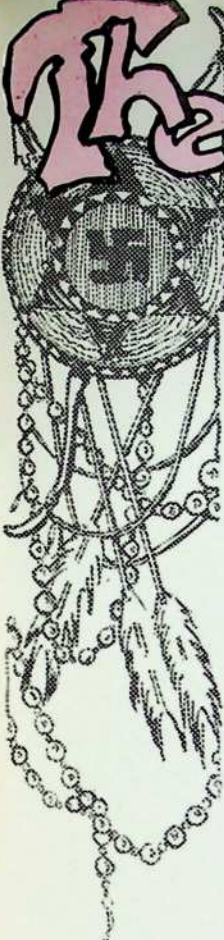


The Monitor



BEULAH BLACKET



November
1924



Mission San Xavier del Bac



INE miles south of Tucson, Arizona, stands the Mission Xavier del Bac, one of the most beautiful examples of the Franciscan missions. In the very heart of the desert it rises, surrounded on all sides by sands and sagebrush and hemmed in by barren mountains.

The history of the Mission is one of hardship, and is supposed to have been started by the Jesuits. Father Kino writes in his journal that he first visited Bac in 1692. Bac was a small Indian village, hence the name Xavier del Bac. Bac was the scene of several civilizations, and flourished perhaps as long ago as 1000 A. D.

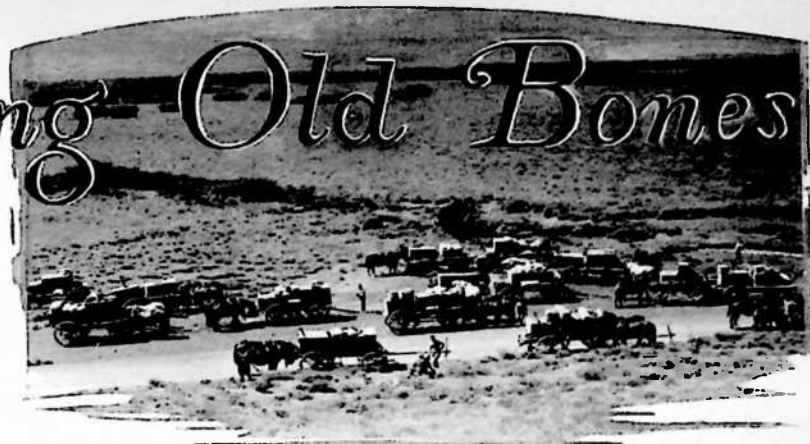
The walls are of solid masonry, and about six feet thick, and composed of burned brick. It is claimed that an almost fabulous forest once stood in this vicinity, but there is little evidence of it in the material of the church.

Digging Old Bones

A FEW YEARS back, say about 25 million years or so, the territory now served by the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company was not exactly a hole in the ground, but it was the next thing to it. From the Gulf of Mexico on the south, to the Arctic Circle, and on a line about even with Western Utah, to Eastern Colorado, a new continent was being builded, slowly rising from the slimy ocean bed. This vast territory was a bog or swamp, over which grew an enormously rank vegetation, closely akin to the fern family of today. The remains of this vegetation is the coal we now burn.

Wading about through this almost endless swamp, browsing on this luxuriant vegetation, were uncounted hosts of great cumbersome reptiles. The greater part of them were vegetarians, but a few were meat eaters, and lived upon the others. Then came a day, as they say in the screen titles, when Mother Earth rolled over, or turned backwards, or something like that, and this vast region was again submerged beneath the sea. All its teeming life went down to death and a chapter of earth's history was closed.

Centuries past, mother again got uneasy and decided if ever there was to be a wonderful scenic America for Salt Lake City to be the center of, she would have to get busy. As



the result of her strenuous activities, the old lizard pastures were thrown up high and dry a mile or so above sea level, but during their long sleep beneath the water the sandy swamp bottoms had, under pressure, changed to sandstone and in that form again met the sunshine.

About 15 years ago a very rich bed of fossil remains of the Dinosaur was located about 6 miles from Jensen, Utah. Jensen is a small village on the Green River, 15 miles east of Vernal, Utah, and 30 miles west of the Utah-Colorado line on the Victory highway. The Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, and the Smithsonian Institute, as well as other great schools, sent their representatives to dig for this quarry specimens of these long extinct beings for their museums.

About a year ago Professor Pack, of the University of Utah, began excavations for the university. The result of his efforts, assisted

by Dr. Earl Douglass, geologist of the Carnegie Institute, are five splendid specimens of the Dinosaur family. One of these when mounted will be 110 feet in length, and over 30 feet in height. The smallest is about 5 feet in length. Each of the five are of a different species of Dinosaur and when placed on exhibition will constitute the best exhibit of the kind in the world. The head of a brontosaurus was found in almost perfect condition, the first ever to be found.

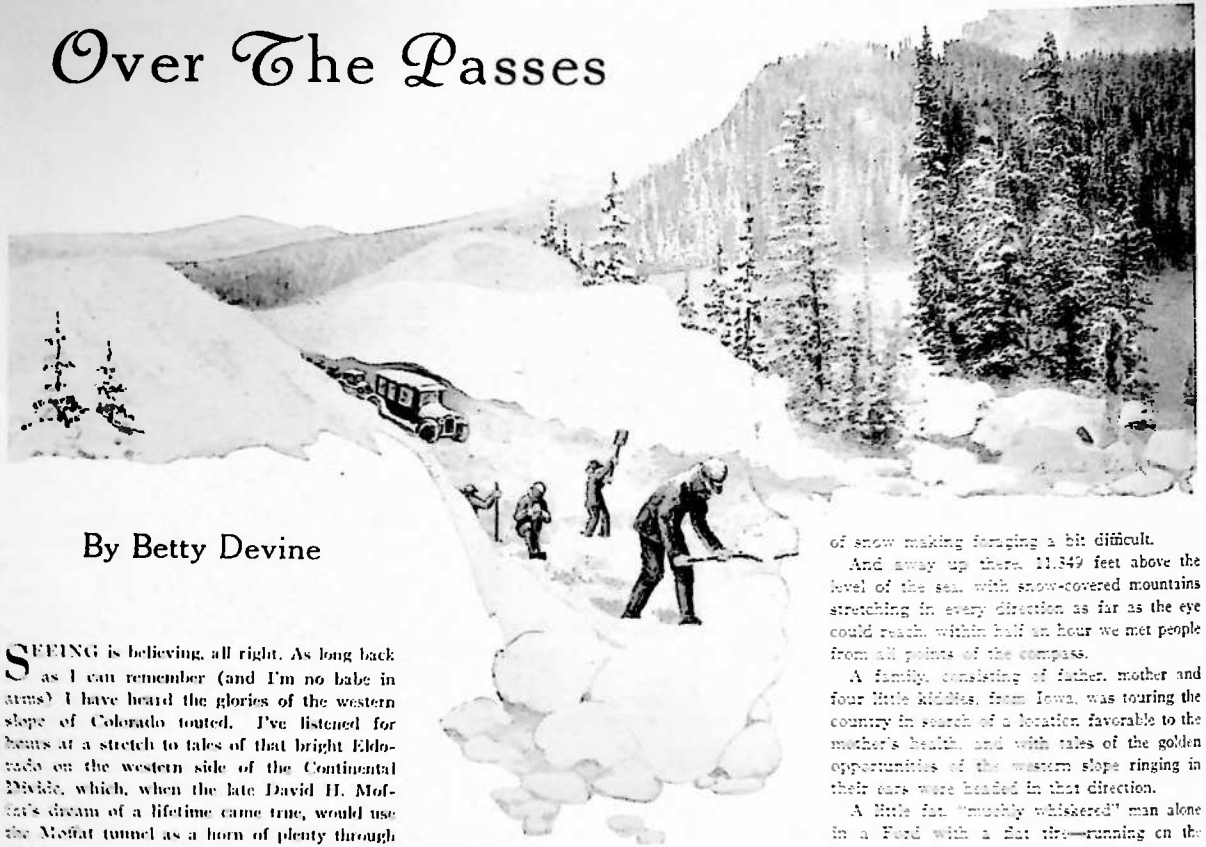
The bones are taken out by breaking out the solid rock in which they are imbedded and the block encased in plaster paris, and then crated in heavy crates for shipment to the place where they are to be set up; there the remainder of the stone is carefully broken away leaving the fossil bone exposed.

The specimens for the university were hauled by 14 teams 220 miles from Jensen to Salt Lake.



Bones of Ancient Dinosaurs arriving at Campus. "Uncle John" Kay, Caravan Leader; Dr. Frederick J. Pack, geologist, and Geo. Thomas, president University of Utah

Over The Passes



By Betty Devine

SEEING is believing, all right. As long back as I can remember (and I'm no babe in arms) I have heard the glories of the western slope of Colorado touted. I've listened for hours at a stretch to tales of that bright Eldorado on the western side of the Continental Divide, which, when the late David H. Moffat's dream of a lifetime came true, would use the Moffat tunnel as a horn of plenty through which to share its vast store of treasures with the rest of the world.

It had the lure of a fairy tale to me, and I have always hoped for a prep at this "Treasure Island." So when the editor suggested that I pack my go-way sack and hike myself hence over Berthoud and Rabbit's Ear Passes I was on my way before he'd finished talking lest, perchance, he might change his mind.

"Make it snappy, Betty, before winter catches up with you," the editor's parting shot rang in my ears as I settled down into a front seat of the little Essex coach and proceeded to "step on 'er."

"That fellow's only a couple of jumps ahead of an asslum," thought I as the balmy morning air and bright sunshine gave lie to the thought that winter might ever come.

Next morning while the rest of the world seemed still asleep, I waved farewell from Wildcat Point, on Lookout Mountain, and sped past the cut-off to stately Genesee, past Home Lodge, where we telephone talk boys had made a pleasant outing, descended old Chapel Hill, which with its new road is living down its reputation for treachery, and dropped into Clear Creek valley, where *John Sprague* is tucked cozily into the hills. There my old-time friends, the *Courtesy Elye Company*, were waiting to appease my growing appetite, which

had assumed embarrassing proportions, with the most tempting breakfast.

The following morning, properly chaperoned, and with the weather gods in even a better mood, we set out for the trip over Berthoud Pass, the west portal of the Moffat tunnel being our goal.

Is there anything lovelier than the mountains in the fall of the year, when the fairies, moving their treasure pots into winter quarters, spill quantities of gold and copper over the hillsides, brightening up their somber winter garb of varied-toned green, red and brown with rich patches of yellow and bronze?

Such was the setting through which we passed, the glory of the warm, colorful scene being enhanced by tips of snow-capped peaks looming in the distance.

The occasional rapids of Clear Creek gurgled a happy song, while the aspen leaves fluttering in the breeze seemed to wave gold kerchiefs to cheer us on our way, and there was naught but the joy of living save an occasional abandoned mine shaft high on the mountainside, bearing mute testimony of lurid hopes and dreams.

We ate our lunch on the very tip of Berthoud Pass, while the birds circled about, rested on the top of the car and all but flew in at the window in their eagerness for food, a carpet

of snow making foraging a bit difficult.

And away up there, 11,549 feet above the level of the sea, with snow-covered mountains stretching in every direction as far as the eye could reach, within half an hour we met people from all points of the compass.

A family, consisting of father, mother and four little kiddies, from Iowa, was touring the country in search of a location favorable to the mother's health, and with tales of the golden opportunities of the western slope ringing in their ears were headed in that direction.

A little fat, "mushy whiskered" man alone in a Ford with a flat tire—running on the rim—came from some place in Nebraska. When I asked if traveling alone was an evidence of appreciating good company, the hungry look in his eye, the shake of his head and the husky note in his voice as he replied, "It's mighty lonesome," made me wish I had stepped on my own feet before the question had rolled off my tongue. He was a minister en route to Fort Morgan, where he was to preach the following night.

A couple of hunters from Denver, in haste to get over the pass and locate their game before the deer season opened.

A rich old lady of the dowager type from California, with an attractive young niece and chauffeur in a palatial car, on a sight-seeing tour of Colorado's National Parks.

A young lad on a motorcycle, which he had driven through from Portland, Oregon, seeing the country. He had started with a side car and pal, but had lost both before we met him.

A non-communicative lettuce grower from over near Granby, on his way home from Denver.

A couple of oil men from New York, just "looking over the situation in western Colorado," and a pair of newlyweds from Texas, honeymooning in a Ford touring car, who were apparently not conscious that they were on the top of the world, or where they were

going, and didn't seem to care so long as they were together.

It looked as if we might stay there and "let the rest of the world go by," but the lure of the country beyond urged us to be on our way.

Not far on the other side of the pass evidence of great activity told us we were nearing our goal, west portal of Moffat tunnel, and soon we pulled into that far-famed camp, a village all to itself, where we spent the night.

I'm going to tell you a lot about our visit there, in next month's *MONITOR*, if the editor's willing, but we'll slip on past it now for a glimpse of some of our Telephone Family we said "howdy" to coming this way.

There was Herbert Thompson, manager of the Idaho Springs group, including Idaho Springs, Georgetown and Central City. "Herb," as he is called all through that part of the territory, is one of the best liked chaps in Idaho Springs. I didn't get it from him—all who know him can readily appreciate that, for he is modest to the point of bashfulness. I got it from all corners of the town that if anything was stirring in the little village, anything being "cooked up" in the way of a civic affair, "Herb" was one of the first to be let in on it, and never fails in interest, enthusiasm and co-operation.

Mr. Thompson started with the company in 1906 in Trinidad, as I recall it, in the construction department under Fred Blanchard, and we have it from him that Vic Maymon was a good line foreman, as he worked for Vic at that time. He has been with the company ever since, save for a break of three years in his service record in 1909, and for the past six years has been with the Idaho Springs group.

Miss Cora Evans, chief operator, is one of the most important characters in town—fact is, the town sort of revolves around "Cora," as she is generally known. She came from Wales, her parents settling in Idaho Springs many years ago. With a twenty-year service record she boasts a brand of enthusiasm which grows with the years and is interested in every-



Betty Devine on top Berthoud Pass—"Goodbye Proud World." Left—Ivan Williams, one of the boys who helped open Rabbit Ears Pass.

thing "telephonish" from one end of the country to the other.

If Doctor Fraser is wanted, the subscriber simply takes his receiver off the hook and asks "Cora" is she knows where the doctor is—and somehow she usually does. If Mr. Hamlin can't be reached at home, "Cora" is appealed to, and doubtless comes forth with the information that the Hamlins went to Denver this morning.

If Mrs. Ryley Cooper suddenly remembers something she wants Mr. Cooper to bring from town, she calls "Cora" and tells her that Mr. Cooper is on his way down and asks if she chances to see him going up street will she kindly get him on the phone; and without neglecting her work "Cora" usually sees him going into a store and hastens to get Mr. and Mrs. Cooper into communication.



Summer View of Rabbit Ears Pass as seen from Millner Pass

Assisting Miss Evans in giving service to the people of Idaho Springs are Miss Irene Libby, native born, who has been with the company since 1913; her sister, Miss Bessie Libby, night operator since 1918, and Miss Vera Benson, relief operator for the past year.

Thurston Dull, whom I met some months ago with the tree trimming gang, is now agent at Central City, while R. F. Wadsworth, who came out here from Michigan a year or so ago, is agent at Georgetown.

At Fraser, which we made after leaving West Portal, we pulled up in front of a garage to feed our engine, and just as we stepped from the car caught sight of that quaint and familiar little log house—the Fraser exchange—which through the A. T. and T. poster sprang into national fame.

A big, fine-looking chap cutting across the street at the moment proved to be Edgar Cook of Steamboat, in charge of the Steamboat-Craig-Hot Sulphur Springs-Fraser group, who had just dropped into town along with L. W. Sunderlin, agent at Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. Josephine Petschauer, operator at Fraser, is another of the type usually found in these outlying exchanges, who is known to practically the entire community as "Josephine" and who night and day is at her post of duty, giving service and general information about everything, from the condition of the roads to last year's crops.

Mrs. Petschauer has been with the company five years, her service up to a year ago being in the Oak Creek exchange. With 200 subscribers, many of whom are country lines, she is kept pretty busy, especially with toll service.

Another interesting bit of telephone romance was here added to our trip in meeting Will Lahey, formerly of Central City, who conducts the garage where we had driven up for gas. Mr. Lahey, upon learning that we were tele-

phone people—and the big-hearted, kindly-disposed folks one meets out in the country have a habit of interesting themselves in those who come their way—hastened to turn back the pages of his life to “forty-odd” years ago when he went to work for the Telephone Company in Central City under “young Ed Burgess,” now our estimable vice-president, who was at that time in charge of the Central City exchange. Mr. Lahey told gleefully of how he used to watch the exchange certain evenings for Mr. Burgess while the latter went “courting” pretty Bessie Lake, one of the belles of the village, who as Mrs. E. M. Burgess has endeared herself to members of the telephone family for many years.

Just west of Fraser we picked L. W. Sunderlin, agent at Hot Sulphur Springs, off a telephone pole, or at least succeeded in coaxing him down long enough to shake hands and speed us on our way. Mr. Sunderlin and Mr. Cook had come over to Fraser to shoot trouble—and from his love of the sport I suspect the latter hoped to shoot something more than trouble, inasmuch as the season was just opening, though he assured me that any he went after would be spelled with two “e’s” instead of an “a”—in fact he declared it would be “B-U-C-K.”

Soft lights and slow, spooky music, please, for now comes the saddest part of the story. That very same evening a heavy rain, which turned into snow, along with a stiff wind, took down fifty poles west of Fraser and thirteen east of it, giving Mr. Sunderlin and Mr. Cook more trouble than they could shoot in several days thereafter.

We reached the pretty little bungalow where Mr. and Mrs. Sunderlin preside over the exchange in Hot Sulphur Springs just as the rain started, and found Mrs. Sunderlin and her assistant, Miss Faith Gardner, at the switchboard. After a brief visit we managed to persuade Mrs. Sunderlin to step out front and let us try a snap shot at her, though the weather was not favorable to amateur photography.

A threatening sky and a bit of advice from Mrs. Sunderlin decided us on not trying to make more than the big hill between Sulphur and Parshall before putting in for the night at Buckhorn Lodge.

Between that time and 7 o'clock next morning I developed a wholesome respect for the editor's warning. Winter had caught up with us and had headed us off in every direction. We couldn't even reach out and feel our way, for there wasn't a telephone line working—not even to Sulphur.

Isn't it queer how completely off the map we telephone people feel when we can't get telephone communication? It's just like being in a ship without a sail—out of touch with civilization, and despite the fact that we were comfortably situated, aside from the gloomy weather, as the storm continued to rage, we were in anything but a cheerful mood. Wedding bells, dinner bells, not any bells in the



Upper left—Mrs. Julia A. Brown, operator at Kremmling; Edgar Cook, manager, Steamboat Springs Group, and Mrs. Josephine Petschauer, operator at Fraser. Lower left—Mrs. Ivan Ballhorst, operator at Yampa.

world, will ever have as joyous a sound as the first faint ting-aling of that telephone bell at Buckhorn Lodge twenty-four hours later, with Mrs. Sunderlin's sweet voice backing it up.

We were snowed in all right, but what mattered that so long as we could keep touch with the world about us, though in truth our touch was not at the time very far reaching, for the storm had cut us off from Fraser, Denver and even Kremmling and Steamboat Springs. It was general in this part of the country, and there was no telling when communication could be re-established, even to learning how far-reaching it was or the extent of the damage.

Just when everything looks blackest a telephone man always bobs up somewhere to save the situation, and this time it was on the very top of Rabbit Ears Pass, and on top of a telephone pole at that.

W. E. Fisher of Denver, who with Ivan Williams of the state plant engineering department has been taking pole inventory in this district, happened to be about a mile and a quarter from the top of the pass on the east side when the storm started late Tuesday evening and sought shelter at Columbine Lodge. The rain turned into snow, and a blizzard which would have done credit to mid-winter in this vicinity, raged all day Wednesday.

It was noon Thursday before the storm had abated to the point of daring an attempt to cross the pass, and within a few hours twenty cars were stalled on the pass, with the telephone men in the lead, running true to form in the matter of service, battling the storm, bucking the drifts, shoveling snow and breaking the road little by little.

It was a tough job, made none the lighter by such remarks as “Oh!” they're telephone men—they're paid for that; let them break it,” from certain of the stalled ones with an appalling lack of appreciation of both the hazardous situation and the service being rendered in behalf of all those marooned on the pass.

Did these and similar remarks serve to halt the efforts of our boys? It isn't on record that it did. They're human, all right, and probably felt like quitting and just giving those people a chance to sit on the pass or fight their own way across, but thought of the many fine people willing and eager to help who would suffer because of a few, spurred them to greater effort.

Some one from Denver—I believe a “Doc” Ware—is said to have been the leading spirit in keeping up the morale of the entire party and in seeing that our boys had food and whatever assistance could be given them.

All through the night the boys battled the drifts until by 4:30 in the morning exhaustion compelled them to seek shelter and rest over

in the forest ranger's barn with his horse, where, wet to the skin and chilled to the bone, they snatched two hours to stage a "come-back." Come back they did, too, at 6:30 o'clock, with renewed determination to break the trail.

After sitting out all night, even those who had been so glib with their tongues the day before had developed a keen appreciation of the true condition and of the boys' splendid efforts, so they were quite willing to aid in every possible way.

By noon Friday the stupendous feat was accomplished—and with the trail broken they were still stalled for lack of gas, everyone having loaned and borrowed from each other until practically all the cars were near dry. It then remained for Fisher to climb a pole and with his test set call into Steamboat for a truck load of 100 gallons of gasoline to be dispatched to the top of the pass immediately.

Soon after, the caravan was moving slowly across the pass, with Fisher and Williams in their Ford piloting the weary travelers. Thus another thrilling chapter was written into the book of Service of telephone men.

And while these two boys were fighting across the eight-mile top of the pass, down at the foot on the western side, J. W. Davis, sectional patrolman between Denver, Craig and Yampa, and Floyd Wilson, wire chief at Steamboat Springs, were fighting their way up toward the top.

Starting on a case of trouble they left Steamboat early Wednesday morning, battling the storm for sixteen miles, bucking the drifts with the radiator of their Ford until they were finally forced to abandon the car and go on foot to within a mile and a half of the top, where some of the trouble was cleared. Darkness overtaking them, they were obliged to give up the fight until the following morning, when they started out again on saddle horses procured from a nearby ranch and by 5 o'clock that evening had the line between Steamboat and Sulphur cleared.

Incidentally, if you chance to know Mr. Davis, you may appreciate what a tuck he had to take in himself to ride a lady's saddle with short laced stirrups, this being all that was available.

Suffering hardships in the cause of Service

is no new experience to Mr. Davis, for many of us remember a few years back when, shooting trouble over near Ouray, he was stranded for three days, including Christmas, in a ranger's cabin with nothing to eat but some raisins and prunes.

While the boys were breaking through Rabbit's Ear a similar fight was being waged on Berthoud, where I am told sixty cars were stalled, but not being familiar with the facts concerning this battle, I can't give you the story.

Fortunately, while all this was going on, we were snowed in at Buckhorn, a nice, comfy place to be marooned, though after three days we were champing at the bit in our eagerness to be on our way. By this time we were able to reach out and feel our way via the telephone, and learning that Rabbit Ears was filled up again, we decided to turn our faces in the direction of the Gore in hope of getting over to Steamboat.

Take it from me, it was like the road to Heaven, long and rough. I had been told that there was a moving mountain over in this neck of the woods, and that drive left no doubt of it in my mind. Fact is, I am convinced there are several of them, for they moved out from under us faster than we could climb.

We stopped, en route from Parshall to the Gore road, to get acquainted with Mrs. Julia A. Brown, operator at Kremmling, but she was kept so busy at her board the entire time we were there that it was not what might be considered a "tea party."

Mrs. Brown has been with the company seven years, four of which were spent in the little log exchange at Fraser. She is thoroughly familiar with this part of the country and knows most of the people.

A widow, with three children to support, one of whom is now married and the other two in high school, she has not let her responsibilities take the song out of her life, as is shown by her pleasing manner and the merry twinkle in her brown eyes. With all she is doing, she manages to buy stock and is taking a lot out of life for the good she puts into it.

After a long, hard pull and many a slip-back, we arrived at Toponas—which is an Indian name for "Sleeping Lion"—at about 1:30 p. m., where our disappointment at being told there

wasn't a drop of gas to be had was somewhat offset by the query, "Would you people like to have lunch?" Would we like to have lunch? Well, the way we fell up the steps into that little place of "Father Jim" Norvell's in response to the invitation was proof conclusive; and for the sake of others who may come this way, I should like to testify that it was one of the best meals we have had on our entire trip, despite the fact that they had been up serving weary travelers since 3 o'clock that morning.

Mr. Norvell asked me what I thought of the roads out there, and hastily viewing in retrospect the past several miles, I replied that I was too much of a lady to tell him, and I thought he'd choke to death.

That hour at Toponas was one of the bright spots in a day which was conspicuous for clouds and mud.

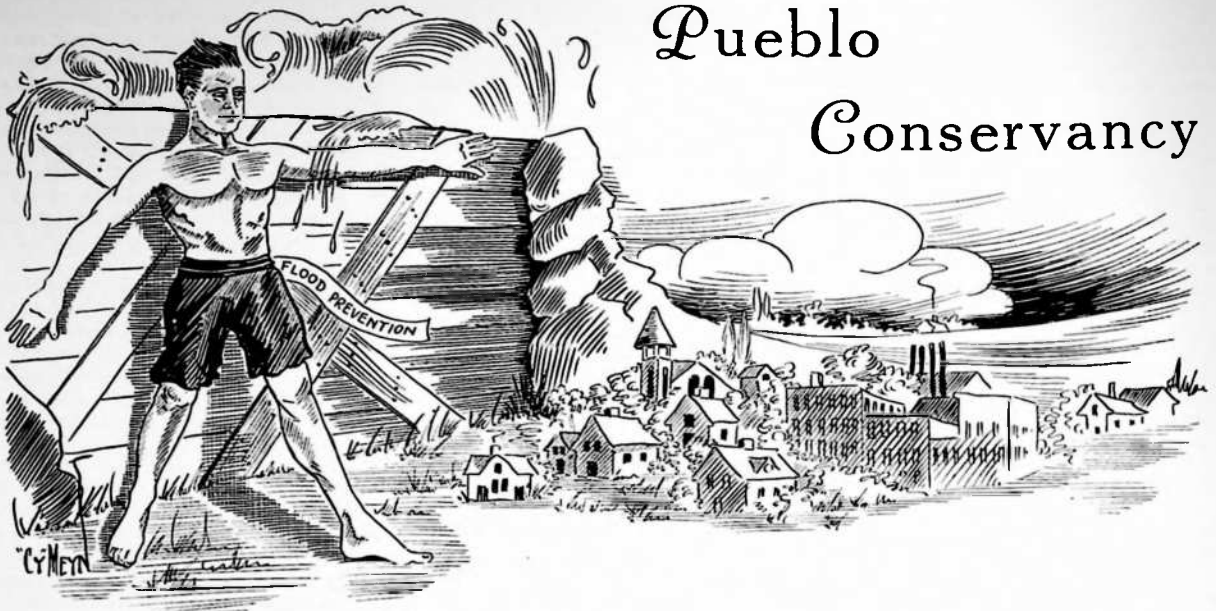
At Yampa we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Iva Ballhorst, formerly of Denver, though not with our company there, who has been operator at Yampa since last May. She is a fine looking young woman with a lot of spirit, which is shown in the fact that she is supporting two children, and expresses no fear of the long winter during which that part of the country is snowed in. She loves Yampa and loves her work, so with her children, what more can she ask—is the attitude she takes toward life.

At Oak Creek I had hoped to meet Miss Fannie Schneider, who for the past fifteen years has presided over the destiny of the Oak Creek exchange, and who is beloved by the entire countryside, but Fate decreed otherwise, and Miss Schneider chanced to be away that day, with dainty, brown-eyed Dolly McElhinney taking her place. We found the latter most charming and were assured that both Miss Schneider and Miss Margaret Grimes, third operator at this exchange, were well worth waiting for, but, to paraphrase, we remembered that "one touch of winter snows this whole country in," and we hurried along toward Steamboat.

Now, I'm not going to tell you a thing about Steamboat until later on, except that we arrived at sunset; that that night was the most glorious moonlight I have ever seen, even in Texas, and



Pueblo Conservancy



MOVING a river in the heart of a busy city, and moving it in such a way as to make it forever safe from flood, is the gigantic task that is being successfully carried out in the Conservancy district at Pueblo, Colorado. Not only is this flood prevention project one of the largest undertakings of its kind ever attempted in the west, but it is one that presented many difficulties, because it had to be done with as little interference as possible to the railroad operation and industrial activity of the community.

The Conservancy project resulted from the Pueblo flood of June 3, 1921, when a mighty deluge of the Arkansas river cost the lives of more than 100 persons and destroyed property valued at \$20,000,000. To prevent another such disaster, Arthur E. Morgan, recognized as the greatest flood control engineer in the world, was engaged to work out plans for the protection of the city and the Pueblo Con-

servancy district was created by an act of the Colorado legislature.

Although several different plans were possible and even considered, that of moving the river to a new location—where it would have sufficient capacity for a greater volume of water than that of the flood—was the only one that assured complete and permanent protection. While the project consists of 49 separate contracts, the most important contract and the "key" to the entire plan is this new channel through the city.

In working out plans, the chief problem that confronted the engineers was the location of the river. The stream entered the city from the west, and, as nature had guided its course, wound through the manufacturing section and railroad yards, with many sharp twists and turns that obstructed the flow of water at flood times.

The flood of 1921 had demonstrated that the old channel, 150 feet wide, and having a

capacity of only 35,000 cubic feet per second, was inadequate to cope with flood conditions. The fact that huge industrial plants and valuable business establishments stood on both sides of the stream made it impracticable to widen the old channel.

The southern residence section stands on a great mesa, about 50 feet higher than the level of the river. The edge of this mesa—a row of bluffs—extends almost on a straight line through the city from the point where the river enters it on the west. Here it was possible to construct a channel of sufficient capacity to safeguard the city and at the same time, to straighten the course of the stream.

At first, there were many objections to this plan. It involved the removal of many railroad tracks, extensive changes in the public utilities, the building of many new bridges, the buying of much private property, and the construction of a great levee through the city. The estimated cost was \$4,000,000, and many persons,

that I was thrilled to death over the glories of this place of which I had heard so much from my very dear friend, Dr. B. L. Jefferson, who came out here twenty years ago.

Next morning when I awoke to find in progress the "blizzardiest" blizzard I have ever seen, I felt just like the little kid who waited all week long for the Sunday school picnic and awoke the morning of the picnic all broken out with measles.

It was coming too strong for us, so after a hasty conference, a check-up on roads, etc., we showed the white feather and flew the distress signal, wiring to Denver for Elmer Bean, pinch hitter, to come over and pull us out.

(To be continued next month)



Cross-section view of the Rock Canyon dam. Right—Another view of cross-section of the dam being constructed

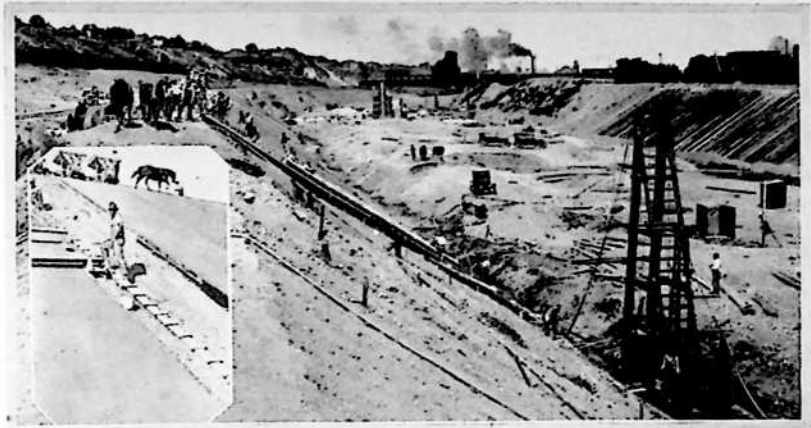
unfamiliar with engineering and construction, objected to the spending of this amount. But the plan meant safety from floods, something that was vitally necessary to the growth and prosperity of the city, and eventually it was adopted.

The Conservancy work was started the latter part of March, 1924, and already the great ditch that is to form the new channel has begun to take form. This channel will be 265 feet wide, 30 to 36 feet deep, and will have a capacity of 125,000 cubic feet per second; about one-third more than the water of the great flood of 1921.

A great part of the south wall of the channel is formed by the edge of the mesa. The north wall to be formed by a great, concrete-walled levee, 30 to 37 feet high and 2.4 miles long. Where the river is to enter the new channel on the west, the north wall swings northwest for a distance of nearly a mile, forming an additional protection to the city.

All the way through the city and at all other points where there will be any pressure from the current at flood times, the levees are paved with concrete. The width of this paving at the lower side of the city, its widest point, is 68 feet. This includes a six-foot foundation below the water level and a three-foot guard wall on top. When one considers the length of this levee, and that at many points both sides of the channel are to be paved, it is easy to understand the magnitude of this job in which the levee paving alone will cost about \$560,000.

The excavation for the new channel is a big job—involving the moving of 1,000,000



The new River Channel, showing width of top of levees. Insert—View of levee paving along the new channel

present an interesting vision of ceaseless activity.

At one point along the channel, opposite the union station, it was necessary to cut into the bluffs along the edge of the mesa for a distance of 500 feet. Great quantities of dynamite were used in tearing loose the sides of these bluffs, while draglines operating from the top and bottom of the slope loaded the earth into the waiting construction trains.

The Pueblo Conservancy district has made it necessary to completely rearrange the railroad yards that lay between the union depot and the edge of the mesa. With the cutting of the new channel and the construction of the big levee on the north, space for only eleven tracks will be left south of the depot. But much better trackage has been provided by the construction of a new railroad yard west of the city, the rearrangement of the old yards and construction of a new central freight depot.

One of the most important sections of the Conservancy work is at Santa Fe Avenue, on the lower outskirts of the city, where the Santa Fe Trail enters from the east. Here it was necessary to maintain a good gateway, and a huge single-span steel bridge, 280 feet long and 40 feet wide, will cross the channel at this point.

At the point where Santa Fe Avenue crosses the channel, the levees on both sides of the stream are 36 feet high. The bridge will be supported by huge concrete abutments built inside the levees and resting on bed-rock 30 feet below the surface of the river. This will be one of the longest single-span bridges in the west, and the fact that it has no piers to offer resistance to the current means that it can never be affected by any flood within the range of possibility.

In all, six great bridges will span the channel, four of which will be entirely new. Union Avenue is the main thoroughfare to the south side, and at the point where this street crosses the new channel a great steel and concrete bridge and viaduct will be built jointly by the City of Pueblo and the Con-



Scenes taken shortly following the big flood of 1921. The new channel will prevent this kind of disaster.

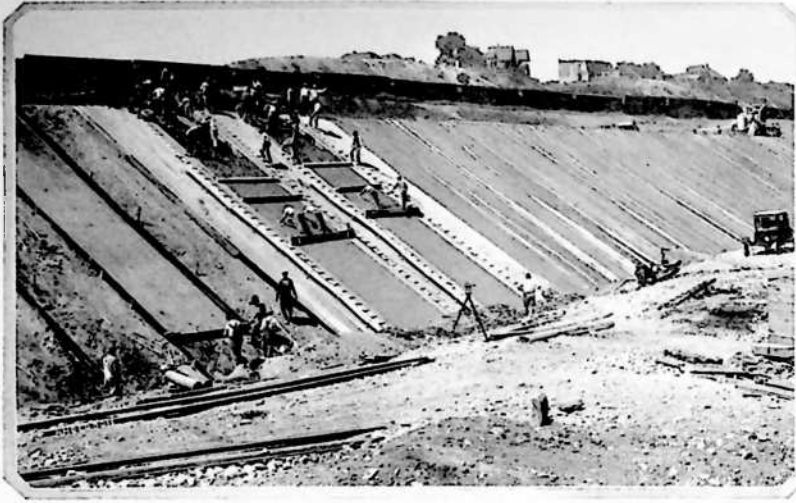


cubic yards of earth and costing \$588,900—and it is being done on a big scale. Draglines and steam shovels are used for excavating, while construction trains, operating on narrow gauge track, are used to haul the earth and rock to a point west of the city where it is being used in constructing a new railroad yard. These little construction trains, puffing up steep grades, winding across long trestles to unload their cargoes and then hurrying back to the tireless draglines and steam shovels,



servancy district. This structure will be 715 feet long, 60 feet wide, and will cost \$200,000. Sixty per cent of the total cost will be borne by the Conservancy district while the remainder will be paid by the city.

A two-span, double-track steel bridge mid-



Paving the Levee at its highest point, near Santa Fe Avenue. This paving, including a 6-foot foundation and 3-foot guard wall on top of Levee, is 68 feet wide

way between the Santa Fe bridge and the Union Avenue viaduct will provide an entrance to the city for the railroads from the south, while a four-span steel girder bridge across the channel west of the city will enable the railroads to enter the new yard and the city from that direction. Two other bridges crossing the new channel will be constructed of old bridges moved from the present channel and joined together.

A particularly interesting feature of the Conservancy work will be a huge concrete railroad bridge at Dry creek, west of the city, an important tributary of the Arkansas. The tracks on this bridge, four in number, will be eight feet below the level of the levee and the sides of the bridge will provide safety from high water without forcing the trains to climb a steep grade to the level of the levee.

One of the greatest gains that Pueblo will realize from the flood prevention project is the new railroad yard west of the city. This yard, already nearing completion, will contain 30 miles of track and have a capacity of about 3,000 cars.

Perhaps the most interesting sight in the entire Conservancy district is the great barrier dam at Rock Canyon, six miles west of the city. Here a great dam, 3,000 feet long, 230 feet wide at the base and 58 feet high, will extend like the Great Wall of China from the bluffs on the north side of the river across the stream to a high mesa on the south side, forming a great basin capable of storing 827,640,000 cubic feet of water.

While the barrier dam is a part of the Conservancy project and is included in the total estimated cost, it is really separate from the channel change. Its purpose is to store up the excess water coming down the river in case of flood, and by means of its controlling

outlet, releasing this water into the channel gradually.

The dam consists of two portions. The north section, which crosses the river, will be 1,500 feet long and constructed of solid concrete. Conduits through this dam will permit the Arkansas to follow its natural course at normal times and also permit a passage through the dam for the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railway. The second section, on the higher land to the south, and 1,500 feet long, is merely a great earthen embankment leading from the concrete barrier to the mesa.

The top of the concrete dam above the river forms the spillway notch, 1,500 feet long and eleven feet deep. In case of flood, the conduits through the dam will be filled

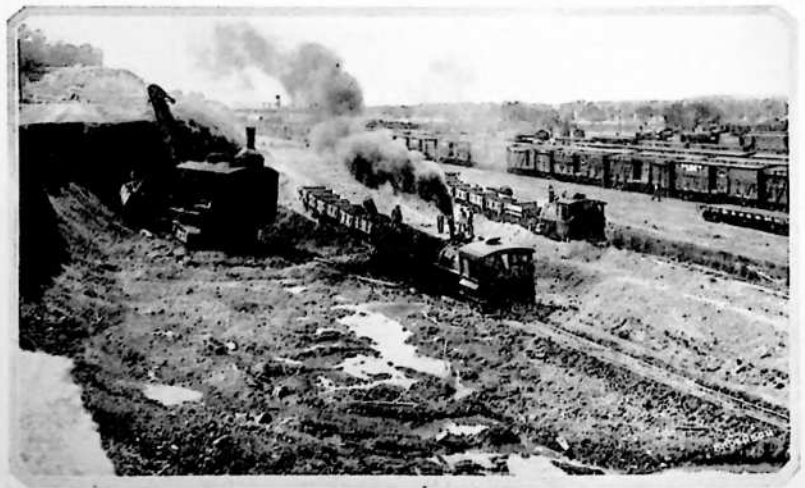
to capacity first, then, if the water reaches the top of the dam, it will go over this spillway into the channel. It is not expected that this spillway will ever come into use, but it has been provided as a precaution in case of flood beyond the range of probability.

In constructing the concrete dam the most modern equipment is being used. Railroad cars bring the material to the base of the dam where it is mixed in huge automatic mixers, then carried by machinery to the top of the dam. Here it is loaded into cars which operate on tracks along the top of the dam and carried to either end, where new sections are being built.

An outstanding feature of the Conservancy project is the rapidity with which the work is being carried out. It required five years to construct a similar work in the Miami river valley of Ohio, and it was estimated that at least three years would be required to complete the Pueblo plan. But due to the fact that all the most important contracts of the district were awarded to the same contractor, Platt Rogers, of Pueblo, and that Rogers has secured the fullest cooperation from all other contractors in the district, the entire project is to be completed one year earlier than planned. This means that by June 1, 1925, the City of Pueblo will be safe from all but the rarest large floods, even though outlying portions of the work will not be finished at that time.

The Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co. has had an important part in the successful carrying out of the Conservancy project, since its lines were vitally affected by the work. More than \$50,000 will be spent by the telephone company in readjusting its lines to conform to the flood prevention plans.

The greatest expense to the telephone company will be in the reconstruction of its lines and conduits under the new Union Avenue



Excavating for new channel. At this point the north levee will extend along the spot occupied by the train of freight cars shown in the picture

Quarter of a Century Ago

C. L. Titus, Wyoming manager for the Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co., found himself the other day digging into memories of the past, and he uncovered a few old photographs which are now quite interesting. In describing the pictures he says:

"I am sending some old photographs of the Colorado Plant and Maintenance Department taken over a quarter of a century ago. The one marked A is the Maintenance Department, 1447 Lawrence street. Over the partition to the left was where Mr. H. T. Vaile had his

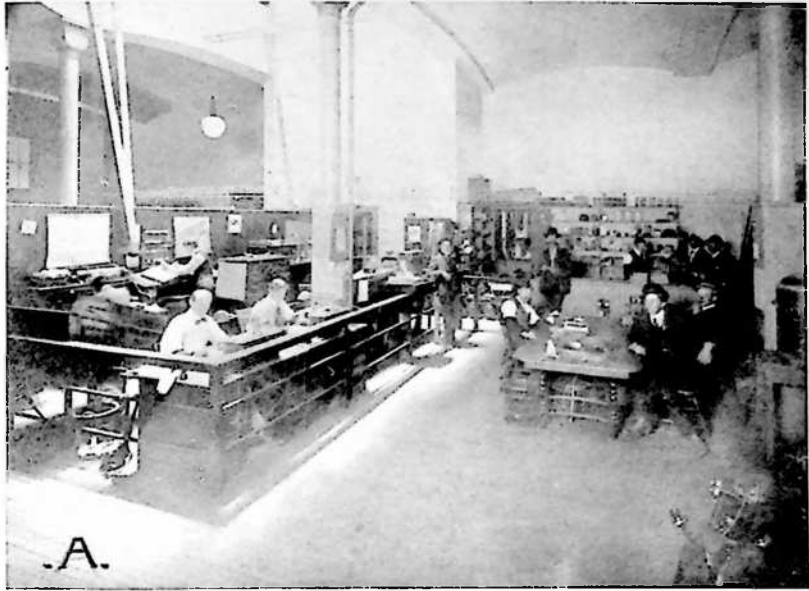


office, facing the contract department. To the right of the water cooler was a bank of lockers for the inspectors and troublemen, and back of them was the American District Telegraph Company then managed by E. T. Keim.

"The photograph marked B is the old cable and testboard room of 1447 Lawrence. The

bridge and viaduct, and the cost of carrying its lines across the new channel by means of aerial cables while the new bridge and viaduct are being built. About 3,000 city telephones and 28 toll lines cross to the south side at Union Avenue. When the new structure is completed, all these lines will be carried under it in nine big conduits.

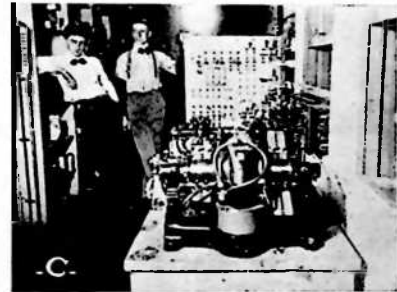
Another heavy expense to the telephone company will be that of removing its lines at the point where Union Avenue now crosses the old channel. The bridge at this point is to be removed and the channel filled in and paved. Every telephone on the north, east and west sides of the city passes under this bridge at present, but the change will be made without interfering with the regular telephone service.



testboard was entirely constructed and made by C. A. Wiswell. Many of the old telephone employees received their first knowledge in the telephone business in this room. E. F. McTamany is at the telephone giving C. A. Crosswell a test on alley southwest on a case of toll line trouble between Denver and Cripple Creek. Mr. McTamany is now with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"The photograph marked C is the old power room on the second floor, 1447 Lawrence street. John Hilbert and Joe Graham were the switchboard and power men in those days; they were sure busy, keeping the magneto sys-

tem in order. The drop and open jack trouble was then quite an item in the service to keep both the management and our patrons satis-



fied. John Hilbert is now electrician for the Union Pacific and Joe Graham is electrician for the Great Western Sugar Company."



The Bell System

The Bell system—the American Telephone and Telegraph company, with its associated companies—provides telephone service to the public through more than 14,700,000 telephone stations in the United States and this number is being increased at the rate of over 700,000 annually—over 2,200 every working day. These new telephones bring additional revenue to the Bell system.

There is now one telephone for every eight persons in the United States.

At Santa Fe Avenue, where the telephone and toll lines of the entire Arkansas valley enter the city, two great towers, 70 feet high, will support the cables in their long sweep across the new channel. The telephone company has already done a large amount of work at this point, changing its lines and keeping them out of the way of machines employed on the Conservancy district work.

Without adequate protection from floods, Pueblo could never have regained her prestige as a city and commercial center. Her future prosperity and growth will be largely due to the efforts and judgment of those in charge of the Conservancy project, and the splendid co-operation given them by such public utility corporations as the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company.



MONTANA

Miles City, Montana

By E. E. M.

On September 7th, the employees of the Miles City, Montana, exchange held their annual picnic. There were twenty-five in the crowd, which included the friends of the employees, some wives and some husbands, and of course the kiddies were there also.

How could a picnic be complete unless the youngsters were there to give life and pep to the doings?

All preparations being made on Saturday, it took but a short time to load the crowd in autos at the office building at 1:30, and having only about three miles to travel, short time was made of the distance. An ideal spot was picked in the Fort Keogh Reservation on the banks of the Yellowstone river, where large cottonwood trees gave plenty of shade.

Very soon a ball game was organized and the fun was on. It took some time to get the players in shape, as the weather was hot and the diamond could not be all in the shade, but when those girls got going good you should have seen them swat the ball and run the bases and yell. With all things equal in comparison, the recent world series was not one-two-three with that game.

Pitching horseshoes was also another fast game, and considerable interest developed as the games progressed. Then while everybody was resting between times, some of the expert riflemen put up some targets and proceeded to show the rest of us how easy it was to hit the bullseye and also miss the same spot. We have with us, however, an expert rifle shot by the name of Bob Markle, and there is no question but what Bob can hit anything, anywhere and at any time. Now, with a shotgun Bob knows nothing about that kind of weapon and still looks down the barrel to see if it is loaded.



And then, of course, in between times the ladies just had to circle around and have one of those newsy visits, and everything was discussed from politics to the latest bobbed haircut. So by this time everybody was getting hungry and the writer declared himself the chef, and not wishing to brag about my cooking, as Carl Eaton does all the time, I just served up those famous hot dogs with hot rolls. Say, they just melt away and keep one serving all the time. Carl, you know, thinks he wrote all the cook books, but we are still from Missouri.

Other eats, such as cakes, sandwiches, jelly, pickles and a huge freezer of ice cream were in evidence, but when all is said and done, there were no leavings and the way some operators can get away with ice cream is good, and again we will not mention any names. Being very modest young ladies, it would be rather embarrassing to talk about their favorite weakness.

So that all the operators could enjoy the picnic, a split shift was very easily arranged, and right in the middle of the feed, two of the operators, having satisfied their appetites, they were taken back to work and the two others on duty were brought out to the feast and to stay until we all went home.

In the group picture are seen several smiles, and as this was taken after all had eaten, it seems to prove that the chef had satisfied their appetites.

Miles City Notes

Since we last appeared in the Monitor, several changes in the personnel of our forces have occurred, and while we were very sorry to lose

any of our telephone family, it seemed necessary in every case.

Margaret MacKinnon became Mrs. Murray and Theresa Cahill assumed the name of Mrs. Bickle. While it was all right to have these girls get married, it was quite a loss for our operating force, and as both were splendid operators, two smiling faces and voices are with us no more.

Anna Fliczek decided, or rather her family did, to move to Minneapolis, and Anna is to continue her telephone work, if possible to secure work in that city. Another good operator not on our list

Our newest additions to the operating force are Margaret MacMillan and Eleanor Jurica, and both fine in their work.

Some changes have occurred in the plant department also, and Sofus Peterson, who came from Missoula in November, 1921, has been transferred back to that exchange. Pete came to us singly but returned doubly, and we of the telephone family, as well as a host of other friends, regretted very much in having to bid Mr. and Mrs. Peterson goodbye, because they are real folks. From now on we expect to hear some real fish stories from the Missoula district, but get 'em photographed, Pete, as we are still from Missouri.

Replacing the Peterson folks, we were very glad to welcome the Markle family, and our crowd is increased in numbers by two. This splendid family not only comprises Bob and his wife, but two grown-up daughters, Roberta and Betty. Previous to their arrival, we heard some very nice things about them, and we are satisfied now that those people knew what they were talking about.

As the accompanying photo shows, the hunters have some chickens, and we would say, many chickens, which was the result of a day's sport for some of our telephone folks and friends in the county forty miles north of Terry, Montana. Everybody seemed to have shot their limit.



Death of a Man-About-Town

"Ah, well—boys—I'm dying—it's all up. When I'm gone—tell Tilly my last words—my last thoughts—were of her. And Ethel—tell Ethel the same thing."—Record.

J. S. McCulloh, Pres. N. Y. Tel. Co.

THE STORY is told of J. S. McCulloh, who has just been elected president of the New York Telephone Company, that he was once seated at dinner with some men who were discussing colleges. On being asked what his college was, Mr. McCulloh replied, "the University of Weehawken." The men were rather mystified, and one of them asked if he meant Stevens Institute at Hoboken. Mr. McCulloh answered that the college he had reference to was right at the foot of the Palisades. Somebody said, "Why, there's nothing there but the West Shore Railroad yards." Mr. McCulloh nodded, "Exactly. And that's where I got my early education."

The education he received there must have been excellent, for in the forty years of his business life Mr. McCulloh has risen from a railroad clerkship to the presidency of a great public utility corporation. His business career is one of steady progress, an advancement step by step, each advance won by unswerving devotion to duty and by doing a little more each day than his job actually required.

Among his business associates his reputation is that of a leader, not a driver. He expects hard work from his subordinates, but he sets them an example by working harder than any of them.

He started his business career in 1885, as a clerk in the office of the general superintendent of the West Shore Railroad, and became assistant to the superintendent of telegraph and signals. On April 1, 1893, he secured employment in the Long Lines department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company at New York, and a few



James S. McCulloh, President New York Telephone Co.

months later became chief operator of this department, having charge of telephone and telegraph operating work, wire testing, and other important duties.

His ability and application soon won recognition for him, and on May 1, 1896, he was appointed assistant division superintendent of the First Division of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's territory, with headquarters in New York. This position he

occupied until 1899, when he was made special agent in charge of general traffic studies and traffic development.

In 1901 Mr. McCulloh was sent to Chicago as superintendent of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's Fifth Division, which included the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota. He remained there a year, and he then was recalled to take the superintendency of his company's Third Division, which comprised all of New England. He held this position for two years.

In 1904 he entered the service of the New York Telephone Company as superintendent of buildings and supplies. In this position he took up the question of fire insurance on telephone properties and worked out schedules for insuring the company's property which effected great savings.

In January 1, 1908, Mr. McCulloh became general contract agent of the New York Telephone Company. In the same year his company took over the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company and five Bell companies in up-state New York. His title then was changed to general commercial superintendent. He remained in this position until December, 1919, when he was elected vice-president in charge of Public Relations and Commercial Work.

As general commercial superintendent he was chiefly responsible for the development of his company's commercial organization, which has charge of commercial work, making of telephone rates, commercial development studies, publication of telephone directories, and general publicity work.

In August, 1923, Mr. McCulloh was elevated to the position of operating vice-president of the Telephone Company, and on September 24, 1924, he was elected president.

Mr. McCulloh is admirably fitted for the position which he now holds. The entire forty years of his business career have been spent with public utilities handling problems of almost every description. His experience as a public relations representative for public utilities covers more than twenty years, and most of it has been passed in an executive position.

Mr. McCulloh is a great reader and lover of outdoor sports. One of the men working under his direction said recently that the "S" in J. S. McCulloh's name stands for "Speed" and that comment serves to tell the story of Mr. McCulloh's success in life. In his office during the earlier days of his career there hung on the wall a framed motto which says, "Don't wait until the boss starts to crank up—be a self-starter," and Mr. McCulloh's success has come because he has always been a self-starter.

REST ROOM IN NEW BUILDING

Vice-president and General Auditor Roderick Reid has issued the following bulletin which is of especial interest to women employees in the new administration building, Denver.

"In the Wight Building the Accounting Department had a rest room for the women of the General Accounting and Colorado Accounting offices. A similar rest room has been provided on the second floor of the Administration Building, and the rest room in the Wight Building has been closed.

"This new rest room is for all of the women clerical forces in the Administration Building, including the elevator pilots.

"The object of this rest room is somewhat different from the thought behind the rest room for the Traffic Department's Operating force. The rest room in the new building is not in the sense of a lounging room, as the

available space for this room is not large enough for that purpose; but it does provide a delightful, quiet room where any of the women employees, who are not feeling up to par, may have a place to lie down or to sit quietly.

"Mrs. Duncan is the matron in charge.

"If there is anything that can be added to the room to make it more comfortable, we should be glad to have suggestions.

"Please notify the women of your department, and we would appreciate also a full understanding of the purpose of this rest room and the desirability for quietness in the room.

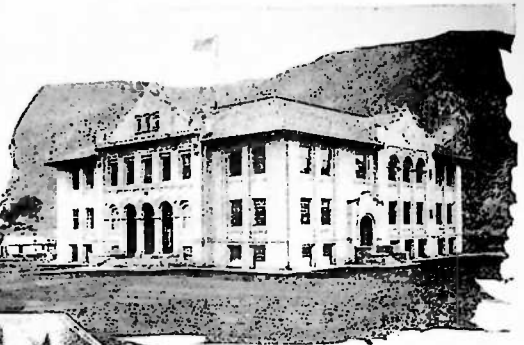
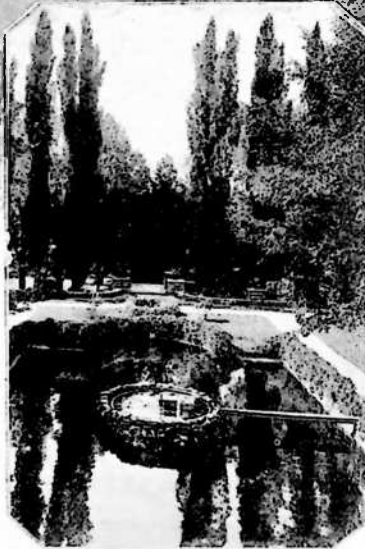
"The number of the room is 200, and it is ready for use now."



Beware the fury of a patient man.

Where art is too conspicuous, truth seems to be wanting.

Winning a 20-Year Service Pin



In Beautiful Glenwood Springs--Swimming Pool and Stone Bath House; Court at Hotel Colorado; Top--Garfield County High School.

By Dorr C. Belden, Manager of Glenwood Springs



This is Dorr

I WAS BORN in Council Bluffs, Iowa, when but a boy, and they say that I tipped the scales at 7½ pounds. It was Sunday in Council Bluffs that day and shortly after I arrived it began to snow. My parents were very fond of me for I was a very beautiful child to look upon, but I soon contracted a ravenous appetite and my parents, being poor, were scarcely able to make ends meet. Owing to this fact my father gave up his position with the hardware company, where he was

making \$35.00 per month, and moved his little family to Omaha, Nebraska, just across the "Muddy Missouri," and secured a position with the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Here he was able to make the large sum of \$50.00 each month and I grew to be a big strong boy, seven years of age before my parents, without discussing the matter with me in any way, decided to open up a general mercantile business in Central City, Nebraska.

It was while in Central City that I was inducted into what they then called the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th grades. This is better known at this time as the Junior High School. Tiring of Central City I persuaded my parents to move to a western town located at the junction of two rivers which ran through the

state known as Colorado. By looking at a map of the United States you will find that this state is located in the central west. The little place was later named Grand Junction and is still known by that name. It was there that I learned that algebra and Latin were not to my liking and so I quit school. They are still running a high school, however, in Grand Junction, so I am told.

Father sold his store and bought a farm. For four or five years father and I tried to get rich on the farm, but we didn't. I decided that an education might be all right after all, and so I worked for the Western Sugar & Land Company during the summer months for \$2.25 per day. That was pretty good money then. The sun gets pretty hot, however, when you are using a shovel and a wheel barrow. We were digging the big silo for the beet pulp and I was glad when it was time to go to school that fall. So I bought a ticket for Greeley, Colorado, where the State Normal School is. Board was pretty steep in Greeley so I went to work in a restaurant for my board. I got homesick and didn't finish the year and the next winter found me working in a saw mill at Lizard Head. They wouldn't let me run the big saw so I quit

there and accepted a position as janitor, soda squirt and telephone operator in a drug store at Fruita, Colorado.

My greatest joy was found when I could close the drug store and sit at the little home-made switch-board and talk "sweet stuff" to the night operator at Grand Junction. She got fired, or perhaps I should say discharged, because she thought so much of me. I was a likable chap. Bought candy and other things for her even though I was only making a couple bones more than my board. I married her a few years after that. Would have done so sooner but she had more sense and I didn't have any cents.

And then somebody told me that if I were a dentist I could make a lot of money pulling teeth. I took the next train to Chicago and entered the Northwestern Dental School. During vacation time I worked for a wholesale milk concern driving a span of beautiful mules. I also worked one summer for the Western Electric Company in the spring jack and main frame department. I must confess that I scarcely knew what the things I was handling were to be used for. Unfortunately I was unable to finish my course at dental school, although I only had one more year, because of my father's sickness. I came home, intending of course to go back at an early date. Finances, however, prevented and I found myself working in the C. D. Smith Drug Co. store in Grand Junction. After about two years in the drug store I decided that single life wasn't just the thing and I persuaded the former night operator that we should be married. We were, and the next day it snowed, beautiful white snow, and I have been married ever since. We have four children and while we haven't always been as penable as perhaps we should have been, we live quite happily together.

After I had been married—perhaps I should say "we"—about three months we decided that the farm would be the place to make our fortune, but again I found that it was a mis-

take, so went back into the drug store. One day while talking to the foreman of the "heavy" gang for the Colorado Telephone Company, while he was consuming a wonderful drink, which I, as chief squirt, had concocted, I learned that I could make more money for less hours by going to work for the telephone company. I quit the next week. The foreman—I'll never forget him nor forgive him—put me into a muddy slug hole and said:

"Dig this hole six feet deep and five feet wide, and when you get through here I'll give you another one to dig just like it."

The first few weeks with the telephone company were nothing less than torture. If I hadn't torn up all my bridges behind me I think I would have gone back to the drug store. And then joy of joys—the foreman asked me if I didn't want to learn to climb. I bought a fine pair of hooks and a strong belt and safety. I tried them on at home so my wife could see them. It was foolish for her to think that I would fall. And then I began to learn that if the past weeks had been torture the future looked like hell itself. We were stringing in a new toll line between Fruita and Grand Junction. I had every fourth pole to climb. I hired one of the old timers to climb several of them for me when the boss was far enough up the line so we could do it. When I got home at night—we were working ten hours each day then—I would have my good wife rub my aches and pains with some strong liniment and she would persuade me that I had better try it for at least one more day.

Later I was taken into the wire chief's office at Grand Junction as clerk, and a few months after that was sent to Fruita as exchange manager. After about five years in Fruita I was transferred to Glenwood Springs but only stayed there through the summer. From Glenwood Springs we went to Los Angeles and I went to work in Santa Monica, later being transferred to East Los Angeles. Although several of our relatives live in and around Los Angeles, we decided that there is no place like Colorado and although the Pacific States Telephone people had treated me pretty well, that

the Colorado Telephone Company was hard to beat. We still feel that way and so when, after another turn at Fruita, I was again offered the Glenwood Springs office, we came here and here we are.

And when I say "here we are" I say it proudly. True, I might have been a little higher up the ladder with the telephone company, but that is my fault. I will say that had I accepted each move that was offered to me, that I would probably have been in a larger office. I wouldn't ask for a better place to live than Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and I dread to think that I will ever have to leave the place. We have fine schools, churches and places of all kinds of amusement. There is no more beautiful spot in the world and although Glenwood Springs people are very much like other people we have learned to know them and love them. We at least have found out how to "get along" with them. We know whose trees we can trim without being shot and also whether we dare call them over the telephone to remind them that they would be perfectly welcome in our office should they care to come in and pay their three months' old telephone bill.

Oh, we are not getting old trying to hold down our job. There is too much fun connected with it. We have a number of lines that follow the creeks and the rivers, and—well, I guess most everybody likes to catch 'em. Yes, the snow gets pretty deep here in the winter, but they have some great coasting parties, even for us "old" folks. And then how we do love the spring when she comes. You should see the hills now since the frost has hit the quakers and the oak brush. I can't describe how beautiful they look: you have to see for yourself.

I've been showing my 20-year button to a number of folks. One party asked me, "Just what does that mean to you anyway?" I hadn't thought much about it until he asked me the question but I've figured it out this way:

Nearly half of my life has been spent working for The Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company. During that time I have learned all I know about business principles and the handling of men. During that time I have had the protection of sick and accident benefits, better than any benefits that are put out by insurance companies, with no cost to me whatever. I have come into contact with real men and have never been asked by my company to do anything that I could not conscientiously do. I have never missed a pay check. There have been a few unpleasant things to do, but the pleasant things outnumber them so far that they are in the background. Working in all three departments as I have always done, my work has never been monotonous, and because of all these things I can say that I feel that I am a part of this great organization of ours.

I think I have one of the finest groups to work with and for that can be found within the Mountain States territory. I believe that the employees working with me are as loyal as will be found. I have three employees in my Glenwood office who were in the office when I came here October 5, 1915. My agent at New Castle has been with us since October 1, 1905, and working as they are at present there is no reason why our Carbondale, Basalt and Aspen agents should not be with us 20 years from now if they see fit to stay on the job.

And so I'm proud of my little 20-year pin.

The Retort Courteous

Two negro expressmen mixed their flivvers at the depot.

"Hey, dar, cullud man," yelled one to the other, "I'll don knock yo' out ob house an' home ef yo' don' back up."

"I'se got no home," retorted the other offending driver. "Now what yo' all gwine do 'bout it?"

"I'll dig yo' one, nigger. I'll dig yo' one."

Scrambled Proverbs

For a journalist: Do write and fear not.

Charity covers a multitude of skins.

Piety is often but knee-deep.

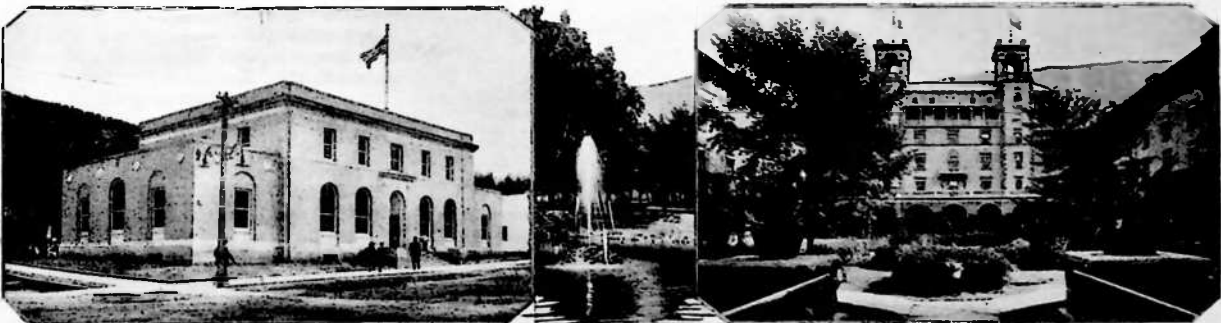
A fool and his automobile are soon scrapped.

Kisses go by flavor.

This applies to husbands: A poor excuse is better than none.

Take care of the onions and the scents will take care of themselves.

Below—Federal Building, Fountain and Hotel Colorado. Who blames Dorr for sticking?



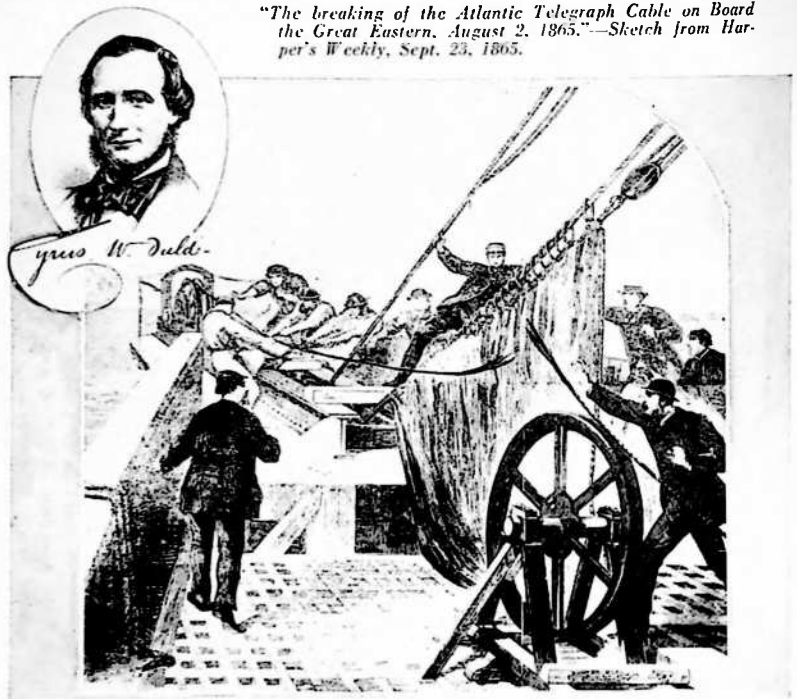
Laying an Atlantic Cable

Almost all modern invention and scientific discovery is achieved through intelligent, directed effort to meet a specific need. The dreamer with a sudden inspiration has, perhaps, on occasion, evolved a revolutionary scientific theory or promulgated an epoch-making invention. The inventions which keep the wheels of industry and commerce going, however, are made by trained scientists in their particular fields, seeking through the application of their scientific knowledge, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, to accomplish a single given result.

One of the greatest electrical research laboratories in the world is that maintained by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company, at 463 West Street, New York City. Here are more than 3,300 men and women. 800 of them college graduates in the arts, science and engineering, numbering among them many of the foremost scientists in America. And here the research engineers began several years ago the search for substances other than iron which were magnetically permeable and could be used instead of iron to produce the effect of inductance.

The result which these engineers accomplished was the discovery that an alloy of iron and nickel, under certain conditions, had a magnetic permeability many times that of any other known substance; in some of its states as high as thirty times the permeability of the best soft iron! They worked with various percentages of nickel and iron, under different conditions of temperature and strain, and found that the proportion of approximately 80 per cent nickel and 20 per cent iron, annealed and heat-treated in a particular way, was commercially producible for any purpose for which a highly magnetic material might be required, at a cost which did not prohibit its use for such purposes.

As a result of this achievement there is now being completed the laying of the new perm-



"The breaking of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable on Board the Great Eastern, August 2, 1865."—Sketch from Harper's Weekly, Sept. 23, 1865.

States and these two countries of southern Europe.

Since the first wire was laid from Ireland to Newfoundland, sixty-six years ago, by its inventor, Cyrus W. Field, there has been no significant change from the original pattern then adopted except in the size and construction of the copper conductor and some details of the armor wires. Scientists and engineers until recently had not been able to offer both a new electrical principle applicable to cable operation and a practical, economical method of applying it to cable construction.

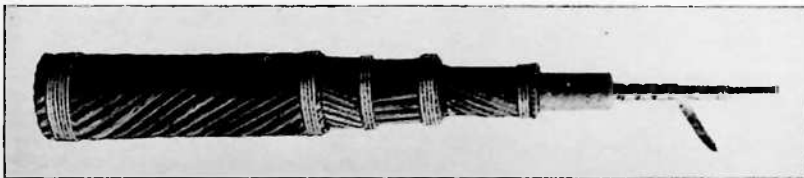
Alloy called "permalloy," hence the name "permalloy cable."

The immediate effect of this loading is to multiply by more than five the number of decipherable signals which can be sent through the conductor at a given time. The fastest cable now in use has a speed of a little more than 300 letters per minute. The new type of cable, under severe test, has maintained a speed of more than 1,500 letters per minute. The economic importance of this increased speed is obvious.

The first Atlantic cable, laid in 1858, carried but 732 messages before it failed entirely; it was in operation only from August 17 to October 20. Its failure was and still is attributed to the attempt to increase the speed and legibility of signaling by increasing the voltage, thus destroying the insulation and rendering the cable useless. A pressure of 2,500 volts was used on this first cable.

The new cable's power plant will consist of a 50-volt battery sending a current of only one-tenth of an ampere into the cable. Batteries are used in cable operation because of the necessity of maintaining exact evenness and steadiness.

The copper conductor of the new cable is 2,400 nautical miles long. Around the copper is wound a single continuous strip of permalloy one-eighth of an inch wide and ten thousand sea miles long. A sea mile is 6,078 feet.



Showing how permalloy cable is made. In center is the copper conductor; then copper winding; then tape, gutta percha, protecting cover of jute, 18 steel armor wires, and last of all, tar-impregnated hemp.

alloy cable from New York to the Azores Islands for the Western Union Telegraph Company. By its connection in the Azores with the new direct cable to Spain and Italy, this new cable, for the first time, will give direct telegraphic communication between the United

The new electrical principle is a method developed by the Western Electric Company engineers of "loading" or increasing the electrical inductance of the copper conductor by wrapping the central wire throughout its length with a thin, narrow tape of new metallic com-

Col. Robert I. Rees Pays Visit

Col. Robert I. Rees, assistant vice-president of the A. T. & T. Company, in charge of Bell System relations with educational institutions and the co-ordinating of college and technical school recruiting, was a very entertaining and welcome guest of some of our Company officials, October 23 and 24.

Colonel Rees, during his short stay in Denver, visited through the administration building, conducted by J. E. Macdonald, secretary and treasurer, and R. B. Bonney, educational director. He expressed himself as being highly pleased with the personnel and educational work carried on here.

Aside from the great amount of efficient work in the educational and personnel departments in the Bell System to his credit, Colonel Rees has an enviable record in war-time activities with the government.

He studied science and engineering at the Michigan College of Mines, spent two years in study at Harvard University and at the New York Law School, and then enlisted in the army, receiving his commission in 1899 as Second Lieutenant in the regular army while serving in the Philippines.

At the beginning of the World War he was detailed as a member of the War Department's General Staff Corps. In January, 1918, he was appointed chairman of the General Staff's Committee on Education and Special Training in charge of the military and technical training for the army of technicians and mechanics in



Colonel Robert I. Rees

educational institutions. This organization later developed into the Students' Army Training Corps, with the added objective of preparing college students for army commissions. At the date of the Armistice, there were Students'

Army Training Corps organizations in 527 educational institutions, with a total strength of 178,000 soldiers. Besides this total, over 75,000 others had completed their training and had been assigned to army organizations and most of them had been sent overseas.

In December, 1918, Colonel Rees joined General Pershing's staff in France at the Chaumont Headquarters and was given charge of all educational work in the A. E. F. He established a university and many schools in France which were regularly attended by 287,000 men, and organized lecture courses and institutes that reached 1,600,000 more soldiers.

During the war Colonel Rees advanced through the army grades from captain to brigadier general. As a tribute to the value of his war service he received the U. S. Distinguished Service Medal and was made an officer of the Legion of Honor by France.

When Colonel Rees returned from France he was again assigned to the War Plans division of the General Staff as Chief of the Education and Recreation Branch with important duties in connection with the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and the National Research Council.

His army service has been largely concerned with staff work and staff planning and his assignments have made him personally acquainted with practically every college president in the country.



A True Snake Story

Robert L. Thorne of the general traffic department, Denver, relates an incident which in itself teaches a moral:

When Robert was a boy in a small western town, a circus came to town. Bright and early the next morning, he was down to the station with all the other boys to see the circus unload. His attention was attracted by a man, who was the snake charmer of the show, and who was grumbling about the death of four of his favorite snakes.

Robert, asking the man how it came about, was told that the snakes were killed by a small rat. It seems that during the night a rat had gnawed a hole in the box where the snakes were kept and one of the snakes swallowed it. The rat gnawed his way out from the inside of the snake, thus causing the snake to die from the incision made in its anatomy. A second snake swallowed the rat only to have the same thing happen. The third and fourth followed likewise until the four snakes lay dead. This is an unusual incident, as it is generally regarded that a snake is the victor in such events.



No man can lose what he never had.

The copper core of the new cable weighs 565 pounds to the mile. The total diameter of the copper conductor is one-fifth of an inch—a tiny metal strand not as thick as an ordinary lead pencil. Around this essential working part of the cable the rest of the cable is for the insulation and protection of this little conductor. Next to the conductor is placed the insulation, which is formed of three successive layers of gutta-percha. Cables laid fifty years ago have recently been lifted and the gutta-percha found to be in perfect condition.

Over the gutta-percha is placed a layer of jute yarn which has been previously steeped in a preservative liquid. Around this are wound two whippings of hemp yarn. Then comes the armor sheath of wires made of galvanized steel. There are eighteen of these, each wire being first wrapped with a fabric tape. Each piece of wire is tested to withstand a breaking strain of 670 pounds (54 tons to the square inch of cross-section area). The eighteen sheathing wires are wound in a spiral at the angle which gives each wire a complete revolution around the cable in 12 inches of length.

Once more the cable is wrapped, this time with two servings of black 3-ply No. 17 jute

yarn saturated in coal tar and wound spirally. Between the sheathing wires and the first layer of jute is applied a coating of preservative compound. Another coating is applied between the two layers of jute and a third over the outer coat of jute. This completes the cable.

The cable ship *Colonia* engaged in laying the new cable is the largest of the forty-odd vessels in various parts of the world designed exclusively for submarine cable work. The cable is stored in the *Colonia* in four circular tanks, capable of holding 8,500 tons of cable. From these tanks the cable is uncoiled and fed out as the ship moves. In the deeper water there is a span of 25 miles of cable in suspension from the ship to the place where the swagging cable touches the bed of the ocean.

The big cable ship started for the Azores in as nearly a straight line as was possible to navigate. While en route the *Colonia* carried the cable sign, the internationally recognized signal that the ship showing it is engaged in cable-laying and must be given a wide berth by all other craft, regardless of their rights under the "rules of the road" at sea.

THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

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

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NOVEMBER, 1924.

Thanksgiving

Once again the harvests are garnered and the grain is in the bins. The season of production is ended and the days when inroads are made upon the granaries is upon us. Winter, delightful in its crispness and invigorating atmosphere, yet ravenish in its demands, is at hand—but America is prepared.

November 27 is a day set apart this year for expression of thanks to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts. In the days of our forefathers they gathered about at the close of the harvest days and gave thanks to God for the bountiful supplies that came from His hands. They feasted and prayed—rejoicing that their lives had been spared and that the earth had yielded its fruits and its grains for their maintenance.

In keeping with this ancient custom President Coolidge will officially set aside Thanksgiving day, and as we approach the time we do so with increasing reverence and thankfulness.

Selling Service

Are we, as telephone employees, selling the service we are aiding in creating? Are we acting as the man or woman "behind the counter," with prospective customers all about us?

Time was, during and immediately following the world war, when, in certain localities such as some of the larger cities, our Company could not meet the full demand of the public for telephones, but

even this condition has been materially changed. The Company is "catching up," and except for the ever-present outlying sections which sparsely develop ahead of the practicability of telephone service, the larger cities are now able to take care of most of the demands.

In smaller towns there is usually opportunity for extending the service by the use of the present facilities. What is needed in such places is more business—not more equipment. The Company has no desire to withhold a single telephone from service. A spare cable pair or a vacant section on a switchboard is not bringing in revenue.



Most Important

"The old engineer," says Forbes Magazine, "talking to a number of young engineers, asked, 'What is the most important nut on a locomotive?' Nearly all the nuts on a locomotive were named, but in the opinion of the old engineer all guesses were wrong.

"A loose nut is always the most important nut on a locomotive or piece of machinery," said the old engineer. "Look for loose nuts."

A few years ago a new advertising man was employed by a large tailoring concern. The advertising man immediately began to look for "loose nuts." He made frequent references to things that were neglected.

After he had made a dozen references, one of the old-timers said, "Can't this new man find anything good about this business to talk about?"

"He can," replied the boss, who was sold on the advertising man, "but I don't want him to. Most of us are so busy thinking about the good things we do that we overlook our errors. What we need is someone to help us tighten the loose nuts that cause our business to rattle."

Getting business is one thing and holding it is another, and the loss of business can usually be traced to loose nuts if we have the foresight and courage to face the facts—The Ambassador.



It is said that Bostonians, instead of saying "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," elucidate thus: "Scintillate, scintillate, diminutive terrestrial orb."

"Walking Backwards"

Before a recent meeting of the Shock Absorbers, a local organization composed of men and women from the Commercial department, Denver, the president of our Company made some very pat suggestions, among which he said:

"I cannot talk to a man who is walking backwards."

There is much common sense in this statement. The man who walks backwards is almost sure to stumble—his face is not set toward the goal of success—his ideals are in the past, not the future. A dreamer of by-gone opportunities can never attain realization of the better things ahead.

The man who walks backwards will fail. To succeed he must face about and step out in the light. The work to be done is ahead. The work that has been done in the past will stand or fall, according to the character of the foundation upon which it is built.



President Thayer's Speech

Every telephone employee should read—and read carefully—the speech made by President H. B. Thayer before the recent annual convention of the Telephone Pioneers, at Chicago. There is food for thought in it, not only for pioneers but for everyone. Read it in this issue of THE MONITOR.



A Friend a Day

A friend a day

Keeps trouble away.

Friendship is a tie that holds men together—correlates their social and business activities—thus strengthening each individual effort, resulting in greater and more complete success.

If one does not court the friendship of others by putting forth his own noble character, then he may not expect the help of others. The man who lives to himself alone is not receiving the full measure of blessings and happiness that may be his.

Friendship in social life is no more important than it is in business life. If we make a friend a day for our Company then we have added a richer wealth to the business we represent than money can buy.

SELLING TELEPHONE SERVICE

This is the second of a series of articles on selling telephone service, the first of which appeared in the October issue of *The Monitor*.

In every progressive industry or enterprise the chief objectives are better goods and more business. So it is with us. Certain departments are charged with the responsibility of perfecting, maintaining and selling our product—service—and on all departments rest the responsibility for continuous growth in the volume of business. These objectives are sound and worthy, for in striving to attain them industries grow, prosper, and increase their usefulness in the field they serve.

New business may be secured:

By Canvassing—that is, by interviewing the prospect on his own premises and soliciting his order for service.

By Counter Salesmanship—that is, by selling the prospective customer who comes to the office to inquire about or to apply for service, the type and quantity of service which will fully meet his needs.

Following the war there was a period in many of our exchanges when the demand for service was so insistent that every effort was bent toward handling the business offered. There was neither time nor necessity for soliciting new business, and even Counter Salesmanship was restricted by shortage of equipment and rapidly diminishing plant facilities.

Today we face a radically different condition. By the expenditure of many thousands of dollars the shortage of plant in most instances has been relieved; we have caught up with the demand; orders have slackened, and in many exchanges, because of business depression, there has been serious loss of stations.

It is a time for aggressive and persistent selling. There are still a few exchanges where our chief problem is to take care of the business offered, and to so control and direct applications that we may make the best use of limited facilities and defer as long as possible costly outlays for new plant.

In such exchanges canvassing is impracticable, except where a study of available facilities indicates that certain types of service may be sold in certain localities. However, the fact that the sale of main station service is restricted in these places is an additional reason for a special effort to sell our by-products—supplemental services, including extension telephones, bells, switches, directory listings, etc. In those exchanges where there are idle facilities with a growth below normal, canvassing offers a direct and effective method of securing prospects and selling service.

In nearly every exchange there are still many small businesses without telephones which are good prospects for a low-priced business service or for pay station service.

The field for residence service is even larger. Every family with a reasonably adequate income, with reasonable permanence of residence

By John T. Tierney

in a given locality, and with normal social and business contacts, is almost certain sooner or later to apply for service. If we hasten the decision to have a telephone by soliciting the application, we benefit the subscriber by securing for him now a useful and necessary facility, and we help ourselves by adding at once to our sales and revenues.

Much could be said about canvassing. Here we meet the wary prospect on his own ground; we break our own ice; we go through all the steps of selling as laid down by the best authorities; we know the joy of landing a hard sale and the disappointment of an off day. However, comparatively few of us do any outside selling; most of us must do it over the counter, and we are more concerned about ideas which will be helpful there.

Sales experts agree that one of the essentials of a good salesman is a thorough knowledge of the merchandise to be sold. In no business is this knowledge more necessary than ours, for if we do not know our goods, how can we expect to deal intelligently with the customer, who as a rule beyond knowing that he needs a telephone has no conception of the variety and scope of the service we have to offer? If we put this qualification at the top, and add to it a genuine desire to serve the customer well, a live interest as to where and when and how the proposed service is to be used, a healthy curiosity regarding all the conditions which might make an extra listing, an extension or some other supplemental service useful to the customer and profitable for us, we have a fairly complete list of a good salesman's qualifications.

Contrast the commercial man who has trained himself along these lines with a chap who perhaps has equal selling ability but who has not yet fully realized that we are a big commercial as well as a service organization, that we must continuously increase our business and our earnings if we are to survive, and that as a member of the selling organization he must do more than accept and execute applications.

An applicant for business service approaches the passive type of salesman and states that he wishes service of a certain kind, at a certain address. The salesman receives him courteously, takes his application, accepts his money, and bids him good day.

The method of the alert salesman is entirely different. His chief concern is not the type of service wanted but the nature of the applicant's business and its location. If the applicant has in mind a certain kind of service the salesman discusses the merits of the service as applied to the applicant's business, and helps the applicant to determine if this type of service is really the best for his use; or if for all

round usefulness and final economy another type of service is not superior.

During this discussion the salesman has by careful questioning and close attention gained a fair knowledge of the size of the applicant's business, layout of his office, store, or plant, and the number of people who may be involved in the use of the telephone. He is ready now to attempt the sale of additional service. If the business is a garage, gravel pit, a coal yard, a small produce house, or any one of the countless other small businesses where the man who answers the telephone may be temporarily away from it, an extension bell is a natural suggestion. If, for example, his time is divided between the office and shipping room, an extension telephone will cost but little more than a bell and will save him many steps daily, besides giving his customers quicker answers. If there is an employee in the office to answer the telephone, an extension telephone and buzzer in the location where the business head spends most of his time will make it easy to answer or originate calls without bothering with calls which can be handled in the office. If a suite of offices is involved, the way is open for suggesting an extension telephone for the stenographer, the bookkeeper, or other employee, so that they may answer promptly in the absence of the subscriber. Discussion of this point may lead to the sale of a key to cut off the extension, or a push button and buzzer to make the use of the extension more convenient. It may bring out the fact that others have office space with the applicant and result in the sale of joint user listings or more extensions.

If the applicant is already a subscriber but desires another main station on the same premises but slightly removed from the existing station, the suggestion of a key, which will permit of transferring either station to either line, or of one or more extensions, which will make both lines more useful, is good business for the subscriber and for ourselves.

When we accept a move order, a pleasant "Are you moving to larger quarters, Mr. —?" will often bring out facts upon which we can base recommendations for a different type of service or for additional service. Possibly the time is ripe for a small private branch exchange. The subscriber will not resent our asking a few questions if we make it plain at the start that our purpose is to assist him in getting at his new location a service thoroughly adapted to his needs.

Many other openings for the sale of service will present themselves if we are on the alert to see them. Enough have been mentioned to show that if we plan a definite sales effort along the lines mentioned, if we develop in ourselves some of the thirst for new business and the energy and resourcefulness in securing it which we find among salesmen in other lines, if we look upon each contact as an opportunity

History of Telephone in Colorado

(Many papers touching on the history of the telephone have been written, both by historians and writers on industrial and scientific inventions, but there are few more comprehensive than the following article recently written by a twelve-year-old school girl, who is now attending the Morey Junior High in Denver. This girl is Mary Helena Nitschke, daughter of C. W. Nitschke, Denver plant superintendent. Miss Mary was appointed chairman of the class in social science, and in that capacity was asked to write an article on the history of the telephone as applied in particular to the Mountain States Company. It is quite evident that Mary's father talks a good deal of "shop" around home.)

By Mary Helena Nitschke

FORTY-SIX years ago, during the summer of 1878, Mr. F. O. Vaille came to Colorado to start a business, either in Denver or somewhere in the state. After visiting several of the important cities, he decided to locate in Denver, and became very much interested in the telephone, which had been invented by Alexander Graham Bell three years before.

Mr. Vaille made a trip to Boston, where Mr. Bell lived, and was given the privilege of using the Bell telephones in Colorado. He came back to Denver in October, 1878, and went into partnership with Senator E. O. Wolcott and Henry R. Wolcott in the telephone business.

Mr. Vaille told the people of Denver that he and his partners would put in a telephone exchange if 125 subscribers would use the service. He also put telephones in some of the store windows so the people could see what they were. The telephone was a very new invention.

There were only three exchanges in the whole world at the time the Denver telephone exchange was started. These three exchanges were at New Haven, Boston and Chicago. New Haven was the first exchange in the world, as it was opened January 28, 1878. The Bell company was renting their telephones for use on private lines, usually between men's homes and their stores.

The first line in Denver was between the Colorado Coal & Iron Company's office (now the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company) and their yards. This company was the first to advertise that they had "telephone connection with their yards." This advertisement was in the newspapers some time before the Denver exchange was opened.

On February 2, 1879, the necessary 125 subscribers had been secured, and Mr. Vaille, with his partners, got permission to put some of their telephone wires on the city fire alarm poles. The morning paper of February 19, 1879, told the Denver people that "the telephone has been extended to the county jail;

to determine the customer's full requirements and to sell him not only the bare necessities of service but also the refinements which will make it of maximum usefulness and value to him, the results for ourselves and for our company will unquestionably be better than if we jog along taking business when and as it comes.



Mary Helena Nitschke and Her Pet

the sheriff's office was connected yesterday." On Monday, February 24, 1879, the Denver exchange was opened for business, but the newspapers did not say much about it. This was because the telephone was considered an electrical toy, and most of the people did not believe it would ever work very well. The telephone company then had three rooms on the south side of Larimer Street between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets, on the second floor of a building owned by George Tritch. In 1880 the exchange had grown so that the company had to move to the old Bardwell Block on Larimer Street, which was next door to the old Tabor Block, now called the Nassau Building. Three months after this the company moved to the top floor of the Tabor Block, so that they could be close to the attic and roof, which made it easier to connect the telephone wires. This office was used until 1890, when they moved to a fireproof building which they had built at 1447 Lawrence Street. They remained in this building until 1903, when the present building at 1421 Champa Street was built. This building only had four stories, and the company grew so fast that in 1906 four more stories were built.

When the first exchange was opened the

lines were made of iron wire, because hardened copper wire had not been invented. Telephone subscribers were put together on the same line instead of being given their own lines, and the lines were all grounded. By grounded lines I mean lines where only one wire is used in the circuit, the other side of the circuit being the earth.

The telephones were made of black walnut boards with big gongs like fire alarms, and the telephone subscribers knew when they were called by the number of rings on the gong. The batteries were open jars (like fruit jars) and were put in the room wherever the telephone subscriber wanted them. These jars were often broken by people falling over the wires or kicking them, and Mr. Vaille had an idea that they could be put in a box with the telephone. He drew a picture of his idea and sent it to the people who made the telephones. They thought it was good and made the telephones with the battery box together. The battery box was made so that it could be used as a little desk, and Denver was the first city in the world where telephones with these desks or shelves were used.

It was very hard for the men in the telephone business to get the money for telephone lines, because the people were making so much money in mining, real estate and the cattle business. The city of New York only had 252 telephone subscribers, and the people still thought that the telephone was an experiment.

Another company, called the Colorado Edison Telephone Company, started an exchange in Denver. They made a telephone receiver like the one patented by Professor Bell, and with this receiver they worked a new telephone instrument called a transmitter. The transmitter made it easier to talk and hear better over a longer distance.

The history of the telephone in Colorado would have been different if Mr. Vaille's company had not got the privilege to use a transmitter invented by Mr. Blake. This transmitter made the telephone lines talk good for over one hundred miles. Mr. Vaille put them in as fast as they could be sent to Denver from the East.

The line to Georgetown, built in 1879, was the first long-distance line in Colorado. The line through Boulder was the next.

In 1880 the Bell company and the Western Union Telegraph Company made an agreement that the Western Union Telegraph Company

Plant Conference Held at Omaha

THIRTY plant accountants, engineers and other plant representatives from the five trans-Mississippi Bell companies gathered at Omaha September 16 and 17 for a conference on motor equipment accounting. The meeting was sponsored by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which had four representatives at the meeting. They were A. B. Crunden and L. F. Schmid from the accounting department, and T. C. Smith and W. P. Elstun from the department of operation and engineering.

The conference was attended by representatives of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Southern California Telephone Company and the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company.

The object of the conference was to discuss, for acceptance, an accounting procedure applicable to the handling of all records and statistics concerning motor equipment in an effort to reach conclusions which would allow the issuance of a final A. T. & T. accounting bulletin detailing a uniform method of handling and securing these records and statistics for all companies.

would only handle telegraph business and leave the telephone business to the Bell company. The Colorado Edison Telephone Company was combined with Mr. Vaile's company, and they began to build their lines to other towns. The largest exchange, outside of Denver, was then at Leadville, under the management of Mr. A. G. Hood, who was also manager for the telegraph company. Mr. H. A. W. Tabor, afterwards United States senator, who did so much for Leadville, Denver and the whole state, was very much interested in the Leadville exchange. This exchange was in the old Herald Building, and the wires, instead of being on poles, were run to the building over the roofs. Good insulators were hard to get, so the company used wood brackets, porcelain knobs and beer bottle necks. There were about one hundred telephones in Leadville in 1880. By 1882 they had 300. In 1888 Senator Tabor sold out to the Colorado Telephone Company, and the telephone business in Colorado was handled by this company until 1911, when all of the Bell telephone companies in the states of Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Arizona and the northwest part of Texas were consolidated into the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

This company now owns and operates practically all of the telephone offices in the seven states. The value of their property is over



The discussions were held in the sun room on top of the fifteen-story Northwestern Bell building, overlooking Omaha and with Council Bluffs and Iowa in the distance, across the Missouri river.



Mrs. Harrison Passes Away

Many of our people, especially in Denver, who remember A. M. Harrison, traveling auditor of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, will regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Harrison, formerly Mrs. Mann Page of Denver, which occurred in New York City on Sunday night, October 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison were married in Denver about ten years ago and since that time had made frequent visits here, as Mr. Harrison's duties called him to our territory. Previous to her marriage Mrs. Harrison had spent most of her life in Denver, her father being one of the pioneers of the city. Her mother, Mrs.

A. B. Robbins, more than ninety years of age, passed away in Denver only a few months ago.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Harrison leaves two sons, Mann and Winthrop Page, and a sister, Mrs. George Atchison of Salida, Colorado.



Telephoning in Japan

In Japan, when the subscriber rings up, the operator may be expected to ask, "What number does the honorable son of the moon and stars desire?"

"Hohi, two-three."

Silence. Then the exchange resumes. "Will the honorable person graciously forget the inadequacy of the insignificant service and permit this humble slave of the wire to inform him that the never-to-be-sufficiently censured line is busy."—*Far Seas.*



Making a Happy Home

The following letter, just in plain, homely phrase, bears with it a message that is more eloquent than any flowery language, because it comes from a sincere, proud heart. Read it, and then ask yourself if you, too, have been nailing shingles on your own roof.

"Friend MONITOR:—Enclosed you will find a picture of Our Little Home out in the West, in Fort Collins, Colorado. I say *our*, because my wife and little girl share with me the pleasure and happiness we get from knowing we have a nice little home, with not an encumbrance upon it, and all from the



savings of buying A. T. & T. Company stock and the amount we could spare from my pay check. We have two lots 100x170 feet.

"Will conclude by saying one can get a home if he seeks the parable of the Sower.

"Yours very truly,"

"FRANK E. MARQUISS,

"Combination man,

"Mt. States Tel. and Tel. Co. Employee, Fort Collins, Colo."

Telephone Pioneers of America

DEAR MONITOR FOLKS:—Buckling on our six guns, brushing out our woolly chaps with a currycomb and hooking our spurs on our high-heeled boots. Colonel A. W. Young and I paired off for the big Telephone Pioneers Roundup at Chicago, Oct. 9, 10 and 11, in the present year of prosperity, 1924. There were others, too, from The Mountain States Company, who got into the wrangle as singles such as J. E. Macdonald and Louis P. O'Brien. And pardon me, I should have mentioned the ladies first, I'm always butting myself in ahead of the procession my wife says.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Kline of Denver, and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Pratt of Salt Lake City, completed our party, and I guess it was well enough that Pratt and Kline were protected in a big town like "Chi."

First off, before we left Denver, the Colonel and I held a secret session and talked over our success at getting away as "father and son," and not as married men; but it does look as though the Convention committee was on to our stunt, even though so far away, for reservations were made for us at another hotel, and not at the Edgewater Beach, the general headquarters, and where all the ladies were registered.

Well, we landed at Chicago on time, 7 a. m., Thursday morning, October 9th, with eight in our crowd. Two had not worked our system. Louis O'Brien did not have to as you know he has slipped all these years and no flapper has been able to "hog tie" him as yet; and we now believe he is immune. Our old friend Macdonald was also along. He was also running a bluff of father or son, but he was along only as chaperon, and like Brother Kline, there is where he shines and he was a dandy—for later in the day at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, he took me in charge and saw to it that I met all of the great, and near great men of the Tele-



A. L. Salt, retiring Pioneer President; President H. B. Thayer of the A. T. & T. Co., and L. H. Kinnard, President Bell Tel. Co. of Pa., registering for the Big Convention.

Summary

Telephone Pioneers of America.
Eleventh Annual Convention.
Convention, Chicago, Oct. 9, 10, 11
1924.

Total membership, 7,796.
Retiring president, A. L. Salt
Newly elected president, Ben S. Read.
Senior vice-president, F. A. Stevenson.
Other vice-presidents: A. E. Berry, D. P. Fullerton, W. R. Ahlott.
Executive Committee: E. K. Hall, Miss Ida Krebs, H. D. McDonald.
Honorary member, Thomas Watson.

EVERYBODY HAPPY

phone family. That was awfully nice, wasn't it? I sure appreciated it anyway.

Well, from the depot we took taxicabs, as there were no committers to meet us as was promised. Suppose they thought that all West of the Kaw river would drive through. We stopped at the Edgewater Beach Hotel and left Brother Kline and wife, Brother Pratt and wife, and Chaperon Macdonald, Mr. O'Brien going with the Colonel and I to our hotel, the Sheridan Plaza, and it proved to be some bunk house. The Colonel and I thought it best that we should bunk together, he taking the upper bunk, as it was so much easier for him to get in and out. We thought it best to do this and save that \$1.00 per day than to spend it just for a place to hang our clothes for a few short hours during the early morning. A meeting of the delegates was called that evening at 8 p. m., and lasted until twelve, after which the Colonel and I retired to our bunk house.

Now for our first mystery: Upon entering

the dining room the next morning, we heard several of the guests asking each other if they had heard the mermaids last night on the lake. Now the Colonel and I had heard them calling, but thought it was only the chambermaids, and paid no attention. Too bad, as we have none such in Denver, our lakes not being large enough.

Friday morning, October 10, the general meeting was called and lasted until after twelve. We listened to several good talks from the officers of the Grand Assembly, among whom was Mr. H. B. Thayer and our former president, Mr. Ben S. Read, who was made president of the Grand Assembly for the coming year 1925. This over, they got us headed to the beach and took a group picture—also motion pictures of each chapter. It was then getting late, so the mad rush was on for our regular rations. That evening the local boys put on a comic show and dance at the Beach Hotel, the Colonel and I reporting on the job; but not wishing to lose my early beauty sleep, I told the Colonel that he would find the key up over the door and went home to the Bunk House. I failed to hear him when he was trying to find the keyhole, but he said it was not late, so I let it go at that.

Saturday, October 11, as per schedule, the Western Electric boys arrived at the Beach Hotel with twelve double-deck busses to take us all out to Hawthorne; again the mad rush was on, as each one wanted an upper berth. Now the Colonel and I, not being "hog-tied," got one on top of the first bus.



Retiring President A. L. Salt congratulating the new President, Ben S. Read, elected to pilot the Pioneers next year.

The trip was grand—fifteen miles through parks and over beautiful boulevards, and upon arriving it was more pictures. I never was shot as many times in my life, especially that way. All was well arranged, as guides were provided for each group of six. We were taken by elevator to the fifth floor and then the show was on. It was wonderful—far beyond description—so I shall not try to describe only that on the third floor, where there were thousands of young girls assembling keys and switches, many of whom were fair to look upon. It was here that I was compelled to give the Colonel's coat-tail a jerk—many times—to bring him back to the realization that he was still a married man, even though a thousand miles from home.

After all was over we had our choice of routes back, and the Colonel and I took the Loop route, as we wanted to do some shopping—that is, we wanted to get some small tokens to take home to our wives to square ourselves. We were through several of the large stores, Marshall Field's being one of them. It is here that one can do plenty of shopping.

Well, along about 5 p. m. I told the Colonel that he would either have to get me a bottle of Sloan's Liniment or a wheel chair. He thought it cheaper to pay the bus fare of 20 cents, so we hit it to the Bunk House.

Saturday evening, 10 p. m., another show and dance on at the Beach Hotel. The Colonel and I were there on time. Colonel this time being dressed for the occasion, so I sure did look like *father* this time. So again I felt myself out of place and told the Colonel that he would find the key over the door a second time, as I much preferred to listen to the sweet voices of the mermaids. Again I know not what time he arrived home, but his bunk was all mussed up in the morning.

Sunday, the 12th, we went to the Beach Hotel in the morning to meet our own crowd, as up to this time it had been hit and miss. The two ladies said they were having a grand time—still their faces began to show lines that appear just before that feeling of homesickness tackles you. All married men began to show the signs of worry or fear—fear that their wives might be kidnapped or get run over by the elevated railway.

At 1 p. m. a war-time friend of the Colonel's, Major R. E. Walsh, came to our hotel in his fine large Cadillac. With him was his sister and her daughter, about 18, who were visiting him from Montana. It was my good fortune to be placed in the back seat between these two charming ladies, the Colonel riding in front with the Major and talking over war times. We were taken along the Lake Shore, north far beyond the city limits, then back by another route, then through the western part, and then to the far southern limits of the city over fine boulevards and through lovely parks, the Major pointing out and explaining all points of interest, while at the same time I was gorgeously entertained in the back seat.

I never knew that one could be a Major and a Prince at the same time.

On our way back we stopped before a lovely residence—at first I knew not why—but later, upon entering, I found out it was the Major's home. Now if the Major was a Prince, Mrs. Major was a Princess. There were no mottoes "God Bless Our Home," but there were all kinds of signs, "Make Yourself at Home" and one sure felt it. We sat down to a very swell dinner which had been waiting for us. After dinner the Colonel was coaxed to one corner by the ladies for a game of bridge. It was then that the young lady went over to the phonograph and placed thereon a foxtrot record, and said to me, "Come on now," and how could I resist, being a thousand miles from home even though I did feel the effects afterwards. It was now getting well along towards the time that the neighbors' rooster should be sending



J. H. Thacker of Portland, Oregon, has 64 years of telephone and telegraph credit, and still active in the Service.

out his warning, so the Major drove us to the Elevated Railway depot, and we were on our way to the Bunk House. It was an evening long to be remembered.

Monday, 13th, we met the Major once again, and he started in to show us all of their exchanges; that is, he would have in that first half day if I had not jogged his memory that I had done the foxtrot the night before. As it was, it did seem that we always took the elevators down and walked up at all of the tall buildings in Chicago. We were shown all of the machine switching apparatus, also their manual boards, all of which were most wonderful—especially the machine switching. About noon we were caught on Michigan Boulevard by a tremendous jam and crowd.

I asked why this was. The Major said they were waiting to get an eyefull of the Prince of Wales. I said, "Poor fools, to go through this push and jam when we had one with us."

Now, Will Rogers may think he had the time of his life when he was out with the Prince of Wales in New York until 6 a. m., but you can give me a genuine American Colonel and Major in Chicago.

Well, we paid all bills and got our clearance cards and left Chicago for Omaha at 6:15 p. m. on the above date.

October 14 arrived in Omaha at 7:40 a. m., took street car that would drop us off at nearest point to the telephone exchange, and accidentally ran into a hotel just a half block from the exchange. It was just our luck that this hotel was to be the swellest one in the city. After partaking of a small amount of inner nourishment, we went over to the Telephone Building, first meeting our old friends, Mr. Cozad, and Mr. Griffin. We were met with the usual Mountain States greeting; as you know, they are two having strayed away from the family.

Mr. Cozad took us down and made us acquainted with their state plant superintendent, W. J. Brazell, who thereupon called all of his lieutenants, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Yetter, Mr. Corne and Mr. Lambert, and the ball was on once more. We were first shown through their main building which, by the way, is sixteen stories. They also have the machine switching. Then for the autos and to be shown their city, and at midday to be taken to lunch at the swellest the city affords. This was kept up for two days. Then the boys from home said, "Dad, you are passe." Well, we also got our clearance card from here and embarked for Denver at 4:25 p. m., October 15, arriving in Denver at 7:30 a. m., October 16, and reporting back on the job immediately; the Colonel and I claiming the record of any delegate visiting a convention in the history of the Pioneers.

DAD WISWELL.



Sister of Mr. Vail Passes

Mrs. Sara Veach, 86, recently died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William J. Stevenson, 220 Independence avenue, in Waterloo, Iowa. She had been an invalid for eight years with paralysis.

Mrs. Veach was the sister of the late Theodore N. Vail, who progressed from a Black Hawk farm boy to become the head of the telephone industry of the United States, and she had resided in Waterloo or vicinity for 60 years. She was born March 4, 1838, in New Jersey, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davis Vail. The family came West and settled on a farm near Waterloo.

In 1869 decedent was married to John Veach, who died 10 years later. Two daughters, Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Harry C. Harrison, St. Louis, Mo., and a son, John, survive. Two sisters surviving reside in the east.

In The Spirit of Service

IT IS NOT infrequent that "we in the service" of the Telephone Company express appreciation of long and faithful service, but seldom does a great daily newspaper find space for references of this kind, and that is why the following from the *Denver Post* is more appreciated:

"Thirty-five years ago Denver had 1,000 telephones in operation; today there are between 65,000 and 68,000. Thirty-five years ago the telephone system of Denver required only twenty-five or thirty people to operate it; today more than 1,500 people, including 1,000 operators, are employed serving the telephone public.

"This, to many, will seem surprising—that so short a time ago the telephone business in Denver was an infant—but in the organization now known as the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company are men who remember when the first instrument was installed in this city and who have grown old in the service of the industry.

"These men, together with all other men in the Bell telephone system throughout the country who have served twenty-one years, or more, in the telephone business, are banded together in an organization known as the Telephone Pioneers of America. In this organization the Mountain States Company has 176 members

Top—H. W. Kline, supervisor methods and results; Lower—C. C. Pratt, Howard T. Vaile and Col. A. W. Young.



and some who are eligible have not been enrolled. All in all, probably 200 men now employed in the telephone industry in the Rocky Mountain states have been telephone

men for more than twenty-one years.

"Telephone men, it is said, are stickers. They begin life as telephone men and they remain loyal to their industry to the end.

"For three days—October 9, 10 and 11—these 'stickers' in the telephone game, comprising the fraternity known as the Telephone Pioneers of America, gathered in a convention in Chicago and mulled over, discussed and recorded the recollections of the past and with an eye to the future inquired what should be done to conserve the solidarity of the great body of telephone men and women of the country.

"The Mountain States organization was represented at this convention by seven pioneers, whose combined service in the telephone business totals more than 235 years. In this delegation were Louis P. O'Brien, an inspector, who celebrated the forty-third anniversary of his connection with the telephone game in Denver on October 1; E. M. Burgess, senior vice-president of the Mountain States Company, whose length of service falls only a month short of O'Brien's; C. A. (Dad) Wiswell, an inspector, who has served forty-two years in the telephone industry; J. E. Macdonald, secretary-treasurer of the Mountain States Company, whose service is nearly thirty-seven years; A. W. Young, who has just completed his twenty-one years of service; H. W. Kline, supervisor of methods and results, who has served twenty-eight years, and C. C. Pratt, whose service exceeds twenty-one years.

"These men represented the Rocky Moun-



Top, right to left—J. E. Macdonald, secy.-treas.; E. M. Burgess, senior vice-president; Louis P. O'Brien, inspector, and oldest man in point of service in company. Lower—Clay A. Wiswell, inspector; H. W. Bellard, chief accountant. All members of The Mountain States Tel. and Tel. Co.

President Thayer's Admonition

Mr. Thayer's speech at the Pioneers' convention was of such timely and general interest in view of the presidential election this month that it is of value not only to every Pioneer but to every citizen in the country. A brief summary of this stirring appeal follows:

"We are pioneers, and that means that we have been at least twenty-one years in this service. It does not mean that we have outlived our usefulness even if we have been in the service twice twenty-one years, as some of us have.

"We don't any of us like to have that expression, 'outlived his usefulness' applied to us. However selfish a man's aims in life may have been, and however successful he may have been in accomplishing them, there is in-born a desire to have and continue usefulness; and that is probably because there is a feeling born in us that we have lived in vain if we have come and gone without having made any impression, without having had any influence, and if we have had an influence in our community or in our family, or on our neighbor or fellow-worker, it is an influence on the world, even if in an infinitesimal degree, and we all like it. There isn't one of us who would not like to feel that after he is gone someone would say, 'He helped me by advice or by a friendly word, or perhaps only by example.' There is no one who wouldn't like to look forward to that.

"Influence and helpfulness are kinds of usefulness which are always possible. That possibility we never outlive. There are about 7,800 members of this organization. If all who are eligible to membership were members we would

tain chapter of the Telephone Pioneers of America.

"The stories of the men who made the telephone industry in Denver and the Rocky Mountain states are stories of men who had faith in the future, the will to conquer and the perseverance to persist.

"The oldest of pioneers in the telephone business in Denver is F. O. Vaile, now retired, the founder of the first telephone company in Denver. He started the Denver Telephone Company in 1878. This later became the Colorado Telephone Company and eventually it became the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"Vaile was general manager and general factotum of the company. His brother Howard T. Vaile, who is still at his post with the Mountain States Company, has completed forty-two years in the industry.

"The late E. B. Field, president of the company when he died, started as chief operator



President Harry B. Thayer

be about 3½ per cent of the employees of the Bell System. But we have a usefulness in the directions I have mentioned away out of proportion to our numbers, because we are the old guard. Let's help the young people to start right and keep right.

"Young men and young women are not

under Vaile in 1887. O'Brien, who is now the oldest employee in point of service in the Mountain States Company, began as a messenger boy at the same time. Burgess, who is now vice-president, entered the industry a month later than O'Brien as an operator at Central City. Up the ladder of success he climbed to the high position he now occupies. Macdonald, the secretary-treasurer, started thirty-seven years ago as striker for the stock-keeper in the company's storehouse. H. W. Bellard, chief accountant, who has forty-two years of service to his credit, started his career in the telephone business as operator, and he records the fact that in the early days the most successful operator was the one who could outcuss the subscribers. An operator who could make the wire hotter than the livery stable men was some operator, Bellard declares. Today all is changed. Operators never talk back, no matter how offensive subscribers may be."

machines. They have hearts and brains. If they keep their hearts and brains out of it, their work is drudgery. If they put their brains into it and study it to the extent of understanding why and what they are doing, they will participate in the joy of accomplishment, and there is no joy greater. They will realize what they are contributing to a great public service, and enjoy the enthusiasm which goes with that realization. We started when it was easier to get a picture in our minds of the whole thing, and we have enjoyed our work. Help them to get the picture by encouraging them to think. The people working in this business are exceptional people with exceptional opportunities. This business has an appeal to the imagination. It will not be hard to stimulate in them the interest in the business which you have enjoyed—the interest in playing the game.

"Encourage them to be good citizens. You may say that that is a private matter, and it is, but it also is a public matter and a family matter and a business matter. Our happiness depends upon our families and friends, our country and our work; and because the conservation of our lives and liberties and the fruits of our labor depend upon our government, that is something to which we should apply our brains with more than casual interest.

"There is too much unthinking selfishness. This is a great nation of workers, in specialized industries. If you did not think you would say that you would like to get your clothing and your houses and your shoes and your food for nothing, but if you did, the clothing makers and carpenters and shoemakers and farmers would have no telephones and you would be out of a job. The prosperity of one trade or one section makes the prosperity of another. As classes or as sections of the country, barring temporary fluctuations, we can all be prosperous or we can all be poor. There used to be a distinction between capital and labor. Everybody can be a capitalist. That is what America means—the land of opportunity. Many are, and the proportion steadily increases. But admitting a distinction, capital cannot be prosperous when labor is not, because in this country the laborers are the buyers, and labor cannot be prosperous when capital is not, because then industry slackens.

"There is a certain document designed, as it states, 'To establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty.' After the people of this country had fought for and achieved their independence, the wise men of the country, assembled for that purpose, labored to produce an agreement between the states for a government which would preserve their liberties, in-

Telephone Girl Champion Swimmer

"Can she swim?"

"Ask a duck!"

"And can she dive?"

"Ask the little deep water fishes."

That's the way they talk about Miss Dorothy Stoddard, telephone operator at the York exchange in Denver, and our Company is very proud to acknowledge Miss Stoddard is a member of its family.

For beauty and grace of form Miss Stoddard has but few, if any, superiors. As an expert swimmer there are none in the state of Colorado, at least, who equal her. At present she holds the two state diving championships—the springboard and the high dive.

Miss Stoddard began swimming at the tender age of seven and won her first loving cup at the Empress Theatre. At the age of eight she entered the junior state diving championship contest and won only by a few points. At nine she held the title for the juniors in contest at Berkeley Lake, July 4, 1914. This she held until 1922, when she challenged the senior diver and won by 76 points. She repeated the same in 1923 and 1924 and now holds both titles for the junior and the senior state championship of Colorado and the Rocky Mountain region.

Miss Stoddard learned to swim and dive at the Public Bath House with but very little instructions. It just seems to be a natural art



Miss Dorothy Stoddard, some of her stunts and trophies

for her. She is the proud possessor of an even dozen loving cups and almost as many medals. She maintains that an operator should keep herself in good physical condition by some form of exercise.

As an evidence of her skill and ability, Miss

Stoddard was mentioned as an Olympic possibility for the last Olympiad, but could find no one to finance the trip to Paris.



Never Fails nor Falls

(Meeteetse, Wyo., News)

C. L. Titus of Cheyenne, state manager for the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company, and C. J. Lowe, district manager of Cody, were in town recently in the interests of one company that never falters or falls short in giving to its customers the best service possible. Mr. Titus says the business of his company is growing very rapidly and that next year many more phones and many more miles of wiring will mean additional employment of more linemen and operators.

The company that he represents insists at all times upon courtesy and fair treatment to its subscribers and never fails to advertise this virtue.

Mr. Titus has a very worthy helper in the person of Charles J. Lowe.



Unseen Authority

"Do you understand what is meant by invisible government?"

"Personally speaking," said Mr. Meekton, "I do. My wife gives me a list of errands every day by telephone."



Business vs. Pleasure

He kissed her in a burst of passion. "You have no business to do that," she shrilled at him. "It wasn't business," he replied sweetly. "It was pleasure."

sure the peaceful enjoyment of their lives, and safeguard to individuals the fruits of their labors. It was to hold for the people what they had bought with their blood. Their agreement was accepted and became the foundation of our form of government. It has carried us through the dangers which beset a young nation. Under it we have become a great nation, and a strong nation, morally and materially. It is a rich nation, but what is better, the riches are more evenly divided than in the other great nations, the opportunities for advancement and the enjoyment of comforts of life are more evenly distributed. There has, so far as history tells us, never been a nation in which the average standard of living has been as high as it is here now, so that, judging by results of nearly one hundred and fifty years, we may say that the work of those wise men was good work. It probably was not perfect, but we should think with all the brains we have about any proposed change in the document they produced—the constitution of the United States—which involves any fundamental change in our form of government.

"We all know that our government is not perfect, but perhaps the trouble is not in form but in operation. It is my own belief that a large part of the trouble is with us as citizens, and it is a trouble that it is our plain duty

to correct. We have the privilege of voting. It is more than a privilege—it is a duty to ourselves, our families, and the country. It is a duty that we should exercise conscientiously and intelligently. With reference to a candidate for a legislative office, that is, for a senator or representative in either the federal or state legislature, we should ask ourselves: 'Is he a man in whom I can have confidence as my representative to make the laws, for the protection of my life and the lives of my family, and to safeguard to me and to them the fruits of my labor?' And with reference to any executive, a president or a governor, we should ask: 'Is he a man whom I can trust to fairly and impartially enforce the laws?' Voting is a sacred privilege won by the blood and sacrifice of our forefathers. Unless we conscientiously and intelligently, so far as we are able, exercise that privilege, we deserve all that we get of bad government. Our form of government was planned to carry out the will of the people. It is a necessary part of the plan that the people should exercise their will.

"You know that it is not wise to pass judgment on a piece of machinery unless it is operated as it was intended to be operated.

"Let us do our part by thinking and then by voting as we think."

Shock Absorbers Versus Bumps

By Betty Devine

The Shock Absorbers, a group of male members of the Denver Commercial Department who have landed themselves together in a club which meets once a month to talk over various conditions arising in their daily contact with the public, held the most interesting meeting in its history Monday evening, September 29.

The headliner on the program, however, was our old friend and new president, Frederick H. Reid, who gave his first public talk, or talk to a large group of employees since he returned to the Mountain States territory in the role of president.

Will Tremmel, president of the club, preceded, introducing as the first number on the program Charles St. John, Denver commercial supervisor, who sang "Out Where the West Begins," and for an encore "Absent." Mr. St. John, though a comparatively new member of the department, is proving very popular, and his contribution to the program was much appreciated. He was accompanied by Miss Jessie Blakemore, who is a general favorite and who later rendered a piano solo with her usual skill.

Ileen Cannon's interpretation of "The Modern Flapper" got a hearty laugh and her encore was equally well received.

Will Morgan, famed not only for his pulchritude and as director of the Blue Bell Follies, but also for a splendid voice, sang "Trees," a musical adaptation of Joyce Kilmer's beautiful poem, and as an encore "Memory Lane," and despite the handicap of a severe cold delighted everyone.

Hearing a chap tooting his own horn is usually a tiresome proposition, but on this particular occasion "Jo" Matthews tooted his horn—baritone—to the keen enjoyment of his hearers. Being encored, he played that old-time favorite, "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." If we could all toot our horns as well as "Jo" does we might get away with it.

A reading, "Guide to Lohengrin," by Miss Aurelita Sweet, one of the most talented members of the commercial department, and a couple of songs by Will Tremmel (himself, as the late Buffalo Bill used to advertise) showed the Denver commercial department boasts a lot of talent.

Brief remarks were made by Dean D. Clark, Denver commercial manager; Fred B. Jones, general commercial supervisor, and A. U. Mayfield, editor of THE MONITOR, after which Mr. Tremmel introduced President F. H. Reid, who was given a rousing welcome.

There was none of the "cut and dried" about Mr. Reid's talk; it was characterized by a note of intimacy and informality which made it seem like a rocking-chair chat before the

fire. There was no oratorical effort—just a quiet, easy-going, heart-to-heart talk that made one lose sight of the fact that the president was talking and think of him only as a friend.

In this quiet, forceful fashion he got across a lot of interesting facts that will stick in the minds of his hearers, who were not slow to recognize in his rare brand of enthusiasm and sincerity the keynote to his phenomenal climb from the lowliest ranks to the highest office in the Company in so short a time. A few high lights in Mr. Reid's talk were:

"It's a lot easier for me to think as employee than as president."

"Know the company you work for—if there is anything about it or its operation you don't understand, ask about it, make it your business to find out, it's your right to know, and you can't convince the public unless you do know."

"If you don't like your work, get out of it as soon as you can and into something you do like; you can't make a success of anything you don't like."

"Don't overlook an opportunity to extend a courtesy or a favor; bear in mind it's the service you give—that they *don't* pay for—which impresses them most."

"The most unromantic business in the world can be made attractive and interesting by those who have a real understanding and interest in it; therefore, in a romantic and interesting business such as ours, how attractive should be our jobs if we have a real understanding of the business, its ideals and purposes.

"I want every employee with this company to know that I'm his friend—I'm for everyone of you who is stepping right along—but I don't mind telling you that it's awfully hard for me to talk to the fellow who's walking BACKWARDS."

TWENTY YEARS OR MORE

In Great Falls, Montana, we have a chief operator who has served the Telephone Company for twenty years, and what is more is mighty proud of her record. This lady is Miss Anna Keeley.



Miss Anna Keeley

She began her telephone career September 1st, 1904, in Cheyenne, Wyoming, afterward becoming chief operator. Later she moved to Great Falls, Montana, and assumed duties of a toll operator, and later promoted to chief operator which position she now holds. Miss Keeley has seen the development of our business to its present day standard, and in con-

versation she says the most impressive is that of the early days when the chief operator had to check both in and out toll ticket with originating and terminating exchanges as all business was done on the two ticket basis. This, she says, was real grief.

We are proud of Miss Keeley's record, and do not hesitate to say she is one of the most loyal and interested workers in the Bell System.

O. L. Ross

For many years O. L. Ross has been headed straight in the line of service, and on October 3, 1924, he drove another peg and wrote upon it "twenty years," and then he stepped out into the running again and is making toward the next mile stone.

"One speeds along pretty fast when one doesn't count the milestones," said Mr. Ross, as he stepped into his office on the morning of October 3 to find a group of his office companions standing around his desk in the assistant equipment engineer's department, while C. A. Crapo was tastefully arranging a vase of American beauty roses.

"These roses are emblematic of the pleasant associations we have had with you," said Mr. Crapo, "and this service pin reminds you that you have given twenty years service to the telephone company."

A second surprise was in store for Mr. Ross when, at the noon hour, he was enveigled into a hotel dining room where a spread had been prepared for him by some of his fellow-workers. It was indeed a day of pleasantries for the man who had endeared himself in the hearts of those who knew him best.

Stock Sale Winners



Mrs. Hazel Goodman

What a Subscriber Thinks

A Denver telephone subscriber sends a newspaper clipping to THE MONITOR and suggests that we reprint it. She also says:

"This really would teach some telephone subscribers the much needed lesson of patience at the telephone booth."

The article is a dispatch from Paris and follows:

"Paris.—Parisian telephones acquired a new feature Saturday, when the administration officially adopted a mechanism which will register calls on the operators' board in the order in which they come. The government has notified subscribers that they must never jiggle the telephone. Each time they do so they acquire a new number. The ingenious mechanism flashes numbers in the corresponding order in which the calls come, so that if twelve calls appear on the board the operator attends to them in the exact order as they are numbered. The absent-minded subscriber who moves the receiver up and down to attract the operator's attention will never get his call at all, as he gets farther down the waiting line with every move."



Big Paper Consumers

Three hundred and fifty carloads of paper, comprising 7,000 tons in all, were used last year by the Western Electric company in the manufacture of telephone equipment for the Bell system. Most of this paper was used for insulating cable wires, although a considerable quantity was required to separate the layers of tin foil in telephone condensers and for other miscellaneous manufacturing processes.

George F. Hodge, yard foreman of the Denver Plant Department, was the leading stock salesman for September. Mr. Hodge recently sold 65 shares of A. T. & T. Co. stock, making a combined total of 101 shares sold by him since the stock campaign was inaugurated.

Many of our readers who know Mr. Hodge are not aware of his activities in former years and that he was closely allied with the early history of Colorado. He was born in London, raised in Devonshire, England, and came to Colorado in 1875. For several years he was engaged in sheep raising on a large scale, having more than 10,000 sheep in his herds at various times. He bought some of the first sheep brought into Colorado from Mexico and the first sheep driven overland from Red Bluff, California, to Colorado. In later years he turned to cattle raising and shipped large numbers from Texas to Colorado.

In 1880-82, Mr. Hodge was deputy assessor of Arapahoe county, Colorado. The county then extended from Jefferson county to the western border of Kansas. In 1885 he was elected a State Representative from Arapahoe county, including what is now the City and County of Denver.

In 1905 he became affiliated with our company. To know him is to like him and admire his vim and vigor after his many years of active service with the Bell System following the rigors of his pioneering days in the West. This is just a starter and we expect to find his name among the leading salesmen quite often in the future.

Mrs. Hazel Goodman, stenographer in the Commercial Department, Phoenix, Arizona, was the leading stock saleswoman for September. The ladies of Arizona are evidently real campaigners, judging from the showing they are making in the present stock campaign. A reliable sales manager once said: "The appearance of a salesman is one of his biggest assets." If that is true, we can readily see from looking at her picture how Mrs. Goodman was the champion for September.



Accumulated Stock Sales

The following table shows the results of the stock sales campaign per 1,000 owned stations in our company for the period January 1 to October 1. Wyoming is still leading but being closely pressed by Arizona. These percentages are based on the number of applications.

Wyoming	8.96
Arizona	8.50
Utah	6.62
Texas-New Mexico	6.51
Colorado	6.20
Montana	6.06
Idaho	5.03
Company	6.51



Mr. Geo. F. Hodge

This Is Worth Knowing

If you make the effort to inquire among your friends you will be surprised to find the number that are on the lookout for a systematic savings plan, whereby they can provide for the future without making a hardship of it. Some deposit a nominal sum in the bank each month and allow the interest to accrue, while others do not seem to realize the value and possibilities of compound interest and withdraw the interest as it accumulates. Compound interest is the secret of systematic saving. If the interest be allowed to accumulate within a few years it will overtake the principal. The following table shows how a small sum saved each month and compounded over a period of twenty years will accumulate.

Try and interview as many of your friends as possible and explain the merits of this table. If they buy a share of stock your reward will be twofold, as you have made a partner for your company and have started your friend in a systematic savings plan.

\$10.00 PER MONTH INVESTED AT VARIOUS RATES OF INTEREST

Int. Rate	Compounded	In 20 Years Will Amount To
3%	Monthly	\$3,289.51
4%	Semi-annualy	3,654.20
4%	Quarterly	3,662.29
5%	Semi-annualy	4,086.08
5%	Quarterly	4,100.53
5½%	Semi-annualy	4,324.83
5½%	Quarterly	4,343.55
6%	Semi-annualy	4,580.35
6%	Quarterly	4,604.16
Option B	A.T. & T. Stock Plan	5,558.00

Joys of a Prorated Manager

(From The Southwestern Telephone News)

(Editor's Note.—This article was sent in unsigned from Texas, but there can be no doubt but that it was written by a prorated manager who has had his experiences and who is blessed with a sense of humor. And we will wager he is a success and likes his work in spite of all he says about his trouble).

The only joy a prorated manager has is on his way to take the job (or position). He is dreaming of the near future when he will be made manager of the system! Arrived on the job, the commercial department tells him that it (the job) depends on his getting the money, keeping the business he has, and getting new subscribers. The plant department tells him he must keep the plant in good shape or quit. The traffic department tells him he must keep a good bunch of operators, give them close training and supervision and keep up the service.

He must be on the lookout for new operators, and give them personal attention while they are learning.

He comes down in the morning to work, feeling rather important. (new on the job), gives the janitor a few instructions, corrects some mistakes the operators are making (and gets bawled out), then rates and assort tickets of the day before for mailing to the accounting center. He next goes through his bills with the intention of collecting that day. Just as he starts to leave the office his telephone rings and an angry subscriber reports his telephone out of order, been out a week and wants it fixed right now or come and take it out. He grabs up his tools and bill book and starts. Downstairs he meets a subscriber who owes a bill, stops and duns him and is greeted with "I won't pay until you clear up some mistakes on this bill."

"All right. We will go upstairs and straighten it up."

Back to the office he goes, operator comes in and says test board is calling him; he calls the test board and they say toll line out ten miles east, catch the train and clear same; he has five minutes' time. He snatches up all the tools and material that he can and makes a run for the train.

The subscriber thinks he has gone nutty. He gets the train and clears your troubles. No train back till late that evening. Well, it is stay there all day or walk back, so he decides he had better walk back as his time is limited. He gets in about 4 p. m., tired out, only to find an operator's set O. D., his ringing machine on the hum, several local lines crossed, and a telephone to move. All must be done today sure.

He works until dark, then goes home and has just sat down to supper when his telephone rings and an operator reports the night bell out of order. Back to the office he goes to fix the night bell. Then he makes out some dozen

different reports to the different departments telling them why he has not done so-and-so and when he will have time to care for same. He gets in bed about 11 p. m., and tosses all night wondering who invented work.

A prorated manager must be a quick change artist; he must have several changes of clothes for the different kinds of work he must perform. He must know any place in the operating in case an operator can not come to work for any reason. He must do the janitor stunt when the janitor is taking a lay off. In a single day he may have to clear toll line trouble, local trouble, move, install and take out telephones, work on the switchboard as opera-

tor, collect, be messenger boy and perform miscellaneous tasks.

I believe he will have a special place in heaven when he dies, for his punishment is here on earth. Believe me, there is not a dull moment in the prorated manager business. However, he likes the excitement.

P. S.—A prorated manager must never lose his temper, be pleasant at all times, and never get bawled up. Not out, as he gets bawled out every few minutes. He must carry with him his bill book, a few blank contracts, his climbing tools and traffic schedule. And he mustn't forget to solicit advertising for his directory.

Plant and Traffic at Casper, Wyoming

Another matrimonial epidemic in the Casper, Wyoming, exchange: Mr. Cupid has certainly been playing his part the last few weeks. The happy August brides are Mrs. L. Martin, formerly Miss Zelma Martin; Mrs. C. Stone, formerly Miss Ora Freeman and Mrs. J. Taylor, formerly Miss Anna Anderson.

All of us are glad to hear that Miss Hazel Titus, who was operated on several weeks ago for appendicitis, is on the road to recovery, and will soon be back at the office with us again.

Vacations for this summer will soon be over and everyone will be ready to settle down until vacation time next summer.

Mrs. Beach returned from a tour of the western coast and Yellowstone Park, and is back at the old job of chief operator.

Miss Watters, assistant chief operator, spent her vacation in her old home state, Colorado.

Mrs. Josie McDowell has just returned from points in Pennsylvania where she spent her vacation visiting relatives.

Mrs. Jeanne Kidd, toll instructress, decided she could enjoy her vacation best by spending a quiet two weeks at home.

Miss Shinmin spent a pleasant outing at Eads Ranch.

Miss Gallis is spending her vacation with the home folks in Montana and Mrs. Carlile is visiting in Denver.

Vacations! Yes, they seem to have passed on into the future for the plant department, for this year at least. But no! on second thought, we find that our switchboard man, E. B. Bashor, is enjoying his at the present time. All the rest of the plant force have recounted their vacation experiences so many times that they have become almost a nuisance. But they all agree that they had a wonderful time this year. Mr. Probst, local wire chief,

spent two weeks in the Yellowstone National Park and from his story of the trip he must have had the time of his life.

Two of the plant men, J. W. Babcock and G. W. Niblett, spent the last week at Midwest taking care of the growth at that exchange. They say that Midwest is getting to be a real exchange and we hope to hear more of it in the future.

N. A. Jensen, our city foreman, is helping the state engineering department for a while by making an inventory of the Casper plant. C. L. Rea, state electrical engineer, is up here in connection with this work but we think that he is soon returning to Cheyenne.

Casper is still growing. Growing, GROWING! The equipment installers are here again installing six hundred new multiple, four local and two toll positions. We always welcome the installation men, especially J. D. Weber and his gang.

C. E. Swisher, toll wire chief, is building a nice little home in Mountain View Addition. All that we want to know is—Who is the lucky lady, Swish?

Miss Shannon's vacation has not been a very pleasant one as most of it has been spent as a patient. She is feeling much better however, and will be back to work soon.

Denver seems to be a favorite place to spend vacations this year. Mr. Trehearn, traffic chief, is enjoying a week there with relatives and friends.

Earnings

For more than forty-one years the American Telephone and Telegraph company, after providing for operating expenses, taxes and interest, has earned each year the dividends paid and also something for surplus—a margin of safety.



We had three lost-time accidents in September, a decrease of three compared with August. Arizona, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico-El Paso and Wyoming passed through the month without a lost-time accident. This is the nineteenth consecutive month for Idaho, the ninth for Wyoming, and the fourth for Montana, without a lost-time accident.

Wyoming still holds first place. Idaho remains in second place. New Mexico-El Paso retains third place. Montana remains in fourth place. Colorado, with one accident for the month, remains in fifth place.

Utah, with one accident for the month, remains in sixth place.

Installation Department, with one accident for the month, remains in seventh place.

Arizona, with no accident for the month, remains in last place.



Wyoming Boy Honored

Joseph John Gibbons, son of M. Gibbons, a merchant at Wheatland, Wyo., and at present an employe of the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph company at Casper, has been nominated by United States Senator Francis E. Warren as one of his candidates to take the Annapolis naval academy examination next spring.

Young Gibbons is a high school graduate and has had one year of college at the University of Colorado. He came to Casper some two months ago to accept a clerical position with the telephone company and probably will remain until his election to the academy is assured.—*Casper Tribune.*



Twelve Years Every Day

Telephone conversations in Chicago are now so numerous that if all of the calls made each twenty-four hours could be combined into a single conversation, it would require 6,250,000 minutes, or nearly twelve years. At this rate, Chicago does three and a half centuries of telephone talking in a month and reels off more than 42 centuries of wire conversation every year.

The number of telephone conversations each day in Chicago is more than 3,000,000, or over 1,000,000,000 a year.

Plant Accidents

SEPTEMBER, 1924

Divisions:	Average Number Male Plant Employees	Number of Lost Time Accidents	Lost Time Accidents per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
Montana	164	0	.00
Wyoming	119	0	.00
New Mexico-El Paso	115	0	.00
Arizona	140	0	.00
Idaho	97	0	.00
Colorado	651	1	1.54
Utah	248	1	4.03
Installation Department	112	1	8.93
Total	1,616	3	1.85

CLASSIFIED

Spurs cut out	1	Burns, hot solder	1
Gaffed by spur	1		

Comparative standing of divisions first nine months, 1924, based on number of lost-time accidents per 1,000 male plant employees:

Divisions:	Average Number Male Plant Employees 9 Months	Number of Accidents Lost Time	Lost Time Accidents per Month, per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
Wyoming	126	0	.00
Idaho	96	0	.00
New Mexico-El Paso	111	1	1.00
Montana	192	2	1.16
Colorado	601	11	2.03
Utah	227	7	3.43
Installation Department	121	5	4.59
Arizona	104	5	5.34
Total	1,578	31	2.18

Army of Telephone Workers

There are three times as many people employed in the telephone industry in the United States as there are enlisted men in the entire United States army. There are more than twice as many telephone operators in this country as there are officers and men in the whole United States navy.

Some 350,000 persons are now directly employed in the telephone industry, not counting the thousands of other workers who are engaged in manufacturing telephone equipment and supplies. They far outnumber the army and navy put together, with the marine corps thrown in for good measure.

General Grant's First Talk

When Ulysses S. Grant returned from his trip around the world early in 1880, he visited in Platteville, Wisconsin, and there it was that he had his first experience with the telephone, which had been invented only a few years before and which, at that time, had not as yet become widely known. A public reception was accorded General Grant in Platteville, and while it was taking place he was informed that some gentleman from Lancaster, Wisconsin, desired to talk to him over the telephone, this being one of the first lines, if not the first, in southern Wisconsin. General Grant was much impressed with the new invention and prophesied a great future for it.

Stock Sale Talks

LONG Distance, please— Hello, Long Distance! This is a Share of Common Stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company talking. Yes—New York City, New York. I should like to talk to each and every employee of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company—

"Hello, Employees! You have all heard about me, I'm sure, and I know that each and every one of you is my friend, so I'm therefore going to confide in you and tell you a little of my history since coming into this world and also a little about my hopes and ambitions. I think most of you know me fairly well, but I want you to know me better. That is the reason I'm taking the liberty to call you now.

"The first time I remember seeing the light of day was way back in 1899. It was at this time that I was sent out with some of my brothers, who, by the way, were just like me, to take the place of some old shares of American Bell Telephone stock that were ready to retire. You will probably be interested to know that the stocks of the American Bell Telephone Company, the Bell Patent Association, the Bell Telephone Company, the New England Company, and the National Bell Telephone Company, were my ancestors. You can probably tell by the tone of my voice that I'm rather proud of these ancestors. But, to be sure, I should be, as they were very honorable and upright during their lifetime and were always spoken of very highly. However, I'm getting a little bit away from my story when I tell you about my parents, and I know you're not nearly as interested in their performances as you are in mine.

"I told you that we had been sent out to replace some old shares of American Bell Telephone stock. For several years we remained together in certificates of 100 shares each, registered in the name of a broker and properly indorsed so as to be negotiable. We were constantly being bought and sold, carried from one brokerage office to another in the pockets of young messenger boys called 'runners.' I'll admit we rather enjoyed the hub-bub of Wall Street, with all its hustling business ways. The excitement of it all seemed to make us tingle all over. But this life soon began to tell on us, however, as we became soiled and torn. In fact, we looked quite disreputable. But we knew our inherent value and our worth; consequently we became more dignified than ever.

"Our lot in life, however, was not to continue this strenuous existence forever. Fate intercepted one day and cast the die which changed our mode of living. As I remember it, some rich investor bought me along with hundreds of the others and placed us all in a huge safety deposit vault in one of the

larger banks. This was the beginning of a very long rest which we had. I remember distinctly the day we were taken to the vault. I remember hearing the mammoth steel doors close upon us. The darkness and the solitude were terrifying at first, but after a while we became accustomed to them. We remained here for a long, long time. It seemed as if it was for eternity, but I guess it was for only a few years.

"One day during the latter part of 1923 we had a very pleasant surprise when someone came and took us from our steel prison and hustled us over to the 'Street' again. We were certainly glad to get out and breathe the fresh air and see the sunlight once more. I was separated from my brother at this time and reissued in the form of an individual certificate, par value \$100.

"After arriving at the broker's office I learned that our owner had died in 1921, and that we had been transferred into the name of his estate. It was my understanding that the heirs were rather extravagant and also that there was a great amount of legal expense involved in getting the estate settled. This was the reason we were being sold. I found out also that we were being sold through the broker to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. You understand, of course, that the American Company was to be our owners only temporarily; that is, until we could be resold again. I was also told that the American Company desired to secure a large number of shareholders, each stockholder holding only a few shares.

"On January 1, 1924, 13,714 shares of stock were counted out, I being one of them, to be sold in the territory of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. Of course there were a lot of other shares which were counted out for each of the other Associate Companies, but I happened to be one of the 13,714 to be distributed in the West.

"It was thought by those who were engineering the re-sale of the stock that the best possible way to insure a wide distribution was to solicit the aid of each one of you employees. They knew that telephone people are better equipped than anyone else to tell other people of the advantages of stock ownership in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. They believed that the employees were in a position to tell their friends, neighbors and others how reliable the business is, what is back of it, and what a good, secure investment it is. With this thought in mind each one of you was asked to sell one share of stock.

"Nine months of the year have now passed. I heard it rumored that the stock sales so far this year have been surprisingly good. On September 1, out of the 13,714 shares which were counted out as the Mountain States Tele-

phone and Telegraph quota, only 1,756 shares remain to be sold. That is very good I assure you; but it is a little discouraging to note that all the shares sold have been sold by approximately 11 per cent of the employees. As I previously intimated, it was hoped that the quota would be sold by 100 per cent of the employees.

"There is a report beside me here which shows:

- (a) The number of employees in each state of your company,
- (b) the number who have made sales, and
- (c) the percentage of those selling to the total number of employees.

"If you'll listen carefully, I'll read it to you, as I know you're interested. It reads as follows:

EMPLOYEES SELLING A. T. & T. STOCK, JAN. 1 to SEPT. 1

State	Number of Employees Making Sale:	Number of Employees in the State	Per Cent of Employees Making Sales to Total Employees
Arizona	53	304	17.4
Wyoming	61	366	16.7
New Mexico	68	476	14.3
Utah	120	984	12.2
Montana	72	637	11.3
*Colorado	300	3,130	9.6
Idaho	42	499	8.4
Company	716	6,396	11.2

*General office employees included.

"You see that although there have been a great many shares sold, a comparative few of the employees have actually done the selling.

"About two months of the year are still remaining. Those of you who have not as yet secured your application for a share of stock still have ample time to do so. I'm very willing to help you by doing my part, which of course is the earning of \$9.00 every year for my owner. My earning ability, along with the safety of the investment and the marketability or loan value, are your talking points when selling me. Go to it! I'm anxious to see how many real salesmen there are in the territory.

"I guess that is about all I have to tell you this time except that I'd like to say that I hope I haven't bored you by talking so much about myself. I'll give you a call some other day and thank you for your efforts."



Some String

Ten thousand miles of telephone cable were manufactured by the Western Electric company during 1923. This would be enough to lay three cables between New York and Los Angeles with more than six hundred miles left over.

Page of Interesting Odds and Ends



Here's another happy group of telephone girls and men. We only know that Cy Meyn is mixed up in it because he is in the act of diving into a slice of water melon. The imprint says, "Lincoln Park, Denver." That's all we know.

Speak That Word Now

I used to know a flint-hearted old codger in a small Iowa town who was as guilty of murder as Loeb and Leopold. But he didn't pay for his crime, nor suffer any loss of esteem in the community. He just worked his wife to death.

Then he put a stone slab at the head of her grave on which was appropriately carved this immortal phrase, "Rest in Peace!"

I remember her frail and wracked figure as she used to hurry about her work—much too strenuous for the herculean savage who ruled her destiny. She used to stumble sometimes, but she always hurried on toward

her rest! And in all those years not one word of praise, not one tiny word of thanks, ever issued from the raucous throat of him who drove her.

A mother wrote me a letter the other day which has lingered in my mind ever since. She told about the long, hard struggle to win a home and clothe and educate her daughters.

"But," she added, a bit wistfully, I thought, "all has been easy because of the little words of praise which have come! No matter how hard I work making a dress, when my girls say, 'Oh, mother, how truly wonderful!' I am more than repaid. No matter how hard the day has been in the kitchen or garden, when husband or neighbors say, 'How nice that is!' I just straighten up a bit and all the load falls off. I think a little word like this is the most important secret of happiness!"

This mother is right. Words are little bombs which may explode indefinitely. And, somehow, we seem to have a set desire eternally to use the wrong kind. We are still half savage and we continue to use the hard words far too generously.

A soft word! A little word of appreciation! Ah, how fine it would be if we could but sprinkle them about each day! How many burdens grievous to be borne would be lifted from weary backs; how many care-lined faces would break into ripples of happiness; how many nerveless fingers would quicken and throb with a desire to do more!

Speak that little word now! It will lift the clouds and stem the tides. It will surmount the insurmountable and how close it draws us together!—Better Homes.



Long Lines

Biff—"Why is the American Telephone and Telegraph company like the present styles in women's dress?"

Bang—"Because it has Long Lines, of course—and the ladies talk over them, and talk them over."

—Los Angeles Times.

The Monitor Complimented

The September issue of THE MONITOR, the official publication of the employees of the Mountain States Telephone company, has a fine article on Flagstaff, illustrated with half a dozen well printed pictures. The article is well written and the illustrations very appropriate. The cover of the magazine is a masterpiece of color printing, a popular view of San Francisco Peaks, the pride of Coconino county.

THE MONITOR is one of the best printed papers in the country, always interesting and profusely illustrated. It is printed in Denver, and circulates among employees of the Mountain States Telephone company throughout the southwest. Flagstaff will reap much benefit from the publicity afforded by THE MONITOR. —Bislow, Arizona, Mail.



This picture came in from "Somewhere," with no story attached, but we are sure they are telephone folks. The only title on the photograph reads, "Joy, Catherine and Flo." You may know 'em.



When Forest Fires Raged

United States Forest Service, Colorado
National Forest
Ft. Collins, Colo.

Mr. W. E. Ketterman, Mgr.,
Mt. States Tel. & Tel. Co.,
Boulder, Colorado

Dear Sir: It is my desire to express both my personal appreciation as well as the appreciation of the United States Forest Service for the services which have been rendered by Mrs. Mary J. Stevens of your Nederland office during our forest fire season.

Her co-operation, accuracy and all that is combined in the one word service has been exemplified by her willingness and endeavor as to promote special mention.

Her service with that of her assistants during the Buckeye Gulch fire at which time eleven other fires were burning in the same community showed a devotion to duty which prompts me to express such regard.

Very truly yours,
WM. R. KREUTZER,
Forest Supervisor.



Beck Falls, Montana, on Anaconda-Hamilton Highway

Rocky Mountain Chapter No 8



The meeting of Oct. 2 was called to order at 8:10 p. m. with 46 present, President Kline presiding.

The opening number was a musical entertainment by a Mr. Davies, an old maker of Victor records.

The business meeting followed, the minutes of the previous meeting being read and approved.

An acknowledgment was received from Pioneer Otis L. Ross for flowers received during his recent illness.

An informal discussion of the Chicago Convention was then held and various suggestions as to the aims and future of the association, and particularly Chapter No. 8, was entered into by many of those present.

Vice-President and General Counsel Milton Smith, a baby Pioneer, then gave his impressions of a recent trip to London to attend a meeting of the International Bar Association. This was a very entertaining and enthusiastic talk, entering extensively into some of the features of the wonderful British system of government and law. Mr. Smith made a decided hit by appearing in the full regalia of a London barrister, beginning with top hat and tweed topcoat, and ending with white spats, not forgetting the cane, gloves, etc.

He was followed by President F. H. Reid, another young Pioneer, who gave a short but effective talk on what a Pioneer really is and how he may be a very useful and valuable Pioneer.

The entertainment committee had provided, through the assistance of Pioneer Croll, a consignment of Greeley Wonder melons, which were discussed with great gusto. After a farewell smoke, the meeting adjourned at 10:30 p. m.

Applications received since last publication are as follows:

Milton Smith, Vice President and General Counsel. Mr. Smith needs no introduction to our members. He is well known to all of us. He began his telephone career in The Colorado Telephone Company September 30, 1903, having been engaged as attorney for the company at that time and having been associated with the company continuously since then.

Claude M. Strawn of the General Commercial Department, Denver, who began his career in the office of The Colorado Telephone Company as a rental clerk. He has, however, been in the Commercial Department for a good many years past.

Orval H. Barney, Manager at Brush, Colorado. Mr. Barney has been in and out of the telephone business since 1891. He began with Park B. Sprague in the old shop of The Colorado Telephone Company on Lawrence Street, leaving later to go with the Western Union and light companies, and returning to the service in July, 1902. He has managed various exchanges throughout Colorado.

Delegates who attended the convention from this company were H. W. Kline, Clay A. (Dad) Wiswell and A. W. Young of Denver; also C. C. Pratt of Salt Lake City. They were also accompanied by Messrs. L. P. O'Brien and J. E. Macdonald.



Telephone Service in the Near East

Telephone service in Turkey is conducted by men only. No Turkish woman is allowed to speak over the telephone. When the bell rings, if the man of the house is not at home, the call goes unanswered unless a son should happen to answer simply to say the father is out.

According to Dr. Jacob David, a native of Urumia, Persia, telephone service in the Near East has been developed by Christian people, but the Turks are far behind in this branch of civilization. Telephones are used principally in the homes of the wealthy class, but have not reached a high degree of perfection in business as in the United States.

Dr. David is now in Colorado in the interest of the State Committee of Golden Rule



A Noble Soul Passes On

A beloved member of our ranks passed from this life on the morning of October 15, 1924, when George H. Althouse of the Denver commercial department gave up his long and losing battle for life and health.

Twenty-seven years ago George Althouse, then a youth of 24, came from his Missouri home to Denver, bravely determined to win back at least a measure of strength and health in the air of the high country. His will power and cheery disposition helped him, and in 1904 he was able to engage in selling telephone service for the Colorado Telephone Company on the old "door-to-door" plan. It was the kind of work he sought, for it kept him in the open air, and he was most successful—a builder of friendships as well as of business. At the time he entered the employ of our company there were less than 12,000 telephones in Denver. He lived to see that number increased to more than 69,000.

Mr. Althouse's twenty years of service were all spent in contract and commercial work. During a number of years he served as chief clerk of the Denver commercial department, where his pleasant and smiling composure

Sunday, being sponsored by the Near East Relief for December 7. The purpose of Golden Rule day is to keep open the line of communication between this country and twenty other nations who are helping to care for more than one hundred thousand orphan children left homeless in Palestine, Syria, New Armenia in the Caucasus and in Greece, through massacres and destitution caused by the World War.

People in the homes, in clubs, in lunch rooms and in hotels are being invited to join in communion with these orphan children on December 7, by eating a simple meal similar to those eaten each day by the boys and girls in Near East Relief orphanages. Dr. David and other speakers are telling the members of women's clubs, church organizations, congresses of parents and teachers, and other groups, just how Golden Rule day may be best observed and how these orphan children may be benefitted thereby.

For those who may not have the opportunity to hear one of these speakers during the month of November, a postal card or a telephone call to the state headquarters of the Near East Relief in the Central Savings Bank Building, Denver, Telephone Main 6299, will bring a copy of the menu that is daily used in the orphanages. A. J. McDougall is the director for the Near East Relief in Colorado and Wyoming and is working in conjunction with state wide committees of both men and women to acquaint the people of these two states with the aims and purposes of Golden Rule Sunday.

under all circumstances served him and our company well.

During the trying later days when Mr. Althouse was simply waiting for the summons he knew must come, he was still the same sweet, courageous soul. Telephone friends and others went frequently to see him and sent tokens of remembrance, and no one was ever more appreciative of friends. These little things helped greatly to cheer his last days.

Mr. Althouse left a wife to whose devotion he often paid tribute, a young son and an aged mother, to whom the hearts of all telephone people in Denver are turned in sympathy. The body was taken to the old home at Marshall, Missouri, and there laid to rest under the red and gold leaves of autumn.

"But gentle faith will still believe,

With eyes all wet,
That friends for whom the heart must grieve
Are living yet.

"And Wisdom, smiling through her tears,

In patience waits
The glory of the endless years
Beyond the Gates."



A CALENDAR ROMANCE

Our hero was the common sort,
When all is said and done;
He worked his head off daily
And was out to get the

The reason for his diligence
Was commonplace, 'tis true—
He tried to swell his salary so
It would suffice for

And maybe that's the reason why
One day he lost his head,
And falling on his knees, he cried,
"Oh, maiden, wilt thou

He may have thought this sudden,
But it seemed not so to her;
She lisped a quick acceptance
And said forcibly, "Yeth,

But when they went to keeping house
He feared that he would die;
For, oh, that modern maiden
Could neither bake nor

She could not run a bungalow,
Or even run a flat,
So on many sad occasions
In a restaurant they

But he forgave her everything—
As man has always done,
When she presented him one day
A bouncing baby

—Jack Canuck.

MON.



TUE.



WED.



THUR.



FRI.



SAT.



SUN.



This is a "mere suggestion" for a Bell System standard drafting Smock, with apologies to Mr. Chandler, Denver.



THE COVERED WAGGIN'

Here is another "work of art" produced by Cy Meyn, and slipped under our office door.



THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICE 1421 CHAMPA STREET, DENVER, COLORADO

FREDERICK H. REID
President

J. E. MACDONALD
Secretary and
Treasurer

RODERICK REID
Vice-President and
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. GROSHIDER
Assistant Treasurer

J. C. ALBERT
Assistant Secretary

G. MAJOR
Assistant Secretary

Accounting Department

RODERICK REID
Vice-President and
General Auditor

H. W. BELLARD
Chief Accountant

F. H. TAYLOR
Auditor of Receipts

P. E. REMINGTON
Auditor of Disbursements

H. E. STUBBS
Statistician

A. F. HOFFMAN
Assistant to General Auditor

State Accounting

R. F. BRINK
Arizona State Auditor

M. R. CALDWELL
Colorado Auditor of Receipts

G. E. BERGGREN
Colorado Auditor of Disbursements

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

M. C. HENSLEY
Installation Superintendent

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

E. L. KEWLEY
General Traffic Supervisor

R. J. BEVERIDGE
General Toll Supervisor

W. C. FALLON
Arizona Traffic Superintendent

B. F. FISHER
Equipment Traffic Engineer

D. L. TABER
Toll Line Traffic Engineer

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



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