.

Denver

The Statistician says that since the opening of hostilities this Company has sent to the service 506 employees. Of these 182 have returned to work from military duty.

The picture below is a "shako," which was worn by an officer of the Crown Prince's crack regiment, known as the "Death's Head Hussars," their motto being, "Death before surrender," but when they ran into the Yanks at Argonne forest that motto was changed to "Must surrender or death."



In American We Would Call It a Poison Label

This was sent by Mr. Silas Kinney to his brother, Mr. C. C. Kinney of the general auditor's office. Mr. Silas Kinney was a switchboard installer before entering military service on April 26, 1918, and was in the infantry of the 89th division when he got the said "shako." The white oval at the top with the black center is the insignia of the "Prussian," the wording being "Mit Gott fur Koenig und Vaterland," meaning "With God for king and fatherland." However, when they met the Yanks (justice to all mankind), God deserted them and that was the beginning of the end.

Silas did not give us much history on this, so we will have to await his return to tell us what he did to this officer to get his "sky piece."

Mr. E. H. Wendell returned to the fold March 3, 1919, but instead of going to his old position of checking vouchers he is now devoting his time to statistics. In this new work he will find what an awful effect vouchers have on company expense curves.

Mr. Wendell enlisted in the Red Cross service and left Denver August 31, 1918, sailing from New York September 16, 1918. He arrived in Glasgow, Scotland, and proceeded to Paris via Edinburgh, London, Southampton and Havre, and on to Paris, where most of his time was spent as second lieutenant in the bureau of photography of the American Red Cross, department of public information.

In Paris he met Miss Ruth Kimball of this department, who is also in the Red Cross service, and Mr. A. E. Taylor of the commercial department, Denver, who is in the Y. M. C. A. service.

Mr. Wendell sailed from Bordeaux on his return, arriving in New York January 25, 1919, on the "Rochambeau." He had a stormy seventeen-day voyage, remaining three days in Halifax.

Mr. Wendell also had three nephews in the United States army service—two of them paid the supreme sacrifice, one in action near St. Quentin and another died of pneumonia after going through the war as machine gunner. The third is now in the army of occupation.

Mr. A. R. Grosheider, who has served The Monitor so faithfully for some months past as correspondent for this department, is now general cashier of the company, having been recently transferred to the treasurer's office to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. A. C. Fischer. We are glad that Mr. Grosheider is still a member of our big family, and congratulate him upon the advancement he so well deserved. Mr. Fischer has gone to California to try his fortune in the land of "native sons" and movie stars. Fischer was an efficient man, a good scout, and we shall miss him.

Mr. A. W. Green and Mr. W. F. Bancker of the Western Electric Company organization are in Denver in consultation with General Auditor Roderick Reid, Office Supplies Supervisor Matheson and the local officials of the Western Electric Company, relative to the new plans for standardization of our forms and stationery.

C. C. Kinney.

This morning I felt like a public speaker who has, in his own estimation, fired a great dramatic bomb and has paused for the applause, and found a still and unemotional audience.

In a half-minute conversation with Mr. J. C. Albert he asked, just as casually, "Oh, do you write for The Monitor?" I wondered how many others read it as thoroughly. However, a few really read it, 'cause I do myself, and I read my own notes, too, though I generally sneak off in the corner to do so.

For a long time it has been the custom of man to speak in flattering terms of the ones who have been advanced or have received promotion of some kind or other. Mr. Grosheider left our office for the treasurer's office on the second floor, and, contrary to the above custom, I am going to speak the plain and unvarnished truth of him; in fact, I shall take a malicious pleasure in so doing, for he has had the opportunity heretofore of deleting anything he

cared to in my notes. So when I say that the niche left vacant by Mr. Grosheider in our office will be hard to fill, I am expressing the sentiment of our whole office. The fact that he will have to pay a larger income tax next year doesn't help us, except that it proves to us that faithful work is sooner or later rewarded.

Well, Lee is back, or, in more explanatory terms, Mrs. Anna Brown has welcomed her husband back from the K. M. Department at Fort Hancock, Georgia. Mrs. Brown leaves us April 1st, and we really can't understand why, for if he is a success as a cook for Uncle Sam, why doesn't she keep him in the same capacity at home? She looked almost as happy as Edythe Baillie did when she actually found herself possessor of the beads she had so long desired.

Norman Andrews came all the way from the seventh floor to help us out and incidentally to learn auditing or something. I dare not analyze the word "something," for, you see, I didn't refer to Mr. Hannum in the little quip last month.

The calendar and millinery shops announce that spring "has come," but since this is the first March I've spent in Colorado for several years, I'm inclined to believe they mean the wind instead of spring. The office, as a whole, however, has bloomed out in spring bonnets, either new or salvaged. I really don't mean to knock Colorado weather, for I like it. That paragraph came about by a tussel yesterday with bundles, bonnets and the balmy breeze.

Ralph Woodard was transferred to the Plant Department, leaving March 1st, and hoping thereby to acquire much avirdupois and a coat of tan. Dorothy Hartman from somewhere in Kansas "blew in" to take his ledger.

That's about all that's happened around here in the way of news or scandal, so guess I'll breathe easily for another month.

Goldie B. Leech.

Salt Lake City

Much has been said and written in the past year of the activity of women in industrial pursuits which was materially increased when it became necessary for them to take the places of the men who entered the service of Uncle Sam to do the "real" big job for their country.

In this connection, I sometimes wonder if our co-workers in the field are aware of the fact that over 90 per cent of the personnel of the Western Division Accounting Department, with which so many of you have much in common, is composed of women workers.

The employment of so large a number of women in this line of work has not been brought about entirely by "war" conditions, women in the majority having been employed in this work since the inception of division accounting.

The greater part of the work of the accounting department is so systematized that it calls for a great deal of specializing and routine work, and women seem to be particularly adapted to this class of work, for the reason that they are more patient and painstaking and seem better able to stand the monotonous grind of the repetitive tasks.

For example: The sorting and filing of the toll tickets, in the stages of preparation for toll billing, is a repetitive process, requiring dexterity in the handling of the tickets, in that it consists in the continual sorting of toll tickets numerically by telephone numbers, and dates, for the use of the toll billers, who, in turn, have specialized in the use of the typewriter, their work being, also, routine and repetitive, namely, the transcribing of the information shown on the toll tickets to the subscribers' toll statements.

After billing, the adding and verifying of these toll tickets is next in order. This work is done by several "Comptometer" operators, young women who have specialized in the operating of these calculating machines.

This particular part of the accounting work, as outlined above, is handled by several bright young women and is directly supervised by a woman of many years' training and who has had a broad experience in this line of work.

Another branch of our accounting work is that of handling the subscribers' ledgers. Here we again find young women handling all our subscribers' accounts, this being, also, routine and repetitive work but of a more complicated nature, detail of which space does not permit us to give, but for which work women are particularly adapted.

The controlling and statistical records, also, are maintained by women clerks. They handle every charge and credit form of every description that is received during the month, and their duties are to summarize same under proper code classifications, from which summaries journal entries are made for our general books.

The connecting company settlements are handled exclusively by women. The field can perhaps appreciate that this is no small job when you stop to consider that on these desks are handled all Group 2 and 3 toll tickets.

There are various other branches of our accounting work, viz., the payroll division and the addressograph division, where women reign supreme—carrying on the work successfully.

I feel considerable pride in what the women have achieved in the commercial life, particularly in the last year, and I consider it a splendid tribute to their ability and trustworthiness that so large and important a concern as the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company can successfully and satisfactorily handle the division accounting with so large a percentage of female help.

Florence M. Benson.

A Mere Item of Maintenance

Maintenance of telephone service in the mountain states is perhaps more of an item than it is in any other part of the country. Snow slides, heavy snow storms, electrical disturbances, sweeping winds and mountain floods all go toward running up the expense of upkeep.

During March of this year the damages by storms were heavy. A raging snow storm along the lines in Wyoming and northern Colorado wrought great damage. Snowslides in the southern part of Colorado tore out poles and wires, and in a moment's time destroyed what had taken years to build up. Through New Mexico, on March 20, a destructive snow storm damaged miles of telephone poles and wires.

But the repair is always quickly made and the public never realizes the thousands of dollars it has cost to put the service back to normal. The "mere item" of maintenance—especially at war-time prices—means something.

Open and Grounded

By Rips



OPEN AND GROUNDED.

They used to call me the "trouble man"—

The "shooter of quick repair";

But that was a long, long time ago,

When there wa'n't much pride an' air;

But now when a wire gets tangled up,

Or a pole blows out o' the ground,

Or the circuit's cut an' the bell don't ring,

An' trouble is hangin' around,

The chief will call on the same old boys

Who once "shot trouble" for fair,

An' say, "Go out, repairmen, quick,

She's open an' grounded somewhere."

'Mid rain or shine—in sleet or snow,

On plains or the mountainsides,

We go where duty bids us come,

To find where trouble abides.

Like good physicians, in darkest night,

No matter how fierce the storm,

We rush on a moment's urgent call

To repair the ravaging harm.

It may be miles and miles away,

Far out on the mountains, bare,

But the good repairman heeds the call—

"She's open an' grounded somewhere."



Denver District

Hazel Thornton, Correspondent

In looking through some Monitors of about a year ago, we became aware of how entertainingly Denver District used to be written up. There were pictures of good-looking men and pretty girls and views of mountain scenery and everything! Nothing neglected and everything as interesting as could be. Oh, for the old days back again! However, in order not to lose our job we are going to give away a department secret, or at least hint at it. The editor of the Household Hints had better watch out! He has nothing on one of our credit men. If for any reason, economical or otherwise, you are without a perfectly good hot water bottle, well—just ask him.

I. W. Dinsmore was a visitor in Denver for a few days last month. He is always a welcome and refreshing guest and we all wish he would come more often.

Has anyone noticed how f—er, that is, plump—the girls in the commercial department have been getting? Well, bananas are said to have that effect. Of course, we don't want our benefactor to think that we MIND—not in the least.

For a few days this month our department was shrouded in gloom. Mr. Althouse was ill and things don't go along nearly as well when he isn't here with his ever-ready smile. We surely hope it won't happen again.

On the evening of March 15th the Misses Della and Cliola Stone entertained all of the girls at a kid party. There were short dresses, rompers, and overalls, hair ribbons and socks, and all the things it takes to make a successful kid party—especially stick candy. "Us little kids" had the best time and the best eats. "Geel we like parties."

Miss Ada Herbert left Denver on March 16th, on her way to France as a canteen worker for the Red Cross. She was ready to go at the time the armistice was signed and was quite disappointed. This time it came as a surprise, giving her only a week to prepare for the journey and say good-bye to her friends. Judging by the number that were at the station to see her off, and the gifts they brought, she had made many, many friends during her short residence here. Our very best wishes go with her. We hope she enjoys her great experience and we already know how successful she will be in her new work. We hope, too, that she returns to Denver, because she has left quite a void here.

Champa

Today's the day (as many wise people say) that our friend the Muse is supposed to shower all sorts of visions of sweet heath and green heather upon us. But instead of composing our annual "Ode to Spring" this morning we were forced, through the inclemency of the weather, to spend all of our time assembling rubbers, raincoats, an' stuff. It certainly was a shame that we were fooled, for had the grass been twittering and the birds been turning green, I am sure we would now be erecting a masterpiece rather than attempting Monitor notes. Oh, well! 'twere as 'twas!

Already our little home assumes an air of ease and relaxation as one by one the girls take their vacations. Marian Somerville was "la premiere" and unfortunately was under the weather the entire time. Then the Misses Fruh

and Dotsen tried their luck. Here's hoping they may be kindly favored by blue skies, good health, etc.

Wedding bells started jingling last week when Mrs. Hainche embarked. A set of silver knives and forks was the oration of the all-night people to their departing member. Is this to be the first of a series of weddings in Champa? We'll have to ask Dad, as he doesn't know either. However, one sort of wonders, one does, now that Miss Van Noy has resigned. (To go to school—quite so, quite so!)

Many of the girls who have lately joined our ranks have shown a desire to know for sure who some of the distinguished personages that frequent the Champa retiring rooms really are. Some few days ago a very heated argument took place as to whether she was Mme. Pavlowa or Mrs. Vernon Castle. Sorry, girls, you are all wrong, as it was Miss Dorothy Yont (better known as Petunia) doing her now famous dance, "The First Breath of Spring." Dorothy's modesty will not permit her to speak of her ability as a dancer, so we take the liberty. Patiently we await the arrival of summer in hopes we will be favored again.

South

With one exception nothing very exciting has happened in our office this past month. Miss Ethel Smith and Mr. Byron Thady, to the surprise of their many friends, were quietly married a few weeks ago. South extends its best wishes to the happy bride and groom.

Several new girls have been added to our force. They are Misses Baker, M. Miller, Nelson and Shirdewan.

Miss Marie Moore has moved to Douglas, Wyoming. Although Miss Moore had been with us only two months, she had many friends at South who were sorry to see her leave.

Vacations have started! Miss Marie Regan was the first to go. She was granted a short furlough previous to her vacation, which started March 15th, and has gone to Texas on a visit. Miss Beth Pierce is also on her vacation.

The other day one of the operators did not receive the nickel signal on a pay station call. She of course referred it to the supervisor. When the supervisor answered and requested the nickel from the subscriber, she received this answer, "Yes, I did drop in my money. I put in a quarter and got two dimes back, so give me my number."

York

Well, now, then, let us see! There's been so much of late, and then we have two months of news to you all to relate. We, too, have had our troubles; we, too, sport diamond rings. We, too, have had our weddings, and other exciting things. Miss Freed to big New York has gone (we also wonder why), Miss Strong not quite a week ago came in and said "Good-bye." Miss Bosco, supervisor, requests her freedom, too; so many now are leaving us we're feeling rather blue. Miss Williams goes in April, Miss Davey sighs for June, and plans on Honolulu for a joyous honeymoon. There are many, many others, who are waiting, oh, 'tis true, for the ships Old Glory flying to cross the ocean blue. Miss Murphy and Miss Dunn are supervisors, and say, it's very fine. They seem to have a talent in that special line.

I've heard a still, small whisper about a basketball team, but maybe after all it's nothing but a dream.

New girl on Champa "B" board (during a rush moment): "Repeat. Repeat—well, repeat Champa 2851." (Why repeat?)

Student Operator (timidly): "Number, please?"

Subscriber: "Give me the postoffice."

Student Operator (doubtfully): "Will you refer to the directory for the number, please?" (Brilliant afterthought) "I will connect you."

Gallup

Has anyone noticed Miss Robinson's sad expression as she comes to work these fine spring mornings, wearing her winter hat? Now, we all know she was one of the first to have a new spring chapeau. Johnnie, where is that hat?

Miss Alma Harney of Main and Miss Marguerite McGill of York were added to our force this month.

Miss Kathryn Gagan's brother passed away March 20, after a short illness of pneumonia. We extend sympathy to the family.

A PSALM OF OPERATING

Miss Carstensen is my chief operator,
I shall not want.
She maketh me to work well,
She restoreth my pep.
She leadeth me by good-will to
Learn new phases.
She teacheth me to communicate clearly
For the service's sake.
Yea, though I toil through many difficulties,
I shall not lose my temper,
My pay checks do comfort me.
She scoldeth me not in the presence
Of the whole work room,
She adorns my head with a head set,
And my ears heareth many things.
Surely, all the girls will follow her
New directions through their time,
And plug away in peace forever.

OLGA BOOKSTROM,
Operator, Gallup Exchange.

Arvada

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Manager Garlick of the Arvada exchange, whose wife passed away at her home in Denver recently, after a short illness.

Mrs. Garlick was the daughter of the late Frank Comfort of Central City. About five years ago she was married to Harry Garlick, and since that time has made her home in Arvada until a few months ago, when the family removed to Berkeley.

Besides the sorrowing husband, Mrs. Garlick left three small children.

Morrison and Evergreen

We feel that we must have been spared for some good purpose, since the fire at the Pike-Perry Mercantile Company passed us by.

At three in the morning of March 7 this store, the largest in town, and containing the postoffice, was burned to the ground. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is supposed that a robbery took place and the store was set on fire to cover all traces.

The telephone was again shown to be a "very present help in time of trouble," as it was only a few minutes until the town was aroused and all possible help on the scene.

Miss Kate Noll is learning the board at Morrison.

Messrs. Stone, Newton, Emerson, Nitschke and Morris were welcome visitors during the month.

Misses Rogers and Bovie entertained a few friends at high-five Thursday. St. Patrick was very much in evidence, as the score cards, decorations and refreshments were artistically suggestive of the occasion. Everyone enjoyed the evening and hoped it would not be long before the "Irish" meet again.

Central City

Henry Lee Williamson intended to keep it a secret a year anyway. Maybe two—he couldn't decide which. Then he thought he would tell the lady he was boarding with, as he wished to get the recipe for making pasties. Then he had

to tell the furniture man, grocer, etc., until finally the girls in the village learned of it, and they cried, because they loved his Douglas Fairbanks smile. But it is all off now—he is married. It happened in Brighton February 9th. The bride was Marie Darnell of Denver. Idaho Springs and Georgetown send their congratulations to the happy pair.

We are much pleased to have with us Corporal Eddie C. Bertagnolli, who arrived from Camp Funston, Kansas, where he was mustered out. He was in the 405th Telegraph Battalion and saw service on the Toul and Lorraine sectors and was the target for boche potshot bullets on several occasions. He was injured at Royameux in a collision with a motor truck while riding a motorcycle. His right arm was broken and his right knee injured. He was in the hospital two months. Owing to his injuries Mr. Bertagnolli was permitted to return in advance of the other boys in the 405th.

We are all very glad to learn that Mrs. Minnie Cody, our chief operator, who underwent quite a serious operation at St. Joseph's Hospital, is now able to leave the hospital. We hope to have her with us again soon.

Georgetown

It is rumored that Miss Lottie Rubado, the vivacious chief operator, intends to make a trip to Idaho Springs to purchase a new Easter bonnet.

Elsy Johnson, the repairman, met with a very painful accident, cutting his arm severely by striking it against a broken insulator.

Idaho Springs

Henry Lee Williamson (the newly-wed) from Central City paid us a visit.

Corporal Eddie Bertagnolli was a visitor in Idaho Springs for several days.

Colorado Springs District

J. D. Dingell, Correspondent

Plant

The "heavy gang" is making preparations for the spring drive toward Salida, up and over the passes, as the weather forces recede. The lines will be gone over from a point where work was suspended last fall. Gus Boschulte expects all hands to be fit and trim for the fray.

The vacancy created by Miss Greenlee's resignation was filled by Miss Ruth H. Pratt, a finished product in her line, formerly employed by the A. T. & T. office at Denver.

Extra! The big Twin Six with many track trophies to its credit, belonging to Walt Pennock, was shredded somewhat when, at unknown speed, it crashed into a cow on the track. No one was injured.

Harry Elliott is back in work harness after eight months' service with the naval forces, increasing the number of returned warriors to two.

Traffic

The flare-up of the "flu" made necessary a temporary transfer of Miss Austin and Miss McSweeney of Leadville, and the Misses Eva Deering and Elma Wood of Colorado Springs to handle the situation at Salida. The Leadville contingent remained for sixteen days, while the Colorado Springs operators stood by for two weeks. During the long evening hours when duty lay in discard, the most was made of opportunity by the Colorado Springs operators to further relations friendly, which is, of course, natural with all good fellows. Names are not to be mentioned, but it seems fair to warn the Salida wire chief of the danger ahead.

For the past two weeks Miss Ida Bailey has been on her vacation, whether at Bar Harbor or Palm Beach we are not in a position to say. No one seems to know, and there may be a reason for it.

Miss Laurena Haas, local operator, was transferred to the main office at Denver, making her home in that city.

Miss Gertrude McKeown, long distance operator, has enjoyed a month's furlough in Denver.

Commercial

Everything running on intermediate gear, though normally for the season, excepting the new Nash Six recently acquired for Miss Grace Bigler by her father, which seems to be hitting on all cylinders and going at a good clip when in use.

Miss H. G. Bailey completed her vacation recently.

Leadville

Miss Grace Norstrom, our cashier, is about to leave us and take up new duties. She will then be known as Mrs. Fred Beverly. Miss Norstrom has been most successful in her business life and we are sure that she will be equally successful as a wife. We wish our friends much happiness.

Grand Junction District

Agnes Woldridge, Correspondent

The relatives and a few intimate friends were those present at the marriage of Miss Anna Eggers and Stuart Jacques which was solemnized on February 24th in St. Joseph's church at 9 o'clock. Mendelssohn's March was played by the church organist, Mrs. Boyer. Miss Hulda Boecking accompanied the bride, who wore a stunning traveling suit of dark blue and a gray hat and shoes to match. She carried a beautiful bride's bouquet of roses, as did the bridesmaid. Fred Eggers, a brother of the bride, acted as best man. Following the ceremony, which was performed by Father Conway, a wedding breakfast was served at the Eggers home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacques left immediately and will make their home in Brighton, Colorado, where the groom is engaged in business. The young people take with them the best wishes of a host of friends, especially the employes of the Telephone Company, where the bride was employed for a number of years as supervisor.

Mrs. Weatherford has been made chief operator at Clifton, succeeding Mrs. Liebig, who recently resigned.

Mr. Snowden, energetic combination man at Palisade, was forced to resign on account of ill health.

Mr. Yelton, division traffic superintendent, spent several days in the Grand Junction exchange.

This is a sad story. A subscriber called up the other day and said she was going to leave her receiver down, as the ring of the bell irritated a sick person at her home. She was told that this could not be done, as there was someone on the other side of her line. She persisted that she would have her way and the testboardman very patiently explained to her that she could muffle the bells or that they could disconnect her telephone at the drop until the person recovered. She would not hear to this and a man was sent up to see what could be done. He found the sick "person" to be none other than a small poodle dog, and, as I said before, this is a sad story.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Morris were visitors at the Grand Junction office last week. While they were here a conference of all the exchange managers in the district was held at 'La Court' hotel. We enjoyed meeting and talking with these men and hope they will visit here again soon.

Mr. Waddle, who is helping install the new repeater at Grand Junction, is rather a small man, but he surely likes to use big words. The other day someone asked him this question: "What is periphasis?" Not to be outdone by anyone, he answered promptly: "It is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity."

The new repeater which is being installed at Grand

Junction will be completed about April 1st and will greatly increase the transmission of Grand Junction toll lines.

Another new diamond has appeared of late. We are not telling who wears it, but should you care to find out a visit to the operating room will enlighten you.

Miss Arthur, district traffic chief, has been very greatly honored. She is to receive a new sanitary desk and chair to match.

Aspen

Mr. Jarvis is our new manager, coming from Basalt to accept the position left vacant by Mr. Ellinwood's resignation. We hope he is as well pleased with us as we are with him.

Messrs. Risley, Burns and Gow were visitors in Aspen during the month of February.

Miss Ella Wood has resigned to accept a position with the City Commission company.

Miss Gladys Lace has been transferred to day operating, and Mrs. Ivy Sherbouny is night operator.

Aspen operator, testing for trouble on a ranch line:

Operator: "How did your bell ring?"

Subscriber: "Four rings."

Operator: "How did your bell ring?"

Subscriber: "One, two, three, four."



Manager Fagrelus Walking the Ties That Bind the Old Home to the New

Montrose

Messrs. Yelton of Denver and Risley of Grand Junction, motored up from the latter village this week for a short visit to the real metropolis of the Western slope.

Mr. Burns was up from Grand Junction for an invigorating breath of our simon pure ozone, and went back with a glow in his cheeks that will not be seen till he comes again.

Manager Hunt of Telluride was able to get away from his banana farm long enough to pay us a visit en route to the managers' conference at the district offices. Mr. Hunt reports a light snow of forty-eight inches in his section.

Not to be outdone, now comes Hugo Fagrelus, recently appointed manager at Gunnison, who reports that the little flurry which they had over at Telluride was only the remains of their honest-to-goodness snow storm. Incidentally, Mr. Fagrelus also stopped off long enough to say "howdy" to his old friends, quite a number of whom were down at the depot to meet him.

At Montrose Mr. Hunt and Mr. Fagrelus loaded into Mr. Wolfing's new Oakland six and had a very pleasant run to Grand Junction. They were to have been joined at Delta by Manager Douglas, but he decided that the weather was a little too rough, so went down on the train.

Mr. Robert Goette, late of the United States Balloon Corps, is helping us out temporarily with an extra rush of contract orders which hit us two weeks earlier than usual or was expected. The roads are notorious at this season of the year and Bob says that if he had his trusty old balloon he could cover more ground. As it is, he is driving a two-cylinder hay burner, and although he can hardly get the speed of a Super-Six out of it the navigation is somewhat more reliable.

Mr. A. M. Shubert, formerly Montrose combination man but now in the army, stationed at Camp Travis, paid us a brief visit last week. He had been home on a fifteen-day furlough and took the time to come to see us. We recall a prediction we made in these columns some time ago as to the character of soldier he would make. His appearance amply justifies all we said of him, and then some. One hundred and ninety-five pounds of huskiness! No wonder the kaiser quit when Shubert got into the game.

The local operating forces were delightfully surprised to receive a splendid box of candy from one of our prominent subscribers, accompanied by the following stanza:

"For girls who smile
Just all the while,
Whether English, French or Yankee;
Who do their work
With ne'er a shirk,
And never do get cranky."

The girls say the man is great, the candy sweet and the poetry just as cute as can be.

We have purposely reserved for the closing paragraph of notes the most startling bit of news that it has been our pleasure to record, and we would suggest to the printer that he set it up in caps. Our roof has been repaired so that it no longer leaks. The ever-lengthening list of ex-wire chiefs may doubt this, but it is a fact. Still we are keeping the old number five sign in its ancient place for pretty much the same reason that that old revolutionary general added a postscript to the slogan he gave his men: "Put your trust in God—and keep your powder dry." Mr. Gow has always said that when this roof was fixed we would be ready for the millennium.

The following was pulled off on the chief operator:

Sub.—What is the rate to Bevo?

C. O.—I don't think we have any connection with Bevo. Where is it?

Sub.—It is near Beer.

C. O. makes noise like a tack and exits through the floor.

Ourray

Emil Johnson is dead.

From Grand Junction to Durango this announcement will cause a shock to scores of our people who knew him well, and our loss will be more keenly felt than that of perhaps any other man not connected with our organization. Big-hearted and brave, he had endeared himself to the hearts of all of our men who have had to venture out into the white silence of the hills after trouble. Emil always went with us and his giant strength and knowledge of the country was a big help in locating and clearing trouble. On snowshoes or skis he was an expert, famous even in this country where everyone is an artist in this line.

Last fall he suffered an attack of influenza from which he had apparently recovered, but did not venture out into the hills until February 5, when he made a trip to Camp Bird Cliffs with Mr. Talbot. They had a very hard trip, narrowly escaping being caught in the famous old U. S. Slide, and did not get back to Ourray until the night of the 6th. The next day Emil was taken to the hospital, where he fought heroically, though vainly, a long month's battle for life. Last week he passed away and his remains were taken to Denver for burial.

Mr. Talbot, while climbing up Engineer Mountain, trying to slip up on a short circuit on the Lake City toll line, slipped up on the snow instead, breaking his snow glasses. The result was a beautiful case of snow blindness. By wearing a false face of mashed potatoes all day Sunday he was able to be back on the job Monday morning.

Boulder District

Ellen Groesbeck, Correspondent

An interesting letter received from Miss Hayward states that she is now in Liverpool, England. She has been assigned to the "Mother's Corner" at the Y. M. C. A. hut, and is ever ready with needle, thread and scissors to sew on buttons and patches for the soldiers and sailors. She says that she meets many American boys in the British army, and that Australian soldiers are very much like the Yankees. Miss Hayward's only criticism of her present surroundings is the wish that a little of Colorado's glorious sunshine might be sprinkled through Liverpool's foggy streets.



Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Clore will be sorry to hear of the death of their seven-year-old daughter, which occurred on February 26. Mr. Clore came to Boulder some months ago from Bakersville, Ind., bringing the little girl here in the hope that the change of climate might improve her health. For a time it seemed that she was improving, when suddenly the end came. The remains were taken back to Bakersville, where the heartbroken parents will again make their home among old friends. During his sojourn in Boulder Mr. Clore was a member of the Boulder plant, and the sympathy of his many telephone friends goes out to him and Mrs. Clore in their deep trouble.

Miss Opal Remley attempted to "hoodwink" her many friends and slipped away to Cheyenne, Wyo., where, under a double ceremony, she became Mrs. Lawrence Phillips and Mrs. Dixie Miller became Mrs. Denzell Russell. But sometimes Cupid tells tales out of school and the secret was not a secret very long. Mrs. Phillips will remain with the Telephone Company for a short time, after which she will join her husband in California.

Miss Hazel Kelly and Miss Grace Bergener entertained at the home of Miss Kelly on St. Patrick's evening at a real "kids' party." Pinafores and curls were much in evidence, and during most of the evening the entire company shrieked with laughter at the antics of two lively and most irrepressible "small boys" whose names we promised not to divulge. Dancing was the order of the evening and a delicious luncheon served at midnight reminded the guests that the evening was gone and that good times must end.

On the evening of March 1, at the home of Miss Lawson, a shower was given in honor of Miss Alice Adams, who, on the following day, became the bride of Mr. Dudley Randall.

Thinking it proper to rehearse the ceremony, this being her first offense, a mock wedding was arranged. To the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by Professor Googleyes (Miss Anna Wood), the bride (Miss Ruth Hall), who wore a most attractive gown of yellow voile and carried a huge bouquet of purple violets, joined the groom (Miss Mabel Barnett) at the altar. The bride was attended by Miss Grace Bergener, who was fetchingly gowned in a creation of blue cheesecloth and wore a large picture hat loaded with red poppies. The groom was attended by Lord Derby (Miss Myrna Sisson). Sis Hopkins (Miss Ethel Westcott), arrayed in a picturesque gown of yellow plaid gingham and with her hair arranged in the latest pigtail style, was ring-bearer, bearing the ring in a tin basin upon a lettuce leaf. The train-bearer (Miss Velma Parson) was quaintly attired in bright green and Persian lace, with hat to match.

Parson Crust (Miss Myrtle Eastman), most impressive with his newly trimmed mustaches, pronounced the words that bound them in everlasting misery.

The groom, in all the bravery of his five feet, rising to the tips of his toes, kissed the bride during that part of the service where the preacher says, "Forgive them, friends, for they know not what they do."

A light lunch followed, at which the bridal couple was permitted to sit at the table, the guests having to sit on the floor. Parson Crust was indeed happy when he was allowed to drink most excellent coffee from a mustache cup. After supper the real bride was showered with many beautiful gifts.

The evening was made most enjoyable by Sis Hopkins, who rendered "Little Brown Jug" and other popular selections with touching pathos. The bridal party, including Parson Crust, was driven away in the limousine and the guests dispersed with many wishes for their future happiness.



All the World Loves a Lover—Or a Wedding. A Mock Affair is Lots of Fun

Johnstown

Johnstown enjoyed visits from several of the Boulder employes when Mrs. Lois Hopkins and Miss Phygenia McIntosh fell ill with influenza and Miss Florence Conkle and Miss Ellen Groesbeck were sent to relieve the situation. Mrs. Hopkins, who was shortly to have been transferred to the Boulder office, became seriously ill and was removed to the hospital and Mrs. Florence Brandt, formerly of Broomfield, became the new exchange manager. Mr. Ketterman, Mr. Rossman and Mr. Copps were visitors during the week and due to the efforts of Mr. Copps and the good people of Johnstown Mrs. Hopkins and Miss McIntosh are now on the convalescent list. Mrs. Hopkins accompanied her mother to Buena Vista for a visit of two weeks, after which she will take up her new duties in the Boulder office.

Trinidad District

Roberta H. Mitchell, Correspondent

At Philadelphia, Pa., on February 27, Miss Claire Foote was married to Mr. Vern Winell. Miss Foote was with the Traffic Department in Trinidad from September, 1910, to July, 1918, at which time she resigned to go East. Her departure was much regretted, since she was a capable and congenial employe. Mr.

Winell is superintendent of construction for McArthur Brothers, and during the building of army cantonments made a world record. Best wishes go to Mrs. Winell from all her former associates both in and out of the Company.

The ground hog was a pretty good weather prophet in some parts this year. There is even talk of looking over fishing poles and prospective trips as soon as the law allows, even though the snow is still seven feet deep on La Veta Pass. This pass has been closed since October, but such things don't chill the sportsman's spirit. Mr. Harmon suggests the flying machine for such trips over La Veta and Cumbres Pass.

Dale Griffin is in Alamosa, having returned from France and received his discharge at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. James Mullin of Durango is expected about March 20.

Messrs. W. F. Brown, R. F. Morris and F. H. Yelton were Trinidad visitors this month.

We didn't miss our guess when the switchboard man took a trip to Dallas to "see his sister" (?). On February 20, G. L. Hagin and Madge Ingram, supervisor at Dallas, Texas, were married. Best wishes from all.

Art Avis and B. H. Griffin have taken turns in handling wire chief's work at Walsenburg during Mr. Tuttle's enforced absence on account of an injured back.

Mrs. Robertson, chief operator at Raton, New Mexico, just received word from her husband, who is en route home, that he expected to return soon from his trip "abroad."

A toll line will soon be completed from Las Vegas to Dawson, New Mexico, a distance of forty miles. An oil well is being drilled near Dawson.

The ditch for the Harvey dam is about completed. It was necessary to tunnel a mile through a mountain in order to complete the ditch. This irrigation project will water 720,000 acres when finished and they expect to get water into it this spring.

The Graden Mercantile Company at Durango is to have a No. 4 P. B. X. with five branches and fifteen stations.

The little four-year-old miss, being told to pray for her absent father, for her small brother who was ill, and the servant who had sprained her ankle, did so, and to her mother's astonishment, concluded as follows: "And now, God, take good care of yourself, for if anything happens to you, we'll all be in the soup."

A Frenchman was waiting at a railroad station in Ireland when a couple of natives sat down beside him.

Said one: "Sure, Pat, it's to Kilmory I've been, and I'm on me way back to Kilpatrick."

"Ye don't say so!" said the other. "It's meself that's just been down to Kilkenny, and I stop here a bit before I go to Kilmor."

"What assassins!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Would that I were safely back in France!"

Raton

On the night of the 20th of February, Miss Hall, our assistant chief, in response to an excited call, rushed madly home to be met by a crowd of "rough-looking hoboes." The "Screen Villians" looked rather mild after seeing the above-mentioned tramps, but they proved harmless and divided their liberty cabbage and weenies with the household. After a most enjoyable evening they took their departure wishing Miss Hall many more happy birthdays.

The combined office force had an evening social March 4th, which was attended by several of our returned soldier boys, who are interested in the telephone work, but we are rather inclined to think it is the "workers." We were also favored by having with us Mr. Harry N. Pailer, district cable man. The evening was spent in dancing, music and eats, which consisted of salads, sandwiches and coffee, ice cream and cake, and made possible by the generosity of Mr. Pailer. All hands voted a good time, and here's hoping for more.

Mrs. Robertson, our chief operator, is very happy these days, having received word from T. R. telling her of his safe arrival at Newport News, Virginia.

Cheyenne District

Huff Kring, Correspondent

W. F. Brown, division general manager, and R. F. Morris, division commercial superintendent, were welcome visitors in Cheyenne for a few days during March, and held a meeting for the purpose of discussing the new toll rates which went into effect January 21.

A very interesting talk was made by Mr. Brown on telephone conditions in general. Every one present benefited a great deal from it and felt inspired with new courage and confidence to work for a bigger and better telephone company.

Lively arguments followed. "Doc" Condit of Riverton waxed enthusiastic over the prospects of his town. "To tell the truth of the matter," said "Doc," moving his New York Havana from one corner of his mouth to the other, "Riverton will outgrow Lander in the next two years." At which remark Mr. Anderson, exchange manager at Lander, took the floor and said Riverton would have to do some humping, as Lander was stepping along pretty lively, too. "Doc" got excited and made remarks about some people being jealous of a live town, whereupon Mr. Anderson looked hostile. Things were finally smoothed over before there was any bloodshed.

Almost every town in the Cheyenne district is favored by an oil boom, as new oil fields are being opened throughout the state, attracting capital and drawing additional families to Wyoming to make their homes. The railroads are doing a great deal of construction work in the state also. Toll lines operating over Wyoming are taxed to their limit to accommodate traffic. Switchboards are filled almost to capacity furnishing local service. Within the next few years we may expect to see a wonderful development in our state.

N. O. Pierce, division plant superintendent, was a pleasant caller in Cheyenne during March, looking over plant conditions.

F. H. Yelton and R. G. Spore stopped over in Cheyenne on their return from a long trip through the district and eastern Wyoming and western Nebraska.

R. B. Bonney, educational director, addressed a meeting in the Cheyenne office for the purpose of enthusing some of the employes in their correspondence courses, also to receive suggestions from employes here as to new ideas in the correspondence courses. Mr. Gibson, exchange wire chief, had several good ideas along this line. R. J. Taylor, section patrolman, also made several very helpful and encouraging suggestions which Mr. Bonney promised to take into consideration for the improvement and betterment of the good cause. Mr. Bonney told many interesting stories of the Intelligence Department of the U. S. Army and how they select men for different branches of the service through tests. Mr. Bonney spent some time in this department of our army. He had several army charts and clearly explained their workings. The lecture was much enjoyed.

Ensign C. A. Soderstrom, foreman of installation department in Cheyenne, has returned from service in the navy. We welcome "Soda" and are very glad to have him with us again. Ensign Soderstrom left Cheyenne in June, 1918, for the Great Lakes Training Station, where he was with about 52,000 others training for service, leaving there for Annapolis, where he spent fourteen weeks. He then embarked on the U. S. S. Kansas and crossed to Queenstown. He enlisted for the length of the war only and was honorably discharged from the navy in January.

Edward G. Condit, exchange manager at Riverton, received an honorable discharge from the army and was transferred from Silverton, Colorado, to the Cheyenne district. "Doc," as he is known by his friends, was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Medical Corps, where he fed the boys quinine and other delicacies. "Doc" tells many amusing anecdotes of the antidotes he gave some of the rookies who

were playing 'possum on him so as to get hospital leave or leave of absence to be elsewhere than the drill grounds. He said at first there would be a hundred or more boys every morning who would report for inspection for sickness of different kinds. After "Doc" prescribed a few antidotes the number of boys reporting dwindled to a very satisfactory extent, until only a few reported each morning.

"Extra! Extra! Telephone Boys Capture Daring Bank Robbers!"

The above might have appeared in one of the Cheyenne newspapers if J. B. King and R. J. Taylor, section patrolmen working out of Cheyenne, had captured the right men instead of a couple of poor, lonesome "hombres" who were hiding near the Hammond packing plant about a mile south of Cheyenne, probably for the purpose of appropriating a few choice cutlets.

Two Mexicans, Jose Gonzales and "Pete the Bootlegger," entered the Wyoming Trust and Savings Bank on the 17th of March and ordered Cashier Henderson to throw up his hands. Mr. Henderson, who is a quick-acting and brave man, having the interest of his depositors at heart, sized up the situation in a flash and taking his life in his hands made a dash for the door leading into the Stockgrowers Bank and summoned help. One of the shots fired by the bandits barely missed him. The Mexicans fled.

King and Taylor, both old-time frontiersmen, Indian fighters and crack shots, heard of the attempted robbery as they were on their way to work, in their flivver. Taylor's eagle eye observed two Mexicans hiding in a little canon at the side of the road about a mile south of Cheyenne. Taylor excitedly whispered to King, "Say, Jack, I just now spotted the bank robbers. What shall we do? Charge with our trusty gats or one of us watch while the other beats it to a telephone and calls the sheriff?" "Let's get out and go after them," says Jack. "You take the little one and I'll take the big 'un." "If they make a break I'll crack down on 'em," says Taylor. "I don't want no innocent blood on my hands if they run," continued Taylor. "Well, they won't run very far with me peeping over the sights of old Betsy," says King. "One of us better stay here and watch while the other calls the sheriff," rejoined the Missouri Bull Dog. "And then if they run from the sheriff we won't be arrested for shooting innocent varmints." Thus they argued pro and con, and finally agreed to call the sheriff, who arrived on the scene shortly with his deputies and took the "hombres" to the county jail.

King and Taylor were trying to decide how they would spend the \$500 offered by the bank for the capture and conviction of the bandits, and had just about decided to put on a spread at the Plains Hotel and invite all telephone employes of the Cheyenne exchange to partake, when the morning papers announced that the police department had caught the real culprits and secured a confession from them. Tough luck for all of us (no spread).

Charles Anderson, clerk to A. B. Forbes, district plant chief, has undergone a remarkable change in the last few days. Just after Charlie returned from Camp Cody, New Mexico, he was kept busy turning down dates with the girls. Charlie was humming a little song around the office that sounded something like "Oh, they're wild, simply wild, over me-e-e-e." Things went along like that for some time until Charlie, ex-sergeant major, changed from his khaki to civilian clothes, and right away there was a big drop in the temperature from something like 105 in the shade to almost zero. Poor Charlie contemplated several days on getting a fur overcoat, but instead changed again to the romantic khaki and the girls once more showed a lively interest. But Sergeant Anderson was wise and gave them no answering smile, for a new song was running in his head, and if you listened closely you could hear him singing, "Oh, the wild, wild women, the wild, wild women. I'm through with them now."

It is no disgrace to get "blue" once in a while, but keep it to yourself, and never say die.

Educational Department

Some Principles of Management

Did it ever occur to you that to have your way in any activity in which you are interested, whether you are the superior or subordinate, you must clearly explain your point of view so that those with whom you deal will fully understand and enter into the spirit of your proposition? This is a fundamental principle of management with which Commercial Course No. 1 deals. The following is an extract from Section 3 of this course:

29. General.—It has been truly said that management implies three things: a purpose or result to be obtained, a force to do the work, and a director of the force toward the desired end. If any one of these three things is omitted in any activity no such thing as management is possible. The purpose of telephone management is to take charge of the telephone plant and so maintain and operate it as to give a comprehensive telephone service to the public in such a way as to earn a fair return on the invested capital, and to develop the service so that it will promote the development and prosperity of the community at large. The efficacy with which these duties are performed depends upon the management and the quality and character of the personnel—the men and women who are employed to make up and round out the organization. The personnel represents the force in management and is a very important factor. The director of the force is represented by the manager or executive, who is responsible for the proper execution of the work.

In a large public utility corporation, such as The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, there are many divisions in the management organization. The one to be particularly dealt with in this course is that of the exchange manager. The exchange manager must direct the force—the human energy included in the exchange organization, so that all the activities of the exchange may be efficiently cared for, and that there may be established and upheld relations between the Company and the public of the utmost friendly and honorable character. The direction of the human force within the exchange organization, and the establishment of satisfactory public relations, must be carried out in conformity with Com-

pany standards and policies, and at the same time reflect the personality of the manager.

30. Managerial Requirements.—In the management of exchanges the executive, or manager, must be acquainted with all the phases of the business which come up in exchange management and he is co-operated with in the various branches through advisory authority by experts in the district organization. This same policy is carried out through the districts and divisions, and permits of the development of exchange managers into either more advanced positions or into any specialized department.

It is evident from the foregoing that management must be based on knowledge and judgment. The exercise of good judgment cannot be carried out without knowledge of the controlling factors in an enterprise. The first thing required, then, is knowledge which can only be obtained through study, training and experience. A knowledge of the particular business which is concerned is the first requisite in training for managership, and this knowledge must include all the important factors of the business. The manager of a local exchange must add to his knowledge of the general business a thorough familiarity with local conditions of the plant and organization. This must be further supplemented by a knowledge of the local conditions of the community and the relations of the community with contiguous territory.

The manager should feel that his exchange is his to manage as he would his own personal business, always guided by the general policy and standards of the Company, particularly as interpreted by his immediate superior. He should be so familiar with these policies and standards that he will be firm in the conviction that they are correct and sound, and that he will never be tempted to apologize for them, but will always be prepared to prove, through argument based on his own conviction and knowledge, that the Company's policies are designed and carried out to promote the best interests of its subscribers and the community at large.

A good manager possesses judgment, initiative and poise.

Judgment is founded on integrity, knowledge, training, experience, breadth of thought and sense of proportion. A man cannot have good judgment without integrity, for if his

ideas of honesty and fair dealing are not of the highest order he cannot exercise true judgment. Knowledge is all-important in the exercise of good judgment for the reason that without knowledge of correct standards it is impossible to form true judgment on any point relative to a business. Knowledge without training and experience is insufficient, because it is only through these other factors that knowledge may be wisely used. The acquirement of knowledge, training and experience is necessary to the practice of broad thinking in order that these accomplishments may be taken advantage of to the greatest degree. One of the most essential characteristics of good judgment is the ability to realize the sense of proportion, or to know what points in connection with the subject should carry the most weight in making a decision.

Initiative supported by perseverance is a very important characteristic of a manager, and should be cultivated in order that he may be trained to originate ideas and carry them out without depending entirely upon suggestions from headquarters. Success can never come to the man who deliberately ignores his opportunities of taking advantage of every favorable turn of fortune to serve his purpose, but, practically speaking, everything undertaken with sincerity succeeds for the man who has will power and perseverance. These characteristics can be used to great advantage in developing methods under the approval of headquarters for promoting the welfare of the patrons and employees, and in the development of the business in the exchange, which should be done in such a way as to create friendly relations between the public and the Company. Ideas are of no value unless they are expressed and used for the development of an undertaking. To avoid letting our ideas drift into dreams, therefore, as soon as they have been developed into definite form our initiative, will power and perseverance should be brought to bear on them in order that our problems may be solved with decision.

Poise is influenced by character, sympathy, insight, affability and self-knowledge. Character is the sum total of all our characteristics from which our individuality is apparent, and wherein we show ourselves to be of well-balanced mind as regards moral ideals. Sympathy permits us to cultivate the human point of contact

and develop an interest in people more than in things, and it is a strong factor in dealing with the public. Justice is that quality of the mind which gives us balance so that, regardless of sympathetic inclinations, we are able to control our actions for the accomplishment of fair results. Insight is the ability to anticipate the thoughts and motives of others and to discern intended action. Sympathy aids insight because a sympathetic attitude encourages the display of intended action. Affability tends to encourage friendly relations and promote unrestrained conversation and association.

In working out his problems and carrying out his practices a manager must develop poise so that he may judge of his own value and have knowledge of the things of which he is really capable, and be placed at his ease when in the presence of associates and strangers, and also that he may place at ease those with whom he comes in contact.

31. Property.—Management in a public utility corporation is the direction of the efforts of the employes to maintain a high order of service to the public through the proper care and operation of the property. Although service is the primary object of the Company, a large investment in property is required in order that this service may be given. In speaking of property, the average mind conceives something of a material nature, such as the plant including all outside and inside equipment which is visible to the eye or which is known to exist, as a requirement for physical operation of the plant.

The mind should be trained to realize that the physical plant does not by any means include all of the property of the Company. The physical plant, with all its complicated machinery and equipment, cannot be made to give service without an efficient organization accompanied by efficient management. The organization and management of the Company, therefore, is a very important item of property because the acquirement of able managers, executives and workers to carry out the purposes of the enterprise are factors in building up the property, which require the expenditure of large amounts of money in addition to that which is spent for the construction of the plant.

In working out an organization it is necessary that every phase of the management of the business be studied and a unit provided for taking care of every one of these phases. The establishment of an efficient organization plan will not alone solve the problem of efficient management, but in addition it is necessary that efficient and well-trained individuals be employed to make up the forces, and fill the executive positions so that the best efficiency may be had. Even though a most efficient organization program may be established it will

fail if the individuals employed to work under it are inefficient and untrained.

32. Development.—Under the principles of management already outlined, the Bell System and The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company have been conducted from the beginning. It has been necessary for the management of this great System to adhere to these principles in order that the development and growth of telephone service might be carried out along firm lines. After the invention of the telephone the utmost initiative was required to place the service on a commercial basis, beginning with the leasing of telephones and developing into exchange and long-distance service.

Under the original leasing policy it was only necessary for the telephone interests to manufacture instruments and lease them to the subscribers who used them on their own lines. When exchange service was designed, it became necessary for the telephone interests to develop the local agencies, which had been formed, into operating companies which were required, in addition to furnishing the telephone instruments, to build and maintain a comprehensive plant, including outside construction and central office equipment, for the maintenance of telephone service.

These requirements made it imperative that the strongest principles of management should be developed and applied to the business, as it was found that the constantly increasing demand for better and more service required the replacement of complete units of plant from time to time, such as the removal of entire leads of aerial construction and the substitution of comprehensive underground systems. Later, the change from grounded circuit operation to metallic, and later still, the substitution of the long-distance transmitter for the old type, had to be carried out.

Innumerable instances of this replacement of plant could be cited and in each individual case the highest judgment and application of the strictest managerial principles were required to successfully carry out the development of the business. This was because these changes involved and represented such enormous investments of capital, that the greatest care had to be exercised in the decision as to when the time was ripe to make the changes, how they should be made and whether they should be made during long periods by gradual reconstruction, or done rapidly in order to maintain the efficiency of, and to improve service in accordance with public demands.

The consideration of, and the decision to make, such changes were not the only demands made upon the management for the exercise of the highest class of judgment, but in some cases uncertainty in regard to condi-

tions to be met, large projects were developed and made ready for service, only to bring out the fact that they were inoperative on account of the lack of knowledge of certain principles which had to be applied. One very important illustration of this condition was the construction of the first long-distance lead, which was composed of thirty-five metallic copper circuits on the most substantial of pole lines between New York and Philadelphia. When this construction was completed, and presumably ready for operation, tests showed that not more than one of the circuits could be used at any one time, owing to the crosstalk which took place between all of the circuits.

While the rectification of this condition was primarily up to the engineering staff, as was, of course, the development of all new plant principles and practices, the burden of carrying out the changes and the decision as to whether they should be carried out, fell upon the management. Through this process of development and the application of further principles of management, the organizations of the Bell System and of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company have been trained by the most rigid experience, which accounts for the tremendous success and development which has taken place.

The lack of application of these same principles and the lack of such early experiences accounts largely for the failure of independent telephone companies. In order that success may continue and the development of the telephone service may not be restricted, the same regard for these principles must continue, and the results of continued experiences must be made use of and the diligence of management everywhere must not be slackened. In considering these matters each individual in the Company organization, particularly those who have executive authority, must continually bear in mind that the principles of management and the results of experiences must continually be applied to the smallest details in the development and operation of the Company activities.

Certificates Issued Between February 21 and March 20, 1919

Plant Course No. 1—Electricity and Magnetism
 Carroll, O. O. (P.) Durango, Colo.
 Christenson, C. (G. P.) Denver, Colo.
 Fitzpatrick, Miss C. L. (G. P.) Denver, Colo.
 Frazin, S. J. (A.) Denver, Colo.
 Hoeking, C. E. (P.) Boulder, Colo.
 Hughes, H. (P.) Pueblo, Colo.
 Kaub, H. (P.) Denver, Colo.
 Kinyon, C. (P.) Salt Lake, Utah
 Lakness, R. A. (P.) Ogden, Utah
 Mann, J. W. (P.) Delta, Colo.
 Williamson, J. H. (I.) Denver, Colo.

Plant Course No. 2—Substation Practice
 Gant, L. (P.) El Paso, Texas
 Sanburn, R. A. (P.) Denver, Colo.

Plant Course No. 3—Private Branch Exchange
 Fisher, B. F. (E. D. T.) Denver, Colo.
 A. Accounting Department
 E. D. T. East Division Traffic
 I. Installation Department
 G. P. General Plant Department
 P. Plant Department

Montana's Share in the Allied Victory

By Miss Geraldine DesJardines

YOU folks with good mathematical heads can figure the number of bullets sent into German territory that could have been, and possibly were, made by the 300,000,000 pounds of copper furnished our government last year by one lone copper producing company of Montana.

The 300,000,000 pounds of copper referred to above was only a part of the contribution toward winning the war by this company. For, according to information furnished by D. M. Kelly of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, there was, in addition to the above, approximately 75,000,000 pounds of zinc, 500 tons of ferromanganese, and 650,000 pounds of arsenic, as well as many thousand pounds of by-products furnished by this company during the past year.

Remembering that this one great contribution is from just one company, you can imagine the immensity of the total production of this vast state, for there were hundreds of independent operators and companies each supplying its share toward putting the "crimp" in the kaiser and his clowns.

But supplying the material for munitions was not the whole of Montana's contributions—far from it!—for munitions and guns without men to man them could do very little toward influencing the result of a battle, much less winning it.

So along with the millions of pounds of munitions, Montana sent men—stalwart men, fitted by living in Montana's healthful clime for the stiff fighting that was to be theirs, and in which they made records that they individually as well as their state and their nation are proud to acclaim.

And not only were these men especially fit, physically, mentally, and morally for the duties they had to perform, but they were also equipped as to numbers.

Montana furnished one per cent of the total number of soldiers in the army. While one per cent does not appear to be much, the table shows only five states furnished over four per cent of the strength of the army, these five being New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, and Texas.

Montana's one per cent, or 34,000 men, is a greater number of men than was furnished by many states boasting a much greater population.

Montana alone, for instance, furnished more troops than did Vermont, Delaware, Nevada, Hawaii and Alaska combined, more than New Hampshire, New Mexico and Wyoming combined, more than Rhode Island and Utah combined, and considerably more than did Colorado, Florida, South Dakota, Oregon or North Dakota.

Then along with the men came the need for food, for the men in France and Flanders had to be fed, and the great ranches and farms of Montana had to sow greater acreages than ever before, and they did. The result was that regardless of adverse weather conditions, Montana produced more wheat and substitute grains than ever before.

And hand in hand with the farmer and his careful planting and reaping was the Montana housewife

and her conservation of the foods that were fire to the physical furnace of our men "over there" and that were responsible for fitting our men to make fodder out of the kaiser's Fritziez. And, of course, this conservation of foods included the sparing of meats, of which Montana has supplied a great proportion to the fighting forces.

According to railroad figures, Montana shipped to Eastern packing centers 430,000 head of cattle—enough meat to supply an army for several months.

Yet this was not all, for all the munitions, all the food, and all the men would not have availed the nation had not our soldiers been clad in good warm garments. And to this, Montana contributed millions of pounds of wool, possibly more wool than that furnished by any other state.

And to pay for the munitions, the food and the wool, to say nothing of the stately timbers that went into our ships, and that came from Montana, money was needed.

To each of the Liberty Loans, Montana magnificently over-subscribed her quota, and was one of the first to do so. In War Savings Stamps she has maintained her standard of patriotic purchasing of government securities, and to all the various agencies—the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the many other organizations that have been ministering to our boys—this state has bountifully subscribed for more than her allotments.

Thriftograms by Abraham Lincoln

Keep pegging away.

Answer with facts, not arguments.

Get ready and the chance will come.

We all like the man who "sticks through thick and thin."

The value of life is to improve one's condition.

Nothing is so local as not to be of some general benefit.

May the vast future not have to lament that you neglected it.

Shall he who cannot do much be for that reason excused if he do nothing?

When an occasion is piled high with difficulty, we must rise to the occasion.

What is it that we hold most dear? Our own liberty and prosperity.

Be a patriot! Don't mar the immortal emblem of humanity, the Declaration of Independence.

Every blade of grass is a study; and to produce two where there was but one is both a profit and a pleasure.

The hired laborer of yesterday labors on his own account today and will hire others to labor for him tomorrow.

Teach economy, that is one of the first and highest virtues. It begins with saving money.

Follow Lincoln's advice—you have the opportunity. All he says here applies to you now.

The alibi boys are too numerous in industry. They are the chaps with the ready explanations. They are the boys who don't come through with much of anything except reasons why they didn't do what they were set to do. There is one corps nobody ought to enlist in.



Butte District

O. R. Newman, District Correspondent

The Butte office force were greatly shocked on the morning of March 4th to learn that the father of our District Cashier, Mr. J. F. Herman, had died suddenly in Salt Lake City the evening before. Mr. Herman and his wife left immediately to attend the funeral, which occurred on March 7th. The heartfelt sympathy of Mr. Herman's host of friends is extended to him in his irreparable loss.

Mr. E. G. Butterfield, exchange manager at Hamilton, has been called to his home at York, Nebraska, on account of the serious illness of his father. Mr. Butterfield anticipates meeting his brother, who has just returned from duty overseas.

The social event of the season was the marriage of Miss Winifred Richards on Saturday evening, March 8th, to Mr.



Mrs. Walter Brammer, of Valier, Montana

Walter S. Brammer of Valier, Montana. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's mother, at 626 West Galena Street, Butte. Mr. and Mrs. Brammer will reside at Valier. Mrs. Brammer was former ledger clerk at the Butte exchange, and was one of the valuable and trusted employes of the division auditor's department. The many telephone friends of Mrs. Brammer wish her success and happiness.

Mr. C. J. Eaton spent a very busy day in Butte recently making organization rearrangements in his department on account of the marriage of Miss Winifred Richards, who had charge of the Butte ledgers.

Mr. Sidney W. Tippett, a former employe of this company, has returned from the navy, in which he enlisted last year, and has taken a position in the plant department at Butte.

Mr. John P. Griffiths, a former employe of this company, who enlisted for military service and was severely wounded while overseas, has returned to civil life and has accepted a position in the plant department at the Butte exchange.

Repairman Roy P. Morris failed to report for work on March 18th, and his many friends assumed that Roy had celebrated too much on St. Patrick's Day. However, the truth was out the following morning, when Roy appeared with a good-sized box of cigars and announced the fact that a fine baby boy had arrived at their house. We wish this young man much success, as he has undoubtedly picked a fine home.

District Manager J. C. Owens called a conference of the exchange managers to be held at Butte on Tuesday, March 11th, at which time matters of vital importance to our company were thoroughly discussed. The following exchange managers were in attendance at this meeting: J. B. Fleming, Anaconda; C. M. Dahlgreen, Deer Lodge; H. H. Tainer, Drummond; R. E. Rice, Missoula; E. G. Butterfield, Hamilton; Otto Papst, Dillon; Harry Odney, Twin Bridges; H. D.

Webster, Three Forks. Mr. H. E. McAfee, division general manager, and Mr. F. P. Ogden, division traffic superintendent, were division office visitors at this conference.

Miss Ethel O'Leary of the commercial department has obtained a furlough and is visiting with her parents in Twin Bridges.

Butte Traffic Department

Vacation days begin with us next month. The many plans being made are almost equal to the pleasure that one derives from the actual vacation. It seems that very few are going to Seattle and Tacoma this year. Can anyone explain the reason why?

The event of the month was a very delightful dancing party given at St. John's parish house on March 4th. It was a Shrove Tuesday affair and everyone present entered into the spirit of the evening. An excellent orchestra was in attendance and the young ladies looked their best. This is the last social event to be given until after Easter.

Miss Vida Cardon, who has been acting in the capacity of assistant district traffic chief, has been granted a furlough and has gone to Idaho, where she will spend some time with relatives. We were all sorry to have Miss Cardon leave us, and we extend to her our very best wishes. As an expression of the high esteem in which she was held, the young ladies presented her with a handsome leather purse with a silver clasp.

Mr. L. M. Meyer, who has been in the traffic department of this company for a number of years, has returned from Camp Lewis, where he was in the Signal Corps. Mr. Meyer came to Butte early in March and will assume the position of assistant district traffic chief of the Butte district.

Telephone Chapter No. 18, Butte

The regular meeting of Telephone Chapter No. 18 was held on Tuesday evening, March 18th. The following officers for the year 1919 were elected: L. Maher, president; J. Flynn, vice-president; James M. Dubel, secretary, and James B. Halford, treasurer. Mr. H. O. Jacobson, assistant to the division commercial engineer, gave us a very instructive paper on plant maintenance and extensions. This paper was very much appreciated.

Upon conclusion of the regular business of the meeting, the society adjourned for refreshments. Messrs. Garton, Flynn and Burt had provided generously in this line, and everyone enjoyed the meeting.

We hope to see record attendances at these meetings. They are held but once a month and are highly enjoyable.

Much interest has been shown in our bowling league, which ended its series at the Marquette alleys on March 31. The schedule of the teams and individual averages will be published in the next issue. At present the contest is very close, and it has been decided that we continue our local league through April. We are looking forward to the telegraph game in April, and while Butte has not developed any phenomenal bowlers during this season, we are going to make an earnest endeavor to carry off at least one of the prizes offered by Mr. Cannon.

Hamilton

Several Sundays ago our manager was invited to be one of a mid-winter fishing party. Having a fondness for the sport, he fell.

The car was a Ford, model 1910. The crowd was of such a size that it was necessary for one of the party to ride a board on the back. They had a glorious time fishing, the

lunch was good, and all went well until they were homeward bound. Our manager insisted that he ride the board.

The day was a cold one. The road was full of frozen baby mountains. The rear seat was not the best one could ask for, so to pass the time more pleasantly the rider decided to indulge in a smoke. He was in the act of lighting his pipe when the vehicle struck a large mountain, and the passenger in the rear was conscious that something happened, and no more. The fellows in front also had the feeling that something had happened. As soon as they could stop their car they looked back and beheld one passenger on the road senseless. A good application of snow and some coaxing brought him to a partly conscious state. He was worrying over a broken tooth. He was sure of this, he was rolling it around in his mouth, but when he removed the object it proved to be the broken end of his pipe.

But our manager finishes everything he starts, so he rode that board home. Those awaiting his return were shocked, as he has a habit of returning in a sober, decent fashion.

In the Butte district a one-mile section of line was torn out by a snowslide, and it was necessary to restore service as soon as possible. The district plant chief and a crew of men were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the division plant superintendent in a limousine. Alighting from the car he encountered an old construction foreman.

"Bill," said the D. P. S.—and the words quivered with energy—"I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you the engineer's plans for the new line?" "I don't know," said the construction foreman, "whether the engineer has the picture drawn yet or not, but the line was rebuilt two days ago and we're trying to find a pair of 'Kleins' that one of the boys lost!"

Pronounced by all present to be the most successful affair ever given by Helena Chapter of the Telephone Society was the dance complimentary to the employes and their friends at St. Helena Hall, Friday evening, February 28th. The hall was artistically decorated. Delicious fruit punch was served during the evening, and about midnight a buffet luncheon consisting of sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and cake was enjoyed.

The entertainment committee is to be congratulated on the success of the dance.

The Telephone War Savings Society has been reorganized with Edward A. Murphy as president and Miss Ruby von Sampson as secretary. During 1918 a total of \$5,000 was loaned to Uncle Sam through the activities of our telephone war savings society, and we have the honor of leading all societies in Lewis and Clark County in the amount saved.

The 1918 society was piloted by Miss Merle Egan as president and Reece Heaton as secretary. Mr. Heaton gained the sobriquet of "Thrifty," and we claim he can be justly proud of the title.

Ernest Dryburgh has accepted a position in the division cashier's office, succeeding Miss Elizabeth Gillan, resigned.

We were pleasantly surprised last month by a visit from Sam P. Officer, formerly of Cheyenne, Wyoming, who was on his way to the "Banana Belt," in Great Falls. We assured him that the wind does not blow in Great Falls and we hope the weather man bears us out. We are glad to welcome Mr. Officer to the Northern division.

In another column we desire to call our readers' attention to an article on "Hounds." The chase goes merrily on and we have yet to lose our first case. Better get busy and qualify.

Billings District

A. L. Clark, Correspondent

One of the most intelligent gatherings ever staged in Billings was the conference of the exchange managers of the Billings district, presided over by Mr. McAfee.

The Wyoming representatives, namely, R. J. O'Malley of Basin, H. H. Holmes of Buffalo, G. W. Lansing of Cody, J. E. Heaton of Sheridan, and M. J. Danielson of Thermop-

olis, were congratulated by the rest of the members of the meeting because of the advantages now possessed by Wyoming over Montana.

The remainder of the district was represented by A. G. Krause of Bozeman, L. A. Byers of Hardin, R. E. Coy of Laurel, C. F. Bracewell of Columbus, T. M. Swindlehurst of Livingston, L. P. Teague of Miles City and N. H. Castle of Red Lodge.

The gathering assembled at the Billings-Midland Club, the best the city can offer.

District Cashier W. A. Connolly is now preparing a treatise to be delivered before the Own Your Own Home Club on "Having Your Rent Raised and the Evils Thereof." Mr. Connolly being an authority on this subject is heartily supported in his efforts by the members of the Moving Van Association.

J. N. Whittinghill, district manager, made a trip to Basin and Cody, Wyoming, during the month and was a very busy executive.

Miss Helen Darrow is now keeping the plant department busy with lots of work orders, having succeeded Miss Farmer in this important branch of the routine.

Miss Ida Joki of the commercial department revealed the fact that Red Lodge was the greatest little city in this section by her own admission and a week-end trip there to confirm it.

Our genial custodian of the yen or coin, Miss Gilmore, enjoys nothing better than counting the nickels and larger denominations that come merrily out of the pay stations, and it is up to us to increase our pay stations to keep her happy.

Traffic Department

Misses Edith Garland and Lillian E. Peters spent a very pleasant week-end at Red Lodge.

Acting Chief Operator Miss Hazel DeHaven, who has not been feeling well of late, is back at work.

Miss Nona C. McGarvey is all smiles these days. This was at first attributed to spring clothes. But we were all wrong. Among those recently discharged is one who—well, anyway, he came back.

Miss Lynabel Murray is now the youngest member of the family, having enrolled March 12th.

Red Lodge

Mr. N. H. Castle, exchange manager, has been having a few troubles. Both his wife and son have been ill for the second time during the winter. They are recuperating rapidly.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Miss Maude E. Le-land, who lost her father, mother and sister recently.

Traveling Auditor Lytle and Chief Hoffman were recent visitors in Red Lodge.

Glendive

We are pleased to learn that the members of Exchange Manager Stone's family are again in good health. The manager was prevented from attending the conference of managers by illness in the family.

Cody

Mr. Gerald W. Lansing, former exchange manager at Hardin, Montana, has been transferred here.

Cupid and influenza, rather a strange combination, have played havoc with our force recently. Three former operators came to our rescue and pulled us through. The good Samaritans were Misses Gladys Erickson, Edith Williams and Mildred Hayes.

Miss Alice Brundage was the victim of Cupid's target practice, and a gentleman by the name of Jack Evans was hit by the same shot. Hearing our call for help, Mrs. Evans cut short her honeymoon and is with us again.

Garland

Garland is now presided over by Miss Ora L. Plummer, who was checked in recently. Meeteetse, the city with the odd name, not to be outdone has now for its guiding hand

Miss Grace L. Amy, who was formerly with us at Basin, Wyoming.

Ray Johnson, who was formerly with the engineering department at Helena, called on us recently and advised that he had forsaken the company. He will now be located in Billings in the interests of the Chandler Motor Sales Company. Ray can sure talk Chandlers, and after his convincing talk there was only one thing that kept me from buying one of those boats. "Even as you and I."

Plant

A conference pertaining to commercial subjects was held in Billings recently, at which all of the managers in the district were present. We do not wish to infringe on the commercial editor, so will not go into detail regarding the conference. We of the plant department were glad to welcome the boys and several little plant matters were discussed in an informal way and cleaned off the slate. The only item of real interest that could not be cleaned off the balance sheet was: "How Lansing got lost in Dry Gulch and in a wet state." He tried his best to prove an alibi, but to date he was just lost.

Spring must be here, as Ralph Conrad is trying to promote a baseball team with the help of First Baseman Merritt. All right, we are all with you, and there should be enough timber in Billings to make a good nine. Others are taking tennis and are hoping that the weather will stay warm so that some games may be played in the near future.

Mr. W. F. McIntyre, division plant superintendent, made us a visit of three days recently. He was on his way to the division office after making a trip in the northern territory.

Mr. F. C. Merritt, district plant chief, made a flying trip to Bozeman and Manhattan during the first part of the month.

Mr. J. H. Albert, division toll wire chief, came over from the division office and was with us for a few days. This is his second visit since assuming the above title and we hope he will not forget the number.

We regret very much to report the death of Geoff N. Shields, an equipment installer who has been with Mr. M. C. Hensley, division foreman, in this district for some time. Mr. Shields was a victim of influenza, which he contracted while doing some work at the Bozeman exchange. In losing Mr. Shields we not only lost a good friend and co-worker, but a very efficient and capable worker in his particular line. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Shields and little daughter in their great loss.

The income tax law has interested several of the boys during the last few days and all have succeeded in making their reports to the collector within the time allowed.

J. Y. Read is gradually drawing to a close the Laurel exchange estimate, which, when completed, will give that exchange some needed additional cable capacity.

C. H. Wenzel has completed the Billings exchange cable relief estimate and we are now in a position to take care of any new business which may be offered.

Joe Baker recently celebrated a birthday in a very fitting manner, so the story goes. We understand that several neighbors have lost prize chickens within the last week and as one of the prominent items on the menu was—CHICKEN, we are wondering if Joe has been walking in his sleep.

Harry Fuqua, formerly a lineman in the Billings district, but who enlisted with the engineers, has returned from overseas duty. Harry not only brought home an honorable discharge, but an armful of first-hand information as to army life and its splendid results.

Great Falls District

G. H. Platt, Correspondent

Mr. C. R. Rutherford, district cashier, asked for a few days' leave, giving as an excuse that he was "going North." However, he promptly "went South" with Miss Bessie Hastings, formerly night operator

at Lewistown and so far as we are at present able to ascertain, the pair were married somewhere between Great Falls and Butte.

The Great Falls Exchange force, having learned the time of Mr. Rutherford's return to the city, determined to give him a reception worthy of the occasion. Their disappointment was keen, however, when they discovered that Romeo was returning alone, having left his Juliet in Lewistown. The reception, therefore, did not come off, much to the chagrin of the reception committee. Mr. Rutherford was captured later in the evening, and notwithstanding the dry condition of Montana showed himself well able to redeem his character.

Mr. Rutherford has since left the service of the company and his place has been taken by Mr. S. P. Officer of Cheyenne, Wyoming, to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

During the month we have lost our head switchman, O. G. Smith, who has been transferred to Billings to act in the capacity of plant chief. The regret we feel at the departure of Mr. Smith is tempered by the pleasure it gives us to know that he has earned the well-deserved promotion.

The Smith a mighty man is he,

So sang the ancient bard;

Something attempted, something done,

Has earned a just reward.

Mr. Smith's place in Great Falls has been taken by Mr. G. E. Wolfe, whose splendid record in this exchange marks him as a man well fitted for the position.

On February 22 the Great Falls Exchange bowling team covered itself with glory and perspiration by defeating Billings. This team consists of Messrs. Arneson, Doull, Ross, Scott and Wolfe, and with such a team we feel that we might well exclaim with King Henry: "Come the three corners of the world in arms and naught shall make us rue."

Lewistown

While we have not been heard from in many moons, it was not through lack of interest or want of material, but rather a matter of being too busy changing managers. We believe without a doubt that Lewistown holds the record for having had four different managers in the past year, and two already in this year. Lewistown certain must be a "horseshoe," for in each case the manager who left us has stepped a notch or two higher in the game; either that, or else this is such a good field for training along many lines that the company soon sees fit to transfer the trained man into larger fields of endeavor. However, we hope that we may have the good fortune to keep our present manager, Edward L. Thielke, with us for a good long time.

On February 3 Mr. and Mrs. Thielke arrived from Denver, and on that evening a reception was given by the employes of this exchange at the Telephone Building as a welcome to our new manager and his wife, as well as a farewell to our former manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Farwell. There were some forty people present, including all employes and their friends. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour when delicious refreshments were served. Everyone enjoyed the occasion.

While we were loath to lose Mr. Farwell, we feel that we have not really lost association with him, for we are sure his duties will bring him to our exchange now and again. We beg to congratulate Great Falls in having Mr. Farwell as district manager.

Mr. Thielke said his first impression of Montana and Lewistown was very favorable. We hope the impression has endured. Needless to say, the employes' impression of Mr. Thielke was also very favorable.

Mr. A. G. Doull, district plant chief at Great Falls, was with us the first week in February, and we were glad to see him again.

Miss Blythe Bickford, former operator at this exchange, was here on a short visit some time ago. Miss Bickford is now a resident of Livingston, Montana.

We all received a surprise when, on February 18, we learned that our night operator, Miss Bessie Hastings, had

become the bride of Mr. C. R. Rutherford, formerly district cashier at Great Falls. It seems as though when any girl asks for a few days off she invariably returns with her name changed, and the prefix "Miss" altered to "Mrs."

Our wire chief, Mr. Hal C. Danzer, states that in spite of our being in a "dry-bone" territory, the telephone business is pushing ahead at good speed, having had in the past month a gain of about forty new installations. When asked for an explanation of this increase in business, Hal explains this is due to the spring rush for soft drinks and soft-drink dispensers. For Hal argues that such commodities are bound to be greatly patronized, for the reason that so many boys are returning from the service and that their first thoughts naturally turn to lighter things, such as soft drinks, et cetera. Doesn't that sound just like Hal, girls?

Stanford

Mrs. Belle Wray, our former exchange manager, spent a few days in and near Stanford visiting friends and relatives.

Lineman Byrd was here from Lewistown for a few days fixing trouble.

Conrad

Our manager, D. E. McPherson, has been on a few weeks' vacation tour of the coast cities, visiting Seattle, Spokane and Tacoma. We were very happy to have him return and help us "carry on," though Miss Shaw was a competent manager.

Miss Shaw has been on a brief vacation, though not entirely a pleasant one, as she underwent a slight operation for the removal of her tonsils.

Miss Birdie Hanks is acting as chief operator and Mrs. Mann is assisting at the board in Miss Shaw's absence.

Miss Ruby Day of Chester is a student operator at our exchange.

Geraldine

Monday night, March 10, a dancing party was given for our sub-operator, Miss Ethel Brazelton, who leaves this week for Oklahoma. Dancing was indulged in until midnight, when a delicious lunch was served. The guests departed, wishing Ethel Godspeed. We suspect she is to be an April bride.

Miss Lucinda LaVanway of Square Butte is now one of the Geraldine office force.

One of our operators, Kay E. Tressel, is having more than her share of happiness. Last week her husband, Lieut. H. S. Tressel, recently discharged from service, returned to Geraldine. Her brother, Corp. R. E. Kennedy, returns this week from overseas.

Choteau

Monitor notes from Choteau have been unavoidably held over by reason of the fact that the fish in that part of the country are biting.

Joplin

Thirty below, with strong northwesterly gale accompanied by severe snow storm and three cases of toll line trouble; otherwise very enjoyable.

Glasgow District

Ethel Working, Correspondent

With the arrival of Spring and brighter days the Glasgow office has been undergoing a thorough housecleaning and with our new brass-bound eight-day clock, new electric fixtures and 14-karat janitor we feel very much dolled up.

The managers from the four corners of the district assembled in Glasgow recently for a conference. Our old friends Hornbeck of Culbertson, and Hawk of Sidney, were the Mutt and Jeff of the gathering, the long and short of it being that they represent just that.



The girls of the G. W. traffic force were treated to complimentaries to "Hearts of the World." A great show and greatly appreciated.

Miss Edna Clockson of the operating force has resigned and Miss Taylor is filling the position.

Mrs. Quinn, formerly Margaret Sullivan, operator at Plentywood, has resigned.

G. P. McCoy has completed the Fairview estimate and is to be in Glasgow for a few days.

Culbertson

Mr. Herman was in Culbertson recently looking up toll line routings.

With Miss Rowena Stephen as chief operator. Miss Gladys Phillips working days and Mrs. Lela Vancil on night duty. Culbertson is operating full sway again.

We are about to say goodbye to another of our chief operators, who is about to change occupations. She will "keep house" in future. We refer to Miss Marie Van Kerrebroeck of Wolf Point. We hope to be able to make full announcement later, giving the name of the lucky man.



Long Hornbeck, of Culbertson, and Short Hawk, of Sidney, known as "Muff and Jett."

No One Wants--

- No one wants jails—but we've gotta have 'em.
- No one wants hospitals—but we've gotta have 'em.
- No one wants twins—but some folks is gotta have 'em—sometimes.
- No one wants chilblains—same as twins.
- No one wants smallpox—same.
- No one wants taxes—but we've all got 'em.
- No one wants smoke—but factory furnaces won't steam up with ice.
- No one wants suspenders—but we've gotta keep 'em up.
- No one wants trouble—but it's forced on us.
- No one wants increased rates—but everything else's up.
- No one wants lower wages—but cost o' livin' can't come down by its lonesome.
- No one wants 80c eggs—but hens is hens an' roosters can't lay.
- No one wants high cost o' things—but a fella can't sell at the old prices when he's gotta pay errand boys an' railroad-crossing flagmen what he useta pay general managers.
- No one wants higher telephone rates—but talk ain't cheap as it useta be—neither is telephone poles, an' wires, an' things; an' wages is about 80 per cent above the skyline, an' I'm glad of it, by heck!

Pat had lost an eye in battle. When he got out of the hospital and went back to the front he got into an argument with an English soldier. "I'll bet," he said, "that I can see more with my one eye than you can with your two."
 "Prove it."
 "Well, I can see two eyes in your face and you can only see one in mine."

Our Four-O-Five

By Rips

When the cry of war rang through the land,
And the hearts of men were stirred
And the call went out for sterling men
Whose valor was good as their word,
There came from office, from field and street
Response to the U. S. A.
"I'm on, old chap, and ready to go
With the Four-O-Five today!"

Then the shouts went up from hill and vale
For the boys who volunteered,
And as they marched away that day
Through tears and smiles we cheered!
And our prayers went out to the signal boys,
O'er seas on the fields of France,
Who joined the Four-O-Five to serve
'Mid war's eventful chance.

No better, you say, than other boys
Who answered the Country's call!
Ah, no! but just as good, my friend—
I'd like to sing of them all;
But the Signal Corps is coming back—
We hope they're all alive—
Hooray! for the telephone boys who went
To France with the Four-O-Five!