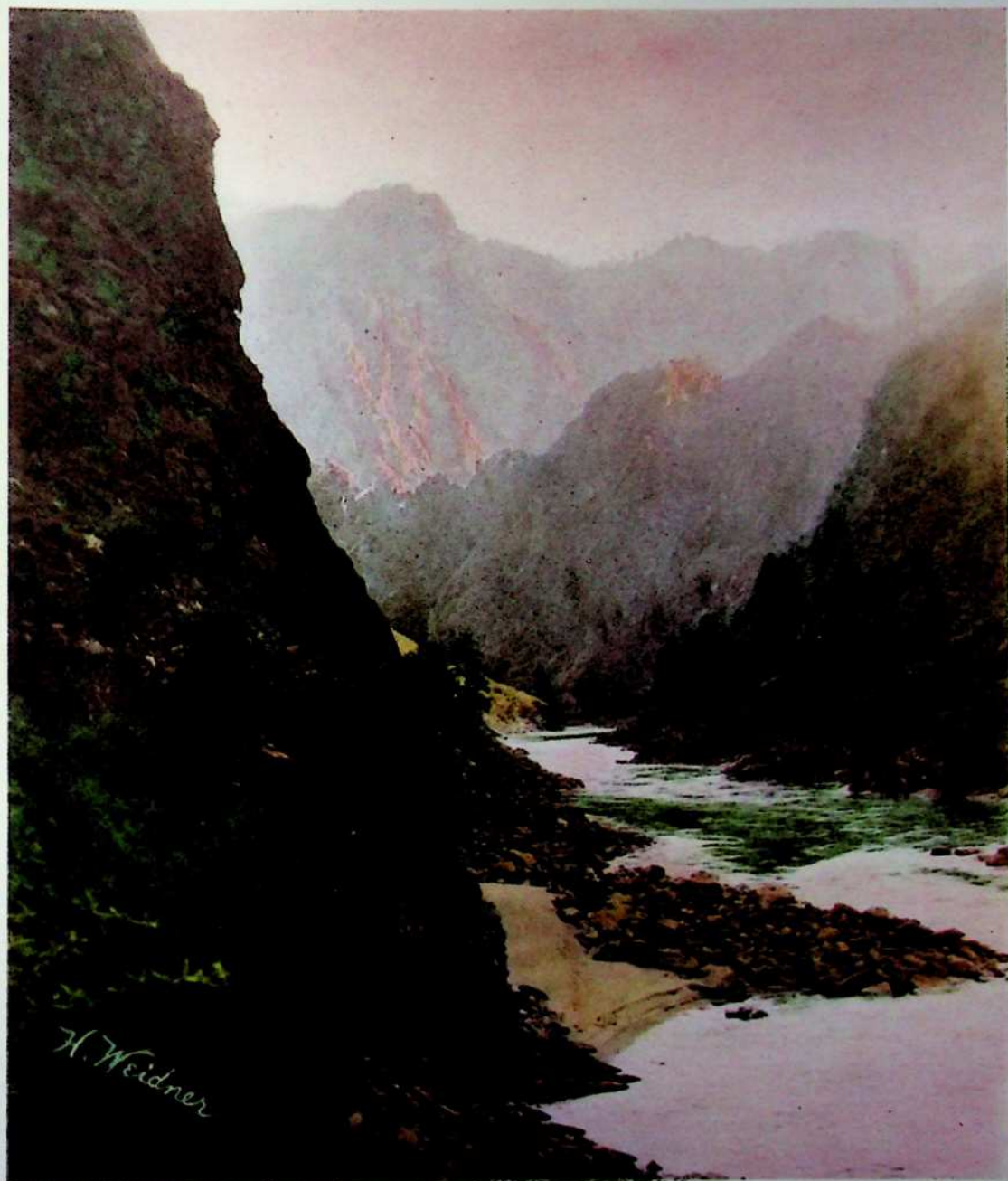


# The Monitor



December  
1924

# Salmon River Idaho



OUR picture on the front page of The Monitor is probably the most unusual ever published in our unparalleled series of wonderful color plates. To obtain the original photograph, Henry W. Weidner, naturalist and artist at Boise, steered his canoe down the rapids of the Salmon river into the wildest and most inaccessible section of Idaho. Danger lurked on every side. The shaded marks on the sandbar to the left are bear tracks, two having passed along just ahead of the artist. This place cannot be reached by land. There are places where the river runs through gorges that the sun never shines upon and stars can be seen at midday.

Thus The Monitor staff is ever running risks, braving dangers and sparing no pains to secure photographs of the most unusual, most beautiful, out-of-the-way places obtainable for its cover pages.



# Christmas Recollections

Some of the Highly Interesting Christmas Stories Told by Our Own Telephone Folks Who Responed to the Monitor's Call. Others Appear Elsewhere in This Issue.

## "The Bachelor's Problem"

By Marie Brinkerhuff, Operator, Longmont, Colo.

"I HATE holidays," said Mr. Barnes a few years ago. "I don't mean I dislike to see people enjoying themselves, but I do not like holidays because to me they are sad and dreary days. You see this is the reason: I am a bachelor without any kin. Of course I have friends, but at Christmas time they have no place for me. I haven't any pretty-faced girls or bright-eyed boys around so if I go anywhere I must go alone."

I did not see Mr. Barnes until a week after Christmas of the next year and found that he had changed his mind in regard to holidays.

"Last Christmas I went to church," said he, "and nobody seemed alone but me. Then I went to a play and sat alone. I was the only person in the whole theatre that was alone. By five o'clock the holiday had become so intolerable I said I'd go and get the best dinner I could find in town. I dined well and recalled many youthful Christmas days and my melancholy was mellowing into a low and sad undertone when, just as I raised a glass to my lips, I saw a pale, haggard face of a girl at the window pane.

"I got up, put on my coat and went out and the first thing I did was to run against a small figure crouching in the doorway. A face looked up quickly and I saw the pale features of the window pane.

"To make a long story short, I found that her mother was a widow in great need, and that night they had a great feast and money enough to buy coal, and they were all so bright and merry that when I got home I was in a state of great contentment in regard to holidays.

"And now when a man tells me he hates holidays I tell him of my experience. The fact is, if I were at a dinner on a holiday and anybody should ask me for a sentiment, I should say, 'God bless all holidays.'"

## Pa Sauer and the Red Candle

OLD PA SAUER emerged from his little house, which was more like a hermit's cave, and looked out. There was a crisp odor of frost and frozen things in the air. People hurrying along the snowy sidewalks made a loud crunching noise. Automobiles decorated with little red wreaths and holly flew past, whisking up snow and dirt. Almost every window had its holly wreath. Gay, tinsel Christmas trees and lighted candles shone out from many. Down the narrow street the tall church spire stood out in gray prominence. The chimes were playing "Adeste Fideles."

"Christmas, Christmas—yes, this is Christmas," The feeble old man shut the door again. Inside there was nothing to suggest the Yuletide. There was only the usual dismalness. A large old chest stood in one corner of the room; on the chest were piled a few pans, some dirty clothes and an old gun. Pa Sauer removed all these things carefully, opened the chest and took out a thick, red candle burned down almost to the end. This he lit and placed in the window. Its warm glow shone brightly in his wrinkled old face. "Christmas! And may praise be to God!"



## Christmas in the Mountains

By Mrs. Helen Ipsen, Livermore, Colo.

WINTER HAD SET in early that year and the day before Christmas found the tiny exchange building nearly buried in the huge drifts. It was cold, too, bitterly cold, and mother hurried between calls from one room to the other keeping the fires bright.

"Mother, ain't we gonna have no Christmas at all?" wailed Harry, aged five. Mother, busy at the switchboard, didn't reply at once, but when she turned around her eyes were suspiciously bright as she answered, "I'm afraid, kiddies, that we'll just have to depend on our-

selves for our Christmas this year. You see, daddy just had to go out on those lines that the storm broke down, so lots of other folks could have a happy Christmas. Then the snow got so deep he couldn't come back. So let's try to think of something nice to do tonight so when daddy does get here we can tell him what a nice time we have had instead of making him feel bad because we were blue."

"But, mother," again wailed Harry, "how can we? Won't have no tree, no candy, no presents, and no daddy," and this time he began to cry in earnest.

"Mother," said Ben, oldest of the three children, "couldn't we have just a little limb off that tree out in the yard?"

"And we can make some paper chains and string some popcorn," chimed in Philip. And they began excitedly to pull on their caps and their overshoes.

Mother helped between times at the board, and soon a tiny tree stood on the table, a little lop-sided, but a tree just the same. Soon the most amazing things began to appear on it. Ben, who liked to paint, hung one of his gaudy little pictures in a most conspicuous place. Philip loved books, so he hung all he could find on the lower branches, and Harry, not to be outdone, hunted up a rubber ball that had most of the paint on it yet and it dangled from a limb.

The little tree took on quite a jaunty air, and the children danced around it in glee.

"Gee, this is great, and lots better than sitting around crying," exclaimed Ben.

"Yes, it is, dear, and now I'll make some candy and then we'll tell Christmas stories," answered mother.

But she bit her lips to keep them from quivering. Where could their daddy be and why hadn't he gotten the lines fixed up? She knew they were still down, for she was isolated

another. "Of course, silly." In her haste she hadn't opened the key. A sudden whirring on the wires, and then—oh, joy! Daddy's cheery voice: "Hello, hello, dear. We're coming up on horseback. Lines all right now but were broken up here in the canyon and I couldn't call you sooner. Yes—we're on the way home and got some things for a big dinner and all the things I could put in for the boys. Will make it by

ten in the morning sure. Go to bed, dear, and don't worry. We'll stay in the schoolhouse till daylight and then come on. Good night."

"Mother," said a sleepy voice, "was that daddy?"

"Yes, dear, and we are going to have the very happiest Christmas we have ever had," prophesied mother, as she started preparing for a good night's rest.



## Don't Forget the Reindeers

*By Alice Charles, Operator, La Junta*

I THINK Christmas is or should be the happiest day in all the year. But when I was 8 years old I think I had the happiest one I have ever known. We were on our way from the east to La Junta to visit. My uncle met us at the train in a two-seated carriage, and we proceeded homeward.

I remember what a nice supper my aunt had prepared for us. The next day was the 24th of December and we kiddies worked all day writing Santa letters and mending stockings for him to put our candy in. I remember we

I hope there will be many more little boys and girls this Christmas that will have the happy time I had that day, and don't forget to leave Santa and his reindeers something to eat, for everything was gone the next morning.



### Saint Nicholas Tired

IN HIS book called "A Tramp Abroad" Mark Twain gives the legend about Santa Claus or St. Nicholas. While the author was traveling from Lucerne to Interlaken he passed by the house of the children's Christmas saint. There, the story goes, at fifty, St. Nicholas



completely from the outside world. Three days ago he had started toward the next town twenty-five miles away, and then came this sudden snowstorm, breaking the lines in a dozen different places, she knew, and worse yet, blocking the roads so there was scarcely any hope of him getting through for days and days. "I wouldn't care so much that the stage can't get here with the things we ordered for tomorrow," she thought, "if only I knew he was safe."

The candy finally made and mostly eaten, the stories told, three tired little ones were tucked into bed, mother meanwhile explaining to irritated subscribers that the lines would be fixed up just as soon as the men could get through. Soon the board became quiet, too, but mother still sat there, dreading to go to bed.

Suddenly she started up. Was that the toll bell or had she dreamed it? Hastily she plugged in on the line, but no—not a sound.

Maybe that cord wasn't working. She tried

asked our mothers how Santa knew when we were asleep. They told us they would raise the window shade so he could see. That night we put food and water on the porch for Santa's reindeers, because we thought they must be pretty tired and hungry coming so far. We also left a big piece of pumpkin pie for Santa. That evening we went to bed early, but I remember I tried to stay awake and peek but finally the sandman came.

The next morning we awakened bright and early and, my! what a beautiful Christmas tree, and all the pretty toys! Santa brought me a big doll with curly hair and sleepy eyes. We spent most of the morning rejoicing over our toys and then dinner, and oh, what a grand dinner—turkey, cranberries and everything good to eat. After dinner my uncle took us for a sleigh ride—a big long sleigh with big white horses—and then we all came home, tired but happy.

became tired of his own children and decided to be a hermit. Their noise distracted him, so he sought out a dreary refuge far from the world. There, it is said, he had the leisure to ponder and reflect upon pious things. What became of his wife and ten children is not mentioned. But as a penance the old saint is obliged forever to climb down "sooty chimneys Christmas eve, conferring kindness on other people's children to make up for deserting his own."

In any event, the old fellow looks pretty jolly, and we hope he enjoys it as much as the children enjoy him!



### No Race Suicide

When counting up his kinsfolks at this time of the year the average Christmas shopper discovers no evidences of race suicide.

# True Christmas Spirit of Love

By Eleanor Kilbourn

FOR MORE than ten years I've lived and voted in the same precinct and as I'm not especially exclusive or hard to know, and my neighbors for the most part are like that too, I have quite a large bowing and handshaking acquaintance within and adjacent to the boundaries of L-4. And not the least of them is Lizzie.

I had been meeting Lizzie of mornings for sometime before I knew her name. We were ships that pass, speeding along under full sail mostly, on our way to earn some of the necessary dollars. Lizzie isn't arresting in any way because of her beauty or style but there was something about her morning face that attracted me and I instinctively felt that there was a morning (not a mourning) heart back of it. We eyed each other a bit as women will, but it was Lizzie who broke the ice and spoke to me one zero morning just as the sun was coming up to cast a dull red eye over the eastern plains. She called out as cheerily as though she were picking violets:

"My, isn't this nice and bracing and Christmacy?"

And as I returned the greeting I said to myself: "I know who she is now. Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch, has given up truck gardening and moved to Denver."

After that I came to know Lizzie better and learned that she was a cook in a delicatessen shop. And she didn't mind going out to work every day, hot or cold, rain or snow—oh no! Glad to be able to do the work and have it to do.

One blistering hot afternoon when you could have fried eggs on the sidewalk I was home on vacation and Lizzie happened to go by as a poor old woman who said she was hungry and looked the part was sobbing out her tale of distress to me on the front porch. Lizzie had plenty of opportunity to hustle along and save a little money. It was not she who was being solicited, but she sensed trouble and stopped to see if she could be of some assistance. Before the whole story was told Lizzie had her well-worn pocketbook open and gave the old lady a quarter and a smile and a wish for better days. And the old lady invoked blessing on Lizzie—and I hope they come.

On a dark, rainy day I met Lizzie downtown on her way to loll luxuriously for a spell in a dentist's chair. But her face was bright and beaming and you'd have thought she was going to sit in a box at a two dollar matinee. The next time our paths crossed she smiled even more widely than usual and showed me the new teeth. I said:

"Isn't it too bad that the natural teeth don't last for everyone's lifetime." And Lizzie-like she replied: "Oh yes, of course. But when they don't, how glad we ought to be that there are

dentists to help us out so well. Why, these teeth are just fine! Can eat anything—don't care what it is. And some folks hate so to wear glasses. But my, how glad they ought to be that they can get such good glasses and see so well to read."

Lizzie has worked some fourteen or fifteen years in the delicatessen shop. The place has changed hands two or three times but Lizzie stays on. And I'm not surprised. I feel as if she could match Mrs. Wiggs and take one skinny chicken and serve a helping of white meat to everyone in the neighborhood.

Right here I'm going to tell the only thing about Lizzie of which I disapprove. She has never had a vacation, I'm told, in all that fourteen years. The present owners of the store offered her a two weeks' vacation with pay but she declined it with thanks—said she didn't need a vacation—and went right on baking hams and making salads.

Each year when Christmas approaches I think of Lizzie. She has a fifty-two weeks in the year Christmas spirit. I'll guarantee it never fades nor shrinks. It stays put right there in that morning heart of hers.

*"'Twas the night before  
Christmas,  
When all thru the house  
Not a creature was stirring—  
Not even a mouse."*

And there are women who cry because they don't get a fur coat or a diamond bracelet for Christmas. They'd never in the world be able to see that Lizzie has anything at all to be thankful for—a single thing in her life to generate a Christmas spirit of love and good will. With them prosperity and ease would have to be a prelude to any thing like that. But I've enjoyed Lizzie's acquaintance for quite awhile now and I know better—I know she has.

For Lizzie's a Christian and a philosopher.



## How She Worked It

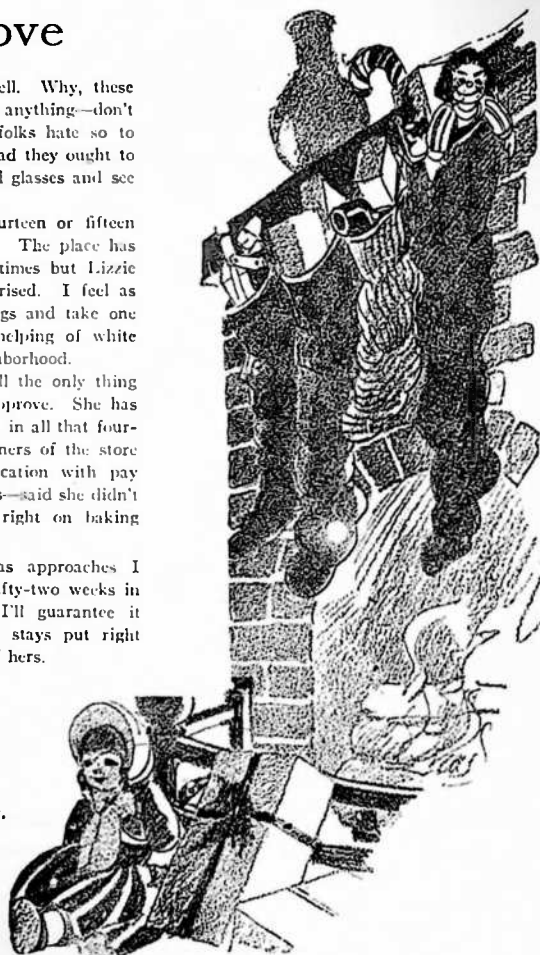
"Do you expect Santa Claus to treat you good this Christmas?"

"You bet! I've revived acquaintance with eight of my old boy friends."



## Uncle Eben's Wish

"Santa Claus comes around once a year," said Uncle Eben, "an' de landlord comes aroun' once a month. I wish dey'd change places."



## Christmas Gift a Blessing

"I HAVE been planning for months to give a Christmas surprise to my sister Grace, way out in Idaho," remarked Aunt Molly to her neighbor, Mrs. Wiggins, as they both sat knitting in the former's comfortable sitting room. "Here is her boy Ralph, whom I brought here three months ago for a visit—the poor lad has been blind for five years, since he was three years old, and I took him to a specialist for an examination. The doctor said that an operation for cataracts could be successful. I am waiting for the morrow, almost breathlessly, for they are to remove the bandages from his eyes to test his sight. And oh, Mrs. Wiggins, let us pray that all will be well!"

God was good to the blind boy and the operation was very successful. When the mother went east to visit her sister there was a great blessing—the happiest Christmas of her life—for her boy could see! There is something more than toys, fineries and other material things to help make a joyful Christmas!

# Story of a Strange Christmas Party

By George F. C. Eggers, Fort Collins,  
Combination Man

WHEN YOU live 55 miles from a railroad, 15 miles from the postoffice and general store, and your nearest neighbors are 5 miles away, it is up to your own resources to make a happy Christmas.

And that is what some of us did years ago—we decided to have a Christmas party and invited everyone for miles around to come, and spread the news to everyone they saw to join us.

There was to be dinner and supper for the crowd—no matter how large—and a Christmas tree and dance. No part of a first-class Christmas celebration was overlooked.

Father and my brothers and myself sallied forth into the winter forest and cut the top out of a tall blue or silver spruce. Mother and our sister put the trimmings on it, some new, some old, until it looked as fine as any city tree you ever saw.

People began arriving about 11 o'clock on a cold but clear, sunny December 25, and as they had driven a long way in horse-drawn vehicles, they were glad to get in where it was warm. And everyone was soon busy, from the men who helped put away the horses to the boys who carried in wood.

That dinner! Will anyone who was there ever forget it! Roast venison (in those days closed seasons didn't cut much figure with us), dressing, brown gravy, sweet potatoes, lettuce from the greenhouse, crisp celery, plum pudding, cranberries, pumpkin pie, old style marble cake, preserved cherries, candy, nuts, apples, oranges, figs and dates—and some things I've forgotten.

Everyone took a hand in getting the table cleared and dishes done and the program and the tree were as well as the dinner. The school "marm" put on a home talent play.

The first to receive presents were a poor family in whom all the Christmas merry-makers had taken an interest. Santa Claus gave each one a package marked with his name and stipulated that each was to go to a separate room

and put on the things in the package and come back together. When they returned, father was wearing a kitchen apron and a dust cap and carried a handbag. Mother was dolled up in a new pair of overalls, a fur cap and big mittens. As ladies didn't wear overalls much in those days, mother was a great scream. Sister dashed in with a boy's sweater and boots on and a popgun in her hand—a bad looking hombre. Brother wore a new dress and carried a fur muff and doll. The laughs they got rocked the pictures on the walls. The children didn't lose much time changing, but father and mother carried out the joke.

In a corner back of something that looked like a piece of furniture there was a fish pond and everyone, as his or her name was called, had to snare their present. After the presents were all gone, it cost a quarter to fish. Soon the pond was dry, the teacher being the last to be caught. She asked for three or four men and got a dozen before you could say Jack Robinson. She was just fooling, for she wanted

the fish pond turned around—and when that was done, it proved to be an organ for the school house. The receipts of the fish pond made the first payment on the organ.

The fellow that caught the last quarter's worth produced a fiddle, and they sent me to the school house for his music. (For some reason, the fiddler's music could always be found at the school house.) Then the dance was on and after that we had supper and most of the folks got home in time to do the morning's chores.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the 26th there came a family that lived back in the woods and who had lost track of the date. But we had some leftovers so we had an encore.

The organ that figured in the Christmas celebration was moved around to many places and served a strange purpose at one time when an ex-convict was found hiding in it, three years after. That same organ can still be seen in Westlake School District No. 56, Larimer County, Colorado.



## Easy to Spread Happiness to Others

By Anna Deming Gray

IT WAS snowing—not the nice, dry kind, but the kind that leaves hat feathers bedraggled and tempers grouchy.

The streets were crowded with holiday shoppers and people looked cross.

A woman hurried toward me, holding to a boy of four by one hand and carrying a heavy basket with the other.

He tried to keep up, but he missed a step now and then; at last he stumbled and fell, and the mother dragged him up and said things to him, while he tried not to cry.

At the edge of the walk another woman got out of a brougham and started to cross over to the shop door.

She took in the scene, and understood—it was strange how few people do understand. She stepped over to the child, unpinned a spray of holly from her coat and pinned it on his ragged little jacket.

"Only two days till Christmas," she said. "Isn't it great!"

The mother gave her that knowing look mothers have, and the boy smiled back at her.

The crowd jogged on, but people were half smiling in spite of the wet snow and the slushy walks.

The mother had lost some of the tired look, and the boy was taking skipping steps as he looked down happily at the spray of holly on his coat.



# Christmas Love Story



By Glenn F. Lewis, Boise, Idaho

**I**T WAS SNOWING. The wind howled and tore down the walled-in canyon carrying great drifts of fleecy snow before it. Bill Green, ex-service-man, ex-lumberjack, ex-cub reporter and at present range rider for the Cumberland Cattle Company, found himself in the midst of those drifts and in the grip of the storm. Bill had been in other situations that called for nerve and judgment and so was not alarmed as darkness fell and the temperature with it. He was warmly dressed. He had a full pack on his back. He had a workable rifle and the ability to use it. But Bill did love an open fire, a book, a pipe and the changing shadows that played on the rough hewn walls of mountain cabins. To him a shack on a hillside was something more than a mere house. It was the definite expression of a man who worked with his hands.

And Bill Green loved men who worked with their hands because he worked with his. He was looking through the falling snow and from the top of every knoll for a cabin he knew to be in the vicinity. The boys at the ranch had posted him for just such an emergency as this and the word map of the range came back and he began to recognize certain landmarks that told of the nearby cabin. He rather anticipated this cabin more than others he frequently stopped at over-night. It was a temporary home of the forestry serviceman in the valley where the Cumberland cattle fed, and Bill had promised to stop in and spend the night. But here it was already winter. The green gone from many of the trees and bushes. A covering of snow where only a few weeks before had been layers of crisp gayly colored leaves and bushes. And the ranger was gone.

There was nothing formidable about this storm. It did not carry the threat of death in its wake; nor was there the fearful chance of

being lost and circling around for days in the hills. The wind blew. Yes, but it blew against the body of a man who was prepared, and who enjoyed the battle that brought with it the glow of warming blood and rising appetite. The drifts were heavy and high but they were also snow white with tops of evergreens breaking through giving the impression of a forest of Christmas trees. Night crept on. But it carried a starry suggestion of heaven and was clear and crisp. And although the cold was increasing it was the dry cold that numbed, but did not freeze.

To Bill there was much in the night. Romance and life. Adventure. And there was work. The best in him seemed to call out to the night and the best in him called out for more of the open life among his fellows and among the hills where the Cumberland cattle roamed.

A waving tree top half hidden by snow started a run of thought. It suddenly dawned on the range rider that Christmas was only three days off. And that Christmas was a day to spend among friends and not alone among snowlocked mountains hunting cows. But here he was still looking for the hillside shack and many miles from the ranch house. What plans he knew the boys were making for the tree. The entire valley would be there to honor the custom of years. Cowmen in radiant store clothes, valley girls in new array, children wildly excited and the older folks talking of the days when they danced the square dance and

the Virginia reel. The mountain trail led however not to the ranch and the dance and the tree, but to the cabin where Bill was to spend several weeks watching a herd of cattle that an early storm had penned in. Instead of dancing to old Walt's violin on Christmas Day, Bill would be flaking out hay to the penned-in cattle and getting what happiness he could from administering to the dumb beasts.

All this might have happened had not one of Bill's wearying feet stumbled on a piece of loose wire hanging from a pine tree. It was not fence wire. It was just plain iron wire and to Bill's mind flashed a day when with other bucks he had helped lay out a pole into Germany. Perhaps after all he might not spend his Christmas entirely alone. The mountains were crisscrossed with forest ranger lines that started from a buoy on the side of a tree or from a little cabin on a hill and ran an uncertain course through the timber, across grassy meadows and to another ranger station. The rangers had all been called in by now, but perhaps there remained one whose business it was to clear up the tag ends and leave the station tidy for the call of another summer. If that wire did lead to mankind, Bill intended to use it to wish someone a Merry Christmas.

**M**ARIAN STEELE stood in the doorway of the rural school and watched the last disappearing sled race down the road carrying its cargo of laughing, screaming children. Children who in the last hour had warmed their way into her heart and brought happiness. Children who had stood bravely up and struggled through recitations and carried the Kris Kringle playlet to a successful conclusion. And it was these little boys and girls who brought their fathers and mothers up to her, laid their rough hands in hers and whispered "Merry Christmas, Miss Steele."

In September Marian had come into this strange and new land. She found it peopled with a race who lived differently than she lived, who spoke a different tongue although it was the same English. They dressed and played differently, or at least Marian Steele felt that they did. And for four months the people of the valley stood aloof, watching and wondering if this girl who came from their own state university would ever know them. Long since she had come to know the children. The small ones brought apples, while the larger ones brought her whips and elkhide gloves for her riding. The almost grown boys who had made life unbearable for former teachers kept discipline in the room and carried in wood and emptied the ashes. And it was a group of these older boys who waited for her outside to wish her another Merry Christmas.

"Well, goodbye, Miss Steele, and we all hope you have a nice time this Christmas. I suppose you will be going home, but we all want to see you coming back. This is the first time since I was a kid that I didn't want the schoolhouse to burn down and the teacher never to return." And freckled-faced Jimmy Dugan who boasted of an endearing Irish disposition, but also the fighting qualities of the Celts looked about him to see if any disputed his authority to make this speech.

The group of older boys had nearly reached the crossroads, one of which led to the Dugan ranch, when Jimmy remarked he must go back to the schoolhouse and get a book Miss Steele had promised to loan him. Opening the door he found the teacher sitting at her desk, the only teacher who had ever taken any interest in him, her head bowed in her arms and crying.

"Gee, it's tough," began Jimmy, but the sobbing continued as he repeated this three-word attempt at sympathy. Jimmy repeated it so often and with such a distressed tone that finally the girl lifted her head and faintly smiled.

"What is it, Jimmy?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing. Only I thought you would be tickled if you knew that I had a chance to get in the ranger service next summer if I can pass the tests. They aren't hard, only I ain't paid much attention to writing and figures. I thought you might help me extra and between us I could land this job with the government."

"Anything I can do I surely will, but what put this idea into your mind?"

"Well, I got acquainted with a fellow over on the Cumberland ranch who asked me if I ever stopped and looked into the future. He told me that I would still be punching cows twenty years from now unless I stopped in my tracks and looked where I was headin'."

"And so he suggested you trying to get in with the forest service?"

"Yes, and he promised to help me get the job if I can pass the tests."

"I think we can do it, Jimmy, and I think my year here will be made much happier from the

feeling that I have really helped someone to better himself."

"Say, when I tell Bill about this he will be tickled to death. You see, the head of this district is what we mountain people call a practical man. He knows that we mountain boys can do a lot of fine work and a lot of heavy work, too, if we can only keep up on the book layout. And the men who come out here from the head office seem glad to help any of us; so if I make good I get the first chance."

"Who is Bill?"

"Bill? Why, Bill is Bill."

"Yes, but he must have another name, a handle, you people call it."

"Oh, sure, Bill Green is his name and say, he is a card. He was in the army two years; he can ride darn near as good as I can; he can beat my old man shooting at a target, and he is



**I'd like to find the country where  
trees of Christmas grow;  
It ought to be a pine wood with  
candles all aglow.  
And if I had a basket, I'm sure  
that Santa'd say,  
"Just pick as many presents as  
you can take away!"**

*By Grace May North*

the fluentist cuss we folks ever heard of. Every time he and dad get into an argument it ends in a fight. Dad thinks Bill is swearing at him and all the time Bill is just using words that dad never heard before."

"I imagine I would like to know your friend Bill."

"Say, I reckon you would. Most any girl would. He needs a nice girl like you and I guess you get pretty lonesome yourself. I tell you what. My folks want you to take supper with us some day, and if I can get Bill we will have a regular party and maybe have some of the neighbors in for a dance. Bill tells me on the sly that he shakes a wicked hoof."

The sound of crunching snow caused Jimmy

to look up and he saw the outstage galloping off down the road. It occurred to him that the teacher was not leaving, and if she was not going away for the vacation, it would be nice to have her for Christmas dinner and have Bill there, too.

"Say, Miss Steele, maybe you aren't going away this Christmas!"

"No, Jimmy, I'm not. Mother and father are neither one home and I planned on staying here and learning to ski and snowshoe. I cried because the little children were so darling this afternoon and because everyone was so kind and thoughtful."

"Gee, that will be fine. I can sure teach you to ski and there are a lot of people in this valley who feel pretty mean the way they have stood off. Honestly, Miss Steele, we folks didn't understand you, but we're blamed sorry now and I guess you won't have much time to be lonesome the next two weeks."

**H**UNCH, intuition, or seventh sense led Bill Green to the hillside ranger station and the open fire he longed for so keenly. The open fire and the briar pipe lead him afar into fertile fields of adventure and romance. Adventure had always been his for the asking. Trips with his father and uncles into wild places had brought him in close touch with experiences that caused him to wonder if perhaps some great spirit was not looking out for him; but romance, that is romance wherein maidens figured, was and had been a closed book to him. Not that he fought shy of it; but rather romance fought shy of him. Never had Bill enjoyed the thrill of being hunted by the opposite sex. The girls retorted that he kept himself buried in books, or too far away in the mountains, or too far out on the sea; and still Bill had many splendid friends among his girl acquaintances.

Sitting before the fire the thought of that broken strand of wire came back. Where would it lead? What sort of person was at the other end. The magneto wallset with its batteries set in motion a run of imagination; but Bill decided that if the answering voice was a feminine one he would gently hang up the receiver and say "Merry Christmas" to his herd of cows; but if the voice was that of a man and sounded at all interested and human he would pass the happy word of greeting along to him.

It was just about the time that penned-in cattle begin to call for breakfast that Bill rolled out. Through the doorway he surveyed the stretch of unbroken snow that lay before him. A fine way for an able-bodied man to spend Christmas. A wonderful manner to spend the happiest day of the year. Christmas would mean just two things. First, feed himself and then feed the cattle. But the stretching snow showed a line of black dots almost hidden. Bill welcomed them as the tops of the poles that carried the wire which soon was to carry its message "Merry Christmas" to

someone else among those hills. Cows were forgotten. Isolation became purely a thing of the day. Something to be broken tomorrow. Lacing his snowshoes Bill figured that the break must have occurred just where he found the broken end. Perhaps a limb had fallen on it and snapped the wire. From experience he knew that forest lines carried plenty of slack and that it should be rather simple to repair the break. A short run of possibly a mile brought him to the place where he had first noticed the line and two hours later found the ex-buck making the last splice. His pliers, carried by all range riders to repair fences stood him in good stead and the slack was there as he had figured.

The cows fed, his dishes washed, his boots and heavy socks removed, Bill sat before the fire and wondered who would answer his ring. Now that the thing was done and all that remained was to turn the crank on the side of the telephone, Bill felt his courage slipping. Suppose some woman answered and from pure joy at hearing a new voice would ask all sorts of questions or hold the baby up to the telephone for him to goo and gurgle at. And Bill being lonesome himself and likewise a gentleman would stay on the line. He couldn't say he had the wrong line because there was probably only one person on the line.

It took three pipes of mellow tobacco to prime the range rider for the ordeal. It took three seconds to give the rings; and then the wait began. Suppose no one answered after all this work. The very thought made Bill weak. Why, darn it all, someone simply had to be there, and far into the evening at frequent intervals he rang and waited, rang and waited. The situation was uncanny and drove him to bed with hostile dreams.

Another day of feeding cows crept over the horizon and Bill began to realize the barren, bleak monotony of spending Christmas alone. Out of pure decency he decided to wait until a more reasonable hour before calling again. There was no use rousing the whole valley just because he chose to get up in the middle of the night to feed cattle. Off and on he rang on the line. Morning passed into afternoon; afternoon crept into night, and again out of sheer desperation he tried once more. The turn of the ringer and a wait. Then a voice. A woman's voice, feeble and half frightened. Bill almost expected to hear the baby cry at the other end of the line, but the answering voice brought him back to the realization that he had finally projected himself into a distant world. He managed to say "hello."

"Who is this?" asked the woman's voice.

"This is Bill Green, range rider for the Cumberland people."

"Oh, I thought you might be reporting a forest fire."

"Hell, no!" yelled back Bill, "the snow is five feet deep up here and getting deeper."

"And pray tell where is 'up here'?" this very sweet voice inquired, but Bill made no

## Fighting Snowstorm on the Pass

By Bertha Grisham, Pueblo, Colo

WHEN I first searched my memory for "My Happiest Christmas," it seemed fruitless; for as I brought forth each Christmas from childhood up, all seemed so happy that it was difficult to choose the happiest. Finally, however, as sunlight is accentuated by shadows, I brought forth one so resplendent that there could be no doubt that this was My Happiest Christmas.

This was our first, and later proved to be our only family reunion. Appreciation of loved ones was deepened by an absence of two years from home. I had experienced the joys of "early Christmas shopping" and was privileged to bear my offering of pleasing gifts for all. My cup was full; and when I say "full" I speak advisedly.

My husband and I left Denver on the 23rd and were due to reach home, Ouray, at 5:00 on Christmas Eve. Owing to a cook in a Salida Cafe who had imbibed too much Christmas "spirits" we missed breakfast. A snowstorm

on Marshall Pass delayed us and we had only coffee and sandwiches at Gunnison, arriving in Ouray at one o'clock on Christmas. To mother's query as to when we had eaten, I replied weakly, "night before last at six o'clock."

Of course the Christmas feast began at once, and I soon lost the appearance of the "prodigal son" and took on that of the "fatted calf."

This shall probably remain My Happiest Christmas. However, because the Spirit of Christmas is "within us" the coming Christmas will be a happy one, as will each succeeding one. For it is written, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." And these tidings of love and hope; of peace and goodwill were not for a limited period, but will be renewed each Christmastide until time is merged into eternity.

### Christmas Cigars

Christmas cigars come just in time to save the man who thinks about swearing off on the first of the year.

attempt to diagram his whereabouts. This voice sounded more interested and human than any man's possibly could; and he was half-fearful she would hang up. But fate that so often brings kindred souls together intervened and before either knew it he and she were discussing the weather like old friends. Bill told her about his flock of cows and how he had repaired the line and tried for two days to get an answer. He went on in this same vein until he grew eloquent and told how much the sound of her voice meant to him; and she told him how sorry she was that he was lonesome, and Bill said he "sure was" and intimated pretty strongly that his wards could shift for themselves in a pinch.

And then the fascinating voice said that Jimmy Dugan had told her all about him and she mentioned Jimmy and his ambition to get into the forest service and added that perhaps they might help him. That word "they" got Bill.

"Say, is this the school teacher over on Turkey Creek?" he asked.

"Yes, I am Miss Steele and Jimmy said you were 'some card' and shook a 'wicked hoof' and was the 'fluentist cuss' in these here parts."

"That is not all Miss Steele. I'm about the most lonesome cuss in these here parts as well, and if you don't mind I want to call you tomorrow morning and wish you a Merry Christmas."

"Please do, Mr. Green, and before you hang up here is a friend of yours who wants to say hello." And without warning Jimmy came on the line.

"Say, you wild cow-herder, where have you

been? I've been looking all over for you. I promised Miss Steele that I would have you over for Christmas dinner and just came over to tell her I guess we would have to get along without you. How about leaving your mollies for a day and having turkey with the Fighting Dugans?"

"Jimmy, you freckled Mick. Wait until I get you. If I don't mess up the snow with you my name is not Bill Green. I'll say I will be there, and Jimmy, let me speak to the school-marm again, will you please?"

"Did you wish to speak to me?" and Bill detected just a hint of laughter.

"Miss Steele, Jimmy invited me to Christmas dinner, and he said you were the guest of honor. Would you care if I called for you?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Green, that would be fine. I'm just learning to use my snowshoes and perhaps you can teach me on the way to Mrs. Dugan's."

"Please don't forget. I know this is going to be one of the best Christmas dinners I ever ate, and we can plan together on helping Jimmy," said Bill.

Bill's dreams that night were pleasant. They were the sort of dreams that a young man dreams when the gates of the Isle of Romance are opened to him for the first time. And in his dreams Bill traced the witching want of awakened love over all his past as he lay sleeping in the little cabin on the hillside; and in his dreams he saw himself paying tribute to a wonderful girl who had come into the valley to teach school, but who finished by helping a mountain boy realize his ambition and by rescuing another from the lonely job of feeding cows on Christmas day.



# Not so Tacky!

By  
Betty Devine

Smartie, Smartie,  
Tacky Party.  
Some folks came  
As a big fat darky.

THE DENVER Operators cornered the pep and originality market for their Hallowe'en party, Friday evening, October 31, in Macca-bees hall. It was a Tacky party—I beg your pardon—er—the guests all looked tacky, well, now, what's the use getting mad about it, you know what I mean, they wore tacky costumes—they were supposed to, it was that kind of a party—get me?

The hall was in gala attire with festoons of yellow and black, white witches, pumpkins and black cats with their backs all humpy and other suggestions of the night of witchery and sorcery formed an effective setting for weird and grotesque figures which glided about in mysterious garb.

It was a knock-out, so far as the men were concerned—or should I say, freeze out? Certain it was that if ever mere man was proved an unnecessary quantity it was on this occasion for many of the girls wore masculine attire and demonstrated their ability at taking the lead in dancing to such an extent that the few honest-to-goodness men present were forced to join the wallflower brigade every so often.

It would have put a neat dint in the bump of conceit of "The Male of the Species" to see how easily they were forgotten.

It has been my lot to cover (in newspaper vernacular) many such affairs, ranging from the cream to the skimmed milk of society and never have I seen more cleverness and origi-

nality displayed in costumes than in those which appeared on this occasion.

The girls entered into the spirit of the affair and nothing was sacrificed to the cause of beauty; every costume was carried out to the minutest detail whether its wearer looked "pretty" or not.

There was Miss Patricia Moore, for instance as nigger Sam, with black face, baggy old trousers, blue jean shirt and floppy black hat. Now isn't that a fine layout for a girl named Patricia? She was mighty cute just the same.

Then there was petite and blonde Miss Helen Walker as the Howerly Belle in a black and white checked skirt that in length and diameter would hardly pass the board of censors, a small, round, black felt hat with rolling brim and a cluster of once white ostrich feathers looming high in front.

Little Evalyn Grace, as a tough guy, with long, shaggy black side-whiskers, trousers that looked as if they must have suspected she was twins, and a hard looking black hat. That her pockets were pints was evidenced by the flask of cold tea she drew forth on occasions.

Amelia Bosser in a patchwork costume which took on a cubist effect.

Mary Cunningham of Champa exchange in overalls, red bandana and small, black derby.

Orta Herzig and Gertrude McCune who are always ring leaders in every party, represented fallen swelldom or a last dying effort to be stylish at any cost. They wore American beauty polonaise effects over dark, short skirts with tight fitting bodices and tiny hats boasting one lone quill running straight up in

front. Dark rimmed glasses completed the disguise.

Ann Dahlstrom with her nickle's worth of hair in a what in these days is considered a l-o-n-g braid (at least six inches) and tied with a big green bow, wore a checked gingham dress and a small perfectly round hat that turned back from her face giving her a sort of vacant look—or if not entirely vacant, at least one of surprise.

Virginia Monahan and Marie Barbeiri, of South exchange, as hay rubes in overalls, small straw hats and with red splotches painted on their faces, which when questioned, they declared were measles that had just broken out on their way to the party, but even fear of contagion failed to make them unpopular.

One of the most unique bits of regalia to my way of thinking was that of Miss Dorothy Henrich, who was a dead ringer for Buster Keaton, hat, spectacles and all, and she acted the part most successfully.

Dorothy Webster and Emma Hansen wore stunning black and yellow follies costumes.

Miss Clara Beck, chief operator in Champa exchange was a hard looking customer in a swallow-tailed coat and a pair of trousers that might easily have been suspected of belonging to Chief Justice Taft (before he reduced), suspenders (which were certainly a necessity), a loose white, soft collared shirt and a cap.

When she and her "lady friend," Miss Ada Anderson entered the hall they simply took the place by storm, almost disrupting the party. Miss Anderson's costume reeked with the humor and originality of the wearer. It was a

# Handling a Big Job

By H. F. Hansen

The "big job" has been accomplished. On Saturday, October 25, preparations were made for the handling of some twenty thousand pounds of electrolyte required in connection with the installation of the new power plant being installed at Denver main office. Over two hundred carboys of electrolyte were required to fill the new battery referred to. This represents an unusual amount of acid and necessarily required considerable planning before hand. Arrangements were made with the transfer company to pick up the electrolyte required on Saturday, necessitating the use of eight trucks, the electrolyte being loaded and held for delivery at 7:30 a. m. on October 26. The accompanying picture shows that the transfer outfit appeared on the job on time, a crew of twenty men anxiously awaiting the arrival of the necessary spirits to carry on the day's activity.

Three lead lined tanks, five feet long, three feet wide and four feet deep, were borrowed from the General Chemical Company, as pictured in one of the cuts, into which twenty some odd carboys of electrolyte were poured



and from which a line was established by means of a one-inch rubber hose carrying the electrolyte directly into the battery. This operation was started at 8 o'clock Sunday morning and upwards of two hundred carboys were poured and run into the battery by noon. The type H-75 battery averages eighteen to twenty carboys of electrolyte per cell. In order to avoid any trouble due to the sulphation of the negative plates, each of the eleven cells were filled up to the bottom of the plates after which a uniform amount of electrolyte was poured in each of the eleven cells, permitting the starting of the initial charge at a reduced rate. By

noon all cells were filled and the initial charge continued at the full charging rate of fourteen hundred eighty amperes.

Every precaution possible was taken to avoid any accident to the men employed on this work and it will be noted that each and every man on this work was provided with rubber aprons, rubber boots, rubber gloves and goggles of an approved type to safeguard against any accident due to acid burns. Fortunately no accident resulted.

One of the cuts shows the boys engaged in the handling of this very important work with the exception of a few who were unable to leave their duties and I might mention that our friend, A. W. Young, always on the job during an important undertaking, dropped in just in time for the information that all was well and after considerable coaxing agreed to pose in the group picture. We have since cut the Main and Champa exchanges to the new power plant and are now engaged in the removal of the old Main No. 1 and Champa No. 3 batteries. We have also moved one of the four hundred ampere, five hundred volt D. C. motor generator sets from the third floor to the basement and are now charging battery No. 2 which is being installed to replace the old Main office No. 2 battery for forty-eight volts.

This work is being handled by P. B. Russell, foreman, with the assistance of a crew of ten men, and involves the complete re-arrangement of all power equipment associated with Main, Champa, Toll, School and the A. T. & T. Co. layout. From present indications, it appears that this work, aggregating some thirty thousand hours labor, will be completed some time during the month of February, 1925.



## Most Embarrassing Moment

Norwegian Film Star—"Fifty thousand dollars was offered me to stay in America."

Man from Christiania—"Did the offer come from America or Norway?"—Karikaturen.



## Did the Work

Doctor—Did that medicine straighten your husband out all right?

Wife—Yes, we buried him yesterday.

light cotton gown—not dress nor frock, but GOWN, if you please, for it was a creation of tiny pin ticks, lace and shirring in vogue so far back I can't tax my memory to recall it, tight bodice, full skirt sweeping the floor, with three-quarter length sleeves, puffed in three puffs and with which she wore short white kid gloves that had seen better days; a hat just a bit larger than a pea and about the same shade of green with one skinny, little feather tilting straight back from in front was perched jauntily over one eye. Lorgnettes of light colored fur and a black ostrich feather boa worn in rat tail effect and which looked as if it had the mange, completed her attire, while a couple of front teeth pasted over with black, appeared to be "absent," and her hair in a tight psychic stuck straight out at the back of her head.

This couple carried off first prize.

Probably no costume worn was carried out in finer detail than that of Miss Marie Agnew as the "cullid bride," in white gown with a veil fashioned of an old white lace curtain and held in place with a wreath of radishes, topped with a small head of lettuce and carrying a bouquet of head lettuce and turnips with a shower of other vegetables.

Clever Jessie Marcus, as Rudolph Valentino, in tight black flare trousers, white blouse belted with wide red sash and wearing a Spanish hat, came in for a goodly share of admiration.

Miss Florence Anderson made a hit as a

Floradora girl, Miss Gertrude Hurd and Alice Tremblay of South exchange as Hiram and Mirandy, all dolled up "fer meetin'" were awarded second prize, while Miss Rose Bruno, she of the pretty blonde marcel, carried off third honors as a niggah mammy, and a corking good one, too.

Irma Chase, in a white and lavender pierrot costume, Lorene Smith as a Follies Girl, Miss Irma Wilkerson of Gallup, as a Goblin, Miss Katherine Kirk in gingham apron, Miss Myrtle Andrews, Long Distance Instructor, in a gown of the "vintage of high-waistlines" and a wide hat with streamers, Misses Vivienne Meyers and Ruth Bartles as Mary Janes, with rompers and big pink bows, quaintly picturesque Miss Evalyn Rime as an Old Fashioned Girl, with ruffles and pantalettes and many others equally as attractive or amusing helped make the occasion one long to be remembered.

P. S.—Perhaps I should have mentioned some of the men, but Mr. Gillilan was the only one who looked to me as if he was attempting a disguise, and to tell the truth I wasn't sure whether that little mustaschio was just sitting or growing there. You see I was like the kid at the party where everyone was asked to make a funny face, and when the youngster picked out the face he thought the funniest, the lady wearing it said "Well, I wasn't PLAYING." (It's an old one, I know, but it still has a kick in it.)

# Advantages of a Joint Pole Use

The following is a portion of a paper presented at a recent telephone conference at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, by J. N. Kirk, outside plant engineer, American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"A problem of rapidly growing importance to all telephone companies is that involving the joint use of poles with light and power companies. The construction standards in connection with this matter have now become well established. In the preparation of the National

joint use of poles, and has for many years been jointly occupying poles with electric light companies.

The accompanying photographs show 18th Avenue west of Federal Boulevard in Denver, before and after joint construction was adopted.

The completion of this particular job has eliminated a condition which was extremely hazardous, besides reducing the number of poles required, and improving the appearance of the street.

## Keep It Up

WHAT a world it would be if all of us kept up the Christmas spirit all through the year! How much of unhappiness, or discontent, or unrest, would we all be spared? How many foolish quarrels and useless bickerings would never be if our hearts held the message of love and trust and peace that they do today? How many homes would be unbroken and how many men and women would work together in a new and deeper bond of love and service? How trivial and small would appear some of the reasons that estrange us from each other? How petty and mean the little jealousies and misunderstandings that hamper our way and our vision? How different our fellow-men would appear in our eyes—their little weaknesses and failings would be things to stir our hearts to pity, instead of to scorn and contempt. Well it would be for the world and for each one of us as individuals if the spirit of peace, of love, of goodwill toward all men burned in our hearts through all the year with the fervor it does today.



## For the Christmas Turkey

When your turkey has been stuffed and you are ready to close the opening, try using small toothpicks such as can be purchased for five cents a box. Skewer it together with these instead of the old-fashioned, tedious, greasy way of sewing it together, and see how much better satisfied you will be with this method. The toothpick-skewers may be easily removed after the turkey is roasted and hold more firmly, besides being less unsightly.

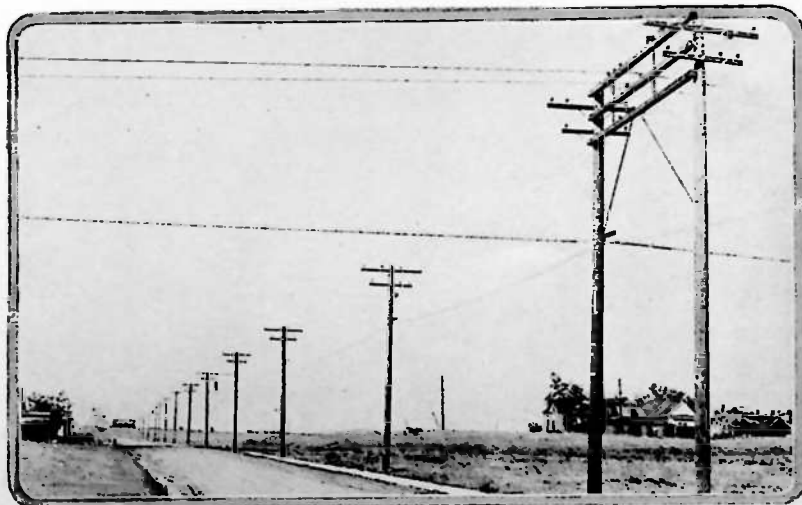


*Before the Joint Construction Was Adopted*

Electrical Safety Code thorough consideration was given to this very important matter, and the present edition of the Safety Code sets forth the general principles and requirements for such construction.

"In general the joint use of poles has proved itself by long years of experience to possess advantages and economies of great benefit to the wire-using utilities. These advantages are of such an important character that every reasonable effort should be made to prevent any general movement toward unnecessary duplication of pole line construction. If the principles and practices which have been developed to cover the joint use of poles are adhered to, there is every reason to believe that safety, good service and economy will be insured and that the most efficient and economical use will be made of the poles required for distribution service in the plants of the power and telephone companies.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company has long recognized the undoubted advantages, both to the wire-using companies and to the public, that follow the



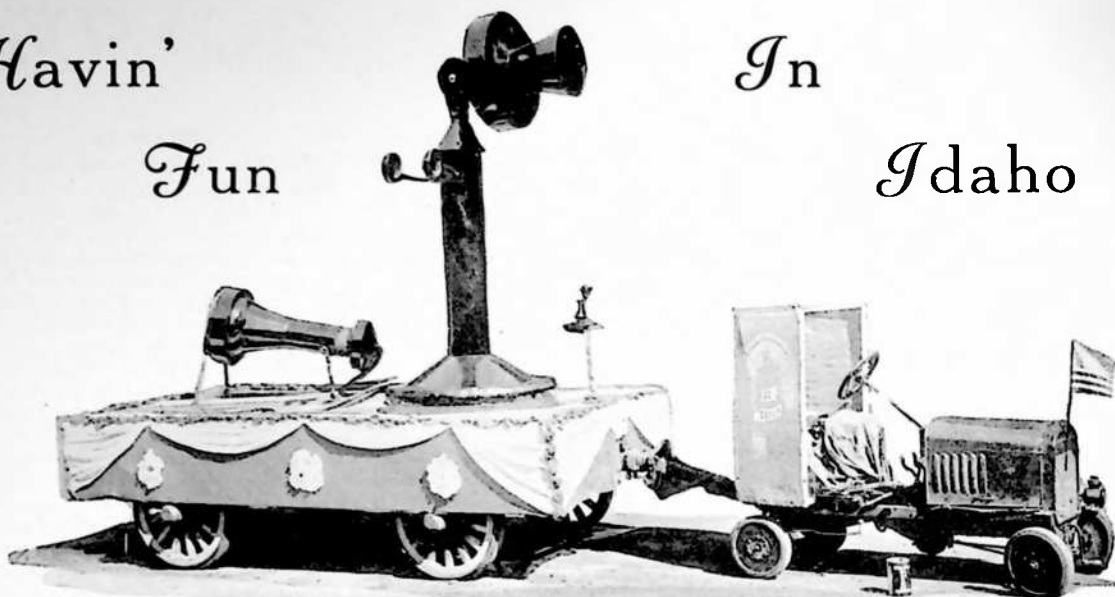
*After the Joint Construction Was Adopted—Some Difference*

Havin'

Fun

In

Idaho

*Float in Pageant of Progress at Boise*

"There's more genuine fun havin' in Idaho than in any other place on the continent," says one who knows, and just to prove it THE MONITOR "shows up" a few of the real sports, to say nothing about the big annual winter event at Ashton, where the dog races are pulled off.

There's fishin' in the summertime  
Huntin' in the fall,  
Snow-parties in the winter,  
An' fun enough for all.

An' now they claim Walt Johnson,  
Of whom we've all heard tell,  
Got his start in Idaho  
Setting poles for Mother Bell.

Look these pages over, folks, and tell us, are you sorry for the telephone employees who live in Idaho? Read what they say about a recent Hallowe'en party at Boise:

"Corn and pumpkins and festoons of crepe paper made the hall very attractive for the dance given for the employees of the Boise exchange, October 31. During the evening, cider, apples and doughnuts were served to the dancers. Many secrets were divulged by a mysterious fortune teller. Prizes were awarded Miss Ann Campbell, Miss Dolores Wentworth and C. Keltner for the cleverest costumes. At one

o'clock the guests departed, pronouncing the party a decided success. Music was furnished by the famous Idaho plant orchestra."

And then, just to make us feel sorry, along comes the photograph of "One Day's Catch." Dudley J. Gould, manager at Ashton, with his wife and kiddie and Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Harrington, hooked the string of beautiful trout, "all on a summer day." Look at 'em, fellows! Can you feature more fun than this?

But that isn't all. Then came the fall days—days when the hazy Indian summer is upon the face of the Westland—well, you know how you feel, you nimrods. Here, again, we find the Idahoans out in the open, bent on having sport. Look at the picture entitled "Packing in." That's where they were packing into the deer ground preparatory for a fine hunt. And then we see the "horse tamers" at work; and, again, a striking likeness of C. A. Snyder, Idaho plant superintendent, and you are asked to find him in the picture.

Finally, the roundup—the display of trophies hung up at the little old shack on the ranch where the wild deer abound. What a thrill this must have given the members of this little party of telephone men and women!

And there were those left at home who were also interested in the outcome of the hunt, for had not the hopeful hunters promised a big feed of venison? And they made good. The picture tells the story.

Another evidence of great joy experienced in Idaho is proven by the photograph of an attractive float which was displayed at Boise during a recent pageant of progress. This was one of the big features of the parade in that city and received no end of compliments.

*Idaho Plant Department Orchestra, Boise*

More of it, and more to come! Idaho never lacks for thrills. The telephone folks are alive to all interests, and when Hallowe'en rolled around there were hobgoblins an' things to spare. In Boise a big party was staged. Costumes were in keeping with the spirit of the event. It was just one round of pleasure from start to finish.

And, talk about your snappy orchestras! Boise has one that is about the crispiest music-

live there stand firmly together for anything that seems good for the commonwealth.

And listen to this!

Walt Johnson, the grand old man who pitched the Senator's to victory in the recent world baseball series, got his start in Idaho!

He was a telephone groundman!

In the vernacular of "de gang," he was a "grunt!" Read on, for here's an interesting story:

Idaho claims Johnson, and it's no more than right that our Company enter a claim of their own. For the story that reaches us is that while he came to Idaho from California, still his real career began at Weiser, Idaho.

Way back in 1906 Weiser, with a team in the old Idaho-Oregon league, felt sadly in need of material to strengthen the club and began to look around for players. Finally they found what they wanted and Walter Johnson, Billy Elwell, Wallace Childers and Clair Head were imported from Santa Ana, Calif. The boys were not professional players and the only money expended in the transaction was that



Another Cross-word Puzzle—Find the Idaho Plant Superintendent

admission fees, which was done following the game.

When collections were had the boys went to work. Both Johnson and Elwell found employment with the telephone company as groundmen. Billy stuck and is now manager at Weiser. Head drifted back to California and is now busily engaged in raising a large family. Childers' last address was Portland.

That season Johnson pitched 87 innings without a score being made against him. In an exciting game with Emmett not a man reached first. Shortly after that Walter was "found" and he has been with Washington ever since.

George Garrett, veteran wire chief of Weiser, now manager at Council, tells how one day Walter told the boys in the gang in which he was working that he had to "stay in shape," when they kidded him about digging more holes than any other man on the job. Now that we think of it, there is more philosophy than jest in his answer and we leave it to you if Walter hasn't, from that day to this, continued to dig more holes than many of us.

But, wait a minute! Here's another one to thrill you:

Returning vacationists usually tell about the big ones they left behind! In fact, the fish story is used so much it hardly brings a smile.



Left to Right—D. J. Goul, Manager at Ashton; Mrs. Goul, L. M. Hartington, "Dad" Jr., and Mrs. Hartington.

Idaho's Largest Fire in 1911, in Payette National Forest. Reported in less than 30 minutes but took 3 weeks to bring under control.



producing quartette that ever blew notes through a horn. It is made up of men from the Idaho plant department, and when they start unreeling the jazzy strains there are no feet capable of standing still.

O, of course, Idaho has its disasters, same as any other part of the mortal heritage, and probably one of the biggest black blotches on the map, made in 1924, was caused by the big forest fire which destroyed thousands of acres of fine timber in the Payette national forest reserve. This was a spectacular sight, and when Idaho men were called out to fight the demon fire, they went at it with just as much zeal and determination to conquer as they exhibited in the many festivities where joy and happiness reigned.

Idaho is a great state and the people who

paid by Weiser for their railroad fares.

Walter did the pitching. Billy held down first. Head captained the team and played short. Childers was at third and had the title of "Head Collector," it being his duty to collect



This is the way they Celebrated Hallowe'en at Boise

## "Sermon on the Mount"

By Montie Yonge

ALL IS NOT "wild and woolly" in the West for the glories of the land cause even rough men to appreciate the handiwork of the Creator and bow their heads in reverence.

Situated in the Davis mountains some twenty or thirty miles from Marfa, Texas, is a beautiful grove of oak trees, called the Skillman Grove.

This beautiful spot is at the foot of a high mountain and all around can be seen beautiful rolling hills covered with green grass and trees and cattle grazing everywhere.

To this wonderful place of nature gathers every year, all the people for miles about to meet in the joy and fellowship of an old fashioned camp meeting.

Thirty-five years ago, a man by the name of Bloys, a preacher of the Gospel in these mountains, in his effort to bring the people together, instituted this camp meeting and every year since it has been the great pleasure of these mountain people to meet for one week to hear the Word of God and enjoy the peaceful atmosphere that surrounds every undertaking of this meeting.

Five different denominations were represented in the meeting this year and there are that many camps.

but Olin Barton, Boise night switchboard man, brings in an entirely new one.

Last season a deer hunting party, of which Olin happened to be a member, resolved itself into a searching party and spent a couple of days looking for Barton. So this season, in order to avoid embarrassment, Olin slipped away about 7 o'clock in the morning all by his lonesome, took a main traveled road, stopped and parked the flivver in a little ravine about ten miles out of town.

Thought he: "Just up this canyon I'll find a deer." Shouldering the trusty musket, he started on foot for the ridge which loomed up in the distance. About half way he got a scent and, looking up, lo and behold, a ten point buck

Each camp consists of many tents for each party and one large eating place. At this eating place are great long tables under a tin roof and sufficient room to seat seventy-five or a hundred people. There are a number of men cooks who prepare delicious meals and serve them in tin plates with regular old fashioned knives and forks and big tin cups to drink coffee from.

In the center of the grove stands the tabernacle with a capacity of about eight hundred. This tabernacle is open on all sides and is furnished with pulpit piano and electricity from an electric plant installed by these people.

Cool, fresh drinking water is pumped from a nearby well and running water is piped to each eating place.

Near the tabernacle stands a tall monument erected to the memory of Mr. Bloys and the camp meeting bears the name of the Bloys Camp Meeting.

Probably one of the most noted features of this meeting is the gracious hospitality and warm welcome to visitors. Nowhere in the city does one ever feel so at home, so welcome as here. Anything that one mentions needing these people do all in their power to furnish it.

Comfortable tents and cots are ready for those who notify in advance of their coming.

and two doe were feeding a few hundred feet ahead. Down came the carbine and with eyes closed Olin pulled the trigger. When the smoke cleared, sure enough one doe was down. Marching bravely up to the animal Barton found he had inflicted a body wound. Grabbing an ear he assisted it to its feet and led it the greater part of the distance back towards the car before the doe fell exhausted. Olin now decided to dress his prize. After doing this, he found he could neither get the deer to the car or the car to the deer and as it was getting to be just about time for him to go to work, he beat it back to the job.

Even if this was told in all sincerity, we don't expect anybody to believe it, and even if Barton and Slim Bell did go out and bring in the evidence, after Olin was off work the next morning, we still have our doubts.

And that's Idaho!

## The TREE and the CANDLE

By Martha B. Thomas

SAID the little Christmas candle  
To the little Christmas tree,  
"We're both of us important  
But of course you must agree  
I'm twice as bright as you are,  
And if it weren't for me,  
You'd never make a hit at all  
In being Christmas Tree!"

SAID the tree then to the candle,  
And his tone was most polite,  
"Your gay illumination  
Is particularly bright,  
But allow me one small question  
Which seems both fair and right—  
Can you not see you're merely meant  
To make me shine at night?"

THE candle softly twinkled,  
And then at last said she,  
"I guess that I am here for you,  
And you are here for me!"

Church services are held here twice in the morning, separate meetings for men, women and children in the afternoon, and one service in the evening.

The men's service in the afternoon is held on the side of a mountain and in the same spot for all these years.

Only two rules are enforced on the grounds. One and the greatest is the "Golden Rule." The other that no selling of articles takes place and no kodak pictures be taken on Sunday, for this place is considered hallowed ground.

The services were led by a man who has been manager of the meeting for many years. Such a wonderful atmosphere of reverence is created by him, Rev. Irving, of Fort Davis, that one feels himself immediately in a holy place.

The pomp and ceremony of large churches cannot be found here, but just plain old fashioned singing of hymns and preaching of the Word of God.

The ministers for this occasion are chosen from the best of each denomination. This year Dr. Birma of Trinity College, Waxahachie, was present. Dr. Anderson of the First Christian church of Fort Worth, Dr. Gates of the First Baptist church of San Antonio, and Dr. W. B.

"Packing in," Venison Feast, In Camp after the hunt. The men on horseback are Service Foremen Bigger and C. A. Snyder, the "Horse Tamers."



## Big Affair at Pueblo, Colo.

By Ruth M. Chambers

One of the largest affairs at the Pueblo, Colorado, office in some time was the mask party held on the 30th of October. The Company garage, handsomely decorated in orange and black, was utilized for the occasion.

It was a jolly get-together crowd of office force, plant employees and operators and about 100 were present. Prizes were awarded for the most original costume, also for the most beautiful one, and prizes were also given to winners of the games.

Hallowe'en refreshments of doughnuts, cider, pumpkin pie and apples were served.

We are looking forward to another party just like it, only we have a suspicion that we shall have to rent a hall. The garage won't hold the crowd next time.

Miss Clair Louderback is with us again after being on the sick list for over a year. Every one welcomed her back with the heartiest good will.

Two of our night operators, Mrs. Margaret Williams and Miss Wilma Cary did some good work the other night locating one of our prominent jewelers. He had left his safe unlocked and policemen were trying to find him. These girls located him and as a reward the jeweler presented each of them with a beautiful silver mesh bag. Our night girls are always wide-awake and their services are appreciated.

One of the many things that happen on toll is the following which we think is pretty good:

Operator—"On your call to Grand Junction we have Miss Polk. Will you deposit \$2.10 please?"

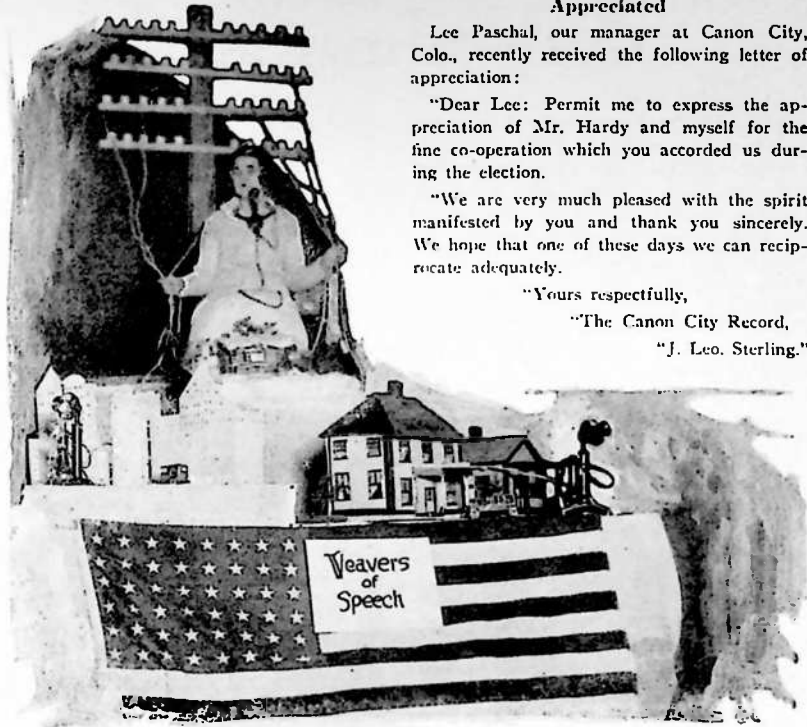
Hogg of Trinity Methodist church of El Paso.

Words cannot express the beauty and truth of these wonderful sermons by these great men.

Cultured, educated and brilliant of mind and speech, these men preached in such beautiful language that any man, woman or child might understand.

At the end of the week these people all returned to their homes in the mountains again and it was with promises of returning next year that we bade goodbye to our new made friends and left the beautiful green mountains, the cool fresh air of the nights and this truly great feast for the soul.

It all seemed so sacred and sincere, and one's thoughts were carried away to the events surrounding the great Sermon on the Mount; and then memory carried us down the mountainside to the old town of Bethlehem where, on that wonderful first Christmas day, our Christ was born.



Subscriber—"Indeed, I won't pay any such a price. Your rates on the telephone here say 5c, 10c and 25c."

Miss Ruby Fedrow, one of our oldest long distance operators, is still absent on account of illness. We are hoping for her early return.

We had a big parade in Pueblo on Armis-

tice Day and if prizes had been given for the most beautiful float the one belonging to the telephone Company would certainly have gotten the prize. It was a beauty. Mr. Mills was superintendent of the job of trimming the float, ably assisted by operators and plant men.



## CHRISTMAS ON THE SANGAMON

By F. E. Marquiss, Combination Man,  
Fort Collins

IT WAS December 25, 1894. The ground was covered with snow and it was calm and cold. My father owned a farm on the banks of the Sangamon river, near Monticello, Piatt County, Illinois. We five children had been looking forward with great eagerness to Christmas. There were very few pine trees scattered about among the native timber growth which covered the hills and ravines along the Sangamon, so father cut what they call a dog-wood, a nice bushy tree about five feet high, and that was our Christmas tree.

I tried my best to stay awake that Christmas eve to see Santa Claus but the sandman got the best of me and I was soon in slumberland. Bright and early Christmas morning I got up, and, not waiting to dress, in my bare cold feet

I hastened to see what Santa had put on that tree for me.

Let's see. There was a ball, a cake of maple sugar (yum-yum) which my father and mother had made from boiling sap which came from numerous hard maple trees grown in the woods, a sled, a pair of boots with brass caps across the toes. I had to kick all the paint off the baseboard to get them on, and there was a pair of ice skates. Hurrah! Now I could skate all day down on the bayou!

Popcorn, candy and everything that makes a happy Christmas for a boy. How the memory flies back to those never-to-be-forgotten days!



### Still Running About

Mabel—I asked my husband to give me an electrical runabout for a Christmas gift.

Maude—What was the result?

Mabel—He was shocked.

# Telephones In America

DENVER has more than four times as many telephones to every 100 inhabitants as London, six times as many as Vienna, and nearly five times as many as Paris. There are 23 telephones to every hundred in Denver, and there are only 18 in New York, two in Rome, and a fraction more than nine in Berlin.

Only two cities which have a population between 200,000 and 500,000—Omaha and Minneapolis—have a greater telephone saturation than Denver, and, excepting these, only one other city in the whole world has more telephones per 100 of population, and that city is San Francisco.

Denver passed Los Angeles and Washington last year in the race for telephone leadership, and local telephone officials believe that when the next tabulation is made public this city will be still nearer the top.

The Bell System has just made public its annual edition of "Telephone and Telegraph Statistics of the World," which brings the figures up to January, 1923. Every comparison that can be made shows the unquestioned leadership of the United States because 63 per cent of all the telephones in the world are in this country.

In proportion to population this country has ten times as many telephones as the world at large. The average American uses the telephone nine times as much as the average Englishman, and ten times as much as the average Frenchman. There are more telephones in New York City than in the whole of Great Britain and northern Ireland; more in the city of Chicago than in all of France. In rural telephone development America stands head and shoulders above the rest of the world.

This study shows that on January 1, 1923, there were 22,904,415 telephones in use throughout the world, of which 14,347,395 were in the United States. Thus the American people, who form but one-sixteenth of the earth's population, have at their service nearly two-thirds of all the telephones in existence. Europe, with four times as many people as this country, has only about two-fifths as many telephones. On the date to which these figures relate, there were 5,863,684 telephones in Europe, or but little more than one-quarter of the world's total. All other countries, including the entire Western Hemisphere outside of the United States, and Asia, Africa and Oceania as well, had only one-ninth of the total telephones in operation. Of the 1,100,161 telephones added to the wire systems of the world during 1922, 620,670 represented the net growth of the telephone facilities in the United States.

In number of telephones per 100 of population, America's leadership was even more pronounced.

There were, on January 1, 1923, 13.1 telephones for every 100 people in the United States, as compared with 3.5 telephones for every 100 people in Germany, 2.3 in Great Britain and northern Ireland, 1.3 in France and 0.3 in Italy. Although Japan had the best developed telephone system of any Asiatic country, she could boast but 0.9 telephones per 100 inhabitants, even prior to the earthquake of September, 1923. It is significant that these foreign countries have all entrusted the development of their telephone systems to government ownership, whereas in the United States the telephone business has been energetically developed by private initiative. Telephone systems operated by private enterprise now include 71 per cent of the world's total telephones; only 29 per cent being under government ownership. Canada, with 10.4 telephones per 100 people, and Denmark with 8.3 approach nearest to this country in number of telephones per 100 inhabitants.

In absolute numbers New York City, with 1,072,632 telephones on January 1, 1923, was

easily first among all the cities of the world. In fact, the American metropolis alone had more telephones than the whole of any foreign country except Germany. New York's telephone development of 18.2 telephones per 100 people far exceeded that of Berlin, 9.3; Paris, 6.3; or London, 5.1. At the same date, Omaha had 28 telephones for every 100 inhabitants; San Francisco, 25.2; Minneapolis, 24.2; Denver, 23; and Washington, 22.8. The only important foreign city with a comparable telephone development was Stockholm with 25.4 telephones per 100 people.

In most foreign countries telephone facilities are even more restricted in the smaller communities than in the large cities. Farmers' telephones are almost unknown in Europe. Telephone development has, in many countries, been concentrated principally in the capital cities and large commercial centers. More than one-third of all the British telephones, for example, are in London; over one-third of all the French telephones are in Paris.

## The Car of His Dreams

By Thelma Dearing, Operator, Longmont.

"T'WAS THE night before Christmas and all through the house, not a—"  
"Grandpa, do you think Santa Claus will be here in a minute?"



"Yes, dear. Now listen to the story and then we will go to sleep and wake up in the

morning and receive our reward for being good a whole year.

"T'was the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a—"

"Grandpa," the sleepy little voice got no farther—he had fallen fast asleep and was having a wonderful dream of his adventure.

"Little boy, oh little boy, wouldn't you like me for a companion all next year?" Bobby looked startled. Where was that voice?

"Oh little boy," again Bobby heard it, and "Oh, do look, that dear little soldier with a real gun on his shoulder. Boom, boom, trrr-ump, trrr-ump—" Bobby jumped and looked alarmed. He must be in a real army camp. But, no; there it was—a real drum just like Uncle Ned carried in the band. Oh, how he longed for it. "Honk, honk." All the toys were talking to him, even a little car, just like Daddy's.

"Bobby, Bobby, wake up, it is Christmas morning." Bobby's mother had awakened him just as he was getting into that cute little car.

But, oh, when he reached the living room, there was a great big tree, with all the prettiest things on it he had ever seen in his whole life. Bobby's eyes kept getting bigger and bigger. Oh, look, there was the car of his dreams. Bobby spent the most of the day touring up and down the walk in front of the house in the new roadster

# CASPER

By Leon H. Frederick

IT WAS Hallowe'en eve, a date that had been looked forward to for many days by the employees of the M. S. T. & T. Co., at Casper, Wyoming exchange. For the glad tidings had been received by all that there was to be a Hallowe'en party on the evening of October 30th, 1924, and that everyone was invited to come in a mask adequate for the occasion.

At about 8:00 p. m., strange beings could be seen hurrying along the streets of Casper and finally entering the telephone building. Immediately after entering the building they were escorted to the restroom by a silent spectre dressed entirely in white. While mounting the stairs to the second floor a ghastly shriek rang out and on looking up a great, grinning hobgoblin, with uplifted arms, seemed to reach out of the shadows as if to snatch one from this earth. Just in the nick of time a pale light flashed on and the threatening monster seemed to recede into the shadows from whence it came. Further on were more spectres and grinning gargoyles and after running the gamut of these silent spectres, one finally came into the cheerily lighted and decorated restroom.

Festoons of orange and black paper hung from the chandeliers and streamers of the same color extended to every corner of the room. Black and orange checked draperies covered the windows and bright yellow pumpkin-faces smiled at one from all sides, which gave a real cheery effect to the scene. Black cats were in evidence everywhere and old witches could be seen riding their brooms all over the room. Over in one corner, presided over by a grinning skeleton, was the fortune teller's booth, which held a great allure for the possibilities of ascertaining facts pertaining to one's future.

Finally all the participants of the evening's entertainment were gathered together in the room and what a motley crowd it was. Almost every nation and race of people were represented in this flaming riot of color that was formed by the costumes which the merry-makers were wearing.

After a few moments of free intermingling with one another, a halt was called and the regular program was started.

The first number was a piano solo, "The Polish Dance," by Miss Shimmin. Following this came a dance, "The Arabian Bengalle," by Miss Titus, accompanied by Miss Shimmin. Miss Bishop then gave a reading, "Two Shadows," and after this everyone joined in playing several games which gave everyone a spirit of comradeship which prevailed throughout the rest of the evening. Of course, everyone bobbed for apples and a spelling contest of a peculiar nature was held. The fortune telling was then started, each person was compelled to read



When Casper went out with the Hobgoblins

his or her fortune and many good laughs were had at the reader's expense. Immediately after this numbers were drawn for partners and the refreshments were served. Plenty of nice sweet cider, big red apples and stocks of fat juicy pumpkin pies that just naturally melted in one's mouth (at least they seemed to melt in some mouths at the rate they disappeared) were used to satisfy the appetites of those present. After the refreshments everyone joined hands in a square dance, Virginia reel and circle waltz, and (right here is where we young

folks want to assert our rights, for during these dances we had to stand to one side and watch the "old folks do their stuff").

A flashlight picture was taken of the gang earlier in the evening so when 11:30 p. m. came along almost everyone decided that they had better go home and get a little rest for the next day, even if they were having the best time of their lives. So with many cheery "good-nights," one of the best parties ever given at Casper exchange finally ended.

## "No, But My Brother Has"

By C. E. Crenshaw

OUR HAPPIEST Christmas was spent in Cheyenne, Wyo., in the year 1919, with our two sons, Billy, five years old, and Donald, three years old. There was no snow on the ground, though it had lain in plenty at Thanksgiving time. Christmas, we all attended the Christmas entertainment at the church, and the two boys were all excitement. On our way home we passed through the city park and there was an enormous tree decorated for the occasion, and both the boys were looking out for Santa Claus.

By twelve o'clock the boys had placed their stockings and all went to bed; but their mother, due to the excitement, might just as well have remained up, in anticipation of what was to come in the morning.

Mrs. Crenshaw and her sister, Mrs. Brookhart, had planned for weeks on the 25th. Then at 6 p. m. the telephone rang and advised us that our place was the next on Santa's list, so we prepared a hasty reception, and at 6:15 in came Santa, with bells on. This woke the children and they made a line for the bedroom door. There they met Santa and stopped,

scared, excited and trembling all over, at the sight of Santa, and when he asked if they had been good boys, Donald said, "No, but my brother has." This nearly ruined Santa's act but he carried it through in good shape. Billy had been planning on a long flag pole, and as soon as he got his breath, he wanted to know of Santa if he had brought it, and when it was delivered he wanted to go out and put it up, and we could hardly prevail on the little fellow to dress first. So I helped him into his clothes and put a small flag on one end and nailed the other to the fence, and this pole was the thing for several weeks.

The family dinner was at our house that day and by the time the boys had played with all their toys, and all the men had played the games the boys received and were as much boys as the little fellows, the day had flown and the dinner bell was sounded. Thirteen of us sat down to a large and well-filled table and spent the rest of the day there.

### Mutual Understanding

"Shall I get the mistletoe?"

"Yes. You stand under and I'll understand."

# Which One of These is You

By Lula C. Anderson, Rawlins, Wyo.

IT WAS TWO days before Christmas. Far away in the Northlands, Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus were very busy wrapping packages, and getting everything ready, so there would not be a minute's delay when the clock struck twelve on Christmas Eve, when Santa would start on his annual trip, bringing cheer and happiness to the many homes.

For the last few days a severe storm had been raging and there was no telephone connection with the outside world. There were many little children to be heard from yet, who always wait until the last minute to tell Santa what they want him to bring.

Old Nick was out at the barn feeding and making the little reindeers comfortable, and as he patted each one, giving them lumps of sugar, they seemed to know and understand that it was very near time for them to start.

Ting-a-ling. Ting-a-ling, a faint little ring, and Mrs. Santa's face was beaming, for at last she knew that telephone service had been restored, thanks to such wonderful men working in all kinds of weather to get the lines repaired just when they are needed most. When Mrs. Santa answered, it was Benny Smith. Of course he named many things he wanted and told of a poor little boy who lived near him whose father was sick. It was nice of Benny to think of a poor boy, and Mrs. Santa assured him Santa would remember them both.

So the days passed, Mrs. Santa answering calls telling each one that Santa never forgets.

At last Christmas Eve came; everything was ready, as Mrs. Santa bade Santa goodbye, giving each little reindeer a loving pat, and wishing them Godspeed on their journey. Away they dashed out into the night.

First they stopped and left gifts for the little Eskimos, then on they came, at last reaching our dearly beloved U. S. A., stopping at each home, filling stockings, decorating Christmas trees, leaving baskets of good things to eat, gifts and good cheer all along the way, until the last stocking was filled; then he hurried on. Before daybreak he was back in his home in the North. Mrs. Santa had a good, hot breakfast for him. After feeding the reindeers and fixing nice warm beds of straw for them, he went into the house to tell Mrs. Santa of the many things he had seen on his trip.

"You know, wife, after visiting so many homes, I believe the reason so many people are in poor circumstances is because of extravagance. Some of the homes I saw show signs of comfort and happiness, where other homes on the same salary are just the reverse. Now, to show the difference, I will tell of two homes I visited. I have been going to these homes for several years. The two men started work for the same company on the same day; they often refer to them as the twins.

"The first one I visited lived in a magnificent home, and I notice this family each year is in a different home, and I wondered how a man of his salary could maintain such an elegant home. I heard voices in the next room, and as I worked quietly could not help overhearing the conversation. The house they rented furnished from a very wealthy family who were spending the winter in California. I noticed bills on the table such as, 'Child's coat, \$35.00; fur coat, \$350.00; pearl necklace, \$75.00; rent, \$150.00, etc.' I heard the father say he didn't see how he was going to keep up appearances much longer, but the mother insisted that she expected to rear her children in a way that they might marry into families where they would not have to deny themselves like she had done by marrying a poor man.

"In the next home was the man who had worked with him. They have the coziest little



home all paid for; you could look around and see signs of happiness and comfort everywhere. I also heard a conversation in this home; he was taking out so many shares of a certain kind of stock his company had to sell under employees plan, each payday deducting so much from his salary. They laughed and talked of how in their early married life it sometimes was hard to deny themselves so many things, but they had stuck to it, and as they counted up one would be surprised how fast money accumulates if a little can be saved each month for twenty years. Their oldest child will be ready for college next year and they had prepared for that, also.

"You remember last year I told you about a girl who had worked in the accounting de-

partment? She had been to a show and I saw her when she came home; her face was radiant with happiness. There were nice, comfortable clothes hanging in her closet but nothing extravagant. I noticed a receipt on her table showing she had paid her last payment on five shares of A. T. & T. stock. I saw she had already paid for eight shares. Well, she married Christmas day. I rather expected it from what I saw and heard that Christmas Eve, and it sure tickled me when I happened in on their home tonight. They are paying for a nice little home. There was a framed motto hanging by the dresser with these words:

"It ain't the senseless hoardin'  
Nor stintin' of our needs,  
But efficiency in spendin'  
That should become our creed.  
It ain't some money set aside,  
On impulse onct a while,  
But steady savin' day by day,  
That builds the steady pile."

"And I knew here was a young couple living up to their motto. I pecked into a dresser drawer, and from what I saw I know my best friend, the stork, will be their next caller, so just to please these dear people I tucked away among the nice downy things one share of A. T. & T. stock, for I knew they would start that baby out with just that idea.

"You know, wife, when one goes to every home at Christmas time, he realizes what a blessing comes where they save a little each month. It is not the idea that they must save and skimp until their lives are warped, but save enough to know that some day they will have a little ahead. I could tell you of the many homes where I saw poverty and distress, but let's try and forget that part of my trip.

"Well, wife, I am rather tired and our place looks empty tonight, but I am thinking of the many children that are happy today caused by our working and preparing for Christmas Day, so we will take a week's rest, and after New Year's Day we will begin our work for next year. It makes me happy to know that our lives are dedicated to those of whom our Savior said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"



## Two Christmas Guests

THEY planned to have a moonlight skating party during the Christmas season. All of the young people, and a number of the hearty older ones, too, had been interested.

So the party was planned.

And then everyone hoped the two honored guests would not fail them.

For without the two honored guests there could be no moonlight skating party.

What would a moonlight skating party be without a moon and without ice?

Nothing at all.

But the moon came and the ice froze solid. And the crisp, clear air seemed to have a special Christmas vim about it, too.—Mary Graham Bonner.

# Phoenix, Arizona Cut-ups

(EDITOR'S NOTE: If prizes were offered for the most unique hallowe'en party it would be a toss-up between Phoenix, Arizona, and Cheyenne, Wyoming, with the First Aid stunt in favor of Phoenix.)

By Miss Clara Hug

We danced up good and lively,  
I think till half past one,  
When the band began to weaken  
And drop out, one by one.  
We sure felt sorry for them  
And hated to see them go;  
It's the only dance I've seen in years  
Where each one had a show.

WITCHES, black cats and goblins of all shapes and sizes stalked brazenly forth on Thursday evening, October 30th, when the employees of the Phoenix office were hosts at a masquerade dance and hard-times party at the Old Country Club, for all telephone folks of the Salt River Valley.

This mysterious affair was first heralded by very clever posters which our plant comedian—"Doug" Gillespie—produced. Then came invitations to all employees, their families, and, of course, their sweethearts. Show us a party that wouldn't be successful under such circumstances! And—"Lives there a man with soul so dead" who hasn't at some time of his life had a desire to be a member of some mysterious organization and use a "pass word?" So that, too, was on the bill and no one dared enter without mention of the ominous "9 per cent." Some of the stronger sex thought we were about to violate the Volstead act but were sadly doomed to disappointment, although they did say the cider which was served helped to soothe their whetted thirsts.

For a week prior to the affair, halls buzzed with the gossip of "Whatcha gonna wear?" "Who ya gonna take?" "How you gonna go?" and the alluring subject of "cats." With such preparation, how could anyone miss it!

Was it any wonder then that almost three hundred men, women and children were there? Some even made a trip of almost two hundred miles to get there. Now when folks do that, it means it was some party! And such a motley array of costumes! Dukes mingled with hoboes, ladies of leisure with clowns and witches, to say nothing of all other costumes. Everyone obeyed the injunction in the announcement to come masked, as—"We don't want to meet you face to face."

Our very dignified cashier was much chagrined to discover, after unmasking, that he had been "rushing" our state auditor. But that can be readily understood when one knows that this same state auditor impersonated the "vamp," wearing a beautiful low-necked, black satin gown. However, others made the same sad error.

Many a little clerk and stenographer who pulled the queue of the gaily clothed Chinaman were quite astonished to learn that this said "Chink" was none other than our state plant superintendent.

Andy Gump was also there and could be seen wherever there was a group of fair ones, impressing upon them how fortunate they were that he, Andy Gump, was in their midst. He also did a little campaigning as presidential candidate and made a fitting speech in which he admitted that "Although I have not had the honor of being a native of the fair city of Phoenix, my great, great grandfather, E. J. Anderson Gump, at the mere age of twelve, shot the first buzzard that ever circled over Maricopa County, and also strung the first telephone wire from the northern boundary of Arizona to the boundary of Mexico on the south." Andy was cheered accordingly, and here, let me say, he was a "homer."

floor. In dashed the famous first aid team, a wheelbarrow in their lead, which was stacked high with enormous gunnysack bandages (slightly soiled), two cross-arms, several quart bottles and demijohns marked iodine, carbolic acid, etc., knives, axes, saws, rocks and many other implements of operation. Poor, unfortunate Billy, amid groans and moans, was iodined, prodded, bound and wound. Each leg was bandaged and a cross-arm used as a splint. Also for reasons unknown to modern science, one leg was bound to a member of the aid. True to Mr. Stafford's predictions, the work was certainly "crude," and the delighted spectators laughed until their sides ached.

The booth of the palmist was one of the most popular corners of the evening. All were anxious to learn their futures and become enlightened as to character. Mrs. Cressingham, wife of our state engineer, did the reading of the palms and says that if palms really do indicate



These are the "Cutups" at Phoenix, Arizona

Another "highlight" of the evening was a first aid demonstration in which our first aid team took home the bacon. They've done it before, though, as we all know. Mr. Stafford very solemnly, in introducing the boys, stated that, due to the lack of training they had had so far this fall, they would probably be a little crude and the audience would be very kind to overlook any errors. After Mr. Stafford's speech, silence reigned supreme, for many wondered why a first aid demonstration should be given at a Hallowe'en party. Their thoughts were soon directed to other channels, however, when with a blood-curdling shriek and groan, Billy Platner sprawled prone upon the dance

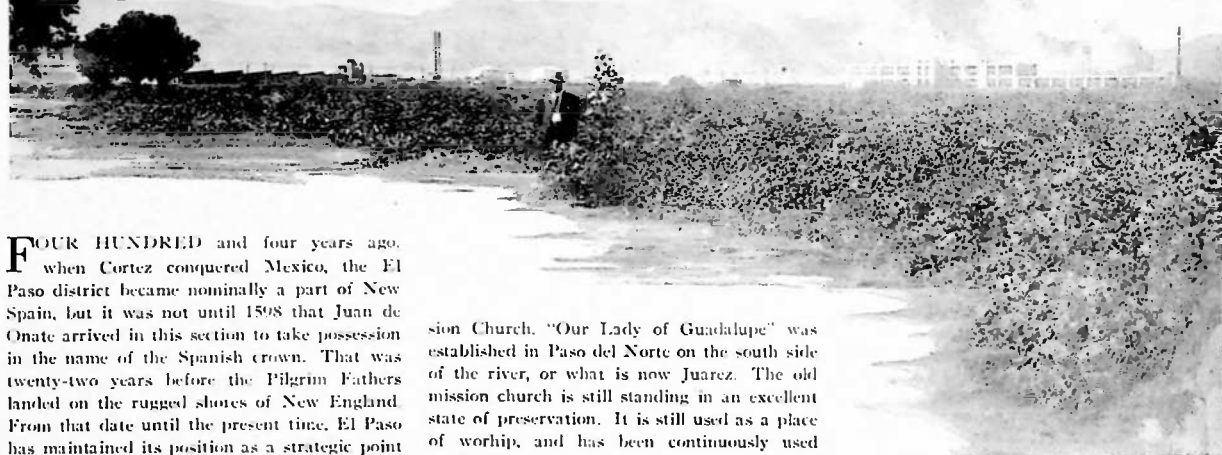
character, the Telephone Company is surely blessed with a force of independent, self-reliant girls.

Prizes for the most unique and appropriate costumes were awarded to R. F. Brink, Mrs. Ruby Greenway, W. J. Falsoner and Mrs. Everett M. Carver.

All in all, it was some party and declared by all to be the very best ever given by our Company in Arizona. Credit is to be given to Billy Platner, R. F. Brink, Clara Hug, Helen Morrell, Clara Kohls and H. F. Newman, the committee in charge.

# EL PASO and the New SOUTHWEST

By  
E.A.J. Seddon



FOUR HUNDRED and four years ago, when Cortez conquered Mexico, the El Paso district became nominally a part of New Spain, but it was not until 1598 that Juan de Oñate arrived in this section to take possession in the name of the Spanish crown. That was twenty-two years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the rugged shores of New England. From that date until the present time, El Paso has maintained its position as a strategic point in a vast desert empire.

With characteristic zeal and enterprise the religious orders, which accompanied the expeditions of the Spaniards, established missions at advantageous points where they rested and recuperated. Thus it happened that the Mis-

sion Church, "Our Lady of Guadalupe" was established in Paso del Norte on the south side of the river, or what is now Juarez. The old mission church is still standing in an excellent state of preservation. It is still used as a place of worship, and has been continuously used since 1659.

It was in 1680 that perhaps the first important event took place in El Paso. That was the year the Indians rose against the Spanish invaders and drove them out of New Mexico. Some 2,000 Spanish refugees from Santa Fe,

and the Rio Grande Valley in general, made a stand at El Paso which eventually became the base of operations for the re-conquest of New Mexico, which was not completed until 1695.

By this time El Paso had become an established station on the highway which traversed the Rio Grande Valley from its headwaters to the seat of Spanish government down in Mexico. There is ample evidence that at some time in the remote past that portion of the Rio Grande Valley which now bisects New Mexico was well populated and supported a large number of communities, but because of some unknown reason these prehistoric settlers disappeared, and ethnologists have been unable to unravel the mystery.

At the time of the Spanish invasion the valley contained remnants of a people having curious and strange traditions which they have always been reluctant to reveal to the white invaders. That portion of the valley near the Colorado state line was the most populated and contained the largest Pueblos. Smaller and less pretentious communities existed all up and down the valley. Some were found in the El Paso section and the early Spaniards found some flourishing primitive farms in this fertile valley.

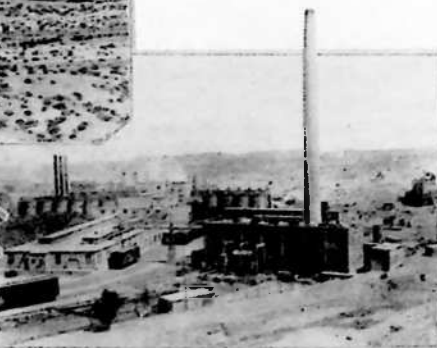
As far as is known, the first American to pass through El Paso was Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, the discoverer of that mountain peak in Colorado which now bears his name. He, how-



Above—Cotton field near El Paso, mill on the right



Upper Left—El Paso Smelter; Mills Building, and Southwestern Portland Cement Plant



ever, passed through here a prisoner of the Spaniards, by whom he was captured for an alleged military invasion of Spanish territory. He was being taken to Chihuahua to explain his actions to the Spanish authorities. That was in 1807.

In 1821-23 the War of Mexican Independence was fought and El Paso floated the Mexican flag.

In 1836 came the War of Texas Independence, and for nine years the Lone Star fluttered over the adobe settlement. Then Texas was admitted to the Union. Texas seceded in 1861 and joined the Confederacy. In 1870 Texas was re-admitted to the Union. From the red and yellow of Spain to the red, white and blue of Old Glory, five different flags have spread to the breezes that blow through the Paso del Norte.

In 1880 the Butterworth Stage arrived in El Paso. Two years later a postoffice was

going, for El Paso has passed through an experience that would have broken the spirit of a community less hardy and determined. The Mexican revolution filled the town with thousands of refugees, and many of them were wealthy and good spenders; many thousand troops were stationed here, and this created a tremendous amount of business; the World War had created an unprecedented demand for copper which swelled the flood tide of business; then almost at once things happened. The Mexican revolution died down, the troops were removed and with the cessation of the World War the bottom dropped out of the copper market. Lean days were following the fat ones. It was a severe jolt, but El Paso took a new grip on himself and went out after business.

When things were looking the darkest and business was stagnant, El Paso staged a most brilliant pageant in 1923, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of incorporation. This demonstra-



*View of Patio and Bird Garden, operated by Mrs. F. E. Managhan, near Las Cruces*

London. This jubilee celebration in no uncertain manner showed up the El Paso spirit to advantage. His fighting instincts were aroused—there was no inclination to surrender to circumstances—not as long as he was drawing a breath.

With a spirit like this a town is bound to grow, and add to it a favored location and a glorious climate, El Paso has still greater possibilities. One of the first things El Paso did was to pave and improve the streets, and the streets needed improving—they were primitive, if not prehistoric, but in the good year 1906 began the work of taking the kinks out of the highways and byways, and the good work continues. Incidentally a splendid highway was blasted out of the rugged contours of old Mount Franklin, from which a splendid view of the city and valley is obtained. Several splendid buildings have been built and among them is the Mills Building, built by General Anson A. Mills, who was the first to plot and make a map of El Paso, and officially christened it the "Town of El Paso." In 1912 he constructed the monolithic twelve-story office building that bears his name. The County Court House is

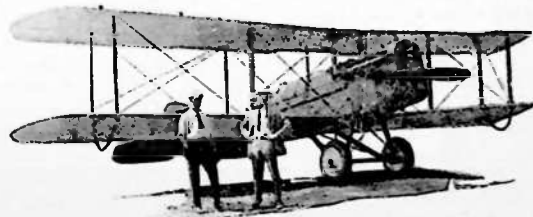


established and the settlement was officially known as Franklin, but seven years later changed to El Paso.

In 1873 the town was incorporated and in 1881 the first railroad reached El Paso. In 1883 the first telephone was installed.

With the beginning of the century El Paso began to take on a substantial growth. It began to realize its importance as a leader of the Southwest. El Paso has always been a he-man town with very definite characteristics. In the early pioneer days El Paso carried his gun on his hip and he used it—he gambled with the utmost freedom and frankness and drank his liquor straight. Whatever he did was done with enthusiasm and thoroughness, and now when the time had come to build a metropolis, El Paso went about it in earnest. He cast aside his recklessness, and diligently went to work. Within a quarter of a century he has converted a frontier mud village into a beautiful, thriving city. It has not been all easy

*Airplane View of Business Section of El Paso*

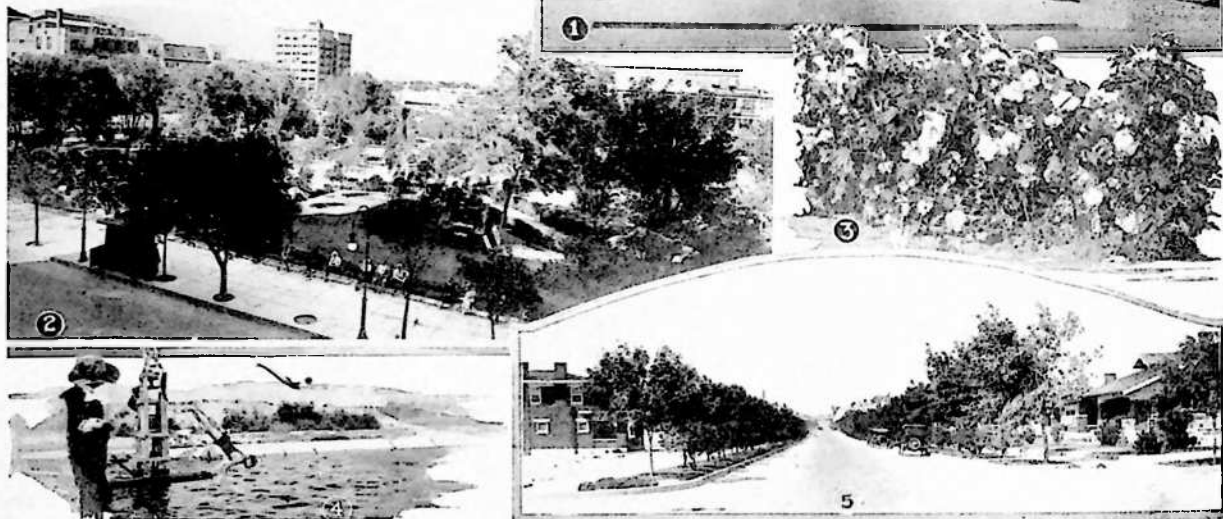


tion included a review of historical events, which was enacted in most gorgeous and extensive scale at the commodious high school stadium, and a parade on the downtown streets. This parade depicted the progress and development of El Paso from prehistoric days to the present—it was brilliantly conceived and artistically portrayed. Without exception it was the most interesting and elaborate affair of its kind that I have witnessed, and I have seen several, including the Lord Mayor show in

another magnificent building, well appointed, and contains a large public hall. Another building that is the pride of El Paso is the high school. Visiting educators from all parts of the country have been greatly surprised at the progressiveness of the school system of El Paso. Its standing is recognized and ranks high. In religious and social circles El Paso has built well and developed rapidly.

The International Fair and Exposition held this fall demonstrated in a remarkable way

(1) Franklin Irrigating Canal passing through Mexican quarter in South El Paso; (2) San Jacinto Plaza in heart of El Paso Business District; (3) Close up of El Paso Valley Cotton; (4) Swimming Pool in Boy Scout Camp up the Valley; (5) Scene in Residence section of El Paso.



what man has wrested from the desert. The Mexican element added in no small way to the success and charm of the show. There was plenty of good music furnished by the U. S. Army bands from Fort Bliss, the Boy Scout band and other civic bands. The Tipica band from Mexico City, sent through the courtesy of President Obregon, with their picturesque and colorful uniforms, were much appreciated by all music-lovers. The agricultural, educational, art, industrial, and stock exhibits and also the U. S. Army exhibits, were a revelation to those unfamiliar with our development.

When it is remembered that El Paso is eight hundred miles from the centers of population

it can be appreciated that the city has to fall back on its own resources for many things. This very thing, which to some may seem a drawback, has its advantages, for it has developed an independent and progressive spirit and an individuality which distinguishes it from other cities of the country. The people who have made their homes here are those who, for the most part, have had the enterprise to break away from their old surroundings and traditions, and who are the kind of people to welcome new ideas and develop new methods. For this reason, if for no other, El Paso will always be progressive. The population is cosmopolitan—very nearly everybody has come

from somewhere else. There are representatives from the four corners of the Union and also from many foreign countries. There is a variety of thought and ideas which makes the community interesting and attractive.

A Saturday night stroll down South El Paso Street is decidedly interesting. Starting from Pioneer Plaza, you pass from a modern American atmosphere gradually into a conglomeration of various nationalities with evidences of their racial characteristics modified by their surroundings. Mexicans, Syrians, Germans, Chinese, Italians, Turks, French, Japanese, Greeks, Russians and many others are there. Those who believe that all Chinamen run a laundry would be interested to find a Chinese grocery and butcher shop conducted in a very up-to-date manner. It is quite a novelty to have a Chinaman cut you a "T" bone steak or a "lib loaf"; but he does do it and keeps up a running conversation in Chinese, Mex and English. The windows of the El Paso stores are unusually attractive—it is doubtful if goods will be found more artistically and tastefully displayed. To sit in the plaza and watch the people about you is always interesting. It is not the customary passing throng seen in any American city. The regulation average citizen is, of course, preponderant, but freely mixed among them is a diversity of characters. There are many health-seekers sunning themselves on



*El Paso High School, one of the finest in the country*

## CUPID AT EL PASO

Cupid has certainly been busy in El Paso. Either everybody is going to be married or has just been married.

Miss Dorothy Nay, B-board operator at Main exchange, married Mr. Milton Thompson. Mrs. Thompson is a charming girl and we know that Milton and Dorothy will certainly have a happy married life. Mr. Thompson has been with the Ideal Pharmacy of El Paso for some time.

Then Cupid ran out to our East Office in the company of Mr. Ellis Chrysler and aimed his arrow right at the heart of Miss Mildred Hooten. Mr. and Mrs. Chrysler are at home at the Gilbert Apartments.

Another one of our charming operators of the main exchange is leaving us soon to be married. Miss Margaret Leslie will be married to Mr. F. E. Wyatt of Marshall, Texas. They will leave El Paso at once for Los Angeles, and will sail from Los Angeles December 6 for Honolulu to visit parents of Mrs. Wyatt's during the holidays. They will then return to the States to make their home in Marshall, Texas,

the benches. Perhaps you hear the man from Iowa say to the one from Vermont, "Can you imagine anything like this in December back home?" Perhaps a trio of big-hatted cowboys awkwardly clump by with their trousers tucked in their small-footed, high-heeled boots, trying to appear unconcerned in the big town—very few cowboys walk gracefully. Often you see a group of pretty Mexican girls laughing and jabbering vivaciously. These girls often spoil their charms by affecting American customs. Perhaps a villainous looking, swarthy individual slouches by, picturesque in his big hat, tight trousers and serape thrown around and drawn tightly across his mouth. A benchful of well-dressed Spanish-speaking men are discussing some topic with considerable animation and apparent excitement. The mining man, the rancher, the farmer, the ordinary city worker—you see them all. It is always interesting to watch them.

People who knew El Paso of the old days and who have been away for several years are amazed at the development and growth that has taken place. Down on the river, where a primitive ferry used to operate, there is now a handsome concrete bridge, and hard by on the American side, is the El Paso Milling Company, Ltd., the largest mill of its kind manufacturing packing cases, which are shipped knocked down to all parts of the country. The timber is brought in from the Sierra Madres, Mexico. Not far from it the new half-million-dollar cotton mill has just been completed, and will start operation this winter. The new com-



*Mrs. Clifford Cunningham, Margaret Leslie, Mrs. Albert Rains*

where Mr. Wyatt is connected with the T. P. Ry. Co. We will all miss Margaret and wish her great happiness.

Miss Effie Mockert, who is also one of our Main operators, was married to Mr. Albert Rains of El Paso, November 27, and judging from the expression on Effie's face we know

she is very happy. These young ladies have all been the recipients at a number of affairs given in their honor by others of the traffic department.

Miss Bessie Gardiner of Main Exchange gave us a great surprise by slipping away and marrying Mr. Laurence Pauls of El Paso. Our best wishes are with them.

Miss Anna Flury of Main Exchange has changed her name to Faulk.

Another wedding of much interest is that of Mrs. Eva Devlin, clerk to state traffic superintendent, to Mr. Clifford Cunningham of El Paso. This affair was very pretty in every detail and attended by hosts of friends. Mr. Cunningham is in business in this city, having recently purchased the Cunningham Pharmacy.

### △ △ "Shall We Gather"

A minister in the course of a sermon said: "If I had anything to do with whisky, beer, rum, or any intoxicating drinks, I should have them all thrown into the river."

At the end of the sermon he gave out the hymn: "Shall we gather by the river."

El Paso Valley two bales of cotton to the acre is not at all unusual. Last season the crop for the entire valley, good, bad and indifferent, averaged one bale to the acre. As the farmers learn how to raise the crop the average will doubtless increase. Cantaloupe raised in the El Paso Valley always command a fancy price—they are unsurpassed. There is a concrete highway nearly a hundred miles long extending up and down the valley, and many other paved roads that make automobiling a pleasure.

There is a charm about El Paso that one does not find in other cities. There is a romance about the Southwest that is thrilling and mystic. It has a climate that is exhilarating and healing. It is the capitol of the Southern Rockies. El Paso is a city with a future.

press and disinfecting plant is already being worked to capacity, as the cotton crop in the valley is being gathered. The stock yards and meat packing plant are also down in the section. Just at the entrance of the pass is another "largest" industry, the El Paso Smelting Works, the largest custom smelter in the world. It treats the ores sent in from small mines in New Mexico, Arizona, West Texas and Old Mexico. Adjacent to it is the Southwestern Portland Cement Works, located in the hills that have an unlimited supply of raw material. Periodically a car of dynamite is used to blast out the rock. It is quite a spectacle to witness the ease with which the side of a high hill can be torn off by the use of well-placed explosives. The Globe Mills, making high-grade flour, is another large industry. The icing plant, which re-ices half a mile of refrigerator cars in remarkably short time. A splendidly equipped electric power plant is meeting the demand for light and power, both in the city and up and down the valley. In fact, industries of nearly every character can be found and all are equipped with the most up-to-date equipment.

Since the completion of the Elephant Butte Dam the development of the valley has been remarkable. It is only a few years ago that cotton growers said that cotton could not be grown successfully here. Some valley farmers thought otherwise, and with characteristic initiative planted a few fields. The result was startling. A very high grade of cotton was found to flourish. Half a bale of cotton to the acre is considered a fair average, but in the

# THE MONITOR

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## Christmas Giving

"Give me six," the woman said as she crowded her way rudely up to the handkerchief counter. "One has to buy something, I suppose, and I guess handkerchiefs take the least thought and consideration."

"Any particular pattern?" the clerk inquired.

"No, just so they cost no more than fifty cents each. What an awful bore Christmas is, and what a burden it throws on us. I wonder sometimes what it's all for."

"It's a very sweet, happy time to me," the girl answered.

There is too much that is conventional and artificial, perhaps, in our Christmas giving. We burden ourselves with obligations which we should never assume. We give too often because we feel that we should do so, because we wonder what people will say if we do not, because we hope to receive something in return. We keep up the practice because we have not the courage or the diplomacy to break it, and we put little thought or personality into it.

"Please do not send me anything at Christmas time," a friend wrote me, "for by so doing you would embarrass me and put me under obligations which I can ill afford to meet." It was a sensible letter which few would have had the courage to write.

It is not what we give that really counts, but the spirit in which the giving

is done. The friendly, personal letter, the trifle which we have ourselves made, even the card which we pick up at the book store, often brings more joy than the costliest present chosen without love or thought.

The Wise Men bringing gifts to the Christ child came a long way over a rough and weary road full of dangers and full of discomforts; but the gifts they brought were gifts of sacrifice and unselfishness and of love, and the impulse to bring them came from the heart. They are the wise men today who can give thankfully, gratefully, lovingly, with joy in their hearts and without thought of what they are to receive.—Thomas A. Clark, Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

## The Latch-String Is Out

"Well, I'd like very much to visit the headquarters' offices, but I know that everyone is very busy and I don't like to feel that I'm a nuisance."

Betty Devine says that, in substance, is the reply she received many times when, during a recent trip to outside exchanges, she urged members of our organization to visit the state and general headquarters of the Company upon occasions when they find themselves in Denver.

The purpose of this article is to dispel any misapprehension on this subject and so it is addressed particularly to those members of the organization located outside of state or general headquarters.

Every state in our territory has its state organization, the headquarters of which is located at the capital city, with the exception of New Mexico, the state headquarters of which is located at El Paso, Texas. In addition to the Colorado state offices the general offices of the Company are also located in Denver.

When you visit any of these cities you are urged to call at the telephone office. Not only will you not be made to feel that you are a "nuisance," but you will receive the welcome due an honored guest. Not only will the heads of your state organization be delighted to see you and show you through the various offices, but the general officers and offi-

cials will be glad to greet you at their new quarters, 800 14th Street, Denver.

A story on the new Telephone Building in the September number of THE MONITOR gives the location of the several departments. The latchstring is out; pull it and walk right in, and someone will see to it that you have an opportunity to see the wheels go round. And don't overlook your magazine, THE MONITOR. Give the editors the pleasure of adding their bit of cordiality to the general welcome you will receive.

## Bringing Joy to Others

By T. C. Turner, Fort Collins, Colo.

FOR A GREAT many years I remembered the Christmas when Santa Claus brought me my first watch and chain as my happiest, but since graduating into the role of Santa himself I have found giving is loads more fun.

Two or three years ago a Business Men's Club decided to secure a list of kiddies whom Santa Claus might overlook and see that he didn't. One of my assignments came in the form of a letter written to Santa Claus and delivered to us by the postoffice. It read, "Dear Santa: Grandma says I can write to you for Mary; she's my little sister and she wants a doll. She didn't get one last year and she cried so grandma made her one, but she wants a real doll. I want a hair ribbon, but if that's too much just bring the doll. Loving, Clara."

I found Mary, age six, and Clara, age ten, lived with their grandma beside the railroad track. They had no means of support except the washing the old lady did. They were very poor but neat and clean and cheerful. I told Clara I was looking for Johnny Smith, but as she did not know him, of course we talked of Christmas, and Mary spoke up and said Santa was going to bring her a doll and doll buggy. Clara reproved her for being greedy, but she said she hoped Santa would bring the doll (she didn't mention the hair ribbon) because Mary cried herself to sleep every night after she said her prayer, which always ended with, "And please bring Mary a doll." She evidently said her prayer to Santa Claus.

I took a basket Christmas Eve, put it on the porch, knocked on the door, and ran around to the side window. Mary found her doll and doll buggy and Clara her hair ribbon, and there was something for grandma. With a motherly gesture Clara gathered little sister and doll into her arms and the last thing I heard was Mary teaching her doll to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and she wound up with "God bless Santa Claus."

He did.



# CHRISTMAS

by W.D. Pennypacker



IN HUMAN experience there is no page more replete with joyous association. The first Christmas we remember only as described in sacred story, and we visualize its influence through the spirit exemplified in the lives of our fellows.

The next Christmas we cannot recall. We may have lain in trundle-bed or cuddled in a mother's arms. That was a hal-  
lowed Christmas!

Then followed anniversaries teeming with visions of sleighs, Santa Claus, candy and toys, when the veriest romance of Yuletide was so real! We never forget those days.

But how mystically they merge into another epoch. With the diminishing vision of Santa

we become aware of a better Christmas in the conscious love and loyalty of others. And then—



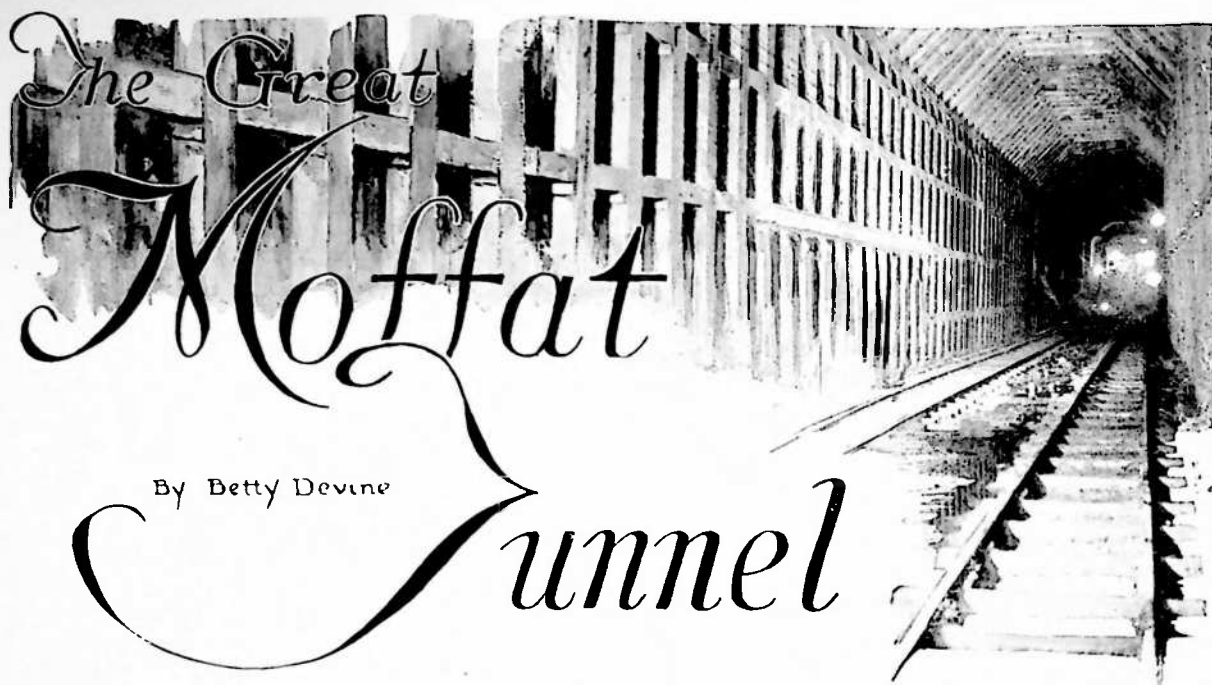
In years that follow, the Christmas season becomes richer and more beautiful. It has lost the confusion of toys and confections. But in all these years there has been growing a tree that is ever green—upon it a thousand glittering spangles—hallowed memories of those who played with us around our earliest Christmas trees, or

shared the season's festivities in later years.

Refreshing are the recollections that flood upon us as a newer generation takes our place in the pleasures and happy illusions of Christmas.

May this Yuletide be brighter and happier than all that have gone before.





**T**HE ROMANCE of the Moffat Tunnel, is to me, one of its most interesting features and certainly everything pertaining to it is interesting.

The entire project, from the earliest dream of the late David H. Moffat, the late William G. Evans and others whose splendid vision laid the foundation for this marvelous feat which is slowly but surely metamorphosing from the light of remote possibility to that of reality, is filled with romance.

From V. A. Kauffman, resident engineer at West Portal, who nineteen years ago made the location for this very tunnel, to William Fowler, night superintendent, whose father was a tunnel man and whose life has been devoted to this work, to the men who are shooting the hard rock, drilling or clearing out the debris with a mucking machine four or five thousand feet back into the mountain where the atmosphere is filled with black damp gas and smoke, and the constant seepage of water from below and above makes it necessary to wear heavy, high rubber shoes, slickers and rubber hats, the spirit of romance is pre-eminent.

It turns that dimly lighted cavernous pit into a realm of rare achievement, it fills the hearts of men who are spending their days and nights penetrating the deep recesses of that mammoth wall of rock and earth with strange joy and inspiration born of a desire to feel that they are an integral part of this gigantic project upon which the eyes of the world are focused, and in which, brains, millions of dollars, years of constructive effort and skilled workmanship are combining to build a lasting mon-

ument to Colorado and open the way to such prosperity as she has never known.

It fires their imagination with fantastic pictures of what the day or night may bring forth in the way of discovery; what new formation may appear in the mountainous structure and over at West Portal constantly lures them with the hope of reaching hard rock which will permit more rapid progress.

What could be more romantic than the very setting in which this chapter of Colorado's history is being written? The manner in which these two new villages, known as East and West Portal, suddenly took root in the very heart of the Rockies—on either side of the Continental Divide, just six miles apart,



V. A. Kauffman, resident engineer; George Lewis, general manager; R. N. Keys, chief engineer—East Portal.

Timbered Section of West Portal, 16x24 Railroad Tunnel

straight through, with the alluring prospect of someday being joined through the Moffat Tunnel, is the epitome of romance.

Though I am assured by Mr. Kauffman that it is very simple—purely a mathematical problem, romanticism of the highest kind clings to the engineering part of this great undertaking and the running true to line of each of these portals so that they will exactly meet, without the slightest variation the day the two working forces finally come together.

Mr. Kauffman says that since making the location for this tunnel 19 years ago, he has waited for this job; that he has cherished a certain sentiment with regard to completing it and that great day when East and West portals meet, over and above everything else will be the crowning satisfaction that he has helped put through something of such paramount value to Colorado and the West.

So it is with any number of those we met at West Portal: "I've had a couple of offers of better jobs since I've been over here, but, somehow there's something about this particular job that holds me—I just want to see it through," as expressed by one, reflects the attitude of many. It's the romance that grips them.

The way these two villages have thrived—the manner in which their people have settled down to the routine of life there—even in winter when they are practically shut off from the rest of the world—the civic pride they show

in their post office, commissary, hospital, school house, office building, dining hall and living quarters is characteristic of the spirit which is making the dream of this tunnel come true.

Due to the fact that my visit chanced to be at West Portal I shall confine myself to conditions there though I am told that they are practically the same at East Portal.

The morale of the organization is one of the things that impressed me most.

None seems to be laboring under the impression that he is serving a one or two-year "sentence" over there and in consequence merely checks off hours and days by the time clock. Quite the contrary; the idea seems rather with each and everyone, how much he can do each day; how far he can get; they seem much more concerned over working conditions and the possibility of forging ahead than in putting the hours behind them. An obvious spirit of pride in their task penetrates the entire organization, from Mr. Kauffman and the office force to the men in the farthest recesses of the Tunnel. There was something very fine in the eagerness and enthusiasm with which each and everyone of them explained his particular work and as occasionally happened, the work of the other fellow.

William Macdonald, in his spiffy white cap, acting in the capacity of steward, pointed with unmistakable pride to his immaculately clean kitchen and the batches of excellent bread just being removed from the ovens, and as if eager to back up his "testimonial" a chef promptly cut a loaf and passed us a trial slice that we might see its texture.

There was none of the rough and ready service I had expected to find in a camp where hundreds of meals are served in a day. The tables were covered with white oilcloth. The food is the best that can be bought; is well prepared and generously and nicely served. The menu is varied daily and permits of a choice.

The men, and at the time of our visit, there were close to 400, most of whom ate in the regular dining room, are charged \$1.50 per day for board and room, the rooms in neat comfortable barracks, equipped with heat and shower baths.

The men file in and out of the dining room in an orderly manner and the atmosphere is as quiet and pleasing as can be found in most down-town restaurants.

Through the courtesy of Mr. W. P. Robinson, president of the Tunnel Commission, we spent a night at the tunnel enjoying a clean, comfortable room and as good meals as one could wish for.

Apropos of the feeding problem, it was interesting to learn that the men coming out from a night's work in the tunnel—this shift which goes on at eleven o'clock and works until seven next morning, being known as "The Grave Yard Shift," seem to care little for meats for breakfast but have a special craving for onions and pickles. Just why, we were unable to learn but evidently the atmosphere back

in there charged with dampness, gasses and smoke despite efforts at forcing fresh air in through ventilating pipes, must develop a craving for special properties contained in these foods.

The hours between midnight and two o'clock in the morning are considered the most dangerous of the entire twenty-four (in the tunnel, of course) and during this time, the Grave Yard Shift takes special precautions to guard against cave-ins or other accidents, the belief being that during these hours the world is upside down and the danger of cave-ins greater.

A peculiar fact is that most of the accidents or cave-ins of a serious nature have happened about this time of the morning, which naturally strengthens the belief.

Inasmuch as the shifts are constantly changing, on a sort of progressive scale, each moving ahead every week or so, this superstition is not peculiar to any one group of men but to all as associated with the Grave Yard shift.

Opera stars have nothing on tunnel men when it comes to being temperamental, apropos of which the following was told to me: One morning when a group of tunnel men went out to go into the shaft some birds were fluttering in and out of the entrance and not a man would enter the shaft, birds in the portal being considered an ill omen, suggesting a funeral in the very near future.

The men on each shift going into the tunnel put up their own lunches, selecting their food from a plentiful supply set out on a side table



*Entrance to East Portal*

for this purpose, this arrangement eliminating much waste and dissatisfaction.

Mr. Macdonald's pride in his work was no greater than that evidenced by Pete Rowan—known in camp as "The Powder Monkey"—as he explained the intricacies, caution and skill necessary to loading and fusing the dynamite for use in the tunnel and I think I can get any of your votes that this should come under the category of "skilled labor."

"Pete" is a character for the pen of a novelist.

Imagine, playing with dynamite for forty years! That's "Pete," and only one serious accident as a result of which he wears a glass eye and seems to be minus a few bones in one hand, the which, however, failed to intimidate him or turn the trend of his ambitions into



*East Portal—Hospital after snow storm. Insert—West Portal, Hauling Trolley Locomotive to Portal from R. R.*

less dangerous channels for he is still poking holes in sticks of dynamite and insists that the main requisites to success in his line are a clear conscience which enables one to keep one's mind on one's task and a pointed wooden stick with which to bore the holes.

Now for my part I can think of a lot of things I'd rather do, but the job's full of romance to "Pete." He is sixty years old, most of which time has been spent in the mountains of Colorado where, during the gold excitement Leadville was his headquarters. He is in charge of the powder house at West Portal, where he loads, primes or fuses with electric wires all the shots used in the tunnel and keeps track of what is checked out.

Practically all of the timbers used in the tunnel, as in Solomon's Temple, are measured off and cut to fit before being carried in. It goes without saying then, that a saw-mill is a very necessary part of the equipment and a full-fledged one is in operation every day.

vides sleeping apartments for the men who are employed in the offices and for visiting officials from Denver.

A Commissary where all sorts of supplies are sold; a recreation hall where men off duty while away a few hours at cards or pool; a third class post-office, a hospital with fully equipped operating room and X-ray apparatus, two private rooms and six beds in a ward under the direction of Dr. McDonald, camp physician, who is permitted to answer outside calls only in emergency cases, and a school where 41 pupils ranging from first to eighth grade are taught by Miss Elita Shupp, all are important factors in everyday life at the tunnel camp.

A note tacked on the schoolhouse door reading "No visitors during school hours," hints that romance hangs about the schoolhouse—or "marm."

Add to the foregoing a residence district with its Larimer street and its Capitol Hill, the

of it prior to going through. I knew its importance to that wonderful country lying beyond which had been helped immeasurably by the Moffat Road and the glorious possibilities the tunnel would open up for it.

Of course I had passed through railroad tunnels and in a vague sort of way knew that this was to be one of gigantic proportions—six miles through James Peak, but the exact meaning of East and West Portal and what was meant by the Pioneer tunnel or the Water tunnel were merely conjectures on my part and as I learned later not very accurate ones.

Thinking perhaps there may be others who haven't a clear understanding of these things and at the risk of boring those who have, let me say that East Portal is where the engineers and tunnel force have established their camp on the East side of James Peak and are driving the tunnel through west, while West Portal is the same proposition on the West side of the Peak, where the engineers and workers are drilling and digging through toward the East, which, of course, means that some day the two forces will meet and the six miles of mountain wall will have been penetrated. In the contract let for the building of the tunnel, the time set for its completion is August, 1926, and at the time of our visit in October, this year, it was about one-third completed.

The pioneer tunnel means just what it indicates—the FIRST tunnel under construction, but the confusing part of this is that many people do not understand that TWO separate tunnels are being dug, or driven, the one—known as the pioneer or water tunnel to carry water from the other side of the Continental Divide to supply us on this side and the other the railroad tunnel through which trains will pass.

The two tunnels are just 75 feet apart running exactly parallel, the water tunnel having been driven first to facilitate work in the train tunnel, cross-cuts being made about every twelve or fifteen hundred feet from the water to the railroad tunnel. At each of these crosscuts work in the railroad tunnel starts in both directions, one gang of men working East and the other West—from the line of the cross-cut, the base of each of these operations being known as a "Heading"—for instance the first "Main heading No. 1 East" and "Main Heading No. 1 West." The second crosscut marked "Main heading No. 2 East" from which the men drill on East and Main Heading No. 2 West from which they drill West or back until they join the opening being made by the men working on Main Heading No. 1 East. Cross-cut No. 3 marks Main Heading No. 4 East and West, the former being at the time of our visit the farthest line of penetration of the railroad tunnel Eastward into the mountain while the latter marks the point from which this gang of men are working back to join the operation coming their way from Main Heading No. 3 East.

If I make myself clear you will understand that it is a case of working both ways all the



West Portal—Excavating and loading soft rock in one of the main headings

There is also a steel sharpening shop for tempering all the steel used in the tunnel and an interesting piece of machinery just added at the time we were there was a drill car which can be rolled inside the tunnel or wherever needed to sharpen the drills under the direction of Lou Todd, known as the drill doctor, for keeping the drills in order is some job. Incidentally, practically all the drills are from the Denver Rock Drill Company.

A change room where the men change clothes before going into the tunnel, is equipped with lockers and hoists, the latter to hoist the clothes up near the ceiling out of the way and also out of the dust and dirt. Here also are shower baths for the use of the men.

The office building, where the offices are located and which is steam heated also pro-

vides sleeping apartments for the men who are employed in the offices and for visiting officials from Denver. The latter the site of more pretentious dwellings—9 four-room and 11 two-room cottages—built by the Commission and rented to married men and their families, and you have a bird's eye view of West Portal.

The camp also has its social side, consisting of foursomes at bridge or Mah Jongg, sewing parties and afternoon teas among the wives and picture shows and dances in the recreation hall two or three evenings a week, with church on Sundays.

Now for a glimpse at what is actually involved in building this far-famed tunnel.

At the risk of being called stupid, I confess frankly that with all I had read of its camps and the lines upon which the tunnel itself was being driven, I had little or no comprehension

time, backwards and forwards from a certain line—or cross-cut—for instance, the water tunnel is always several feet ahead of the railroad tunnel so from this point—usually when it is a distance of twelve or fifteen hundred feet farther ahead than the railroad tunnel, they dig a sort of channel through from the side of it to the line (75 feet distance) running parallel with it which is marked off for the railroad tunnel and upon reaching what is to be the main line for the railroad tunnel forces of men start drilling and digging both forward and back (East and West).

Temporary tracks are laid through the water tunnel for small motor engines, propelled by Edison batteries, which carry long trains of cars hauling timber and other supplies for use in both tunnels, and which also carry quantities of rock, earth, muck and debris of every sort out of the tunnels to the big dump.

Both tunnels are equipped with electric lights and other electric apparatus, such as generators, cables, etc. In some instances insulated wire is run through a hose so that it can be trailed through water to various points without shorting the circuit.

As in all great projects, the telephone is playing an important part in the construction of this tunnel, for not only is a good-sized branch exchange installed in the Tunnel Commission offices in Denver, but branches directly connected with it are also installed at both East and West Portal, and special stations at certain headings far inside the tunnels. These stations are encased in metal boxes, because of the dampness, and are called mine sets.

Every effort is being made at keeping the atmosphere as good as possible, fresh air being carried into the tunnel through ventilating tubes, which also carry off a certain amount of smoke, but even so it is indeed a murky place and at times the noise almost deafening when the big drills are going.

The accompanying photographs of completed portions show the difference between construction at East and West Portal. It will be noticed that at East Portal the entire wall of the tunnel is of solid rock, through which the penetration was accomplished largely by "shooting" or dynamiting, while at West Portal the walls and ceiling are solid timbering. This was necessitated by the fact that the formation encountered at West Portal has been almost entirely *soft*, either a sort of earth or rocky content too soft to permit of "shooting," so that most of it to date has been either dug out with picks and shovels, or where it is a trifle too hard for that, loosened or chipped off with drills.

It goes without saying that such formation as this will not hold up but will cave in practically as fast as it is penetrated, so to hold it a force of timber-men follows immediately in the wake of the men who are digging and drilling, timbering off the excavation as fast as it is made.

Incidentally, in the estimated cost of the tunnel, this amount of timber was not anticipated nor figured on, nor the extra labor necessary to its installation, which factors doubtless will add considerably to the cost as originally estimated.

At the time of our visit only two places had been encountered where the rock was hard enough to shoot for any distance and not necessitate timbering, and neither of these stretches of hard rock was more than twelve or fourteen feet long.

This condition at West Portal might be discouraging, as it makes progress very slow, and with a time limit set for its completion the task assumes proportions.

The very first operation in starting the tunnel after the engineering work is done and the line of the tunnel surveyed, and the one followed straight through in so far as possible, is drilling several holes into the breast of the mountain to hold sticks of dynamite, which are timed to go off in groups at intervals—first group, second, etc. After the shots are fired (and in shooting to any extent in the tunnel the operation is under the direction of a shift boss who usually sends his men out for safety after the shots are placed, or who sometimes does the placing himself after sending the men out, taking care to get out of the way himself before they go off), and, as I started to say, after the shots have been fired the rock, muck, etc., is shoveled into these little cars, a mucking machine being pressed into service where there is a lot to be cleared out. This machine operates with what seems almost human intelligence, though in action it reminds one of a broncho bucking both ways, for it not only runs its nose (shovel fashion) into the loose rock and earth, picking it up, but does a sort of double shift by throwing this back over onto a roller which carries it and deposits it into the car.

As soon as enough of this loose stuff caused by either drilling or shots is cleared so the timber crew can get in behind, they erect a heading, which consists of huge timbers arranged at the sides and across the top of the opening, well braced through the center. The second operation is the process of widening this opening both at the sides and top, which is rounded out. Then comes the art, for believe me the manner in which timbering is being done at West Portal has resolved itself into nothing short of real art, of timbering the ceiling and sides as far as they are dug, for another interesting feature of this excavating is that they work from the *top* down, cutting through at a point near the top or what will be the ceiling and just a few feet down on each side, for it stands to reason that drilling and shoveling out from the bottom upward would cause cave-ins, as removing the dirt and rock below leaves nothing to hold up what is above it, while starting near the top and rounding out the ceiling first offers a chance to timber that and brace it at an angle on the



"Capitol Hill" at West Portal

temporary pillars or "plumb posts" at the sides, thereby holding the earth above and keeping it from slipping or caving in.

Where the ceiling is completed and the top part of the sides is called the upper bench—the earth beneath, having not yet been dug out, forms a sort of bench or bridge upon which the work of the ceiling portion is done. In the first part of the tunnel the ceiling was timbered in three segments or pieces, one across the very center of the top with a separate piece placed at an angle at each end joining the top centerpiece and the plumb pillars at the sides, this joint or angle adding greatly to the strength of the timbering.

As they got farther into the mountain, and the weight above became greater, it was necessary to change the process of timbering from three-segment ceiling to five, the angle sides pressing against each other giving added strength. In one point, where some of you perhaps remember reading accounts of a cave-in taking place, the earth above was so heavy that the plumb posts at the sides cupped out. Here it was necessary to reinforce the top of the tunnel with a double ceiling for a space of forty feet. The plan is, of course, to some day concrete the entire space where timbering has been done, and when the time for concreting this 40-foot portion comes it will probably mean that one of these two ceilings will have to be removed, though for the time being both are a necessity.

These Oregon timbers being used in this work are said to have a life of from 35 to 40 years, and Mr. Kauffman expressed the opinion that in all probability they will try to get as nearly the full life out of them as possible before going to the trouble and expense of concreting. He has figured a factor of safety of 4 per cent when completed, and says it will hold almost any weight.

The third operation in the work comes in clearing this upper bench, timbering and forcing the sides, and the fourth operation clearing the lower bench, which cuts the excavation down to the ground level or floor of the tunnel. This means removing the temporary plumb pillars at the sides on the upper benches and erecting regular 17-foot 12x12 permanent plumb posts. In many portions of the tunnel thus far it has been necessary to place these only three feet apart, and in some places as close as two feet, showing the tremendous weight to be held.

I forgot to mention that there is a lot of packing back of all this front timbering, the packing consisting of smaller pieces of native timber, packed solidly in every possible opening or crevice between the front timbering and the earth back of it.

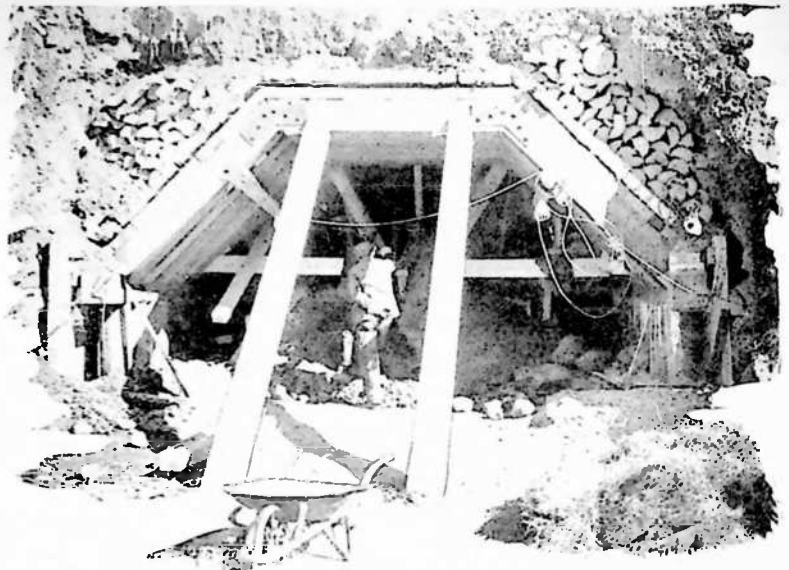
At Main Heading No. 4 East, which marked the farthest penetration at the time of our visit, the men were drilling into the breast of the mountain with mounted drills operated by compressed air carried in through pipe lines. These drills were hollow through the center, and water, also piped in, ran through the opening, helping to keep the drill cool and also having some special effect on the rock.

Away back in there I met Scotty Walker—nope, not Johnny, that's another Walker you're thinking about—this was Scotty, a member of the "Aukl Klan"—wrong again: no, not "Koo Koo Klan"—SCOTCH, who has devoted his life to this sort of work for twenty years, and still loves the romance of it.

In addition to being a mighty agreeable chap, "Scotty" is in the expert class, and he showed us how the drills work. Then speaking of "shooting" the rock, I asked if there was not danger of loading too heavily and having the impact of the dynamite knock down some of the timbering, etc. "Surely," answered James F. Cohig, engineer, who was showing me through, "that's where the *skill* comes in—that's Scotty's job, to know how much to use."

There have been attempts on the part of cranks to wreck the tunnel, and a constant watch has to be kept to prevent such acts. Hiring of all employees is done in the Denver offices of the Commission, through which practically all business associated with the tunnel is handled.

Now, friends, if you're tired wading through this, just be glad, at least, that I did the preliminary skirmishing for you. Believe me, it was a lot harder wading in the tunnel. It was interesting and thrilling, but there were a lot



West Portal—"Going Under" with railroad tunnel timber

of angles—and a few curves—to it which you have been spared.

To begin with, I was in bad standing before I even got started, for there is a rule at the tunnel prohibiting women going through, and of course the first thing that happened to me following our arrival was the dampening my enthusiasm with this unhappy announcement.

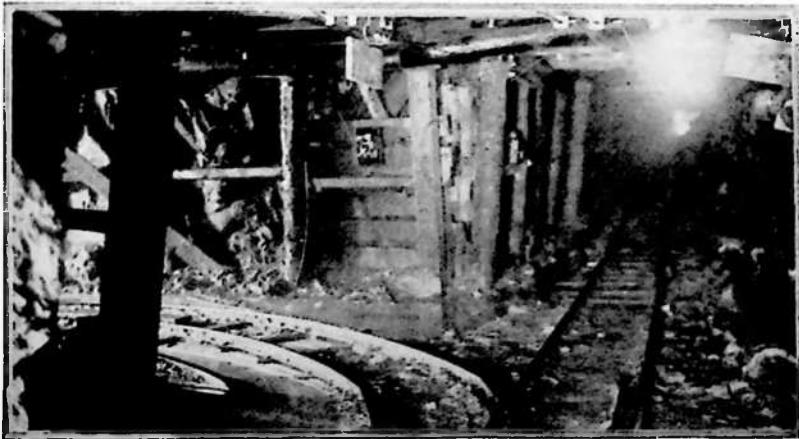
Knowing that most rules have a certain inside filling of elasticity, I asked, "Well, can't you just play I'm a man for the time being?" And then it developed that among the tunnel men a sort of superstition also attaches to a woman's entering the tunnel. They look upon it as an omen of ill and are quite set in the belief that some fatality or evil will befall the tunnel or its workers following a woman's

entrance there. Well, of course that was somewhat of a "stopper." One hates to be relegated to the "jinx" class and I could see myself getting very unpopular with the men back there underground; and besides there are a lot of accidents that could happen on purpose, but while I was turning the matter over in my mind the elasticity got in its work and they decided to risk me!

Next thing I knew I was wrestling with a heavy pair of solid rubber shoes—man's size, if you please (and my own are about all I can navigate), slicker a mile or so too long which I had to hold up, and a man's hat. Oh, I was a thing of beauty, all right, and at best I haven't a face I can afford to take chances with.

At last we were headed toward the tunnel, Mr. Cohig, with his six feet—no, he's no centipede—six feet in height, stepping off the distance in record time, while my "equipment" should have qualified me for the handicap class, let alone the fact that I am built much closer to the ground than he.

Well, if the men in the tunnel were uncomfortable over my visit they had nothing on me, but I'll say this for them, they were a bunch of thoroughbreds all the way through, just a fine lot of fellows each and every one of them, ready to lend me a hand when it came to edging in sideways through a slim strip of atmosphere between the wall of the tunnel and the little train, or to climbing up a siding ten feet high with nothing to get a toe-hold on but a lot of slag and slippery earth, and I hate to brag, modesty being my chief charm, but they knew I was a *lady* even in those togs, for not a man failed to lift his hat when I spoke to him—that's the class of fellow you'll



West Portal—Showing Cross-cut from water-way to railroad tunnel

# New Income and Expense Record

PERHAPS you have been one of the several thousand employees of the Bell System who have kept annual records during one or more of the past four years of their individual or family income and expenses in account books prepared by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and distributed to them by their respective companies.

This practice of keeping a book account of income and expenses is spreading very rapidly throughout the United States and is one of the significant phases of the growing interest in thrift on the part of those men and women who have reached the age when they begin to give some thought to a definite plan for their life as a whole as well as their daily living.

In the belief that the experience of the past four years with the old book in the Bell System warranted a more extensive distribution of an improved set of account forms, the Comptroller's Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has prepared something entirely new which promises to serve the needs of every user much more satisfactorily and completely.

Every individual who uses the new book will directly participate in actually making

## THINK IT OVER

Income .....	\$100.00
Expenditures .....	90.00
Result—Happiness	
Income .....	\$100.00
Expenditures .....	110.00
Result—Misery	

it. The forms are completely drawn up, but the individual builds in his own column headings and literally makes a book of his own.

This process will be easy because the first section of the book tells quite clearly with illustrations how it can be done.

The old book had the column headings printed in. Some of them fitted the needs of a family and others suited the individual best. Nobody was entirely satisfied, and one result was that nearly everyone who kept the old book crossed out some of the column headings and substituted headings of his own. In the new book this practice will simply be carried out a little further, the pages will be neater, and every item will express exactly what the user wants to record.

final working in the tunnel.

If my visit precipitated any calamity, it had the decency to wait until I was out of sight, for I didn't hear of it.

One thing I've been grateful for ever since is that I did not have my picture taken. It would have been a prize-winner for my enemies, and I'm sure that a few years hence just when I get the art of "flapperism" down to a science, Mr. "U. (K) Uncertain" would forward it to the editor of THE MONITOR and he'd be mean enough to run it, especially if it had been snapped while Frank Blanchard and I were lying face down with our heels in the air (and it was some feet—feet—matters not how you spell it to get mine up in those shoes), on one of the little flat cars, coasting under the "low bridges"; you'd have to walk "swim" and climb all through that tunnel to have a real appreciation of what that ride meant to me—especially considering the fact that one of that fellow's shoes I wore had scraped a lot of perfectly good "me" off one of my pedal extremities.

It was worth it, however, and I, too, have developed a lot of sentiment in regard to this great project and what it will mean to Northwestern Colorado; for if, as I am told, a million tons of coal were handled over Moffat Road Hill in the year 1917, with the mines over there practically undeveloped, is there any limit to what can be done when the tunnel is completed and development of the coal industry

in that part of the country is gone into in earnest?

The idea is to have electric engines hook on to trains at each entrance to the tunnel and pull them through, steam engines being attached again after the tunnel is cleared.

Automobiles also will doubtless be loaded on cars and transported through the tunnel by these electric engines.

Those in charge of the work are not quite sure whether the tunnel itself when completed will furnish enough natural draft to ventilate it properly, or whether a ventilating system will have to be resorted to.

Henceforth I shall always have a soulful appreciation of tunnels in general and of this one in particular; of the master minds that plan them and the courageous men who build them.

I do hope they'll let me play an "encore" over there next summer.

## BETTY DEVINE'S TRIP

Owing to lack of space because of the many Christmas stories appearing in this issue of THE MONITOR, we are compelled to "crowd out" the continuation of Betty Devine's interesting story of her trip "Over the Pass," the first part of which appeared in the November issue. The "trail will be taken up" again in the January MONITOR.

Another advantage of the new book is that it enables its user to keep the simplest conceivable form of a daily record of expenses and do nothing more, or the record can be developed step by step until it includes a budget and all of the other accessories of a full-fledged system of personal accounting.

The final or complete book will be printed on better paper than has been used before.

All of these improvements add to the cost of each copy of the complete book, and in order to justify the additional expense, a new plan of distribution will be used. In brief this plan is as follows:

Preliminary or experimental samples of the forms will be available for any employee who asks for a copy. These sample forms will be printed on a cheaper grade of paper and will include only sheets for January and February entries. They will be ready for delivery right after Christmas.

When you get a sample form you can experiment with it for a few days or for a few weeks and decide for yourself whether you would like to keep it for the whole of the year 1925. If you decide that you would like to do this, the first page includes an application form for the complete book which you should fill out and hand to your immediate supervisor. This should be done before the first of February in order to put the complete book in your hands before you use up the sheets of the experimental form.

While the forms are designed to start the accounts on January 1st, if for any reason your copy does not reach you until after that date, it is entirely practicable to begin the accounts at any time.

Are you going to be one of the thousands of telephone employees who will give this preliminary issue of an income and expense record a personal trial?



## In Appreciation

Manager Edward Cook, at Hot Sulphur Springs, Colo., received a fine letter of appreciation from Leslie S. Deal, camp director of the Denver Y. M. C. A., at the close of the camp season, and the following is a part of that letter:

"We want to express to you our sincere appreciation for the splendid service which we have had all summer. It has been fine. Especially do we want to express to you our sincere thanks for the courtesy of your operators at all times. No one ever had more courteous treatment or better service than we have enjoyed from you this summer."



## It Must Be

Any turkey that can survive Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's is a tough old bird.

# PRIMER OF SAFETY FIRST

## Accidents Never Happen Unless Someone Has Been Careless--Are You in the "A. B. C." Class

We had twelve accidents in October, a decrease of three compared with September. Four of the twelve were lost-time accidents.

Arizona, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico-El Paso, and Utah passed through the month without a lost-time accident. This is the twentieth consecutive month for Idaho, the fifth for Montana, and the second for Arizona and New Mexico-El Paso.

Colorado had seven accidents, two of which were lost-time.

Wyoming after going for nine months without a lost-time accident had one in October and dropped from first to second place.

Installation Department with one lost-time accident for the month dropped from seventh to last place.

### Plant Accidents, October, 1924

Divisions	Total Accidents	Number of Lost Time Accidents	Lost Time Accidents Per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
Utah .....	1	0	.0
Montana .....	2	0	.0
New Mexico-El Paso .....	0	0	.0
Arizona .....	0	0	.0
Idaho .....	0	0	.0
Colorado .....	7	2	2.9
Wyoming .....	1	1	7.9
Installation Dept. ..	1	1	8.2
Total .....	12	4	2.3

### Classification of Lost Time Accidents

Falling from cable terminal balcony.....	1
Falling from ladder.....	1
Strain from lifting material.....	1
Spur cut out.....	1

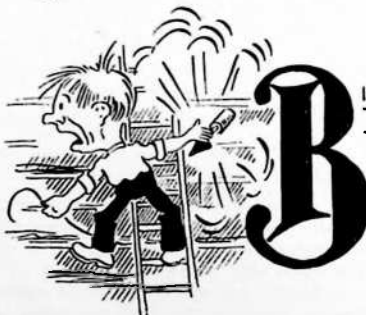
### Number of Accidents First Ten Months,

1924

Divisions	Total Accidents	Number of Lost Time Accidents	Lost Time Accidents Per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
Idaho .....	6	0	.0
Wyoming .....	6	1	.8
New Mexico-El Paso .....	7	1	.9
Montana .....	13	2	1.0
Colorado .....	49	13	2.1
Utah .....	15	7	3.1
Arizona .....	10	5	4.7
Installation Dept. ..	19	6	4.9
Total .....	125	35	2.2

**A** STANDS FOR ACCIDENTS, A THOUSAND DIFFERENT BRANDS. WE JUST WISH TO WARN YOU, BEFORE ONE ON YOU LANDS.

*In the first 10 months, 1924, we had 125 accidents, 35 of which were lost-time, and 14 of them were serious cases.*



**B** IS BURNS SO PAINFUL, THAT SCORCHES HIDE AND HAIR. THERE'S NO NEED TO SUFFER, IF YOU'LL USE A LITTLE CARE

*During the year six men sustained severe burns from improper handling of hot paraffin, hot solder, and gasoline furnaces. See Safety Code, Pages 22 and 35.*

**C** STANDS FOR CARELESSNESS. AN ACCIDENT HE LIKES BEST. IF YOU HEED HIS PRATTLING, YOU'LL LIE BENEATH "AT REST."

*45 per cent of our accidents were due to carelessness. The principal causes of accidents are: Carelessness, Recklessness, Negligence, Inattention and Thoughtlessness.*



**D** STANDS FOR DOCTOR AND THE DAMAGE HE REPAIRS. DON'T BE ANOTHER VICTIM, WATCH THAT BUM STEP IN THE STAIRS.

*When ascending or descending steps or stairways always use the hand rails for support and exercise care that the foot is placed firmly on the step. See Safety Code, Page 7.*

(To be continued next month.)

# Recent Instances of Regulation

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

By Milton Smith, General Counsel

## *Allowance for Overhead to Be Determined from Facts and not upon Theory.*

The Indiana Commission, in Re Lebanon Telephone Company, decided September 22, 1924, had under consideration the application of the telephone company for an increase in rates. Among other things, the commission found that in each instance, the estimated overhead was based only upon theory and was merely an engineer's guess as to what expenses might be incurred if the company's property were duplicated anew under present conditions on the cost basis assumed by the engineers; that there was no proof that such overhead expenses or any part thereof were actually paid in the building up of the existing property and further found that if any such expenses had actually been

paid, they were paid from earnings and not from any investment of the company or its stockholders. In its order, the commission stated that the inclusion or exclusion of overheads and the amount thereof in evaluation of existing property should depend upon the existing facts of the situation and not upon the imagination of engineers as to what might happen if the property were duplicated anew under present conditions

## *Zoning Ordinance Forbidding Erection of an Apartment House Within Certain Zones Held Not to be Within Police Power.*

In Jersey Land Company v. Scott, 126 Atl. 173, the New Jersey Supreme Court held that an ordinance forbidding the construction of an apartment house within a certain district was without the po-

lice power and could not be sustained as protecting the public safety, health or general welfare in this particular community, since the fact that its presence might not be pleasing to the other residents in the immediate neighborhood presented no basis for regarding its construction as opposed to the general welfare, nor could the fact that the building was four stories high be regarded as endangering the public safety nor the health of the community, and that, therefore, a writ of peremptory mandamus would issue, compelling the building inspector to issue a building permit.

## *Zoning Ordinance Changing an Industrial Section to a Residential Section Held Unconstitutional.*

In Cooper Lumber Co. v. Dammers, 125 Atl. 325, the Supreme Court of New Jersey had under consideration a zoning ordinance enacted pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 240, Laws of New Jersey, 1920, designed to change a neighborhood used for years as an industrial section without detriment to the public health, safety or general welfare, into a residential district. The court held the ordinance to be void as an invasion of the right of private property guaranteed by the Federal and State Constitutions, since necessity alone and not esthetic consideration justified the exercise of police power to take property without compensation. The court further held that the fact that a corporation which desired to use its property in this zone for a lumber yard, purchased such property after the ordinance was passed, did not affect its right to attack the ordinance in order to compel the issuance of a building permit as the corporation as grantee obtained all the rights which its grantor had with respect to the property conveyed. A mandamus compelling the issuance of a building permit was granted.

## When the A. B. Club Met

Doughnuts .....	600
Gallons sweet cider .....	30
Glasses fruit punch .....	962
Dances .....	16
People .....	300
Scare-crow .....	1
Total Joys .....	1,909

One thousand nine hundred nine rounds of joy, and going strong when the "home, James" waltz was played by the Blue Devils orchestra, was the record shown on the speedometer, October 8, at the close of the big annual Halloween ball given in the Woman's Club building by the A. B. Club of Denver.

There were 300 guests who came to enjoy the festivities of the evening. The ballroom was tastefully decorated in keeping with the colors and mystic emblems of the season. Black and yellow festoons and clinging draperies of soft mulled paper hung from the ceiling and electric chandeliers, while in the rear of the room stood a scare-crow, stuffed to overflowing with barley straw and shredded wheat.

He spake not, neither did he smile,

But others, not so dumb as he,

Vied in efforts to beguile.

Just outside the ballroom in the spacious foyer were long tables upon which were scores of shining glasses, glittering cut-glass punch bowls, big-handled pitchers, stacks of crisp-brown doughnuts, oodles of sweet cider and gallons of rich fruit punch. The demand was great but the supply was sufficient.

The entertainment committee of the A. B. Club did itself great credit, and many were the compliments heard. The dance was a success from every angle. The next entertainment to be given the members will be a stag affair, and they do say it will be a whizzer.



### Christmas Don'ts

Don't hunt for price marks on the presents you receive.

Don't wait till Christmas for the purpose of being kind.

Don't present your Christmas gift as if you were conferring a favor.

Don't, if the present you are sending away was expensive, fail to remove the price tag.

Don't give merely for the purpose of creating the impression that you are generous.

Don't forget that the clerk who has been working long hours for many weeks is human.

# Accuracy in Forecasting



**T**HE Force Engineering Bureau of the Colorado Traffic Department has the responsibility of estimating the amount of traffic expected a year in advance and, also, of providing an adequate force to handle this traffic. In Colorado this force amounts to about 1,700 operators, over 1,000 of them being in Denver.

In figuring operating forces the Force Engineer deals almost entirely with what is known as a "traffic unit." If all calls involved took the same amount of operating time to handle, the traffic unit would not be heard of, but, since each type of call takes a different amount of operating time, it requires a unit of measurement in order to carry out this timing. Briefly, a traffic unit is 15.65 seconds of operating time, or the time it takes to complete a call from a one-party flat rate line to another line in the same office which may be reached in the multiple in front of the operator taking the call. In case the call cannot be completed through the multiple it is necessary to trunk to some other operator who has the multiple in front of her. On this kind of a call, five-tenths of a unit is added for trunking. This time value to each class of call is called a "coefficient." To find the amount of traffic flowing through an office, total calls would be counted hourly and a coefficient applied to each class of call to equate them to traffic units.

*Top—Left to Right—Hilde Von Holdt, Anna Orth, Edna Work, Pauline Strolow, Edna Becker, J. S. Holland, Dorothy Mommens.*

A local operator with about twelve months' experience is rated as 100% efficient on the tables supplied which give the average efficiency for each month of experience. Such an operator can handle 230 units each hour. The operator of one month's experience, on the same basis, can handle only 106 units per hour. Factors that tend to raise the operating load as expressed in units are Audible and Automatic Ringing, for which an increase of 6% is figured because the operator does not have to ring or give voluntary supervision; and multiple answering jacks on the "A" board which results in the greater efficiency in those hours of the day or night when a few operators have to run the whole board. In the total lines of all the switch boards in the state there are no two boards which handle the same board load.

Now, if the traffic remained the same each day it would be a much simpler job to provide the right number of operators, but it fluctuates from day to day, and in Denver in a single year may fluctuate over 90,000 units. This fluctuation would make a difference of about 86 operators which, if not provided at the right time, would seriously impair the serv-

ice while, on the other hand, every operator over the number required would be a needless waste of money. So, the first thing is to estimate the amount of traffic expected. Each year in October this estimate is made for the twelve months of the coming year. This is done by extending the trend of traffic for the last ten or fifteen years through the year to be estimated, giving an added weight in figures to those years which we call normal years from a traffic view-point.

This forecast of traffic is a special duty of Miss Edna Work. By long specialization in this forecasting, Miss Work can tell you almost exactly how many people in the city of Denver or Pueblo, or anywhere in Colorado, will take off the receiver and make local calls during 24 hours on any day next year. On June, 1924, in the city of Denver, she hit the actual traffic 100.1%. In August her estimate was 100.3% in Denver. In the Champa office of Denver for August, 1924, she hit the actual traffic 100.0%. On the Denver Long Distance in March, 1924, her estimate exactly hit the total number of calls actually offered by the public. In addition to the estimate of traffic, Miss Work must estimate the future experience of each operating force and arrive at an objective load to be carried for six months ahead.

When her estimates and objective loads are

# Here's How to Wrap Gifts

"A world full of gladness,  
Of love and good cheer,  
Merry Christmas to you  
And a Happy New Year"

THAT the holidays are with us once more, we are sure to hear the question—"How shall I wrap up my present this year?" Although there is nothing new, yet we may give a little touch here and there that will make them different and more interesting. Why not make the wrapping as attractive as the gift? Holly, pine, bells, stars and Santas are the symbols of Christmas and should be used profusely with white, red, green and brown ribbons and paper.

The ideas suggested below may help some friend who is looking for something different:

Use white tissue paper and dark brown satin ribbon. A spray of pine cones (with a touch of white paint) may be tied with the ribbon.

Or use red tissue paper over white tissue and tie with white satin ribbon. Have the ends finished with red tassels.

Use white tissue paper over red tissue. Tie with red satin ribbon, with a pompom of the same in the center.

Use light green tissue paper and silver cord which has been wound with smilax.

Use heavy white paper and wide red satin ribbon. Have an immense bow in the center.

Use red tissue paper and green ribbon. Fir needles may be tied in with the ribbon.

Use white tissue paper over green tissue, and gold cord, which has a spray of mistletoe tied,

and which has been wound with smilax. Have a spray of mistletoe tied in with the ribbon.

Use white paper and brown satin ribbon. Tie a pine cone—splashed with alum—in with the bow.

Use green tissue paper over white tissue paper and tie with gold cord. Tiny gilded wishbones may be tied in with the ribbon.

Use heavy red paper and tie with white ribbon. Stand a small Santa Claus where the ribbons cross.

Use red paper and tie with gold cord, on the ends of which are tiny gold bells.

Use holly paper and red satin ribbon.

Use red paper and holly ribbon.

Use white tissue paper over light green and tie with silver cord, on the ends of which are tiny silver bells.

Use white paper with satin ribbon, on the ends of which are tiny snowballs—made of white cotton covered with mica snow.

On large packages use white paper, red ribbon, and a poinsettia tied in with the bow. On the ends of the petals have tiny snowballs tied on with silk thread.

Use red paper and tie with red and green raffia which has been braided.



## The Shenandoah



El Paso was fortunate enough to get two good views of the U. S. Shenandoah on her transcontinental flight.

On her west-bound trip she passed over El Paso about 10 o'clock at night. It was one of those gloriously bright moonlight nights we so frequently enjoy and the moon glistened brightly on her silvery sides. The Army had placed a powerful searchlight on the lookout point of the scenic driveway and from time to time flashed the beam of light on it making it stand out with startling clearness in the dark clear blue of the night. For a brief minute it was silhouetted across the moon. The Shenandoah occasionally flashed different colored signal lights as she sped her way into the west.

On her return trip, October 23, she was fighting a strong head wind and slowly appeared about 7:30 in the morning. The early morning sun welcomed her with his bright rays. An escort of midget air planes piloted her through the pass and across the city. Radio fans were delighted to pick up the Shenandoah's inquiry as to weather conditions.



## Very Simple

Little Girl (to grandfather)—"Grandpa, why don't you grow hair on your head?"

Grandpa—"Well, why doesn't grass grow on a busy street?"

Little Girl—"Oh, I see; it can't get up through the concrete."—Contributed.

gotten they are passed to Miss Hilde von Holdt, who, with the assistance of Miss Edna Becker, draws up schedules of the number of operators required for each board in the particular offices involved, the hours they report for duty, the time when they take their first 15 minute relief, when they are relieved for lunch, when they report back from lunch, when they take their second 15 minute relief, and the number of extra operators required to take the place of absentees, to take the place of girls who are given a day off for Sunday work, and to take the place of girls on vacation.

In Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo, in addition to assigning the hours for relief, Miss von Holdt assigns the particular positions each operator works on during the day. This is called "position assignment," and is a particularly complicated job in an office the size of Denver Main. In this office, when working on the "A" Board schedule for example, she must keep in mind about eighty different operators who must have fifteen minute relief periods provided for them twice a day, as well as an hour for lunch, or, in case of split tricks, must have the whole afternoon relief provided. In changing from one position to another, the shortest possible move on the part of each operator must be calculated so as to save time and to minimize confusion in the operating room; and, as far as possible, the integrity of the supervisors' divisions must be maintained. When in the midst of a position assignment job of this size, Miss von Holdt would make an International Chess Match look like a noisy kindergarten. Woe be unto the unfortunate who interrupts her! Food and drink are forgotten until the last operator is followed thru the maze of lines representing tricks, positions, and operators, to a definite assignment for her total seven and one-half hours of work. The training of new operators, which normally takes three or four weeks in school, must be scheduled at the proper time to replace losses

from the force. This is also an important part of Miss von Holdt's work.

An important part of the Force Engineering work is the checking of all peg counts, and an analysis of payroll forms. This keeps Miss Dorothy Mommiens busy. The estimate of future losses in each office of the state by months also falls to her lot. This has a big influence on the total operating expense.

Counts of traffic are made in the busy hours of the day on Monday and Wednesday of each week in Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo. The extending of these total day figures is the work of Miss Anna Orth, as well as the compiling of forms showing the force on duty each day in all the larger offices of the state.

Miss Pauline Strelow maintains the numerous curves and statistics necessary to keep in touch with actual traffic, force losses and additions in every office of the state.

In charge of the Force Engineering Bureau is the Colorado Force Engineer, J. S. Holland, frequently known as "Gabby Holland." Those who think this nickname is lightly earned should have been in his immediate vicinity during the late presidential campaign—a lone Democrat surrounded by Republicans. Since May, 1917, he has been with the Telephone Company—first in the Engineering Department, then on Valuation work, then in the State Plant Department, and for the past two years, in the Traffic Department. With a natural head for figures and an unbounding energy, he has made a howling success in the difficult job of Force Engineer. Obliging and generous, if you need your watch fixed, a wholesale rate on a bracelet for your girl, expert advice on painting the multiple, more wood for the campfire, a tune on the piano, or some expert coaching in the hundred yard dash, J. S. is your man. Single, and we must write it down, highly susceptible, the only thing that will pull him away from taking apart an alarm clock is a Kopas Klub dance.

# Selling Telephone Service



**I**N PRECEDING articles we have seen the necessity for salesmanship in our business and have considered some of the principles which underlie all successful selling. This month let us take a look at some practical examples of well-directed sales effort. These instances may suggest an idea to our people who are looking for new ways to extend our service—and that, by the way, should include every one of us.

In an exchange where new cable plant needed to relieve shortage of facilities in a growing residence district was nearing completion, the commercial department canvassed the district thoroughly and secured a satisfactory number of new subscribers besides confirming the delayed applications. The telephones were installed and on the day of the cut-over all were brought into service at once. The subscribers got service at the first moment it was available and the Telephone Company not only secured at once all the new business then in sight, but also put its new plant to work immediately without the loss of revenue which would have resulted if the canvass had been made after construction was completed.

To check the development and distribution of pay station service in another exchange all the pay stations were spotted on a map of the city. The result was surprising. In many localities where it was assumed that there were enough pay stations to meet the public need it was found that the development was far below the requirements, and by thoroughly canvassing the districts studied, an improved development was secured.

A manager who had often urged his subscribers to sell by telephone recently sampled his own medicine and found it good. Shortly before the directory went to press he went over the card record and prepared a list of subscribers whom he thought might have relatives living with them. He then called the subscribers listed and a conversation something like this took place:

*By John T. Tierney*

"This is Mr. — of the telephone company speaking. The fall directory will be going to press shortly and we called to see if the way your name is listed in the present directory is quite satisfactory."

"Everything is correct, thank you."

"By the way, Mrs. Brown, are there any folks in your home who would like to have their names in our new directory? If so, they can be listed in the new book and the charge is only 35 cents per month."

This resulted in the sale of 165 extra names and joint user listings.

Here is an example of co-operation between an exchange manager and a traveling salesman which made our service more useful and more used. A traveling salesman selling to garages and hardware dealers came into the office to use the public telephone. The manager got into conversation with him and learned that the salesman was new in the territory and unfamiliar with the surrounding country and the firms located in it. He was invited into the manager's office and a list of 29 names in the vicinity of the exchange was prepared. The salesman placed calls to all of these points and made 21 sales. The manager then ascertained from the salesman what other centers he intended to visit and offered to arrange with managers at these places to prepare for him a list of prospects in surrounding nearby towns. This was done in five other places, resulting in the placing of 310 long distance calls and sales on 75 per cent of the completed calls.

Another example of co-operation is this: The traffic department informed one of the managers that a coal company was making a good many long distance calls, but that they were filing each call separately. The manager, armed with directories, interviewed the coal company, explained the advantages of sequence

calling, and assisted in the preparation of an initial list of 54 names. The results were so satisfactory that five additional lists have since been furnished by this firm.

In one of our exchanges the telephone manager, while sitting in a doctor's outer office, overheard one patient telling another that she had recently returned from a visit to a specialist in the state capital, about 200 miles north. She had been sent by the doctor whom she was then waiting to see, and because she had had no appointment with the specialist she had been so delayed in seeing him that the trip involved a good deal more expense than she had anticipated. The manager noticed also that there was but one telephone in the office and that the office girl several times went into the inner office to consult with the doctor after answering calls. In talking with the doctor later, the manager told him of the conversation he had overheard and suggested that he make appointments by long distance when sending patients to the city, thereby saving them needless waiting and expense in the city. The doctor saw the point instantly and has since made frequent use of our lines for this purpose. He also saw the advantages of an extension telephone and push button and buzzer when the manager suggested them, and gave him an order to install the service.

These instances emphasize the fact that there surround us every day first-rate opportunities to make our service more useful to more people; which after all is the sum and substance of selling service. Another thing worth thinking about is this: We want all the new customers we can get; but don't forget the old ones. The new customer has to be sold on our service from the ground up; the old customer is already convinced of his need for telephone service, but he may be limping along with a service that is entirely inadequate; perhaps he has completely outgrown his original service. Maybe there is constant lost motion in his store or

## Stock Sale Winners for October

*"Livingston—Stocks and Bonds."*

It will not be surprising if Miss Gertrude Livingston hangs out such a "shingle" in the very near future.

No, this shingle has nothing at all to do with hair bobs; the one we have in mind is in the nature of a sign—advertising her "speciality," for Miss Livingston, along with her many other achievements, stepped into the front ranks of the stock sellers last month. To her belongs the distinction of having made the largest number of stock sales for the month of October, of any woman employee in the Mountain States Division.

As Assistant Secretary of the Benefit Association at Denver, Miss Livingston probably has a wider acquaintance with employees throughout the entire territory than any other woman in our organization, for many of us have come under her kindly sympathy and understanding in this capacity.

That she never tires of listening to "the other fellow's" troubles, or of trying to smooth out the tangled threads of lives whose pathways cross with hers, we are all aware. That she is never too busy to call on the sick and lonely, nor to sing at a funeral, should request come to her, is another well-known fact.

Also that she is the fortunate possessor of "that something" which enables her at all times, under all conditions, to put herself in the other fellow's place and get his or her slant on a situation.

And another fact with which we have long been familiar is that she has a wonderful singing voice and that despite being a bread-winner, she made the most of this gift thru years of working all day and at evening devoting time and energy to her voice-training, until she won an enviable place for herself in Denver's musical world.

But that she had developed into a full-

fledged stock salesman—our error—saleswoman, none even suspected until she sprang into fame last month as the "dark horse" in the stock-selling race.

Perhaps if you'll ask her she'll tell how she did it.

Anyway, congratulations, Miss Livingston, and more power to you.

### W. A. Connolly

Mr. W. A. Connolly, Manager at Billings, Montana, tops the A. T. & T. stock salesmen for October, this is the second time within three months that Mr. Connolly has succeeded in leading the field.

Many of us think it necessary that we have a prospect for a sale before we approach him. Mr. Connolly is very fortunate in this respect.



having made prospects of everybody in the city of Billings and the surrounding country. He has demonstrated to us by his salesmanship the number of people who are really anx-



Miss Gertrude Livingston

ious to invest in A. T. & T. stock.

Cy Meyn has endeavored to demonstrate in an artistic way Mr. Connolly's ability in covering his territory and some of his prospective buyers.

### Stock Sales Percentages

The following table shows the results of the stock sales campaign per 1,000 owned stations in our company for the period from January 1 to November 1. These percentages are based on the number of applications:

Wyoming	9.94 %
Arizona	8.75 %
Montana	7.10 %
Colorado	7.06 %
Texas-New Mexico	6.98 %
Utah	6.90 %
Idaho	5.71 %

office because he needs another line on an extension or two.

There is nothing that will take the place of the personal visit for effectiveness in selling our customers better telephone service. Form the habit of dropping in on our business subscribers, talk to them about their service, and while talking, look around. It is astonishing how often you will see things that the customer has overlooked, conditions that are a drag on the business, and for which we have the answer. It may be in more equipment, or it may be merely in re-arrangement of present equipment. It may not result in selling more service today, but what matter. Selling service is not a one-day job; it is a job that we have with us always; and when we establish these contacts and give our customers this kind of help, we pave the way for the sale of tomorrow.

### Excuse Ytt Pllase!

Telephone subscribers in Wales are said to be relatively few. No wonder. Imagine calling Llanrhaidr 0086, only to be given Mowddwy 4977!—Life.

Mr. Thickhead—"When I read about some of these wonderful inventions in electricity it makes me think a little."

Miss Smart—"Yes, isn't it remarkable what electricity can do?"—The Stageman.

## MR. AND MRS. E. K. HALL BEREAVED

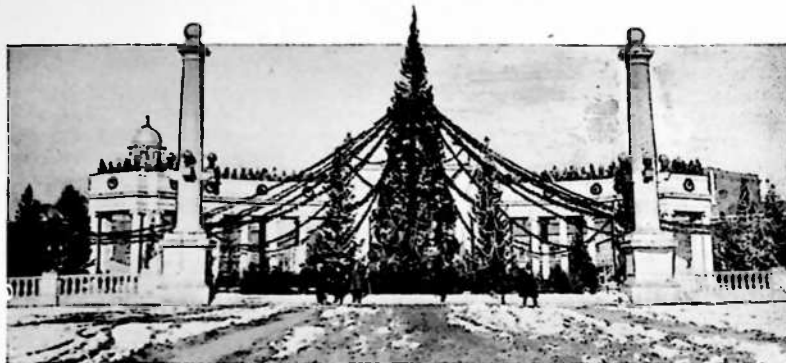
The wires of the Bell System carried sad news on Saturday morning, November 8, when the sudden death of Richard, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hall was announced from New York.

Richard Hall was a sophomore at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. He was taken ill on the previous Friday and died early Saturday morning, half an hour after his father

and mother reached his bedside. The funeral services were held at the Hall home at Montclair, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, November 9.

In his visits to the associated companies in which he was frequently accompanied by members of his family, Mr. Hall has made many friends among Bell System people who deeply sympathize with him and Mrs. Hall in their great bereavement.

# Harking Back to Other Days



## Waiting For the Crisis

By H. C. Jurgens, Repairman, Fort Collins

WHEN Wire Chief Crenshaw asked us to write a story of our happiest Christmas, it seemed easy but when it came to putting it on paper it was hard to decide which was the happiest. Ask a youngster which was his happiest Christmas and he will say "the last one." But when you are fair (I'm not fat) and forty, you have many to recollect, and I'll say all of them have been happy.

I asked the wife to help me on the happiest one and she said: "Do you remember the Christmas of 1912?"

I surely did. I left home (then Denver) that year in May, to go to Wyoming to string circuits from Rock Springs to Granger. We then went to Douglas, Wyoming, to string wire to Casper, then from Lander to Rock Springs, which we reached the day before Thanksgiving. Then we (Joe Smith, Jake McCullough, myself and a teamster) cut transpositions from Rock Springs to Evanston, planning to get through by Christmas so we could go home.

On the evening of the 23rd of December while eating supper I received a telegram from my wife saying, "Come home at once. Baby very sick." A phone call home and it was explained that "Bob," then two years old, was very ill with membranous croup and the doctor had told the wife to send for me. My hopes for a happy reunion and a Merry Christmas were dashed to earth.

I left Granger that night, arrived home the next morning and found the boy's condition unchanged, the doctor giving us but little hope, saying, "The crisis will come tonight."

None but those who have passed through the same ordeal can realize how we suffered as we watched and waited, doing all that could be done to save our baby boy.

The hours went by, the doctor came again. A change was apparent—a gasp for breath, a

shudder, a relaxation of muscles and our hearts almost stood still as we thought the end had come.

Then the doctor said, "Keep him warm and let him sleep. He is out of danger now, and Merry Christmas."

It was three a. m. Christmas morning, and the happiest Christmas of my life.



## HANDS

"The hand that rocks the cradle"  
Has been sung in every land;  
The hand that clips the coupons is  
Another handy hand;  
The hand that holds four aces you  
May play for all it's worth,  
But the hand that plugs the switchboard  
Is the hand that runs the earth.  
—Telephone Talk.

"The hand that rocks the cradle  
Rules the world," so we are told;  
The hand that's on the handle  
Of the pickax digs the gold;  
The hand that plugs the switchboard  
May run the earth, it's true,  
But the hand that signs the paycheck  
Is quite important, too.



## An "Inkling" Voice

Calling a subscriber to advise her of her telephone number, following the completion of a reconnect, where the instrument had been left in place, Wire Chief Dudley, of Twinfalls, was greeted with the query, "What is that funny noise?" After further inquiry, friend Dud learned that he had an "inkling in his voice that sounded like a bum phonograph," whereon a troubleman was dispatched to hook the set for side-tone reduction and a second trial left a much pleased customer.

## My Happiest Christmas

By Sallie Pearson, Operator, La Junta

MERRY CHRISTMAS was the greeting that aroused me from pleasant slumber on my Christmas of Christmases. My sister had awakened before me and it was her voice that greeted me about four o'clock in the morning.

We dressed in post haste and hurried down stairs, where we found a Christmas tree, beautifully decorated with tinsel and candles, the base of it being piled high with gifts for all.

After awakening all the family and admiring the tree all we cared to, we sorted out all our gifts and the rest of the morning was spent in admiring each other's presents and giving due praise to our own.

The presents that interested me most were a pair of roller skates and a baby doll that would go to sleep. I coaxed my brother to Clear enough snow off the sidewalk for me to try out my new skates, but it didn't take me long to discover that I was still an apprentice at skating so I gave it up until I had more time to practice.

My brother received a fine big bob-sled and insisted on everyone taking a ride. It seemed our fun had just started when mother called us to dinner.

Many of our relatives from far and near had come to spend Christmas and we all gathered in the dining room for dinner. Such a dinner you can't imagine—everything one could think of good to eat, for Christmas sure was there and we all did it justice.

After dinner we delivered the gifts that we had prepared for our friends and all went home where we seated ourselves around the fire place and listened to stories of Christmas long ago.



Americans appreciate their unique telephone facilities and use the telephone far more than do other nations.

### Marooned in the Mountains By C. Uncertain, Cheyenne

AFTER several weeks away from home traveling in zero weather by stage and sled as the occasion permitted, through Grand, Rout and Moffat counties, Colorado, with the constant thought of Christmas at home with your family and the many surprises you had in store for them on Christmas morning, and to awaken two mornings before the festal day to find that you were snowed in and all means of travel cut off between yourself and your dear ones, might naturally be considered a sort of killjoy to the usual Christmas spirit.

Then when you felt that you were just about as far down in the depths as you could be, to have one of the tie-hackers start up on the wheezing phonograph the wailing tune of "Sweet Adeline" was just carrying the show a little too far.

Snowed in! Marooned! Nothing to do but sit around in a dingy hotel lobby and barroom watching men drink and gamble with cards or the roulette wheel, anything to kill time, assuredly tends to make the onlooker wish more than ever for his home and dear ones. However, there is always a lesson to be learned on such an occasion.

I shall never forget that Christmas afternoon when the bell rang to announce that Christmas dinner was ready and we all filed into the dining-room. There were gamblers, saloon-keepers, thieves, lumberjacks and some of the hardest characters that follow a railroad construction crew. Some were drunk, but when their eyes rested on Mother McCoy with her saintly smile and Christmas welcome to each man, whether he was good or bad, unkempt or clean and refined, or hardboiled, her smile and genuine welcome was a revelation. And such a dinner as she served to her boys! There was everything that one could ask to have at a Christmas dinner, and Mother McCoy, the hostess, although her hair was as white as the snow outside, and her shoulders and figure were bent from carrying crosses for some sixty-five years, was as light as a fairy on her feet in getting around to see that every one of her guests was properly served.

One could not help but note the strain of her guests to show their best table manners and hide their drunkenness and force to the surface the good that was still left in their miserable beings. There was not a man who entered that room on Christmas day who had not seen the Light of God revealed to him through the motherly face and the genuine hospitality of Mother McCoy.



### My Happiest Christmas

By Gladys R. Blagg, Operator, La Junta  
SOFTLY and gently the great white snowflakes came down, making for Mother Earth a thick, warm cloak, and a nice, soft path for Santa's reindeers. It was the eve of Christmas, and everyone was happy. The cranberries were sizzling and bubbling on the back

of the kitchen stove, while in the fireplace the big logs crackled merrily, as if they, too, had taken on a holiday spirit.

Robert and I had been watching for signs of Santa already, but mother told us that we would have to get up early next morning, for he was a sly old fox, who had never been caught yet, so we immediately resolved to be the ones who caught him. Eight o'clock found us in bed, holding our eyes tightly shut in a futile effort to go to sleep, and by nine the sandman passed our way and we were in the land of nod.

Alas, when we awoke, the sun was shining in our faces, and Santa Claus had come and gone, but we scrambled for the fireplace, where we had hung our stockings, and we were so happy over the treasures Santa had left us that we almost forgot our disappointment in not catching him. The beautiful doll with lovely brown eyes and curly hair, which I had admired in a downtown window, was there. Robert was speechless with joy over the airgun and roller skates, which were his share. But our attention was attracted by father, who called us into the kitchen. "We didn't catch Santa," he said, smiling, "but he left us something nice." He opened the pantry door and out stepped our grandparents who had come from the east to visit us. This was by far the happiest Christmas I ever had.



### My First Christmas

By Pauline Rellstab, Operator, Greeley

I THINK the most enjoyable Christmas I have ever known was when I was four years of age. I was visiting my grandmother, aunt and uncle, who lived in a climate suited for Christmas seasons.

On this particular occasion there were also other guests in the house besides me, but I was the youngest and naturally was the center of the plans.

My, what a time they had keeping me from knowing what was going on. I would ask many questions about a whisper or a hiding place—why the parlor door was locked. But when Christmas Eve came I found out all the mystery when I was taken into the room and there beheld a beautifully trimmed tree, brilliantly lighted and with Santa Claus standing close by. My eyes grew large at the wonderful sight. I was given many toys, with bags of candy, nuts and fruit; also a fur coat and cap, a fur muff that seemed to me a white kitty; but the most cherished gift was a beautiful doll that could close its eyes, had natural hair and said "mamma." I gave her the name of Princess.

And, today, as Christmas time draws near, my thoughts go back to that first happy Christmas, and one of these evenings I shall steal away all by myself and dig down into the old trunk where sweetly rests Princess amidst many other toys and gifts of bygone days, and then memory will fill my soul with great joy, and I will live over again my first Christmas, the happiest I ever had.

### Gratitude

By Martha Banning Thomas

IT WAS Christmas time at the Saunders home.

"I've discovered something awfully important," said Mrs. Saunders.

"What is it?" asked her husband, helping himself to three pancakes and plenty of syrup.

"It's this: Some people need gratitude."

Mr. Saunders paused with his fork lifted half way to his mouth. "Need gratitude. Now what do you mean by that?"

"Do I have to hear a sermon with pancakes?" demanded Mr. Saunders a trifle testily.

"It's not a sermon; it's a plain fact. And if more people understood it, the world would run more smoothly. I really think," Mrs. Saunders spoke with slow conviction, "that a great deal of Christmas giving comes from the desire for being thanked. Of course no one would admit it, it sounds so selfish. But after all, there are many sides to the human make-up. If we take trouble to make a gift, with a real thought of the recipient when we do it, there is a kind of law of compensation in looking for some show of appreciation. Only a perfect saint could exist without some gratitude here and there. Just think it over for a minute."

Mr. Saunders blinked rapidly once or twice, and made great headway with his pancakes. "They're tip-top, this morning, Jane," he mumbled. "You're a boss cook, and no mistake."

Mrs. Saunders dimpled. "Thank you, John. You have demonstrated my theory right there. There would not be any fun at all in making the best pancakes in the world, if you didn't like them—and say so!"

Mr. Saunders grinned. "I get you, Jane! And so you apply the same rule to Christmas. Well, all I've got to say is, that if you don't faint from joy over the present I've got for you this year, then I'll never give you another!"

"I bet I faint all over the place!" laughed Mrs. Saunders. "John," she said, more soberly, "let's try to be particularly grateful to Uncle Cyrus this year. We know what we're going to get; there's never any surprise about it. But we can surprise him by being awfully pleased. We always take his presents so much for granted. He probably will just lap up gratitude as a kitten does milk. He needs it. There isn't much else he can take without indigestion."

"All right; I'm with you, Jane. I'll tell him that a porch chair is the one thing that makes me completely happy. He's given us five, but they're handy on summer evenings. More syrup, please, and don't be so stingy with the butter."



### Honesty First!

"I think, George," said Mrs. Jones to her husband, "I'll ask the new people next door to have dinner with us tonight."

"Why?" asked the husband.

"Well, the butcher left their meat here by mistake, and it seems only fair."

## FORT MORGAN AND BRUSH

A meeting of the employees in the Ft. Morgan, Colorado, group was held at Ft. Morgan on the evening of October 24th, at which time about thirty employees and members of their families were present. They were favored also with the presence of L. W. Gillilan and W. G. Rutledge of the Denver office.

After a two-hour session, devoted to reading and discussion of the various commercial subjects and short talks by Messrs. Gillilan and Rutledge, the evening was spent in dancing and a general good time was had by all.

They are fine girls, all—in Ft. Morgan and Brush—but we want to have a few words "on the side" about Miss Fern Cross, operator at Ft. Morgan.

We have it on reliable information that Miss Cross, thoroughly sold on A. T. & T. Co. stock, was not content to stop there, so she talked stock wherever consistent. As the result of one of her recommendations, she sold fifty shares to one telephone patron. Norval Castner, manager at Ft. Morgan, helped in closing the sale, but he says to Miss Cross belongs the credit. This was excellent work.

*Top—Miss Faucett, Miss Grove and Miss Cleoma McNamee. Lower—Clara March, and Miss Ragsdale—All of Brush.*

*Lower Pictures—Fort Morgan. Left to Right—Helen Overton, Reka Wistroth, Grace Day, Harriett Van Bradt, Eugene B. Hunter, Mrs. Hunter, and Lola Palmer. Insert above is Miss Fern Cross who made the big sale of stock.*



**Long Distance Telephone In Business**  
Manager, Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.,

Albuquerque, N. M.

Dear Sir:

Just a line to let you know how much we appreciate your excellent long distance service.

On October 29, the writer had occasion to place twenty-one long distance calls. The list was phoned to your long distance department at about 2 p. m., and without one exception the connections were made before 5 p. m.

In each instance the audibility and reception was perfect.

Please let your long distance operators know how deeply we appreciate this service as it enabled us to execute an advertising order in record time.

Yours very truly,

GRUEHL ADVERTISING AGENCY,

By Howard Gruehl.

## AUNT LIZZIE ANN'S CHRISRMAS LETTER

*By Katherine Edelman*

**N**OW, if Aunt Lizzie Ann had only written for Christmas, the family agreed as they sat around the big fire that blazed upon the open hearth, everything would have been just perfect. As it was, things were awfully nice and everyone was having such a good time, but Aunt Lizzie Ann's Christmas letter had failed to come—the first miss since they all remembered—and its absence cast a little cloud over them, try as they would to hide it.

Aunt Lizzie Ann had always written the dearest Christmas letter—gifts she had none to send since Uncle Ed died several years ago—but always there had been that wonderful letter, that breathed so deep the very spirit of Christmas that it had almost become a part

of the very time itself for the Dermott family. And although none of the family had yet framed the thought that Aunt Lizzie Ann must be ill, or something dreadful must have happened, it lay heavy upon them all. So when George announced that he was going down to the telegraph office to wire, they all agreed that it was the best thing to do.

A soft, powdery snow was falling as he opened the door to step without. He had been gone only a short time when a shout from him brought them all to the doorway. And there, with the snowflakes falling around her, was the dearest little old lady, laden with bundles, which George tried in vain to help her with.

"It's Aunt Lizzie Ann!" they all cried in unison. And sure enough it was Aunt Lizzie

Ann, coming this year herself instead of sending her usual letter, and she had the dearest and loveliest gifts for them all.

And when the excitement of her coming had died down and they all sat around the blazing logs again, Aunt Lizzie Ann explained how she had been able to come. Uncle Ed had taken out an endowment policy for her several years ago; it had now matured and she was free to do the things she had wanted to do for so long. "You have been giving to me for so many years," she said, "it makes me feel real good to be able to make some return at last."

But the family assured her in all sincerity that it was she who had given the most to them always—for her wonderful Christmas letter had helped them more than they could ever tell her.

## Our Own Mae Chaney

Our own Denver Blue Bell Trio has been sending that beautiful blend of voices wandering out into the ether to be caught here and there, not only by the well and happy but by the shut-ins to whom radio is not only a marvel but a Godsend.

Back came telephone calls and letters and cards of appreciation until "A" Kyffin, Harold Ferris and Jack Whyte, those singing Blue Bell boys, felt better paid than if the remuneration had been made to read "Pay to the order of." And not one pleased them more than a note from a little girl whom all Mountain States folks are interested in.

This is Mae Chaney, of 3519 Humboldt street, Denver, a former long distance operator. Four years ago Mae was stricken with illness and while she has improved and can get about the house, she has not the blessed privilege of getting out to hear beautiful music and plays and see the movies. So when KLZ and the radio set brought to her the sweet tones of our celebrated company quartet—Miss Blakemore is included in this—Mae Chaney wrote them the lovely little letter which follows:

"Dear Blue Bells: This is a report on your splendid program at KLZ Monday night. I am addressing it to Miss Blakemore, as I am a little shy of men. The word 'shy' has two definitions and may be interpreted both ways with equal veracity.

"Each 'Bell' is fine enough alone, but altogether you are four times as nice.

"It now remains for some of you telephone musicians to write a song and name it 'Blue Bell Blues'—or is the suggestion late?

"Yours till the next broadcast,

"MAE CHANEY."



## The Best Way

By J. B. King, Manager, Wheatland, Wyo.

I have found the best way to know your subscribers is to go and visit them. These little visits with people whom we had previously known by name only and who had know us in nearly as impersonal a way, are glad to get a chance to know us better.

To make a friend a day one has to go to them, talk face to face and then use the telephone after you get acquainted.

Just a little trip around your town gives you a lot to think about. If the dozen subscribers we chatted with and in whose homes we visited, fairly represent our regular subscribers, and we have reason to believe they do, then by our talks with them we have gained a helpful viewpoint on various subjects of mutual interest and should be able to make "Our Service" even more serviceable than in the past.

Our subscribers as we find them are people who take pride in their homes. Not all of them, but the majority. It is real satisfaction to us to have first-hand knowledge of their likes and dislikes as far as service is concerned, and we should always take time to say, "howdy-do—how's everything today?"

## A Day of Roses

TWENTY-FIVE years ago "as of October 1, 1924, George E. McCarn, a young man of potential engineering abilities, walked into the office of E. M. Burgess, then superintendent of the Telephone Company, Denver, and announced:

"I am looking for a job in your drafting department, Mr. Burgess."

"But—er—well, you see, we really have no drafting department—that is, we do a lot of that work, in a way, but we haven't any definite organization known as the drafting department," replied Mr. Burgess.

"Well," replied young McCarn, "couldn't we organize one?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Burgess, "how much do you want?"

"What will you give me?" came the question.

"We might start you off at \$40 a month, if we can use you."

"Not me! But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll come and take charge of the department for an even \$75 a month," said McCarn.

It is recorded that Mr. Burgess nearly fell off his chair, but he asked time in which to recover and think it over. Two days later George McCarn "took charge" of the drafting department of our Company. He and another young fellow who had been tinkering a little with blueprints, made up the entire force.

That was twenty-five years ago. Now Mr. McCarn is chief engineer of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company and has a large corps of men and women in his department. Estimates and plans involving millions of dollars are under his supervision.

And on the morning of his twenty-fifth anniversary he turned the key to his office and walked in, bearing in his hand a delicate yellow rose which he intended to place upon his desk. And then—

His eyes fell upon a large vase on his table, filled with crimson American Beauty roses. The little yellow tea rose fell from his hand and lay upon the floor. He had not thought of the anniversary and he knew not the meaning of the vase of roses. He stood in meditation—

"Well, old top, twenty-five years more for you!" came the sound of a voice from behind him.

"What th—"

McCarn, chief engineer, one of the "humblest men on earth," turned to face half a dozen of his associates who stood in the doorway, hands extended to greet him and wish him a full round of blessings.

He stooped and picked up the little tea rose that lay at his feet and placed it in a small vase on the bookcase, and then—

"Well, this seems to be a rosy morning all around. My kiddie gave me that little yellow fellow this morning as I left home, and—and I love it, too."

And the chief engineer could say no more.

## Good Morning, Helen!



What magazine do you read?

Every well-informed person reads one or more of the current magazines.

Whatever it is, please bear in mind that Helen Knox will be glad to

take your subscription for it, or to handle renewals on any and all magazine subscriptions.

Helen is no stranger to us, for most of us are quite familiar with the tragedy which came into her life just as she was stepping across the threshold from girlhood to womanhood, just when she was filled with the joy of living and with the same hopes and ambitions around which every girl must build her house of dreams.

Into the very midst of all this and of her work as operator in one of our Denver exchanges, came infantile paralysis, that dread disease which has cut off many a young life, and which for the past five years has kept our little co-worker, Helen, in St. Joseph's Hospital battling with all her might for a chance at the outside world again.

She is making strides, too, but it's a long, slow, uphill fight, yet it has not dimmed the light in her big brown eyes nor covered the soul that shines through them.

The same hopeful, courageous spirit that in spite of the doctor's misgivings carried her from months in a tiny white bed to taking a few steps with the aid of braces, and finally to a place in the office of the hospital, where she occasionally helps out on the switchboard, still hammers at her heart that some day she'll WIN, and with eyes fixed on that goal she's facing the future like a true Spartan.

Let's help her all we can.

Out of every magazine subscription placed through her she gets a small per cent, and it all counts up in the long run.

What possible Christmas gift could be nicer than a subscription to a popular magazine for one of our friends a whole year? It will make them twelve times glad and make Helen glad in the bargain.

Remember to send your own and to tell all your friends and their friends to place their subscriptions to any magazine through Miss Helen Knox, St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Colorado, and we'll all help Helen WIN.



## W. D. Hand, Dies

W. D. Hand, manager at Albuquerque, N. M., passed away on October 24, 1924, at his home. He had been in the employ of our Company about ten years, during which time he made many warm friends, not only in the Company but for the Company. Our sympathies are extended to the widow and relatives.

# "Look at Your Dog Down There"



*Poles down after storm, on 17th and Market Streets, Denver, April 4, 1900*

ARE some very interesting photographs of storm pictures of October 26, 1897 and April 4, 1900. In the days gone by we had very little aerial and underground cable. Our pole lines on 15th, 16th and 17th Streets in Den-



*And this is a scene on Seventeenth Street, Denver, after the storm of April 4, 1900*

ver, were all open wire and during the storm of April 4, 1900, we had over 5,000 telephones out of service.

An apprentice started up one of these 80-foot poles one day and obeyed orders not to look back, but to look up and keep on going. After he reached the top he looked down and remarked to his companion, "Look at your dog down there, Bill. My gawd, how he has shrunk," and after getting his breath again, he remarked, "It looks to me like the world is leaving us."

Shooting trouble in a city like Denver is now a white collar job. In the old days a large part of it was on sticks, climbers, connectors, Buffalo grips and Kline pliers, and a magneto set was necessary all the time and a few cells of dry battery to balance the weight. To see one of the old time men and his outfit on the street now he would be taken for a trapper, safe blower or chimney



*Some of the old timers will recall the time of this storm in Denver*

## Stock is Growing in Favor

American Telephone and Telegraph Company stockholders, as they received subscription warrants covering their rights in the last issue of stock of the Company, probably had some idea of the magnitude of the transaction and the painstaking way in which it was handled, but it is probable that not very many realized that, so far as A. T. and T. Company officials know, it was the largest operation of its kind ever carried out by any corporation.

The most complete information possible was given every stockholder as to his rights and the manner of procedure in order to exercise them. That this was effective is evidenced by the fact that comparatively few persons failed to exercise their rights or to sell them. Stockholders not utilizing their rights were found in no single group, there being as many men among them as women,

living both in and near cities as well as in the country.

In many instances employees of associated companies were able to and did render valuable service to their patrons. As one example, a manager at a small business office called on telephone patrons who had purchased through him A. T. and T. shares and found as many as sixteen who had torn up their warrants believing them to be valueless, in spite of the fact that they had been fully advised in the letter enclosing the warrants as to their value and how to dispose of them in case they did not themselves take advantage of the offer. In all it was necessary to issue over 2200 duplicate warrants to replace those lost or destroyed.

It isn't always good policy to treat everything that looks like a "circular" as such and hurry it to a wastebasket.

An interesting feature of the stock issue was the confidence displayed by stockholders in the Company, quite a number of checks being received which were blank as to amounts, the letters enclosing them requesting that the proper figures be filled in in order to put through the subscriptions.

To take care of the extra work the Telephone and Telegraph Company was nearly tripled during the latter part of the stock issue period. The temporary employees, numbering about 435, were recruited from outside sources. The Company was able to procure a high force of the treasurer of the American class of employees, many of whom were students on summer vacations.

The contagious Bell System spirit was soon communicated from the regular employees to the temporary workers.



### A Word of Appreciation

That the efforts of the telephone employees at Basin, Wyoming, are appreciated is splendidly acknowledged in the following article from the *Basin Rustler*:

"The *Rustler* wants to express its appreciation of one woman who has been in close touch with the lives of Basin people for many years and who has never failed to do her part in a courteous and most gratifying way.

"We refer to Mrs. Carl Wilson, chief operator of the local telephone exchange. Through all the years we have heard her voice over the phone she has never failed to serve us efficiently and with the most considerate courtesy. She is never too tired to exert herself to the utmost to get service for any patrons of the exchange. She is faithful to the work she has in hand and devoted to the business of seeing that each patron has no cause for complaint.

"The writer is reminded of these facts because of the splendid service given us by Mrs. Wilson in getting the election returns. After a hard day's work she stayed long into the night doing everything possible to help us gather the returns. Her unvarying courtesy and consideration is deeply appreciated by *The Rustler*.

"We wish also to express our appreciation of the many courtesies extended to us on election night by those who assisted Mrs. Wilson with her work—Mrs. Roy Rooth and Miss Bethel Hoel. During her several years of service at the exchange "Bessie" has won for herself a host of friends because of her fine courtesy and sincere desire to please, and this word of commendation is in appreciation of many kindnesses. Miss Hoel, during the short time she has been with the service, has also given real service to the patrons of the exchange."

C. UNCERTAIN.



Damage caused by storm of October 26, 1897, on Sixteenth Avenue and Washington, Looking West—Denver

sweep and no doubt run in for investigation.

A buckboard pony and a strong voice and "get-up" were the modes of transportation, but there was an advantage in those days for after using one's voice urging Dobbin along, we all had an excuse to stop at the Do Drop Inn and repair our voices and disposition with liquid refreshments, and this was indulged in by all good troublemen in the

old days. The main hang-out was Chas. Berger's refreshment parlor located on 15th Street between Larimer and Lawrence and every noon and evening a general check up of all difficult trouble was discussed, located and removed over the round tables, with Bock Beer or Half and Half in each pocket of the table to moisten the lips and enlarge upon the vocabulary of the gang.

# Division Chief Operator Plan

By Betty Devine

THE DIVISION Chief Operator Plan is no longer probationary. For six months it has stood the test, and at a meeting of 170 division chief operators and heads of the traffic department, held Tuesday evening, October 28, in Main cafeteria, it was stamped with general approval.

Last March, at one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held by Company chief operators, the plan, originated by Waldo Cockrell, Colorado state traffic superintendent, was inaugurated, to be tried out for a period of months with a view to ascertaining its relative advantages or disadvantages.

The plan, in short, was to establish closer relationship between operator and supervisors—or division chief operators, as they are now known—and to place greater responsibility upon the shoulders of the latter with a view to bettering conditions not only from the operator's standpoint, but for the subscriber.

Each supervisor was given an average of ten girls for whom she was responsible, not alone while they were on duty at the witchboard, but while they were in the retiring rooms as well. It was her special business to know her girls—not merely in a superficial way, but to know them intimately, thereby acquainting herself with the temperament of each, with her strong characteristics and her weak ones, should she possess any; with her general ability and skill under any and all conditions; with her physical and mental qualifications, and in so far as possible, with conditions in her home, not to the extent of prying or being curious, but solely with the idea of easing the strain on her, should occasion require it, and of helping her bear her burden with less ill effect to herself.

If a girl is fighting a physical ill; if there is sickness in her home, a sick mother or father, and perhaps financial difficulties complicating the situation, she can hardly be expected to keep up to the standard of fitness and skill necessary to the giving of satisfactory service and the contact permitted a supervisor passing to and fro behind the chairs of a couple of dozen or more girls with an eye to the service they are giving afforded little opportunity to know them and the possible handicap under which some might be working. If, under stress of a sudden rush, such a girl lost her head in a nervous collapse, it was not her fault nor was it the fault of her supervisor, who had doubtless done what she could to relieve the situation as it climaxed.

With fewer girls under her supervision and better opportunity to study them, to talk with them while off duty and enjoy a more intimate touch with them, the division chief operator is quick to note that a certain one of her "lamb" lags behind the rest of the flock in

the matter of service; that she does not seem well, or wears a worried expression, and perhaps she may know some irritating conditions in that girl's life, so she watches her more closely and if possible eases the load before the snapping of nerves takes place.

Sometimes, just to talk out a problem that is worrying one clears one's mental atmosphere marvelously, and if a girl with no mother or sister likes her division chief operator, and feels that she has her interest at heart, she will doubtless be the one to whom she will unburden her mind.

If I understand it correctly, all of these thoughts worked together in prompting Mr. Cockrell's idea of the division chief operator—for the betterment of the service, of course, but primarily for the betterment of the operators and supervisors, which insures better service.

It isn't humanly possible for the heads of the traffic department to keep in close touch with each and every member of the operating force, yet they are interested in everything pertaining to them and their welfare, so the only avenue through which they can reach them is the "middle-man" or woman in the person of the chief operator and supervisor.

It's great to have an original idea, but it is far more gratifying to see that idea tried out and proved successful.

The division chief operator plan was discussed from every angle at the recent meeting and was voted a success, though everyone agreed that its possibilities had only been touched during the past few months, and that far greater results would be attained through it from now on. According to Miss Hackett, one of the most enthusiastic exponents of the plan, "When the operators get a firmer grasp and understanding of the advantages it holds for them and the supervisors show less timidity in taking the initiative it gives them, its beneficial results will be far-reaching and varied."

In opening the meeting Mr. Cockrell aptly said: "It makes no difference what amount of equipment is installed, its successful operation and efficiency depend greatly upon the amount of intelligence back of it," the inference being that the success of this plan depends upon the amount of intelligence shown in putting it into operation and in taking advantage of the opportunities it offers.

Mr. Cockrell expressed the belief that it is a sort of "Golden Rule" proposition and a cure for all our troubles, or at least most of them, and in predicting big business for the year 1925 suggested that it can prove a great asset in various ways.

He was generous in his praise of the manner in which the plan had been received and put into effect, but expressed the opinion that the best had not been got out of it during the past six months.

"It is my belief that poor results are a reflection of poor management," said F. P. Ogden, general traffic manager, who responded graciously when called upon by Mr. Cockrell for a few remarks. He declared the responsibilities of the division chief operators to be equally as great as those of Cockrell, Mr. Kauder and himself.

"All we have to sell is SERVICE," he added, "and it must be GOOD—satisfactory to the subscriber, if people buy, and I do not believe service ever will be satisfactory without that immeasurable something—a DESIRE to GIVE service."

Mr. Ogden thanked the girls for the splendid job they were doing, but cautioned them not to rest on their laurels, but to strive for greater achievement along this line.

Mr. Garside cited an instance of where a division chief operator was in charge of 11 girls, only one of whom was buying stock, and of how upon investigating he found that the girls did not understand the possibilities afforded them through the employees stock-buying plan. When this was explained two more of the girls started in to buy stock. This illustrated another phase of service open to the division chief operator which would benefit both employee and company.

Miss Clark, chief operator at South exchange, gave a snappy talk on stock buying.

Miss Beck of Champa exchange heartily endorsed the division chief operator plan and voiced the sentiment that it had the effect of making the supervisors feel much more worth while, thereby inspiring them to greater effort.

Mr. Anderson, Denver long distance manager, in a few interesting remarks gave 80 per cent of the credit for the success of toll service to the chief operators teaching the supervisors what they ought to know and the supervisor in turn teaching the operators, each one pulling the person beneath them up a step or two on the ladder. The other 20 per cent credit he declared due to Miss Ann Dahlstrom and Miss Myrtle Andrews for their fine work in the school.

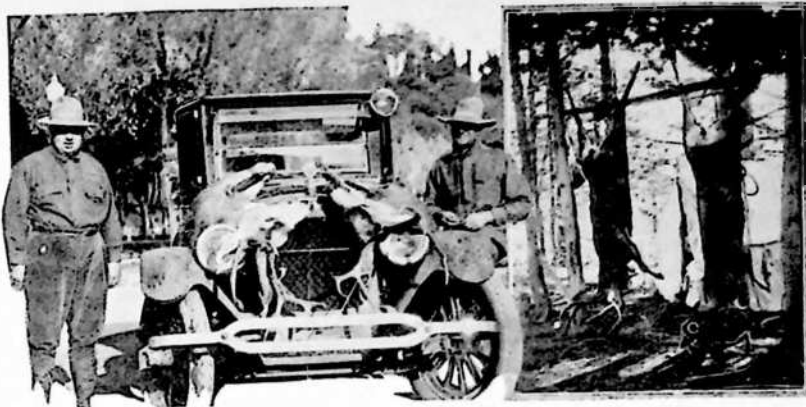
Among others who gave interesting talks with helpful hints were Miss Wilkinson, chief operator at Gallup exchange; Mrs. Grace Conrad, Central office instructor at Gallup; Miss Ford, long distance chief operator; Miss Swenson, all-night chief operator in Champa exchange; W. B. Kauder, Denver traffic manager; A. D. Spalding, R. E. Clifford, H. G. Mills of Pueblo, J. S. Holland, W. G. Rutledge, and Walter L. Kock.

The one disappointment of the evening came

## Short Story of Two Bucks

Here are two snap shots which is the very best evidence of a very successful hunting trip in which two bucks were brought home by William Evans, of the plant department, Logan, Utah, on the right, and his companion, L. Westerholm, on the left. The smaller picture shows their camp on Beaver Creek before breaking camp for home.

Bill wants his old friends to hear of his luck through THE MONITOR, and we are pleased to impart the information.



## Two More Christmas Stories

### When Dad "Dropped-In"

IT WAS Christmas morning; the ground was covered with snow, just right for a real Christmas. It was early morning and the Gaylord household was astir.

"Now not a single package on that tree touched until I get the turkey in the oven."

This from the busy Mother Gaylord as she hurriedly poked into the already overstuffed turkey one more spoon of dressing.

"All right, mother dear," shouted Hugh, the eldest of the three sons—"a tree wouldn't be a tree, nor a gift a gift without you."

"Thank you, son," said mother as she dried her hands and joined the boys. "Father is sorry, I know, to miss all this joy with us—but business first. That largest package is from him. His letter said possibly he couldn't be here for a month."

"Well, mother, let's save the tree until he does come, and not touch a package, for a tree is not a tree, nor a gift a gift with Dad away."

A familiar step was heard; the bell rang,

with Mr. Cockrell's expression of regret that President Frederick H. Reid had been ill all day and was unable to attend the meeting and talk as planned.

During a general discussion definite possibility of the long-hoped-for unification of every department with the Company, of the interests, ambitions and efforts of officials and employees throughout the entire organization loomed not as a remote possibility but as one of the near future.

Following this "open forum" the serving of ice cream and cake closed one of the most interesting, instructive and constructive evenings in the history of the Denver traffic department.

and in stepped Dad, shouting "Merry Christmas to all! My package not opened yet? By Jo! Glad I'm just in time."

Four voices in unison: "How did you get here?" "Blew in?" asked Mother.

"Well, I guess I did. Christmas couldn't be Christmas without you four, so I came by airplane. Golly! the turkey smells good; let's open our packages."

The tree was truly a tree; the packages were sure-enough gifts; the turkey was honest-to-goodness turkey, and Christmas was perfect, too, for the whole family was assembled with true love in their hearts for each other and Christ was in the midst.



### Recollections of My First Christmas

By E. E. Miller, Miles City, Mont.

FAIRY TALES usually begin with, "Once Upon a Time," but this not being a fairy tale but a Christmas story, we should use another familiar phrase—"Many Years Ago," and in truth it was many years ago that now my memory carries me back to a time when five years of age, and I have distinct recollections of that Christmas morning that I shall never forget.

Home for me at that time was in Ogdensburg, New York, a city on the very northern edge of that state in the wonderful St. Lawrence valley. A country in those early days of the 80's covered most winters with deep snow from October to April. Rivers frozen over and the ice from two to three feet in thickness during that time.

I distinctly remember that the winter of '81 and '82 was unusually severe. Very low temperatures constantly and the snow so deep especially in the outlying country, that the

fences were buried for several months. Roads such as they were, hardly were ever where the highways ran when no snow covered the ground. Mere tracks and trails followed in places where snow was not so deep, over fences, across wind swept fields, back and across and every which way. Just simply following the paths of least resistance. Snow being one of the beauties of the Christmas period the above fully illustrates the season we are writing about.

Being the only youngster in the family at that time, no doubt my folks had gone to considerable trouble to make our Christmas very pleasant and cheerful. They would come home from town with strange bundles and parcels long before Christmas day and they sure worked my curiosity to a high pitch. I tried to find out in every way what those packages contained and my questions were always mostly unanswered directly and I was told to be a very good little boy or old Santa Claus would not come around at all.

As the eventful day drew near my curiosity naturally increased and I began to wonder where the strange packages and bundles were hidden, but leave it to mother especially, she always seemed to have a safe hiding place for everything not to be found by a little boy.

The usual tree was set up the day before in the parlor and trimmed with odd ornaments and small candles to be lighted at night. No electric lights in strings for a poor little boy in those days. Only the rich were entitled to such a luxury and I believe that there were not many who had them at that time.

After the tree was ready, then another very important event took place, that of hanging up the customary stocking and one large enough to hold all the presents I expected to

# Hallowe'en Party at Cheyenne

The Wyoming state accounting department held its second annual masquerade party on Saturday evening, October 25, 1924, at Cheyenne, at the Central Gymnasium. All the employees of the Company here and members of the Denver general offices were the invited guests.

The date falling so near Hallowe'en the decorations and favors were all in keeping with this spooky occasion and the hall showed plainly that the decoration committee had worked overtime. Black and yellow streamers and balloons were suspended from the ceiling of the building and the lights twinkle out at you from behind pumpkin faces, making a soft glow over the scene below. A large cluster of balloons hung directly in the center of the room. Later in the evening the balloons were lowered, revealing a large blue bell and in this concealed way announcing this to be the second annual ball given by this department.

Yes, it was a real masquerade party, where Shicks, Gypsies, ballet girls, clowns, Hoosiers, Hula Hula girls, ghosts, black cats and witches all romped together in a riot of color to strains of splendid music furnished by the Ross orchestra from nine until ten thirty o'clock, when couples all formed into line for the grand march led by Mr. and Mrs. Pilloud, state audi-

tor and wife, representing "Uncle Josh and Aunt Mirandy." Mr. Pilloud being very conspicuous for his oversize clothes.

At the conclusion of the grand march the judges awarded prizes for the best costumes. Mrs. Larsh Dahlgren as a Scotch dancer and Mr. Ward Waitley as a Jewish merchant who wore a tie that lit him up every time he bowed to anyone, and needless to say he was bowing to everyone all the time. The prizes were two large boxes of candy.

Had the judges known that the "vamp" in the henna dress and Turkish turban was "Bill" Baldry, Cheyenne cashier, another prize might have been given. Bill's disguise was perfect and many failed to recognize him even after he had taken off his mask.

At this time those whistle balloons, confetti and streamers were distributed and the fun continued with an occasional visit to the punch bowl. Amid the streamers strewn over the floor and hanging from the ceiling streamers, several circle dances were held and proved the hit of the evening, causing such a riot of fun, laughter and noise that the "caller" could not be heard above the din.

The clever invitations, all written in rhyme, caused the committee in charge as much fun as the party and sometimes only two or three out

of a bunch could be used by the "censors," but the invitations were finally completed and everyone who simply could not come expressed themselves as very sorry to miss this event.

All arrangements were in charge of an entertainment committee consisting of Frank Taylor, Kathryn Green and Mrs. Blanche Waitley. They were very ably assisted in various ways by all the other employees of the department.

The party ended at a late hour and everyone voted they had had the very jolliest time ever.



## Pumpkins, Witches and Cats

The Shoshoni (Wyo.) *Enterprise* tells of a happy Hallowe'en given at Shoshoni by our telephone folks as follows:

"On Hallowe'en the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Johnson, the local telephone manager, was the scene of much merrymaking. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Ruhi Heyer, Anita Partch and Beatrice Shackleton, all of the local board, were hosts to the following out-of-town operators: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fegley of Riverton, Miss Esther McManigal of Thermopolis, Mrs. Holt and daughter Thelma, of Lander, Mr. and Mrs. Schulring (Mr. Schulring is wire chief), Mrs. Irving, chief operator of Lander, Miss Myrtle Sheldon, Mrs. W. C. Hanes and Miss Gertrude Tracy, former operators on the local board, and Miss Bernice Shackleton.

"Before entering the house, the guests were led over numerous ghostly paths and by-ways, and last, but not least, the remains of a dissected animal was felt in the dark. Many spooky things were said and done before the guests entered the living room. There the windows were prettily draped with orange crepe paper and black cats. In one corner of the room a big black kettle hung over a fire and a ghost kept guard. After games were played the guests were seated at the table, which was cleverly decorated with Hallowe'en pumpkins, witches and cats. Favors were drawn out of the big black kettle. During the supper the different guests gave speeches in regard to telephone work, which proved both entertaining and instructive to all. It was nearly two when the guests departed for their distant homes."

And then our own correspondent adds this to the story:

J. A. Fegley, manager of Riverton, gave a very nice talk on the co-operation of the operators at the different exchanges and the necessity of courtesy and politeness at all times on the part of the operators.

Mrs. Irving, chief operator from Lander, gave a short but very instructive talk.

Miss McManigal, the only one present from Thermopolis, gave a few words on general topics, and the local manager, W. I. Johnson, made a few interesting remarks on the relationship between the plant department and traffic and the necessity of co-operation of the operators with both departments.

get from good old Saint Nick. This consumed considerable time I remember for two reasons.

First—I knew that my own stocking was not near large enough to fill the want, so it was finally agreed that I could use one of mother's. Secondly—it was awfully important to me that only a certain place would answer to hang up that stocking and that was right close to the fireplace, where Santy could not help but find it when he came down the chimney.

This much finished, I was hustled off to bed and told many times in as many minutes to "go to sleep." How impossible with a riot of thoughts chasing one another through my small but active mind, but as always, the sandman finally came out victorious.

Daybreak—Christmas day, next morning of course, and one five-year old boy just sure wide awake. Eyes open and as wide as saucers. I sat up in bed and although its 40 below outside and you shiver and shake with the cold, climb out of bed, bare feet and everything, down the stairs you go and finally find yourself standing right before that mysterious stocking.

Out of the top of that stocking as I remember, a big brightly colored horn loomed up and goodness it was a beauty. Never had seen anything so wonderful before in my life. Taken out of the stocking with care and then the temptation was too strong for a small boy, I

just had to blow it once to find out what the noise would be and of course woke up everybody in the house at once.

Mother wanted to know what I was doing up at that unearthly hour. Well, that was a fine question to ask me, with all the things Santa Claus had left there and right in front of my very eyes. I had a horn, picture book, set of blocks, a puzzle, a new sled (Dad made that), warm red mittens, muffler and down in the very toe of the stocking was the usual orange with nuts and colored candy.

Remember it all just as though it was yesterday and one picture in the new colored picture-book stands out as vividly as though I were looking at it right now. A mule arguing with a fast train as to who had the right of way at a crossing and the picture with many colors, shows the train in the ditch and Mr. Mule sitting down on the track and hee-hawing like a good fellow.

And so the day wore on. Absorbing all the pleasures possible with my new toys and everything. Eating everything in sight and sick afterwards for a week, but no matter, Christmas only came once a year and I did not care for the disagreeable consequences at the time. And as we grow older, those early days are brought back to us very vividly when we see the youngsters enjoy themselves at home on Christmas morning.

# Telephone Pioneers of America



## Rocky Mountain Chapter No. 8

The Chicago Pioneers' Convention is now a thing of the past. All no doubt noticed the account of the convention in the last issue of *THE MONITOR*. Unfortunately some of the photo-

## Roundup's Manless Party

By D. J. M.

THE TOWN of Roundup, Montana, being leader'n usual, we thought a party might relieve some of the monotony. We can't depend upon the weather in this region, especially at this season, in fact we never know what the next day will bring, because one day we think it's hotter than it is at the equator, and next day may be a very good example of winter at the North Pole. Why not have it in the basement? No objections whatever, so there's where we had it.

"And being as how" the cats are the main attraction at any social function, a supper "fit for a king" was planned. We showed our bill-of-fare to Mr. Fuqua. Sandwiches!!! Did we think HE was going to eat *sandwiches*? Well, I guess not! We wanted fried chicken, and fried chicken we were going to have, so we had it. His suggestion, however, met with no objection—in fact, everyone agreed with him. Who wouldn't?

This change being made, we thought we had clear sailing ahead, but ahck, alas! we struck upon an unseen barrier. Every girl must bring a man. If we didn't Mr. Fuqua would go down town and get one for us. We wondered if his choice of men was as good as his choice of other things. No time like the present for finding out, so we all—that is, all but two—went to the party manless. Mr. Fuqua, true to his word, went down town in search of men, but there were four other dances that night and men were scarce, so he came back as he had started—all by himself. What was a man or two less with a crowd like ours? It didn't bother us a bit.

We had three tables and we played cards, anything you wanted to play, but all debts had to be paid; anything would do. Supper was served about 11 o'clock and we sat around and talked for an hour or so afterwards, probably because we were too full to move with any degree of sprightliness. Then, as our housewifely instincts came to the surface, we cleaned up the tables and departed at about 1:30, and, as some society reporters would put it, "a pleasant time was had by all."

graphs, which would have been of especial interest to our members, failed to reach *THE MONITOR*, hence we had to forego the pleasure of seeing how our handsome representatives looked while gamboling around the wilds of Chicago.

Chapter No. 8 now has 180 members. There are in the territory 23 ladies and 27 men eligible, and a few are becoming eligible each month. It would be exceedingly pleasing to the members of our chapter if these laggards would join with us. Along the lines of distribution of the business, we should have something over 2000 members, to be in line with the other companies. We have the timber, and this is to ask all of these slow ones to dig out the application blank sent them when they were asked to join, and to complete the application. Three dollars for joining now also pays dues to the close of the year 1925. Do not let the bargain day go by. If you have not an application blank, H. W. Bellard, secretary, Denver, will gladly furnish one and any desired information.

Applications since last notice are as follows: L. P. Allen, assistant equipment engineer, Denver, Colorado. Perry made his bow to the telephone business at Alamosa, Colorado, back in 1902 as a cub troubleman under Morris B

Colt, and Perry has been at it ever since, somewhere in Colorado.

John F. Greenawalt, publicity manager, Denver, Colorado. Everyone is surely glad to see our "Jawn" reach such a ripe telephone age as to be able to become one of us. In 1903 he shook the arduous duties of a country editor and became a supervisor of contracts under Pioneer H. T. Vaille. Mr. Greenawalt created our paper, now called *THE MONITOR*, and he has been in contract and publicity work continuously since coming with the Company. Whenever we are at a loss for anyone to make a speech now, we can simply wish it onto John.

Tom C. Crayon, plant department, Helena, Montana. In 1903 Mr. Crayon began as a messenger boy, under Pioneer Harry Sommers, at Helena, and he has continued in the good work in and around Helena ever since. At the time the northern division had a warehouse, Mr. Crayon was in charge. He is now connected with the plant department.

John Flowers, Salt Lake City, Utah. Mr. Flowers is one of our pensioned employees. He began the business in 1889 as deputy treasurer under President George Y. Wallace, who was also a Pioneer up to the time of his death. Mr. Flowers retired from active telephone work at the time of the merger in 1911, but still makes his home at Salt Lake City, and never gets entirely out of touch with telephone matters.

## "The Crow's Nest"

The Roswell-Artesia toll line was out of order. It was one of those aggravating intermittent cases of trouble, but tests indicated that it was near Dexter, New Mexico, so Gail Hamilton climbed his trusty flivver and went on the war path. In the village of Dexter he detected a wire attached to the toll line and running into a big cottonwood tree.

Further investigation brought to light a "Swiss Family Robinson" affair built around the big limbs of the tree which proved to be the headquarters of a boys' club.

With a commendable spirit of investigation, but an indiscreet method of procedure, they had dug up an old telephone receiver and made connection to the wires which passed so invitingly near by. The results were highly satisfactory to them. It was as good as a radio and far less trouble and proved a valuable attraction to the crow's nest club room.

But, alas, for romance, efficient commercialism stepped in and interfered and the members of the club had perforce to listen to a kindly lecture delivered by Gail Hamilton on the ethics of transmission. The boys assured him that hereafter the club would constitute itself a watchtower along the highway of speech and assist in keeping the lines clear.



Boys Club House in Cottonwood Tree at Dexter New Mexico, where they tapped the toll line and "listened in."

# Miles City Royally Entertains

By E. E. M.

On Monday, October 27, at 12:10 noon, twenty-two members of the Miles City Kiwanis Club entertained at the local exchange building by Kiwanian Manager "Dusty" Miller, Miles City, Montana.

The first thirty minutes were spent in showing the visitors through the building and starting with the operating department, Mrs. Fry, chief operator, with her able staff of operators, took the crowd in hand and explained the mysteries of the switch board and the method of operation. To many this was a source of wonder and surprise and exploded many false ideas of what actually occurs in giving service to the public.

Then through the rest room where all were agreeably surprised at the home-like quarters which they seemed to agree was a mighty fine thing in caring for our employees in this manner.

On down the stairs to the plant department where wire chief and his men told the visitors all about the various equipment and machines and their uses which was very interesting and instructive to all. Some of the visitors of

course had been through the building before but most of them found something new or different to have explained.

By this time it was time to feed the inner man and the commercial office was arranged so that all were seated around the room and lunch was served by operators not on duty with the help of Miss Elbert and supervised by Mrs. Miller, the best cook the manager ever lived with. Paper hats with appropriate Blue Bell signs were worn by all the ladies which came in for very favorable comment.

No set program was followed during the lunch period except with short talks by the various members. President Selle of the club spoke on behalf of the club in thanking the Company and the manager for the splendid hour of instruction and the fine lunch which latter they all seemed to enjoy.

In response to the President's remarks, a fitting reply was made by the manager who expressed the desire that all those present would at least make other visits to our building at any time they cared to and to at least bring their families so that the women folks as well as the children might have some idea of what it meant to give service to the public.

## Plant Department

The male employees of the Company have formed a club which is going to promote all social and athletic activities at Casper exchange. We believe that this is going to "go over big" because we have a basketball team in the City Basketball league already, so get behind this club and boost it with all your might.

J. W. Babcock is again helping the force at Midwest, Wyoming. It seems as if "Bab" is getting to be a permanent fixture out there.

As a department we can say that the party which the traffic department gave October 30th was a real success and we all had one of the best times we ever had at any of the parties given here.



## Cheyenne Doings

When our Cheyenne cashier, Mr. William G. Baldry, left on his vacation, his last remark was that a week was rather a short time for a honeymoon; but we scarcely believe that Leap Year will catch Bill.

Charles Weidman, draftsman in the office of R. A. Kent, state engineer, was recently wearing the happiest smile imaginable and passing the cigars around the office, all because a beautiful little son had come to brighten their home. Charles Junior and his mother are doing fine and with proper care and attention hope is held out for the eventual recovery of Charles Senior.



## Pulling Against the Stream

It's a lazy fish that doesn't keep its fins working and make progress upstream. Other fish will pass it with a saucy flip of the tail and reach the good feeding grounds where the water is deeper and the swimming easier.

And so it is with life. It is easy to float—to drift. But we use the gifts that are ours to make progress in the journey upstream. Here and there are shallows and shoals that are hard of passage, but a determined character will wade through and get into better conditions.

Given good health—and good health is a natural condition if one will but conserve and care for it—there are few bad situations in life that an ambitious person cannot master and convert into better ones.



Suspicious Wife—"Where have you been all the evening?"

Husband—"I've been talking business over with Tom Baker."

"Yes? And I suppose that is baking powder that is sprinkled all over your shoulders?"

## Some Facts About the Telephone

Among the forty-eight states that make up the United States of America, there are six, each of which has over five times as many telephones as the whole kingdom of Italy.

New York City gained 113,941 telephones during 1923, an increase of 10.6 per cent. There are now 19.9 telephones per 100 population in the greater city.

An aerial cable has just been completed between South Bend, Ind., and Niles, Mich., replacing an open wire line and extending the cable system of the long lines department of the Bell System.

Employees to the number of 5,000 serve the telephone in the city of Detroit. Nearly 3,000 of these are operators in the 16 central offices. The telephone company employs 10,000 people in the state of Michigan.

A telephone said to be the first that was ever used to communicate with any manufac-

turing company is still in existence and occasionally used. This telephone is on a line connecting the original factory of the B. F. Goodrich Company at Akron, Ohio, with the home of Dr. Goodrich. When the Bell Telephone System first installed an exchange in Akron, the original factory line was connected with the city system and now the number is known as Main 1.

The two original instruments connecting the home and factory were presented to Dr. Goodrich by his friend, Alexander Graham Bell, shortly after Prof. Bell invented the telephone, and were at once put in use. Today there are 700 telephones in service at the Goodrich factory in Akron, in addition to the original instrument.



Operator: "Information."

Sub.: "I'd like the number of the bug-house, please. I can't pronounce the other name."

(The operator understood as only an operator can).

Operator: "You mean the Entomological Laboratory, No. 3227."

# THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year

Bell System

One Policy - One System  
Universal Service



And All Directed Towards  
Better Service

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.