

The Monitor

for September-October
1919



"What Shall It Profit a Man?"

(Denver Times)



WHEN Andrew Carnegie died suddenly thousands asked as they read the story of his death, "How much did he leave?" It was the question heard on the streets and in the home.

Before and after Mr. Carnegie's death it was quoted that the multimillionaire had said: "The man that dies rich, dies disgraced," but now it is said by those with authority to speak that they have been unable to discover that Mr. Carnegie ever had made such a statement.

It is true that he endeavored in the last few years to give away his riches in abundance; his charities were many; his generosity spread to all parts of the earth, and though he was unable to give away all his riches before he died, he probably did his best. By that he shall be judged.

Then, too, a man should be judged by the friends he has, and in friendship Mr. Carnegie took high rank.

That his love for books was great is vividly evidenced in his enormous gifts for the establishment of public libraries and his additional gifts to those already established. He fostered education not only through his libraries, but through pension funds for teachers, the Carnegie institute and other philanthropies. His huge "hero" funds showed his appreciation for courage, and last but not least his love of peace throughout the world was so deep-rooted that one of his greatest hopes was that he would see peace ruling the world, and as Joseph B. Gilder, who knew him well, says, "the cloud of the great war hung heavily over his declining years."

So, even though Andrew Carnegie may have failed to dispose of all his riches, his works will live after him, for though he gained riches in this world he did "not lose his own soul."

Later—In probating Mr. Carnegie's estate it was shown that he had given to charities and public benefits more than \$150,000,000, while his estate at time of his death amounted to but \$30,000,000.

The MOUNTAIN STATES MONITOR

DENVER COLORADO

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SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER :: NINETEEN-NINETEEN

The Call of the West

Nature with her magic hand
Built an empire rich with land;
Then came man with brawn and brain
And turned the West to golden grain.



HE West is calling the East. The good-night rays of the setting sun beckon a welcome. The manless land is inviting the landless man, and to warp into a parody an old song,

They are coming by hundreds from every land
The cause of our greatness to see;
From the middle states and the eastern strand
They're building homes in the West so free.

The crowded East is panting for breath. They grow like tender plants in a soap box back of the stove. They need resetting. The springtime of rejuvenation has come. The days of broad fields and spreading meadows in the East are things of the past.

West—west, toward the manless land and the mile-high ozone the star of Empire is still twinkling and pointing the way, but she is growing faint. She sees her once uninhabited plains filling with industries, and the furrows of the plow run like great wrinkles across the face of the once

trackless deserts, and the irrigation ditches are likened unto the sweet tears of joy from the well-springs of a happy soul.

There are still homes for thousands in the West; but the fact that the Almighty made but one crop of land must not be lost sight of. When that is gone there is no more. The takers are closing in on the dwindling tracts. Great cattle ranches and boundless ranges of the plains are things of the past. The fences now run on the section lines. The days of the trackless waste are gone forever, and the men who are taking hold of the lands today are the ones who will be the rich possessors of tomorrow.

Modern ingenuity has brought modern civilization. The great network of steel rails, telephone and telegraph lines, auto highways and the planes that plow through the air above, all lend to make for a wonderful empire in the great Westland where the beacon lights ever burn.

How High Is A Telephone Pole?

DAD WISWELL has been seventy-one miles up in the air and never fell but once, and then he lit right end up. Seventy-one miles—374,880 feet—is some distance. Gee, that's sixty-five miles nearer the Celestial Home than any airplane flier ever reached. Dad, who is down on the books of the Mountain States Telephone Company as Clay A. Wiswell, didn't make the ascent all at once. He did it a little at a time during his thirty-eight years' service with the great Bell system, and he hardly ever got higher than thirty feet at a time.

Dad is an old-time lineman, and he can run up a telephone pole as fast as a squirrel can climb a tree. Figuring that he averaged climbing just one pole each work-day during his thirty-eight years' service, each pole averaging thirty feet above ground, and placing them end-to-end and seating Dad on top, he would be just seventy-one miles "straight up from where he is." He was up in the air so much that he took to studying astronomy first-hand, and often looked down upon the morning sun as it peeked over the horizon.

"But, in 1880, when I was helping string the Western Union wires from Nickerson, Kansas, to Las Vegas, New Mexico, it was nothing unusual for me to climb as many as 160 poles a day," said Dad recently, speaking of his early days. "In those days," he continued, settling back into his chair and looking far out the open window, "three of us would string from fifteen to eighteen miles of two wires a day and think nothing of it. And we didn't have helpers and modern devices in those days, either. Such a thing as a safety belt was unknown—we just had to hang on with our legs buckled around the pole, and take chances.

"Did I ever fall? Only once. I was at the top. A fellow we called 'Red' was coming up with the wires. He was about fifteen feet from the ground when a wire I was leaning on gave way and backwards I went. I fell, head-first, on top of Red. This turned me over and I lit squarely on my feet, unhurt. Red was going to lick me for coming down head-first and not using my climbers.

"We saw some pretty exciting times in those days, especially at Dodge City, Kansas, and Raton, New Mexico, through which we wired. Bat Masterson

was town marshal at Dodge City, and I saw him often.

"One day we were busy near the old depot at Raton when I looked down and saw a gambler dash out

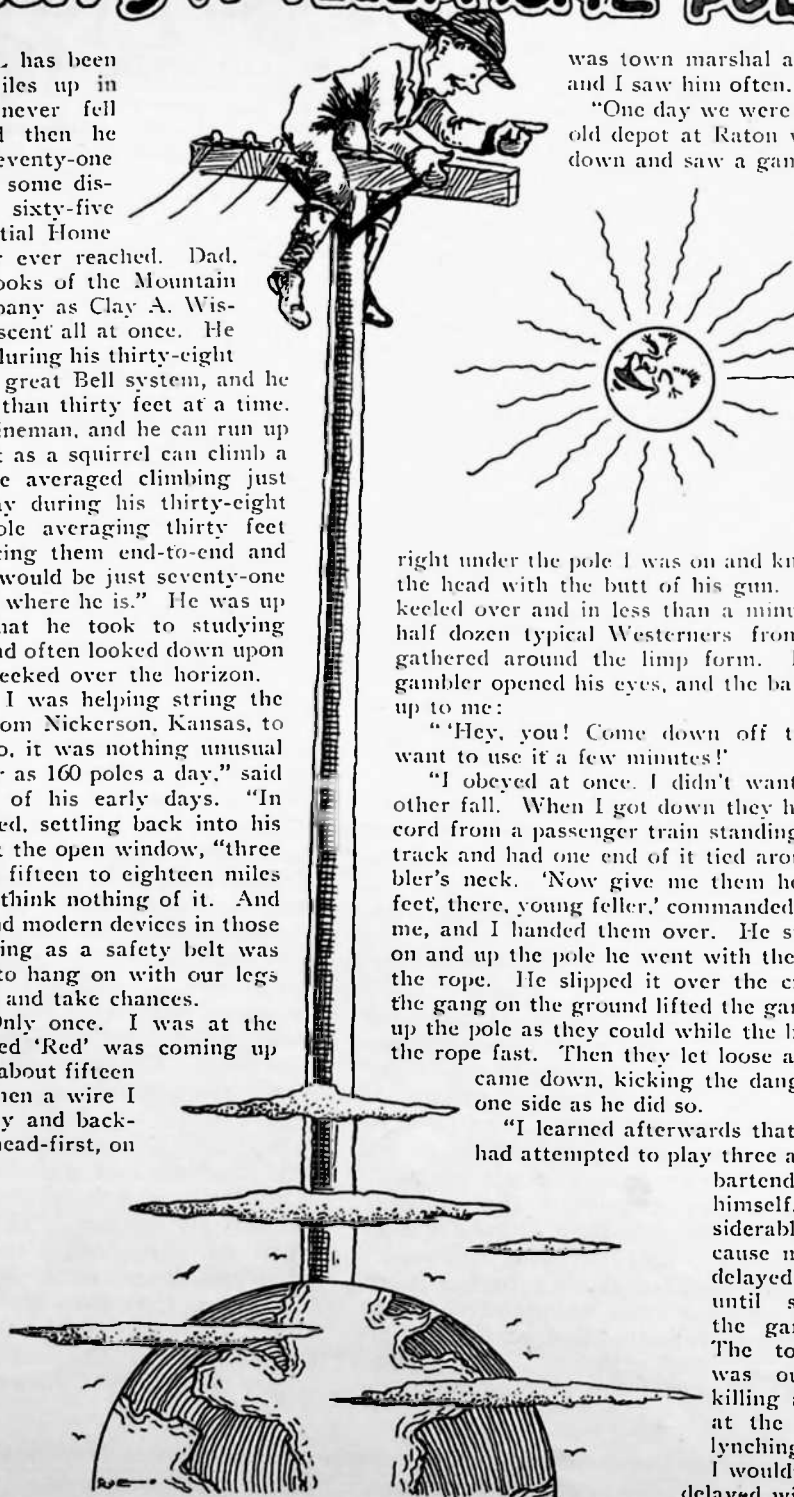
of a saloon door and make for the depot. He was closely pursued by a big bartender, apron on and sleeves rolled up. He had a six-gun in one hand. He overtook the gambler

right under the pole I was on and knocked him on the head with the butt of his gun. The gambler keeled over and in less than a minute a gang of half dozen typical Westerners from the saloon gathered around the limp form. Presently the gambler opened his eyes, and the bartender called up to me:

"Hey, you! Come down off that pole—we want to use it a few minutes!"

"I obeyed at once. I didn't want to have another fall. When I got down they had cut a bell-cord from a passenger train standing on the side-track and had one end of it tied around the gambler's neck. 'Now give me them hooks on your feet, there, young feller,' commanded the leader to me, and I handed them over. He strapped them on and up the pole he went with the loose end of the rope. He slipped it over the cross-arm and the gang on the ground lifted the gambler as high up the pole as they could while the bartender tied the rope fast. Then they let loose and the leader came down, kicking the dangling form to one side as he did so.

"I learned afterwards that the gambler had attempted to play three aces while the bartender held two himself. I was considerably vexed because my work was delayed half an hour until someone cut the gambler down. The town marshal was out of town killing a horse thief at the time of the lynching, or perhaps I wouldn't have been delayed with my work.



"Another place where we saw the real wild and woolly was on the lines out of old Fort Worth, Texas. I was a young fellow then and I kept pretty close to the boxcar bunk. Early one morning a number of our gang came dragging in and woke me up. They had gone out the night before to 'do the town,' but did not count on the cowboys, who were a little jealous. The cowpunchers wrecked the gang so completely that there were but three of us on the job that morning.

"Wild turkeys were so thick down in Texas we had to shoo them off the cross-arms before we could tie in the wire.

"Horse thieves were also plentiful in those days, and they would cut the wires frequently. One time two cowboy rangers chased a horse thief clear into Colorado City and they were so close on his trail that he ran into the old depot and shot himself. I saw this myself. Oh, those were great old days, boy—great old days!

"A little later I came to Denver as a 'bug hunter,' or trouble-shooter, as they used to call it. At that time there were about 1,100 telephones in Denver. I think there are something over 55,000 now. We used to use the old Gonda batteries, and there was always some trouble to shoot. It was in the days of the magneto system, when the party wishing to talk had to turn a crank and then wait several minutes, sometimes, before the connection was made. But nobody complained in those days.

"The first bicycle I ever saw was owned and rid-

den by Mr. E. M. Burgess, our general manager, who was then chief inspector. The bicycle weighed ninety pounds and he used to ride to and from the office on it. One day there was trouble somewhere on the toll line out of Denver. Mr. Burgess sent me out to find it. I boarded a freight train and went as far south as Sedalia, about twenty miles. At Sedalia I

tested in, but could get no connection. Then I started back toward Denver on foot, carefully examining every pole and the line all the way. At Littleton I got on a train and came on into Denver, and reported my failure to find the trouble.

"Possibly it's the bunch of baling wire hanging on the lines at Sedalia,' suggested Mr. Burgess. He then explained, with some little disgust, that an officer of the telephone company, driving in from the south, had seen the baling wire. I went back and found a big bunch of it laying across the lines, just one pole farther south than the one I had tested in on. I removed the baling wire and the short circuit was broken.

"Yes, yes, I've done some climbing during the past thirty-eight years, but I guess there are others who have climbed higher than I have, and I wouldn't care to be stuck up on a totem pole seventy-one miles in the sky, but I wouldn't mind taking a little journey up in an airship just to get a birdseye view of some of the thousands of telephone poles I have climbed. Guess that would be some forest, if they were all together, wouldn't it? But such is life—we are always climbing, climbing, ever trying to achieve and please."



CLAY A. WISWELL, Dean of Pole Climbers

Miss Swanson is Home from France

MISS ANNA SWANSON has reached home after a year's service in the signal corps of the United States army. She has the distinction of being the only girl from the state of Wyoming to serve with the American Expeditionary Forces.

An expert telephone operator, Miss Swanson was ready and waiting when the call came from the government for experienced operators to facilitate the work of the military forces in France. She was immediately accepted, and after a brief course of training in New York sailed for France by way of England. She was stationed at Neufchateau during the greater part of her service, but was for a time at Tours and for a month at Chaumont, the general headquarters of the American army in France.

While pleased to get home, Miss Swanson is delighted with her great experience, and has no regrets or criticism to offer. The work was exacting, especially before the armistice, a relaxation of course following the surrender of the enemy. Good care was taken of the girls in the service, and two leaves of absence, which were spent in Paris, added to the pleasures of her service abroad. While she did not get to the first line, she was near enough to the front to hear the roar of the big guns in the closing days of the German empire.

Returning on the Manchuria, Miss Swanson met Lieutenant Jerome Brien, a Douglas boy, who won his commission in France. He was the only one from Douglas she met in her year away from home.



FIFTY years ago Miss Bertha Engleburg Johnson, heart-broken and despondent, left her native home in far-off Iceland to seek a lonely spot amid the pines and crags of the Rocky Mountains.

In 1861 she boarded an English vessel at Reyk-jarík, a seaport in southern Iceland, and sailed across Denmark Strait, rounded lower Greenland at Cape Christian, then across Baffin Bay, down the Canadian shore, and landed in New York City. Five years later, at the close of the Civil War, she came West, and crossed the plains from Omaha to Denver in a primitive slow-moving ox train. From Denver she made her way, on foot, into the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, and there, for fifty years, has hid herself from what she says to be a pitiless world, a hermit in all the sense of the word.

She came to the Middle Park country in Colorado, and built for herself a rudely constructed log cabin on the bank of a little mountain stream that empties into Fraser River a mile away. So secluded is this cabin amid the pines that it is only by mere accident that one may stumble upon it.

It is the old, old story of a courtship, a marriage vow and then a disappointment.

So exclusive has lived this woman of the mountains that but few have ever been able to see her and talk to her, and not until a new railroad opened up this country did anyone, save a few pioneer ranchers, even know of her existence. When she came here forty years ago the nearest railroad station was Denver, 100 miles away as the crow flies. She built her own cabin, cut her own wood, killed wild game for her meat, and fished along the bounding waters of the Fraser River. When she came here there were but few white settlers, and Indians swarmed the great natural park, where wild game was plentiful.

Bertha Engleburg Johnson is now well past seventy-five years of age; yet she is strong and agile for one of her years, and until the new railroad entered Grand County, she walked twice each year to Denver, where she procured her provisions to run her through the balance of the year. These provisions were carried in a sack on her back, and sometimes, when the snows were unusually heavy and had not melted from Berthoud Pass, over which she had to cross, she experienced great hardships and suffering in making the long journey, which lengthened out to almost 250 miles by winding and devious trails, for

the round trip. Now she secures her scanty provisions at Tabernash, which is a jaunt of but four miles.

When she came to Middle Park, Big Chief Tab-Er-Nash, who preceded Chief Colorow at the head of the Ute tribe of Indians, was monarch of what was later known as the White River Agency, a large territory lying on the western slope of the Continental Divide. Middle Park was a portion of this tribe's hunting ground. Though a hostile tribe, often giving the outpost government soldiers trouble and committing numerous depredations to freighters and pioneer settlers, they never disturbed the lonely female hermit. She saw the fierce battle in which Chief Tab-Er-Nash was killed. She watched the thinning of the once powerful and proud race of Utes, and finally their ejection from Middle Park.

When the government homestead act became a law she filed on 160 acres of land, and a stake-and-rider rail fence encircles it, built by her own hands. In this enclosure she has a small herd of cattle that fatten on the grasses. With a hand scythe she cuts grass from the valleys and carries it in ropes on her back and stacks it near her cabin for the cattle in winter. For years, when the big round-ups are made by the cowmen in the fall, she sells a few sleek cattle to them. This is her only source of financial revenue.

This quaint and remote cabin-home consists of four compartments. The first, on the west end, is the one occupied by the hermit. The second is a sort of kitchen and chicken house, for she now keeps a few chickens. The third is for the young calves, and the fourth is used as a shelter in the winter-time for the cattle. One roof covers them all. The cabins are built of pine logs and are covered with dirt. A never-failing spring of water runs through one end of the cabin. Here it is the only female hermit known to live in the Rocky Mountains while the long hours away, alone and undisturbed.

It was by the sheerest accident that the writer, who, with a small hunting party, a few weeks ago, came upon this hidden mountain home. The place showed but little signs of life, but a knock at the door brought a response. When she was asked for a drink she pointed to the running water outside the yard, and said, "There it is." No amount of questioning could induce her to give an account of herself or why she lived there alone. She said that William Hurd, who "lives in the shack around the point three miles," was her nearest neighbor. A visit to the Hurd ranch revealed something of the past life and what

has here been told of her present. Mr. Hurd is a congenial Westerner. Some years ago he came to Middle Park from Denver with his young bride. It remained for Mrs. Hurd, who is a decidedly clever and affable little creature, a former school teacher in Iowa, to get from the reticent hermit something of why she had come from far-off Iceland and settled here.

"It's a love affair," said Mrs. Hurd; "love that only woman can know—love that drives all sense of ambition from the mind—love that humiliates and kills. That's the kind of love that rankles in the breast of Bertha Engleburg Johnson; and that is why she is here in the fastness of the mountains, and it is here she will live the declining days of her life; here she will die, alone and unattended.

"She never told me all of her life's story, but related enough that she might, in her mind, be justified before me for the strange life she has lived.

"Away in the desolate northland, where the belching Hekla and the never-ceasing geysers vie in turbulent rivalry, this woman's life began. She was of a proud family of Icelanders, and lived in the town of Reykjavik. From childhood she had known a youth with whom she played. As they grew up they strolled together along the coast and watched the red streaks of the early setting sun play upon the fiords. When she was twenty years old they were engaged according to the announcement and ceremony practiced in that country, for in Iceland a great deal of pomp and show is made of the engagement, and if the engagement is long, the entire island knows of it before the wedding.

"Summer passed, and winter came on with its

banks of snow and mountains of ice. They were to be married at Christmas time. The wedding feast was prepared, and the happy wedding day was drawing nigh. The man who alone could make her happy had gone to a neighboring village three days before Christmas to escort his father and mother to the wedding.

"Christmas morning dawned—not clear and crisp and bright, as they do sometimes in these mountains—but a fearful storm was raging. As the day wore on the storm god seemed to anger. At high noon the party had gathered at the home of the bride-elect. The bride, adorned for her lover, impatiently waited. The noon hour passed and the day wore away, but night came and no tidings of her lover. The feast was never eaten.

"That night a humiliated and broken-hearted girl slipped from her room and made for the wharf, where an English vessel was at anchor. She had taken some money with her, and in the dead of night the ship sailed away, carrying poor Bertha far from the land of her birth and the scenes that had brought to her so much happiness, only to dash her fondest hopes into fragments.

"That is her story. That is why she is here. She never heard from home again. Had she not been so hoity it is more than probable that all would have been satisfactorily explained. Whether her lover was lost in the blinding snow storm, and perished in a vain attempt to be at her side, or whether he jilted her at the last moment, will probably never be known to her. It is more than likely the former was the case.

"But she's a woman."



Million Dollar Deal by Telephone

It is not an uncommon thing in these modern days of long distance telephone conveniences, for big deals to be made over the wires. Recently a million-dollar transaction was negotiated and consummated by telephone between two parties, one in Tacoma, Washington, and the other in Philadelphia, a distance of more than 3,000 miles. Following is from the Tacoma Daily Ledger:

"Talking over the long distance telephone, O. S. Larson, vice-president of the Scandinavian American Bank, Tuesday morning concluded the million dollar financial deal with G. Wallace Simpson, which assures, it is said, the immediate building of the office structure for a new home for the bank on the corner of 11th and Pacific.

"Mr. Larson was out of his office when the call came in at 10 o'clock, but on hearing of the call he went immediately to the headquarters of the telephone company and established connection with the eastern city with only a few minutes' waiting, during which time he says he plainly heard the different exchanges at Denver and other cities en route connecting up.

"Mr. Larson said that he was in communication for ten minutes, which is declared to be a record time for long-distance telephoning between Tacoma and Philadelphia, during which time he was able to arrange for the capitalists, represented by Mr. Simpson, to immediately finance the erection of a building to cost \$800,000, and to extend this, if necessary, to \$1,000,000. Mr. Simpson will leave Philadelphia on August 25 with the architects, completed plans and the authority to arrange for the immediate transfer of funds here, arriving in Tacoma about September 1."

Besides Those That Got Away

We noticed an account, accompanied by a picture, of a six-hour catch, trout, greyling and whitefish taken by E. A. Murphy and party.

We want to say right here that the Northern Division has nothing on the Eastern Division, nor Montana or Wyoming, when it comes to fishing. Take a squint at the accompanying picture, count 'em. They were taken from the Popo Agie (pronounced Poposia) River, 14 miles southwest of Lander, Wyo., by W. A. Woods, tool wire chief at Casper. Time to take the catch, two hours and twenty minutes from time of leaving camp until return. Mr. Woods says that fishing wasn't very good and that if he was a fisherman there would have been more. They are all trout.



New Cable

To accommodate the growth in the number of telephone patrons in west part of Nampa, Idaho, the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company has installed a new cable on Fourth Street South, running from Twelfth Avenue to Sixth Avenue.



By E. A. Murphy

SPONSORED by the Helena Commercial Club and backed by the financial and manual support of every citizen of the city, Helena has made one of the most beautiful city parks in the country as an approach to its portals from the Great Northern depot.

The Great Northern railway, through Mr. Hill, donated to the city four acres of ground fronting its depot. In its original state this ground was covered with stones and gravel, arranged in tiers, being the natural condition after having been scoured for gold by the early-day placer miners.

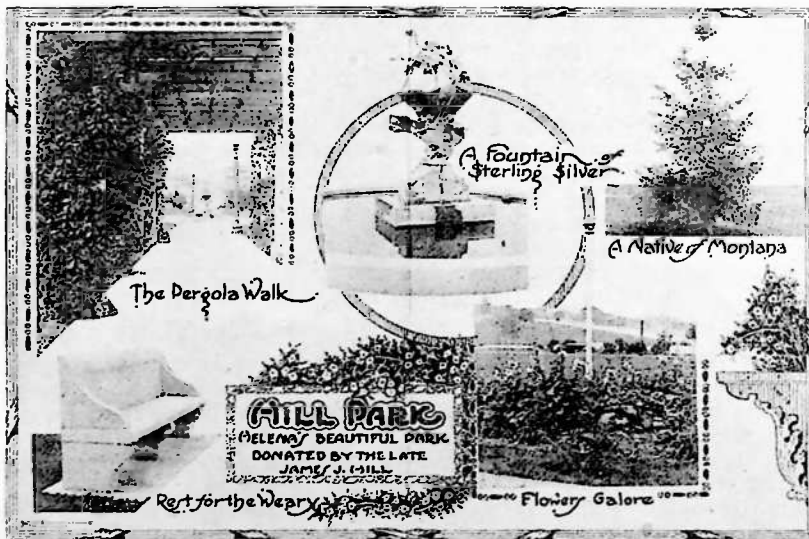
Cooperation and loyalty—two words of wondrous power, words which bring results, which accomplish deeds. Here was a fine piece of land for a public park, but which required days of toil and heaps of money to transform.

After leveling the ground it was necessary to bring black soil from the foothills. The Teamsters' Union and business men answered the call, donating fifty-eight wagons to haul the 275 loads of black soil necessary to cover the plot. This done, the grass

seed, trees, flowers and shrubbery were donated by various firms, lodges and individuals. The plumbing for the fountains and sprinkling was donated by the Plumbers' Union. Electric standards were donated by a local foundry, and wiring of same was done gratis by the Electricians' Union.

The center of one of the sections is adorned by a beautiful sterling silver fountain which caused much comment and brought forth words of admiration and praise from the throngs who saw it at the Chicago World's Fair, where it was on exhibition as representative of the state of Montana, the silver state. Another beautiful fountain is one of Montana granite, original in design.

presented by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Located only four blocks from the heart of the city lies this beautiful Hill Park, a lasting memorial to the co-operation of the citizens of Helena. It is only the first unit of a park system which will be the admiration of the thousands of tourists who pass through the city yearly.



Irony or Tact

"There's nobody," said a Washington lobbyist, "who can get rid of an importunate caller so quickly and at the same time so smoothly as the President. Once at a reception a man held up the long line of guests waiting to shake the President's hand while he recounted some tedious yarn or other. The President stood about four minutes of this. Then he gave a start! 'But, my dear sir, I am monopolizing you!'" he said.—The Argonaut.

Wily

"The widow seems to take great interest in old Richleigh."

"Yes, she thinks that if she takes interest now she'll have the principal later."—Boston Transcript.

Grey: "How are you getting along in the stock market?"

Green: "Well, I'll tell you. I traded a lot of money for experience, and now I'm trying to reverse the process."—Jersey City Journal.

Don't Sign Your Own Death Warrant

A REQUISITION for supplies is like a cheque on a bank, the difference being that in one case you get material and in the other you get money, says the Pacific Telephone Magazine. Do the clerks who issue requisitions and the supervising employes who approve them realize this?

On many occasions we have drawn to the attention of those responsible the seemingly careless method of ordering material, but despite such notifications we are up against a tough problem, as it seems impossible for the other fellow always to see our viewpoint. We will not attempt to refer to any previous cases, but will comment on one hot from the grill—the last one received. This requisition required printed forms for an exchange of 637 subscribers. One of the items ordered was 5,000 Forms P26.

Form P26 is a storage battery monthly report which is required for use only at exchanges equipped with storage batteries. Our demand for this form is therefore very limited in comparison with other forms. A maximum order on the printer for 3,000 is sufficient to care for every exchange in the territory for a period of six months, and in the face of this a small exchange had the nerve to order a stock which would last for 1,666 months, as only three Forms P26 are issued by that exchange each month. That's bad, but what follows is worse:

The requisition was approved by—

District plant chief,

District superintendent of plant,

Division superintendent of plant,

so, it looks to us something like this: The division superintendent saw the signature of the district superintendent and he signed the requisition—that clears him. The district superintendent saw the signature of the district plant chief, so he signed it—that absolves him. The district plant chief dictated the items to the stenographer. She was supposed to transcribe what was given to her, and as he had no time to read the requisition over, relied on the stenographer for accuracy. He is in the clear. The stenographer—well, she is sure that the district plant chief said "5,000," and she could not be mistaken about the form number being "P26." She is in "Dutch," as there is no office boy in that exchange to pin it on.

The requisition reached Western Electric Company in due time, and the stationery clerk went to the shelf on which the forms are stored and saw that this stock of forms P26 was only 200, which almost gave him a fit, thinking he had neglected to place his order on the printer in time, and now his stock had run down; but on referring to his records he saw that he had never carried more than 3,000 or 4,000 of the forms at one time. The stationery clerk asked for instructions, which we promptly gave, to cancel this item, and he would later receive another requisition for the correct quantity.

S. O. S. writes a letter to the division office giving all the facts for investigation. Division superintendent receives the letter, and after reading it over twice turns it face down on his desk and asks his chief clerk for a supply catalogue. He refers to the stationery section and satisfies himself that Form P26 is really a storage battery monthly report. He again rings for the chief clerk, and in a careless manner asks him to please bring in a requisition (giving the number of it). He looks it over and finds the item. There it is, sure enough—5,000 Forms P26. He returns the requisition to file. Chief clerk is called again, and division superintendent hands him the letter and says: "Read that; something is rotten here. How do you suppose that requisition could get by with my name on it?" Chief clerk hunts up the requisition, and, as it has not had time to get into the files, has a long search, but he finally gets it. He verifies the fact that it calls for 5,000 Forms P26. In the hope that the D. S. may be wrong, he looks up the catalogue listing and finds Form P26 is a monthly report. Chief clerk dictates to district superintendent—and the farther down the line it goes the stronger it gets—which is proper. District superintendent probably goes through the same investigation as the division office, but he feels worse because he ought to know better than to place any great reliance on the district plant chief, and recalls several other similar instances, and he makes a mental resolve that the next requisition he gets from the district plant chief he will look at it himself, and if he finds an error he will not do a thing to him.

So, the district superintendent dictates a letter to the district plant chief, elaborating on his letter from the division office, and adds, "Please do not let this occur again." (You notice the word "please"—that helps some.) District plant chief gets his copy of the requisition from his files, and hopes that he is right and everyone else is wrong, but the only item that seems to stick out in larger type than the other items is: "5,000 Forms P26."

He is the man who actually uses three each month, so he calls Miss — and says: "Look at this. Who told you to order 5,000 Forms P26?" "Why, you did." "I did nothing of the kind. Do you think I would ask for 5,000 when I only use three each month?" "Well, you certainly did. I thought that was an awful lot to order, but I would not think of questioning you." District plant chief makes a remark that sounds like "Oh, bull!" but she knows he is mad and does not ask him what he said. However, he tells her to make up another requisition and to order six Forms P26. "Do you hear me, this time, six—S-I-X?" The requisition finds its way again to the Western Electric Company with the approval of

District plant chief,

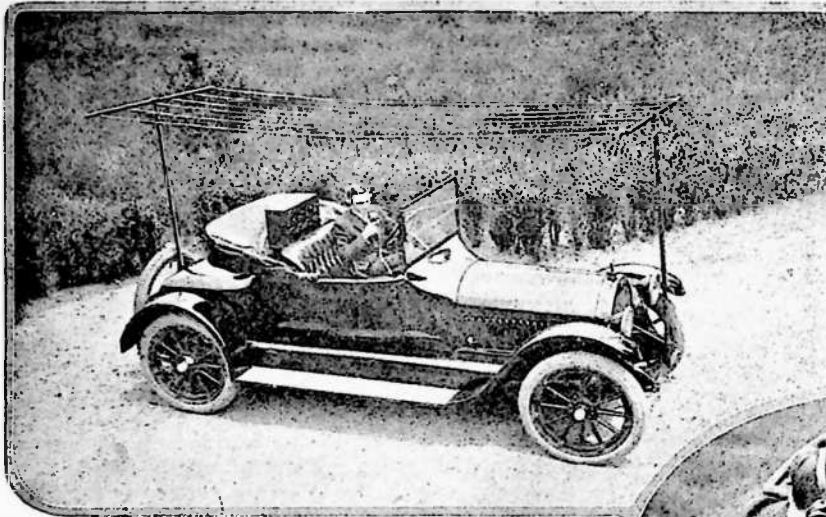
District superintendent,

Division superintendent,

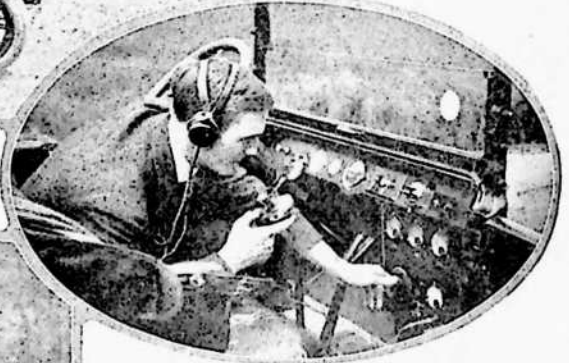
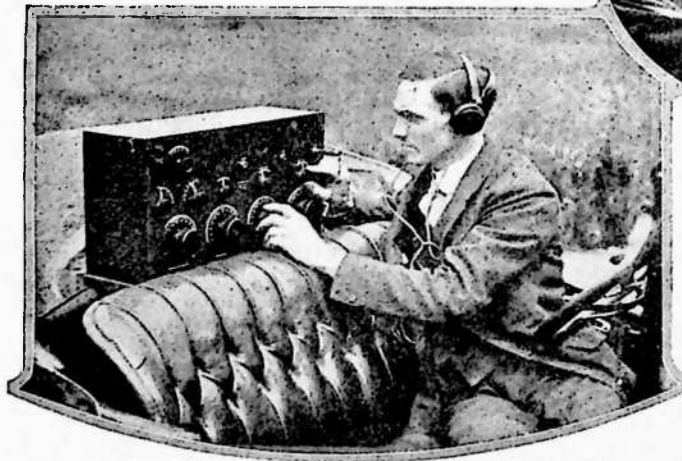
and the forms are shipped.

(Continued on Page 10)

Will Wonders of Telephony Ever Cease?



The view of the car above shows the complete telephone apparatus in place and in use. Below: The operator is turning the receivers and amplifiers for maximum intensity of incoming signals. In the oval, the operator is shown connecting up the transmitter and ready to talk.



IN THE three accompanying pictures is shown the first successful application of radio telephone equipment to the motor car. This radio-telephone outfit is capable of keeping in communication with another station for a distance of fifteen to twenty miles. The transmitting apparatus employs vacuum tubes as generators or radio energy and the receiver embodies amplifiers which en-

able communication to be maintained long after the signals have become too weak to be heard.—Motor.

△ △

Put Her Back, Quick!

(Ogden Division)

Complaining Lady Subscriber—Hello, is this the wire chief?

Wire Chief—Yes, lady.

Subscriber—My goodness, Central has had me over on the "J" switch for a week now and no one can get me.

Don't Sign Your Own Death Warrant

(Continued from Page 9)

Signing requisitions and letters sometimes becomes mechanical. You have other duties to perform, and you place great reliance on the man who writes them and the next man who signs them—and so on. Suppose you had someone to write out your cheques, would you sign them without looking at the amounts they were drawn for, or to whom payable? If you would, there are lots of men who would like his job if your bank account were large enough.

In this connection the story is told of the manager of a big concern signing his own resignation that had been purposely slipped into the letters waiting for his signature. The moral is: Know what you are doing.

Not "Seeing Things" Any More

The tenderfoot artist was up on Lookout Mountain in Colorado, painting away to beat the band—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots. The old has-say-amper on Beaver Brook came along and stopped to rubberneck. "Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the vivid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?" "No," replied old whiskers shortly, "not since Colorado went dry."—Nebraska Horticulture.

Mile High--2,000 Miles Apart--Married

DISTANCE may lend enchantment, but it has no barriers to Uncle Dan Cupid when he sets about to make a splice. This was not always true; but with the aid of the long distance telephones and Pupin coil relays, even a mile high and two thousand miles away, many things are made possible. On August 6 a marriage ceremony was performed through the medium of the long distance telephone wires which connected Denver and New York City. The couple were united in marriage just three minutes

Incidentally, the use of the telephone for the ceremony cost the bridegroom a telephone bill of \$13.

The reason for the transcontinental ceremony rests on the fact that both the bride and bridegroom are wary of postponed weddings, preferring to be married in separate cities rather than change the date of the wedding, which they had set for August 6. Mr. Horne had been called to New York City and found it impossible to return on the day set for the wedding, Wednesday, and Mrs. Horne, in turn, could



Scene at Denver end of line when Mrs. Marie J. West was married to James A. Horne in New York. Left to right—Raymond West, Irene West, who acted as ring bearer, and Agnew West, children of the bride, Mrs. James A. Horne, the bride, and E. L. Clover, best man. Seated at telephone—The Rev. C. Elizabeth Anderson, who performed the ceremony.

after the Denver exchange had succeeded in getting Hotel Astor in New York City on the telephone.

On the Denver end of the line, the bride, Mrs. James A. Horne, formerly Mrs. Marie J. West, sat in the office of E. L. Clover, an attorney in the Coronado Building, and answered the usual questions that comprise a marriage ceremony. The Rev. C. Elizabeth Anderson, a woman minister from Loveland, who officiated, used a branch telephone in Mr. Clover's office to marry the couple, while James A. Horne, the bridegroom, sat in his room at the Hotel Astor in New York City to take his marriage vows. Shortly after the service was read, Mr. Clover, who acted as best man, took the part of husband in proxy and slipped the band on the bride's finger, in the presence of her three children. Irene, aged 6, acted as ringbearer. Thus was the first long distance marriage in Denver performed at 12 o'clock, according to Denver time, which is 2 o'clock in New York.

not leave Denver for New York City, so the couple used the telephone.

The license was bought in Denver and sent to New York for Mr. Horne's signature.

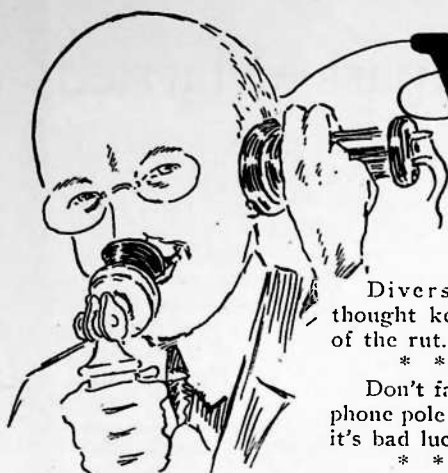
Mr. and Mrs. Horne intend to make their home in Denver after Mr. Horne, who is an inventor, has returned from New York City.



Lowering Its Conduits

The telephone company started a force of men to work digging trenches beneath the lowest level of the storm sewer which the city is building at the intersection of College Avenue with Myrtle and Mulberry for the purpose of lowering its conduits.

As they now are, the conduits come directly in the center of the sewer location, and in order to keep both in place the conduits have to be lowered.—Fort Collins (Colo.) Courier.



Diversification of thought keeps one out of the rut.

* * * *

Don't fall off a telephone pole on Friday—it's bad luck.

* * * *

Self-respect begets respect of others.

* * * *

A smiling face even in a hospital makes pain more bearable.

* * * *

A long distance telephone is the shortest distance to business.

* * * *

Don't expect the good things too soon. June apples do not ripen until August.

* * * *

If you bite a live fuse cap with your teeth, that's not an accident—it's suicide.

* * * *

If you play with the goats, don't be surprised if people turn up their noses at you.

* * * *

"She died without medical assistance," says an exchange. Well, it was cheaper, anyway.

* * * *

Limburger is to be seized again. We should worry—there's nothing to wash it down with.

* * * *

By the way, what ever became of that old geezer who thought he could lick the whole world?

* * * *

Some people are down in the mouth, while others run off at the mouth. There is a difference.

* * * *

Howard T. Vaile says its ill luck to break a leg "between Monday morning and Saturday night."

* * * *

No, Florence dear, Mary Mack, the toe dancer, had nothing to do with the historical attempt to sink the Monitor.

* * * *

Some of the slackers who got married to escape the draft have discovered the peace terms are not meant for them.

* * * *

Advertising Hint—It isn't what YOU think of the goods you have to sell; it is what you can make the public think of them that makes the sale.

The poor fool who, in ye olden days, would drown his troubles in the flowing bowl, now finds that his troubles are so few that he can swallow them.

* * * *

A hog that had been on ice twenty-five years was recently discovered in Detroit. It was doubtless not a road hog, or it would have been roasted instead of frozen.

* * * *

"Government Wins Beer Case" is a newspaper heading that catches the eye of the editor of the Salt Lake Citizen, and he suggests that Uncle Sam pass it around.

* * * *

Men who deal only in classics and high standards of dignity can know but little of the real joy and makings of human life. To soar above the clouds is to lose the beauties of earth.

* * * *

Someone has figured it out that the fingers of the average typist travel 32 miles a day. Let's see—that means 10,000 miles a year. That's going some for short jabs, bless their dear little digits.

* * * *

The world loves a good fellow. It mechanically respects the will of a dignitary even though he be devoid of goodfellowship. The best mixture, therefore, is congeniality sustained by moderate dignity.

* * * *

Salvation is free, but the preacher has to be paid for bringing it to you. Same as talk—you can get a fellow in a corner and hand it out to him for nothing; but you can't expect to have it transmitted along the wires several miles without having to pay for the service.

* * * *

Brazil is a great country for the production of nuts. It also has an area in which the entire United States, including Alaska, could be set down, and there would still be 200,000 square miles left. Brazil has got it on us as to area, but we don't know about the nuts.

* * * *

Men who climb the ladder of fame never look back on their sorrow; they point ahead with a steady aim, and lay their plans for tomorrow; they build today in achievements gained, and strive for a greater hope; they never stop when the hill is gained, nor seek in darkness to grope; so, if you'd win in the race for fame, spend no time in your sorrow; push right on for an honored name—'twill come in the sweet tomorrow.

September - October Monitor

Because of circumstances over which we have no control, the publishing house that prints The Monitor was not able to get the September issue out on time, and we have necessarily issued the September-October numbers in one. This will in no way interfere with our regular November issue. It will, however, give us a good chance to go to press on the FIRST day of the month; and the editor will greatly appreciate having every correspondent send in their copy a few days earlier, so it will reach Denver not later than the 20th of each month preceding the date of issue.

* * * *

Heroism is spontaneous and often comes from sources least expected. Opportunity touches the spring of action and brings forth dauntless courage and marvelous forethought, and we stand astounded at the deeds of heroism and service that have come out of the ranks of obscurity. On another page of the Monitor is told a story of how two mere babes—Little Miss Ethel Osbourne and Miss Dorothy Darling—plunged headlong and fearlessly into the vortex of flaming swords, and all for what? In order that they might rescue those in distress and preserve the safety of property. Ethel, you did what older heads would have hesitated to do! Dorothy, the laurel crown should rest no more worthily upon the brow of your little forest-playmate than upon yours!

* * * *

Toying With a Meat Ax

"Ha, ha, h-a-w! Here's a nice sharp-edged little meat cleaver for you to play with! Oh, joy! oh, joy! See how sharp it is! There, now; see how it sticks into your leg and splits the bone! Oh, la, la, la!"



Funny, isn't it? Funny as a dead appendix! Yes, laugh, you human hyena, and run along and sharpen up your meat ax for the next victim. But here's the story just as it comes from one of the Denver papers:

"R. S. Cadwallader, 38 years old, a 'trouble shooter' for the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, is in the county hospital in a serious condition as the result of the 'playfulness' of a butcher in a meat market on Market Street near the City Hall.

"Cadwallader, who lives at 2615 Humboldt Street, had just finished repairing a phone in the meat market Friday morning when one of the butchers playfully tossed a cleaver at him, calling to him to catch it. Cadwallader grabbed for the cleaver, but missed, and it struck him in the thigh, cutting to the bone."

"Go to the Aint, Thou Sluggish"

"In the days of my youth," said a well-known telephone man, "I attended a campmeeting of colored folks, and the preacher announced as his text this strange but pertinent contorted extract from Holy Writ:

"Go to the aint, thou sluggish, considah with her ways and be wise! Quite frequently during his discourse he would drop his right hand, with clenched first, upon the altar, and exclaim: 'For mah text s-a-y-s, "Go to the aint, thou sluggish, considah with her ways and be wise!"' It was a powerful text and I have never forgotten it."



"For Mah Text says—"

The moral is, don't be a slug. Do you know what a slug is? Well, there are several kinds of slugs, but Uncle Noah Webster says a slug is "any or numerous terrestrial pulmonate gastropods, closely related to the land snail."

"For mah text s-a-y-s, 'Go to the aint, thou sluggish, considah with her ways and be wise!'" If you are too sluggish to get to the ant, you're a lost gastropod and you ought to roll off into the weeds and suffocate.

Ever sit on the bank of a sluggish stream that was too slow to lick up the black mud along its shores? Made you lazy to watch it drag along, didn't it? It's a dreamy old thing, a sluggish stream, and it bears no incentive to life. But how different is the

Rushing, bubbling mountain stream,
That frets and foams through pass and seam,
Leaping o'er the rocks and rills
Like a bounding deer to the low foothills!

There you find life! You want to plunge in head-first and vie with the feathery foam that leaps and dances along the inviting channel.

Ever watch a human slug murdering time on his job? Made you weary and tired, didn't it?

Ever watch a real fellow working—a fellow who jumped right into his task as though he meant it? Quite different feeling you had, wasn't it? You admired him and could hardly resist pulling off your coat and diving in to help him!

"For mah text s-a-y-s, 'Go to the aint, thou sluggish, considah with her ways and be wise.'"

* * * *

Good From Cover to Cover

About the brightest of all the house organs published in the West is "The Monitor," which is printed by the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. It is so good that the average layman who gets his hands on it reads it from cover to cover, scarcely even dodging at the occasional technical stuff.—Roswell (N. M.) News.



OUT on the rolling plains of the Great West, "way back yonder," when the yelp of an Indian or the wail of a coyote were about the only voices to break the stillness of the long days, and when the howling blizzards came out of the Northwest in the night-time and swept across the wilds of the open world, there were to be seen, here and there, at long intervals, low, dark objects that resembled huge animals lying upon the ground. These strange, but welcomed objects were sod houses, or barricades, built by the pioneers of the West for the shelter and protection of those who followed in the wake of the trail-blazers.

In the early days, when the Overland Trail wound in and out across the Laramie Plains, and the slow-moving ox teams left a cloud of lazy dust hanging low in the sultry sky, these sod houses were the only friendly ports that met the gaze of the reddened eyes of the pioneers whose faces were set towards the storms of the Great West.

In 1860, and for several years afterwards, the distance between Denver and Salt Lake, being great, it was found necessary to erect a number of forts, or barricades, along the old trail. These forts were built of sod, the ruins of one of which is here shown. Note the portholes in the side of the ruins. Through these holes the emigrants would fire their guns in fighting off the Indians, and the attacks were not infrequent. Many a savage redman, skulking in the low sagebrush, felt the fatal bite of the whiteman's rifle, and now and then a paleface found a lonely grave upon the plains of the West.

But the days of the Old West have passed. The redman has moved on to that mystic spirit-land where the happy hunting grounds called him in the days of

his youth. Modern civilization to him was incomprehensible and deadly. He lived only in the light of freedom and vested rights. He knew no law save the laws of nature, and when he strove to fight off the advance of civilization he was acting within his own laws and believed he was right.

But there came a time when he had to move on—on where the White Father willed. He left the haunts of his youth and the smoldering ashes cooled and floated away upon the winds of the desert. Today the caravans of the whiteman are no longer seen, and the attacks of the redman no longer feared. But, while all of these primitive things have passed away, yet the elements of the weather are just as much in

evidence as they were in the days of old—the raging blizzards and the sleets and the floods are conditions that must ever be met.

Out on the Elkhorn telephone line, in Wyoming, after a heavy storm, there stood a lonely telephone pole—the only one left standing for a distance of over one mile. All others adjacent to it had been broken down by the heavy sleet. Now, when the line men speak of this section of the territory, they refer to it as "the trail of the lonesome pole."

During this blizzard, which occurred last spring, the damage done to the lines in Wyoming amounted to nearly \$100,000. Miles of poles were broken and twisted.

So, we find that at every stage in the development of the lands of the Great West there are obstreperous elements to fight. It was ever thus, and ever will be. The ruins of the old sod house tell of trials in days gone by—the broken and twisted poles admonish us that to succeed is to battle with adversities.



The Trail of the Lonesome Pole

Gloom and Gladness

A pessimist is a man who believes that it will take centuries for the world to recover from the blow to civilization; and an optimist is a man who retorts that there will be plenty of centuries.—Rochester Post-Express.



The Vice in Advice

Advice is the most worthless commodity in the world. Those who might profit by it don't need it, and those who do need it won't profit by it—if they could, they wouldn't need it.—Life.

Romance of Overseas Leads to Wedding

(Denver News)

AN A. E. F. romance that had its beginning in France, with the heroine a pretty former Denver telephone operator who handled an army signal corps telephone exchange, thirty-five miles back of the line of battle at Neufchateau, and the hero a young lieutenant stationed in an army hospital nearby, resulted in the marriage, at Yuma, Colo., of Miss Zada Freelow Black and Lieutenant Herman Daniels of Boston.

The wedding, in accordance with the ranking of the bride and bridegroom, both of whom in the army are rated lieutenants, was military and took place in the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Cora Dowling. Many Denver friends of the bride, including Miss Anita Chance, the former "bunkie" of Mrs. Daniels overseas, were in attendance.

The story of the courtship of the young couple in France is interwoven with the history of big battles, for which the dainty bride, one of the eighteen American girl operators at Neufchateau, relayed the calls from the front lines to Paris and to the headquarters of General Pershing, and was accompanied by all the handicaps and inconveniences attendant upon the wooing of one of Uncle Sam's girl soldiers in service abroad.

Mrs. Daniels, then Miss Black, volunteered from the Mountain States Telephone Company in Denver as a member of the United States signal corps in the spring of 1918, and in July of that year was sent overseas. She was rated as an



Mrs. Herman Daniels, nee Miss Zada Freelow Black, whose A. E. F. romance resulted in a wedding.

officer of the army, and within a month after leaving here was stationed in the Tours telephone exchange in France.

After operating at that point a few weeks she was transferred to Chaumont, the headquarters of General Pershing, and from there was sent to Neufchateau, one of the most important telephone exchanges on the western front.

In January, probably as a result of the arduous and nerve-racking work, some of which had been performed to the accompaniment of bursting shells and air raids, Miss Black was taken ill and was placed in the hospital at which Lieutenant Daniels was stationed as a member of the quartermaster department.

Miss Black left France for America last June, and Lieutenant Daniels followed her two days later. The wedding was originally planned for September, but the date was changed upon the arrival of Lieutenant Daniels for a visit. The young couple left Yuma immediately following the ceremony for a trip through Estes Park and other points in Colorado. They will probably make their home in Denver.

Mrs. Daniels also was formerly in the service of the telephone company at Brush, Colo. She was stationed overseas eleven months and returned home with a service stripe, a citation star for having taken part in a major engagement on the western front, and other insignia of a soldier. Her husband was twenty-one months in France.

Near Death in Manhole

C. C. Clinger, 1330 Lawrence, and Most Lackler, Colfax and Hooker, telephone company employees, narrowly escaped death by drowning during a recent rain storm, when flood waters trapped them in a manhole at Sixth Avenue and Josephine Street. Other telephone workers nearby, seeing the flood waters pouring into the manhole, threw a rope to them.

Clinger caught the rope and Lackler hung onto his

legs. In this fashion both men were dragged out just as the water in the manhole was rising over their heads.

At the time the two men were trapped they were putting together 800 wires in a telephone extension in the Seventh Avenue district, which is to cost \$10,000. Damage done to the manhole and telephone system there is estimated at \$2,000. Eight hundred telephones were put out of commission.—Denver (Colo.) Post.

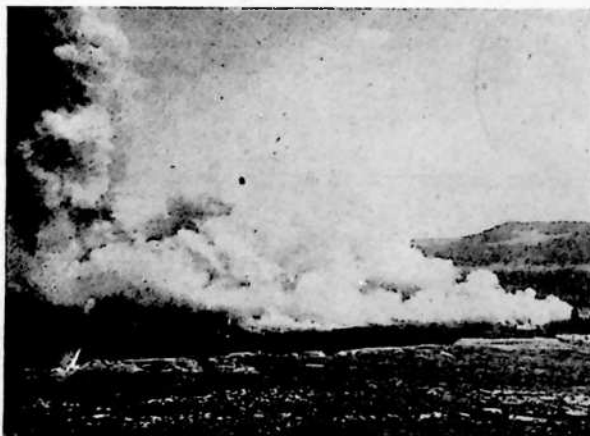


Forest Fires in Montana

By E. A. Murphy

AT FIRST just a tiny flame, perhaps started by dying embers left by careless campers, perhaps caused by a spark from a locomotive, and oftentimes resulting from a bolt of lightning from the heavens and fanned to flames by terrific mountain winds; at times hidden from view by the density of the smoke which it causes, then leaping high in air, over cliffs and dells; oftentimes spanning rivers; laying waste all semblance of vegetation within its reach, and creating terror and consternation to peaceful villages in its path; unheeding of the prayers of those at its mercy and frustrating all human attempts to stop it, western Montana, and in fact many northwestern states, are today being swept by forest fires, the worst in the history of our country.

Mighty forests, centuries old, once magnificent in their stately grandeur and solitude, are today naught



Forest Fire in Full Sway

but beds of charcoal, the grim and silent reminder of the reign of terror by Vulcan, the Roman God of Fire.

How many thousand acres of trees and how many million feet of lumber have been destroyed, and how many more may yet be lost, time alone can tell.

In glaring headlines the daily press tells of raging forest fires which the rangers and firefighters seem to be unable to cope with, but we never hear a word about the large number of fires which they discover and put out, and many of us no doubt are not aware of how these fires, which apparently start miles from civilization, are reported and exterminated.

The United States Forestry Service has its own telephone system connecting the stations of all the rangers in each district. This is a one-line grounded circuit. Through the facilities of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company all government forest lines in Montana are connected to various district offices of the Forestry Service, to which office periodical reports of fires and fire conditions are made with promptness and dispatch.

Lookout posts, usually a small platform constructed at the top of high tolls, are made at frequent intervals. From these lofty points rangers are enabled to see the surrounding country for miles and thus detect any signs of fire and smoke.

The ranger at Lookout No. 75 sights a small cloud of smoke in the lowlands below. He makes his way to it, but by the time he arrives it has spread beyond his control. He immediately calls the nearest ranger to come to his assistance. If then unable to handle



In the

(Continued on Page 18)

to the Heavens

Heroism of Two Fire Fairies of the Forests

By LaMoyne Mayfield, Boise, Idaho



Ethel Osbourne

NO HERO, either in battle or in civil life, ever more justly won the laurels of honor than did little Miss Ethel Osbourne, the seven-year-old daughter of Forest Ranger Osbourne, in the Featherville, Idaho, government reserve, when she rode horseback through smoke and flame a distance of four miles to give the alarm and warn settlers of a raging forest fire.

Coincident with the wild ride of the child of the forest, another wee strip of a girl, Dorothy Darling, thirteen-year-old daughter of W. W. Darling of Boise, rushed with all the speed of a powerful automobile over rugged mountain roads many miles to summon help. These incidents are but two of the many similar acts of heroism that have been enacted during the long weeks of the fierce fires that have swept across the dense forests of Idaho and Montana, laying waste thousands of acres of valuable pine forests and making homeless hundreds of families who lived in

the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains.

The story of heroism is a simple one, yet full of sentiment and childlike duty. Miss Dorothy Darling, with the family, accompanied by an old friend and family from Iowa, were camping in the forests about 120 miles east of Boise in the Featherville reserve. Nature has left wonderful and fantastical beauties all about in the lands of the rugged mountains and dark green pines. The singing of the winds through the brown cones was music to Dorothy's ears, and she would often wander far away from the camp-fire like

a wild bird seeking companionship.

One day Dorothy wandered farther than usual and while tripping along the dim trail through the pines she came across a quiet little cabin nestling away back among the trees. She ventured nearer and nearer. She listened. She heard prattling voices of children coming from within. She rapped at the door, and as it swung open three tiny children and a kindly mother stood before her.

"Good morning, little Sunshine; where did you come from?" asked the mother.

"Oh, we're camping over here somewhere," replied the strange bird of the forest, "and I want somebody to play with."

Little Ethel was the nearest her age, and a friendship was soon formed. Many a day they roamed about through the wild woods together, and finally the families became acquainted.

One morning the Darling party arose early and were preparing for a fishing expedition, when they discovered a cloud of black smoke rolling up from a valley. Dorothy ran like a frightened deer down the narrow trail that led to the ranger's cabin. She hammered on the door and aroused the family. Forest Ranger Osbourne went to the scene of the fire and with the aid of the Darling party fought the flames with bedding dipped in the near-by creek.

Little Ethel, the seven-year-old bird of the forest, without being told and without the knowledge of her father or mother, climbed on her daddy's barebacked

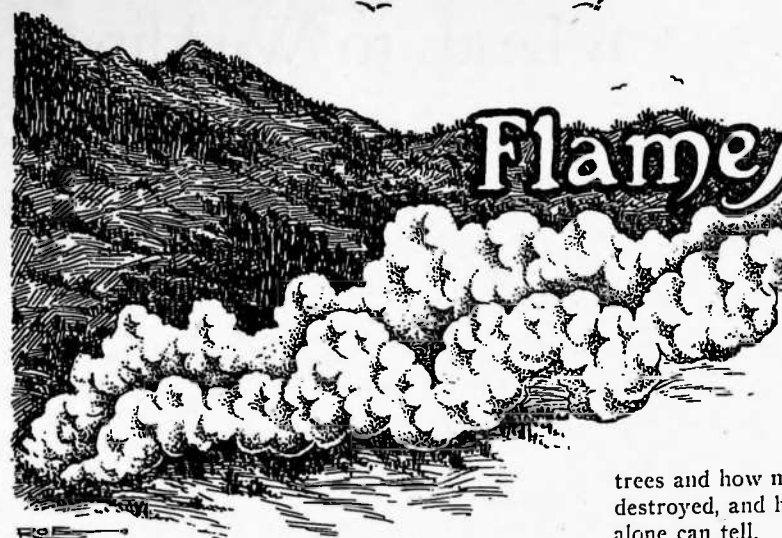
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Forest Fire



Swath Cut by the Fire Fighters to Check the Flames



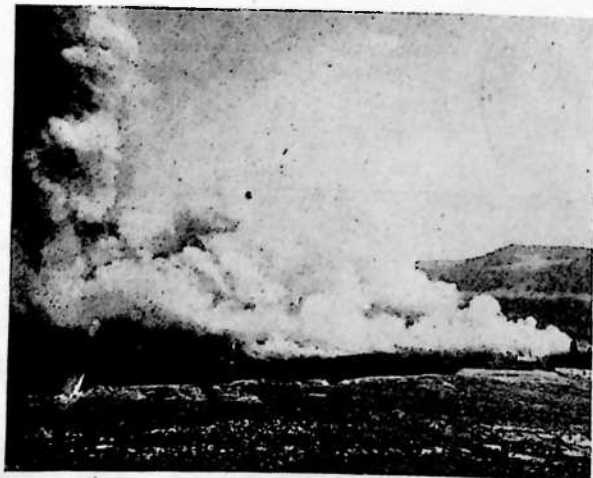
Flames That Leap to the Heavens

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Swath Cut by the Fire Fighters to Check the Flames

Forest Fires in Montana

(Continued from Page 16)

the situation, the telephone is again brought into play and the district office at Missoula, reached through the Mountain States switchboard, is notified, with the result that a crew of men is soon on the scene.

This is the condition which prevailed in western Montana, centered along the St. Regis river, where an army of twenty-five hundred men are working day and night in a valiant effort to prevent the further destruction of the country's timber supply.

Forest fires always burn uphill, so that once well under way such fires are fought at the top of the slope or ridges up which the fire is burning. At such points a wide strip of ground is d wooded and the earth cleaned of all inflammable material. In this manner fires burn only to these barren places and then just naturally die out. (The accompanying view shows firefighters constructing a fire-break.)

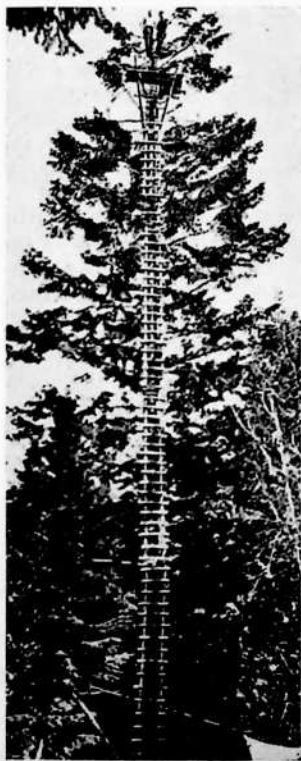
One third of the forest fires in the United States, according to a report of the United States Forestry Department, are caused by lightning. The remaining two thirds are due to human agencies, and probably three-fourths of the last percentage are due to gross negligence on the part of campers who leave their fires smoldering when breaking camp.

The Missoula-Wallace toll lead, carrying the Associated Press circuit and connecting the Mountain States with the Pacific Telephone Company, is located in the section of country where the fire is raging worst.

On July 17 twenty of our poles were burned down in the vicinity of St. Regis and Henderson, Montana. The following day a total failure was reported six miles west of St. Regis, caused by a large tree burning and falling through our lead.

On the same day the Missoula-Polson toll lead failed twenty-two miles west of Missoula, five poles having been burned and twenty-five spans of wire having been annealed by the intensity of the heat. To clear this trouble 10,000 feet of No. 14 twisted pair wire was expressed from Helena and temporary service was shortly restored.

More than 3,000,000 feet of lumber has so far been destroyed by fires in Montana and northern Idaho, according to estimate, with every indication that the amount will be greatly increased.



Telephone Lookout Station During Fire

Fairies of the Forests

(Continued from Page 17)

horse and headed for the nearest telephone station, four miles away. Up mountain sides and down and across ravines she flew like the wind, lashing the sides of her steed with all the vehemence of a trained buccaroo. On the way she had to pass through the flame and smoke of the fire. Her face and arms were seared and burned by the flying brands, but on she rode like a phantom of the flames. Choked and half suffocated, she fell from her foaming horse and gave the message. A moment later the telephone was in operation and another station notified, and soon a dozen men were on their way to the caldron of snapping pine boughs and seething flames that lapped up the pitch-laden trees and sent great clouds of black smoke into the sky.

Not alone had little Ethel proven a genuine heroine of the hour, but at the same time there rode another Joan of Arc, seated at the wheel of a powerful automobile, speeding toward the nearest settlement, some twelve miles away. This heroine was Dorothy Darling, who, without giving notice of what she was going to do, climbed into her father's auto and dashed away, over devious and rugged roads. All about her fell the fire-brands that gave new and added impetus to the raging flames of the forest. She reached the station in safety, but wild with excitement. It was a ride for life—a ride with the red and lurid flames leading Death on her trail—but Dorothy won!

Here the telephones were again set to work and a hundred or more firefighters were rushed from the Mountain Home station into the fray like a mighty cavalry going into battle. They arrived in time to give valuable assistance. Meanwhile Forest Supervisor Grandjean was notified by telephone at Boise, some 120 miles away, and in no time he had four big machines, loaded with fighters, on their way. It was days before the fire was gotten under control.

Afterwards, so it is said, it was discovered that a sheepherder who had been discharged, in order to "get even" with his former employer, had set fire to the grass where the sheep were ranging. The fire soon reached the forest and the great furnace was lighted.

Little Ethel Osbourne not only had notified the settlers, but on her way back to the cabin she had ridden up and down the valley warning the sheepmen of the fire, and because of her thoughtfulness and heroic efforts large flocks of sheep were rushed out of the range of the fire in time to prevent a stampede and great loss.

No songs of the poet were ever sung for brave men or women, nor medals for heroism ever pinned on the breasts of dauntless heroes, that were more deserved than the praise which belongs to little Miss Ethel Osbourne and Miss Dorothy Darling, and their names should, and will, go down in history as the child heroines of the forest flames of Idaho.



"Your husband tells me he has quit betting on horses!" "Oh, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins. "Charley's broke again!"—Washington Star.

HOW FIRES ARE STARTED

Forest fires are started from numerous causes. A forest fire is the hardest conflagration to check because of the inflammable pine trees that are usually full of pitch. The green pine needles burn like tinder.

Fires are caused, many times, through carelessness of campers who neglect to extinguish their camp-fires.

Back-firing from automobiles is known to have caused forest fires.

Lighted matches and cigarettes thrown carelessly into the dry leaves cause many fires.

Sparks from the iron tires of wagon wheels, caused by striking a flint rock, have been known to set fire to the forests.

One instance is known where a broken bottle acted as a sun-glass and started a fire in the Idaho forests.

Fires set through malice and revenge are not infrequent. A few culprits for this offense are now languishing in the penitentiary.

Not in many years has it been so dry in the Idaho forests as this summer. There has not been rain in the Featherville range for 150 days. The fires are still raging in many places in Montana and Idaho.

Damage to the telephone service has been great. These damages have been repaired as speedily as possible, and the telephone has rendered invaluable service in fighting the flames and warning people of impending danger. The loss in timber has been enormous. An area of nearly 1,000 square miles has been burned over.

Telephone as a Fire-Fighter

Portable telephones were brought into play for the first time in the local district of the forest service during the recent forest fires on the Bighorn national forest in the north-central part of Wyoming, and enabled foresters to save thousands of dollars' worth of timber.

Although the merits of the portable phone have been generally known to local foresters, they were never made so impressive as during the recent fire. Ress Philips, supervisor of the Bighorn forest, made use of the phone to gather a force of 135 fire-fighters to the scene in record time. The loss of timber was held to \$2,000.

The phone was put up, not without difficulty, by Supervisor Philips with the aid of Frank Carroll, chief of maintenance at the district headquarters, who went to the scene as soon as he received word of the fire.

The emergency telephone sets which are now being distributed by the headquarters office to the various districts of the service include five miles of wire, a spool with a half-mile wire capacity and the portable telephone box. The latter is generally placed on a tree stump after the line has been connected with one of the standard lines. The portable phone, once connected to a main line, can be carried in any direction. —Denver (Colo.) News.



Terrific Windstorms at Medicine Lake

On June 30th of this year Medicine Lake and vicinity was visited by a severe windstorm. Part of the story is told by the accompanying pictures. In addition to wrecking buildings, the outside plant was badly damaged. Poles, wire and cable were torn down and scattered over the town, together with some 400 poles in the Culbertson - Plentywood toll line. Division Plant Supervisor A. E. Crosse was in Plentywood making a general inspection at the time, and he and Exchange Manager George F. Schum, by work-



ing from daylight until after dark, were able to get one circuit working that night about 10 p. m. Frank F. Carter, construction foreman, left Glasgow the next day with his crew and made permanent repairs. Nellie B. Saxton, manager and chief operator, was on duty during the storm, and although buildings were blown down all around her and the building in which our office is located creaked and groaned she remained on duty, giving what service she could until the outside plant was damaged to the extent that no further service was possible.

Mountain States Telephone Man Honored

Salt Lake City Correspondence

THE Tenth Annual Convention of the International Association of Rotary Clubs, with a large sprinkling of telephone men as members, began its regular session at the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Utah, Tuesday morning, June 17th, lasting for the balance of the week. Delegates from the United States Rotary Clubs seated themselves in the Auditorium while representatives from clubs in other countries and the international officers were forming outside the door for the march down the center aisle, bearing the flag of their respective nations. There was great applause and cheering as the representatives from Canada, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, England and Scotland marched down the aisle of the spacious building and planted their flags in the standard just below the great pulpit.

President Will G. Farrell of the Salt Lake Rotary Club called the assembly to order, extending a hearty welcome on behalf of the city and then turning the gavel over to John Poole, international president, who declared the convention formally in session. General conditions of business and questions of the day were the foundation for many discussions and eloquent addresses by the various representatives from the Rotary Clubs. For months preceding the convention the Salt Lake Rotary Club had built up an organization of various committees for the great task which was ahead of them. The estimate of the number to be in attendance, up until approximately a month before the convention, was figured 2,500, but when the registration was finally completed, it showed approximately 3,500, so that many problems had to be solved to take care of the added number in attendance. However, by individual effort and splendid executive work on the part of the officers of the club, every detail was worked out to the complete satisfaction of all and the Salt Lake City convention has taken its place beside the nine other conventions of Rotary history and suffers nothing by comparison with any of those successful events.

The many attractions and the unique "stunts" prepared by the entertainment committee afforded everybody a wide diversion of amusement during the convention. For the first time in the history of Salt Air, this famous resort was closed for one day to the public and turned over exclusively to the Rotarians to enjoy a dip in the wonderful salt water. Approximately 90 per cent of the visitors had never before indulged in a swim in the lake and it was therefore necessary to provide instructors to caution the guests and to explain to them how to conduct themselves in the water, as it contains 23 per cent salt and is far from pleasant should you happen to be accidentally "ducked." Life-saving crews were also provided for the protection of the visitors. The afternoon and evening at Salt Air was a wonderful affair, making it more picturesque by Indians who had been brought to Salt Lake City by the Rotarians of Idaho. The con-

voy of wheel chairs brought by the Atlantic City Rotary Club for the transportation of the guests on the board walk brought to minds of the Easterners daily scenes at the watering places on the Atlantic coast. Two other main features of entertainment were the wild west show put on by the Ogden Rotary Club and the Mardi Gras by the New Orleans Club. Salt Lake City presented a carnival appearance for the entire week with its decorations, the unique uniforms of the Rotarians and the many bands brought from different parts of the country by the various clubs. Practically every state of the Union was represented, and each Rotarian had their particular insignia or uniform to designate where they were from.

The telephone section meeting was held at the Commercial Club and was presided over by Chairman E. W. Woolmuth of Newark, N. J., who called upon the various members for discussion of telephone conditions in other parts of the United States and the duties and responsibilities in our dealings with the public. At the close of the meeting C. C. Campbell of Salt Lake City was elected chairman for the years 1919 and 1920 and Mark Mellor of Hagerstown, Maryland, was elected secretary. The following telephone men were present at the convention:

Geo. C. French, Wisconsin Telephone Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

E. W. Woolmuth, New York Telephone Company, Newark, N. J.

W. G. Brorcin, manager Peninsular Telephone Company, Tampa, Fla.

J. W. Safford, manager Troy Telephone Company, Troy, Ohio.

John Dow, Telephone Company, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

W. J. Cairns, district superintendent Bell Telephone Company, Ottawa, Canada.

E. R. Chamberlain, local manager New York Telephone Company, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

S. T. Huebner, district manager Iowa Telephone Company, Burlington, Iowa.

H. S. Kirby, manager Southern Bell Telephone Company, Albany, Ga.

J. W. Ezelle, district manager Southwestern Telephone and Telegraph Company, Austin, Texas.

Wm. W. Yager, local manager Missouri and Kansas Telephone Company, Kansas City, Kan.

D. B. Mackintosh, division commercial superintendent Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

C. C. Campbell, district commercial manager Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

From all reports from the various clubs who sent representatives to the convention, the Salt Lake City Club is now convinced that they were instrumental in not only handling one of the most successful Rotary conventions ever held, but have put Salt Lake City on the map as a convention city, a fact of which they should be justly proud.

Soon the Winter Snows Will Come

Soon the wintry snows will come
 With ice and frost and sleet,
 And blood will tingle in our nose
 And chilblains in our feet;
 So while we may—O happy days—
 Let's revel with a vim,
 And burn our arms, our back and legs
 In summer's sparkling swim.



THIS has been a season of big splash. Whenever there is to be found a pool big enough to float a duck, there could be seen rollicking, frolicking human water nymphs floundering in the invigorating aqua. Some erratic scientist has arrived at the conclusion that the human race had its origin in the seas. This, he says, is why we all intuitively "take to water" and love the song of the waves.

Maybe so. It may also account for the large number of sharks who are on the dry docks looking for



MEMBERS OF INTERNATIONAL ROTARY CLUB TAKING A DIP IN GREAT SALT LAKE

(Editor's Note—The swimming pool on the opposite page went dry, so we had to let these fellows in over here with the pretty girls. "Excuse it, please.")

suckers. Then, there are a few clams and lobsters and leaches and bullheads gathered into the nets; and did you ever shake hands with a fellow whose fin felt like the tail of a dead fish! Maybe so we are fish.

But if we have to be a fish, let's be a sunfish! Who wants to be a sucker or a bony carp! Let your light shine—add to the beauties of nature—smile and be joyous even when the snows have come and the icicles are hanging on the caves.



A 'Phoney Kiss

"I was talking to my little grand-daughter over the telephone the other day," said an old man recently to a few of his friends at a hotel, "and when I ended I said, 'Here, Dorothy, is a kiss for you.' She replied, 'Oh! pshaw, grandpa! Don't you know that a kiss over the telephone is like a straw hat?' I said, 'Why, no, sweetheart, how's that?' 'It's not felt, grandpa,' she said."—Blighty (London).



Miss Effie Johnson of Salt Lake left, and a Movie Star Friend

Charms of the New Swimming Pool

Globe is now the proud possessor of a new, ideal swimming pool which is alluring all types of beauty to the miniature Pacific, and many have passed up the usual summer coast trip content to plunge beneath the Maurel waves,



and why not? The telephone girls of the Globe exchange are habitual patrons, together with groups from the post-office, department stores and others. Someone caught a snapshot of four of the Globe telephone girls, whose happy smiles, it is easy to judge, would stop any man from going to the coast.



Hub—I don't believe in parading my virtues.
 Wife—You couldn't, anyway. It takes quite a number to make a parade.—Boston Transcript.



Some Good Ones

Short Stories of General Interest
Selected from Division Correspondence



The Call of the Wild or a Day at Mill Creek

(Salt Lake District)

ONE Sunday morning when the weather was fine—to be exact, August 3rd—four truckloads of merry picnickers, with food enough for a regiment, left the Wasatch building for a day's outing in Mill Creek Canyon. The time was 7 a. m., the roads were smooth and everybody was in the best of spirits. That was the way we started. There were nearly one hundred employees of the traffic department there, in all the glory of mountain boots, coveralls and cameras. The ride of twelve miles was accomplished in about an hour and by 9 o'clock everybody had arrived at the camping ground, an ideal spot near the stream from which the canyon is named.

Then we prepared to EAT. Mr. Miller, Mr. Kewley, Mr. Gillilan and Mr. Wyman volunteered to cook breakfast—quite a job, considering the number present. The rest of the traffic officials were waiters, and how we did scramble for the scrambled eggs and crisp bacon, not to mention mad dashes for the coffee pot and hot rolls. Everybody agreed that as chefs TRAFFIC MANAGERS can't be beat. When breakfast had entirely disappeared, one and all hiked for the mountains. (No, not all, either. A few of the lazier ones stayed in camp and ate peanuts.) Miss Doyle, our hardy chief operator, and Miss Erickson, staunch school instructress, came limping into camp about two hours late with a gruesome tale of how they hung by their eye-lashes from a precipice with huge boulders falling all around them. There came another bunch who had climbed into a bumblebee's nest, and they couldn't agree as to which had the

most "stings." Miss Ridges swore she was stung more than any of the rest, so we took her word for it, but both of Mr. Miller's ears were a good deal larger than normal, and there was a large lump on his head. The bee must have mistaken it for a skating rink.

Then more excitement. A friendly horse was running around loose and Miss Brown took a notion to ride him. Mr. Horse felt differently about it, and now the poor girl is waiting for her sprained ankle to get well. The same horse tried to play tag with Miss Holt and stepped on her foot, and now she is staying at home, too.

A baseball game between the "Cords" and the "Plugs" was a popular feature of the day. Mr. Kewley, on the side of the "Cords," struck terror to the hearts of the "Plugs" every time he picked up the bat. But when Mr. Wyman made a few home runs their spirits rose and they won the game after all. (Score, 24 to 7.) Mr. Sobel was the umpire (whenever he remembered to watch the game, which wasn't very often, as the fair damsel at his side demanded a great deal of his attention).

At 3 o'clock luncheon was served, and oh, how good that fried chicken, baked ham and potato salad tasted, together with the sandwiches, pickles, olives, fruit, cake, ice cream and candy. Oh, yes, and lemonade. And there was enough for a second helping, too. After luncheon NOTHING HAPPENED for an hour, for the simple reason that nobody DID anything but rest.

The big feature of the day came near the close of the afternoon. This was a mock wedding.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
Bride (Mary Pitchfork) . . . Myrtle Corless
Groom (Douglas Ditchbank) . . .
Best Man Elsie Player

Minister Oleta Kennedy
Bride's Father Father Coult
Flower Girl Mrs. W. W. Hansen
Orchestra Elsie Coult
Trainbearer Pearl Ellsworth



Enter cortege, consisting of the bride, who is gowned in beautiful white cheesecloth trimmed with baby ribbon and a lace curtain veil, the father of the bride—one of the tobacco-chewing variety, appropriately dressed in blue jeans—and the trainbearer, who wears a crepe paper dress.

The orchestra walks behind with the trainbearer, playing the funeral march very touchingly on a comb (orchestra wearing a charming suit of coveralls). Flower girl trips ahead of the bridal procession strewing poison ivy and dogwood in the path. The minister stands in dignified silence with the "Red Book" in his hand. The procession halts. Then—horrors! where's the groom?

Said groom rushes in breathlessly.

Groom (to minister): "Is this the hitching post? Can ya hitch us?"

Minister: "Yea, verily—but da money in advance, please!"

Groom shells out the money (30 cents).

The ceremony begins.

To Groom: "What is your name?"

To Bride: "What is your name?"

"Join your right hands. You, Douglas Ditchbanks, and you, Mary's Pitchfork, have hitched your right mits together in token of the deal you have decided to pull off together."

To Groom: "Now, do you take this woman for your awful wife?"

"I do."

"Do you promise to stay sober one night out of seven?"

"I do."

"Do you promise to get in all the washing she can do?"

"I do."

To Bride: "Do you take this poor boob for your bitter half?"

"I do."

"Do you promise to bail him out when he gets in jail?"

"I do."

"Do you promise to give your husband 10 cents weekly for his pale beer?"

To Both: "And do you promise to ignore all the laws and rites and obligations pertaining to this unfortunate state of matrimony?"

"And this you do in the presence of these poor rubes, of your own choice, do you?"

"Please place the ring on the bride's finger."

"Kiss the bride."

"I pronounce you woman and man."

"BLESSINGS. May your life be one of hard work and little pleasure, is the wish of Parson Potato-peel of Bingville County."

Then the bride and bridegroom were consoled by all present and the wedding was over. There was still a half hour left before time to go home, so some races were started. The potato race was won by Miss Della Bird, who received a jumping jack for her efforts. Another prize was a set of tin dishes. Somebody got a brass watch that would almost run.

At 6:30 the trucks were ready and we all hopped on, tired, dusty and happy. For everybody had had a most wonderful time.

"Just Goats"

(Northern Division)



SAY, old chap, what did Collins mean when he said that "the boys 'ad Rickman's goat"? I 'ave known Rickman for a bally long time and I must confess that I never knew 'e 'ad such an animal before. Why a goat, do you know, over in England, is a 'orned ruminant quadruped of the genus Capra, that is kept on farms far from the city, and 'tis said that it exists on grass, paper, tin cans and other equally indigestible

things. It seems quite absurd, doesn't it? 'Owver, if the boys 'ave taken the animal out for a stroll or gambol on the green, no doubt they will return it safely to 'im. I wonder if it is a Royal Angora, or just a plain Nanny? No doubt it is the latter, as I 'ave known many people in my country to 'ave one of the bally things for pets. Oftentimes they stray away from their master at the least provocation, and such is the reason for the absence of Rickman's goat from its regular domicile, so I 'ave been told. Very often one of the boys asks Rickman if 'is goat 'as returned yet and 'is face turns the color of the Bolshevik flag and 'e becomes quite angry. Then someone



else will ask 'im if a certain young officer 'as left the city yet. About that time 'e is ready to fight, but

Collins says "Don't forget, Rick, I'm on your side," and I immediately infer from his looks that the animal 'as not yet returned.

It seems that Rick 'as fell for a certain young lady of our fair city, all of which I cannot blame 'im for, because were I at present enjoying a life of single blessedness I am afraid I would enter into competition with 'im myself. There is likewise a certain young officer who takes up entirely too much of the young lady's time, according to Rick—any when with him is always looking up into 'is eyes, all of which makes Rick very irritated—sore, I believe, you call it over 'ere in America.

Rick, evidently being very inexperienced in such affairs and desiring advice, told his pitiful story to the boys in the office, with the result that they got 'is goat, so Rickman himself says. But fawncy, old top, Rick's feelings when the attentive young couple stroll down the main boulevard and she doesn't even notice 'im standing by a lamp post and waiting to take her out to luncheon when she comes from the office at noon. I say, old top, it must be quite embarrassing, don't you know.

'Owever, Rickman never gives up and we look to see 'im come down to the office some fine morning with his goat again in captivity, demonstrating the fact that perseverance will win in the end. But above all else, "remember, Rick, I'm on your side."



"A Place for Everything"

CARRY your tool kit with you" is the policy of W. J. Dwyer, switchboard man at Colorado Springs, and in order to do this he has contrived a belt in which most every tool necessary in his work may easily be carried.

"I was prompted to design this tool kit because of the unnecessary waste of valuable time in going back for tools or waiting for someone to bring them to me," said the ingenious and industrious switchboard man, "and I find it even of greater service than a good helper."

The kit is arranged so as to contain practically all pliers, screwdrivers, socket wrenches, lamp extractors and adjustment tools—twenty in all—that a switchboard man needs in his vocation. When he comes to work he pulls off his coat, buckles on his belt and is ready to go.

Here is a practical demonstration of where a man made his brains save his legs, and his ingenuity is worthy of commendation.



Never Been Tried Since

She—Why are you looking so thoughtful, my dear?

He—I was wondering how Jonah got away with it when his wife asked him where he had been away from home all that time, and he told her a whale had swallowed him. —Baltimore American.



Our Commercial Engineer Weds

Cupid engineered a very pretty affair recently and drew up the blue prints for the telephone company's commercial engineer, Louis D. Fauteaux, who took unto himself a winsome bride, Miss Ella Louise Warner. The marriage ceremony was solemnized at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Earnest L. Rhoades, 381 South Downing, in Denver, on August 2.

Mr. Fauteaux began his services with the Bell System in 1904, as commercial agent. From this position he was made clerk to the general traffic superintendent, then advanced to Eastern Division commercial superintendent, and finally made commercial engineer.

The bride is a "Colorado girl," a graduate of Colorado College, and for several years was teacher of English in the Denver Manual Training High.

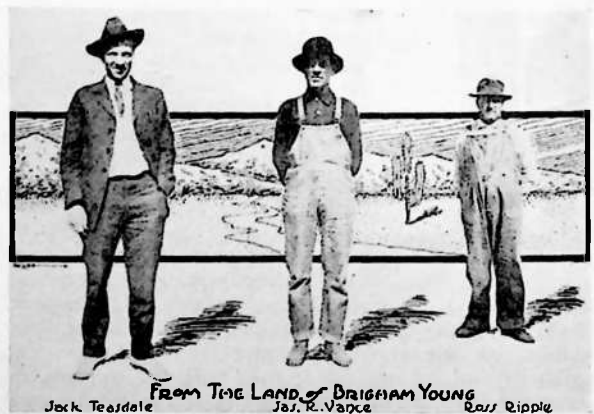
Mr. and Mrs. Fauteaux spent their honeymoon at Estes Park and other points of interest in the Rocky Mountain region. They will reside at the Paramount apartments in Denver.



"He's Goin' Away"

W. H. Cushman, affable and congenial commercial engineer, Denver, has resigned his position and is going to New York City, where he becomes a member of the firm of the Lithoprint Company. This company has a secret formula for making accurate reproductions of tracings and drawings by a chemical process that promises to practically do away with the present method of doing this kind of work by hand. There is a great field for the new invention.

Mr. Cushman came to Denver from New York in 1915 to assist on the rate case that was then occupying the attention of the company's officials. His worth was soon recognized, and the position of assistant commercial engineer was tendered him.



FROM THE LAND OF BRIGHAM YOUNG
Jack Teasdale Jas. R. Vance Ross Ripple

The Brawn and Sinew at Salt Lake

"The men who keep up the lines" in the Salt Lake district are a set of fine fellows and never falter when duty calls. Cast your optics over the group of men herewith and see if you don't think they are a prize bunch.

If there is any other district that wants to enter a pump-pull-away contest with these up-to-the-minute men, the gauntlet is down and the invitation extended.



Lose Each Other on Honeymoon

An event of interest to Walsenburg was the marriage of Walter E. Best of this city to Miss Fernie G. Houser of Alamosa, Monday evening, July 21, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Houser of Alamosa.

Rev. and Mrs. Dailey, in whose congregation Mr. and Mrs. Best had been, were at the wedding, Mr. Dailey officiating. Some forty invited guests were present at the Houser home. After the ceremony ice cream and cake were served, and the wedding party had their pictures taken. Mr. and Mrs. Best then went by auto to Blanca and took the train for Walsenburg, but our telephone girls met them at La Veta and saw that they got here separately by auto, where another luncheon was served. These later events were a surprise to the groom and bride.

Mr. Best is wire chief of Walsenburg district for the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company and a young man trusted in his position. Mrs. Best, since graduating from high school and business college, has been in the employ of the Spriesterbach Company of Alamosa as stenographer and bookkeeper and is held in high regard in her home community. The groom and bride have been schoolmates and friends since childhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Best received many handsome presents, which will grace their new home in Walsenburg, where they will make many friends and keep them.—Walsenburg (Colo.) World.

Farewell Party

The local telephone employees were delightfully entertained at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Switzer on Colorado Avenue with a farewell party in honor of the departure of Mrs. Charles Robison, nee Carrie Robison, who has for many years been a faithful employe of the telephone company here and who recently has occupied the position of chief operator and cashier.

The party gathered about 9 p. m., and the evening was spent in social converse, music, and probably the feature which was enjoyed the greatest, the fortune-telling by Mrs. Switzer. At a late hour the party were served refreshments, consisting of an abundance of ice cream and cake, to which all indulged.

D. C. Belden, exchange manager, presented the guest of honor with a beautiful bouquet of roses, a remembrance from the company employes, indicative of the high esteem in which their associate employe is held.

The telephone force accompanied Mrs. Robison to the train the following day and bade her good-bye at the Rio Grande station when she boarded the train for Las Vegas, N. M., where she will join her husband and make her future home.—Glenwood (Colo.) Post.

Had a Trained Car

J. S. Young, popular manager of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, returned from Denver yesterday after an absence of about ten days. Mr. Young stated that the dusty roads were responsible for a rather hard trip over the pass. He brought in a Ford for the Pittman garage. He stated that the trip would have been impossible in any other kind of car; that he passed practically everything else on the road. But he says that it was only due to the fact that he had his car trained that he arrived at all. When he came to a mudhole, he improvised a boat and swam across. He climbed over rocks, made new roads, swam rivers that were out of their banks, and worked every kind of game that he knew to get through.—Durango (Colo.) Democrat.

Always Improving the Service

Work has started on installing more equipment for the local office of the telephone company, which, when completed, will double the capacity of the Chandler office. A new switchboard will be added which can accommodate 200 more subscribers.

When the present board was put in five years ago the company was confident it would be large enough for many years to come. Today the present board is practically full, with about 175 customers. All the material for the change is on the ground, and it will take about two weeks to complete the job.

Manager Flynn also announces that good progress is being made on rural construction, with a line being finished two miles west and one and one-half miles south of town, while another line will be run to the White store just this side of Goodyear. When the new equipment is in place better service will be the result.—Chandler (Ariz.) Arizonian.

Injured in Auto Mishap

Miss Della Bird, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bird of Murray, and Miss Gladys Walker and Miss Margaret V. Swetnam of Salt Lake, who were injured when they were thrown from the motor truck on which they were riding Sunday afternoon, are reported to be recovering rapidly. Each of the girls suffered numerous bruises and lacerations, and it was feared that Miss Swetnam's arm was broken, but X-ray examination Monday showed that such was not the case. The girls, who are operators for the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, were members of a party of about one hundred who took a day's outing in Mill Creek Canyon. It was on the return trip that they were thrown from the truck when the driver swerved the machine suddenly to one side to avoid striking a log.—Monga (Utah) Messenger.



Stanley Rochette

"As morning breaks on western mountain high
And tips the summit with its golden rays,
While depths below in darkest shadows lie,
My hopes rekindle, as my upward gaze
Discerns a symbol in this dawn of light and shade,
That tells of brighter life when this is done,
With greater joys than song of birds and waters in the glade;
Then joyfully I trust in kindly light to lead me on."

Commercial Department

Miss Beth Rogers has been added to the duplicate bills department. We might say many nice things about her, only you see she is our cousin, so modesty forbids.

Our Margaret Matthews is no more. Some place in California is a Mrs. Clarence Beck to take her place. After several weeks of honeymoon they will return to make their home in Denver. There will be plenty of laughter in that home, for the little bride is a very witty girl. Our sincere congratulations go with them.

Where is Mr. Emerson? He has departed, bag and baggage, we know not whither. However, Mrs. Emerson is with him, so we feel sure he will return safely and right side up some of these days.

While mentioning vacations, where are some of the rest of our stars shining now? Mr. Doolittle, the Misses Stone, Miss Howell and some of our other satellites have left us in the dark, but we hope to "see our way clear" until they return.

Bookkeeping

On June 19 the telephone officials picked the accounting department up bodily and transplanted it to its new home in the Wight Building. Looks like this department is "working up" in the telephone company. The new officers are simply fine, and judging from the happy looks on every one's face, as they step out of the elevator in the morning, everybody is quite contented in their new home.

Leaving the first floor was like leaving our home town, but we were not long in getting used to our new sur-

roundings, even coming up and down in the elevator.

We are sorry to lose Mr. Frank Neff, but we are glad that he has such a splendid new position and hope that he is very well satisfied. We have this to say, that if they don't treat him well in his new location we will be only too glad to have him back. Hardly think there is much chance of his coming back, but we all hope that he still thinks of the Denver office as "home."

Looks as though when you lose one good thing another comes right along to fill the place—at least it was so with us, for after losing Mr. Neff we were pleasantly surprised to have Miss Sadie Riden take the place as head of our department. With our new office and our new "chief," we all went to work with a new interest—didn't we, Miss Riden?

Everybody extends a word of welcome to Mr. Brink. He rightfully belonged to the Denver office, and you see he is back. I think Mr. Brink knows from previous experience how much we appreciate him.

I think there was a little question in everyone's mind when Miss Miller and Miss Dwyer, Miss Coppoch and Miss Carroll all packed their grips and traveled out to the coast for a vacation. Everybody sort of wondered just what the attraction was, but after reading some cards and letters, all about moonlight and the ocean and soft music and dances and eating and handsome movie men and—oh, just everything—well, it wasn't quite such a wonder, was it? We are glad to have the girls back and hope that all the above attractions didn't have a bad effect on their hearts.

Miss "Bobbie" Ohlander has been out for some time on account of ill health. The girls have missed her a great deal and will be so glad to see her again.

Anyone who has imagination enough to be a toll biller can surely figure out just who was requested to walk up and down the stairs so that the elevator could accommodate two or three more passengers.

Can anyone figure out just why a certain "little" girl wears such a heart-broken expression on her face? I wonder if she doesn't realize that we can't all have brown eyes.

We were all very happy, and perhaps just a trifle envious, when we received word from Mrs. Newman Atwood, formerly Miss Helen Thompson, telling us that she is spending a delightful honeymoon up in Maine. We all join in a hearty congratulation.

Miss Sybil Sullivan is spending a few weeks in California, recuperating after a nervous breakdown. Be careful, Sybil; that's a land of romance, and don't forget, we expect you back soon.

Miss Margaret Boyle is all happy again. Same old reason—"Earl" is home, and that's not all—Margaret is going on a three months' furlough. Is there anyone foolish enough to expect her back?

Main

Miss Blossom Pitt has resigned to take the school's P. B. X.

Misses Margaret and Josephine Craron and Miss May McDonald are now enjoying their vacations.

Here is another bride in our midst. Miss Isabel Shamel sure did give us a surprise, didn't she?

From different reports we hear Mr. Osborn is enjoying his well-earned vacation to the limit. Fishing seems to be the main sport. We are wondering how many fish he really did catch. You know once upon a time three men would

a-fishing go, and our manager was among them. After many, many days (so the story goes) he caught two fish, but when he arrived home he had three. Now where did that last one come from, do you suppose?

Our night C. O., Miss Elvera Anderson, is also planning on having a glorious two weeks up in the mountains.

Speaking of vacations, of course we hope that Susie enjoys her's, but oh, how we miss her smiling voice over the phone. Isn't "smiling" the right word though?

South

Sunday, July 27, the Englewood "telafoom fambly" had a picnic. We had a most wonderful time hunting for four-leaf clovers. Everyone found some but Dave Hobson (Pinky Hopkins), and he is still hunting. He is all out of luck.

Lunch had just been spread when the weather man decided we were having too much fun, so he must put a stop to it by having it rain.

Those that did not get their weekly shower certainly did get one then, but that did not stop the fun, as we fled to Ruby Welfenberg's home, where we spent the rest of the afternoon.

Mr. Bertagnolli and Pinky Hopkins were chaperones, but we think they needed a chaperone instead.

We are very sorry to say our manager, E. C. Bertagnolli, has been transferred to Douglas, Wyo. If Douglas wants to keep him they had better see to it that he takes unto himself a wife. Good luck to you, Mr. Bertagnolli.

C. E. Abbott, formerly local wire chief at Pueblo, has been transferred to fill the vacancy. We welcome him and hope he can remain with us.

L. E. Johnson, former chief of Englewood, paid us a visit. We were very glad to see him.

Aurora

Hello, everybody! We're still here, even if we don't make our appearance very often.

Mrs. Agee, our manager, is on her vacation, and Miss Eva Rogers is taking her place. Good luck to you, Eva! You're some C. O.!

Miss Frances Wright, who resigned in June, is with us for two weeks as relief operator. We're glad to have her back again, but, oh boy! if you could only see her headlight. We wondered why she left.

Miss Bernice Dunlap, who has been with us for six weeks, is leaving for Fort Collins, where she will finish school.

Mrs. Pratt, our night operator, has resigned, and Mrs. Edna Manis will take her place. Miss Katherine Shepler has accepted Miss Dunlap's place.

Miss Machin was a visitor in our exchange Wednesday, making out our peg-count reports for the 4th and 5th.

Miss Carmen Bowser, who resigned in May, is taking Miss Griffith's place at Elbert, Colo., for two weeks.

Morrison and Evergreen

Grace Bovie is jazzin' and restin', restin' and jazzin' at her home in Morrison for a few weeks.

Messrs. Young, Bredon, Emerson and Johnson were "fashionable" callers during the month.

Velma Reiks is regular relief operator at Morrison.

M. Sagner was at Morrison a few days ago; said he was looking for choke cherries. Guess he thought he would find them in the exchange. Funny, wasn't it, she was not in? But we were glad to see him anyway.

Mrs. Florence R. Clemmons of La Veta, Colo., has been transferred to Evergreen to replace Grace Bovie.

Victor Maymon was buzzing around our office, and it surely was a treat to see him.



Greeley District

Are you wondering who St. John is? We are very glad to introduce to you our new local cashier and Monitor correspondent, who, previous to his entering the military service, was in the commercial department of the Denver

office. For eighteen months he was in the service of Uncle Sam, having spent six months at Camp Lewis, six months in France and six months in Germany, so you see he is quite an old veteran, and still has the habit of standing at attention every time anyone comes in to pay his bill. We know he must have been a brave soldier, as anyone would have to be all of that who has nerve enough to tackle the job of writing up notes for the Monitor.

Mr. St. John has a very pleasing personality and a very winning way with the ladies. Even the operators cast sidelong glances at him on their way upstairs. Watch your step, St. John! We're all for you!

Chas. St. John, Correspondent

W. C. Fallon, district traffic chief; L. G. Burr, district cashier, and George Frasier, Greeley wire chief, spent their vacations of two weeks "bringing in the sheaves" at Haxtum, Colo. This was a patriotic duty well performed, but in addition to this fact netted the harvesters a goodly sum.

We were surprised to hear of the marriage of Billy Brobyn, the oldest and one of the best combination men in the district. Billy started on a vacation and was married at Boulder the first day out. The bride was Miss Annie Hope and was widely known and respected in Greeley. We wish to congratulate both parties sincerely.

H. H. Croll, district manager, made a trip through the eastern exchanges of the district the fore part of the month and reports things looking good in the northeastern part of the state.

The commercial and plant employees have been spending some of the hot evenings of the past month at Greeley's popular bathing beach, "Seeley's Lake."

Fort Morgan

Mrs. Eva McCullough, formerly one of our Fort Morgan operators, has been transferred to Sterling.

Orpha L. Clark, who recently returned from overseas duty with the 405th Telegraph Battalion, has decided to cast his lot with his uncle in the auto tire repair business. Orpha made good as an auto man overseas, and we wish him success at home.

A. G. Johnson, formerly Greeley district traffic chief, paid us a visit on his way to Sioux City for a vacation.

District Manager Croll stopped in to look us over a few days ago.

The big thing in our minds at this time is the fact that J. F. Elliott, division construction superintendent, with E. B. Barnes and his construction crew, are here to rebuild the cable plant at Fort Morgan. When this is completed we will have an up-to-date outside plant. Oh, boy!

Most everyone has had a vacation except the manager. All that he did was to try his luck fishin' at Estes Park.

Julesburg

G. G. Stow, manager of the exchange at Eaton, Colo., visited Julesburg the first week of August.

Miss Gladys Johnson, our chief operator, has gone on a two weeks' vacation. She is now in Greeley visiting relatives. Frances Zachary has returned from her vacation and is taking Miss Johnson's place as C. O.

Misses Helen Lewton and Annetta Englehardt are leaving upon our chief operator's return. Helen Lewton hies to Kansas and Annetta Englehardt to Idaho (?).

Miss Maribel Rude is to be our new junior operator.

Mr. Croll, district manager, visited us during July.

Sterling

It's warm, and we are busy, but still on the job and ready to account for ourselves. We're doing just twice our usual work now, but with the good old telephone-family spirit we are doing our best and smiling.

Miss Louise Morris, our assistant chief operator, is enjoying Sunny California's breezes. We surely envy Louise.

The M. S. T. Club has had a few "weiner roasts" during the summer. Mr. Hill, the manager, is said to be the prize consumer.

Miss Eva Pomel has changed her name to Barton. We wish you luck, Eva.

Miss Mitchell, in her new position as cashier, sends the most bitter complaint away from the counter with a smile. Miss Mitchell's spirit is evidently contagious.

It was with deep regret we bade farewell to our chief operator, Miss McVeigh, who left for St. Louis to enter St. Joseph's Convent. On the Friday night before she left the office the supervisors gave a party for her at the home of Miss Archambault and presented her with a gift of remembrance. The next day the operators gave a party at the office in her honor. At this time Miss McVeigh was presented with a leather traveling bag. We wish her great success in her new work.

Miss Clark, the assistant chief operator, was appointed in Miss McVeigh's place.

Cupid again has claimed two of our girls. This time the lucky ones are Miss Mary Jeremiah and Miss Butler. Miss Jeremiah has just recently been promoted to supervisor and Miss Butler to assistant chief operator. Congratulations, girls.

We are glad to have Miss Pitt of Champa as our chief operator during Miss Clark's absence.

New "B" operator to superintendent: "Do these keys go down by themselves when an 'A' operator calls 'J' or 'M,' or must I push them down each time?"

Misses Jenkins, Merchant, White, Kelley, Cunningham, Lawton, Flannery, Keyes, Harvey, Gassett and Milne have been added to our operating force.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Miss Mary Smith and family in their recent bereavement.

Some one asked Miss Berghauser the date the other day, whereupon she immediately consulted her wrist watch. Then, to make matters worse, when she noticed her mistake, she got so "fussed" she nearly fell off the chair.

Sub.—S-o-u-t-h, South two hundred and fifty.

Opr.—South 250?

Sub.—No—S-o-u-t-h, South two hundred and fifty.

Again the operator repeated South 250.

Sub. (now very angry at not getting his call)—No, that isn't the number! Can't you hear? S-o-u-t-h, South two hundred and fifty.

Wherewith the operator gave the call to the supervisor, who explained that South 250 was the same place as S-o-u-t-h, South two hundred and fifty.

Miss Ruth Jewett, relief supervisor at South, who has a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, has the thanks of the Women's Community Club, Washington Park, for supplying several numbers on a recent entertainment program.



Pueblo District

We fear Monitor readers are of the opinion that the Pueblo district has ceased to be, but not so. On the contrary, we have been so busy all summer, due to a constant, heavy growth in subscribers and the usual interruptions caused by vacations, that we haven't had time to think Monitor notes, let alone write them up. However, we have taken time each month to glance through the Monitor when it came, and are glad others have found time to contribute to its interesting columns. We hope to do better during the fall and winter months.

There is not much of interest to report at this time, although we, too, have been having lots of trouble, due to severe electrical storms and rain storms assuming the proportions of cloudbursts. At one time we had seven cables out, which meant upwards of 600 telephones without service. As a whole, our subscribers took conditions good-naturedly, and after several days of hard work, service was completely restored. The plant department is now busy trying to catch up on accumulated work orders.

Changes in the traffic department all over the district, due to old "Doc Matrimony," have come so thick and fast during the past few months that it is impossible to record all of them here. However, it was a shock to learn that the wily god, Dan Cupid, had captured some of our old stand-bys like Miss Lou Smith and Miss Jeannette Davies, chief operators at Las Animas and Lamar, respectively.

Nevertheless, our loss is someone else's gain, and we wish them worlds of happiness.

We report the following changes in managers:

Ben H. Vickers has succeeded Mrs. Saleeta J. Whitney as manager at Manzanola, who resigned to be married. Mr. Vickers was formerly combination man at Fowler. This is the first time we have had a man at Manzanola, but we believe it is going to work out nicely. Mrs. Vickers will assist in the operating.

John J. Cash, combination man at La Junta, has been transferred to Holly as manager at that point, vice C. W. Tucker, who has resigned to return to Denver.

Mrs. Benlah Groninger is the new manager at Cheraw, succeeding Mrs. Laura Tickle, who left to be married. Mrs. Tickle has been manager at Cheraw for more than eight and one-half years and will be missed very much.



Cheyenne District

Huff Krueg, Correspondent

The Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Co. has purchased the telephone exchanges and equipment in the booming little oil towns of Lusk, Manville and Rock River, Wyo. The citizens of these enterprising Wyoming cities are all smiles that "Old Mother Bell" has taken it upon herself to show them what real telephone service is, and they are nursing the fond hope that some of them who haven't been able to get telephones installed in their homes will now get a 'phone, that wonderful little instrument that connects you with the outside world; that calls the doctor when you are just about to turn up your toes; that calls the fire department to save your home that you and Sadie have just about paid for; that calls the "cop" to scare away the burglar or Rastus out of the chicken coop; to talk to your neighbor and find out the latest scandal and society news and so on and so on ad infinitum, to quote our Latin relations.

Walden, Colo., exchange led the Cheyenne district in collections for the month of July with a percentage of 93.5. Keep up the good work, Walden. You'll get in the limelight, bye and bye.

The Cheyenne operators enjoyed an evening of music, dancing and singing at the home of Miss Stone. Miss Lynch assisted Miss Stone in entertaining the girls and in serving the refreshments.

Miss Taft, Miss Hughes and Miss Lynch gave piano selections and sang all the new popular airs with the operators joining in the chorus. The first time the operators came in 20 strong on the chorus, one of Miss Stone's neighbors sent in a riot call for the police who came running with their patrol, but it seems that by the time they got there the noise—I beg your pardon, ladies, the singing—had stopped, and so did the police in front of the house and looked around kinda foolish for some one to pick on, but seeing everything was quiet on the Potomac, they beat it to livelier scenes.

Miss Freda Smith has returned from a three months' furlough, having spent a most wonderful time in Hanover, Ark., and thereabouts. Welcome home, Freda. We are glad the gooley dads in the swamps of old Arkansas didn't "git you."

Margaret Harris is once more "kidding the actors" at her post on the switchboard, after a three weeks' vacation in Denver, Sidney and Laramie. "Maggie" is sure getting to be the "little globe trotter" all right, all right.

Richard Lee Rossignol, district foreman, and his construction crew have hit the trail for the central part of Wyoming, having completed his work on the toll lines west and north of Cheyenne that the storms of last winter played such havoc with. He will have charge of stringing the new number twelve copper circuit between Casper and Shoshoni and a number ten iron circuit from Riverton to Shoshoni. So long, Richard the Lion hearted. We all hate to see you leave.

Mr. J. E. Flynn, who returned from service in France, has succeeded Douglas Waitley as night-switchboard man. Mr. Waitley returning to Council Bluffs, Iowa, preparatory

to entering the university at Ames, Iowa. Au revoir, Doug., old top. The girls will miss your winning smile and kidding ways, and Charlie Anderson will miss the arguments and



"spoofing" too. Doug. says he is on his way to be a M. D., B. of A. and Ph. D. We don't quite get the last, but guess it is one of the terms used in medical science or something. Anyhow, Doug., old pal, some of these days you'll be a D. S. B., with your little P. S.; in other words, a Doc. Saw Bones with your little pill sack. Doug. is such a fine looking boy.



Would You Raise Your Pay?

Are you trying to see how much you can get from your work, or how much you can put into it?

The man who refers to his work as a "job" usually has his eyes only as far ahead as the next raise.

For it is a law as old as Time itself that you can get from a thing just what you put into it.

Yet there are many who think that they can stack the cards, but it is only themselves who are cheated.

For surely you do not expect to be paid more than you are worth—that would be only a polite form of theft.

And don't be too sure you are worth more than you are getting. We are very prone to see such things from our own angle. Face the facts. How much revenue are you really producing for your firm? Are you turning out all the results possible in your working hours?

Some day just keep track of where the time goes.

Divide the time up into five-minute periods, and make a note of when you start each piece of work and when you finish it.

Be honest about it. If you waste five minutes talking to the man across the street—put it down. If you lose fifteen minutes idly day-dreaming, while pretending to be engaged in deep thought—put it down—for this is to be a strictly intimate personal affair, and when it is completed you are likely to want to burn it up so that no one else will see it.

And it will surprise you to see how much time has slipped through your fingers—time, the only thing in the world that once wasted can never be brought back.

Frankly, now, as you think back, how many worth-while things have you done the past year—things that stand out as something especially fine?

Keep that thought in mind when you go to work tomorrow, and see how much you can make the day count for; and put things on such a basis that if you were the boss, you would give yourself a generous raise.

Perhaps the boss is only human, after all.—Empeco Paper News.



W. C. Callaham Buried

W. C. Callaham passed away at Rawlins, Wyo., the 10th of July, at 10:15 p. m., after an illness of some time, the cause not being definitely known. Mr. Callaham and family had returned from Arizona for an extended visit with Mrs. Callaham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Cranor.

Mr. Callaham was born in Oklahoma, and was 28 years of age. He leaves a wife, little daughter, mother, and five brothers. His mother and one brother were there to attend the funeral, which was conducted by the L. D. S. elders from the Cranor residence.

Mr. Callaham was a former employe of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company at Rawlins as wire chief and at Tucson, Ariz., as district plant chief. He had many friends in both places, who will mourn the loss of a true friend.

Those acting as pallbearers were I. W. Dinsmore, Frank Casad, Lloyd Jones, C. E. Crenshaw, Joe Bock and C. E. Messenger.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our many friends in Tucson, Ariz., for their kindness during the illness and death of our beloved husband and father, and also many thanks for the beautiful floral offering.

MRS. W. C. CALLAHAM
AND LITTLE DAUGHTER.



Convenient

A farmer had come up to town for a few days. Before he started he had promised to bring his daughter a present, so he went into a jeweler's shop and said to the assistant: "I want a pair of earrings, cheap, but pretty."

"Yes, sir," said the jeweler; "you want something loud. I suppose?"

"Well, I don't mind if one of them is a little loud," replied the farmer. "My girl is slightly deaf in one ear."—Tit-Bits.

Doctor—Tell your wife not to worry about her deafness, as it is merely an indication of advancing years.

Mr. Meckman—Er—would you mind telling her yourself, doctor?—Tit-Bits.



A Hero and the Telephone

SERGEANT ALVIN C. YORK, the greatest individual hero of the war—of all wars, some say—is home again, and happily married, in which we all are rejoicing. When the strapping big Tennessean reached New York there was great acclaim for the hero. Gifts and honors and entertainment were showered upon him. Nothing was too good for him. There was a dinner, and after the dinner, says the New York Tribune:

"The telephone rang. Telephone operators half-way across the continent had juggled cords and plugs until a bell had tinkled in the general merchandise store of R. C. Pile, in Pall Mall. Mr. Pile himself must have shouted the summons across the winding hillside road and brought to the wall telephone in the store Mrs. York, the mother of the sergeant, and his seven brothers and three sisters.

"When Mr. Kellogg called the sergeant to the desk telephone in his drawing-room at the Waldorf last night he shoos the members of the reception committee into an

adjoining room, and, following them, closed the door softly.

"Fifteen minutes later the sergeant opened the door. The telephone receiver was back on the hook. Possibly a telephone-girl at some wire junction had held a cam open while mother and son had exchanged love and blessings, but none other had heard. Anyway, the sergeant didn't talk about it, but his grin was there beneath his stubby, red mustache."

We are glad that the Bell could contribute toward the happiness of this great warrior—it was an event in which any Bell employee would be proud to participate. However, we do regret the inference that one of our operators might have "listened in." Yet, if it was necessary for one of them to repeat the messages between Sergeant York and his mother because of imperfect transmission, both the soldier and his mother can rest assured that what passed between them will never be known to any other soul except the operator who helped them carry on their conversation.

Educational Department

The Educational Plan

As the summer is now over, and the long season of evenings to be spent indoors is ahead of us, we should decide now whether or not we are going to improve some of this time by taking advantage of the opportunity offered by the Educational Plan. The first questions to arise are: Is the Educational Plan an opportunity for me? What will I get back for the time spent in studying the courses? The following information in regard to the activities of the Educational Department and the benefits that active students are obtaining from their studies should be of special interest to all employees at this time.

THIS fall the Educational Plan of our company enters its fifth year. The first students—twenty-five members of the Denver Plant Department—were enrolled in September, 1915. To date about 1,650 employees—both men and women from all departments and every district in the territory—have been enrolled. A large number of these have completed one or more courses, over 800 certificates having been issued for the completion of the various courses. A good many students have finished practically all the courses thus far developed. When the first students were enrolled only one short plant course had been printed, but during the intervening four years a great deal of time and money has been spent developing text, with the result that five plant courses, a lecture course and a commercial course have been completed and made available for the employees. Several editions of the first few courses have been printed, and with each new edition each section has been improved and enlarged upon so as to be more easily understood and more instructive. A sixth plant course is now being developed, the first few sections of which will probably be available in a month or two. An outline of the courses is given later in this article.

The necessity, in these days of great industrial and public-service activities, for the individual to specialize on a particular line of work tends to narrow the person's point of view to his particular work and makes it practically impossible for him to acquire, through his regular work, a comprehensive knowledge of other activities in the business in which he is engaged. It also makes it difficult for the executives to select employees for advancement, particularly where such advancement takes the employee into a different department than that in which he has previously been employed. The educational courses enable the employee to obtain a broad knowledge of other lines of work than his own—a knowledge that can otherwise only be acquired through years of work, taking him through the various departments. The technical side of the work, in most cases, can only be gotten through outside study. In order to qualify for better positions—those of an executive nature—it is necessary to have a broad knowledge of the work, and in many cases a technical knowledge. Telephone equipment and apparatus is fast becoming very complicated, and in order to intelligently install or maintain this equipment, technical knowledge is required.

The Educational Plan has other advantages besides that of giving the employee an education along lines in which he is making his living, which is, of course, the fundamental advantage. One of the most important of these is that the student builds up, in the Educational Department files, a record of his ability and qualifications in the telephone business as shown by his work in the courses and industrial reports collected from the field. These records are used in recommending employees for promotion to positions that require filling from time to time. The Educational Department recommends for each position referred to it several students who seem qualified, and one of these is generally selected. The Educational Department records are about the only means whereby the employee's ability and qualifications in the telephone work may become known outside of his immediate organization, so that he can be

selected for promotion to positions in other departments or locations. The various department heads and executives are watching the progress of their employees in the courses through reports from the Educational Department. When a student completes a course, a letter is sent to the division general manager or other department head, telling of this student's work in the courses.

Another great advantage, that many students do not appreciate, is the practice afforded, by preparing papers in the courses, in language construction and written expression. Our ability, or lack of it, to clearly express ourselves, especially in writing, may some day open or close our door to opportunity. The improvement in the language construction, writing and spelling of the average student in the Plan is very marked.

Most of the students who have gotten well along in the courses state that they have been greatly benefited from their study of them, and that they are able to perform their every-day work better and more efficiently, and that this work is made more interesting through the technical knowledge thus acquired. Many executives in the field have mentioned cases wherein the work of their employees has shown marked improvement due to the knowledge gained from the courses, and state that they have been able to promote certain students to responsible positions on account of their broader knowledge and greater adaptability.

The Educational Plan is open to each and every employee of the Company, membership in the Telephone Society of the Mountain States not now being necessary, as was the case at the beginning. Any employee, after deciding to enroll in the Educational Plan and carry at least one course through to completion, should sign and send in an application blank, which he may obtain through his immediate superior or from the Educational Department, whereupon the first lessons and instruction for preparing his papers will be forwarded to him.

The courses are divided into sections, each section having a set of questions and problems, to which the student sends in answers and solutions. Each individual paper is given very careful consideration and attention by the Educational Department. After being corrected and graded, the paper is returned to the student, with notes and suggestions explaining or touching points on which the student is not clear or needs additional information.

Following is an outline of the courses so far developed: Lecture Course No. 1—**Personal Development and the Bell System**—consists of seven printed lectures touching on topics relative to the development of the student in the business and information on the organization and policies of the Bell System.

Plant Course No. 1—**Elements of Electricity and Magnetism**—covers enough elementary electricity and magnetism to give the student sufficient foundation for taking up the study of the following plant courses. In the later plant courses, the electrical and magnetic principles are further enlarged upon as they are applied to the various pieces of apparatus. This course consists of five sections, containing 36 pages and 9 illustrations.

Plant Course No. 2—**Substation Practice**—covers the principles, operation and installation of the subscribers'

telephone and telegraph substation sets and associated equipment. This course consists of 15 sections, containing 173 pages and 73 illustrations and circuits.

Plant Course No. 3—Private Branch Exchanges—covers the apparatus, circuits, operation and installation of the private branch exchange switchboards used by our company. This course consists of 11 sections, containing 148 pages and 54 illustrations and circuits.

Plant Course No. 4—Outside Plant—covers the outside plant construction practices of our company, bringing out the different reasons involved and giving descriptions of the materials used. A section is devoted to mechanics as applied to outside plant. The causes and prevention of electrolysis are taken up, and the course also contains articles explaining the principles of phantom, simplex and composite circuits. Explanations are also given of the principles involved in inductive disturbances and the reasons for making transpositions. The principle of loading is also taken up. This course consists of 13 sections, containing 174 pages and 103 illustrations.

Plant Course No. 5—Central Office Equipment—covers the apparatus, circuits, principles and operation of the central office equipment used by this company. Part 1 takes up the switchboard apparatus used in both magneto and common battery central offices. Part 2 covers the circuits and operation of the magneto switchboards used, as well as the power and testing equipment of magneto central offices. Parts 1 and 2 consist of 10 sections, containing 140 pages and 64 illustrations and circuits. The other parts of this course, which are not yet developed, will cover the Nos. 8, 9, 10, 1 and 1-D central offices.

Plant Course No. 6—Telegraph and Toll Testing Equipment—is now being developed and will cover the theory and operation of the telegraph and toll testing equipment used by this company.

Commercial Course No. 1—Managership—gives the student a broad view of the business as a whole, having sections on Economics, Organization, Management, Plant, Traffic, General Accounting, Plant Accounting, Substation Accounting, Exchange Accounts, Commercial Routines, Publicity and Commercial Principles. The course is especially designed to give information of value to commercial em-

ployes, particularly the exchange manager, but the information contained in this course is of great value to any employe, especially those desiring executive positions. This course consists of 12 sections and contains 164 pages.

Where practical, the Educational Department encourages the student to take up first the courses that will be of the most immediate benefit to him. All students taking the plant courses should finish Plant Course No. 1 and the first part (first seven sections) of Plant Course No. 2 before taking any other plant course, as the information contained in these sections is necessary to a clear understanding of all the later plant courses. A substation or P. B. X. installer or repair man should finish all of Plant Course No. 2 and then take Plant Course No. 3. An outside construction man should take Plant Course No. 4 after finishing the first part of Plant Course No. 2, while a central office plant man or a traffic man should take Plant Course No. 5, and a telegraph man or toll test room employe Plant Course No. 6, after finishing the first part of Plant Course No. 2. A commercial man should take Plant Courses Nos. 1 and 2 and Commercial Course No. 1. All students are urged to take the lecture course, but are not now required to do so, as was previously the case.

During these unsettled times it is particularly necessary for each individual, in order to hold his own, to improve his efficiency by special training, which will enable him to increase his production without undue increase in effort. The study of the educational courses is a means of attaining increased efficiency.

Certificates Issued Between July 21, 1919 and August 20, 1919

Plant Course No. 1—Electricity and Magnetism

Berrum, Arthur (P.).....Salt Lake City, Utah
Danbendirk, Carl (P.).....Poplar, Montana
Maybury, Owen (P.).....Sterling, Colorado
Payne, John (A.).....Denver, Colorado
Williamson, Harry (P.).....Denver, Colorado

Plant Course No. 3—Private Branch Exchanges

Roerig, George (E. M.).....Lamar, Colorado
A. M.....Accounting Department
E. M.....Exchange Manager
P.....Plant Department



E. K. Hall, Vice-President A. T. & T. Co.

MR. E. K. HALL, who was formerly vice-president of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, returned to the Bell System on September 1 as vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He will be associated with Mr. N. C. Kingsbury, who is first vice-president in charge of operation, and will give particular attention to relations with the personnel.

His connection with telephone matters began some twenty years ago when he entered the Boston law firm of Powers and Hall, who were the attorneys for the New England company of which he later became vice-president and a director.

Mr. Hall is a graduate and a trustee of Dartmouth College. He was a famous all-around athlete in college and he has been actively identified with college athletics ever since. For several years he has been Chairman of the American Inter-Collegiate Football Rules Committee.

Mr. Hall was business director of the Student's Army Training Corps during the war—remaining in the War Department after the armistice, in charge of

settling the contracts between the department and the colleges.

He has long been closely connected with the Boston Chamber of Commerce of which he was vice-president and he represented that body in the National Council of Chambers of Commerce of the United States. He is widely known, not only as a telephone executive, but also as an authority on civic matters and on business and public relations.

Since January 1917, he has been vice-president of the Electric Bond and Share Company of New York.



Try This Plan

"Miss Willing," began the young man as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "are you fond of stories?"

"If they are new, Mr. Woodby," replied the fair maid. "I simply dote on them."

"But the one I was going to tell you, Miss Willing, is not new," said the young man. "It is, I might say, Miss Willing—or, Clara—the old, old story, but—"

"Oh, never mind, George," she interrupted. "Even if it is a chestnut, I'm sure I never heard of it. Go on, please!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Wonderful World

A LITTLE more praise and a little less blame,
A little more virtue, a little less shame,
A little more thought for the other man's rights,
A little less self in our chase for delights,
A little more loving, a little less hate,
Are all that is needed to make the world great.

A little more boosting, a little less jeering,
A little more trusting, a little less fearing,
A little more patience in trouble and pain,
A little less willing at times to complain,
A little more kindness worked into the strife,
Are all that is needed to glorify life.

A little more honor, a little less greed,
A little more service, a little less creed,
A little more courage when pathways are rough,
A little more action, a little less bluff,
A little more kindness by you and by me,
And, oh, what a wonderful world it would be.

—SELECTED

