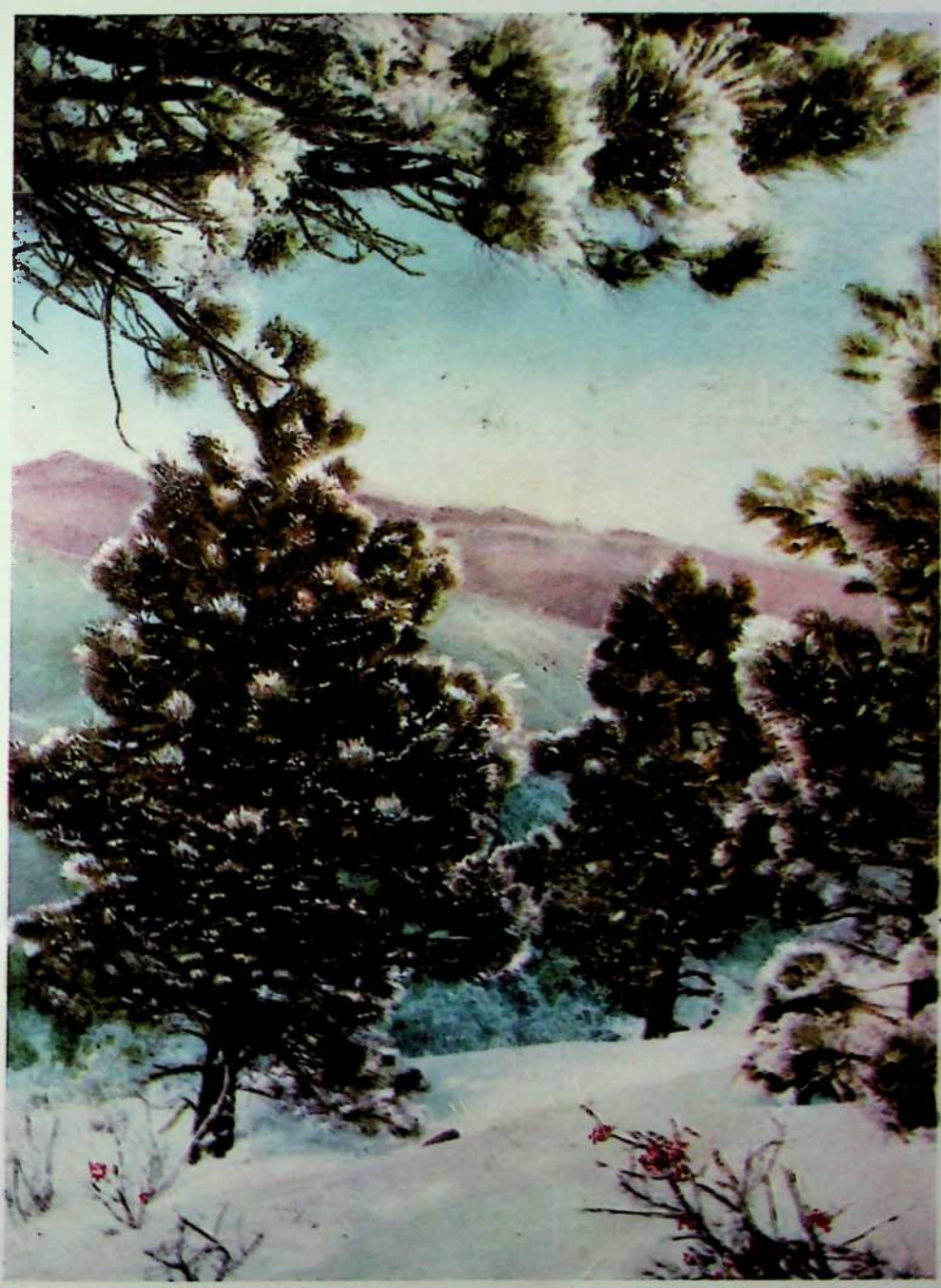


The MONITOR



January 1924



O, the Thrill of Winter

O, the thrill of joyous winter!
How it tingles in the blood—
Sends a wave of vim and vigor
Charging like a mighty flood.

Have you ever been in the pine-clad mountains
when the snow was falling—that beautiful mantle of
purity—when the call of the open entranced you; when
peace and tranquility was all about you? If not, then
you have not seen winter in all its beauty.

O, it's snowing in the Rockies,
And the frost is in the air,
And the urging call of winter
Seems to beckon everywhere.

Photo on front cover by Albert Haanstad.
Taken on Lookout Mountain, Denver.
Color plates by Cocks-Clark Engraving Co.

New Year Greetings

TO MR. BEN S. READ,

President, The Mountain States
Telephone and Telegraph
Company:

IN behalf of that portion of the Bell System located at Headquarters, I want to congratulate you and those under your leadership upon their accomplishments of the System during the passing year. Success depends upon the efforts of each individual, and to the extent each has contributed each should participate in gratification at the results. To you all collectively and individually we wish a Happy New Year.

H. B. THAYER

President, American Telephone and
Telegraph Company

TO THE EMPLOYEES

of The Mountain States Telephone
and Telegraph Company and
Associate Companies:

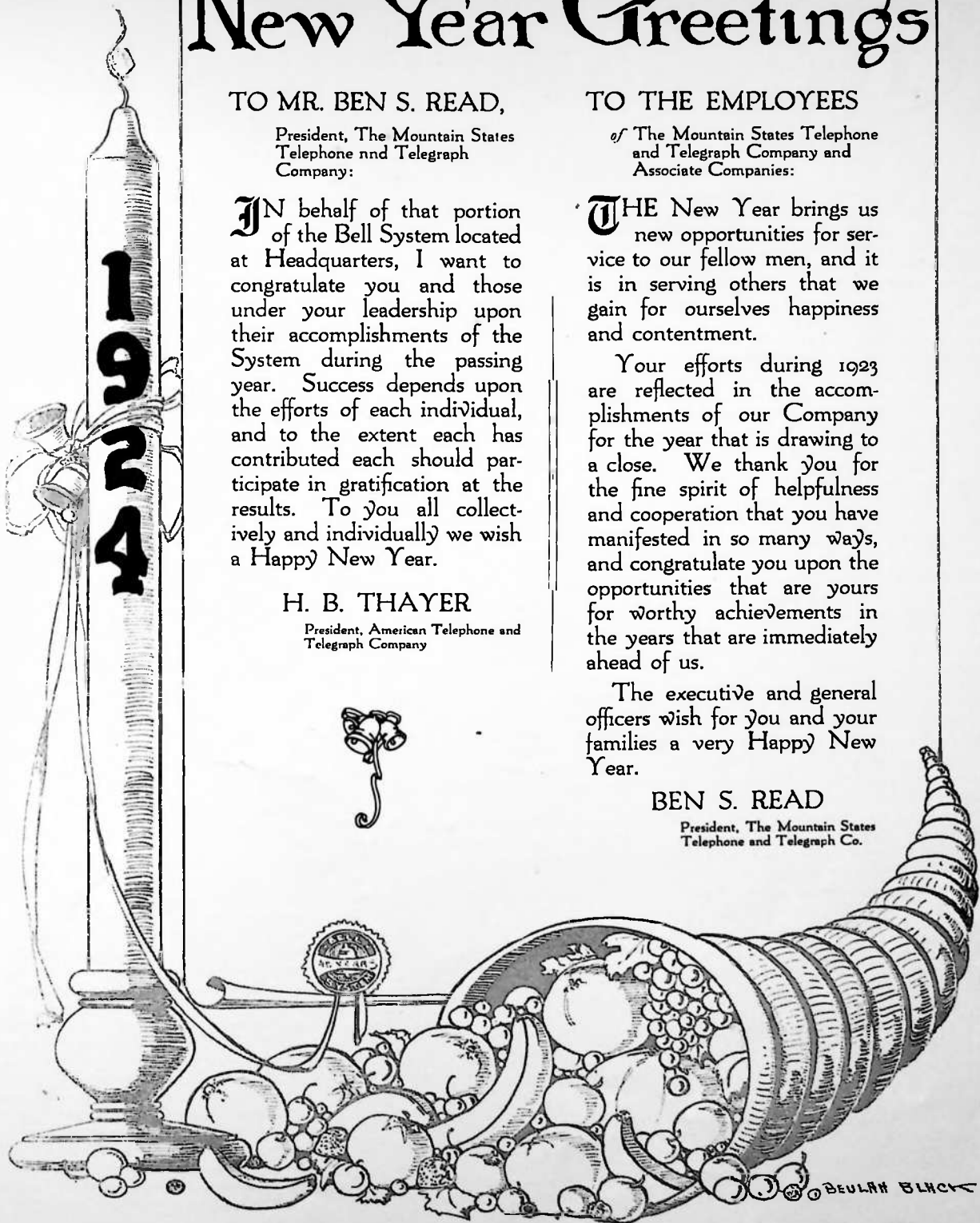
THE New Year brings us new opportunities for service to our fellow men, and it is in serving others that we gain for ourselves happiness and contentment.

Your efforts during 1923 are reflected in the accomplishments of our Company for the year that is drawing to a close. We thank you for the fine spirit of helpfulness and cooperation that you have manifested in so many ways, and congratulate you upon the opportunities that are yours for worthy achievements in the years that are immediately ahead of us.

The executive and general officers wish for you and your families a very Happy New Year.

BEN S. READ

President, The Mountain States
Telephone and Telegraph Co.



Tree Trimming

By
Betty Devine

Why, of course, I knew all about it—or at least I thought I did. Hadn't I only a few days before balanced myself on step-ladders, chairs, etc., for hours arranging tinsel, varicolored lights and all sorts of ornaments on the very loveliest of Christmas trees?

Still, as I listened to President Read and the Monitor Editor talking about it's being such an interesting and important branch of our work I began to wonder whether or not I was really with them in the great thought parade. Of course I could get the Branch part all right, and I knew from experience that it was rather a hard task, but why refer to it as work and the all-perplexing question was, what it could possibly have to do with Telephone business?

I have always felt it a lack of judgment to expose one's ignorance to the President—or Editor—especially if one wishes to remain on the pay roll, so for once in my life I maintained a discreet silence.

On they rambled and I deducted from the conversation that what Hugh Johnson didn't know about tree trimming was torn right out of the book. It was when the Editor suggested that I go out with Mr. Johnson, watch him and his gang trim some trees and then write a story on it that I longed for even a twig to lean on and wondered which of us needed the services of an alienist.

Christmas was over; why, pray tell, trim trees now? But I was too wise to argue, so out I went in search of Hugh Johnson and thanks to my good friend Phil Dexter in the State Plant department, I soon caught up with him and we were buzzing along in his flivver out the Golden road.

Without any intention of casting reflections on that flivver I must say that after trying vainly for several blocks to peer through the windshield I finally gave up in despair and

tried to comfort myself with the thought that perhaps along with his other talents Mr. Johnson was a Serr. Anyway I suspected he was paraphrasing, and adapting the old saying about "What you don't know won't HURT you," to "What you can't see won't HIT you," so with a "Let 'er R. I. P." attitude I settled back indifferent to where we were going, and I might add—or how soon.

Before long Mr. Johnson's cheery, "Well, here we are," accompanied by the sudden stopping of the flivver, told me that we had arrived and I needed no urging to get out and take a look around.

There wasn't anything resembling a Christmas tree in sight.

Nothing but huge cottonwoods. I've always liked cottonwoods because they're so smart—they never make any mistake and bud out too soon in the Spring. When the old cottonwood starts to put on its summer garments you may make a safe bet that the cold weather is over, at least weather cold enough for frost.



Following Mr. Johnson's gaze up into the largest of the row of trees I found its only trimming—so far as I could see—was a fine big chap perched way out on one of the highest overhanging limbs.

"Why the bird imitation?" I asked my companion. "He's trimming that tree," he responded politely, but with evident disgust.

And that, friends was my introduction to tree trimming as it is known and done in our Telephone family, though I must admit that I was not quite reconciled to it as I watched the young man steadily plying a saw to the very limb on which he was perched. Fact is I looked for a net such as is used under the high dive trapeze performers in circuses, but there was none in evidence and I later observed that he was sawing the end of the limb in front of where he stood, which would in no way imperil his position providing he did not lose his balance when the piece of limb dropped, for at the moment he was not even using a safety belt.

I also noticed that a large rope was tied about the limb beyond where he was sawing and that the end of that rope was thrown up over a still higher limb—to give it leverage—and then dropped down where it was wound several times about the trunk of another huge tree and tightly held by a husky young



Trees Trimmed and Untrimmed on Federal Boulevard, Denver



WEAVERS OF SPEECH

Compliments of The Monitor

fellow who kept his eye on the man in the tree every instant waiting for the psychological moment when the limb would give way. This rope, you see, prevented the limb from falling onto or perhaps through the network of toll wires stretching below it, thereby avoiding circuit interruptions and possibly very great damage.

Some of the limbs of that great tree which threatened damage to our lines were so large that it was necessary to saw them off little by little in, say, three or four pieces, as it would not have been possible without great risk to handle the entire limb at one time after the saw had done its work and it started to fall.

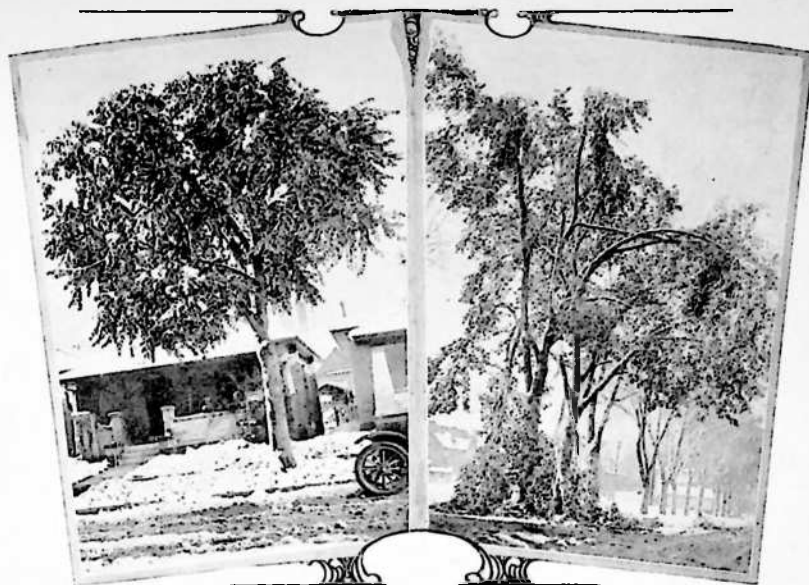
Sawing, from what I have been able to observe, is hard enough when one is standing safely on terra firma, but to be perched way up on a high limb of a tree and saw is a far more difficult and hazardous task. For this reason the men engaged in this line of work take turn about all day, one climbing the tree and sawing for a time while the other does the ground work of holding anchor to the limb, and vice versa.

It is obvious that tree trimming is very essential to the maintenance of our toll lines, for if left untrimmed the branches not only spread out into our wires, thereby causing heavy inductions and occasional breaks in service on the transcontinental and other lines, but there is constant danger of these large, overhanging branches being broken by the weather forces, such as wind, electricity, or heavy snows, and, falling across the wires, cause serious interruptions or perhaps break the wires entirely with the weight of their fall.

Men throughout the entire division are



Hugh Johnson, Foreman of Tree Trimming Gang



Trimmed and Untrimmed Trees on Denver-Salt Lake Lead, Zuni Street and Thirty-fourth Avenue, Denver

therefore constantly keeping a strict lookout for tree interference or trees that threaten to interfere with the service. This work is largely handled by the men who patrol the toll lines and, in so far as possible, it is done before winter throws its mantle of snow and ice upon them, thereby making the work more difficult.

When it is necessary to perform this arduous task in very cold weather, the men keep a brush fire going so they can warm their hands over it occasionally, though most of them declare they become accustomed to the cold and don't mind it. One of the boys out on the Golden road, the day I visited them, responded to my query as to whether he got frightfully cold at times by saying, "Oh, we don't have any real cold weather in Colorado."

This is indeed an age of specializing and the boys who do tree trimming must be skilled in the art, or science, whichever it be, and it strikes me as a combination of both.

They view a tree in the same light the fashionable modiste views a gown, principally with regard to its lines. No matter how rich the fabric or how lovely its coloring, if the lines of a gown are not right it jars on the finer sensibilities of the modiste who really knows. And so it is with the man who knows about trees. No matter what its aristocracy, or the beauty of its foliage, if its branches are shaggy looking, drooping at bad angles—in short, if it is not properly trimmed, if its lines are bad, much of its beauty is lost to the critical eye of the tree trimmer, who scans it not only with an appreciation of

these values, but of its physical condition, its chance to stand up under rough weather.

All one need do is to note the accompanying photographs, showing how trees properly trimmed withstand the heavy snows and storms, and how the poor, neglected ones are unable to bear up under the heavy burden that settles upon their low-hanging branches, breaking and oft times stripping them down to their trunks.

When one really understands it seems almost inhuman not to protect them from the ravages of the weather in so far as is possible.

The tree trimmer, in addition to knowing how to do his work, must also know when. For instance, maples must not be trimmed from the latter part of November or first of December until the first of May, or until they leaf out; this for the good of the tree and the fact that the sap drips if they are trimmed within this period. For this reason most of the city work is done in summer and the country work in winter, as maples abound in the city.

The successful tree trimmer must also be a diplomat, of the oiliest sort, for he is one of the company's strongest assets in the matter of public relations.

Most people are very proud of their trees and prize them highly. When it comes to asking permission of the property owner to trim the trees on his land which are jeopardizing our toll service, he must approach him very carefully, especially if the man happens to be one of the world's unfortunates who hold the erroneous impression that every-

body is trying to take advantage of him.

He must not only persuade that man to let him trim his trees, but convince him that it is to his interest as well as the company's. This may sound easy, but at times it's a pretty hard job, calling for all the patience and resourcefulness a chap can muster.

Nor does his responsibility end with getting permission to trim the trees. The task is just begun. It is then up to him to see that the work is done in such a satisfactory manner as to hold the good will he has gained, thereby cementing the friendly relations so recently established and laying a firm foundation for further friendly transactions should the occasion arise.

On the other hand, should the tree trimmer be indifferent to the property owner and his interests, and make a poor job of it, that man will doubtless through the years nurse ill will toward him and the company he represents.

Mr. Johnson was telling me of a case where he asked permission to trim some trees fringing our toll lines and where the man of the ranch referred him to his wife, who announced with brutal frankness that he certainly could not trim even one of her trees, stating that the fellow who last trimmed them just about ruined them. In short she fairly ran him off the place and played an encore each time he appeared upon the scene. And each time he parked his disposition outside so there would be no chance to lose it in her presence, but no argument he was able to think up had the slightest effect upon her.

After several weeks, he called her up on

driveway to see if it proved satisfactory; the understanding being that if it did they would be permitted to go ahead and trim all the trees they wished. So he trimmed the trees along that entire driveway as a sort of peace offering just to buy her good will in order that he might trim those threatening the telephone lines.

When they had finished the job she brought out a box of cigars, which she passed among the men—and they've all been getting along happily ever since.

Another rather amusing experience Mr. Johnson related to me was about going down to Canon City to trim a row of trees which were causing interference with some of our circuits.

When he and his little group of men started to work on the trees some of the citizens objected, for it seems this row of trees was the city's pride, and little by little people continued to gather about, pointing and muttering ominously, until the tree trimmers had visions of being picked off in a citizens' target shooting contest. Still they stuck to their work giving no evidence of the fear of mob violence they silently entertained.

The crowd swelled as the job progressed and when the last tree was trimmed their efforts were rewarded by a lusty cheer from the populace. And now when these trees need trimming, if "Hugh" and his gang are not right on the job, they send for them.

A short while ago a request came from the city of Boulder asking that "Hugh" and his men come up and trim the trees around the Court House. They had made such a favor-

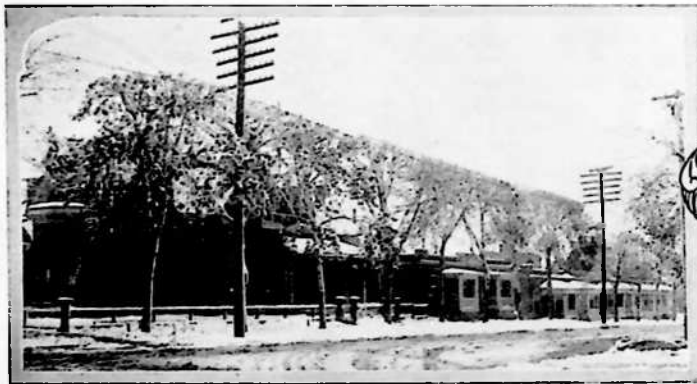
able impression through the work they had done in that city for our company that the city officials made this special request for them when these trees needed trimming. And the last I heard, the boys were planning to comply with the request.

Dean Clark, commercial manager, was telling me not long ago about a druggist out in South Denver telephoning him and saying that he had a tree that was badly in need of trimming and that having seen what wonderful work our boys did he wondered if it would be possible to get them to come out and do it. So the boys are gaining quite an enviable reputation for themselves and at the same time making a lot of good friends for the company.

Ever notice the row of perfectly trimmed trees out Federal Boulevard between Thirty-fifth and Forty-Ninth? They're well worth looking at, so if you haven't seen them, make a mental note to watch for them the next time you drive that way.

The special instances mentioned in this story are just a few of many handled by Mr. Johnson and his men, and when we stop to think of what they are doing and of the number of boys all over the division who are having similar experiences all the time, we have some appreciation of their real value not only in eliminating tree interference but in establishing good relations with the people they contact.

This doesn't really fit into the story, or at least I feel that it's of such a personal nature that perhaps I ought not to tell it, but ever since that day we rode out to see the boys



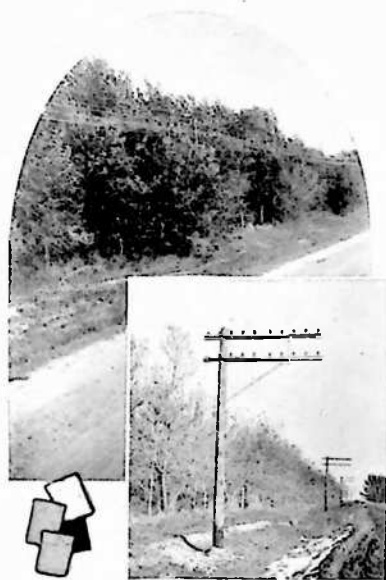
the telephone one day and said something like this: "Say, those trees along your main driveway need trimming badly: they're beautiful trees, it's a shame to neglect them and I want to come out and trim them for you." This was a new angle and from the slight hesitation at the other end of the wire he knew he at least had her interested, though not persuaded. After some little argument he succeeded in getting her to let him bring his men out and trim just one tree along the

This is a Scene of "Before and After" at Twenty-eighth and Curtis Street, Denver.



They Trim 'Em In Idaho, too

A picture story of a tree-trimming job between poles 740 and 759, three miles north of Rigby on the Idaho Falls-Ashton toll lead. This was about the worst



A Few "Before and After" Scenes on the Idaho Falls-Ashton Toll Lead

condition in Idaho. Seventy-seven large trees were growing directly under the lead, 104 grew at the side of the lead, and a solid hedge of second undergrowth was growing into the wires on the top arm between poles 742 and 756.

The owner refused permission to top his trees, but finally agreed to allow us to remove everything growing outside and

to side-trim all trees growing inside his fence line.

The poles, which were originally set along the property line inside his fence, were moved out a short distance and the trimming program carried out. The work was done by the section patrolman, assisted by the exchange force at Rigby, at a very small cost compared with an estimate of nearly twelve hundred dollars which for a long time was thought of as being a reasonable amount needed to clear up this condition.

work, and in the course of conversation Mr. Johnson recounted the incident to me, I've been turning it over in my mind and wishing there were more fathers in the world like him.

He was talking of his family, a wife to whom he is perfectly devoted and a son just at the age where he is stepping across the threshold of boyhood to manhood. He remarked that only a few nights before the son had taken his first girl to a party and of how on his way home to dinner that evening he had been thinking back to the first time he ever took a girl to a dance and of how he just drove round to a flower store and bought a nice bouquet which he took home for his son to take to the young lady.

After all, it's a simple little incident, but to me it showed more clearly than most anything else could have done, how very *human* Hugh Johnson is, and this very trait—of being human, able to put himself in the other fellow's place and understand his desires, etc., has doubtless been a paramount factor in his success in dealing with the public.

Mr. Johnson started in the telephone business August 1, 1905, in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, with the Cumberland Telephone Com-

pany. He came to our company December 28, 1907, and has since filled several positions, including that of wire chief at Fort Collins and line patrolman, in which capacity he now looks after the toll lines from here to Broomfield (Transcontinental), from Denver to Fort Lupton, and from Grand Junction to the Argentine Pass.

His assistants, to whose courage, loyalty and ability he pays the highest tribute, include: Thurston Dull (not at all what his name signifies), who has been with the company three and a half years; Albert Campbell, whose service record, with a war-time interruption, dates from the year 1918; and J. D. Shanep, who has been with the Tree Trimmers for more than three years.

While I have come to realize that tree trimming is a job requiring the efforts of virile, fearless and capable men, I also feel that there is more real romance in it than in many other phases of telephone work.

There are 4,853 miles of wire in the average sized Bell telephone central office, enough to reach from San Francisco to New York and half way back across the continent.

Watch Out for Idaho

Idaho's First Aid narrative report for the month of November shows 15 active First Aid teams in that state. About this time last year they admitted that they were good, and from all published records on First Aid and Accident Prevention it seems that they were about right. Look out for this bunch—they are out to win the company championship.



Fred P. Frasier Dies

The many friends of Fred P. Frasier will be grieved to learn of his death, which occurred at Los Angeles on December 12. Fred was a brother of G. W. Frasier, our wire chief at Greeley, Colorado, and was in the employ of this company in the plant department for a period of about six years, when he was transferred to the Western Electric Company. He later resigned, and went to California, where he became associated with a brother in the auto top business. The relatives of Mr. Frasier have the sympathy of the entire Telephone family.

Telephone Girl Montana's Beauty



Miss Mary Fogarty, Butte, Montana



Some time ago Rodolph Valentino toured the continent and selected from 88 different cities the most beautiful girl to be found. In November all these beauties went to New York, where Rodolph selected the one who, in his opinion, surpassed the rest. In Butte he selected Miss Mary Fogarty, formerly a telephone operator.

Miss Fogarty is a brunette, and was one of the four girls selected by a famous actress in New York City as the most pulchritudinous of all the 88. Valentino's final selection centered on a Canadian girl, a blonde.

Everyone who knows Miss Fogarty feels quite certain that if Rodolph hadn't a predilection for blondes she would be proclaimed the most beautiful girl in America. The rest of us, who are strictly impartial and unprejudiced, present the crown to Mary, right now.



The Village Orator

By Izzy Right

(Respectfully dedicated, with apologies, to the Minute Men of Denver)

Under a spreading chandelier

The Public Speaker stands:

A very gawky guy is he,

With large and awkward hands;

And judging from his trembling form

He needs some monkey glands.

Every gesture is mostly wrong:

His face he has to fan;

His brow is wet with beads of sweat—

He blats whate'er he can,

And looks the whole class in the face,

He fears most every man.

Day in, day out, till twelve at night,

His notes he will prepare;

Then on the fatal night leaves home

With a speech fine and rare,

Its every word is memorized—

He knows it is a bear.

His speech is full of jokes and facts.

And stories by the score,

And the words he got from Webster

Would make a wild cat roar,

So there he stands amid the gang.

Both feet stuck to the floor.

Officials coming home from lodge:

Blow in like a spring breeze;

They gaze upon a tongue-tied guy,

Legs knocking at the knees,

The only words that he can blurt

Are these: "Excuse me, please."



Toiling, studying, sorrowing,

On through the term he goes;

Each Tuesday sees some speech begun,

Each Monday sees its close.

Truly, our pal, the Minute Man,

Is full of grief and woes.

Thanks to thee, my worthy friend,

For the lesson from your plight!

If ever I prepare a speech

Supposed to be real bright,

I'll wear a nice clean shirt with cuffs,

My speech on them I'll write.

Provo, Utah, Has Promising Future

Provo, Utah, Built Upon
Faith in God and
Humanity, Says
Secretary

By E. S. Hinckley, Secretary Provo
Chamber of Commerce

Faith in God, faith in humanity, self-sustaining independence, and educational progress are the corner-stones of the foundation upon which Provo, Utah, was built. One of the early pioneers said, "We came not here in search of gold, but that we might rear a generation in righteousness before the Lord."

In the early pioneer days when the covered wagon and prairie schooner were the only methods of transportation and when the pony express was the nearest approach to radio, community independence was an absolute necessity. Nature reiterated the mandate, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Necessity, the mother of invention, rapidly replaced the mortar and pestle with flour mills, the spinning wheel, the loom and busy shuttle were early displaced by woolen mills, saw mills, foundries and machine shops, tanneries and pottery plants and all lines of manufacturing necessary to independent frontier life soon sprung into being.

Agriculture and stock raising, however, furnished the main sources of sustenance for many years. Brigham Young said to the early settlers, "Agriculture is the foundation of enduring nations—if you would build for time, you must do it with the plough and spade." When mining was mentioned to him he replied, "These rock-ribbed mountains will send forth streams of wealth, but let it come in its regular order."

In keeping with this thought, Provo was one of the early community centers around which lay the fertile lands tilled by these earnest home-builders.



Thomas F. Pierpont, President, General Manager and Owner of Provo Foundry and Machine Shops

Self-protection forced the development of community centers rather than scattered farm homes. It took years to teach the Indians that the Utah pioneers were their friends. During this period villages grew up, social, religious and educational centers were established and community welfare was the central theme. At nightfall the outlying farms were deserted and all assembled within the village walls.

With the coming of the telegraph and

railroad rapid changes took place. Early exploratory trips of the pioneers gave abundant evidence of fabulous mineral wealth. Coal, iron and copper, the three fundamental commodities upon which modern civilization is built and is now dependent, are chief among Utah's assets.

The great iron deposits of Iron County attracted the attention of the early settlers, and many, many attempts to put the ore to commercial use failed, due to

lack of facilities. The West is now a rapidly growing empire. The opening of the Panama Canal destroyed the long railroad haul and made reconstruction in transportation and new industrial development in the West a necessity.

The coming of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad in 1881 marked the beginning of the opening of the rich coal fields in Carbon County. Many millions of tons of coal have been shipped from these wonderful deposits. It is estimated by members of the U. S. Geological Survey that there is enough coal in Utah to fire the furnaces of the world for a thousand years.

Fortunately Provo is at the junction of transportation of coal and iron. The coal is handled by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and the iron ore by the Salt Lake & Los Angeles branch of the Union Pacific Railroad. In a word, Provo is at the very heart of the undeveloped wealth of the Rockies. Within a radius of 40 miles southwest lies the Tintic Mining District, which has produced \$300,000,000 in silver and lead; Park City, northeast, has produced \$350,000,000, and Bingham, northwest,

over \$500,000,000 in copper, and these mining districts are in their infancy.

Extend the radius 100 miles and you enclose within your circle one of the richest coal districts in America, more claterite, gilsonite and asphaltum than on any other portion of the continent, and oil shale containing sufficient oil to supply the world for 200 years, and the largest clear salt deposit yet discovered; Iron Mountain, 150 miles to the south, is one of the very extensive high-grade iron deposits of the world. All these natural products and others too numerous to mention will find their natural point of manufacturing and shipment in the vicinity of Provo.

The dawn of a new day is upon us. The Columbia Steel Corporation, after extensive, careful surveys, chose Provo as the place to bring together the coal and iron from their great deposits and develop the "Pittsburgh" of the West.

Chief among the ardent workers to bring this great basic industry to our doors is our own aggressive, progressive townsman, Thomas F. Pierpont. He laid aside the mantle of his own business and for months devoted his time and money to secure this great industry for Utah

County. We are glad to recognize him as the "Go-Getter" of Utah County.

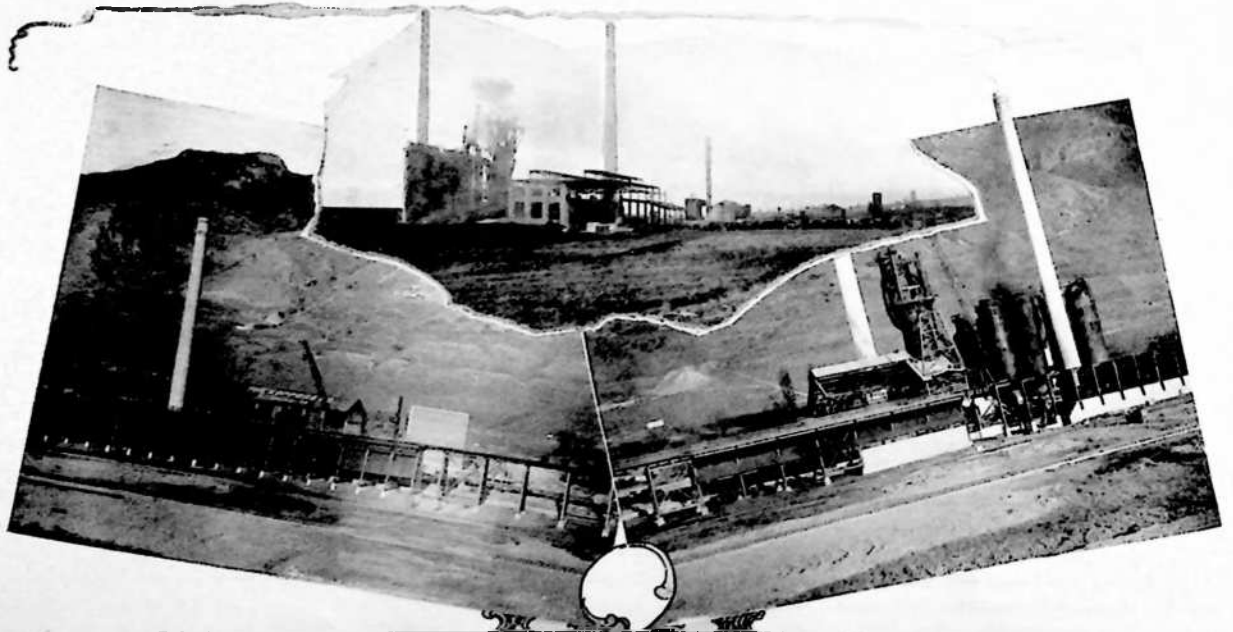
The first unit of the Columbia Steel Corporation's plant is rapidly moving toward completion. We are told by officials that by April of 1924 the by-product coke ovens will deliver coke and the blast furnace be fired.

Already splendid industrial plants are being established in Provo. The National Pump Company, with Mr. H. O. Jackson, inventor and general manager, is the first to take advantage of the great opportunities to be offered and is now just completing its initial plant. In this plant will be manufactured the most unique pumps yet conceived in the human mind. This plant will be in operation early in January, 1924.

The Republican Creosote Company of Detroit, Michigan, is preparing to take over the entire output of coal tar and will build a refining plant.

Numerous other concerns have made careful surveys and now only await the progress of the initial plant to pass the experimental stage.

In the meantime, to keep pace with this progressive movement, the Utah Power & Light Company has extended



Views of the Provo Foundry and Machine Shops



Price, Utah, Telephone Building, and View of Operating Room

Eastern Utah Telephone Company

Price! "Price!" you repeat. Oh, perhaps you have not heard of us before, but nevertheless we are very much alive, and we are glad for this opportunity to tell the readers of THE MONITOR something about our company and territory.

Due to the fact that this part of the state of Utah is becoming more important all the time, we feel that members of our telephone family at least should be made acquainted with conditions here.

a 40,000-volt line to coal property of the Columbia Steel Corporation and has in every way provided amply for the influx of industrial and commercial development. In all, this company has extended its lines and made improvements approximating one-half million dollars expenditure.

We must not forget, also, that the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, under the local supervision of our own genial "Uncle Sam" Jones, has been alert to the forward movements of our community.

We are sure that our telephone service from standpoint of equipment, is equal to the best, and from our local officials and operators we are accorded all the courtesy and consideration consistent with good business. We feel that we have

By J. Rex Miller, Manager, Price, Utah

Although classed as an independent company, we consider ourselves part of the great Bell System, and we look forward to each issue of THE MONITOR with enthusiasm and interest.

The Eastern Utah Telephone Company was organized in 1905 by local people, who interested the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company in building a line from Spanish Forks to Price. Starting with a few subscri-

ers and a few miles of toll lines, the system has grown until at present it has approximately 400 miles of toll circuits and 1,000 stations.

Three physical circuits and a phantom connect this company with the Bell System, two circuits terminating at Provo and two at Salt Lake City.

Price, with a population of 3,500 people, is the headquarters of the company, and is the county seat of Carbon County. It is surrounded by 25 operating coal camps and is the distributing point for three adjoining counties. Situated as it is, the city is fast becoming a commercial center of importance, and due to the fact that all telephone messages to and from this territory must come through the Price toll board, the traffic is at times very heavy, an average of 250 tickets per day being completed, besides through switches to other stations being handled. For some time Price has been under M. S. T. & T. supervision as a toll center, and inter-company business is handled by the Eastern Utah Telephone Company on a commission basis.

The central office equipment in use at Price at the present time consists of five No. 105 Western Electric magneto switchboards, three positions being used for toll and two for local. The local boards contain 360 lines and take care of 550 subscribers. Both local and toll boards are equipped with self-restoring jacks and signals of the "bulls-eye" type.

Helper, the second city of importance in the territory, is connected with Price by six trunk lines. It is a toll center for the Eastern Utah Telephone Company business and is a switch-

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“Other Things to Think About”

Canon City, Colo.,
December 11, 1923.

EDITOR MONITOR: Herewith is a group picture of my Sunday School class, of which I am very proud, and I will thank you to put it in *THE MONITOR* some time at your convenience.

I appreciate the fact, of course, that

ing point for toll lines serving ten coal companies. Two No. 1220 Western Electric magneto switchboards equipped with 150 lines take care of 225 stations at this point, and as high as 200 toll tickets per day are completed.

Scofield, the third exchange, has over 100 subscribers connected to a small 50-line board, but is none the less important to the system as a switching point for lines extending to several coal camps.

In addition to the three exchanges mentioned, 125 toll stations are connected with the lines of the company throughout the territory, which makes it possible to reach any town in Carbon and Emery counties by telephone.

We trust the above will give our fellow workers somewhat of an idea of our company, and we invite you all to pay us a visit in order that we may become better acquainted.



The full capacity brain is the one that helps a man to advance, not the part-time brain.

New York City has over five times as many telephones as all of Russia, and nearly twice as many as the whole of France.

THE MONITOR is only for the benefit of the employees of the Mountain States Telephone Company, but I was just wondering if we could not devote a little space to “Other Good Things to Think About.” This picture is a close-up of the “T. N. T.” class of the Christian Church in Canon City, and this class is the largest one in town. I have about eighty boys and girls enrolled now, and

we are growing in numbers every week. These lively young people sure make it interesting for me, and I’ll say I have to “go some” to keep them interested every Sunday morning. I am extremely proud of these young followers of Christ, and I would just like to have you look them over. Respectfully yours,

LEE M. PASCHALL,
Manager.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company

Office of the President

Effective January 1, 1924, Mr. H. E. McAfee is appointed Vice-President in charge of operations, reporting to the President.

Mr. E. M. Burgess will continue as Vice-President, to handle such matters as may be assigned to him by the President.

Mr. Burgess, who has served this Company faithfully and well for more than forty-two years, is relieved of the very arduous duties of the Operating Department at his own request.

Denver, Colorado,
December 31, 1923.

The Church of My Childhood

On the back cover page of this issue of *THE MONITOR* is a poem, entitled “The Church of My Childhood.” This poem was written after its author had enjoyed a “heart-to-heart” visit with President Ben S. Read, who talked of the days of his childhood, and of the little

frame church in the quaint old town of his birth. There are thousands of other people who, in the silent moments of retrospection, dream of other days. Maybe there is something in this simple, yet heart-touching reverie, that will please others than our president. If so, its author will be manifoldly rewarded.

Darby Hix Tells His Favorite One

Dear Ed: Well, Ed., Anniebelle—that's my wife—has broke loose, and I ain't had the heart or nothing to slip you any hot stuff, but at that Ed., when it comes to this humorous stuff I ain't got a thing on Irvin Cobb, or Octavio Roy. You know Ed., my writin' is just like womens styles; it changes with the seasons.

For instants Ed. Old Irv has been

runnin' an' gettin' away with what he smirkingly calls "My Favorite Stories."

Well, Ed., Irvin ain't the only one what's got some favorite stories. I has a few of my own, but then I don't tell 'em at home unless Anniebelle is absent, and it wouldn't do to tell 'em at the office.

However, Ed., I has a good one I wants to spring on some of our somewhat

co-operators (this being the co-operative age).

You sec, Ed., it's like this. (This is really funny Ed.)

This is one of my favorite stories, Ed. Rastus Nunn was hoppin' bells to beat all get out at Hotel de Box Car.

Presently (you may have heard this one) the bell rang and what it took for Rastus Nunn to get up to the ninetenth floor he didn't have nothin' else except (to use one of Roy Octavia's preferred). Arriving at room nineteen on the nineteenth floor, Rastus Nunn rapped on the door so indiscreetly that one scarce could hear it. Seeing no one present and thinkin' that he might have been fooled with, Rastus Nunn opened the bathroom door (here's the funny part Ed).

Well, to make a short story long Ed., Rastus Nunn surprised a lady in the bathtub (or was it a shower?).

"Pardon me, suh," angled Rastus Nunn, backin' clear out into the hallway.

By some good fortune or other Ed., the elevator was at that floor as Rastus Nunn staggered into it. As said elevator dibbed (apologies to Will Irwin) downward the boy on the elevator said:

"Bells, whar is you-all goin' at?"

"Goin' at nothin'!" said Rastus Nunn. "Ax me, nigger, whar I'se from."

"Well, black boy, whar is you from?" asked the elevator boy, whose name was Alexander Johnston Barnett.

"You-all jes' ax de lady in ninetēn on de nineteenth," replied Rastus Nunn, "an' as I passes de check-stan' tell de captain dat Rastus 'Diplomat' Nunn wants his pay.

Well, that's my favorite story Ed., or rather one of 'em, but I've got several in mind that would sound good over at the Big Kid's.

As the Ocean said to the whale Ed., Do Drop In.

Favoritely yourn,

DARBY HIX.



"Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship."—Benj. Franklin.

THE BELL SYSTEM FLAG

R. G. Samuels

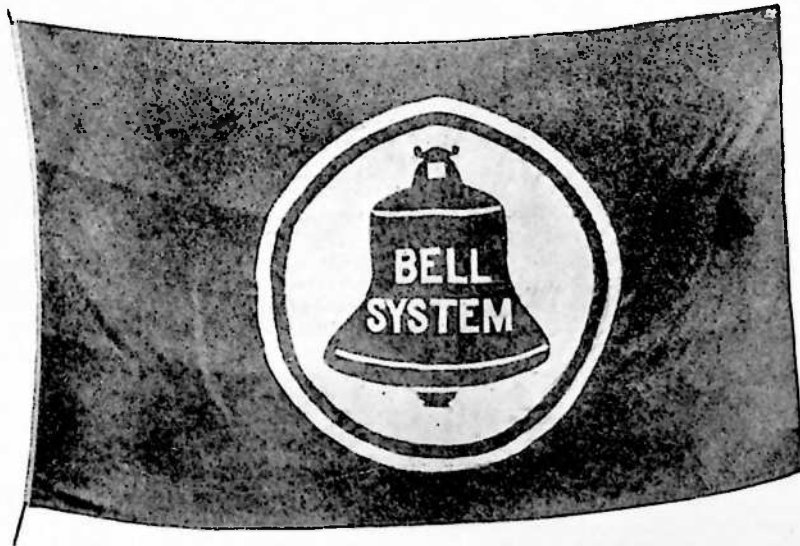
The blue and white flag on the mast has been adopted for all Bell-owned buildings throughout the country.

In terms of "blazonry," the art of describing heraldic devices, the colors of the flag are "azure" and "argent." The design comprises:

A blue (azure) "field," or background.

Two white (argent) discs, the smaller of

sun, and the other of the moon. Their placement on the azure field would thus symbolize a continuous service, by day and night. The nature of such service is suggested by the centered representation of a bell, symbolical of the sending forth of greetings, warnings and other messages. Of course, the bell also memorializes the name of the inventor of the telephone, as does the first word of the inscription,



which, as indicated by its blue border or "fimbriation," is superimposed on the other.

A blue representation of a bell.

The inscription BELL SYSTEM in white letters.

This design, which has been used for many years throughout the Bell System as a seal or trademark, can be given an interesting heraldic interpretation. The larger of the two white discs may be considered as emblematic of the

BELL. The second word of the inscription, SYSTEM, indicates the co-ordination of the organization—"an orderly arrangement of parts into a whole." The blue and white may be accepted, in blazonry, as indicative of high purpose. Thus, the Bell System flag is symbolical of a high resolve to render to the public through our communication system, by the combined efforts of the entire personnel and at all times, a Universal Service.



more power to you, "Barney"—keep up the good work, only don't drive so fast.

S. S. Elder, five years' service. Sam has a much longer record, but decided to become a farmer in 1918, and stayed away long enough to break his record. We were sorry to lose him, but were glad to have him back. Sam works the depot route, gets along with every-

These are the Boys Who Do the Repairing in Denver

Repairmen

C. W. Nitschke, Denver plant superintendent, was asked to give to our readers "something about the repair men." A few days later Charley was taken to the hospital for a serious operation. The following notes were found on his office desk, and they are given just as he wrote them:

You will note by the pictures that there are twelve repairmen in the Main, Champa and Gallup exchanges, maintaining 38,000 local

telephones as well as suburban and toll troubles. The twelve repairmen maintain 515 of the 561 private branch exchanges in the city of Denver over an area of 21 square miles; 109 miles of aerial cable and 80 miles of underground cables. The 12 men represent a continuous service record totaling 200 years.

F. S. Philo has 36 years, 22 of which have been spent repairing telephones, and, to put it in his own words, he has walked 70,000 miles, or nearly three times around the world, in the 22 years he has been a repairman. Mr. Philo may be old in service, but he is the youngest "old man" one ever met, and I hope he will continue to "shoot bugs" for another 22 years.

C. W. Tuttle has 23 years of service, outside of seven years spent as a toll line repairman. Mr. Tuttle has been a repairman in the Main and Gallup offices. A mighty good telephone man—a good disposition. Stay with the boat, Charley, we are glad to have you.

J. H. Morter has a record of 19 years. John spent six years at the Gallup exchange and made such a record we had to bring him down to the city to help in the mad rush. "Nothing is too hard for him to tackle"—when you want a good job done, send John.

Maurice Trainor, 18 years' service. The North Side P. B. X. or Gallup exchange repairman (nicknamed Barney) drives a Lincoln Junior with a gear shift—goes around corners on two wheels. He seems to be afraid the trouble will "clear up" before he gets there. Can work any place you put him, inside or out, and do a darn good job at either place. Knows how to save his money, and will dabble in real estate or any good investment. A little

body, and does a fine job of repairing trouble; knows all of the police department by their first names (including the chief)—you never can tell, you might get arrested for speeding yourself.

L. A. Jones, 21 years' service. Fifteen years spent with the Bell of Wisconsin and six years with our company. A very efficient outside and inside repairman, loves to work, always thinking of new schemes and inventing new ideas to make his work and fellow workmen's work easier. At present he is special P. B. X. inspector, and it is through his efforts our present standing on P. B. X.'s is so high.

Thomas Gleason, 19 years of service. He started in as messenger boy for Roderick Reid, general auditor. Was an installer before becoming a repairman. He doesn't say much, but thinks a lot. A careful workman and auto driver. Is so interested in telephone work, spends two nights a week with the Gallup night switchboard man. Has always been a student of telephone work, and was one of Mr. Bonney's best students when his courses were issued. "Tom," we like you a lot—keep up the good work.

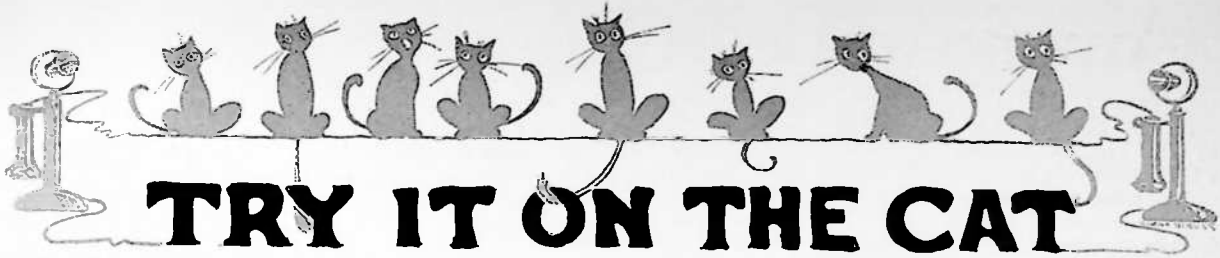
C. J. Silva, 23 years' service. A very likeable person—knows as many people in Denver as Bill Lamping. When he walks into your office you feel good "all over." As a telephone man they don't make them any better. Has worked on every route in the Main district and has done excellent jobs on each. Clarence, wish we all had your sunny disposition.

A. E. Wells, 14 years' service. Has been a repairman about two years. The harder they come, the better he likes it—wants to get all



L. A. Jones, Who Was Out on a Job and Could Not Get In for the Group Picture





By H.E. Cushman

Tom Tucker was really above the average intelligence for a cat because of his years of training and close association with a family that treated him as they would a human instead of as an animal. He easily learned the simple trick of jumping through one's arms, and playing hide and go seek and would carry light packages in his mouth as will a dog.

The telephone always interested Tom and its ringing greatly distressed him if we did not

answer it at once. Often he would come to us if we were in another room and speaking run back into the living room, where the telephone was located.

Tom Tucker's master happened to be a jeweler so at Christmas time the entire family turned to and helped clerk. This left Tom to follow his own resources. Being a great pet of the entire neighborhood it was not hard for him to find a warm hearth fire to

curl up in front of. In fact whenever he was scolded at home Tom always hiked for the neighbors because they would pamper him. Over-stuffed rockers were none too good at the neighbors while at home he had to sit on his little cushion.

One particular night during the holiday season, the Cushmans did not get home until nearly midnight. A severe storm was raging while the mercury had dropped below zero. Hardly had the family entered the house when the telephone rang. It was a neighbor a block away. It appeared that Tom was there, had been all day and when they were ready to retire the neighbor man had put Tom out. But Tom on coming home and finding no one there he had returned to the neighbors.

"Put him out," said Mrs. Cushman.

"No," said the neighbor. "We have and he does not realize that you are home and so comes right back."

There was a silence. Both women were thinking. Neither wished to make a trip in the storm for a cat.

"I tell you," said the neighbor, "I will hold him up to the phone and you call him!"

"Why, how foolish," said his mistress, "You accredit him with more sense than even we do. He could not possibly understand."

"Well, it won't hurt to try," said the neighbor a bit grieved.

"Very well, we will try," answered Mrs. C. very skeptically.

So the cat was held up to the phone with the receiver to his ear.

"Tom Tucker, come home," said Mrs. Cushman.

Tom Tucker wriggled.

"I'll let him out now," said the neighbor, "And you call as soon as he gets home."

In no more time than it would take for an animal to run very fast, Tom Tucker was scratching on the front of his own house.

That's a good cat story some will say. Yet it is true. He was not an ordinary cat but one trained to understand simple sentences. The simple sentence coupled with the life-like reproduction of the human voice over the telephone became a command from his mistress to Tom which he must obey at once.

the knowledge he can in the least possible time. Was with Mr. Tucker in the directory department for a good many years. Sorry we did not get you ten years ago, "Al."

C. I. Phillips, two years' service. Came to us during the 50-G episode about a year ago and did such good work we wouldn't let him get away. Wish you could hear Charlie laugh—one of those fellows who drives the grouch away. You are made of the right stuff, Charlie—keep fighting.

L. I. Myers, nine years' service. Now at the Gallup exchange; has only been with us this

time for a few months. Has worked in Montana for the past five years. Glad to have you with us again, Myers.

A. J. Stein, 11 years' service. Is starting in to be a repairman after being on the outside for 10 years. We are all watching and pulling for you, Jack, and so far some mighty good reports have come in—keep up the good work.

Now, you have the history of the repairmen in the Main and Gallup offices, and I defy anyone to say anything against them—they are the best bunch of repairmen in the telephone game, and I don't mean "maybe."



Interior View of Repairman's Kit

American Bell Club Elects Officers

The American Bell Club of Denver held its fourth annual election, supplemented with a big turkey dinner, in the D. and F. tower dining parlors on the evening of December 12; there being more than 200 present. The following members were elected as directors for the ensuing year:

E. L. Holden, vice-president's office.

H. F. Hansen, general plant.

W. T. Lee, Colorado plant.

Sandy McDougal, A. T. & T. Co.

E. J. Moessner, Western Electric.

F. E. Rominger, Denver plant.

P. E. Remington, general accounting.

H. E. Stubbs, general accounting.

A. U. Mayfield, editor of THE MONITOR and everybody's department.

Owing to the illness of C. W. Nitschke, retiring president of the club, Ralph R. Burgess presided at the convention. Mr. Burgess made a verbal report of the activities of the club during the past year, showing that the board of directors, by the aid of various committees and members, had been able to accomplish much in the way of stimulating a concerted interest in the club.

C. C. Kinney, retiring secretary, reported that eight different entertainments had been given during the year; that the average attendance at all meetings had been 150, and that the treasury was in a healthy condition.

J. A. Miller, treasurer, had experienced some little difficulty in collecting dues here and there, but he was happy to say that there is money in the coffers of the organization at the close of the year.

Following the reading of the reports Mr. Burgess called upon President Ben S. Read for a talk.

"I will probably make the only serious talk delivered here tonight," said Mr. Read, as he surveyed the many evidences of frivolity and campaign horse-play which he knew must soon follow, "and I do want to be serious when I call your attention to the great importance of co-operation and concerted action if you wish to maintain a club of this kind; and, let us not treat too lightly the importance of the American Bell club in making for better achievements in the telephone business. The board of directors, no matter how competent they may be to perform their duties as such cannot within themselves make a club. The unified interest and enthusiasm of the members as a whole make or break an organization of this nature. I feel that you all are going to get behind the new board and make the coming year a big success.

"The A. B. club is the liveliest and best organization of telephone men I have ever belonged to. In a club of this kind there is a personal relationship of every man to every

other man which means much to all of us.

"Tonight, as I look about me my heart is sad because I see three vacant chairs—and those who occupied them in this room last year can never again come among us. One member in particular, because I knew him best, has left a vacancy among us that will be felt so long as we live. I refer to Walter F. Brown. And I cannot help but feel that from some where, some place, Walter is with us in spirit tonight and is looking down upon this meeting and wishing for us great joys and brotherly love. There is nothing more inspiring to others in a man's life than that he always did the best he could. Walter Brown's life was always one of sunshine and inspiration."

President Read closed with a hearty expression of Christmas spirit for all.

Then began the flamiferous campaign oratory from the cormorants, and as they spake and still spake, the words of President Read that his would probably be the only serious expression were more forcibly understood.

The election was then turned over to the election commission, with Dean D. Clark as chairman. Assuming all the dignity of a genuine commissioner Dean stated that justice had taken up its abode in the councils of the august body and that anyone who contradicted him would be shot. He then introduced his co-workers beginning with Howard T. Vail and ending with Sir Albert Mix, interspersing his remarks with Martyn R. Caldwell and A. W. Milligan, who, with himself, constituted the commission.

There were three tickets in the field—and one outside looking in. The "A" ticket was managed by one O. L. Leonard. He was given fifteen minutes in which to make a plea to the incredulous voters. He assumed the posture of the old-time campaign spell-binder, silk hat and all, and promised everything from the top story of the courthouse to the fetlocks on the hind leg of a kangaroo. When he sat down everybody was pleased. We know this, because they all applauded.

Then came one Joseph Everlasting Moorhead, espousing the various "uses of the "B" ticket. The MONITOR dictionary hasn't an adequate vocabulary to even give to the readers a start on the flow of combustible incongruities belched upon the unsuspecting public. All during his inflammation there were cries of "Hot dog!" "Kiss me, Brutus!" "Bravado!" "Drown him!" and other appropriate expressions of the iniquity of the populace. He sat down feeling that his efforts had been in vain and wondering if the candidates on the "B" ticket would pay him for his work.

Next came the "C" ticket, whose banner

was raised high by Campaign Manager A. R. Grosheider. In opening his battery Grosheider swelled up like a poisoned pup and exclaimed: "I appeal to the intelligent voters—"

"He just went out," piped a voice.

After the other voters had subsided, the campaigner continued. He exhibited tokens that had been presented to his candidates for their respective accomplishments. One had been given an iron cross because of his sterling qualities as a beer tester—in other days. One had been given a hangman's noose for obvious reasons; another a piece of wood, emblematic of the brain cells of the campaign manager.

The sigh of relief when Grosheider sat down was refreshing—but not for long. The battle was not yet ended. A dark horse "no bigger than Tiny Davis' hand" loomed out of the fog. Elmer R. Brock, of the legal department, grabbed the equine by the tail and floundered it around for what seemed eons of time. Then the colt came forth. It was labeled "Independent." He told all the bad truths about the other candidates he could think of, and then plead until he was cross-eyed for support of his ticket, which was made up of the four election commissioners, the three campaign managers, and two other human beings. As each candidate was introduced he promptly declined to run against certain defeat. Thus ended the reading of the fourth and last chapter, and the balloting resulted as stated above.

The A. B. club had rounded out its third year.



Appendicitis

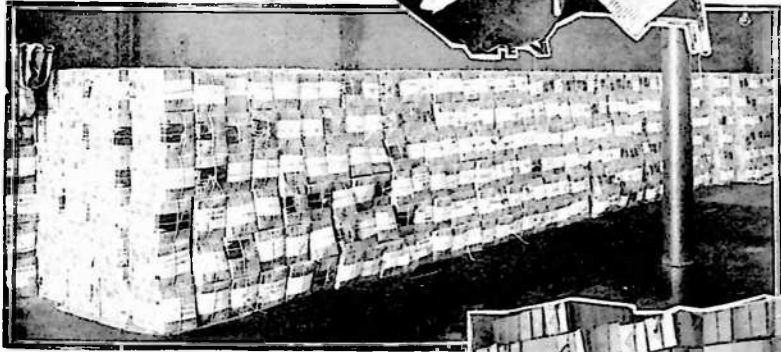
R. W. Walker, manager for our company at Mesa, Colorado, was stricken with appendicitis, on Saturday, December 8, and was removed to St. Mary's Hospital at Grand Junction, where he underwent an operation. Mr. Walker is getting along very nicely, and his speedy recovery, which is the earnest wish of all his friends, is now assured.



Mrs. Andre Passes Away

Everyone who knows "Fred" Andre—and that includes nearly all Denver telephone people and some in other places—feels a deep sympathy for him in the loss of his wife, Mrs. Elsie C. Andre, who passed away recently at their home, 3138 Humboldt Street, Denver. She was a patient sufferer for some months. Mrs. Andre leaves, besides her husband, a young son.

Fred was kindly remembered in his sorrow by a large number of telephone friends, who made beautiful floral offerings.



Denver Telephone Directories

Here is the fall and winter issue of the Denver Telephone Directory for 1923-24—seventy thousand books.

Count 'em and see.

There are approximately thirty-five tons of paper in this issue, and it is no small job to get the books promptly into the hands of the individual subscribers.

Previous to the delivery, the directory department prepares a set of tags, each bearing the name, address and telephone number of a subscriber, and the number of books to which he is entitled.

These tags, numbering about 60,000,

are then arranged according to street addresses (or office numbers in buildings), and are then strung on rings, about forty cards to a ring.

These rings are then turned over to the American District Telegraph Company, which has handled the directory delivery for a number of years.

In the downtown district about forty men, carrying books in sacks, make the delivery.

The carrier takes a ring of tags and enough books in his sack to cover the route, and delivers the books in accord-

ance with the addresses on the tags, taking, whenever possible, an old book in exchange for each new one given out.

For the residential district and outskirts of the city, about thirty-five automobiles are used, the drivers, with helpers, delivering the books to subscribers and taking up the old books.

Ordinarily it takes between three and four days to complete the delivery, but, owing to ideal weather conditions during the third week of November, this par-

ticular issue was delivered in about two and one-half days, only a few subscribers living in remote or less accessible locations having to wait until the third day.

Of course, it is not always possible to get the old books, as people may be away from home, or offices may be closed, but usually about 75 per cent of the old books are picked up by the carriers.

These old books are sold as waste paper.



The city of Chicago has almost twice as many telephones as the entire continent of South America.

THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

Published monthly in the interest of the employes of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Denver, Colorado.

Ben S. Read.....President
 E. M. Burgess.....Vice-President
 H. E. McAfee.....Vice-President
 Milton Smith, Vice-Pres. and Gen'l Counsel
 J. E. Macdonald.....Secretary-Treasurer
 Roderick Reid.....General Auditor
 G. E. McCarn.....Chief Engineer
 R. M. Morris.....Gen'l Commercial Manager
 N. O. Pierce.....General Plant Manager
 F. P. Ogden.....General Traffic Manager
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 J. E. Moorhead.....Asst. Publicity Manager
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 R. F. Brink.....Phoenix

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 Employes

Vol. XIX

No. 1

JANUARY, 1924

The New Year

Standing at the front gateway of the year 1924, waiting for the New Year bells to ring out, and the gate to swing open, we have much to be thankful for during the year that is closing and much to hope for in the year to come.

Our country stands at the head of all in prosperity and happiness. The homes of our land were never so well supplied with not only necessities but with articles that only a few years ago were considered as luxuries. And that not alone in the homes of the rich but in those of medium circumstances. The modest bungalow, equipped with electrical and labor-saving devices, has its instrument from which come the voices of high-priced opera singers, and the back yard contains a garage.

It is human nature never to be satisfied, and that is well, for to be satisfied would be an end of ambition and endeavor. And so we want more and ever more of the good things of life, and are willing to put forth our best efforts to get the means to obtain them. And that

is all right, if in building our resources and bank accounts, we do not forget to build character as well.

When we have made the journey from the front to the rear gate of 1924, and it in turn is closed, let it be on a year of upbuilding in every way; a year that will find us stronger in love and faith—stronger in our forbearance, stronger in our stand for everything that is good and right.

Material blessings are splendid and not to be despised by anyone, if they do not make us soft and selfish. And they will not if we keep ever in our hearts the spirit of the Giver of all good and perfect gifts.

When Wishes Come True

J. A. Davenport, Payette, Idaho

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in thy flight,

Make me a child again, just for tonight.

I dare say we all at one time or another have wished we were a child again. I expect the most of us have wished we could have another trial at life. If we could only start in again, how different we would be. There are so many things we would do that we haven't done in the one trial God has given us.

I have thought of these things, haven't you?

But why think of the failures and misfortunes of the past, and wish for another trial, when the glorious, unseen future spreads out before us like the movie upon the screen. We watch the movie with breathless suspense when we see the hero facing almost certain death, and it seems there is no escape for him. But we hope and feel that the author of the play has arranged that no harm shall come to him.

The Author of our existence has arranged that we, too, will come out triumphant in the end if we will only apply ourselves. If we cannot forget the past and continually wish for another opportunity, we are failing each and every day. Plan one, two, three years ahead and execute the plans, then wishes will come true. Action is what counts. Action will make wishes come true. Plan what you want to be, and want to have

five years hence, then *be it and have it*. Profit by the failures of the past so you may improve in the future.

Some of us, I know, wish we had taken out company stock five years ago—it would be ours now. Are you still wishing? If so, put the wish into action and in about thirty-two months the wish will come true. Perhaps you have wished for a better job. Most of us have. Get into action and I dare say the wish will come true. You may think: I am too old to begin now—if I were just younger. Some of our most successful business men never began to forge ahead until after forty. Don't lament about the failures of the past and wish for another chance, but wish all you may in the future, then plan accordingly and get into action.

THEN WISHES WILL COME TRUE.

Not for Sale

The world today is looking for men who are not for sale; men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core; men with consciences as steady as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels; men who can tell the truth and look the world right in the eye; men who neither brag nor run, men who neither fling nor flinch; men who can have courage without shouting about it; men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong; men who know their message and tell it; men who know their place and fill it; men who know their business and attend to it; men who will not lie, shirk or dodge; men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor; men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for; men who are not ashamed to say "No" with emphasis and who are not ashamed to say, "I can't afford it."—*Selected*.

The city of Montreal, which in 1880 had less than 200 telephones, now has 100,000 telephones in service.

The officials of a Wisconsin company publicly appeal to hunters not to shoot the insulators off the telephone poles of that company.

Why I Am Glad I Work for the Telephone Company

By Margaret Hepburn, Denver

I can think of no better way to begin the New Year than by summing up just the reasons why I am glad I work for the Telephone Company. It is really difficult to write the many things there are that appeal to me.

The Employees' Benefit means a very great deal to the employee, for when illness and misfortune befalls him he is given medical attention and financial assistance commensurate to his length of service in the Company.

The value of savings is enhanced by the stock one is privileged to buy and pay for with so little real inconvenience to the employee.

The pension alleviates the dread fear of the twilight hours of our old age.

Surely there is no more beautiful thing in this wide world of ours than Service. Service Pins, Five, Ten, Fifteen, Twenty—they spell faithfulness, earnestness, experience and endeavor. I would rather possess one, plain though its design may be, than a meaningless

pin encrusted with pearls or diamonds.

The working conditions are ideal, the environment pleasant and the friends one makes in the Telephone Company are loyal, steadfast friends.

Vacations to relieve one's mind of the routine of office are a source of joyful anticipation.

Picnics, lectures, conferences—they all are fine and serve to interest one in his work.

With the beautiful memory of the Christmas Party still gladdening my heart, I can but say how glad I am that I am glad, and I pray that this same gladness may be in the hearts of all those

connected with this company, and that the New Year may bring to them that peace and contentment which the world can neither give nor take away.

△ △

Appreciates The Monitor

Mrs. S. F. Poff, writing from Eureka, California, to a Denver friend, extends her kind regards to any old Mountain States friends who may remember the Poffs, and then says: "Please tell our editor of THE MONITOR how much I enjoy reading 't. THE MONITOR means a very great deal to me, and the articles appearing so often with pictures of old friends are always of great interest to me."

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Why does a fellow's nose always itch when his fingers get greasy?

RENDERING PRICELESS SERVICE

Despite fire or storm or flood, a telephone operator sticks to her switchboard. A lineman risks life and limb that his wires may continue to vibrate with messages of business or social life. Other telephone employees forego comfort and even sacrifice health that the job may not be slighted.

daily business and in emergencies, seldom realizing what it receives in human devotion to duty and what vast resources are drawn upon to restore service.

It is right that the public receive this type of telephone service, that it should expect the employment of every practical improvement in the art, and

Philosophy of a Plain Man

L. A. M.

I'm just a simple, natural man,
And, like my dad before me,
I live as plainly as I can;
A faster life would bore me.
'Twas good enough for him; I choose
To make his creed my own.
And so, not having one, I use
My neighbor's telephone.

I loathe the trend of modern thought,
And ev'ry new invention
That impious vandal hands have wrought
Just fills me with dissension!
New-fangled foibles pass me by—
I scorn them all: and so,
Whene'er I feel the need, I try
My neighbor's radio.

The comforts Dad enjoyed were few,
And yet, I'll stand or fall
By them—why bother with the new?
My neighbor has 'em all!

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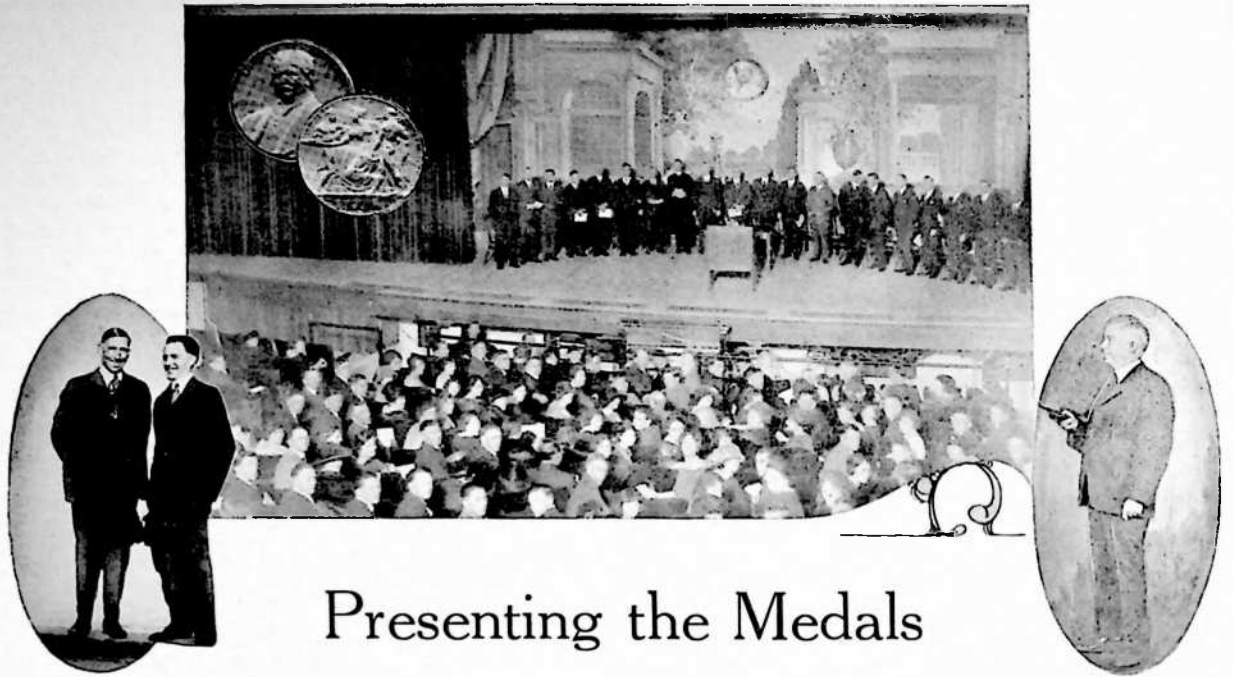
The Hawthorne works of the Western Electric Company at Chicago is now the largest manufacturing plant in Illinois, employing 33,700 men and women, which is about 5 per cent of the total working force of Chicago.



True, the opportunity for these extremes of service has come to comparatively few; but they indicate the devotion to duty that prevails among the quarter-million telephone workers.

The mass of people called the public has come to take this type of service for granted and to use the telephone in its

should insist upon progress that keeps ahead of demand. Telephone users realize that dollars can never measure the value of many of their telephone calls. The public wants the service, and, if it stops to think, cheerfully pays the moderate cost.



Presenting the Medals

Presenting the Theodore N. Vail gold medals to Harold Cromwell Daggett and Earl Jay Taylor, at Cheyenne, Wyoming, on the night of December 15, was the culmination of a series of events that have made history in the telephone world during the past twelve months. No single act of loyalty to public service, and personal sacrifice and devotion to a fellowman has found place in the annals of history in many decades, if ever.

The story has been told, and retold, of the unwavering loyalty of these two Mountain States Telephone men. While this almost supreme effort was being made in the interest of the public to restore telephone service after the devastating blizzard of the plains had laid waste miles and miles of the transcontinental lines, the thousands and tens of thousands of anxious people who were waiting for election returns knew not that two men were offering their lives upon the altar of public service in their behalf. They only knew they were happy when the word came:

"The service has been restored."

So, it was fitting and proper that the telephone men and women who knew these men best, together with friends in Cheyenne and Wyoming, should gather to pay a brief testimonial of appreciation. The ceremonies attending the presentation of the gold medals were modest and unassuming—no display of hilarity; no jesting. It was a solemn matter. Had not these men plunged into the very jaws of death that others might be served!

C. L. Titus, Wyoming manager, presided at the meeting. Bishop P. A. McGovern in-

voked Divine blessings upon "the men of the hour," and upon all those who serve in the interest of God and humanity.

In calling the meeting to order Mr. Titus, in a plain and earnest manner, said:

"Harold and Earl, through your exerted efforts to serve your company and fellowmen, you have made it possible for Cheyenne and Wyoming to stand out in prominence in the entire United States in the telephone world. Your sacrifice of self before service and your love for your fellowmen have made it possible and this is the cause of this gathering of your friends to witness the presentation to you, not only the Vail medal and money consideration, but we are gathered here for the purpose of also expressing our love and good will and admiration for the heroic deeds you have accomplished in the performance of what you have considered your daily duty. I am proud to greet you on this occasion as are all the rest of your friends and this organization."

Judge Roderick N. Matson, of Cheyenne, paid a fine tribute to the "heros of the storm." His talk, so full of earnestness and good thought, follows:

"I feel highly complimented to have been accorded a place on this program. This is an event of great local significance. Indeed, it is a national, aye, even an international event. I join in the hearty welcome to those who have come from other communities and states to participate in this celebration. There are, however, other speakers who will discuss in detail the cause of this meeting, and I shall endeavor to avoid trespassing upon their field.

Left—Taylor and Daggett; Right—President Read Presenting Vail Medal; Above—Flashlight of Stage and Auditorium During Presentation of Medals.

"The word 'service' has assumed an added dignity and popularity since the war. People have come to realize that there is nothing more noble in life than to serve.

"The 'spirit' of service means the life of service; its ardor; its reality; its soul. It means fidelity in the line of endeavor in which one is engaged; loyalty to those whom we serve.

"Every form of service has its relation to the public. No man may live wholly unto himself. An employer serves his employees no less than they serve him. No satisfactory degree of success can be attained by any organization without absolute fidelity to that trust on the part of both. The spirit of service must dominate all departments of an organization; else that organization cannot succeed.

"Last Sunday it was my privilege to listen to a concert by 'Sousa and his Band'—a wonderful organization. When I saw the instantaneous response of every member of that organization to the slightest beat of the baton, or the slightest gesture of their great leader, I thought of the spirit of service. Every member had to be alert every second. The slightest lack of harmony of action for a fraction of a second would have meant instantaneous lack of harmony in the music—lack of service to the public.

"The spirit of service means the giving of the best that is in you. It applies to every walk of life. If an employee perfunctorily passes through the hours he is supposed to work, and has his hat on ready to leave when the clock strikes the closing hour, he has no conception of the spirit of service.

"Take your own organization for instance. One of the illustrations of the word 'service' given in the dictionary is 'telephone service.' Broadly speaking, that means the service the company furnishes to the public—the system of wires and connections which carries the human voice across the country, and the great human organization that operates it. The company owes it to the public to put spirit into that service and make it the best possible. Every employee in the company, from the president down, is a part of the organization that owes that duty. Only those who do put spirit into that service will in the long run succeed. Under the leadership of my friend 'Tite' Titus, soul has been put into the service in this state. It has been thoroughly humanized. It has become a part of the community itself.

"Many of those in the service of the company are becoming stockholders, both employers and employees. Many subscribers are becoming stockholders, both owners and renters. Some sustain all these relations. This is in accord with a modern development of industrial life. In my judgment, it is greatly in the interest of the company, the employees, and the public. Better understanding, better co-operation, and better service are the result. When one calls himself up to complain of the service he is rendering himself, the result is a reasonable kick, and an immediate improvement in the service. When one calls himself up to complain about a bill, which he owes to himself, there is always a possibility of an amicable adjustment.

"An attorney must serve his clients. If he fails to put spirit into that service he is unfaithful to his trust, and unworthy of his profession.

"The merchant who fails to give his customers the best the market affords at reasonable prices, is a discredit to his calling, and violates the spirit of public service.

"So it is in every walk of life. Everyone whose life is worth living serves society in some way.

"The President of the United States is a servant of the people. The world has never known a more striking example of devotion to duty than that of President Harding, whose spirit of public service bore him to an untimely grave—a sacrifice great, but glorious!

"We have met to celebrate a signal honor won by two of your members, whose devotion to the spirit of public service has arrested the attention of the entire nation, and is known throughout the telephone world. No service on the field of battle could be more hazardous, more heroic. When the supreme test came,

they carried the banner of service to the very 'jaws of death.'

"It is fitting that this celebration in honor of our heroes should take place at the close of Harding Memorial Week, when the attention of the nation is directed to one whose life was the incarnation of the spirit of public service."

J. F. Greenawalt, publicity manager of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, followed with an address on "The Vail Medals." Mr. Greenawalt's address was a masterpiece, and that it may be fully appreciated and better understood we are printing it in its entirety under another heading in this issue of THE MONITOR.

Then came an able narrative by C. C. Harmon, Wyoming plant superintendent—"A Story of the Blizzard." Mr. Harmon told the story in language that touched every heart in the audience. No one seemed to be ashamed of tears that came to their eyes as he spoke of the struggles of Harold Daggett and Earl Taylor, on that terrible night. But for the fact that THE MONITOR has already elaborated on the details of the storm and the attending sufferings and sacrifices, we would give his story here. In closing, Mr. Harmon paid a fine tribute to others who were serving and sacrificing during the storm. He said:

"Through this narrative only the names of two men have been mentioned, due to the outstanding part they took in the restoration of service; however, credit must also go to the entire Wyoming organization for the reason that the final restoration of service was only made possible through the excellent work performed by each individual."

President Ben S. Read, in behalf of the committee on awards, presented the gold medals to Daggett and Taylor. As each medal

winner stepped to the front of the stage he was greeted with a round of cheers.

In Mr. Read's talk he told of many events in the history of telephone service where men and women of the Bell System forgot self-sacrifices in rendering service to others. He told of heroic deeds during floods and fires in the South; he spoke of work in Missouri and Kansas that tried human endurance and human loyalty; he recounted the unwavering devotion of the thirty-nine telephone girls huddled in a building at Pueblo while the raging waters dashed against the walls; how the chief operator watched over the group of girls all through the night; he spoke feelingly of the many men and women throughout the System who placed service above self.

"No man counts the cost in restoring telephone service—no, not even life itself is placed above service," said President Read. "When the call comes for unusual service in times of disaster, the first and paramount thought is to restore service—RESTORE service. Then, when service is restored through the best methods known to telephone men, and the wires are laden with the messages of the public, there begins the work of permanent reparation to the wrecked lines.

"The man who sits in his office, or by the fireside in his home, never knows of the struggle that is going on out in the driving storms and the dark and cold nights. He does not see the faithful lineman as he trudges through the mud, water or snows, picking up the broken and twisted wires, splicing them here and there until he has completed the circuit that has been broken.

"Everyone serves someone, and he who serves others above self not only lends his service to man, but to God."



Some of the Chief Operators and Other Telephone Employees Who Attended the Medal Presentation

Local Arrangements at Cheyenne

By C. W. St. John

On Monday, December 3, the state department heads were called to Denver for a conference, at which they were informed that the two Theo. N. Vail medals, which had been awarded E. J. Taylor and H. C. Daggett of Cheyenne, were to be presented at Cheyenne, Saturday, December 15, and that it was the wish that these state heads put on such a presentation ceremony as would not soon be forgotten and were given such preliminary instructions about the general character of the program as appeared necessary.

Upon their return on Wednesday, December 5, a conference of the committee was held, at which were present C. L. Titus, R. E. Pilloud, C. C. Harmon, L. J. Meyer, and C. W. St. John. Daily conferences of half hour duration were held each day thereafter, enabling the committee to thrash out various problems that came up during the preparation of the program. To these conferences and to the able and willing assistance of our many Wyo-

ming friends is due the success of the ceremony.

The beautiful new high school auditorium was obtained for the gathering. The cafeteria and dance floor were given willingly to help make the affair a pleasant one. To Mrs. Ducker, matron of the high school cafeteria, is due the credit for the fine lunch of sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and cake, served after the program.

The S. A. Bristol Printing Company was given the job of printing the programs and invitations. We feel that they did an exceptionally fine piece of work and turned out a beautiful eight-page, two-color booklet.

The heads of departments of nearby exchanges were invited and a schedule was fixed and conveyed to them by letter. This letter showed when they might leave their exchanges and arrive at Cheyenne. All trains were met by a committee consisting of C. J. McKee, state toll wire chief; Mrs. Mary Probst, chief operator; C. W. St. John, state cashier; L. J.

Meyer, Wyoming traffic superintendent; C. L. Titus, Wyoming manager; L. R. Probst, wire chief; Miss Margaret Harris, chief clerk to Mr. Meyer; J. W. Bond, chief clerk to Mr. Harmon; C. C. Harmon, Wyoming plant superintendent.

Rooms were engaged for all out-of-town guests and upon arrival Saturday they were conducted to their rooms by the committee.

They were then left to their own devices. Most of them gathered in conversational groups in and about the telephone building. Shortly after 2:00 p. m., Clyde Titus, son of C. L. Titus, Wyoming manager, was brought in with his fine graflex camera, and made several fine shots of the crowd. The guests were entertained at lunch and dinner by various Cheyenne groups.

At the auditorium L. R. Probst, wire chief at Cheyenne, had charge as head usher. He had every detail right under his thumb at all times. R. E. Bengston, Cheyenne cashier, W. G. Baldry of the commercial department, and H. P. Deering of the accounting department, had charge of the door. Misses Cotton, Cowley and Stone, Cheyenne traffic girls, were the ushers. S. M. Cave, our capable Cheyenne janitor, was in charge of the cloak room.

The reception committee at the auditorium consisted of Messrs. C. L. Titus, C. C. Harmon, L. J. Meyer, R. E. Pilloud, C. J. McKee, Mrs. Mary G. Probst, and Mrs. Myrna F. Agee. No one had to run a gauntlet to meet this committee. They were in evidence through the crowd, shaking hands, smiling here, directing there, and always on the job.



There are 4,853 miles of wire in the average sized Bell telephone central office, enough to reach from San Francisco to New York and half way back across the continent.



The Japanese earthquake destroyed 16 telephone exchanges and 82,000 telephone lines, which included practically all of the telephone facilities of Tokio and its suburbs.

Mr. Read, as the personal representative of Mr. H. B. Thayer, and in the name of The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, then presented the gold medals, citations and checks in the sum of \$500.00, to Harold Daggett and Earl Taylor, and congratulated each of them on behalf of their 275,000 associates in the Bell System. Mr. Read paid a beautiful tribute to their outstanding acts of heroism and devotion to duty.

A splendid program had been arranged by the local committee. The Manhart Orchestra furnished the music, which was high-class. Mrs. Maurice Collins, in sweet mezzo-soprano voice, sang two solos and "brought down the house." A comedy act was put on by Gish and Goodale, business men of Laramie, and after they had worn out the soles of their shoes "coming back" in response to encores, C. W. St. John, THE MONITOR'S associate editor, if you please, favored the audience with

two violin solos. His rendition of "The Wild Rose" showed him to be an artist with the bow. The Kiwanis Quartette of Cheyenne sang themselves into great favor with the audience. A solo dance by Miss Barbara Lowry captivated the hearts of all present. Little Miss Lowry, ten years of age, was a "war orphan" taken in charge and brought to America, where she found a lovely home with Mr. and Mrs. Lowry at Cheyenne. The climax of her toe-dancing came when President Read walked upon the stage and presented her with a bouquet of American Beauty roses.

Following the program, refreshments were served cafeteria style in the fine dining room of the most wonderfully appointed high school building.

The entire event was splendidly arranged by the Cheyenne committee and carried out with entertaining effect.



Picture on Left Shows Members of the Plant Department, and Right Some of the Heads of Departments Who Attended Vail Medal Presentation

Where Flows the Heroic Blood of Service

J. F. Greenawalt, Publicity Manager of the Mountain States Company, Delivers a Beautiful Tribute to Those who Serve Their Fellowman—His Address Made at Cheyenne, Dec. 15.

There is instinctive in every human heart a desire to pay tribute to those who perform outstanding acts of devotion to the service of others—to honor by such means as in us lie those who stand the test, who fight a good fight, who keep the faith, and who win our admiration by showing the finest qualities of human nature at its noblest and best. Words of commendation and praise are sometimes the only expression we are able to make of this desire to honor those to whom honor is due. How often a hand on the shoulder, a look in the eye and the one word "Splendid!" is the only, though eloquent, tribute we can pay to laudable performance.

It is more than twenty-two years since the death of President McKinley, and we still see men wearing on his birthday a pink carnation—his favorite flower. It is a simple but striking tribute to the memory of a good man who gave his life in the line of duty; it is the outward evidence of that impulse we have to show our recognition of great and good qualities. And so also with what pride and with what reverence we wear the white carnation on Mothers' Day, as our silent, loving tribute to all that is wonderful in motherhood.

Upon the death of Theodore N. Vail, which occurred on April 16, 1920, what more natural than that his former business associates should react to this common human instinct with a desire to create some fitting and lasting memorial to their erstwhile "guide, philosopher and friend." And in their deliberations they agreed that such memorial must be of a character not only to perpetuate the memory of the man but it should also be something to serve as a constant reminder of those lofty ideals of service which characterized the man. And so they established The Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund to be used in public recognition of noteworthy acts or services on the part of Bell System employees.

I think this is just what Mr. Vail would have chosen as his memorial, rather than any marble pile or granite shaft.

It is true that one draws inspiration from stone creations of the sculptor's art, when dedicated to the memory of a great man. For example, who can stand in the shadow of the Lincoln monument in the nation's capital without reflecting upon the achievements of the great Liberator with all the tremendous handicaps of his youth and young manhood, and comparing those achievements with the little accomplished by the beholder with all his advantages.

But the Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund is



J. F. Greenawalt, Publicity Manager

something more intimate, more symbolic of the life and work and thought of the man and serves a double purpose in that it honors at the same time the living and the dead.

And it is this Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund that makes possible the Theodore N. Vail Distinguished Service Medals, the presentation of two of which brings us together upon this occasion.

Now, what is the purpose of these medals? I think it can best be told in the words of President Thayer which he used in announcing the creation of the fund and in expressing its purposes.

I read from the announcement:

"Hardly a day has passed since the organization of the Bell Telephone System that did not record somewhere in the system some act that strikingly illustrated the loyalty and devotion of Bell telephone employees. This thought of 'service first' is more than devotion to an organization, inspiring as that may be. It comes from a sense of individual responsibility in a public service. It is devotion to the highest ideals of duty and obligation in that service. It comes in part from the intelligent recognition of the vital importance of telephone service in the lives of others and to the safety and well-being of the community. It is devotion to the whole telephone democracy—to the thousands of fellow employees whose co-operation, direct and indirect, makes individual accomplishment possible; and to the

millions who form the telephone-using public and who have built up their social and industrial fabric around and in reliance upon telephone service.

"This type of loyalty and devotion is one of the finest traditions of the Bell System, and instances of it are of daily occurrence. Many times in the past there have been cases so noteworthy and so inspiring as to deserve some token of recognition more enduring than the spontaneous congratulations of associates and friends.

"A fund has been established to which Mrs. Vail has been a generous contributor to meet this need. It will be known as the Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund.

"The income from this fund will provide medals to be awarded from time to time to employees of the Bell System in recognition of unusual acts or services which conspicuously illustrate the high ideals which governed the policy of Mr. Vail as to public service."

From these statements you will gather a general idea of what was in the minds of Bell executives who built this plan of medal awards.

Each year a number of bronze medals are available to the Associated Bell Companies to be awarded in recognition of outstanding acts or services by employees of the respective companies. In addition to the bronze medals there are also provided yearly eight silver and two gold medals which may be awarded by a Bell System Committee of Awards. The silver medal is accompanied by a cash award of \$250, and the gold medal carries with it a cash award of \$500.

The cases for which awards of bronze medals have been made by the Associated Companies are reviewed by the System Committee and the awards of the gold and silver medals are made according to the excellence or importance of the act or service without regard to geographical location.

The Vail Medal was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, of New York, the sculptor who designed the dime and half-dollar of the new coin series and other well-known examples of medallion art. The face of the medal bears a characteristic portrait of Mr. Vail, while the reverse shows an allegorical group representing Service supported by Loyalty and Devotion. Around the rim are the words "The Vail Medal for Noteworthy Public Service."

The ancient emperors graced their own likenesses upon their medals, but Mr. Vail, by his powerful example, stamped his personality and his spirit upon the hearts of his associates of every rank and station in the industry. It

remained for those who succeeded to his authority to make of the medal a memorial to his leadership and his devotion to the public service.

The ancients reserved the medal as a gift to chosen leaders. The military chieftain who commanded a successful campaign might receive the gift, but his men could only bask in his reflected glory. The spirit of the telephone democracy is exemplified in the provision that the Vail Memorial Medal shall be awarded without reference to grade or station and bestowed without discrimination to both men and women employees of the system.

For heroism knows no rank. It is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh, of high enterprise over fear. It represents the conquest within the man of fear—fear of poverty, fear of suffering, fear of loneliness, fear of danger, fear of calumny, fear of illness, or of fear of death itself. It is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage. High and low in our democratic social state respond to this splendid impulse of sacrificial service.

The origin of medallic art is lost in the mists of antiquity. The ancient Greeks and Romans used circular disks of precious metal to reward the victors in athletic games, and later as a means of honoring gods and emperors. We learn that in the first century the Chinese rulers of the Han dynasty presented to their victorious military commanders medals strikingly like the examples familiar to us today.

The custom was revived by Queen Elizabeth in the sixteenth century, when she ordered cast medals commemorative of the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and she personally presented them to her leading naval commanders. James I and Charles I gave medals to favorite soldiers, and Cromwell's face appears upon an old medal which commemorates his romantic reign.

Since those days the medal has not only been a means of expressing the artistic development of the passing years, but it has retained its function of distinguishing above their fellow men those to whom it was presented, and honoring the sovereign in whose name it was awarded.

We find in the earliest records of medallic history that the recipients of kingly honors were confined to the valorous victors in battle. Since time began, men, in the flush of hand-to-hand struggle, the excitement of stricken field and naval combat, have risen to almost impossible heights of personal courage and thereby won the favor of monarchs and the plaudits of the people. Today we know that there is a higher heroism, a bravery that is not intensified by the heat of battle or the massed enthusiasm of a triumphing army. It is the silent, unspectacular heroism of industry where men, in sheer devotion to duty, go above and beyond its call to serve their cause regardless of risk or suffering.

It is this finer courage which is honored

through the instrumentality of the Vail Medal. It cannot be rewarded; it can only be recognized.

And where may one find in all the field of human labor more deserving objects of our praise and admiration than in these knightly figures who serve the channels of communication? Their exploits do not reek with the blood of their fellows. They do not mount to their glorious heights through the suffering of others. Their achievements are achievements of real chivalry, of earnest, pure and undefiled devotion to the whole people. They battle not a human enemy, but the elements themselves, and survive their struggles with no sanguinary stains upon their armor.

We who sit at our office desks in full security pay too little heed to these knights of the circuit who battle daily with the forces of nature. It is among them that medal-winners are found. They may not possess all the graces which we endow with so much false importance. But when the emergency arises that calls for sacrifice and risk and suffering, there arises from among them to meet every crisis a hero whose ennobled spirit matches wits with danger with no thought of self. Here are the heroes. If "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," surely there are valiant heroes of industry whose exploits stand high above the bloody deeds of our champions in battle.

And heroic blood flows through the veins of the "Weavers of Speech" at the switchboard no less than that which courses the veins of their brothers, the knights of the circuit. Not one but that is imbued with a spirit of limitless devotion to the service and the fortitude and courage to defend the service against storm and fire and flood in the face of the gravest personal danger. For instance, who can read unmoved the story of Sally Rooke, the heroine of the Folsom, New Mexico, flood in 1908. Warned by telephone of the approaching torrent, Mrs. Rooke would have had ample time to reach the safety of higher ground. But with grim determination she ignored her own danger and remained at her post, telephoning warnings to her subscribers in the valley, until the exchange building was shattered by the impact of the raging waters.

She saved the lives of others and sacrificed her own. The next day her bruised body was found forty miles down the valley, the headset still crowning her devoted head. And Sallie Rooke's spirit of sacrificial service is typical of the great body of women employees of the system who are governed by a common impulse to put service ahead of self, no matter how imminent the danger or how great the cost.

The unhesitating performance by our fellow workers of just such acts as we are commemorating this evening is the one thing above all others, it seems to me, that makes one's faith in humankind grow stronger. In an age when the cynical feel that their atti-

tude toward life is being justified, when on every hand we hear it said that self and pelf are the twin gods gaining mastery over the world, there come to us as refutation stories of utter forgetfulness of self in the service of others, of heroic acts unrivaled in any age of the world—all convincing evidence that courage and valor belong to no particular age and are qualities that will never be submerged or lost in any tide of materialism and selfishness.

And these acts of devotion to duty, to public service, and to fellow employees are not always performed in a few minutes of supreme exaltation. They sometimes require hours of exposure to biting cold and stinging snow and winds that gather fury and bitterness in their onward sweep over mountain and plain. These deeds of loyalty and devotion must many times be performed in the darkness of night with only that grim, unswerving, never-give-up spirit of do or die as a beacon light of guidance. We all know that the "two o'clock in the morning courage" is the supreme test, and yet that is the kind that must often be exercised in acts performed by our fellow workers in the Bell System.

In most cases, too, these displays of pure grit are not performed by persons traveling in pairs or in a company where the human contact helps to bolster the courage, but by one who stands or falls alone. The occasion for action may arise at any time and there is almost never any warning. A fire that has long smoldered bursts forth in sudden flame. In a few minutes skies bright with sunshine are overcast, and Nature, our mother and nurse, changes face and challenges men to combat. A cloudburst fills and overflows a bed of sand and a flood pours in boiling anger over the lowlands, relentless in its indifference to the human beings who may be sleeping in its path.

The watchmen and guardians of the wires must be ready—always ready. They who wear the test set and they who wear the head set must watch while others sleep. The badge of the Bell, in whatever form, is a guaranty of the dependability of the service. Neither storm nor flood nor fire can long delay it.

Elbert Hubbard said that "Loyalty makes the thing we are loyal to ours." Reversing the saying we may change it to read that also because the thing is ours we are loyal to it. It is our company that we are working for, our service that must not fail, our traditions that must be upheld.

And this consciousness of ownership I believe is the secret of the spirit of service which pervades the human element in our industry and motivates those

"Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray."

Let me quote from that eminent statesman

Sugar City, Alive and Prosperous

By Etta Ray

Billings, or "The Sugar City" of Montana, is recognized as one of the leading cities of the state. One of its greatest resources is the sugar beet industry, of which the estimated production of the beet fields of Billings section is 245,000 tons, an increase of 110,122 tons over the 134,878-ton crop of last year. The estimated amount to be paid for the 1923 crop is about \$1,400,000 on the contract basis of about \$6 per ton, regardless of the bonuses. The entire crop has been harvested and it is expected that all of the crop will be shipped to the factory by December 1. The 1923 average amount of beets is about 12 tons to the acre.

The factory is having the largest run this year of any in the history of Billings, as it will exceed three months, figuring that they will close down about the 10th of January. During the beet campaign the Great Western Sugar Company employs about 600 laborers, not including the office force, which consists of about 100 employees.

Even though the business depression was felt in Billings to a certain extent, it is not shown by the construction of several new buildings of note, namely:

The St. Vincent's Hospital, which was erected at a cost of \$750,000, which was received from many different sources. Of this great amount \$75,000 was collected from local people by campaign. This institution is the

finest equipped and most modern of its kind in Montana. It was dedicated November 5, 1923.

The Fratt Memorial Building is a three-story building, the estimated cost of which is \$200,000. It is now ready for occupancy. The main floors are being occupied by general stores, while the upper floors are used for offices.

The first unit of the Baptist church was completed recently and was erected at a cost of \$50,000. This building is quite an improvement over the old one, and contains equipment to meet the demands of the most modern methods in church school instruction, with separate classrooms and departments, gymnasium, kitchen, parlors and nursery.

Two other blocks worthy of mention are the Chapple Block and Bair Block on First Avenue North. These buildings are all constructed of concrete, brick and cement, affording an attractive aspect, and add greatly to the appearance of the business section of the city.

Among those of the Billings exchange receiving five-year service pins recently are Miss Amy Dunigan, now A. C. O., and Mr. F. G. Hudson of the plant department. It is needless to say that each one of them is very proud of their new possession.

Our exchange has suffered a misfortune

recently in the way of several accidents. First, A. H. Mutch and A. J. Rodgers, cable men, on entering a manhole with a lighted torch, encountered gas, causing an explosion, which burned them severely about the face and hands. However, both men are sufficiently recovered to be back on the job.

The following week Construction Foreman "Hank" Wenzel had the misfortune to fall a distance of about twenty feet and suffered a fractured wrist and ankle, besides being badly gashed on the forehead. He was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where the best of care is being given him, and hopes of his speedy recovery are the wishes of all employees and friends. Latest reports are to the effect that although confined to the hospital he is able to be about on crutches and is much improved.

W. T. Gates, one of our old-timers, has been off duty for several weeks, owing to ill health. He spent several weeks at the Big Horn Hot Springs at Thermopolis in hopes of receiving some benefit, but has returned to his home here, showing very little improvement at the present writing.

Leslie Crouter was recently promoted from apprentice switchman to night switchman. Leslie, who is a product of the Billings Polytechnic Institute, is a very capable young man, and will make a success in the electrical field.

Operators recently added to our force are Miss Helen Cleck and Edna Fallon, junior operators.

November 23, at the home of our manager, W. A. Connolly, we held one of our famous "get-together" meetings for the operators and members of the commercial department. Mr. Leonard, our Montana traffic superintendent, was present, and gave us a very interesting talk along the lines of co-operation, better business developments, etc. Mr. Connolly also gave us some good suggestions, after which the evening was spent in games, the feature of the evening being a horse race, won by Miss Dunigan, who seems to be the speed artist when it comes to racing. Progressive five hundred was also indulged in, with Miss Etta Ray carrying off the honors, while the consolation was awarded to Frances Airth. A delicious lunch of sandwiches, cake, ice cream and coffee was served, and all departed for their homes at a late (or shall we say early?) hour in the hopes that another meeting would be held at some early date.



If the young man stays too late, give him this problem to solve:

Take any number below 10, add 1, multiply by 9 strike out the left-hand figure, and add 14, then add the number you started with and look at the result. Any young man should take the hint.

and fearless leader, Theodore Roosevelt:

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how strong men stumble and how the doer of deeds might do them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who actually tries to do deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms and the great devotions."

Tonight we meet to do honor to two of our associates who have been in the arena, who have so conspicuously and so gloriously exemplified the highest and best traditions of our splendid organization. And in honoring them we honor ourselves and all the thousands who labor and serve under the inspiring banner of the Blue Bell. Moreover, we honor character tonight, for surely self-sacrifice and unflinching devotion and unyielding courage are the very ingredients of the kind of character which marks the men and women of the telephone democracy.

And their type of character is bred in the homes where duty and service are exalted as twin virtues and where loyalty and devotion are ever glorified. And so we also pay

our tribute to the fathers and mothers who by precept and example have guided the feet of their progeny along right paths into the larger field of manhood and womanhood, preparing them for whatever duties Life might unfold.

Nor should we be unmindful of the courage and devotion of the wives who bid their knights Godspeed and follow them with their prayers as they battle the elements along the highways of speech.

All these influences, all these factors in the lives of the personnel of our organization have special significance tonight. It has been said, "They serve God well who serve His creatures." If this be true then those who are so conscientiously and so loyally and self-sacrificingly devoting their lives to the service of others are indeed servants of the living God. And so may they be faithful, steadfast and true so that at the last when the deeds done in the body are reviewed by the Celestial Committee of Awards they will be cited for meritorious acts and services, and the award be proclaimed in the welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

President Reed of Ohio Company Passes Away

"Give the folks my love and tell them I am making the best fight I can."

These inspiring words, spoken on the eve of death, formed the last message Eugene A. Reed sent to employes of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company, of which he was the beloved president. The message, characteristic of the courage which marked his entire life, was given the day before Mr. Reed went to Grant hospital, at Columbus, O., to undergo an abdominal operation from which he was never to recover.

Three days following the operation, on Tuesday, November 20, Mr. Reed died—still courageous, still fighting.

His death was a severe shock to the whole company which had learned to know him as a peerless leader, big-hearted, kind and faithful with a passionate devotion to every one of the more than 11,000 employes whom he called Friends.

As a tribute to his memory, all of the employes stood with bowed heads for two minutes Wednesday, November 21, the hour that the funeral services were conducted at Columbus. During the last thirty seconds of this intermission, all telephone service was suspended, the operators remaining standing at the switchboards.

The funeral services in charge of Rev. E. F. Chauncy, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, of Columbus, were attended by friends and associates from every station in life. High state officials, company executives, business acquaintances, employes, all came to pay their final tribute not only to the President of the Ohio Bell Telephone Company, but to Eugene A. Reed, the Man, whose life to them had been an inspiration, an example—

*".....forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed!"*

The honorary pallbearers included Edgar S. Bloom, of New York, vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; C. H. Rottger, Indianapolis, president of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company; and the following executives of the Ohio Bell Telephone Company; C. P. Cooper, vice-president and general manager; S. H. Tolles, general counsel; Karl E. Burr, counsel; John Up-riehard, vice-president and general auditor; C. L. McNaughton, secretary and treasurer, and D. H. Morris, assistant to the vice-president.

Other Ohio Bell officials who served as active pallbearers included: Randolph Eide, general traffic superintendent; W. G. Barry, general commercial superintendent; F. M. Steph-



Lower Left—E. A. Reed, Deceased President, Ohio Bell Telephone Company. Center—Charles P. Cooper, New Elected President. Right—Randolph Eide, General Manager, Ohio Bell Telephone Company.

ens, general plant superintendent; G. A. Kositzky, chief engineer; R. G. Pate, assistant to the president; W. C. Newton, division commercial superintendent; J. W. Cherry, division plant superintendent; Walter Malloy, division traffic superintendent; C. S. Malby, attorney, and H. C. Breiminger, auditor of receipts.

Among the state officials who attended the services was Governor A. V. Donahey, of Ohio, long a friend of Mr. Reed. Grover Maxwell, Columbus, attorney and former secretary of the Ohio Public Utilities Commission, was among a large group of representative Columbus business men and acquaintances present.

Following the funeral services at Columbus, the body was removed to Boston, Mass., birth-

place and boyhood home of Mr. Reed, where another brief service was conducted at the grave.

C. P. Cooper Made President

Charles P. Cooper, vice-president and general manager of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company, was elected president of that company November 27, by the board of directors to succeed the late president Eugene A. Reed, who died November 20 at Columbus.

At the same time Randolph Eide, general superintendent of traffic was appointed to the position of general manager made vacant by the promotion of Mr. Cooper to the presidency. Both officials, who are residents of Cleveland, assumed their new positions at once.

Holds Open House

(Idaho Falls, Idaho, Post)

Harry Morgan, district manager of the Mountain States Telephone Company held open house Friday afternoon, entertaining as special guests, the mothers of the girls who operate the switchboards, and a few additional friends. About thirty-five ladies called during the afternoon and were shown by Mr. Morgan through the operating room. The mechanism

of the boards and the difficulties which confront the "Hello Girl" were explained. Mr. Morgan stated that the problems of central are known to a comparative few, and it is his aim to hold many such meetings in the hope that a better co-operation may be arrived at between the people and the girl at the switchboard.

Carnations were presented to each guest Friday afternoon as a compliment to the occasion.

Boise Operator Made Circus Queen

The week of December 3rd to the 8th was gala week for the Shriners of Boise and the surrounding country. Their big indoor Circus and Mardi Gras was open to the public at large. We seen these fellows cut up here, there and yonder and to describe their doin's as being "large" we use a small word indeed.

Now history relates that any successful event of this kind must have a "Queen," so two weeks before the doors opened a popularity or "Queen's Contest," was inaugurated. A dozen or more candidates were suggested. Of course all the larger business houses of Boise became interested, which resulted in such places as the Golden Rule Stores, The Idaho Power Company, The Idaho State House, The Ladies of The Eastern Star, The Mountain States Tel. and Tel. Co., and others, each supporting a candidate in the race.

Each candidate was given two weeks in which to qualify; this meant that they must sell at least three hundred dollars worth of admission tickets in order to become eligible to enter the finals.

When Miss Rose Moncarr, Boise toll operator, was asked to represent the Telephone Company, of course she said "yes," and went after the prize with a determination to win.

Only four girls qualified for the finals and the battle was on. A brand new Ford coupe was offered as a prize to the young lady receiving the most votes.

That Miss Moncarr is an organizer is evident, for through her efforts she drew the individual support of every employee, not only at Boise, but those at the surrounding exchanges, and they all entered into the contest with the usual Bell System spirit, which almost invariably spells success. Sales made by Miss Moncarr and her co-workers netted her something like 120,000 votes. Added to these were 59,400 which came to her at random and when the final count was announced we find her 62,450 votes ahead of her nearest competitor.

Miss Moncarr had hardly started her campaign until it seemed that everyone connected with our company became imbued with the idea that their candidate must win. Weiser, Payette, Caldwell, Emmett, Nampa, Mountain Home, Gooding, Twin Falls, Pocatello, and Idaho Falls, all lent their assistance in putting Boise's candidate in first place. The traffic employees at Nampa, under the guidance of Mrs. Edwards, chief operator, kept calling for books and sending in votes so fast that one would have thought one of her own girls was in the race. Mrs. Hansbro, chief operator at Caldwell, caught the fever and turned in votes that materially helped the grand total.

They say the first hundred years are the

hardest, but raising the necessary three hundred, with nearly a dozen others in the field doing the same thing, proved some job. With the first hundred, then the second nestling in the safe, hopes were stimulated when it was learned that others were having just as hard a time as our own entry. About here the Accounting girls, in State Auditor Lytle's department, put a team in the field and with their assistance and the help of Messrs. Kelly, R. J. Snyder and Bigger, the seemingly impossible goal was reached. Mrs. R. J. Snyder won a warm spot in the hearts of all the girls by volunteering her services as a saleslady.

What a happy feeling that first three hundred dollars created in the ranks of the traffic. Every one decided then and there their candidate was going to win. Ten teams of five girls each were organized, competition became keen. Around the turn at the quarter the team captained by Miss Mae Wade took the lead by a wide margin. At the half Miss

Martin's team drew abreast and the race was a tie. At this point real hostilities broke loose and a side bet was placed that the losers dine the winners. But as is customary a dark horse must play a part and Miss DeMeyer's team turned in so many votes that victory was almost assured.

For three days the team standings rose and sank. But with a final spurt the Martinites had a reserve which enabled them to cross the goal with the DeMeyerites a close second. Needless to say the dinner was enjoyed by all.

The last few days of the contest were filled with mingled emotions. None knew how many votes our candidate had and in turn we were equally in the dark concerning the other entries. Everyone held back all they could for the final count.

Saturday, the 8th, slowly crept upon us and with it the breathless excitement of winning or losing. None thought of losing but none were dead sure of winning. Neverthe-



Miss Rose Moncarr, Queen of Shriners' Circus, Boise, Idaho

Twenty Years or More

The presentation of service pins uncovers some very interesting incidents in our dear company. It sometimes verifies the oft' stated admonition that "the office boy of today may be the president tomorrow," or words to that effect. It is indeed interesting, also, to know something about what others have been doing in the company's services.

We are mentioning only those who have been with the company twenty years or over, but in these accounts this month we have at least two outstanding features from an editor's standpoint of what constitutes a good story—one about a man who began with the company as clerk under a strip of a girl, and who is now at the head of a department with 85 to 100 clerks under him; and the other is of a girl who went into the operating room one day to "help out as a temporary operator" twenty-five years ago, and who is still with us and has never asked for a furlough nor drawn a cent from the Benefit Fund.

Who is the girl? Why, Miss Altosa Bair, connecting company clerk in the general commercial manager's department, Denver, is the lady. Twenty-five years ago, December 1, 1898, Miss Bair, a fine young girl who had made up her mind to become a nurse, walked into the telephone office at Pocatello, Idaho, and said she would like to "get on temporarily" while waiting for her nurse position to materialize. She went to work that very day, and, what's more, she has never missed a pay day with our company since. Her ideas of becoming a nurse soon faded, and speaking of her service with the company recently, Miss Bair said:

"Indeed I am not sorry I changed my ideas about my life's calling. I have never been off on a furlough in the twenty-five years, nor have I found it necessary to call upon the Benefit Fund committee for aid on account

less everyone kept smiling and hoping. The contest was to end at 10:30 o'clock and a red topped Shriner kept announcing the half hourly scores. Miss Moncarr retained second place up to within a few minutes of the final announcement before the last ballot boxes were turned in. Promptly at 10:30 these were gathered together and the Judges and "Queens" representatives assembled in an ante-room. A hush fell upon the fun-makers in the auditorium and each waited with bated breath for the final announcement. As the vote counting had been kept up to date it only took a few minutes for the judges to reach a decision and all the pent-up enthusiasm of



—from the NEW YORK EVENING MAIL.

of illness. I always have been, and still am satisfied with the Company, and if the Company continues to feel about it as I do I expect to be here several years to come. It is a wonderful mother to me."

Who is the man that worked under the "strip of a girl?" Oh, that's our good Colo-

the week broke loose with round after round of cheers when Potentate Donald S. Whitehead, of ElKorah Temple, announced and introduced Miss Rose Moncarr of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company as winner of the popularity contest and presented her with the grand prize.

So ended the coronation of the "Queen." Still the story could have been told in fewer words and they would have been "When the loyalty of the telephone family is aroused all others might as well leave the field," but we had to tell it because it's such a wonderful feeling you have when you have done something and you know that you have done it well.

rado Auditor of Receipts Martyn R. Caldwell. And here's the feature of his story: Twenty years ago he applied for a job with the Company in Denver. He was taken in and placed under Miss Ella Hilton as a rental clerk. Now, Ella Hilton was, at that time, a mere strip of a girl, but she had young Martyn under her thumb, and it is said that she had quite a time getting him to always do the right thing at the right time.

But days rolled by, as days are wont to do, and Ella—well, as she is not getting a service pin at this time we won't say any more about her, except that we are going to let the readers in on a secret—Ella Hilton is now Betty Devine, the best little feature writer ever, and the wife of our own Dean D. Clark, Denver commercial manager.

Then up came Martyn R. Caldwell and stepped into the chief rental clerk's office. He also had an office boy under him. Old Man Time kept pushing things along and Martyn became traveling auditor. Cupid got hold of him and he got married, and as a traveling auditor has but little opportunity to get ac-

Telephone Pioneers of America

Telephone Pioneers of America—Rocky Mountain Chapter No. 8

Meeting November 22, 1923.

The meeting was called to order at 8:05 p. m., President Peters in the chair.

There were thirty-five members present.

The minutes of the previous meetings were read and approved.

The secretary reported a total of 142 members now enrolled.

Resolutions in regard to the death of W. F. McIntyre were presented and ordered spread upon the minutes.

On motion of Mr. J. E. Macdonald, duly seconded, the president was instructed to appoint a nominating committee of three, who would prepare for a vote by mail for officers for the year 1924, after the same method employed for the year 1923. The president appointed a committee as follows: George Spalding, chairman, A. W. Milligan, R. B. Bonney.

A letter from General Secretary Starrett was read, in regard to membership among the ladies who are eligible. It appears that the sense of the general body is strongly in favor of all ladies who are eligible being asked to join. It is thought that when a sufficient number have joined they may form an auxiliary for ladies.

There followed a short account by Pioneer Bellard of a meeting and dinner at Salt Lake City, given to Pioneers' and near-Pioneers, on the night of November 7. This was a very



successful dinner and called forth a letter from Personnel Secretary Quillian. There were thirty-two present, eight of whom were Pioneers and twenty-four budding Pioneers.

President Peters gave a very complete and interesting account of the Atlantic City convention, describing the elaborate and complete entertainment furnished and the business transacted, together with the social activities of the convention. His talk was closed by playing a phonograph record, "Onward Pioneers," a song composed for the organization by one of the employees of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, a group of whom composed all the words and music for the opera.

Pioneer F. A. Cannon followed with a very interesting talk on his early connection with the service, which began in the midst of a severe mountain storm near Leadville in 1888. His entire 35 years of service have been spent in this locality with the Colorado and Mountain States companies.

Pioneer W. T. Lee gave a very humorous account of how he had his first telephone

yearning, in the middle of a ranch of 400,000 acres in Texas, which was his birthplace, and how he graduated into the telephone business by way of the electric light business through a tumble from a pole, the telephone wires beneath catching him. He was working near Galveston at the time of the terrific flood, and was actively engaged in the restoration of service around there at that time. He was also located in the midst of the forest fires in Montana and Idaho during 1910.

Pioneer C. A. Wiswall explained how he almost went to Atlantic City as a delegate. As proof, he flashed all the tools of a "full-fledged conventioner" except the railroad ticket.

The meeting adjourned at 10 p. m.

H. W. BELLARD,
Secretary.

PIONEERS' NOTES

Applications received since last notice are as follows:

Wallace E. Stephens, fitter, Denver. Mr. Stephens began his telephone career in September, 1889, with the old Colorado Company, under C. L. Titus. He was for some years manager at Central City in the early days, finally returning to the plant department in Denver. His service of more than thirty-four years has been spent in Colorado.

William D. Jackson, private branch exchange installer, Salt Lake City. Mr. Jackson's initiation into the service was under Al Davis in the switchboard department at Salt Lake City, in September, 1902, at which time President Peters was in charge of this branch of the work. All of Mr. Jackson's service has been either with the Rocky Mountain Bell or the Mountain States Company.

Frank W. Carroll, manager at Colorado Springs. "Cap" rounded out his twenty-one years of service on December 2 of this year, having begun under C. L. Titus as a clerk in the old Lawrence Street building. He was afterward manager at Cripple Creek, district manager at Fort Collins and Ogden, finally returning to Colorado Springs, where he has been for several years. He is well known to practically all of the Pioneers.

Do you notice what a long string of Pioneers made their bow in the business under the ample wing of C. L. Titus? "Tite" is now state commercial manager for Wyoming, and is fathering the bunch up there just the same as he did in Denver, having also time to take on a few orphan asylums, hospital associations and matters of that nature.

A mail vote is being held for officers for the year 1924. These ballots will be opened at the annual meeting to be held January 14. If any member has not received his ticket and list of members, the secretary will furnish same on

quainted with his own wife, Martyn accepted a position as voucher clerk, so he could be at home. Next he received the appointment of supervisor of methods—then stepped up to division auditor, and is now Colorado auditor of receipts, and instead of being office boy under Betty Devine, nee Ella Hilton, he has from 85 to 100 girls working under his direction. It just goes to show what can happen to a fellow who applies himself and grabs opportunity by the mane and floats off to success.

Oscar R. Hedberg, switchboardman at Great Falls, Montana, is receiving his 20-year service emblem, and while we are not able to get close-up information on Oscar we are confident he is all that a high-class employee should be else he would not be willing to stick with the telephone company twenty years. Oscar, they do say that as a switchboardman you are a whizzer, and we wish for you many more years of service.

Another old timer who is happy to say that he has been with our Company 25 years and has always found comfort and joy in working for the company is A. H. Austerman, of the chief engineer's department, Denver.

Although Mr. Austerman has lived in Denver all these years he says he has traveled in other states, where our organization operates, more than he has in Colorado.

Gus recalls the time the cutover from the old Larimer street offices to the present building was made. He says that in helping do this job he and other employees worked 24 hours a day. That's about all anyone could do. Gus is a kodak fiend and has a collection of pictures that is worth looking at.

Thomas C. Crayon, lineman at Helena, Montana, is among the few who have passed the 20-year period of service, and he says he is good for twenty years more, and that he hopes to be able to spend the balance of his service right in and around Helena—he likes 'em so well there. Yes, and they like Tom, too.

Starting as messenger boy at the age of 14, he became "quite annoying" to the linemen, who would push him out of the way and pull him down from the telephone poles and tell him to go on and deliver his packages. But like Mary's lamb "still he lingered near" the lineman's department, and finally his ambition was realized—he was made a real lineman—happy, contented and efficient.

NEW YEAR GREETINGS TO TELEPHONE PIONEERS

In these days of good cheer, I wish you all a happy, bright and prosperous New Year. In thinking of the greatness of our organization I liken you all to the Pilgrim Fathers, who laid the foundation of this great nation, while we Pioneers laid the foundation of the great Bell System. It is my desire that every employee of the Bell System who is eligible become a member of the Pioneers, and that those who are not yet eligible look forward to the day they may become members. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel and make the Pioneers the strongest and best organization of its kind throughout the world.

A. L. SALT, President.

application. Put the date January 14 on your calendar pad and happen into Denver for the annual meeting if you possibly can. Formal notice of this meeting will be given later.

There are quite a few employees eligible for the Pioneers' Society, and it would be a fine

thing if they would get their applications in before the annual meeting. The Mountain States Company, to be in line with the entire Bell System, should have about 175 or 180 members in the Pioneers. The timber is here, but some of the boys and girls seem to hang back. All are more than welcomed by Chapter

No. 8. Applications may be had by addressing the secretary or asking your department head to get them for you. Any applications coming in at this time will have dues credited to the close of the year 1924, these dues covering both the National Association and Chapter No. 8.



Up and Still up They Go

Who said there is no more room at the top? Just read this list of promotions, and all for one month and in our own Company:

Bart T. Miller, who came to the Mountain States Company in 1910 and rounded out thirteen years of splendid service in the traffic department, is now promoted to division superintendent of traffic in the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Worcester, Mass. We lose him, but New England gets a mighty fine man and a first-class traffic superintendent. Bart knows the traffic business. He knows how to handle employees. He is an affable fellow who makes fast friends.

Bart, 842 telephone operators in Denver—and hosts of other employees—want to be remembered to you through THE MONITOR, and their united wish is for your happiness and success.

W. D. Kauder, Denver traffic supervisor, with a service record of seven years, has been made Denver traffic superintendent. This change was made on account of the promotion of B. T. Miller. Mr. Kauder is one of the finest traffic men of our Company and we are glad to see him "stepping right along."

W. C. Fallon, Colorado supervisor has been transferred to the staff of the general manager, F. P. Ogden. Mr. Fallon has had nine years of service with our Company, and he is showing speed.

W. G. Rutledge, traffic chief in charge of Main and Champa exchanges, Denver, has become Colorado traffic supervisor, succeeding Mr. Fallon. Mr. Rutledge has three years

service with the Northwestern and three years here.

Ben C. Garside, Jr., traffic chief in charge of all residence exchanges in Denver, is made traffic chief in the business offices, to succeed Mr. Rutledge. Garside has had four years service.

R. E. Clifford, traffic chief at Colorado Springs, is brought to Denver where he succeeds Mr. Garside as traffic chief for York, Franklin, South and Gallup exchanges. Welcome to our city, Clifford—we know you will learn to like us.

T. R. Wilkinson, assistant traffic chief on Main, in Denver, succeeds Mr. Clifford as traffic chief in Colorado Springs. You'll like him, folks.



Promotions and Changes

The following is a list of promotions and transfers for the Colorado Traffic Department for the month of November, 1923:

MAIN EXCHANGE

Elaine L. McKettrick, from junior operator to intercepting operator.
Dorothy H. Anderson, from junior operator to intercepting operator.
Thelma T. Nelson, from junior operator to intercepting operator.
Elizabeth Bern Leisel, from junior operator to intercepting operator.
Gertrude Dew, from junior operator to intercepting operator.
Zelma Graye, from junior operator to intercepting operator.
Lavilla Hogan, from all night operator to all night supervisor.
Mildred M. Knapp, from junior operator to intercepting operator.
Aline Moran, from junior operator to information operator.
Fern Metcalf, from junior operator to intercepting operator.

Agnes M. Mellyeen, from junior operator to intercepting operator.
Florence Richards, from operator to intercepting operator.
Ida L. Smith, from all night operator to all night supervisor.
Myrtle Traynor, from all night supervisor to day supervisor.
Lucy P. Yano, from operator to information operator.

YORK EXCHANGE

Marguerite Drohan, from supervisor to assistant chief operator.
Mary Graven, from evening chief operator at Franklin to evening chief operator at York.
Lillian C. McCormick, from operator to supervisor.
Rosa Robbing, from operator to supervisor.

FRANKLIN EXCHANGE

Mildred Anderson, from evening chief operator at York to evening chief operator at Franklin.
Edith Johnson, from assistant chief operator at York to evening chief operator at Franklin.

GALLUP EXCHANGE

Mary E. Jones, from operator to supervisor.

CANON CITY

Emma J. Massey, from operator at Canon City to chief operator.



"Too Late to Classify"

News has been received of a wedding that took place in Los Angeles, California, November 16, 1923.

Miss Agnes Steiksak, formerly chief operator of El Paso East Office and Mr. Harry Warner Thorpe, who was employed with this company as switchboard man, are the happy couple.

Good luck, Harry—you have a fine girl and we all wish you happiness from the folks in El Paso.



The Best Safety Device Known—
A CAREFUL MAN

We had six lost time accidents in November, a decrease of six over October. Fifty per cent of the accidents were avoidable.

Arizona, Idaho, New Mexico-Texas, Utah and Wyoming passed through the month without an accident. This is the ninth consecutive month for Idaho, the third for Arizona, and the second for New Mexico-Texas and Utah.

Idaho holds first place by a safe margin.

Wyoming, with no accidents for the month, retains second place.

Colorado, with three accidents for the month, remains in third place.

Utah, with no accidents for the month, retains fourth place.

Arizona, with no accidents for the month, advanced from sixth to fifth place.

Installation department, with one accident for the month, dropped from fifth to sixth place.

Montana, with two accidents for the month, retains seventh place.

New Mexico-Texas, with no accidents for the month, remains in the last position.

We are nearing the end of our second year of "Accident Prevention." We have learned that prevention of accidents is possible. Let's have a clean slate for the month of December and be ready for a good start in 1924.

It's an uphill grade if we do not avoid those ruts termed carelessness, recklessness and thoughtlessness. "Care and Forethought" will eliminate the grade, if applied continuously, and will develop the "Safety First Habit." It means your help and my help—co-operation—

PLANT ACCIDENTS
NOVEMBER

	Average Number Employees	Lost Time Accidents	ELEVEN MONTHS THIS YEAR	
			Lost Time Accidents per 1,000 Employees	Lost Time Accidents per 1,000 Employees
Idaho	114	0	.00	.80
Wyoming	120	0	.00	2.27
Colorado	610	3	4.92	4.77
Utah	213	0	.00	5.12
Arizona	146	0	.00	5.60
Installation Department.....	123	1	8.13	5.91
Montana	237	2	8.44	7.67
New Mexico-Texas.....	125	0	.00	8.73
Total	1,688	6	3.55	5.22

CLASSIFIED

Lifting, pulling, pushing or reaching.....	1	Ladder falling.....	1
Objects striking, crushing or jamming....	1	Run into by auto.....	1

the basis of success where two or more individuals work together to accomplish a common task.

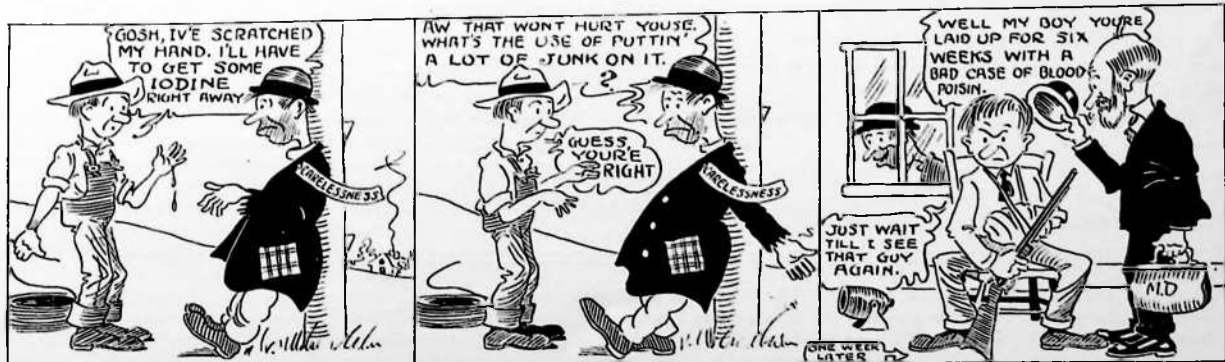
No one who has given the matter careful study believes that all accidents can be prevented. After every possible precaution has been taken there will remain a small percentage of accidents that are inevitable, and which we cannot hope to eliminate. However, 75 per cent of our accidents that occurred during the year could have been prevented had we exercised "Care and Forethought" and familiarized ourselves with our safety codes and accident prevention instructions.

The prevention and responsibility of acci-

dents rests upon the foreman. The term foreman is used in its broadest sense. It includes each man responsible for the work of one or more other men.

Why should the foreman be responsible?

Because he is the leader, because he knows the work and how it should be done. The foreman must be the safety leader and teach safety to his men, not only by telling them, but by actually showing them how. He must be specific in his instructions, telling the men of what to be careful and what to look out for, and teaching them the safe way to perform each operation.



Recent Instances of Regulation

The Following are Brief Statements of Decisions Relating to
Telephone and Other Public Utilities

By Milton Smith, General Counsel

COMMISSION FINDS CONNECTION CHARGE JUST AND PROPER.

In the case of the Interstate Utilities Company before the Public Utilities Commission of Idaho the connection charge was held to be an individual matter; that there is no way of knowing how long a new customer will maintain the service; that he may keep it for a short time only; that the fair and logical thing to do is to put this cost where it properly belongs, on the bill of the one who causes it. That the customer body as a whole do not cause these costs and there is no sound reason why they should be called upon to pay them; that the actual costs of connection run above the standard connection charge.

UTILITY RENDERING EFFICIENT SERVICE HELD ENTITLED TO LIBERAL RETURN.

In the case of Red River Power Company before the North Dakota Board of Railway Commissioners it was held that public utilities are entitled to rates which will permit them to earn a reasonable return upon the property devoted to that use. That where a utility is rendering efficient service and is on the alert to practice economy, the rate of return should be higher than in the case of an inefficiently operated plant. That in this case the utility was rendering efficient service and was efficiently operated; that a return of 8% upon the property used and useful in furnishing service was reasonable.

INTERESTS OF UTILITY AND PUBLIC HELD TO BE COINCIDENT.

In the case of Illinois Commerce Commission v. Chicago Telephone Company the Illinois Commission held that the interests of the utility corporation are practically coincident with the interests of the public. That the valuation of the company should be such that capital seeking investment would flow in sufficient amount into the securities of the company to insure public service. That a fair valuation must be fixed to furnish a safe and reliable valuation for the flotation of securities, for the security of capital invested and for furnishing a field for the investment of new money in the future development of the company. That a value should be fixed which, in the fluctuation of prices and costs reasonably to be expected in the immediate future, will carry the company through on a safe, sound and economic basis.

Monitor Does Much to Build Personnel

(From the Fruita (Colo.) Mail)

THE MOUNTAIN STATES MONITOR, edited by our old friend, A. U. Mayfield, and his corps of able assistants, is getting better and better every day in every way.

The December issue, just received, contains forty-four pages of exceptionally well written articles of interest to the large number of company employees and their friends.

"The Story of Daggett and Taylor," a truthful and fascinating story of two Wyoming linemen who came near losing their lives in their efforts to keep the transcontinental phone line open during the severe storm of November, 1922, is an epic in heroism and loyalty to duty.

The front cover picture is a typical winter scene in Colorado; the frontispiece of Santa Claus and the insert etching, "The Spirit of Service," all bear the impress of artists of ability and give a touch of rare artistry throughout its forty-four pages.

The magazine is run primarily for the benefit and pleasure of the employees of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. It carries no advertising except its own, and very little of that.

It has done much to build up the personnel of that wonderful organization and is deservedly an inspiration to every member of that big and happy family of kindly business men and contented employees. If other large employers treated their employees with the same consideration and courtesy they would be rewarded with equal service and loyalty.

On August 31, 1923, the total number of Bell owned telephones in service in the Bell System was 10,021,983, a gain of 815,581 telephones in twelve months.

The officials of a Wisconsin company publicly appeal to hunters not to shoot the insulators off the telephone poles of that company.

El Paso Rotarians Visit Exchange

On December 13th and 20th, the Rotary Club of El Paso was served its noon-day luncheon in the beautiful dining room of the El Paso telephone exchange. The meals were prepared by the cafeteria staff of which Mrs. Childress is the proud and efficient head. The excellency of the meal was commented upon freely and the Rotarians in their appreciation dedicated a special song to Mrs. Childress. Young ladies selected from each department acted as waitresses and conducted groups of Rotarians through the exchange after the luncheon. The event was very much appreciated by all who attended and many expressions of appreciation and congratulation were received.

The dining room and dance hall were beautiful in their Christmas decorations and to add to the joyous occasion, a large Rotary wheel was suspended in the center of the room. This, the work of our own Dot Cass of the engineering department, was the cause of a great deal of praise and comment for the young lady's skill.

The guests outside of the Rotarians were: The Mayor and City Council of El Paso and Messrs. Milligan, Beveridge and Rowe of the Denver office.

C. A. Heiss Visits Denver

Mr. C. A. Heiss, comptroller of The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, of New York City, was a pleasant visitor to our territory during the early part of December, and while in Denver he was made the guest of honor at a meeting of employees made up principally of the accounting departments, and as a slight token of their esteem for Mr. Heiss the accounting employees presented to

him a large volchrome print of the painting "After the Storm," by Charles Patridge Adams. Miss Isabelle McCarthy made the presentation, to which Mr. Heiss responded with much feeling of appreciation.

Mr. Roderick Reid, general auditor, in calling the meeting to order and introducing Mr. Heiss, spoke of the great importance of the comptroller's position and of the fine spirit always shown by Mr. Heiss and his office in New York toward the Mountain States Company, as well as toward all other companies of the Bell System.

While Comptroller Heiss dealt principally with figures—because it takes a lot of figures to keep track of the business obtained through the combined efforts of 275,000 employees—he also took occasion to speak of the high character of the employees—of their visions to do something in the interest of service.

"Not so many years ago," said Mr. Heiss, "we had but one bookkeeper, and that bookkeeper is living today in Boston, and his name is Davenshire. What must be the revelation to Mr. Davenshire when he picks up one of our reports today and finds that we now have more than 10,000,000 stations, all of which must be individually taken care of from the accounting standpoint! And as we estimate the business of the future we need but visualize the result of ten or twelve years in the future to place the number of stations at 20,000,000. Not a bad concern to own stock in, is it?"

Mr. Heiss was very complimentary in his praise of Mr. Roderick Reid, our own general auditor.



A Pre-Christmas Party

Denver Champa exchange supervisors and central office instructors, reinforced by Miss Hackett, Miss Eleanor Sullivan, Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Williams, enjoyed a beautiful Christmas party at the home of Miss Sadie Pitt, Champa chief operator, on the evening of December 17.

A charming Christmas tree was the central feature of the artistic decoration of the home, and under it Santa Claus, who must have taken somebody's advice and done his Christmas shopping early, had deposited a number of parcels gay with Yuletide red and green.

On assembling at Miss Pitt's home there was one thought in the minds of all: Gladys Mousser, a dear and lovely friend and associate in the Champa operating room, had answered the last long distance call only about six weeks before. Gladys had always enjoyed their parties so much. And a sudden hush fell on everyone when Miss Pitt announced that they would all bow their heads in silence and think of their departed associate for two minutes. The lights were extinguished and one lone

candle burned in the shadows near the Christmas tree. Miss Loretta Smith went to the piano and played softly and expressively that heart-touching melody, "Meditation." It seemed that Gladys must be with them in spirit.

Games were played and refreshments served and the guests remained in delightful social and Christmas spirit until the midnight hour.



The telephone directories used in the Bell System have a total annual circulation of 25,000,000 copies, to print which requires more than 30,000 tons of paper.



Bagby and the Ford

C. C. Bagby, a long-time member of our telephone family and recently traffic engineer, has left us to engage in the automobile business in the San Luis Valley, with headquarters at the thriving and growing town of Alamosa. On a recent visit to Denver he breezed into THE MONITOR office and reported business good. Mr. Bagby is selling Fords, and in contrast to his recent telephone job of keeping traffic moving briskly he is now helping to



C. C. Bagby

congest the traffic on the roads around Alamosa and in the sunny San Luis country generally.

We miss "C. C." A good scout, a good friend, a good telephone man. He is a fine addition, a splendid asset to any town in which he makes his home.



Edward Lee Mansholt, Three-Year-Old Son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman E. Mansholt. Mr. Mansholt is Repeaterman at Rawlins, Wyoming.



Young Brown Eagle, Caught in Trap Near Rawlins, Wyoming, by R. L. Higley, Chief Testboard Man. It Measured Three Feet Tall and Six and One-half Feet from Tip to Tip.



Ho Wasn't Qualified

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked the sympathetic motorist of a man who was looking unutterable thoughts at a disabled car.

"How is your vocabulary?"

"I'm a minister, sir."

"Drive on."



Pretty Expensive, Eh?

This one comes from Rocky Ford. The manager of a central exchange was trying to explain to a prospective subscriber rates on one-, two- and four-party residence service.

"Well," said the prospective subscriber, "I guess I will have to take the four-party service, as there are four in my family."



Absent-Minded

It was knocking-off time in an Irish shipyard, and one of the men shouted: "Any av you fellows seen me waistcoat?"

Pat looked round. "Why, shure, Murphy," he exclaimed, "ut's got it on ye have."

"Begorra, Pat," said Murphy, "an' so Oi have. An' ut's a good job you was noticing the fact, otherwise Oi'd have gone home without ut."—*Tid Bits.*



A village girl eloped in a suit of her father's clothes. The next day the "Daily News" came out with this sensational headline:

"Flees in Father's Pants."—*Brooklyn Central.*



"Most things that are bought go to the buyer."

"Yes, all but coal—that goes to the cellar."

The Surer Way

Placards around the hotel invited suggestions from patrons, so one guest ventured to offer something in this line.

"Why don't you put telephones near the beds?"

"Won't do," answered the manager. "We've tried that."

"Why won't it do?"

"Every morning we call people to tell them it is time to get up."

"What of that?"

"If you have to cross the room to answer the telephone, then you are up."—*Hotel Mail.*



Ike: "Svim out here, fadder, I'm sinking."

Abe: "I can't svim. Throw papa your watch and I will pray for you."



Speaking of Speed

Among Irvin Cobb's numerous stories is one that has an especial appeal to the electrical fraternity.

Cobb relates that one day in a Southern town he overheard two darkies disputing as to their respective ability as runners. Said the first:

"You claims you is fast! You says you's so fast folks calls you speedy! Jest how fast is you, nigger?"

"I'll tell you how fast I is," said the other. "De room whar I sleep nights is got just one 'lectric light in it which 'lectric light is forty feet from the baid. W'en I gits undressed I kin walk over to dat 'lectric light and turn it out and get back into baid and be all covered up befo' the room gits dark."

O, Joy! O, Joy!

El Paso, Texas, Dec. 11, 1923.

Dear Rips: We are enjoying the biggest blizzard in years—beats anything I've seen in the 16 years I've lived here. Come down next summer. SED.



Further Deponent Sayeth Not

The following verdict was returned by a jury trying a case where a cow belonging to a farmer had been run over and killed by a train. In giving the farmer the victory, the jury reported:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran; if the bell had been rang as it should have been rung; if the whistle had been blewed as it should have been blewed; neither of which it did; the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."



O, Gosh Golosh!

I never grow weary
Thinking of you, dear heart.
Your voice, like water falling
Softly
In the summer woods—
Your hands
Like pale, delicate butterflies—
The clouds of hair
Blown softly about your face.
Making of you a young Aphrodite.
I adore you—
But—

For heaven's sake, either buckle up or take off those goloshes. I cannot stand them any longer.



THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICE 1421 CHAMPA STREET, DENVER, COLORADO

BEN S. READ
President

J. E. MACDONALD
Secretary and
Treasurer

RODERICK REID
General Auditor

E. M. BURGESS
Vice-President

H. E. McAFEE,
Vice President

MILTON SMITH
Vice-President and
General Counsel

J. F. GREENAWALT
Publicity Manager

G. E. McCARN
Chief Engineer

R. M. MORRIS
General Commercial
Manager

N. O. PIERCE
General Plant
Manager

F. P. OGDEN
General Traffic
Manager

GEORGE SPALDING
Tax Commissioner

Secretary and Financial Department

J. E. MACDONALD
Secretary and Treasurer

A. R. GROSHEIDER
Assistant Treasurer

A. E. MIX
Assistant Secretary and Assistant
Treasurer

G. MAVOR
Assistant Secretary

Accounting Department

RODERICK REID
General Auditor

F. H. TAYLOR
Auditor of Receipts

H. W. BELLARD
Chief Accountant

H. E. STUBBS
Chief Traveling Auditor

A. F. HOFFMAN
Auditor of Disbursements

P. E. REMINGTON
Supervisor of Methods

State Accounting

R. F. BRINK
Arizona State Auditor

M. R. CALDWELL
Colorado Auditor of Receipts

C. H. LYTLE
Idaho State Auditor

C. J. EATON
Montana State Auditor

F. W. BOWN
New Mexico-El Paso State Auditor

A. A. HEDBERG
Utah State Auditor

R. E. PILLOUD
Wyoming State Auditor

Publicity Department

J. F. GREENAWALT
Publicity Manager

J. E. MOORHEAD
Assistant Publicity Manager

A. U. MAYFIELD
Editor "The Monitor"

Commercial Department

R. M. MORRIS
General Commercial Manager

R. L. BURGESS
Commercial Engineer

C. C. JOHNSON
General Commercial Representative

FRED B. JONES
General Commercial Supervisor

H. D. McVAY
Arizona Manager

P. A. HOLLAND
Colorado Manager

H. R. RISLEY
Idaho Manager

J. N. WHITTINGHILL
Montana Manager

C. E. STRATTON
New Mexico-El Paso Manager

ORSON JOHN HYDE
Utah Manager

C. L. TITUS
Wyoming Manager

Plant Department

N. O. PIERCE
General Plant Manager

H. W. KLINE
Supervisor of Methods and Results

E. G. WILSON
Supervisor of Long Lines

A. W. MILLIGAN
Installation Superintendent

T. E. MATHEWS
Plant Accounting Supervisor

E. J. ANDERSON
Arizona Plant Superintendent

A. W. YOUNG
Colorado Plant Superintendent

C. A. SNYDER
Idaho Plant Superintendent

O. R. NEWMAN
Montana Plant Superintendent

J. A. KELLY
New Mexico-El Paso Plant
Superintendent

C. C. PRATT
Utah Plant Superintendent

C. C. HARMON
Wyoming Plant Superintendent

Traffic Department

F. P. OGDEN
General Traffic Manager

F. H. YELTON
General Traffic Supervisor

R. J. BEVERIDGE
General Toll Supervisor

E. W. KEWLEY
Arizona Traffic Superintendent

WALDO COCKRELL
Colorado Traffic Superintendent

R. G. SPORE
Idaho Traffic Superintendent

J. F. LEONARD
Montana Traffic Superintendent

M. E. BATES
New Mexico-El Paso Traffic
Superintendent

L. O. BINGHAM
Utah Traffic Superintendent

L. J. MEYER
Wyoming Traffic Superintendent

Engineering Department

G. E. McCARN
Chief Engineer

C. A. CRAPO
Engineer of Equipment and
Buildings

MURRAY MacNEILL
Outside Plant Engineer

A. S. PETERS
Valuation Engineer

R. B. BONNEY
Educational Director

EMPLOYEE'S BENEFIT FUND COMMITTEE

E. M. BURGESS, Chairman.

H. E. McAFEE

F. P. OGDEN

N. O. PIERCE

RODERICK REID, Vice-Chairman

H. T. VAILLE, Secretary

DR. C. B. LYMAN, Medical Director

DR. N. A. THOMPSON, Associate Medical Director



The Church of my Childhood

There's a sacred spot in a quaint old town
Where I spent my childhood days --
A spot in memory, sweet and dear --
Twill cling to my heart always;
Nor strife, nor trials, nor earthly joys,
Nor billows that change and roll,
Can ever efface or dim or mar
The love that is flooding my soul.
This spot so sacred and holy to me
Is the little frame church by the road
Where Jesus the Christ came into my life
And lifted my sinful load;
Twas there I heard the Gospel of Truth,
And songs of heaven's renown --
Twas there the bell in the old church tower
Rang out in the quaint old town.

There's a sacred spot in a quaint old town
Where the altar of God was built,
Where kith and kin and friends I knew
Confessed their weakness and guilt;
Twas there my father and mother knelt
In prayer for many a year;
Twas there we children found peace and hope
When our hearts were choked with a tear.
And years rolled by and souls passed on
To the realms beyond the grave,
But the old frame church is standing there
More souls of sinners to save;
And now when silver is streaking my hair
And the twilight is settling down,
My thoughts go back to the days of yore --
To the church in the quaint old town.

There's a sacred spot in a quaint old town
Where love is boundless and free,
And again I hear that sweet old song --
"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me --"
And the echoes die on the distant hills
And I dream of the heavenly goal --
But, list! soft strains come back to me --
"Jesus, lover of my soul --"
And again I hear the preacher pray --
"Dear God, on the heavenly throne,
Bless and guide these children dear,
And leave them not alone."
And tonight I'd lift the veil of Time
With never a pang or frown,
And wend my way to the old frame church
In the quaint old country town.