

*W. H. H.*

# THE MONITOR

THE MOUNTAIN STATES  
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



FEBRUARY 1925

## SNOWED IN



ERE you ever snowed in, way back in the mountains, where naught but the souging pines and now and then the shrill cry of a winter bird disturbed the solitude? There you were, with some congenial companion, snugly hemmed in on all sides by deep snow, while the crackling logs in the rustic fireplace sent their flickering glow to all parts of the room! The picture on the front page is of a mountain home near Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

# W. S. GIFFORD, President

A MISDIRECTED envelope written by a newly graduated Harvard student in 1905 won for the Bell System the services of Walter S. Gifford, president, according to a New York newspaper.

Born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1885, Gifford finished his course at Cambridge in three years, graduating at the age of 19. He had specialized in literature, read much poetry, and thought of becoming a mining or civil engineer. His father, a lumber merchant, had spared no expense in the upbringing of his family of nine. Young Gifford, however, wanted to paddle his own canoe so he wrote a letter to the General Electric Co., asking for a job, but inadvertently addressed the envelope to the Western Electric Co., at New York. A few weeks later he was working for the Bell System in the Western Electric's office in Chicago.

In 1908, the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., ever looking out for the best men obtainable, took Walter Gifford into the Boston office. There commenced a business career which has gone far to revolutionize the statistical departments of leading American corporations. Ten years after joining the telephone forces, Mr. Gifford, at the age of 34, became one of its vice-presidents in charge of probably the largest business statistical organization in America today.

"Nobody ever got rich in the Telephone company," he told a friend. This was not said boastfully. It was merely an example of his wonderful enthusiasm



#### Official Telegram

New York, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1925.  
F. H. Reid, President,  
Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.,  
Denver, Colorado.

The following official statement has just been given out:

"At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company held in Boston today, Mr. H. B. Thayer was made chairman and Mr. W. S. Gifford, President."

In commenting on this, Mr. Thayer said:

"Mr. Gifford has been connected with the Bell System during practically his whole life and in active service in it except for a period of two years during the war, when he was loaned to the Government. During that period he organized the Council of National Defense and was its Director until after the Armistice. There was concentrated in that two years such an opportunity to gain wisdom from experience over a very broad field as does not come to men generally in a lifetime. After the war he came back to the work with us which he had before the war. Shortly afterward, there came some reorganization of the business on account of Mr. Vail's retirement and death. In the administration following, he has taken parts of increasing importance. Latterly he has been identified with all phases of the administration of the business. There is no one to whom I could look with greater confidence to carry on, with vision for the future, along the general lines we are following. Personally and officially, I am very much gratified at this action."

for service. Talking with him it is not difficult to realize that he has found his right niche with a corporation which puts service before monetary consideration and which is national in its scope, ideas and developments.

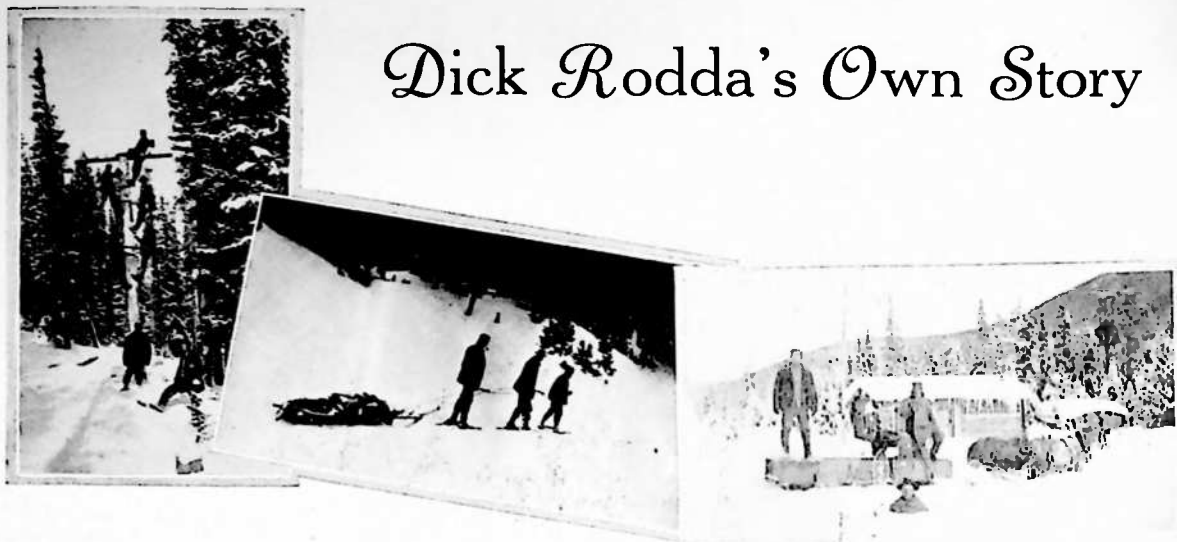
Gifford enjoys one of the keenest minds in the country today. He has the power of absorbing that which is of actual value to him out of any mass of facts and figures, thereby attaining efficiency in thinking. It was this extraordinary aptitude for real values that had much to do with his early graduation from college and his rapid rise in the world of business. His tab-

loid charts, curves and tables, interesting, human and invaluable, are carried by all departments of the Bell System.

Years of the hardest sort of work lie lightly on Walter Gifford. He not only is youthful in appearance but is always genial, sometimes debonair and forever on the alert. His friends call him a typical New Englander, calm, prepossessed, self-disciplined, capable and always retaining his savoir faire. Above the average height, straight as an arrow, Mr. Gifford is blonde, has an expressive though rather pale face, high forehead and thoughtful gray eyes.

Gifford was "borrowed" by the government for 12 weeks to organize the newly created Council of National Defense. At the expiration of the three months Secretary of War Baker wrote to Mr. Vail asking for the permanent services of the latter's young assistant. He was ap-





## Dick Rodda's Own Story

**D**ICK RODDA was feeling reminiscent the other day when he dropped in at THE MONITOR office for a little chat. Dick, whose official name is Richard R. Rodda, combination man at Arvada, Colorado, staged his first "call" back in St. Blazey, Cornwall, England, and he has been "on the line" ever since. But, suppose we let Dick tell his own story:

"Well, let's see; I came to this country with my mother and three brothers, on July 7, 1871,

pointed the Director of the Council of National Defense, which with the Advisory Commission, was made up of six cabinet members and seven civilians. The other members were all old enough to be Gifford's father. His trained mind, however, enabled him to render such prompt decisions that the other members frequently refused to accept them without long debate. Usually in the end the youngster's "idea" was found to be the best.

The war ending, the telephone company asked Secretary Baker for the return of its two years' "loan." Reluctantly and with expressions of the highest praise, the Administration released W. S. Gifford to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company where, today, he is using that "vital force" in its service. His friends say that he is working too hard and playing too little. He is one man in a thousand who finds play in his work, for he has established it on such broad lines that it includes everything worthwhile in life.

*When Rodda went over Berthoud Pass with his men in dead of winter*

and my early life was spent in Georgetown, Colorado, where I attended school, completing nine grades, when I was taken out on account of sickness. My first job was with the Western Union Telegraph Company as messenger boy, at \$18 a month. I stayed with this job over one year and then became interested in the telephone business.

"My first work with the Colorado Telephone Company started at Georgetown in the early '80s, where I worked for the manager evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock, operating the switchboard. I also worked at this Sunday afternoons. We had no night service nor all-Sun-

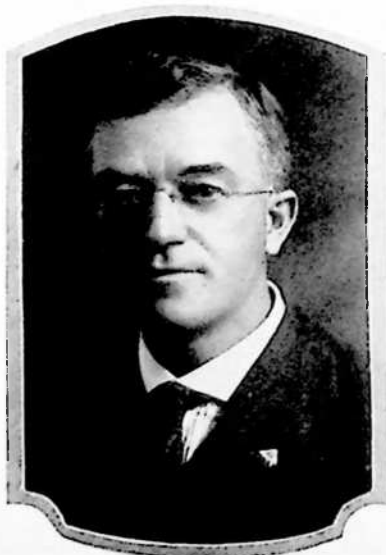
day service in those days. I was employed this way until October, 1887, when I was put on the regular payroll at \$30 a month. I worked as trouble man and installer until May 4, 1891, when I was transferred to Central City as agent.

"Central had about 40 subscribers when I took charge—all grounded lines, Blake transmitter, no rural service. The board had a capacity of 50 lines. This I filled up and had ten applications on the waiting list. I asked for a new board and this was sent to me, if I remember rightly, in 1896, the time of the Cripple Creek fire. The board arrived in Central City the morning of the fire, and that very noon I was called and told to ship the board to Cripple Creek, as the traffic there had been destroyed, and this was the only switchboard available. I shipped it out that afternoon by express, and my hopes for a new board went with it. I then had to build an addition to the old board to take care of my new subscribers. Six months later I got the new board back from Cripple Creek.

"I held the Central City job down until I was transferred to Aspen, succeeding Tom Tierney.

"During that summer and winter I had quite a lot to do, having charge of Glenwood Springs, an automatic exchange of 25 subscribers, and Grand Junction, automatic with 30 subscribers. I made two trips a week to these points clearing trouble. Ketterman of Boulder, broke me in on this automatic system—and it was some system. He had one at Greeley and one at Fort Collins, shooting trouble from Denver. He will no doubt remember his trip to Glenwood and Grand Junction with me.

"During the winter we had considerable trouble with the toll lines over the Pass between Aspen and Leadville. The winter be-



*Richard R. Rodda*

gan in October and didn't break up until May. The following year the snow was from 4 to 5 feet deep in town and from 8 to 30 feet deep in the gullies and on the road to the mines.

"I had one helper at Aspen by the name of L. J. Stuart, and a more faithful and true helper could not have been found anywhere. No matter how stormy or cold the weather, if there was trouble on the lines he was always ready to go with me, as one man did not dare venture out on those trips alone. He was an experienced snow-shoer. We made several trips together that winter. At that time Aspen was the end of the toll line in Western Colorado.

"On the morning of June 31, 1899, I received the following telegram from Leadville:

"Wires down. Can you get Bromleys?" signed 'Whalen.'

"Bromleys was the station on the east side of the Pass. On making test I succeeded in getting Bromleys, so I knew the line was O. K. on my side of the Pass. I wired Whalen to this effect.

"Chas. Fitzsimmons was wire chief at Leadville at this time, and he will remember when he and another man started out from Leadville and made headquarters at Twin Lakes and endeavored to get up the Pass to repair the lines, but the snow was so deep and slides continually running, so it was impossible to get near the trouble, and it was several weeks before the line was put in shape for service.

"On the morning of February 1, 1899, the line was out of order between Aspen and Independence on the Western slope, so it was up to me and my helper to get it in working order.



Here the Little Rascal is before he decided to come to America. On the left he is with his aunt; in the center at left, copper-tipped boots, checked waistcoat and an air of self-reliance, standing beside another aunt; on the right he appears in the lap of his mother. Pictures taken in St. Austell, England.

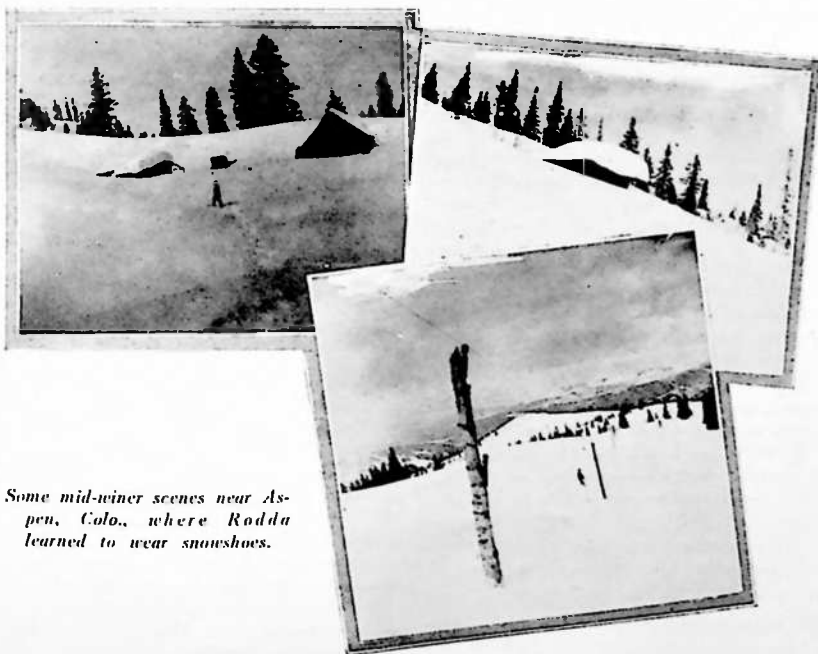
Stuart and I started out next morning on our snow shoes, and only made nine miles that day. We stopped at an old cabin that night, and as we had not intended to stay out all night we had taken but a small lunch. Next morning we started for the Pass, minus breakfast. About 11 o'clock we met some men coming up from the mines, breaking trail to get some horses out; also some women and children, as there was no way to get hay to the horses nor

food to the women and children. The stage had stopped as the roads were blocked with snow. These men told us of a snow slide which had killed 17 horses. They said they would need some more help, so we tested in on the line and called Aspen and asked for more help, which was sent.

"Stuart and I went on and found the line down for half a mile. There was not a pole to be seen nor a wire to be found. The slide had carried some of the poles 300 feet up the opposite side of the canyon. They were found there the following spring. Not having enough wire to get the line up we continued on to Independence, which place we reached about 9 o'clock that night. We had been all day without a bite to eat. It was bitter cold and the snow blowing in blinding gusts.

"But here we were served with hot coffee and boiled beef. (My, but it was good.) Yes, and we had bread and butter, too. Our meagre meal the night before had consisted of a can of frozen sauerkraut and pork and frozen bread, which we found in an abandoned cabin.

"We remained at Independence until Saturday, Friday being so stormy they would not let us start out. It had been reported at Aspen that we were caught in a snow slide and killed, and relief parties were sent out to look for us. We met one of the parties on our way home and we tested in on the Aspen line and reported we were safe and on our way home. We arrived in Aspen on Saturday noon and got wire together and went back over the trail Sunday morning. The road was broken enough so that we could climb up to where the wire was down. We repaired the line to Independence and kept it open all winter by making two trips a week up there to dig the wires out of the snow. We did not get Leadville for four



Some mid-winter scenes near Aspen, Colo., where Rodda learned to wear snowshoes.



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WE OF THE Bell System know of many cases where the telephone has intervened to prevent human suffering. But thanks to recent developments in our Bell System Laboratories, a means has been found to restore speech to many of these unfortunates.

Human speech originates in the lungs which force a stream of air up the windpipe and through the narrow slit formed by the vocal cords. These are two narrow muscular ledges extending across the larynx ("Adam's Apple"). Here the air is set into vibration, and its waves are moulded by the throat and mouth into the sounds we call vowels. Occasionally cancer attacks the larynx, and in so malignant a form that removal of the larynx by an operation is the only certain cure. With the larynx and its vocal cords gone, the victim has hitherto been condemned to lifelong silence.

weeks. I spent seven winters at Aspen.

"This was my first experience on snowshoes and before winter was over I was some expert, using webs and skis both.

"In 1900, the toll line was extended to Glenwood Springs, and in 1901 was cut over to manual, and in 1902 the line was extended to Grand Junction, and that office was cut to manual the same year. We then built exchanges at Basalt, Carbondale, Rifle, Grand Valley and DeBeque.

"In 1903 there was a fierce fire at Rifle which burned up half the town. Our pole and cable equipment were all destroyed in the business section, but the office was not touched. This was on a Saturday morning, and by Tuesday following we had the exchange in working order, getting cable and crossarms by express from Denver.

"In 1905, I was transferred to Telluride, where I was most of the year, but the altitude had begun to get on my nerves and I asked to be transferred to Denver. In Denver I began work under C. L. Titus, district manager. I worked out of the city to various exchanges

## The Bell Laboratories Help Speechless to Talk

The leading surgeon in this line is Dr. John E. Mackenty of New York (and for years he had been thinking of a way to help his patients regain their speech). Devices made in a small way overseas were not satisfactory, and finally Dr. Mackenty came to our Laboratories, recognizing them as leaders in the communication field. Dr. Harvey Fletcher took up the problem and under his supervision Mr. Clarence E. Lane developed an artificial larynx with which several persons have learned to speak quite intelligibly.

The apparatus begins with a pad strapped over the aperture in the patient's neck where his windpipe terminates, and through which he breathes. From this a rubber tube leads up to a device which stimulates the human vocal cords. Air forced from the lungs is set into vibration here, and these vibrations are carried through a short tube like a pipe-stem into the speaker's mouth. Here the vibrations are modulated in much the same manner as though they were naturally produced in the throat. The result is speech which can easily be understood; it differs from natural speech chiefly in being a monotone.

Not only will the artificial larynx add to its user's happiness and earning power, but it will remove one barrier to the proper treatment of cancer of the throat. In the early stages of the disease, when a radical operation offers a practical certainty of cure, sufferers have often hesitated because they dreaded the loss

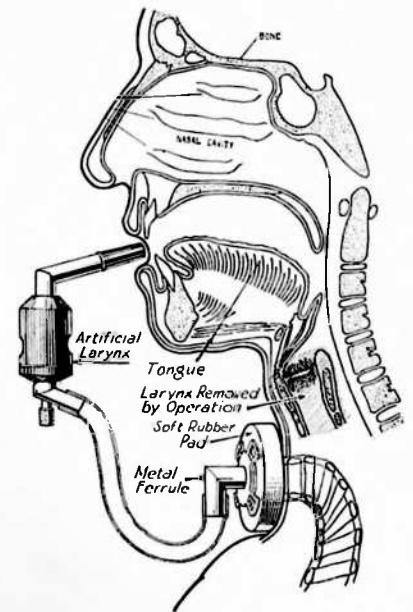
in the surrounding territory and in January, 1913, I made a trip with five men over Berthoud Pass. This was a hard trip. The men I had were not used to snowshoes, and it kept me busy all the night to keep them on the move, as they were getting tired. We went over the Pass in the night, as it is much easier and safer to travel at night than in the day time, as the crust of the snow is harder and does not break in so easily. This line was down a distance of 8 miles, and we worked on it two weeks before service was restored.

"During my 38 years service with this Company I have seen many changes, and have witnessed its growth from a small concern to the great institution it is today. I am now living in Arvada where I have had my home for 16 years, and have been at the Arvada exchange 6 years.

"I have enjoyed my work with the Company and believe I have made many friends all over Colorado. There are many who will read this little story and recall some of the incidents I have spoken of."

of their voice. Delay, even while trying other treatments, has usually allowed the disease to progress to a point where cure is impossible. With the fear of future silence removed, Dr. Mackenty believes that sufferers no longer will risk their lives, but will have the cancerous tissues removed and do their talking with an artificial larynx.

An interview with the two patients is reported as a remarkable experience. With the device removed, their attempts to talk brought only a sighing of the breath in and out of the hole in their throat, which was concealed by their neckwear. A few sibilant sounds, still formed by their lips, could be heard. One of them facetiously remarked—or perhaps "indi-



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cated" might be a better term—that the only word he could speak was of little use any more—it was "Scotch." Then the intake pad was fastened in place by tapes passing around the neck and chest. Holding the sound box, which much resembles the famous Dawes "underslung" pipe, so as to project the sound into one corner of the mouth, one of the patients began to talk. His speech was low-pitched and not loud, but perfectly intelligible. Asked about the telephone, one man said that he frequently used it and his listener had no difficulty understanding him.

Cancer of the throat is extremely malignant,

## New Union Station at Ogden, Utah



**T**HE NEW union station at Ogden, Utah, was completed and opened for traffic November 15, 1924. The estimated cost, including equipment and interior furnishings, is placed at \$400,000.

The structure is built of brick, 374 feet long and 88 feet wide. The brick is an Ogden product and is a pink and buff color to resemble Cordova tile.

The architecture is Italian Renaissance, the style that flourished about the time of Columbus. Roofing is of the Cordova Spanish type.

The waiting room occupies a floor space of 112 feet by 60 feet. Two entrances from Wall Avenue are provided. It is 56 feet from the floor to the roof. The roof is supported by six wooden trusses 16 by 22 inches and 64 feet long.

The beams and trusses are highly ornamented in brilliant colors and intricate designs. The walls feature ruffled plastering, being painted in a buff tint.

The waiting room is lighted by three large chandeliers, each containing 130 globes. The chandeliers are made of wrought iron and cost \$1,200 each.

On the first floor the baggage department is located in the east section of the structure. Part of this section is to be used for mail purposes, Ogden being the largest mail center west

its victim surviving only from 18 months to 2 years if untreated. It may be originated by any form of local irritation such as diseased tonsils, excessive talking or shouting, excessive smoking, etc. Often it is not recognized at first by physicians, since it is rarely met in general practice. The operation on it is a very delicate one, requiring the removal of the larynx—the familiar "Adam's Apple"—and adjacent parts of the throat.

Ultimately the upper end of the windpipe is brought forward into the wound. This is sewed up in such a way that the windpipe communicates directly with the outer air. After the wound has healed the patient wears the talking apparatus all day, with a layer of gauze underneath to keep dust out of his lungs. Talking imposes no particular strain on either speaker or listener.

of the Missouri River.

The ticket office is also located at the east end of the first floor.

The dining room and lunch counter are located in the extreme south end of the station and will offer every modern convenience.

Offices of the Union Pacific Telegraph de-

partment and the general telephone division for the O. U. R. & D. Co. will be quartered in the north annex.

The entire south section of the second floor is to be occupied by the Southern Pacific system.

The station is owned jointly by the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific systems and is to be operated by the O. U. R. & D. Co.

The installation of the private telephone branch exchange is being supervised by Mr. E. B. Slyder of the installation department of Denver, and was placed in service December 1, 1924. The equipment consists of a 3-position No. 600-C multiple type switchboard, capacity 640 subscribers' lines, with 259 equipped; trunk line capacity 120, with 40 equipped. This switchboard was constructed at the Hawthorne factory and especially designed to meet the requirements of the railroad company.

Besides the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific systems, the latter including the Oregon Short Line, the station will also care for passengers of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad.



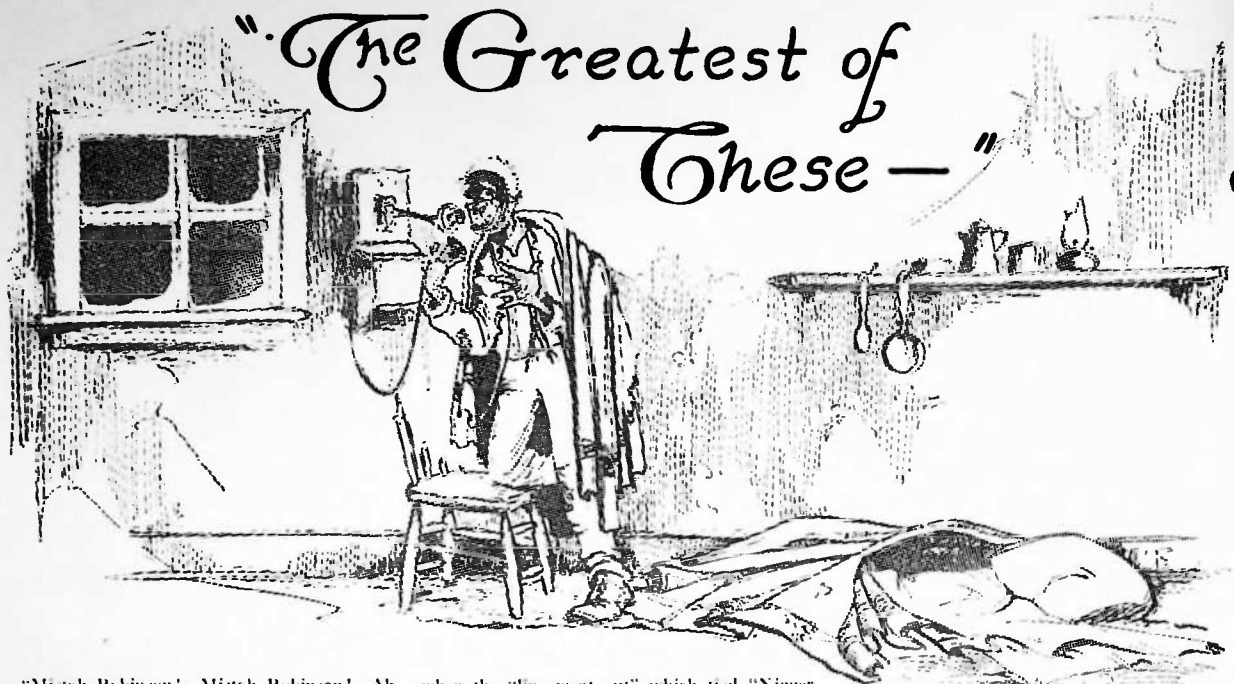
### An Open Challenge

The Plant Department at Trinidad, Colorado, challenges the whole telephone company to produce a finer looking trio of young telephone hopefuls than those photographed here. J. M. Lewis, manager at Trinidad, is real "chesty" about this, and says:

"We are challenging the entire Mountain States territory to produce anything worthy of competition."

Well, we shall see what we shall see.

Top, left to right—Virginia Lee Russell, 4-months old; Patricia Jean Thady, 6-months old. Bottom—Esther Marie Mahou, 6 months.



"Mistah Robinson! Mistah Robinson! Ah jest kinda feel as if Ah ain't gwine to lib much moah—Ah seem to be most daid now, Mr. Robinson—could you-all come up, 'cause Ah's a sick man!"

"Sure, Von; I'll start right now! Have you anything to eat?"

"No, sah; nothin' 'cept snow, Mistah Robinson."

"How's the fire—are you warm?"

"No, sah, Mistah Robinson, Ah ain't warlum—Ah's cold—Ah kaint git offen de flooh to chop no wood—Ah's a sick, man, Ah is."

"Right away, Von—right away—I'm coming" was the reassuring tidings that sped over the "singing wires" that ran from Nederland, Colorado, far into the tall mountains five miles away.

"God bless you-all, Mistah Robinson, an' Mrs. Robinson, too," was the benediction of the old colored man, as he lay starving, freezing—dying.

Harry W. Robinson, back in the days of the great tungsten boom at Nederland, was telephone manager at the city that "grew up in a night," and then faded almost as fast. Harry is now our manager at Delta, Colorado.

Aaron Vaughn is an old Negro gold prospector who, for thirty-five years, has hid himself away in the fastness of the Rockies. He is still living up there in the little old shack on the Cold Spring Ranch, and not for thirty years has he "come down into the valley." Occasionally he has ventured as far as Nederland, and it was on one of these trips that he met Harry Robinson, our manager. Robinson was always kind to him, and on a few occasions

when the "line went out" which tied "Nigger Von" to the outside world, had he wished to use it, Robinson had gone out to the shack and restored service.

One cold, stormy night the howling wind shrieked and pounded against the door of the lonely shack like an angry spirit seeking refuge. The hard snow swished and tattooed against the one-pane window glass in fitful gusts. "Nigger Von" lay upon a little pile of tattered quilts on the floor and as he drew them about him he felt that the great silent calm was creeping over him. There was no fuel in the cabin, and he was too sick to stir from his bed of rags. He was hungry, and there was no food in the little box that sat upon the wall table. Slowly, slowly, he was freezing—starving—dying—alone.

Near his side was the old fashioned wall telephone. He pulled himself up until he could reach the receiver. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the bell rang in the home of Manager Robinson. The old Negro told his story, as best he could, to the manager, and then dropped back upon his pile of rags. The receiver dangled at the end of the cord and the line was left open.

The call had touched the great heart of the manager. He hurried into his clothes while his good wife packed a basket with things to eat, and some home remedies. Outside in the barn, stood old Dobbin, drowsy, and waiting for the morning. The nag was soon hitched to the old buckboard and Robinson was off in the face of a terrible blizzard. The snow was deep and the traveling hard. Slowly, slowly, he pushed on and on. Twice the buckboard upset and rolled over, as the faithful horse

floundered in the drift. Robinson was cold and weary, and men of less courage would have turned back. But there was a human soul flickering between life and death, far up in the mountains, and he pressed on.

Near daylight he reached the cabin and pushed open the door. "Nigger Von" was all but unconscious—his limbs were numb and he could hardly speak.

"Foah de Lawd has sent you, Mistah Robinson. Ah's powerful glad," said the old Negro, unable to raise his head.

The telephone man soon had a crackling fire. Mrs. Robinson had sent along a pail of chicken broth. This was soon steaming hot, and "the angel of mercy" was feeding it to the dying man. Other first aid restoratives were administered, and the old fellow was made more comfortable. Robinson then telephoned some of the neighbors in the hills and called for a doctor.

A few weeks later "Nigger Von" hobbled down the rugged path and stood at the door of the telephone exchange.

"Come in, Von; how you feeling?" was the welcome invitation from Manager Robinson.

"Mistah Robinson, Ah done feel jest like a millum dollahs—dat soup done safed mah life, suah. Dem pearly gate angels suah was a singin' to me dat night when you-all driv up—"

"An' Mistah Robinson, Ah's got some mighty



# Back in the Year of 1900--

Here is a picture of the old Lawrence Street exchange, Denver, showing the horseshoe effect. This was taken about 1900. Note the youth, W. F. Cozad, of those days, and the young ladies, most of whom are now married off and have daughters or sons now working in this great organization. This was a magneto multiple board and was very much crowded for room just before we moved into the Champa Street exchange with a



deck of toll section started overhead to take care of the crowded conditions. The gentleman with the toothpick shoes is

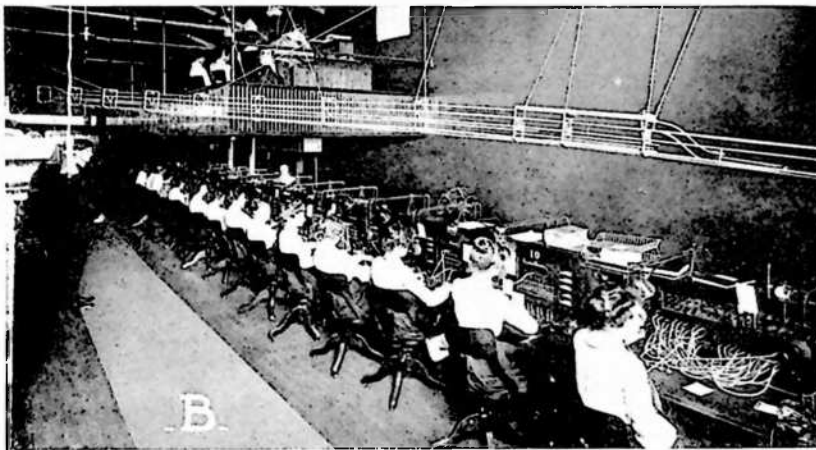
phone Company, 1447 Lawrence, where Robert D. Hall was general auditor. He is in the foreground. Some of the other gentlemen are E. B. Field, Jr., Roderick Reid, M. R. Caldwell, state auditor of Colorado, George Kimball and Mr. Walpole. Some of you old-timers no doubt will recognize the ladies. If you will scrutinize this photo closely you will realize how congested and crowded and the difficulties under which the organization functioned while struggling to build up and pioneer this great plateau territory when about all there was in the state was great distances and the most primitive and slow modes of traveling.

C. UNCERTAIN.



### Alert to Render Service

J. R. Gibson, of El Paso, while installing a telephone in a residence, heard some one fall down a long flight of stairs. Hastening to the scene he found an old lady unconscious. With his knowledge of first aid he revived her, sent for a doctor and assisted in getting her home. The telephone man is always courteous and helpful.



new common battery equipment.

B shows the magneto toll boards to the right of the horseshoe and back of the local magneto board. Notice the double

Mr. Griffith. Both Mr. Cozad and he are now with the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company.

The photograph marked C is the auditing department of the old Colorado Tele-

good news, too. You-all know dat old mine o' mine up dah--well, sah, hit has turned out to be jest full of tunstum, an' Ah done sold hit."

Six months later "Nigger Von" had lost all his money because he trusted some of his "town people." it is said, and today he is up there in the little old shack, hoping, hoping--and prospecting.

Harty Robinson will wonder where THE MONITOR got the story--but that matters not. The telephone still hangs on the wall, and but for it and the response of the Good Samaritan, "Nigger Von" would have passed over into the great beyond on that cold winter night, years ago.

"And the greatest of these is Charity," or that "you shall love your neighbor as yourself."



# Accounting Department Promotions

Several promotions are under way at the present time in the accounting department.

Mr. F. W. BOWN, state auditor at El Paso, is being transferred to the general office, Denver, to take charge of the disbursements and revenue methods department. Mr. Bown's experience makes him well qualified for this important work.

Mr. Bown started as a solicitor in the Denver commercial department on July 19, 1909. He later joined the accounting department as a bookkeeper and then was transferred to El Paso, Texas. On July 1, 1915, he became chief clerk, acting division auditor on August 16, 1918, and division auditor October 1, 1919. He then came to Denver and helped to organize the Denver revenue accounting department, becoming state auditor for New Mexico and El Paso on July 1, 1922.

Mr. Bown's office has always done excellent work, his journal entries being usually the first received.

Mr. Bown and his office force have always maintained a most excellent spirit of co-operation with the other state department heads at El Paso, which has been most helpful and gratifying.



Top to bottom—F. W. Bown, Edward Jones, Joseph M. Ryan



Mr. A. D. STRYKER has been appointed state auditor for the El Paso accounting office.

Mr. Stryker is young in the service and with an excellent record, having joined the accounting department on November 18, 1912. He served in the Colorado revenue department finally as chief clerk, and has also served on the road as traveling auditor.

Mr. Stryker has also been quite active in the preparation of methods in accounting work. A little over a year ago, during Mr. Bown's illness, Mr. Stryker took charge of the El Paso office for several weeks and made such a record as to bring to his side a host of friends.



Mr. N. M. ANDREWS was chief examiner of the accounting work and results in all the state auditors' offices. He has been transferred to the general disbursing department, where he will take charge of some very important studies for Mr. Remington, auditor of disbursements.

Mr. Andrews is particularly a specialist on plant accounting, and in fact has a very broad knowledge of all accounting work, both in the general office and in the state auditor's office, and also as traveling auditor. Mr. Andrews came with the company on February 8, 1909.

Mr. C. J. EATON, state auditor at Helena, Montana, becomes chief examiner. His work takes in the examination of the accounting in all state auditor's offices. With his assistant he checks books and records, methods, and results. By the way, his assistants are usually from the methods department in the general accounting office. The young men in the methods department will take their turn with Mr. Eaton in examining state auditors' offices. This keeps the methods department force actively interested in the work being done at state headquarters, and this combination of duties produces excellent results.

Mr. Eaton is well qualified for the position of chief examiner, as his activities in the past cover every phase of accounting work in the field, in the general office and on the road as a traveling auditor. Mr. Eaton's office at Helena has been very prompt every month in issuing the "Blash" on results; his journal entries being among the first in, and his costs are among the lowest. Mr. Eaton came with the Company on January 12, 1911, starting in the general accounting department.

Mr. EDWARD JONES, chief clerk of the Salt



Top to bottom — A. D. Stryker, C. J. Eaton, F. H. Neff.

# SOME COLORADO CHANGES

Following appointments of managers in the month of December, in Colorado, were officially made:

- Loveland—Commercial, Chas. A. Pierce.
- Sterling—Commercial, A. G. Hill.
- Durango—Plant, Paul C. Garbanati.
- Salida—Plant, Willard Fewlass.
- Arvada—Plant, Owen R. Hyde.
- Koota—Traffic, Mrs. Bessie B. Hughes, agt.



### Sterling Welcomes Hill Back

THE MONITOR correspondent at Sterling, Colo., has the following to say about A. G. Hill's return to that place as manager:

Albert G. Hill has come back. He came to Sterling for the first time in 1916 and was manager here for five years. In September, 1921, he was transferred to Salida and came back to us in December, 1924, to take Fred L. Pickering's place. Once more Mr. Hill is manager of the Sterling exchange.

Mr. Pickering has been called in to Denver where he goes into the Traffic department, playing the game for the same Great Company but in a different field.

Sterling will miss Mr. Pickering—business men and small boys; high school youngsters and ladies, young and old. His interests were so varied and his contact with people so warm and genial that he is sure to be missed by everyone. But we at the office feel that our regret is more justified even than that of the boys and girls to whom he was such a friend. That word expresses it all. Our feeling has little to do with the business side of the matter. It is simply "we're losing a friend!"

Modern business men are coming to realize that friendly relations between employees and those in charge means increased efficiency and greater achievement. It does work that way but that isn't the reason Mr. Pickering was always considerate. It was because he is so kind, so sincerely interested in people, so genuine and human that he radiates those qualities to everyone about him.

We welcome our new manager and hope we may serve him well. We rejoice at Mr. Pickering's new opportunity and yet feel a very real, personal loss even as we say, "The best of good luck to our 'Boss.' God bless him!"



Fred Pickering  
Photo by Auditorium Studio, Denver

### F. L. Pickering Promoted

After a very successful management of the Sterling, Colorado, group since October, 1922, Fred L. Pickering has been promoted to the office of traffic supervisor in the office of the Colorado traffic superintendent, and given charge of the work of improving the handling of our short haul toll traffic by diverting it to our local switchboard.

Mr. Pickering has ten years of service to his credit, starting with the Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Company in St. Louis, where he remained for two years, and after spending the following two years in the army, came to our company in 1919. Mr. Pickering spent about a year in Denver in the plant department on switchboard maintenance, from which he was promoted to position of manager at Lander, Wyoming, and then to the position of manager at Thermopolis, Wyoming, which position he left in 1922 to become group manager at Sterling, Colorado.



### Montana to Minnesota

The Cascade, Montana, Courier tells of a long distance telephone conversation recently successfully carried on between mother and daughter—one in Cascade and the other in Winona, Minnesota. More and more telephone users are coming to know that they may easily talk to friends hundreds of miles away just as satisfactorily as though they were across the street, and the cost is so small, too.



### A. E. Cook, Ski President

A. E. Cook, manager at Hot Sulphur, Colorado, was recently chosen president of the Steamboat Springs Ski Club, and the Times says "The entire community extends congratulations to Mr. Cook."



The Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company installed, on March 3, 1924, its 150,000th telephone. The company opened up business on September 10, 1878, with 18 subscribers.



Norman M. Andrews

Lake City accounting office, has been made state auditor, to fill the vacancy caused by the transfer of Mr. Eaton. The Salt Lake City accounting office has always been one of the best, under the able management of Mr. Hedberg, so Mr. Jones has had excellent training there.

Mr. Jones leaves a host of friends in Salt Lake City. His work has always been of a high grade type. He knows thoroughly the work of the revenue and disbursement end of the business, and is well qualified to take the reins as state auditor at Helena. Mr.

Jones started work for the Company on September 17, 1906, in the Denver revenue accounting department.

MR. JOSEPH M. RYAN has been appointed disbursing supervisor at Salt Lake City to fill the vacancy on account of the transfer of Mr. Jones. Mr. Ryan is a young man of excellent ability, and he should have a good future ahead of him. He started as plant accounting clerk in Helena on June 14, 1921. Since that time he has been on methods work, and on January 8, 1922, was transferred to Denver to work in the methods department.

Mr. Ryan is a young man who knows his business, and will be a great aid to Mr. Hedberg, state auditor at Salt Lake City.

MR. F. H. NEFF, disbursements supervisor in the state auditor's office at Helena, has been transferred to the plant department as chief clerk for the state plant superintendent.

Mr. Neff has been in the accounting department for several years, starting in Denver on February 8, 1911, and later being transferred to Helena, where he became chief clerk to Mr. Eaton. Mr. Neff aided the department quite materially during the formation of the state auditors' offices.

The accounting department regrets losing Mr. Neff, but rejoices in his well-merited promotion.



# Peppy.

By  
Beulah Black

**T**WO BIG TEARS rolled down Peppy's pretty cheeks as she perched on the big trunk, digging her little silver-toed slippers into the pile of fluffy things she had worn in the previous act.

Peppy had been the doll of New York for the past two years, leading in a big musical revue, and the fame and glitter of it all had turned her head, so that by now she was submerging her wonderful personality into selfishness and conceit, relying upon her beauty to carry her through. Today she had not received one encore. Was Broadway forgetting her? Broadway is so careless. For the past week she had sensed a certain chilliness of her audiences. Her dancing was tolerated, and a murmur of indifference greeted her bits of song and her jokes.

Peppy, unlike most specialty artists, wrote and arranged her own acts. And now the management had requested something new and snappy, or there would be a revision of her contract, which might mean dismissal. To further irritate her, the maids and wardrobe woman had walked out that morning after a refusal of better wages, so that chorines, ponies and other show girls were forced to manage their change of costume as best they could.

One little chorus girl, second from the end in the front row, and known as Dimpled Anne, was as impudent as she was beautiful, and the only one in the show who dared to address the proud Peppy. She had noticed the sudden decline of Peppy's popularity, and her pity was sincere, so she volunteered to help her into her costumes, and incidentally offer some advice, such as she could give.

"Say, listen here, old dear, why doncha give 'em some new stuff—new steps, new jokes, make 'em dizzy, give 'em a thrill, and be yer-self? Why, you're not the same Jane' 'tall that you wuz that night two years ago when yuh

dern'ear turned this 'old town downside up. Get some real stuff for a change; local color 'n human interest; equal quantities; shake 'em up, 'n serve it to the folks out there in a cut-glass way—on the silver tray we call the stage. Why even those overworked telephone jokes might be dressed up a bit to pull a chuckle or two. 'Y'know girlie, I've often thought the Telephone Company oughta pay us fer giving them so much publicity. Wy, if ever a show wuz put on without some joke on the telephone bein' sprung, the people would go 'way wishin' they had their money back! Honest, Kid, if I were you, I'd go right over 'n mingle with them 'phone girls, listen to their line o' chatter, then twist it around tuh please the folks out there. I'm tellin' yuh, it's the everyday stuff happening around us all the time that furnishes nine-tenths of the material for the big hits on the stage. 'N the very ones who unconsciously furnish that material are the human bein's working in offices, department stores, 'n so on, who pay us to let them sit out there and listen to it with all the trimmin's we put on, kiddin' themselves into believin' they hear an original joke. Think it over, dearie, and s'long."

Having made this speech, Anne dabbed more powder on her dainty nose and hurried out for the next act, while Peppy came tumbling down from her lofty perch to a realization that it was up to her to dig up some new stuff, as Anne had said, before she was dropped from Broadway's favor. She remembered Anne's reference to the popularity of the jokes on the telephone. "It's true," she thought; "every-one does get a kick out of a telephone joke, so I think I'll arrange a campaign of information for myself about the telephone system, its people and their ways."

Peppy's first peep behind the scenes of "telephony" was the beginning of agreeable sur-

prises. A modest little operator named Ruth was chosen to show her through the exchange and then the retiring rooms, and Peppy's half-jeering curiosity was soon changed to wide-eyed admiration and respect. Instead of lazy, hard-boiled, gum-chewing "Janess," she found earnest, hard-working, respectable girls, too busy to indulge in the many stunts the uniformed had accused them of. And if, as will often happen in any kind of business, the wrong kind of girl did stray into their ranks, she was promptly weeded out.

After being taken through the business part of the telephone system, Peppy was shown through the rest rooms, hospital rooms, check rooms, lunch rooms and kitchens maintained for the comfort and convenience of the girls when not on duty at the switchboards. She noted with growing delight the refined atmosphere paramount in the rest-rooms, which were supplied with good books, magazines and music; the motherly attitude of the matrons, and the nurses, who, with the brilliancy of their snowy white uniforms, surpassed the most glittering costume in her wardrobe because of the sweet, womanly purpose they served. Ruth then invited Peppy to have lunch with her in the girls' lunch room, and after going through the immaculate kitchens with their appetizing odors, she eagerly accepted the invitation, and ate with the avidity of a half-starved youngster turned loose at a Christmas dinner.

Ruth was shyly studying this lovely creature of the stage when Peppy caught her gaze, and between mouthfuls of luscious home-made pie, said to her, "Boy! you girls don't know when you're well off working for a company like this. You may not have the mad whirl and glitter we stage folks have and love so well, but you are actually mothered here in a way no other working girl could boast of. When you're ill,

everything is done for your comfort. We must pay into a fund for such service as that. You have home-cooked meals, clean and wholesome, served at cost. We hang around any old place, crushing back the question, 'Is this food clean?' On rainy days, if you get your feet wet, you are given warm, dry shoes and hose to wear until your own have dried.

"If you have no real home to go to, you have here your retiring rooms with congenial companions to visit with and dance with, and the matrons to look to for that motherly and wise guidance so necessary to all of us. And believe this, girlie, the impression all this has made upon me, an outsider, is worth as much to you as to me, because I came here to get some inside dope on the telephone to enable me to manufacture some new jokes for my act, but I'm leaving here full of new ideas and renewed ambition which I'm sure will do more for me than anything I know of. I'm going to glorify the telephone girl; show her up as the sincere, lovable type of young womanhood she really is, and if there are any high spots needed by way of jokes, they will be innocent ones, not harmful to the reputation of the telephone girl or the service she gives, as they have often been heretofore.

"I get mighty weary repeating the same lines twice a day, but when your chief operator told me the average operator said, 'Number, please?' about nineteen hundred times a day—well! that's an accomplishment! I'm going back now and work out a brand-new act which will tell the world about the wonderful little human bees working at the great honeycomb of numbers which to the outsider seems so insignificant. This unselfish, friendly atmosphere has worked a wonderful change in me."

After Peppy had gone, Ruth solemnly promised herself that since a representative of that little world called "The Stage" had gone away pleased and friendly toward herself, a representative of the telephone girls, she would do



"Today she had not received one encore"



Above is shown the mountain formed by discarded telephone books which were in service in New York City. At regular intervals old books are gathered up, and new ones distributed. Few patrons of the telephone companies know what

becomes of the old books, but this photo answers the question. The books are piled in a great heap and hauled to paper mills. There the books are converted into pulp, which is used for other commercial purposes. The books are gathered every few months.

all in her power to retain that good impression with the support of all her sister operators, to help the good cause along.

Today the girl to whom this story was told was attracted by the incessant honk-honking of a horn, only to find our Ruth motioning her to join her in a ride in her sporty little roadster. First she took her to the exquisite stage dressing room of one of the best-known stars on Broadway, beloved by all for the sweet, lovable personality, which, she modestly claims, must have had for its foundation that campaign of information she arranged for herself two years ago when she took her first peep behind the scenes of the telephone system. You all know and love this great actress, but "Peppy" is the only name she allowed to be used in this story. It has leaked out, though, that Peppy has donated a beautiful place on the Hudson for the exclusive use of all members of the telephone family during vacations and week-end trips.

Ruth and her "Telephone Man Husband" have charge of the place, free to go and come as they please. Aside from every convenience obtainable, a PBX has been installed, owing to the number of clever and witty jokes continually being telephoned in to be carefully sorted and later placed here and there in Peppy's big musical revue. Dimpled Anne, the former chorus girl, is the guardian angel of these jokes, because, as she says in her saucy way, "I ain't nuthin' but a little o' chorus gel, but this lil' heart inside o' me always has its late-key out for the real folks, 'n me 'n Peppy thinks there's none realer than the telephone gels, 'n we're not going to let them be the subject o' them crude jokes no more."

#### Our Butte Girls

The Butte, Montana Daily Post, December 24, contained the following splendid reference to our fine telephone girls at Butte:

"Every girl working for the Butte telephone exchange completes an average of five calls a minute during her eight-hour day. During the busiest hours she completes considerably more than five calls a minute. Looking down the exchange board at the fury of twinkling hands one is reminded of the flash of northern light viewed after a lusty clout on the head.

"During the week preceding Christmas there was an average of 4,000 calls coming in daily from youngsters asking for Santa Claus. Acting eminently the part of a good fellow, S. P. Officer, the new manager, allowed sentiment to clog the wheels of business and refused to interfere with this precious childhood romance. He established a department of Santa Clauses who talked to the children, admonished them to be good and received their orders for Christmas presents.

"The local exchange has been organized to the maximum of efficiency under the management of Mr. Officer, who has assumed the supervision of the Butte division. Mr. Officer came here from Bozeman, where he was manager of the Bozeman exchange for several years. He has been with the telephone company for 12 years. Mr. Officer decorated telephone headquarters and the girls' rest room brilliantly with Christmas colors and a sparkling Christmas tree looked as if it were just ready to burst into a Christmas party."

# Storms

## Trimmed Trees Save Wires

With the thermometer registering 30 degrees below zero, on the morning of December 20, 1924, gang No. 6 of the Colorado Construction department, trailed along the line east of Rocky Ford to make a few "cold-snap" splices where the contraction had broken the wires. The photograph in the story was taken by Joe Hockman, lineman, and shows an inch and a half of ice on the wires. Along this line were a number of trees that had been trimmed last fall, and it is quite evident that had the long branches not been removed before the sleet came there would have been much damage done to the wires. Fred Wales, foreman of the construction crew, was right on the job during the zero weather.



## Cold, But Cheerful

Perhaps the most unique and unusual "Special Edition" ever gotten out by any newspaper in the country came from the press of the *Boise Statesman*, and was captioned "Zero Special Edition." Can you imagine anyone being happy enough to get out a special morning edition with the thermometer registering 45 degrees below zero? But what do a few degrees amount to in the life of the newspaper man! He's often "frozen up" tighter than that on hot summer days—but he always comes up smiling for the next round.



Scene on the Pueblo-Holly line—one foot of sleet and 30 below zero

## Lineman is Pioneer Telephone Workman

A net gain of 770,000 new Bell stations was made during 1923. To care for this enormous station growth, among other items of plant, about 700,000 new poles, approximately 800,000 miles of wire in aerial cable and over 100,000 miles of open wire were added.

The linemen, of whom there are over 10,000 in the System, played an important part in this gigantic construction program. With the newly developed power apparatus particularly adapted to meet their needs, such as power winches, derricks, earth boring machines, etc., the former laborious processes of handling the heavy items of plant are made easy, and the line crews of the Bell System are now able in a single year

to build telephone plant to meet the telephone requirements of the general public which would formerly have required years to construct.

The lineman is the pioneering workman of the System. It is he who places the new poles, stretches the heavy supporting strand to which the cable rings are attached, and guides the lengths of cable as it glides into its place in these rings, like an endless grey serpent. It is



The Telephone Lineman

he who runs the miles and miles of open wire, which are supported upon the pole crossarms or brackets, and form part of the vast network of "highways of speech," by which the most isolated hamlet may be brought into communication with the outer world.



## Fine, Thank You

Two paint salesmen, in a small town, decided to dine at the village hotel.

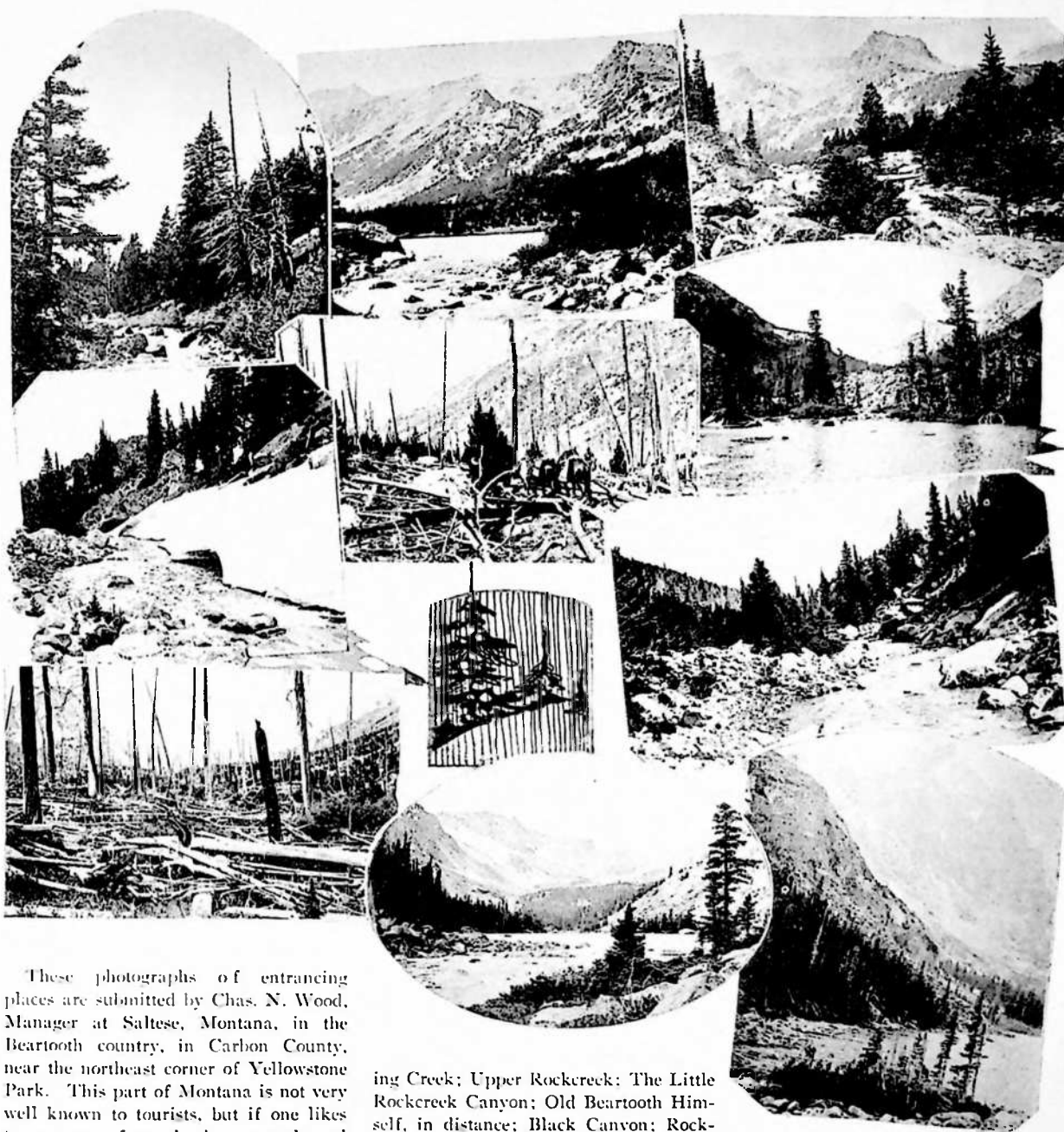
One of them turned to the pretty waitress and asked: "How's the chicken?"

"Oh, I'm all right," she blushed. "How are you?"



Some winter impressions near La Junta, Colo.

Bossy's jumping rope, near La Junta, Colo.



These photographs of entrancing places are submitted by Chas. N. Wood, Manager at Saltsee, Montana, in the Beartooth country, in Carbon County, near the northeast corner of Yellowstone Park. This part of Montana is not very well known to tourists, but if one likes to get away from the beaten path and does not mind the discomforts of a pack outfit, a trip into this country would never be regretted. Bear this in mind for your next summer's outing.

Beginning top, left to right, the pictures are: Hellroaring Creek in the Beartooth mountains; The First Rockcreek Lake; At Headwater of Hellroar-

ing Creek; Upper Rockcreek: The Little Rockcreek Canyon; Old Beartooth Himself, in distance; Black Canyon; Rockcreek canyon; Third Rockcreek Lake; Old Beartooth, showing corner of Lost Lake.

Manager Wood guarantees that the seeker of real sport can find it here. He says fishing is excellent and that hunting big game is a thrill from morning till night.

#### Excuse It, Please

A nearsighted woman was looking over our cooked sausages. Pointing to one piece, just as one of the clerks passed in front of her, she asked:

"Is that the head-cheese?"

The clerk who was waiting on her looked at the one who passed and said:

"No, he's just his assistant."

# What are You Doing for Yourself?

Being good to one's self can be spread over quite a number of years during the course of a three score and ten year life. And if during the earlier years a little of the indulgence is withheld for later use, put in the Bank of Life as it were, it is obvious that there is less chance of striking a lean time during the later days—the time when one most needs things a little soft and feathery. Youth can be happy gyping about and putting up with a few hardships. Youth can laugh it off. Not so with age. It wants a habitation and a home, and if the postman leaves a dividend check now and then, along with the bills, it helps a lot.

There's nothing strange about every human being who has a normal thinking apparatus wanting to treat himself right instead of rough—and demanding that others do the same. Doesn't that leap right out of the mind as one of the most dominant of human traits? But if we haven't a watchful eye for the future—that future which holds all there is for us in this world—it just looks as if we are holding out on ourselves, defeating the very thing that we cling to so tenaciously; and by reason of being a little liberal in the fullness of earning days we may later on feel a pinch that doesn't make for comfort.

And that is not being good to one's self.

The accompanying chart shows what even small savings, supplemented by a pension, will do for the thrifty. A person starting so late as to reach the retirement age after thirty years of service, by saving 12 per cent of a moderate salary, investing it in A. T. and T. stock and reinvesting the dividends promptly, will at the retirement age when his accumulations are augmented by the pension, be able to enjoy an income that will be larger than his highest salary was at any

time during the period of his employment.

Some can do better than the 12 per cent; some, of course, not so well. Each one is differently circumstanced and has his or her special problems to confront and solve. The main thing is to be able later in life to avoid the lamentation:

"If only I had commenced earlier to

I've a neat little fortune that stock built,

A pension may sometime be mine.

I'll have pipe and tobacco and comfort

As I rest 'neath my fig and my vine.

The girls may substitute for the smokes (No, our girls don't smoke), a rocker and magazine or fancy work.

Just so it spells the comfort that we're all going to need some day. Then those "declining days" that are so much dreaded may be as happy as any of one's lifetime.

## WHAT YOU CAN DO INCOME AT RETIREMENT RESULTING FROM SAVINGS AT 12% OF SALARY & IMMEDIATE REINVESTMENT OF DIVIDENDS

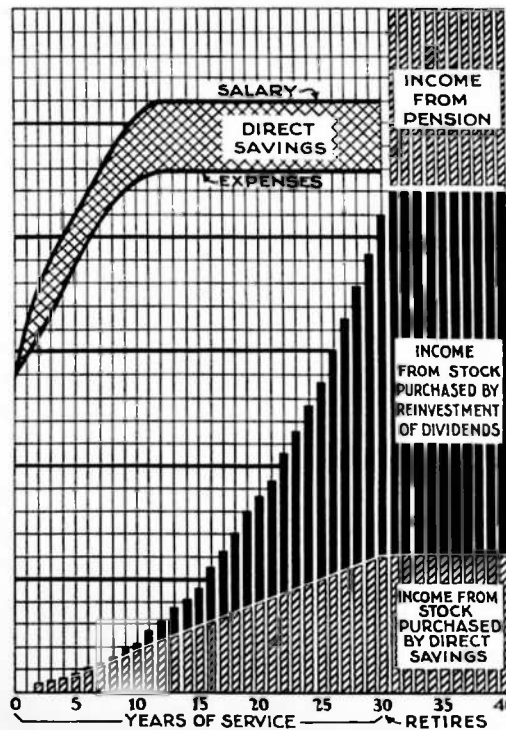


CHART ASSUMES RETIREMENT AGE REACHED AFTER 30 YEARS SERVICE

save just a little I'd be much better off now."

Where are the good iron men, the bucks and the berries of yesteryear? It is a potent question as we pass the birthdays as a train whizzes by the mile posts along a railroad track. How fine to be able to muse:

Benjamin Franklin's birthday was the occasion this year of a "Thrift Week."

The early colonial settlers were a thrifty people; they had to be—it was right up to them. Then as the country expanded and business enterprise became greater and prosperity beamed upon a fortunate people in a country of vast resources, gradually the tendency became greater among the younger generation to enjoy a more liberal style of living. Benjamin Franklin became an apostle of thrift, and many were the maxims on that subject promulgated by "Poor Richard," but emanating from the mind of the great Franklin.

There seems to be all over the country an increased interest in thrift. Not so long ago the president of the United States and his wife rode from Washington to Chicago in a pullman car occupied by other travelers. This occasioned some comment, as a president usually travels in a private car. But our president is advocating economy in governmental expenditures—government thrift, in other words—and he is a consistent man, and we are getting a good example of thrift in high places.

Hoarding money is not thrift. Saving it in one way to spend it wisely in other ways—for good securities, for a home, for life insurance—is the real thrift.



# Pioneers Hold Annual Election

**T**HE THIRD annual election of officers of Rocky Mountain Chapter No. 8, Telephone Pioneers of America, was held at the Savoy Hotel, Denver, on the night of January 20, at which time the following elections were announced:

Fred Wolf, president.  
R. F. Morris, vice president.  
H. W. Bellard, secretary.  
H. E. Stubbs, treasurer.

Delegates to the next annual convention of the Pioneer association, which will probably be held in Boston, were elected as follows: H. H. Croll, Greeley; F. A. Cannon, Denver, and Jas. E. Gamewell, El Paso. Alternates were E. J. Anderson, R. R. Rodda and R. F. Morris.

The election was held after a sumptuous banquet was served at the Savoy. President H. W. Kline presided in his usual happy way. After one verse of America was sung, Pioneer T. L. Johnstone offered the invocation. There were 83 pioneers present. Some cross-word puzzler figured out that at an average of 30 years service for each one, the aggregate service would amount to 2,490 years. That would take it back to the time King Tut was an operator.

Telegrams of good wishes were sent to Pioneer E. M. Burgess, vice-president of the telephone company, who is now in Long Beach, California, and to Pioneer Ben S. Read, Atlanta, Ga., and the secretary was authorized to write an official letter of consolation to Mr. F. O. Vaille, father of Miss Agnes Vaille who lost her life in a blizzard while scaling Long's Peak, recently.

President Kline introduced Pioneer J. F. Greenawalt as "the baby pioneer, not because of his infantile picturesqueness," but because he is the latest to come into the association, having but recently attained his "majority" of 21 years' service. Jack's memory was very clear, and he told of some things in early history that have never been in print—and won't be here. Always of a happy mind the "baby pioneer" left a few impressions which dispelled any possible idea that senility permeated the gathering.

Pioneer J. E. Macdonald made a very interesting report of the proceedings at the national convention held last year in Chicago. He said there are about 8,000 members of the national organization, and that an effort is being made by Pioneer B. S. Read, president of the association to have every man and woman in the entire Bell System, who is eligible join forces with the pioneers. He forcibly brought out the necessity of thrift—that the men who are older in the service could do no greater service to the younger generation than to instill into their minds the importance of saving while it is yet day.



*Fred Wolf, Pioneer President*

Pioneer Frederick H. Reid, president of the telephone Company, in a short talk, touched a responsive chord when he stressed his pleasure at being able, in this meeting to come into personal contact with many of the men who had done much to make the greatness of the telephone company possible. He said that he got the greatest joy out of elbowing and shaking hands with the pioneers "out in the lobby" before the meeting was called to order.

"Every man owes something to someone else," said Pioneer Reid, "and no one can take unto himself entire credit for having achieved success. The younger men are coming on, it is true, but too much importance cannot be attached to the aid given by men of experience and more mature judgment. They are the ones who have come up through the years of hard work and their counsels are invaluable.

"Then, too, we must concede to the younger men and women who are stepping along into places of responsibility, the credit they so richly deserve. The confidence they have in their own ability to do great things is im-

measurably accelerated by the expression of confidence imposed in them by the older men in the business."

Pioneer Reid paid a high tribute to W. S. Gifford, recently elected president of The American Telephone and Telegraph Company. "Mr. Gifford is but a young man," said Pioneer Reid, "yet he has had a wide and deep-rooted experience, and by close application to business and study he has reached the highest position within the gift of the telephone company. He is a young man who has the confidence of the older heads who have brought the Bell System up to the high standard of efficiency and success. He has become master of the business and greater things yet are expected of him. But I would not pass this thought by without saying that, no doubt, much of Mr. Gifford's success is due to the wise counsel and the ever active mind of that nestor of the telephone business, Harry B. Thayer. Here, again, comes the element of confidence and wisdom shown by the older heads—the real pioneers of our organization."

Pioneer Reid spoke of thrift and its advantages; of stock sales and what the ownership of stock meant to the individual; of service and its reward, and he concluded by saying: "There is no stopping place for the Company. It must go on and on, regardless of changes that are bound to come as time passes."

One of the pleasurable events of the evening was the appearance of the Blue Bell Trio—always entertaining and delightful. The pioneers who attended from outside of the city were: H. H. Croll, Wm. Brobyn, C. E. Gosse- lin, C. P. Rains, of Greeley; O. H. Barney of Brush; J. M. Lewis of Trinidad; Logan A. Woodson of Limon; C. C. Pratt of Salt Lake; Jas. Scott of Windsor; A. G. Hill of Sterling. E. T. Keim, who began with the telephone company in 1876, and Chas. A. Fitzsimmons, with a record of 40 years and Jas. Scott were those present who are on the retired list.

## First "Hello Girl" in Idaho

The Boise, Idaho, Statesman, of recent date, contains a story telling of the passing of the old "Picotte Corner" in Hailey, Idaho, to make room for a filling station. The Statesman observes that it is interesting to note that "it was a Boise boy, Nate Kingsbury, who was the first "hello girl" in Idaho. Nate, who was the son of Seldon B. Kingsbury, who later became United States district judge in Honolulu, worked in the Wood River Times Printery for about two years, assisting the postmaster, Leon Fuld, out of office hours, after which

he left for Oberlin, Ohio, to complete his education. It was while he was in the Times office that he took charge of the telephone exchange.

"Mr. Kingsbury, who died just five years ago, rose rapidly after finishing his law course at Oberlin, his early experience in Hailey probably having something to do with his career. He was made first vice-president of The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and for several years he was in charge of operations."

# THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

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

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Eleanor C. Kilbourn.....Assistant Editor  
Beulah Black.....Staff Artist  
Betty Devine.....Feature Writer

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R. J. Collins.....Helena  
Van M. Clark.....Boise  
R. F. Brink.....Phoenix  
Elva A. McMannis.....Wyoming

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Vol. XX No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1925

## Your Income Tax

Under the revenue act of 1924, thousands of persons are required to file returns of income although the incomes are not taxable. The act provides that returns shall be filed by every single person whose net income for 1924 was \$1,000 or more, or whose gross income was \$5,000 or more, and by married couples living together, whose aggregate net income was \$2,500 or more, or whose aggregate gross income was \$5,000 or more. The exemptions are \$1,000 for single persons and \$2,500 for married persons living together, plus a \$400 credit for each dependent. A person may have a gross income of \$5,000 and, by reason of the deductions for business expense, bad debts, losses, etc., a net income of less than \$1,000. A single person may have an exemption of \$2,500 as the head of a family. Nevertheless, returns are required in both instances.

Heavy penalties are provided by the act for failure to file a return and pay at least one-fourth of the amount of tax due within the time prescribed, on or before March 15, 1925.

## A Great City

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company paid its 141st dividend on January 15, 1925, to the stockholders recorded on the books of the Company on December 20, 1924. This dividend, amounting to \$2.25 per share, was paid to over 345,000 stockholders.

The checks, averaging about \$58 each, go to the homes of stockholders residing in every section of the United States. These stockholders comprise one of the most interesting and unusual groups of investors in the world. Coming from all walks of life, they constitute a representative cross section of American citizenship. Then, too, nearly every foreign country of note is represented. Gathered together in one place with their families, they would form a city more than three times the size of Denver.

## Know Your Business

Some time ago THE MONITOR received and published several very interesting papers on "What I Know About the Telephone Business," and it was found that many of our people are thoroughly grounded in the history and growth of the telephone business, as well as knowing their particular line of work.

The telephone is in such general use that nearly everyone is interested in its workings. An employee of a telephone company, whether in the plant, commercial or traffic work, may be asked how a call received at a certain exchange is put through to another exchange. He may be asked how it is possible to send the human voice from Boston to San Francisco. That is where it is very useful to be able to explain how a call is trunked from one exchange to another, and to know about the repeater stations along a transcontinental telephone line.

Every day it is borne in upon telephone employees that the telephone business is a deep study and covers a very wide field. It is decidedly advantageous to know as much as possible, not only about our own particular line of work, but all other lines comprised in the great telephone business.

Some of the uses for which transmission of pictures by wire will be valuable besides general news purposes are identification of criminals by photographs and thumb-prints, identification of stolen or missing property, and verification of signatures.

If a million dollars in gold had been laid away in a vault each year from the beginning of the Christian era to the present, the total accumulated hoard would not, today, amount to as much as the telephone plant investment of the Bell System.

## Old Landmarks

Year after year the landmarks of our States and our Nation are torn down. Many of them pass unnoticed and are soon forgotten. Now and then a notable landmark is preserved and becomes a part of recorded history. But it does seem that all too negligent has become the present-day citizen who whirls around a few times, gives a yelp of hilarity, does the flea-hop and passes to his reward, leaving behind no traceable footprints in the sands of Time.

Especially in this Western country too little attention has been given to the fast-dimming trails and the crumbling landmarks that guided the pioneers across the desert waste, and for a time stood as monuments to the men and women who blazed the way. Unmasoned piles of stone, gathered from the creek-beds and the gulleys, here and there mark the last resting places of men who dared brave the hardships in their march to the Golden West. Yet there is nothing to inform us whose bones rest beneath the mound.

Crude log cabins and barricades which meant so much to the pioneers, and made it possible for later generations to come on and inhabit the land, give out naught but silent messages of the dead—messages that can only be understood intuitively—and yet there is a world of history, written in tragedies and human endurance, back of all of this.

True, many of the early-day structures must be torn down to give way to more modern buildings. This is as it should be; but in their passing there is always bound to be renewed in the minds of some of the "people yet living" a sort of reminiscent reverence, and this brings us up to the duty we owe posterity in preserving landmarks that are needlessly destroyed.

In our own telephone company there are, no doubt, many heirlooms or "landmarks" that should be preserved—relics of other days when telephoning was not so easy as it is today. There has been prepared a "resting place" for such things as may come under this heading, and contributions from all over the country are slowly coming to take their respective place in the "telephone museum" at New York.

# FROZEN ON PERILOUS UNDERTAKING

Miss Agnes Vaille, daughter of F. O. Vaille, founder of the first telephone company in Colorado, was frozen to death on the bleak and terrible summit of Long's Peak, Estes Park, on the morning of January 12, 1925, where she had gone with a companion to attempt the unprecedented feat of scaling the east side of the giant mountain in the winter time.

Miss Vaille and her companion, Walter Kiener, an expert mountain climber from the Alps of Switzerland, reached the summit of the peak, 14,271 feet, at 4 o'clock in the morning. They rested for a few minutes and looked out over the storm-swept sea of the mighty Rockies, and then they started down the north face.

The companion looked at his thermometer and it registered 50 degrees below zero. A terrific wind came up from the north, driving the icy snow in veritable chunks which hammered and beat against the descending adventurers. It was more perilous coming down than it was going up. A single misstep meant a plunge of perhaps hundreds of feet.

"We fought every inch of the way," says the companion, "in the very teeth of the fiercest blizzard I had ever encountered. My only fear was that Miss Vaille might miss her footing, or become exhausted with fatigue and cold; and O, the tragedy of fate—both my misgivings were enacted before my very eyes, and my benumbed hands were unable to stay the inevitable. She slipped—her body plunged forward and bounded down the mountainside, and out of my view. I hurried as best I could to her rescue, not knowing what to expect. I found her 150 feet below, lodged in a snowdrift. She was conscious and said she was unhurt, but I knew she was injured. She could walk no further. I could not carry her. To delay long meant that we would both freeze to death. She urged me to go on to the Timberline cabin for help, more than a mile further down the rugged side of the peak. I warned her to keep awake and she promised to, although she said she wanted to sleep. I felt that the white death was coming upon her. My only hope of saving her life was help from

the cabin—but—well, we were too late—too late."

Kiener dragged himself to the cabin where a party was just forming to go in search of the climbers. He gasped his sad message and then for a long time lay in a stupor. When he was revived he plowed back at the head of the party to where the frozen body of Agnes Vaille lay. He made an heroic effort to save her.

There was another tragedy in connection with this. Herbert Sortland, a comparatively inexperienced mountaineer, joined the searching party, but was unable to carry on. He braved the storm and cold for several hours and then was told to return to the cabin—alone. That was the last ever seen of him. One paragrapher laconically said, "Sortland's body will probably be found next summer."

A hero was Herbert Sortland, just as much so as any man who ever laid down his life on the field of battle. He did what he could—he started out bravely and fearlessly to rescue one in distress. He was not equal to the task—his body was too frail, and he perished by the wayside.

And from all of this what do we gather? Ambition was always in the breast of Miss Vaille. All who knew her loved her—she was a brilliant woman, strong in character and unwavering to duty. The world needed her—Denver needed her—but there was that innate something which impelled her to attempt to do the impossible. She braved her task nobly and unflinchingly, but, like the great "unsinkable" Titanic, she had pitted her frail bark against the irresistible elements of God's mighty force, and she failed. To her ambition there should be erected a monument—to her indiscretion there should be given serious thought.

Miss Vaille was a niece of Howard T. Vaille, secretary of the Benefit Fund Committee of our own Company, and to him and to the father and the relatives THE MONITOR extends its deepest sympathy.

## Where We Stand

Eleven months ago, on January 1, 1923, the total number of telephones in the world was 22,904,415, an increase during the year of 1922 of 1,100,161.

Sixty-three per cent, or 14,347,395 of the world's telephones were in the United States, and of this number 14,050,565, or over 61 per cent of the total telephones used in the world, were connected to the Bell System.

At the beginning of 1923 there were 1.3 telephones for each 100 inhabitants of the world. The similar ratio of telephones to population in the United States was 13.1. Our country has ten times as many telephones, in proportion to population, as the world at large.

Europe did not until 1923 reach the point of telephone development that had been achieved by the United States in 1900.

## My Quota

Last night in my dreams there appeared unto me  
A vision, which I hope I ne'er more will see.  
A vision of poverty; children in want;  
Both women and men there, so hungry and gaunt,  
And some told their stories of days long gone by,  
When they worked as I do, but prices were high,  
So they laid nothing by for a dark, rainy day,  
But had a good time as they squandered their pay.  
Then it came unto me with a sickening shock:  
This could not have happened, had they bought OUR stock.  
And I said to myself, "Why can this really be,  
That we sell future comfort with A. T. & T.?"  
Then I jumped out of bed; knocked over two chairs,  
Grabbed hold of a woman and sold her two shares.  
Of course I awoke then, and heaved a deep sigh,  
As my "prospect" turned into a floor lamp near by,  
But with spirit undaunted, while working today,  
I studied Thrift Charts to learn just what to say,  
And I promised my self that if I'm left alive,  
I'll make that blamed quota for One-Nine-Two-Five.  
—Bertha Grisham, Pueblo.



**T**HE HUMAN voice is part of a wonderful piece of machinery and we marvel at its perfection; yet, equally wonderful it seems is the invention which picks up the human voice and carries it across continents, hundreds and thousands of miles with instantaneous delivery, without losing any of its richness, its fullness, its audibility.

We see the little black candle-stick looking thing on our desk or table, with a green string attached to it, and we call it the telephone. We know we can talk into the transmitter and that we can hear someone talking through the receiver, and that is about all we know concerning it, and we think no more about it. It has become such a common thing in our daily business and social life that we never stop to ask why or how it works. Like the human voice—we never give it a thought until we get a bad cold and can't talk. Then there is a flurry and the doctor is called, and we realize that there is such a thing as voice.

A few weeks ago my telephone refused to work. I shook it and banged it against the table and untwisted the numerous knots in the cord and did a lot of things—and also said a lot of things. While I was tearing my hair and pacing up and down the floor cursing the telephone company as best I knew how, I walked a man with a little grip in his hand and a coil of wire dangling from a belt on his waist.

"Pardon, sir. Our lights show there is something wrong with your telephone and—"

"Wrong! I'll say there is something wrong. The darned thing won't work," I said.

Without a word the pleasant little man began to investigate. He picked up the receiver. He listened. No sound. He set it down easily—almost gently, I thought, and started

to look further, when I asked:

"What's that thing got in it anyway—that receiver business?"

"Well, it isn't quite human," he replied, "but it will do more wonders than most humans if it's treated right. I can't tell you all the things it has in it, but I do know that there are 201 different parts in that little telephone on your desk and I also know that when it is treated right you can be connected with any one of over 15,000,000 telephone subscribers, and never leave your office; I know that it is connected with more than 24,000,000 miles of wire, enough to girdle the earth 1,000 times and have enough left over to run a clothes line from here to 'Frisco."

"Well, it is quite a thing, isn't it?" I said in amazement.

"Yes, and there are over a billion and a half dollars invested in the telephone system in order that you may have something worth while at your command," continued the repairman, as he began to fumble around behind my desk.

"Here! What's this!" he said, as he reached down behind the desk and fished up a big wet sponge that the office girl uses for wetting the gum on the envelopes.

"It's a sponge! What do you think it is—a haystack?" I replied, a little bit sarcastically.

"Call it what you will, but that is the cause of your telephone being out of commission. You see, it's a delicate thing, this telephone, and when your cord got wet it made a short circuit and stopped the operation. But I'll fix it in a few minutes, sir," he said.

"Delicate, you say! If a little wet sponge puts it out of commission how do you manage to keep it working outside in the storms—hold an umbrella over it?" I asked.

"Hello! Wire chief, please. \* \* Wire

chief? Test in on Main 00769. Thanks. Wet sponge, goo'by." And the repairman picked up his kit and started out.

"Say, son, do you know you have interested me immensely? I wish I could talk to you some more about the telephone. I'd like to know something about how it is built—the outside construction, and what there really is to it," I remarked as he neared the door.

"Well, drop over some rainy day and talk to one of our old wire chiefs—he'll tell you a lot of things I don't know. There are some other departments, too, that might interest you." And he was gone.

This set me to thinking as I had never thought before. After that day the telephone on my desk commanded a great deal more respect from me—it seemed to be almost human, and once I actually caught myself saying "good morning" to it.

The other day I went over to pay my telephone bill. For the first time in my life I took notice of the extreme courtesy paid me by the employees at the desk. I recalled that it was nothing unusual, but heretofore I just hadn't noticed it. I stood around a few minutes and I observed that the courtesy to me was no special brand—it was the same kind they gave to everyone who approached the counter—always polite, courteous and fair.

It struck me that it might be a pretty good time to talk to someone about the outside construction, as I supposed the repair man had told me all there was to know about the inside work. I asked one of the clerks if I could see the manager of the place and he escorted me over to a pleasant-looking man he introduced me to as Mr. Clark. I told Mr. Clark of my talk with the repairman, and asked him if I could see the wire chief and learn about the

rest of the telephone business. He smiled and said:

"Certainly, come right along with me and I will introduce you to the wire chief—but I hardly think you will be able to learn all there is to the telephone business in one day—you may have to come back tomorrow."

On our way to the wire chief's office we passed a big place they call the operating room. No, not the kind they have in hospitals, but where talks are connected up. I asked Mr. Clark what it all meant.

"Those are the girl operators," he said.

"Do they work that way all the time?" I asked.

"Well, this happens to be a time when the load is light, and they have a few seconds sometimes between calls to get an extra breath," he said.

"Light!" I exclaimed, "seems to me they are pretty busy—honey bees on a sunny day have nothing on them. I don't see any of them jumping up and running around the room or taking naps on a soft couch while someone is waiting for an answer!"

"Indeed not. There is no time for play, or rest either, in this department when a girl is on duty. We give her rest periods when another girl takes her place. Not a girl leaves her stool nor speaks a word to the others during working hours. She is there to answer calls. Sometimes a dozen calls are flashed upon her board at the same instant. To answer all of these instantly is impossible. She only has two hands to work with and can only answer one at a time. That's why some people think the girl operator is taking a nap, or is dancing on the floor or is out seeing a moving picture. Fact is, she is working her brain and her hands as fast as humans can work them."

"And these are the girls I sometimes swear at? Never again!" I said; and this time I found myself actually whispering for I felt I was on sacred ground.

"You wanted to see a wire chief?" said Mr. Clark.

"I did want to," I said, "but I have already taken up a lot of your time and I see that it is nearly quitting time. I have been so interested in this operating room that I guess I'll have to come back some other day and take in the rest of it."

"All right," said Mr. Clark, "any time at your convenience. There is a lot more about the telephone business that may be of interest to you. Come over again, won't you?"

And say, do you know what I think? I think it will take me six months to even get an inkling of the workings of the telephone. I have given up the idea that I could learn it all in half a day. I came back to my office, tipped my hat to the telephone on my desk and smoothed out the few wrinkles in the green cord that hooks it up to those fine looking and hard working girls, and said to myself:

"Well, I'll be d—!"



*This fine levy of girls make up the Telephone Basket Ball Team of Denver. They are but beginners and bid fair to take off some of the big prizes in the near future. They are: Left, top—Margaret Brott, manager; Marie Lynch, Elsie Parks, John Chase, coach—and lucky dog—Julia Gibbons, Ilene Moore. Lower—Rebe Honsberger, Mary Nollenberger, Dorothy Cave, captain; Louise Winterer, Mary Widmar.*

## J. L. Kilpatrick Gets Promotion



J. L. Kilpatrick has been elected vice-president of the Western Electric Company in charge of the Telephone Department and a Director of the company. He succeeds Dr. F. B. Jewett who has become vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. In his new position, Mr. Kilpatrick has supervision over the manufacturing, installation and telephone distributing departments of the company. He has also been elected vice-president and a director of the International Western Electric Company.

Mr. Kilpatrick joined the Western Electric Company in 1922 as General Manager of Installation when the work of installation became the occasion for a major department of the company.

Mr. Kilpatrick has served in the Bell System since he was nineteen years old and entered the switchboard installation department of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. He held the position of Engineer of Buildings and Equipment during a period of this company's extensive expansion and later became assistant general manager and assistant vice-president.

# "Are You Scared of Doctors?"

**NOONTIME.** Alone in the office this slender slip of a girl found ample opportunity to dwell upon the worry that was gnawing at her young heart and to indulge in a flood of tears.

From appearances she was taking due advantage of both when suddenly brought to a consciousness of office environment and attitude by a voice at her elbow, the voice of the head of her department inquiring solicitously, "Why, Miss Blank, what is the matter?"

There followed a dabbing at eyes and the usual, "Oh, nothing," with apologies uttered in confusion, but Mr. Department Head was a man many years her senior and he knew full well that such a spasm of weeping had not been precipitated by "nothing."

"Come on now, can't you tell me?—perhaps I can help you; you know to a man of my years and experience what may seem a mountain to you may be only a mole-hill. Won't you let me try to help you?"

Her worry was purely a family affair, comprising financial difficulties, which in her youth and inexperience she look upon as a disgrace, and, unable to adjust it herself, she had been ashamed to confide it to anyone until Mr. Department Head happened upon the scene at just the psychological moment.

Being a man of affairs, it took but a few minutes to smooth out the tangles and show her what path to pursue, with the almost immediate result of happiness to her and greater efficiency in her work for him.

That's a true story of a telephone employee, and it happened in a telephone office in the Mountain States division.

It is only one of many instances where employees, both men and women, try to work under physical or mental handicaps which, in the proper hands, may be easily solved and eliminated, but which, if let go, soon grow from mole-hill to mountain proportions.

Financial and other worries, life's problems of various sorts which we can't seem to handle, are vital things which through going over them day after day finally wind themselves into our organism until we become physically as well as mentally ill, and in consequence partially, if not wholly, incapacitated for work.

Such a condition is pretty sure to prove a straight chute into the Bay of Calamity, where we flounder around catching at straws and driftwood which lends a temporary hold, but we flounder again and again in an effort to get back to shore while our health and our life hang in the balance.

This is one of the problems large corporations throughout the country are trying to solve—the problem of helping employees help themselves—of protecting them by placing within their reach assistance and possible re-



By Betty Devine

lief from mental and physical ills.

Part of the proper functioning of the heads of every department is a brotherly or sisterly interest in their co-workers, together with a desire and wherever possible an earnest effort to talk their problems out and assist in the solution of them.

This is one of the great purposes of medical departments of large organizations where many people are employed. Nowadays most of them have a medical department which, as in the case of the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Company, and many others, including our own Mountain States Telephone Company, is most comprehensive.

If an employee is sick, mentally or physically—and the former soon becomes the latter—he cannot possibly be efficient in his work, and the longer he drags through his days in a sub-normal condition, the farther below par both he and his work will get.

So it is that protecting the health of employees is recognized as of paramount importance not only from a humanitarian standpoint but for the ultimate success of both employee and the organization which he represents.

**U**NTIL a recent date I had taken no small amount of pride in the fact that it had not been necessary for me to have any direct personal contact with our company medical staff. I sort of felt I was putting one over on them and took secret pride in successfully "dodging" them. My attitude assumed the proportions of conceit, for in my eagerness to escape the "Medics" I seemed to imagine that I was pitting my wits against theirs and that they were just sitting in their offices waiting to get a chance at ME.

Foolish? Surely. A sick body and brain, I admit it. In truth I knew these men, their

standing—knew that they ranked with the foremost medical and surgical men of the country, and if I had been thinking normally I'd have sensed the tremendous demands upon them and their time, but as I just stated, subconsciously I was aware that I needed medical attention, yet, consciously I was deliberately planning to escape that fate and kidding myself into thinking I was slipping one over on the DOCTORS.

I wonder if there are any others doing that same thing today? Well, one day very recently conditions as they really were stepped right out into my path and faced me. The game was up, and I suddenly became uncomfortably and unmistakably aware that I was "missing" on several cylinders. My "carcus" was hanging out undeniable signs and there wasn't a doubt that I needed running into the repair shop for an immediate and thorough "over-hauling."

Confiding my fears (and I don't mind telling you that I feared the *worst*) to the head of my department, I was soon put in touch with the medical staff through an appointment for that same afternoon.

Stepping into the spacious and handsomely furnished reception room of Doctors Lyman and Thompson on the ninth floor of the Metropolitan building, Denver, I must have reflected about as much warmth, hope and cheer as a raw oyster.

A seat by the window soon found me lost in admiration of the marvelous stretch of snow-capped peaks of the Rockies, easily viewed from that vantage point.

Several times I took note of either the doctors opening a door and admitting a waiting patient to their private sanctum sanctorum, and as regularly I drew my coat collar a little more closely about me and wished for my foot-warmers.

In waiting what seemed an endless time I made two interesting deductions. The first, that these busy men couldn't have had the slightest interest in getting *me* up there, for as a matter of fact I began wondering whether they were really going to be able to crowd me in at all.

The second, that of the ones who went into the private office most of them came out smiling.

**M**Y CHILLS were just subsiding when the reception girl called my name, and I stood up to look straight into the calm and kindly face of Dr. C. B. Lyman, who was standing in the doorway.

Entering his office, it took some few moments to find my voice and feel any real confidence in it, but by the time this was accomplished all the awe and fear had disappeared and I unloaded my burden of grief and appre-

hension with the ease and abandon of talking to a brother.

It took a long time, too, for I'd been secretly hugging it to my very own heart for many months, but neither by look or action did he try to hurry me. The cold dignity which I had expected to find was supplanted by a gentle, kindly interest in all my real and imaginary ills.

My! What a relief it was to *unload*. What a sense of security and comfort to know that at last I was in safe hands—that someone really understood what I had been going through and appreciated to the fullest how—and why—I had dragged through the long hours of the day at my work and worried through those of the night.

Nope, friends, I'm not going to *die* (that news may disappoint some, but I trust a few will be glad), at least Dr. Lyman found nothing to indicate any immediate necessity for radioing St. Peter to get my gold harp and halo in readiness.



Dr. C. B. Lyman, Medical Director—Photo by Babber-Fulfs Studios

Suffice it to say that I went out of that office with a lighter heart and step than had been mine in many months, that I took a new lease on life, a new interest in my work and that my greatest regret is for the time spent "floundering" about in a sea of doubt and fear as to what awful fate might be in store for me, when in reality a little "oil in my engine," a little building up, was all I needed to put me back into the state of happiness and efficiency.

I sincerely hope Doctors Lyman and Thompson won't resent this story and take it in the light of an "ad." Doctors—at least *good* doctors, don't need "ads" and never indulge in them. I'm not writing it for them but merely in the hope that others in our splendid organization throughout this great

Mountain States Division who possibly may be dragging along in a run-down, physically unfit condition such as characterized my own case, may not put off consulting a doctor as long as I did, thereby using up all surplus energy and digging into the reserve force for the demands of the day.

I might add that the Company paid for the examination which tendered me my new lease on life, and that now I am delighted to pay for the necessary treatment to get back to normal.

**W**HILE MANY of us have had personal contact with our Company medical department, there doubtless are many more throughout the territory who have only a vague idea of what it means to every employee of this Company to know that he or she has access to the science and skill of the best medical and surgical talent in the country, for throughout the entire territory, alike in village and city, the Company medical staff is selected with the greatest possible care, and only from those on the top rung of the professional ladder.

How else could it safeguard the health of its great family?

And now honestly, isn't it wonderful to know that, while we are in no way obligated to go to our Company doctors, nor to take up a course of treatment under them even after we have gone for a thorough examination, the opportunity to consult men of paramount skill, should we feel the necessity, is afforded us upon the mere mention of such a desire?

Sometimes one may be devoted to one's family physician, or have a great respect for the doctor with whom one is treating, but at the same time there may be a grain of doubt that he quite understands one's case. Isn't it fine to feel that one can so easily get an expert opinion which may be of assistance?

It certainly seems so to *me*.

During my recent association with Drs. Lyman and Thompson I gleaned a few bits of information that might, it occurs to me, prove interesting to others in our big Telephone family.

Much as we poor women are credited with being "nervous" and frightened about ourselves, *men* are equally as nervous and imaginary when they are ill, and women a lot easier to care for—so says Doctor Lyman.

Asked why it is that we hear of so many cases these days where persons who, seemingly, have never been ill at all are suddenly stricken with some deadly malady which has gained such headway before the doctor is called in that the patient is already beyond hope of recovery, Dr. Lyman replied: "Many times they *do* have warnings of pending ill, such as lack of proper functioning of certain organs or some slight evidence of bodily or physical abnormality, but they are *afraid* to go to a doctor for fear of what he may tell them; they may almost know in their heart what it is, but they prefer a sense of

doubt to *knowing* the truth, and in consequence they try to fool themselves, postpone the inevitable until when they are finally forced to go the disease has progressed beyond control; whereas in all probability had they faced the first faint suggestion of anything wrong they might have avoided much mental and physical anguish and have completely recovered.

This is especially true of that most dreaded of all diseases—cancer—according to both Doctor Lyman and Doctor Thompson, who concur in the opinion that if taken in time—the first evidence of something out of the ordinary manifests itself—it can be cured.

Also, many lumps and discolorations of the skin, etc., that people fear are of cancerous nature are not that at all but the mental suffering one endures thinking about it finally breaks in on the nervous system with more serious results than a physical ill. If a good doctor is consulted at once this mental strain and nerve tension is relieved.



Dr. N. A. Thompson, Assistant Medical Director

**A**SKED for some suggestions as to the best means of protecting one's health, Doctor Lyman said: "Plenty of sleep"; and he considers a normal person requires eight hours' sleep in a well-ventilated room. Attention to all bodily functioning—in so far as we are able to know—which means, of course, proper elimination, and this can only be accomplished through drinking plenty of water.

According to Doctor Lyman, a normal person loses from seven to eight pints of water in twenty-four hours, not alone through the action of the kidneys but through the process of evaporation through the pores of the skin and through breathing, the air we breathe in being comparatively dry and taking moisture from the body before it is expelled.

This, one can easily see, necessitates con-

stant replenishing of "water power"—for when the system is drained a breaking down of tissue results, which in turn precipitates other and far greater complications.

"I believe," said Doctor Lyman, "a conservative estimate would be that aside from surgical cases, 60 per cent of the cases that come into my office are the direct result of a lack of proper elimination."

Surely that should be warning enough for any really intelligent person, and so long as the means of prevention is so near at hand, why not make "Let's have another drink" our Company slogan, referring of course, to water.

One seldom finds a man who loves his chosen profession as does Doctor Lyman. In the first place he had to fight for it, and what's more, he did fight for it.

His father before him was a surgeon—Dr. J. B. Lyman of Salem, Mass., but he had no desire that his son should follow in his footsteps so far as his profession was concerned. On the contrary, he opposed it bitterly from the time, as a young lad, "Charley" used to accompany him on his calls and voice the childish intention of some day being a doctor himself.

As he stepped across the threshold to manhood and was preparing to enter college the subject became the popular topic of discussion in the New England home of the Lymans, the father arguing that it was a "dog's life" and the son steadfastly avowing his intention of adopting it. When he returned from taking his examinations for Harvard the gratification his father felt in his having passed was discounted by the accompanying announcement that he had matriculated for a medical course. The elder Lyman flew into a rage and gave it out coldly that he would not help him a whit,

so his son calmly replied that he would get a job and earn the necessary funds.

After several stormy sessions the father, realizing the futility of trying to deflect his son from his chosen path, finally agreed to help him—*some*—but it was necessary for him to work his way through college to a very great extent. He was graduated from Harvard and came to Denver in 1887.

Perhaps that is why he loves his profession so profoundly. We always value a thing we work for more than that which drops easily into our laps.

Asked if after his many years' practice he would choose the same profession again could he go back to youth's cross-roads, Doctor Lyman left no doubt in the mind of his questioner when he replied with emphasis, "I most certainly would. I can think of nothing that would hold the interest and joy for me I find in my profession."

THE attitude of Dr. N. A. Thompson, junior associate of Doctor Lyman, is quite the same—an absorbing passion for his work and a love of mankind in general.

Doctor Thompson was graduated from Northwestern University, Chicago, in 1908, since which time he has practiced his profession in Denver. He lacks a bit of the suavity characteristic of Doctor Lyman, but he is 100 per cent human, as the fellow says, "from the hat down and the overcoat in." In talking with him I chanced to recount an experience of a friend who had been told there was practically no hope for his recovery and of the manner in which this news affected him. In the midst of my story I suddenly observed that the doctor's eyes were red and swimming with tears. The little episode had touched

him so deeply that only with an effort was he able to restrain his emotion. That, friends, blasted another of my pet theories—that doctors become so accustomed to the sordid side of life that they just naturally develop a cold, unfeeling nature, at least to the extent of protecting themselves from letting things get in on them, letting their sympathies get the better of them. Certainly 17 years' practice has failed to give Doctor Thompson even a thin veneer of cold-bloodedness.

"What is your attitude, Doctor," I asked, "when an employee comes to you with some ailment of a confidential nature? We are all prone to the ills of the flesh and many times one is unfortunate enough to be a victim of circumstances, be attacked with some disease—through inheritance or unsanitary conditions of environment which might reflect doubt or discredit on one were the exact nature of their ailment disclosed. You are paid by the Company to diagnose these cases—now just what is your attitude in such a circumstance?"

He looked very steadily at me for a moment and then slowly replied: "I am paid by the Company to protect the health of its employees. My first duty always, at all times, is to mankind. How could I protect the health of a person under such conditions if I were to betray his confidence in me—why, can't you see that he wouldn't come to me at all if I were to do that? A confidence is sacred to me and nothing could induce me to betray it. Furthermore, the Company does not wish me to—their interest is in restoring employees to normal—giving them a chance, whatever ill fate may befall them, and certainly it would not be conducive to bettering either the mental or physical condition of an employee for him to feel that the officials knew his secret and were in consequence looking askance at him.

Why, take the case of a little girl who recently came to me—sent here from—well, from another part of the country, a stranger in a strange city, friendless and alone, trying to hide her shame and with grief and remorse her constant and only companions. It's the old, old story of a love and faith betrayed. Having no funds, she applied for work with the Company, and being ill, finally got into my hands.

Her story would make the foundation for a best seller, but do you think for a moment I'd tell it? My place is to help that little girl, and funds or no funds, she's going to be cared for—that's what the Company would wish me to do—she'll be tided over the period of waiting and when that little soul takes earthly form and claims her for mother, there'll be a place made for her, far from the scene of her misfortune and away from here, too, where she can pick up the threads of a new life, new friends and new ideals, for I'm sure she's the kind that will have them. Protection of its employees is a tradition with our Company and we go just as far as it's possible to go in living up to it.

"The Company spends thousands of dollars

## When the Fire Broke Out



Longmont Operators. Left to right—Dorothy Young, Estella Hawley, Gayle Young, Jennie Brinkerhuff.

Recently fire broke out at a ranch near Longmont, Colo., and the following newspaper dispatch tells the story:

"Quick work on the part of two switchboard girls at the Longmont telephone exchange early Friday morning is believed to have prevented a heavy loss by fire at the Tom Beasley Ranch, five miles south of here.

"Beasley called the exchange, requesting the operator to summon neighbors to fight a fire that had broken out in his garage. In a very few minutes neighbors were rushing to the Beasley Ranch from all directions with buckets, axes and other fire fighting equipment.

"Beasley had placed a kerosene lamp beneath his car to thaw it out. The motor and lamp were covered with a blanket to confine the heat. Fire started from the lamp. Damage is estimated at about \$500 and consists of the loss of the truck and a part of the building. A hay barn twenty feet away and other ranch buildings were threatened."

The telephone operators who were on the board at the time were Jennie Brinkerhuff, Estella Hawley, Dorothy Young and Gayle Golden.



## Three Important Appointments

### Lloyd B. Wilson

Lloyd B. Wilson, general commercial superintendent of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, Omaha, Nebr., on January 1, 1925, became commercial engineer for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with headquarters in New York. Mr. Wilson succeeded C. O. Bickelhaupt, who goes to be vice-president and general manager of the Southern Bell Telephone Company, with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Wilson was born May 27, 1883, at Plattsmouth, Nebr., and in 1899 while attending high school, entered telephone work as a night operator with the pay of \$15 a month. When he was graduated from school, he continued his work as night operator and in addition became voluntary assistant to the manager in installing telephones, digging holes, and climbing poles

during the day in order to learn more about the business.

Mr. Wilson says that he made up his mind early in life to stick with telephone work and he let no outside offers deviate him from his ambition. He was offered better pay at Plattsmouth in other positions, but declined the offers. In 1901 he went to Lincoln as an inspector's helper at \$20 a month, and in five months was made inspector.

While an inspector, Mr. Wilson says he learned one of the fundamentals of telephone work—that it is a co-operative industry.

"Joint production is essential in our business," he declares. "It is not enough for each man to keep busy and do his best, but each man must co-ordinate his efforts with those of his fellow workers."



Lloyd B. Wilson, Omaha

### J. L. McQuarrie

J. L. McQuarrie has been appointed Chief Engineer of the International Western Electric Company. He succeeds E. B. Craft, who has become Vice-President of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc. Mr. McQuarrie has held the title of Assistant Chief Engineer, his service with the Western Electric Company having been continuous since 1894. In his work as engineer Mr. McQuarrie has been identified with many important developments in telephony. As assistant chief engineer of the International Western Electric Company he has been in touch with communication problems in foreign countries, his most recent trip having taken him to Japan to deal with the situation arising out of the earthquake. He is a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the Machinery Club.

### H. B. Gilmore

H. B. Gilmore, since 1908, manager of the supply distributing organization of the Western Electric Company at Boston, has been elected Assistant Secretary of the company at New York. Mr. Gilmore succeeds J. W. Farrell who has become secretary and attorney of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc. He began his service with the Western Electric Company in 1902 after his graduation from Dartmouth where he was a member of the varsity football team. Starting in the supply organization at New York, Mr. Gilmore subsequently went to Chicago in the telephone sales department and from there directly to the management of the Boston supply house. He is a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Exchange Club and Winchester Country Club.

a year safeguarding the health and lives of its people and of anyone who meets with an accident or injury through the fault of the Company or its employees.

"There's a chap from the Southern Division who had been with the Company only a short while when a pole fell and struck him. That fellow was cared for by the Company medical staff until he was able to be brought to Denver, and to date it has cost the Company several thousands of dollars to get him back to normal, but he's on the last lap to that goal right now."

THERE IS a standing order throughout the entire division that in case of injury to an eye an immediate long distance call to the Denver medical department be made, and these cases, almost without exception, are brought here for treatment by the most skillful specialists the city boasts.

"Quack" doctors who get a hold on patients and keep them coming to them month after month until when they finally wake up to the necessity of consulting some reputable physician or surgeon the disease has made such inroads on their constitution or developed to such a degree that there is no hope of saving the patient, and persons who put off going to a doctor when they have definite warnings of a lack of proper functioning, are two of the greatest problems of the medical department.

None denies that health is the greatest essential in the world to success of any sort, yet how utterly we disregard it.

When a man invests in a new automobile he takes it in every so often for a thorough overhauling—has the brakes adjusted, the steering gear carefully examined, bushings, etc., and above all keeps it well oiled; but where is the man or woman who thinks

enough of their health to go to a doctor once every six months or even once a year to have a thorough examination and make sure that no breaking down of parts is taking place in his own valuable machinery.

Our bodies are of far more delicate and complicated mechanism than an automobile, yet how sadly we neglect them, how badly we treat them! What a physical and monetary saving in a complete examination just once in a while!

A thorough examination constitutes a complete examination of nose, throat, teeth, chest, kidneys, blood, abdomen and limbs.

Someone said to me the other day, referring to consulting a prominent throat specialist, "Why, I can't afford to go to a man of *his* reputation—no telling *what* he would charge me."

Well, friends, it's been my experience, and doubtless that of many of you, that the men of highest repute, greatest standing in their profession, can better afford to be reasonable in their charges than those who get fewer patients and in consequence feel the necessity of making the few count.

As a matter of fact, all good doctors do a lot of charity work and do it gladly. Furthermore, there is a sort of unwritten law among reputable medical men that those who have plenty of money pay well for their services that they may be in a position to prescribe for less, and often for nothing, for those who can ill afford to pay.

At any rate I can truthfully state that there is no record of any of our big Telephone family ever being turned away from our medical department for lack of funds.

And this applies not only to Denver but to the entire Mountain States Division. So, to paraphrase, "Why put off till tomorrow the help we can get today?"

# Recent Instances of Regulation

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

By Milton Smith, General Counsel

*Owner of premises held liable for injury sustained by telephone foreman resulting from falling ventilator.*

In *Painter v. Hudson Trust Company*, 126 Atl. 636, the facts disclosed that the owner of a building asked a telephone company to install telephone service in a new addition to its building and in executing this order a foreman of the telephone company, while raising a ladder, was struck by a falling ventilator and was injured. It appeared that the ventilator was in a dilapidated condition. In an action by the foreman against the owner of the building the trial court charged the jury that the foreman was not an invitee but a mere licensee, and that, consequently, if the

ventilator fell because the ladder was pushed against it the foreman could not recover. The supreme court in reviewing the case held that the charge of the trial court to the jury had erroneously limited the obligation of the owner of the premises to that of a mere licensor, while under the undisputed facts of the case, the duty imposed upon him with regard to affording protection to the foreman while engaged in his work was that imposed upon a person who invites another upon his premises to perform some act for his benefit, and it was, therefore, immaterial whether the ventilator fell because the ladder was pushed against it or for some other reason, since, if the attachment of the ventilator to the wall had become so insecure that it was a

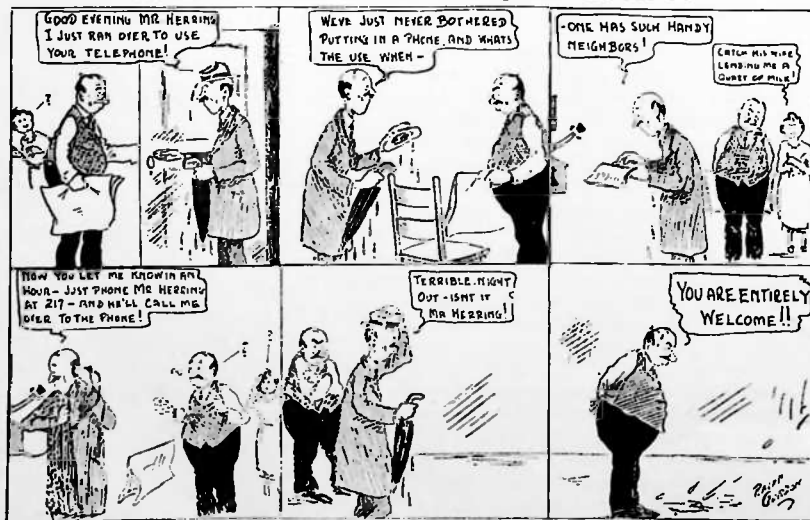
menace to the safety of anybody engaged in removing the old telephone service, the defendant was negligent in permitting the condition to exist.

*Telechronometer found to be scientifically sound in principle, but not developed to point where it could be made the basis of rate schedule.*

The Department of Public Works in the State of Washington recently, in *Re Puget Sound Telephone Company*, decided that the telechronometer had not as yet been developed to a point where it could be made the basis of a rate schedule. The Puget Sound Company, with the authority and encouragement of the Department of Public Works, had installed in its exchanges at Everett, Washington, telechronometers, whereby the use of the telephones by subscribers was measured in units of time. After an experimental period the department ordered the company to put into effect a schedule of measured service rates, such measured service to be ascertained by the telechronometer. After having been in operation for several months, such measured service rates were enthusiastically approved by some subscribers and bitterly opposed by others. In this situation the Department of Public Works, upon its own motion, held a comprehensive hearing upon the matter and on December 11, 1924, issued an order in which it was held: that the telechronometer, a device for measuring telephone conversations in units of time at subscriber's station, the essential principle of which consisted in measuring the use of the telephone line by a metering device actuated by periodic changes in the polarity of the talking battery, was scientifically sound in principle; but that the instruments as installed and used had not been sufficiently perfected and proved to justify their continuance in service as a measuring device upon which to base a rate schedule.

## Does This Happen at Your Place

### PHONE-SPONGERS



This drawing is used through the courtesy of The Interstate Utilities Company

# ACCIDENT PREVENTION.

Our "A. B. C." Primer on Accident Prevention--Get Into This School Early

We had nineteen accidents in December, an increase of nine compared with November. Four of the nineteen were lost-time accidents.

Arizona, Idaho, Installation Department, Montana, and Wyoming passed through the month without a lost-time accident. This is the twenty-second consecutive month for Idaho, the seventh for Montana, the fourth for Arizona, and the second for Wyoming.

Idaho with no disability accident for the year 1924, wins the Accident Prevention Honor Pennant.

This is the second consecutive year that Idaho has carried off the Honor Pennant.

### Plant Accidents, December, 1924

Arizona	2	0	.0
Idaho	0	0	.0
Installation Dept.	0	0	.0
Montana	2	0	.0
Wyoming	1	0	.0
Colorado	7	1	1.5
Utah	5	2	8.7
New Mex.-El Paso.	2	1	9.8
Total	19	4	2.5

### CLASSIFICATION OF LOST TIME ACCIDENTS

Falling downstairs	1
Slipping or stumbling	1
Jumping from truck	1
Truck struck by street car	1

### NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS YEAR 1924

Idaho	6	0	.0
Wyoming	7	1	.7
Montana	16	2	.9
New Mex.-El Paso.	11	3	2.2
Colorado	60	18	2.4
Utah	21	9	3.3
Arizona	12	5	3.9
Installation Dept.	21	7	4.9
Total	154	45	2.3

### Telephone Wire and Roads

There are now over 45,000,000 miles of telephone wire in service in the United States. This is fifteen times the mileage of rural public roads in this country. If all this wire were strung along these roads, there would be fifteen telephone wires alongside every rural public road in the United States.

**I** IS FOR THE INFECTION  
 IKE GOT IN HIS CUT THUMB...  
 HE'D HAVE USED SOME IODINE  
 HAD HE NOT BEEN SO DUMB..

*Eleven infection cases in 1924. Serious infection may result from minor cuts or scratches. Always use Iodine.*

**J** STANDS FOR JIM JAYWALKER  
 WHO CUT ACROSS THE STREETS....  
 THEY SORTED HIM FROM AUTO PARTS-  
 BENEATH A STONE HE SLEEPS.....

*Jay walking caused two serious cases in 1924. Always cross streets at street intersection; and comply with municipal and other regulations.*

**K** IS FOR THE KNOWLEDGE GAINED  
 IN CLASSES ON FIRST AID.....  
 SOMETIME YOU MAY BE ON HAND  
 TO CHEAT THE SEXTON'S SPADE.

*Every employee should learn and practice the principles of First Aid. Classes are provided for employees to become conversant with these principles.*

**L** IS THE LINE LEM DID NOT USE  
 WHEN HE THREW LUKE THE HAMMER  
 NOW LUKE'S JAW IS BADLY CRACKED  
 AND HE TALKS WITH A STAMMER..

*Don't throw tools to or from poles, ladders, platforms, scaffolds, cable box seats, etc.. See Safety Code, page 32.*

BY MEYN



EDITOR'S NOTE—Because the January MONITOR went to press the day before Christmas, we were unable to publish accounts of any of the Holiday activities among our telephone folks. However, so many stories of the noble work done by our girls and boys have come in, that we give space with pleasure, in this issue, although a little late.

For a number of years the telephone girls of Denver have given liberally to worthy people outside our Company and this Christmas the giving was confined to needy in our own Company.

"Do you want to give to our Christmas Fund? You know it's for our own telephone family this year, those who are ill, or have illness and misfortune in their family."

Gladly—eagerly our girls gave, some nickels and dimes, some quarters, halves and more, until the amounts reached \$45.00 in York and Franklin, and \$29.00 in the Gallup Exchange.

Of course, some one must be responsible for collecting the money, so the chief operators in York and Franklin chose members of the regular representative committees.

When they were ready to do their shopping they said—Let's see—there are three York and Franklin girls' mothers who have been ill, let's send each of them a nice potted plant—a poinsetta, and another whose father has been ill, well—a large jar of his favorite smoking tobacco.

Then, the all-night operator in Franklin who has had diphtheria and is now in quarantine with her little girl, we'll send a nice basket of fruit and some candy. To F. C., poor kid, let's send something useful. She may be ill a long time and isn't eligible to benefits, you know. Can't eat anything, so a nice flannelette night gown and warm bedroom slippers, with perhaps a few dollars, will be useful and then we'll trim a little tree for her and take along a jar of fancy candy to look at.

We must not forget E. S., but a nice box of candy will be alright for her. Then let's give E. C.'s sister a nice pair of bedroom slippers and some candy. She is just home from the hospital.

Then the all-night girls can give Mrs. F. five dollars, or whatever they choose to buy

for her with it.

Besides these, York and Franklin saw fit to give to the family of a South operator.

South seemed to have more who were unfortunate. Miss E., at South has an invalid sister, tuberculosis, in General Hospital for months. She is the mother of three little girls aged nine, twelve and thirteen. These little girls, together with Miss E., live with another married sister of Miss E. Naturally, part of the responsibility of their support falls upon this operator. A talk with the aunt of these children, and we found that gloves, hose and any wearing apparel would be very acceptable. Such pleasure as the girls had buying for these children. Warm gloves for each, two pairs of hose for each, handkerchiefs, and a little luxury for each—a string of beads and hair barrette for the older girls, and a lovely "mana doll" for the girl of nine. A box of candy—and a real sure enough Christmas tree, already trimmed, they took along—and clothes that were good and could be made over for them by their aunty.

To the sick mother at General Hospital they took bedroom slippers, handkerchiefs and candy.

To one girl whose mother is ill, heart trouble, and who has lost all financially in the last year

and is a recent widow—the South girls took a nice warm nightgown, to a thirteen-year old brother a pair of new shoes, and to the little operator herself, a pair of nice galoshes—besides candy and nuts.

To H. H., ill for some time but living comfortably with her parents, they gave a nice box of candy. But how pleased was this operator—to see her chums and to be remembered by them.

To old Mr. W., the ex-janitor at South with a large family and to whom they have always given a Christmas dinner, they gave another Christmas dinner; nicely embellished by additional personal gifts of jellies, jams, etc., by the matrons and cafeteria ladies.

To Ruth Schroeder—critically ill for about three weeks in St. Anthony's Hospital with tubercular peritonitis, and who has no parents—not eligible to benefits—they gave a nice bath robe and a tiny Christmas tree. Poor girl is so very ill and probably will not recover.

Then to Helen Knox—in St. Joseph's Hospital for five years—and an ex-operator from South—they gave a nice handkerchief and a new five dollar bill.

South had a plea from a poor widow, whom they remembered last Christmas—a Mrs. McRea with tuberculosis, who has two boys nine and eleven years.

This is the only donation to people outside the Telephone Company.

The ladies in the cafeteria at South spent much effort to fix the baskets of groceries and let the girls buy through the cafeteria at cost. A South Denver merchant gave a lot of apples, oranges, candy, nuts, etc., for the girls to give

At Gallup exchange—with twenty-nine dollars, and only one girl ill, to whom they sent a box of candy—they had two other girls who are unfortunate.

J. R., a girl supporting her mother and seven



year old sister and herself—groceries—groceries galore, fruit, home made jelly and candy, and an abundance of useful clothing brought by the various girls. One girl dressed and gave a doll to the little seven year old girl—a glittering Christmas tree, and six dollars in money.

To K. Y., who was ill for several weeks recently, and was not eligible to benefits—her mother a widow, and with a crippled brother also—they gave a nice Christmas dinner and six dollars in money.

The girls who served on the committees were pleased to be selected, and most of them gave a lot of their own time to shop, etc. Every package was done up carefully and decorated with stickers and gay ribbons and tinsel, and such a Christmas spirit as pervaded the air! Company cars called and took the girls out with their load of cheer, and they each said afterward that they did enjoy going, though it made their hearts ache to see how much less fortunate some were than they themselves.

Many of the girls expressed their hearty approval of giving to their own, rather than to outside people, as we have done before.

I am enclosing some letters of thanks received by the girls so far, and some have expressed verbal appreciation of the Christmas remembrances.

Respectfully,

ADELINE F. WILLIAMS,  
Residence Exchange Nurse.

#### Main

On Wednesday afternoon, seven of we girls representing the Long Distance, Champa, Central, and Main exchanges, went out to bring a little Christmas cheer to some of the sick folks from the office. Surely it was a great pleasure to see the different ways in which these people expressed their gratitude. Some by their faces brightening up, others with words of thanks and appreciation, and some by tears which meant gratitude. The old blind lady was so pleased, and wanted to know who each one of us girls were, and from what exchange we came; her wish to us was that we would all have a Merry Christmas, and that the Lord would bless the girls for remembering her.

Mr. Zilk, who has been sick in bed for some time, was very pleased. He was too weak to become enthused, but said he felt the unexpected pleasure, or gift, brought great happiness. It did my heart good to see the sweet spirit of this man and the tender care of his wife who so much appreciated our visit. Then the little crippled girl impressed me very much. She was so happy to think she got a little doll that could say "Mama." Even though she could not move, her little white face was all aglow with joy. Her words of thanks were slow but sincere. "Surely it is true that 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Thanking you for this opportunity of service which brought a great deal of pleasure to me.

IRENE HINCHMAN.

The Christmas spirit certainly prevailed in the vicinity of the Main, Long Distance, and Champa exchanges, Wednesday afternoon, the day before Christmas. Seven girls, Santa's able assistants in distributing gifts to the sick, were not lacking that genuine feeling of fellowship to spread such good cheer so needed in many homes that day.

Our first visit was at 1300 Stout, and it is needless to say that the doll given to the little paralyzed girl was fully appreciated, and no doubt she will find more joy in that little "Mama" doll than most children would find in a very expensive toy.

To some these gifts brought tears and to others, smiles, but to Mrs. Barclay, who is totally blind, I know that mere words could not express the true feeling of heartfelt thanks that she extended to the "Telephone Family."

To all that were presented with baskets of fruit or other gifts, I know they were really sincere when they said they appreciated and thanked all the girls who so kindly contributed to this worthy cause.

Santa's seven assistants were no less enthused at the end of the trip than they were at the beginning, and let it be said that they were certainly a jolly bunch.

N. DUBACH.



#### Champa

The first place we went to there lived a mother and three small children, the oldest being six years old. When the box with the doll was given to the little girl (who is paralyzed) and the doll said "Mama," the little girl gave a scream of delight and said, "Oh, it's a mama doll." She immediately named it Mary and was admiring it greatly when we left. The mother and boy were also very much pleased with their gifts.

The next was an old lady who lived in the basement of a tenement house—she was blind. We told her who we were and what we had brought her. She thanked us and told us the Telephone girls had always been very good to her and she appreciated it very much.

The next was a family with two children, the father sick with tuberculosis. The children were not home at the time. The father and mother were very grateful and thankful for the gifts.

The next was an elderly lady and her husband, who is a tubercular. He told us it was certainly a wonderful surprise, as one ex-



pects remembrances from relatives, and this one was so unexpected that he appreciated it very much as it made Christmas more delightful for them.

The next was a young girl suffering from tuberculosis. She was very much pleased with the lovely basket of fruit and thought it was wonderful of the girls to remember her.

The next was the home of an operator who is the only support of her mother and young brother—she was ill for a long time. We did not see her as she has just started working again.

The next was Mrs. Moesser, who lost her daughter a year ago. She said she thought it lovely of the girls to remember her dear one, and that she appreciated our coming very much.

The next was a home where they had recently lost their little girl. They said they couldn't tell us how much they appreciated our gifts, and they were sure the children would all be very pleased with the toys.

The next was one of the operators who has been out a long time on account of illness. She was surprised and delighted with her basket of fruit.

The next was the home of an ex-operator who is suffering with paralysis. She was the most cheerful and peppy sick person I have ever seen. She was delighted with her presents and asked us how we knew her two colors were blue and green, as the dress and sweater we gave her were of those colors.

The last was one of our chief operators, who is suffering with tuberculosis. She told us she thought it very sweet and kind of the girls to remember her as they remembered her so nicely last year, and that it has been two years since she has seen any of us.

(Signed) ALICE LYNN.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 26. 1924.

Dear Main and Champa Girls:

I want to thank you all for remembering me in the wonderful way you did. You don't know what it means to me, after two years from the office, to know that I am not forgotten.

I believe this was the most wonderful Christmas I have ever had, and you girls helped to make it so. I was dressed for the first time in almost a year, and even if it were just for

## Overflow of the Christmas Joys

### Never Too Late to Do Good

Pueblo telephone girls want to know if it is "too late to say something about the Christmas activities." THE MONITOR is not a strictly up-to-the-minute publication—that is left for the lightning-change dailies, and we are glad to tell something of the splendid spirit of the telephone folks at Pueblo, as well as elsewhere.

The Pueblo operators furnished baskets for ten needy families. The baskets were filled with chicken and all kinds of provisions for a first-class Christmas dinner. The plant boys came to the aid of the girls and delivered the baskets.

"We found so much suffering and so great need of help this Christmas time," writes one of the operators, "that next year we hope to do much more."

Then there came the joyous New Year fes-

the day, it was mighty fine.

I spend most of my time reading, so the magazine subscriptions were just the thing I most wanted. The fruit and handkerchiefs were lovely, too.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year, I am  
Yours sincerely,

RUTH HOWARD.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 27, 1924.

To the South Girls:  
Dear Girls:

Words are few in this little note of thanks, but they express fully my appreciation for the gifts you gave me. Your thoughtfulness made it possible for me to have a nice time Thursday.

Wishing you all health and happiness in 1925 and many years to come, I am  
Very sincerely yours,

HELEN KNOX.

Denver General Hospital, T. B. Annex,  
December 26, 1924.

Dear Telephone Girls:

Old Santa Claus delivered the wonderful basket, also the many lovely and useful gifts to my children you ordered from him. I wish you could see the joy they are giving us.

More words cannot express my appreciation for same.

Wishing you each and every one A Happy New Year, I am

Gratefully yours,  
Mrs. BEATRICE REDDING.

tivities among the folks at Pueblo, and of this, and other activities, R. M. Chambers writes:

"New Year day we had a bobsled ride—something unusual for Pueblo. There were about twenty in the party. We sledged out about fifteen miles to the home of Mrs. Pryor, who for a number of years was our chief operator. After everyone was warmed up, Mrs. Pryor served homemade cookies, cake, hot coffee, candy and nuts. We had a lovely visit with our former chief and it sure did seem good to be with her again. We arrived back in town late in the evening, thawed out in front of a big grate fire in Mr. Mills' home, and listened to him tell how warm he was during the ride. He couldn't have been anything else but warm, for he pulled our sled with his little two-passenger closed car. Anyway, we are wishing for more cold and snow so we can have another bobsled ride behind that little chug wagon."

### El Paso Plays Santa

By Montie Yonge

Big red baskets, decorated with Santa Claus, reindeers and Christmas trees and filled with good things to eat, candy and all, and bundles of warm clothing to make others happy.

On the afternoon of December 24, everything in readiness a number of folks from various departments gathered to have their picture made with the Christmas baskets before taking them to the folks they had been prepared for.

C. E. Stratton, Walter Prager, M. E. Bates, Joe Carr and M. A. Chamberlain then brought forth their cars and the Christmas baskets of food and bundles of clothing were loaded in and each car dispatched to the addresses of the families the girls had decided to help.

We found one family to whom the basket was certainly a blessing. Much sickness had come over this family of eight and much misfortune as to employment conditions also. It had happened that one of our subscribers, Mr. J. E. Bischoff, had read in the papers of the activities of the girls of the telephone company at this Christmas time and had sent us three pairs of warm blankets for this family; also he had a half ton of coal delivered to them.

As we entered this little home, we found a manly little fellow of about five years of age sick in bed and no prospects of a happy Christmas.

We spent a while chatting with these folks, wishing them a Merry Christmas and the big load of clothing and food seemed to fill up quite a space in this little home.

We returned to the office and certainly our Christmas was far happier because of our gift to these unfortunate ones, "Our Neighbors."



### Casper Girls Praised

Virginia Baker Henning, representative of the Designer Publishing Company, writes from Riverton, Wyoming concerning the very splen-



El Paso Telephone girls in the sandstorm, ready to start out on their mission of spreading Christmas cheer. Left—Ruth Wettermark, Elfrieda Decker, Margaret King, Mayme Jo Cartwright, Sadie Sykes, Montie Yonge, Ellen Dendy.

The wind was blowing a gale and seemed to be right off the snowy lands of the north pole. M. E. Bates, traffic superintendent told everybody to smile and look pleasant and everybody did, but just about that time the wind gave a big puff and over went the camera. The lens rolled down the pavement, the big black cloth, the photographer hides under, blew away and the camera received quite a bang. After our friend E. A. J. Seddon had rescued the draperies and Mr. Bates had secured the lens, they assisted Mr. Photographer in holding the swaying camera while "we all had our picture tuk."

did service she received while in Casper recently. In part she says:

"While in Casper for a month I had occasion to use the telephone continuously every day for that time, and I want to thank Mrs. Beach and especially operator No. 12, and all the operators for the prompt, courteous and fine service which I received."

Miss Henning also gives a year's subscription to the Designer for use of the girls in their rest room at Casper, with her compliments.

### Something to Think About

By Alice Weberbauer, Colo. Spgs.

CHRISTMAS is past, to be sure, but there are memories that cannot pass so easily, and I want to tell THE MONITOR readers just a little of the joy and sadness that came to the hearts of the Colorado Springs telephone girls during yuletide. The joy was in helping others less fortunate, and the sadness was in the realization that so much suffering is to be found in the world.

Have you ever seen someone who was really in need, and, oh so unhappy? In your own mind, picture a little house—just a room—not really a house—but to them it was home.

It is cold out doors. Step into this one little room. No warmth is there to greet you. Stretched on a lowly cot in one corner of this dismal, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated room is a man—almost a ghost of a man, so thin and lifeless does he appear. He is there alone. His wife is out working—someone must earn the living. Visualize this, if you can, and you will better understand at least one of the homes made happy by the telephone girls of Colorado Springs.

We told this poor man of our mission; that we were girls from the telephone office, out trying to spread a bit of Christmas cheer. You should have seen the poor, weak creature when we presented him with a basket, filled with substantial food. The light of joy that came into his face is the memory that still clings to us. We had made him so happy, and that was the joy we found in giving.

That was just one of those we made happy. We went to several homes and gave our Christmas baskets. How we wished we could make those poor but grateful people happy forever.

### Fort Collins, Colorado

By Elsie W. Stapleton

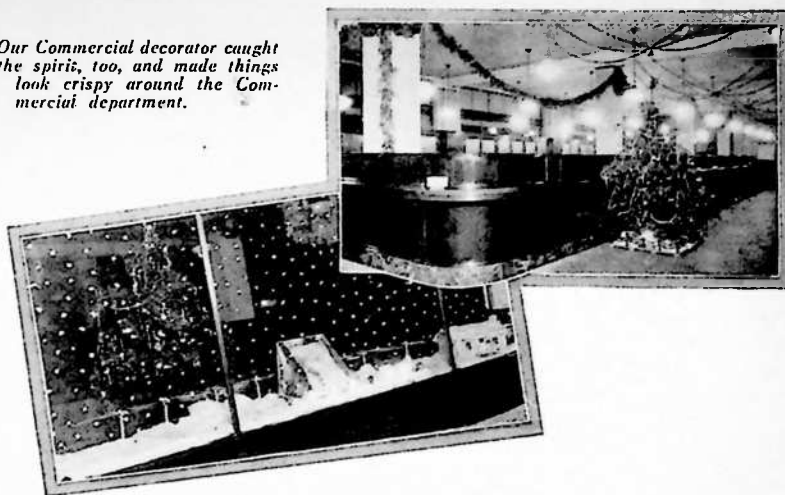
Christmas of 1924 will always linger as one of the most pleasant memories in the minds of the girls of the Fort Collins, Colorado, exchange.

A few weeks before Christmas, T. C. Turner, our manager, found that not far from Fort Collins were two needy families. These families were running a saw mill—their sole means of livelihood. One night the mill burned and left the families destitute. Each family had six children ranging from one to fourteen years of age. We girls decided that here was where our help was needed.

We at once got busy. Our committees consisted of: Decorating: Grace Anderson, Pearl Smith, Myrtle Howard and Elsie Stapleton. Buying: Margaret Hammond, Erma Smith and Grace Abbott. Investigation: Esther Vaplon, Beatrice Jay and Dorothy Stapleton. Each operator gave as much money as she could spare, as did the commercial and plant departments.

By the time Christmas had rolled around, we were ready for our little guests. A large evergreen had been put up by the linemen. It was

Our Commercial decorator caught the spirit, too, and made things look crispy around the Commercial department.



beautifully decorated by the committee and was waiting for our gifts. Our rest room looked like the headquarters of Santa. There were dolls which had been outfitted to perfection by different operators, beads, bracelets, kiddie cars, balls, games, books, wagons, stockings, apples, gloves, canned fruit, oranges, nuts and candy. In addition, each operator brought clothing and toys from home.

Our guests were to arrive between four and five o'clock the day before Christmas. Santa, impersonated by Mr. Jurgens, was there and waiting.

About 4:30 o'clock the children arrived, but on account of snowdrifts, they were not all able to come. We were glad to have them, and their cries of delight and the happiness in their eyes soon proved to us that the old saying is indeed true.

As the children were homeward bound that evening, loaded down with our gifts, they left a happiness in our hearts that can only be obtained by doing one's best to make someone else happy.

### Cheyenne, Wyoming

The customary Christmas party took place in the rest room quarters of the operating department of the telephone exchange. The attractive room was gay with holiday greens and a myriad of tiny electric lights sparkling on the branches of a beautifully decorated evergreen tree, added to the spirit of the occasion.

In the early hours of the evening the operators of the Central office, not on duty, gathered around the tree and played jolly Christmas games, after which there was an exchange of pretty gifts. Mrs. L. R. Probst, chief operator, distributed gifts to all present. Light refreshments were served as the climax of the evening.

The committee in charge of arrangements included Miss Edith Dendinger, Miss Pearl Stein and Miss Evelyn Totten. Special guests of honor on the delightful occasion were Messrs.

C. L. Titus, C. C. Harmon, R. E. Pilloud and L. J. Meyer of Cheyenne, and Mr. Cook of Sundance, Wyoming.

Miss Edith Grainger formerly all night operator has been promoted to the position of evening chief operator.

Lester F. Britnell, plant accounting clerk in the state accounting department, Cheyenne, was transferred January 1st, 1925, to the general accounting department, Denver, Colorado.

### Salt Lake Traffic Girls Have Christmas Party

December 24 was a big day at the Wasatch exchange at Salt Lake. The members of the Operators' Committees jointly, from Wasatch, Hyland, and Toll had worked hard for some time to make it a big day. First, there were twenty-two Christmas dinners to be packed and delivered to as many needy families. Then, a big turkey dinner to twenty-two children ranging in age from four to nine years. This was followed by a huge Christmas tree, prettily decorated. After playing around the tree for a short time, each child was presented with a sweater, a cap, a pair of stockings and a toy by Santa Claus, a part taken by Mr. Kissel so admirably that the children were thoroughly convinced he was the real Saint Nick.

The names of the children and names of families the dinners were taken to were obtained from the Associated Charities, a non-sectarian organization of Salt Lake. The children were called for and taken home by committee members in automobiles. Mr. Kissel and his force helping in such an efficient manner that there was no wait or trouble of any kind.

The money for the family dinner, the children's dinner and presents was obtained by donations from Traffic girls, and when they saw how much happiness they were spreading they were well satisfied that they had made a good investment.

## The Echoes of Christmas Still are Heard

"Songs of Great Joy"

By Marjorie Paterson

GE E WHIZ, Stell, it's sure hard to believe there ain't no Santa Claus at Christmas time, when you see all the pretty Christmas decorations, all the beautiful presents, and how happy everyone is; and what is far more beautiful—not the fact so much that the people are happy, but that everyone is trying to make someone else happy. A week after Christmas we might forget, and too often do, that we should be kind to others, but at Christmas the meanest person feels like doing something for someone else to make him happy. So, I maintain that if Santa Claus is not a real live person, he is at least a spirit of goodness that creeps inside of everyone at Christmas time.

So, come with me Stell to the accounting department Christmas party held on the third floor of the Administration Building, Wednesday afternoon, December 24, 1924 and have an afternoon of pleasure.

The hall was one mass of Christmas trees, which reminded one of a beautiful forest. Some of the trees were highly illuminated, but far brighter than any Christmas tree, and the most noticeable thing at the party, was the illumination on the faces of the people. If there was anyone present who had any troubles, he certainly hid the fact remarkably well on this auspicious occasion.

The Committee, consisting of Misses Powers, Farrell, Eastwood, Reilly, and Wittauer, and Messrs. App, Gibson, Howard, and Burns, not only decorated the hall which we said before was beautiful, but also arranged a very interesting program, for which we shall not find any better time than the present to thank them—so, program committee and interior decorators, we thank you.

F. H. Taylor presided at the party, which was another reason for its success.

Roderick Reid gave the invocation, and he not alone prayed for those present, but he remembered the employees who were sick at home—some for a long, long time, who were not able to come to the party; after which President Fred Reid gave a short but very interesting talk on "just the act of being kind." Miss Marie Smith gave a reading, "At the Ball Game," which threw the ball fans into wild, hilarious laughter.

Miss Gertrude Livingston, whose beautiful voice we love to hear, sang two solos, being accompanied on the piano by Miss Wynman and Miss Blakemore. Then Christmas carols

were sung by all, led by H. M. Hastings, accompanied by Clarence Sharp at the piano.

The Blue Bell Trio then mounted the stage, and as usual, Stell, took the house by storm. They were enored time after time and always came up smiling. They sang a number of songs, each one being a bigger hit than the one before.

Mr. Taylor then introduced Santa Claus, who turned out to be Clem Wilson with whiskers. He gave each one a present, which if not useful was at least appropriate—Carl Kinney received a monkey on a string.

The unwritten law of the mistletoe was strictly enforced, Jack Payne doing all he could to make thousands of girls happy. All the accounting offices held open house; punch, candy, and cigars being served. The statistician's office had installed a victrola, which furnished wonderful dance music, and needless to say it was a popular place.

At 3:30 we all gathered on the third floor, where we met other departments and sang more carols. What some of us lacked in voice we made up in volume.

We then went to the eighth floor to wish our President a Merry Christmas, and believe me, Stell, he is the nicest man, and he has the rare and wonderful faculty of making one feel at

ward. So, Stell, if you throw me my hat, I will be on my way, as I want to go down town and take back that pair of hose you gave me for Christmas, put a coupla dollars to it and get a good pair.

There were several other "parties" given that afternoon. Every exchange held some kind of informal Christmas party, where good cheer flowed in abundance. Groups were gathered here and there, in offices and in departments, many of them having miniature trees decorated with the yuletide colors. And then—

After all the "individual parties" were over, hundreds of our employees from various departments gathered in the auditorium of the New Telephone building and sang Christmas carols, led by Harry H. Hastings, of the accounting department. He brought out some fine voices and the corridors of the big building rang with melodious songs. Among the songs chosen by Mr. Hastings were:

"O, Come all ye Faithful"  
"Good King Wenceselas"  
"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"  
"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"  
"Good Christian Men Rejoice"  
"Silent Night! Holy Night!"  
"The First Nowell"



Telephone folks in Denver singing Christmas carols

home. He showed us his office, and let me say right here that to work in an office like that wouldn't be a bit hard to take. But then the place would have its drawbacks, 'cause if you or I worked there, Stell, we would never want to go home, as the contrast would be too great. He told the girls that he remembered when I used to work for him. Gee, Stell, I wonder if that had anything to do with him getting to be President. What was that? You don't think that had anything to do with it? Well, maybe not, but whatever the cause, I'm glad he is our President, and I hope he always will be, 'cause we like him lots.

We then went to visit the Colorado Traffic, where after warbling a few more notes, passing Christmas greetings around promiscuously, with happy hearts we wended our way home-

"O, Little Town of Bethlehem."

After a season spent in the auditorium, the singers filed out and again congregated in the cafeteria in the Main building, where they sang and rejoiced. Altogether it was one of the finest demonstrations of "family ties" that has ever been attempted in our Company.

### Young Philosophers

A lawyer was always lecturing his office boy, whether he needed it or not.

One day he chanced to hear the following conversation between the boy and one employed next door.

"How much does he pay you?" asked the latter.

"I get \$2,000 a year," replied the lawyer's boy; \$10 a week and the rest in legal advice."



# What They Did at Casper

Many were they who responded to a cordial invitation inviting the Casper telephone employees and their friends to the annual entertainment given in the operators' rest rooms on the evening of December 23rd.

The rest rooms were beautifully decorated in the season's colors of red and green, and a brilliantly trimmed and heavily laden Christmas tree stood in one of the rooms.

Shortly after eight p. m., a very appropriate program, arranged by the house committee was given. The opening number was a piano solo, Etude in A-flat, by Miss Shimmin. Then followed a clever dance and song "B-r-o-k-e," by Kathleen Siehling and Madeline Tobin accompanied by Miss Puntenny. The next number was a quartette, "Whispering Hope," by Miss Keene, Miss Swallow, Mr. Nelson and Mr. Austerman. Miss Puntenny and Miss Shimmin then played a duet entitled, "La Paloma." This number was then followed by a piano solo "The Fifth Nocturne" by Miss Dunn. Miss Bishop gave an original reading, "The Day Before Christmas," which was original and unique.

By this time every one was anxious for the arrival of Santa Claus, but as he had been delayed for a few minutes, Mr. McCormack had a pleasant surprise for everyone. Mrs. Nelson was awarded her five-year service pin. Mr. McCormack who presented the pin also gave a short talk in regard to Mrs. Nelson's splendid service record.

Santa Claus now made his appearance and distributed gifts to one and all. After the presents had been opened and enjoyed by everyone, a dainty lunch was served.

About eleven p. m., the party broke up after many "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Years," and everyone declared it to be one of the best parties given in the Casper Exchange.

## Local Notes

Mrs. Davis, local operator, has just recently been awarded her five-year service pin. Mrs. Davis was with the Telephone Company for four years in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, and has been in Casper for over a year.

Miss Naomi Swallow, toll operator, and Mr. Ellis Wills were the principals at a pretty church wedding which took place New Year's Eve. Rev. Hildebrand of the Christian Church performed the ceremony. Preceding the wedding a home talent play, "The Deacon Entangled," in which both Miss Swallow and Mr. Wills took part was given at the Church.

The Casper telephone exchange extend their heartiest congratulations to the bride and groom.

A Christmas present was received by F. A. Probst, local wire chief, in the form of a baby girl born the 26th day of December. Mr. Probst seemed very much pleased over this

addition to his family as was evidenced by his broad smile and generous distribution of cigars among the local employees.

The Christmas spirit was so wide-spreading that the echoes are still ringing far over into the new year. The following letter was written to the employees at Durango, Colo., by Miss Anna M. Boyle:

"To the Telephone Folks, Girls and Boys: Margaret Nary, Mabel Stewart Bertha Rudersdorf, Helen Robertson, Maria Laurah, Doris Hollopeter, Vangie Hill, Gladys Hamor, Cecelia Criss, Garnet Ballou, Mabel Best, Robert Ayres, Edwin Ford, and Frank Turner.

"A Merry Christmas and a bright and Happy New Year from myself, and I wish to thank you for your unflinching courtesy and kindness and promptness through all the trying times of the past year and I wish to say that I never had an impatient word said by one of you, but always extreme politeness and kindly manner of answering me when I couldn't hear. I truly thank you for your services and appreciate it.

"We who are older and growing hard of hearing, and dim of eyes (though we feel young in our hearts) appreciate the courtesy of the younger generation.

"Once more wishing you the real Christmas wish of helpfulness in Jesus' dear name, as we celebrate His birthday and what He is to us, I send you greeting."

And here is another greeting which bears the spirit of love and good wishes:

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS, 1924

To the Girls and to all the Force in the Telephone Exchange:

A Merry, Merry Christmas,  
A Happy New Year too,  
Friendly greetings and cheer,  
To extend through the year,  
To Every Last One of You!

Sincerely,

C. W. HARDON,

Pastor North Durango Methodist Church.

Note—My experiences with telephone people have been of sundry kinds; sometimes pleasant and sometimes provoking; sometimes commonplace and sometimes exciting, but for courtesy and real service the folks in the Durango Exchange have the world beat, and it affords me pleasure to tell you so.

# Twenty Years of Faithful Service

January 25, 1925, marked the 20th anniversary of service for this Company by Miss Hetty Houghton, chief comptometer operator in the department of the Auditor of Disbursements in Denver. Miss Houghton began as an operator and in 1906, was promoted to the position of bill clerk in the Accounting department. About the time the comptometers were placed in service with our Company she was put in charge of the machines, and was soon made supervisor with eight girls under her.

On January 1, 1923, when the General Accounting and the Colorado Accounting departments were separated, Miss Houghton went with the General Disbursements department. Her work includes the adding and balancing of the General ledger and the verification of the Company's monthly reports, and the responsibility for absolute accuracy is of great importance to the accounting work of the Company.

During Miss Houghton's twenty years of service she has been one of the Company's most conscientious, reliable and punctual employees.

February 7, 1925, Ethan C. Calph, manager at Pocatello, Idaho, rounds out his 20th year of service with the telephone company.

He went to work for the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company at Helena, Montana, on February 1, 1905, reading registers on the four party measured service telephones. Shortly

afterwards he was placed on collecting; January 1, 1909, was taken in the Helena office as chief clerk to the manager, where he stayed until January 1, 1910, when the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company took over the Rock Mountain Bell Telephone Company and opened up centralized accounting. He was then made Revenue Accountant for Montana. On August 22, 1911, he was transferred to District Cashier of the Helena, Montana district. In September, 1912, he was sent to Pocatello as District Cashier. December 18, 1914, placed as local manager at Pocatello, where he has been ever since.

## New Use for Directory

The distinction of probably being the only school in the world to count a telephone directory among its textbooks belongs to the Grant School of Salt Lake City, Utah.

In an effort to teach accuracy, W. D. Prosser, the principal, resorted to the telephone book. "When the directories were introduced," says Mr. Prosser, "the ability of the pupils, on a percentage basis, to find the telephone exchange, number and letter of five individuals in five minutes ranged from five to twenty-five per cent. At the present time, the percentage of accuracy in finding the telephone numbers of five persons ranges from 75 to 95 in a time limit of four minutes.



#### Educational

"Do you ever have any quarrels at your woman's club?"  
 "Oh, no. We call them debates."

#### Wait

"Mamma," said a child recently, "am I descended from a monkey?"  
 "I don't know," replied mamma, "I did not know your father's people very well."

Teacher (to boy sitting idly in school during writing time): "Henry, why are you not writing?"

Henry: "I ain't got no pen."

Teacher: "Where's your grammar?"

Henry: "She's dead."

#### Put Salt on Their Tails

Coca: "Have you read 'To a Field Mouse?'"

Cola: "No, how do you get 'em to listen?"  
 —Purple Cow.

#### All Arranged

She: "Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man!"

He (bashfully): "He did. I'm the man."

#### From Chilblains to Blisters

H. D. Lute, of Keith County, Nebraska, sent in the following contribution to the *Nebraska Farmer*:

"I was riding the range one bright October day. The sun was bright and it was uncomfortably warm. Suddenly a blizzard broke and I started for the ranch as hard as the horse could go. For the full five miles it seemed as



though we were riding neck and neck with the front edge of the storm. My face was warm from the sun and the summerlike day, while cold blasts from the blizzard were chasing up and down my spinal column. When we got to the ranch the horse's neck and shoulders were covered with foam and lather, while his rump was covered with snow, and his tail was frozen so stiff that when he swished it against a telephone pole it broke off."

#### In Our Garage

By Richard M. Bennett

A boiler and a kettle lid.  
 Some plates that Maggie broke and hid;  
 A chopping-block, a knuckle bone,  
 A phonograph that doesn't phone;  
 Some lingerie that lingered long,  
 A mattress with the mat all gone;  
 A bustle out of grandma's trunk,  
 A rat-trap and some other junk;  
 A demijohn of faint bouquet,  
 (Sweet hundred-proof of yesterday);  
 The sticks and tail of Johnnie's kite,  
 A table lamp I dropped one night;  
 Tomato cans of Auld Lang Syne,  
 A hundred feet of washing line;  
 One pair of pants (demobilized),  
 One garden hose (derubberized);  
 Gas fittings from a former age,  
 One rocker, one canary cage;  
 A niblick and a baseball bat,  
 A bedstead and a broken slat;  
 The box in which the rabbit died,  
 The bike that mother used to ride,  
 Of many things a sundry crop—  
 All but the car—that's in the shop.

#### Facts About the Telephone

Among the forty-eight states that make up the United States of America, there are twenty-six, each of which has more telephones than the entire continent of Africa.

#### "Right" Number Was Wrong

The following story was told to a telephone official the other day by a friend:

His son-in-law was visiting him and told him that a few days previous he witnessed a man, evidently of foreign extraction, using a public telephone. The man called the number "Established 1895." The number was evidently questioned, as after a while he repeated "Established one-eight-nine-five." The operator or supervisor evidently told him that there was no such exchange, for he replied in an angry voice, "It must be the right number, as it is printed at the top of their letter-head, and I have one in my hand in front of me."—Longmont Call.

#### Look Who's Here

(Delta Star)

"Who's the stranger, mother dear?  
 Look! he knows us! Ain't he queer?"  
 "Hush, my own! Don't talk so wild.  
 That's your father, dearest child!"  
 "He's my father? No such thing!"  
 "Father died, you know, last spring!"  
 "Father didn't die, you dub!"  
 "Father joined a golfing club,  
 But they closed the club, so he  
 Has no place to go, you see!  
 No place left for him to roam  
 That is why he's coming home.  
 Kiss him. He won't bite you, child,  
 All these golfing guys look wild!"

## Telephone Ad Found in Old Paper

Dallas, Texas.—Local telephone men have come across the first advertisement of a telephone company. It was published in July, 1877, in the newspapers of New Haven, Conn. This advertisement made it clear that subscribing for a telephone in those early days consisted in leasing an instrument and not in buying service, as is the case now.

"The proprietors keep the instrument in repair without charges," said the advertisement, "and the user has no expense except the maintenance of the line. It needs only a wire between the two stations, though ten or twenty miles apart, with a telephone at each end."

Despite this inducement and the further inducement that "the outside of the telephone is of mahogany, finely polished, and an ornament to any room or office," only one subscriber resulted. The Rev. John E. Todd

came forward and agreed to pay \$18 a year for a telephone. He is believed to be the first subscriber in the world to a commercial exchange.

The trouble was not with the advertising nor with the manner of stringing lines. The public simply had to be shown that it could not get along without telephones. Therefore, the records show a canvasser was sent out to make personal explanation of the telephone, and 200 contracts were obtained. The first service was given January 21, 1878, to 50 subscribers. The first exchange was opened January 28, 1878.

From the beginning, less than fifty years ago, the people of the United States have come to need the telephone until there are now sixteen million telephones in service, or about one to every eight people.

# Promotions and Changes

## ARIZONA

Name	Location	Previous Position	New Position	Date Effective
<b>Accounting Department—</b>				
Myrtle Jensen	Williams	Operator	Agent	Dec. 19, 1924
Maud Jordan	Phoenix	Ass't. Chief Opr.	Chief Operator	Dec. 14, 1924
Edith Kohls	Phoenix	Operator	Supervisor	Dec. 7, 1924

## COLORADO

<b>Commercial Department—</b>				
Margaret J. Naty	Durango	Eve. Chief Opr.	Cashier	Dec. 1, 1924
Chas. A. Pierce	Loveland	Wire Chief	Manager	Dec. 1, 1924
<b>Plant Department—</b>				
Owen R. Hyde	Arvada	P. B. X. Installer	Exchange Manager	Dec. 10, 1924
<b>Colorado Revenue Accounting—</b>				
Noel L. Keith	Denver	General Clerk	Ledger Supvr.	Dec. 1, 1924
Joe K. Miller	Denver	Ledger Supervisor	Acting Chief Clerk	Dec. 1, 1924
<b>Traffic Department—</b>				
Vellon Hembree	Denver-Gallup	Operator	Supervisor	Dec. 21, 1924
Wilma Hodges	Denver—L. D.	Supervisor	Asst. Chief Opr.	Dec. 14, 1924
Leonaire Nettle	Denver-Gallup	Operator	Clerk	Dec. 21, 1924
Mrs. Cecelia Criss	Durango	Operator	Eve. Chief Opr.	Dec. 1, 1924
Myrtle Ragsdale	Denver-L. D.	Operator	Supervisor	Dec. 7, 1924
Fred L. Pickering	Denver	Manager (Sterling)	Traffic Supervisor	Dec. 21, 1924
J. Pearl Clark	Denver-South	Operator	Supervisor	Dec. 7, 1924

## IDAHO

<b>Accounting Department—</b>				
May Johnston	Boise	Traffic Clerk	Eve. Chief Opr.	Dec. 7, 1924
Alta Lemmon	Rigby	Operator	Eve. Chief Opr.	Dec. 22, 1924

## MONTANA

<b>Accounting Department—</b>				
Samuel P. Officer	Butte	Mont. Traffic Supr.	Manager	Dec. 1, 1924
George E. Wolfe	Billings	Head Switchman	Plant Chief	Dec. 7, 1924
Charles F. Ross	Great Falls	Switchman	Head Switchman	Dec. 7, 1924
Leslie G. DeLong	Butte	Plant Chief (Bill.)	Plant Chief	Dec. 6, 1924

## NEW MEXICO—EL PASO

<b>Accounting Department—</b>				
Albert Kneipp	Albuquerque	Mgr. Roswell	Mgr. Albuquerque	Dec. 16, 1924
Frank W. Markl	Roswell	Com. Man, Roswell	Mgr. Roswell	Dec. 16, 1924

## UTAH

<b>Accounting Department—</b>				
Fern Thomas	Salt Lake	Operator	Supervisor	Dec. 14, 1924
Rula Pendleton	Salt Lake	Operator	Supervisor	Dec. 14, 1924
Minnie Poulson	Brigham City	Operator	Asst. Chief Opr.	Dec. 7, 1924
Ina Scovil	Mt. Pleasant	Operator	Chief Operator	Dec. 1, 1924

## WYOMING

<b>Accounting Department—</b>				
Maude Sutherland	Wheatland	Operator	Chief Operator	Dec. 30, 1924



## A. T. & T. Changes Effective January 1

THE GROWTH of the research and development work of the Bell System now carried on in the Department of Development and Research of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and in the Bell System laboratories operated by the Western Electric Company has made a rearrangement of organization advisable. In order that the continuous pro-

gram of research and development necessary to the progress of the System should be carried on in the most efficient manner a closer co-ordination of all phases of the work under a single executive has been found desirable.

The following changes in organization therefore were effective on January 1, 1925:

A. Vice President J. J. Carty, in addition to

other duties, will become Chairman of an Advisory Board on Development and Research Policies and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Incorporated.

B. Mr. F. B. Jewett, at present Vice President in charge of the Telephone Department, Western Electric Company, has been elected Vice President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and will have charge of the Department of Development and Research.

C. An Advisory Board on Development and Research Policies will be created. It will consist of Vice President J. J. Carty, Chairman, and Vice Presidents E. S. Bloom, B. Gherardi and F. B. Jewett. It will consider and advise on all matters of policy affecting the character and scope of research and development work for the Bell System.

D. Bell Telephone Laboratories, Incorporated, will be formed. This new company will be owned and administered jointly by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company.

The Directors of the new company will be: J. J. Carty, C. G. DuBois, B. Gherardi, W. S. Gifford, F. B. Jewett, J. L. Kilpatrick, J. B. Odell.

Mr. J. J. Carty will be Chairman of the Board and Mr. F. B. Jewett, as Vice President in charge of Development and Research of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, will be President.

Mr. E. B. Craft, the present Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, will be Executive Vice President, and Mr. E. P. Clifford, at present Commercial Manager of the Western Electric Company's Engineering Department, will be Vice President.

Mr. J. W. Farrell will be Secretary of the new company and Mr. W. B. Wallace, Treasurer. Mr. J. C. Roberts will be General Patent Attorney, charged principally with the duty of soliciting patents.

Except for the addition of the Patent Department as one of the constituent operating units, the organization and function of the laboratories will be substantially that of the Western Electric Company's present Engineering Department.

The new company will take over the property of the Western Electric Company now operated by its Engineering Department at 463 West Street, New York City, and elsewhere.

W. S. GIFFORD,  
Executive Vice President.



### New Agent at Manhattan

Lenore R. Waters has taken the responsibility of agent at Manhattan, Montana, succeeding Florence S. Sherven, who recently resigned to be married.



Paris is a bigger city than Chicago; but Chicago has three times as many telephones as Paris.

# SELLING TELEPHONE SERVICE

WRITING in the System Magazine for January, Judge Gary (of the U. S. Steel Corporation, said: "The business policy of our corporation has for many years been one of restrained optimism."

Restrained optimism aptly describes the spirit in which well-trained telephone men experienced in the field and at headquarters set up the 1925 estimate of station gain for our company. Based on intimate knowledge of present and proposed plant facilities, close study of business conditions, and careful analysis of the anticipated service demand, the estimate is a conservatively optimistic forecast of what all of us working together may reasonably expect to accomplish this year. It sets a goal that can

be attained; but it will require energetic, intelligent and sustained effort.

In doing our share to attain it, it will not only contribute directly to the growth of our Company, but of greater importance, we will definitely increase the usefulness and value of our service to every one of our patrons. There is work for every one in putting across this program. Each of us has his own particular job to perform. But over and above our own job, here is a common task—a place for each of us to play an important part.

You may say, "I'm not in the commercial department. How can I play a part in this effort?"

Here is how you can do it. First, let us get

this thought fixed in our mind: Practically every one needs a telephone; if not for business reasons, then for social reasons, or for convenience or protection or time-saving. Every time we sell a new subscriber, we give him something, which cost considered, is about the most valuable facility he can buy. Furthermore, the value is cumulative, because every new station added makes service that much more valuable for every other subscriber and brings us that much nearer to the day of universal service.

Next, remember this: Thousands of our present subscribers need more service, or a different kind of service than they have at present. These people have first claim on our knowledge and experience in getting what they need.

And finally this: Regardless of department or position, each one can help on this job in his own way. Think about selling telephones. Be on the lookout for places and conditions where more service is needed. When you see a need in the home of a friend or relative, or in a place of business for an extension telephone, or bell, or some other service, speak of it. Speak of the benefits which the proposed service will offer and of its low cost. Land the order yourself if you can. There's a lot of satisfaction in that. If you doubt your ability to properly present the case, or if for other reasons you prefer that someone else attempt it, pass the word along to your superior, and he or she will see that it is given to someone whose job it is to follow up such leads.

Prospect cards will soon be available in all exchanges for the convenience of employees in turning in the names of persons who should be solicited for telephone service. Use them. Our people whose job it is to sell service will hold up their end by carefully following all prospects turned in and by doing the best possible job of selling. Work with them. Tell them of the opportunities for selling service which you see or hear about, and be on the alert for more.

We can make that estimate if we go after it hard enough and if we all go together. To the degree that we lend a hand we will feel pride and satisfaction in seeing it accomplished. Let's go!



## A Message from Frank Crano

What the world needs is a mighty revival, a revival of ideals, a revival of enthusiasm for humanity, a revival of belief in a friendly God, a revival of confidence in our fellow men, a revival of the spirit of co-operation among the world's workers, a revival of that mighty spirit that breathed from the lips of the Nazarene who, although born among a people intensely nationalistic, taught the oneness of mankind.

Employees Stock Plan—American Telephone and Telegraph Company Stock  
as of December 31, 1924

Department	Number of Employees	Number Eligible	Number Subscribing	Per Cent. Eligible	Per Cent. Subscribing to Number Eligible
General Executive .....	45	33	27	73.33	81.82
General Engineering .....	102	77	55	75.49	71.43
<b>Accounting</b>					
Arizona Accounting .....	64	50	48	92.19	81.36
General Accounting .....	19	15	15	78.95	100.00
Colorado Accounting .....	120	114	72	95.00	63.16
Idaho Accounting .....	24	21	21	87.50	100.00
Montana Accounting .....	32	29	27	90.63	93.10
New Mexico-El Paso Acct'g. ....	21	15	15	71.43	100.00
Utah Accounting .....	39	33	32	84.62	96.97
Wyoming Accounting .....	20	17	17	85.00	100.00
<b>Total Accounting</b> .....	339	303	247	89.38	81.52
<b>Commercial</b>					
General Commercial .....	49	45	41	91.84	91.11
Arizona Commercial .....	23	23	21	100.00	91.30
Colorado Commercial .....	124	122	106	98.39	86.89
Idaho Commercial .....	27	27	27	100.00	100.00
Montana Commercial .....	32	28	25	87.50	89.29
New Mexico-El Paso Comm'cl .....	25	23	23	92.00	100.00
Utah Commercial .....	50	39	37	78.00	94.87
Wyoming Commercial .....	18	15	14	83.33	93.33
<b>Total Commercial</b> .....	348	322	294	92.53	91.30
<b>Plant</b>					
General Plant .....	138	117	102	84.78	87.18
Arizona Plant .....	100	87	81	87.00	93.10
Colorado Plant .....	631	524	435	83.04	83.02
Idaho Plant .....	94	88	83	93.62	94.32
Montana Plant .....	141	138	109	97.87	78.99
New Mexico-El Paso Plant.....	102	90	80	88.24	88.89
Utah Plant .....	210	186	162	88.57	87.10
Wyoming Plant .....	94	84	73	89.36	86.90
<b>Total Plant</b> .....	1,510	1,314	1,125	87.02	85.62
<b>Traffic</b>					
General Traffic .....	43	37	32	86.05	86.49
Arizona Traffic .....	162	104	104	64.20	100.00
Colorado Traffic .....	1,827	1,450	1,143	79.37	78.83
Idaho Traffic .....	324	239	220	73.77	92.05
Montana Traffic .....	366	307	238	83.88	77.52
New Mexico-El Paso Traffic....	312	250	194	80.13	77.60
Utah Traffic .....	703	540	512	76.81	94.81
Wyoming Traffic .....	208	164	140	78.85	85.37
<b>Total Traffic</b> .....	3,945	3,091	2,583	78.35	83.57
<b>Total Company</b> .....	6,289	5,140	4,331	81.73	84.26

## When Employees May Buy Stock

Frequently the question is asked by new employees, "When May I Buy A. T. & T. Co. Stock on the Employees' Stock Plan?" Rodrick Reid, vice-president and general auditor, has issued a bulletin clearly setting forth the qualifications and requirements, and it is given as follows:

Denver, Colorado, December 30, 1924.

To All Employees—A number of questions have been received regarding the time at which employees become eligible to subscribe for stock. This is covered in the first paragraph of the Employees' Stock Plan, as follows:

"Any employee who at the time of his subscription has been for six months continuously in the employ of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (hereinafter referred to as the American Company) or any of its associated companies, may, on the first of May, 1921, and on the first day of any month thereafter, subscribe for stock of the American Company upon the following terms:"

From the above it is evident that—

(1) Subscriptions may be received as of the first of a month only.

(2) As of such date (i. e., the first of the month), the subscriber must have six months' service.

Thus, while subscriptions filed at any time during the month are accepted, they must be accepted with the understanding that they are made as of the first of that month, and the employee subscribing must have been in the employ of the company six months or more on this first day of the month. An exception is made



only in case the first falls on a Sunday or holiday. Thus, an employee, to subscribe in December, 1924, must have been employed on or before June 2, 1924 (June 1, 1924, having been a Sunday).

This company adds three or four hundred employees to its pay roll every month, and these begin work on various dates all through the

month. Therefore, it is necessary to have some definite uniform rule established to determine eligibility, and the above rule has been adopted by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and is applied uniformly throughout the Bell System.

RODERICK REID,

Vice President and General Auditor.

## Service Emblem and a Happy Surprise

Johnstown, Colo.—It was one of those still, cold, entrancing nights—January 10, to be exact—and everything was just lovely at the Johnstown exchange. Miss Edna L. Carlson, agent, had been out to dinner and when she rushed into the office exclaiming, "well, what do you know besides nothing?" she was confronted with a surprise that proved to be a happy one. As she walked into the rest room there she found 32 telephone folks staring at her. They were from Ft. Collins, Loveland, Berthoud, Milliken and the home force.

"Nothing!" echoed a chorus, followed by laughter and greetings.

During the absence of Miss Carlson from the switchboard, the interior of the building had been beautifully decorated with the Company's colors—blue and white. The evening was

given over to entertainment, progressive ruck. Miss Carlson won first prize and Charles Pierce, manager at Loveland, carried off the trophy offered to the men. Miss Edith Walker, of Loveland, and Manager T. C. Turner received the consolation prizes.

The main event of the evening came when a table was spread and laden with good things to eat. In the center was a cake, on which burned five candles. Miss Carlson was given

a match and told to light the candles. All other lights were turned out. Mr. Turner broke the silence with a well-worded speech in which he advised Miss Carlson that this was her fifth anniversary of service with the Company, and he presented her with the five-year service emblem. The party was an enjoyable one and brought cheer to the hearts of all present.

AGNES BERTELSEN.

### Only the Half of It

The word telephone originated from the Greek words "tele," meaning from afar, and "phone," meaning sound. The two words were thus combined into the one word "telephone,"

an instrument for conveying sound between distant points.

When you hear the word "telephone," therefore, reduced to just plain "phone," only half the story is told.

# Splendid Stock Sale Showing

The following is a list of the leaders in each state:

ARIZONA					
	App.	Shares		App.	Shares
C. B. Flynn, Mgr., Mesa.....	34	112	Elsie Crossman, Com., Prescott....	11	131
F. H. Packard, Mgr., Tucson.....	20	169	Mrs. L. Mitchell, Com., Phoenix....	10	41
H. Howe, Mgr., Bisbee.....	11	164	Hazel Goodman, Com., Phoenix....	6	23
COLORADO					
	App.	Shares		App.	Shares
H. H. Croll, Mgr., Greeley.....	67	515	Mayme Sullivan, Exec., Denver....	20	115
W. E. Ketterman, Mgr., Boulder....	54	354	Mrs. L. Peterson, Com., Colo. Spgs.	13	30
B. L. Towne, Com., Denver.....	54	242	Margaret Sullivan, Com., Gd. Jet....	12	50
IDAHO					
	App.	Shares		App.	Shares
S. J. Atkinson, Com., Boise.....	30	223	Ruby Cherry, Com., Buhl.....	11	44
M. E. Dolling, Mgr., Nampa.....	21	101	Pearl Harris, Com., Boise.....	7	43
R. W. Gardner, Mgr., Twin Falls....	14	92	Bessie Bowen, Com., Twin Falls....	3	5
MONTANA					
	App.	Shares		App.	Shares
W. A. Connolly, Mgr., Billings....	60	217	Ida M. Eggen, Com., Billings....	17	66
E. E. Miller, Mgr., Miles City....	23	96	Margaret Kelsch, Com., Helena....	9	61
E. G. Butterfield, Plant, Hamilton..	16	154	Laura Mitchell, Com., Gt. Falls....	9	43
TEXAS-NEW MEXICO					
	App.	Shares		App.	Shares
Don Hunsaker, Mgr., Santa Fe....	25	250	Irma G. Lix, Com., Albuquerque....	7	19
Walter Praeger, Com., El Paso....	15	119	Miss Cosgrove, Com., Albuquerque..	7	17
G. F. McQuillen, Mgr., Carrizozo..	12	27	Ferne Fitch, Com., Las Vegas....	7	11
UTAH					
	App.	Shares		App.	Shares
H. E. Brewington, Mgr., Logan....	43	241	Alice Russel, Traf., Provo.....	6	17
M. R. Cahoon, Com., Salt Lake....	28	224	Miss Rund, Com., Logan.....	4	10
E. Jenkins, Mgr., Bingham Canyon	18	75	Myrtle Marks, Traf., Salt Lake....	4	6
WYOMING					
	App.	Shares		App.	Shares
L. B. Howard, Mgr., Rock Spgs....	34	228	Myrtle Barker, Com., Sheridan....	18	67
G. W. Lansing, Mgr., Sheridan....	22	148	Eleanor Head, Traf., Buffalo.....	5	15
H. J. Evans, Mgr., Thermopolis....	15	36	Agatha Davis, Traf., Casper.....	4	4



Miss Irma G. Lix

Miss Irma G. Lix, cashier at Albuquerque, New Mexico, is leading stock saleslady of A. T. & T. Co. stock for the month of December, 1924. Miss Lix came to our Company, September 9, 1921, as a stenographer. She immediately showed marked interest in the telephone business and never loses an opportunity to speak well of the Company and its stability. In 1922 she was made cashier and her courteous greeting always made happy customers. Her two objectives are collection percentage and A. T. & T. Co. stock.

### E. E. Miller

E. E. Miller, better known among his multitude of friends as "Dusty" Miller, manager at Miles City, Montana, carried off the banner for being the champion stock salesman in December, 1924.

"Dusty" Miller has been with the Company since January, 1910, when he began as solicitor. Then he became manager at Hamilton, which position he held for three years, and later was with the Plant department, and back again to the commercial in 1919 at Billings. He has been manager at Miles City since 1920. "Dusty" is a hustler, but he says the thing to do first is to know your Company and then believe in it. This done, he says, makes it easier to sell it to others.

In proportion to population, New York City has two and a half times as many telephones as Paris and three and a half times as many as London.

### Leaders for 1924

Leaders in American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock sales for 1924 are shown as follows:

Miss Mayme Sullivan, general cashier, is the champion stock saleswoman for 1924.

H. H. Croll, manager at Greeley, Colorado, is the champion stock salesman for 1924.

### Sales by States

The following table shows the results of the stock sales campaign per 1,000 owned stations in our Company for the year of 1924. These percentages are based on the number of applications:

Wyoming .....	11.73
Arizona .....	9.38
Montana .....	8.16
Texas-New Mexico.....	8.11
Colorado .....	8.05
Utah .....	7.47
Idaho .....	6.48
Company .....	8.18



E. E. Miller, alias "Dusty"

# MEETING THE DEMAND

**D**EMANDS for additional equipment are ever being made in all departments of the Telephone Company, and to supply the best approved and most efficient facilities requires careful and scientific study, as well as enormous outlay of money in giving to the public the satisfactory service.

Just now a program which means added traffic facilities for Denver is being carried out in the various exchanges, and much of which will be completed in 1925. At present there are 17 operative "A" positions and one plugging up position in the Denver training school. Three additional sections, consisting of nine positions, are to be installed. The first three "A" positions of the present board are to be converted to "B" positions. When this job is completed we will have three "B" positions and twenty-four "A" positions in one line of board.

We now have six positions of multiple practice board. Three additional positions are to be installed, making a total of nine multiple practice positions. Six additional calling cables are to be provided in connection with the multiple practice board, to facilitate the giving of multiple practice to student operators.

A total of 24 positions on which busy call circuit practice will be given students are to be installed, together with two supervisors' positions. At the present time, we have no such equipment in the local school, and this will make it possible to give the student operators a more comprehensive idea of the call circuit work in the central office.

Rearrangements are to be made for one additional lecture room, and listening equipment for 25 students and one supervisor is to be provided. This equipment is connected to either a Main "A" or "B" position, and the students listen to calls being handled, the supervisor explaining various steps in the work. One additional small demonstration board is to be provided and placed in this new lecture room.

With the enlargement of the school it is also planned to create a retiring room and locker room for the students and teachers, in the room now occupied by the Colorado Traffic clerical force, or in other words, the enlarging of the school will make it necessary to use the entire 8th floor for school purposes.

### Denver—Main—Champa

Four additional "A" sections with 12 operative positions were recently installed on the 2nd floor. Three additional sections, with nine operative positions, are in the warehouse waiting on some building changes before they can be installed; and in addition to this, four other sections, with twelve operative positions are on the job and were recommended for the 2nd floor line-up, in order to make it possible to cut out the short line of "A" Board on the 4th floor, and use the multiple cable run to this line of board for the multiple cable run to the second floor line of "A" Board; also some of the space which is occupied by the short line of "A" Board on the 4th floor will be needed for additional "B" Board at a later date.

When the above work is completed in the Main Exchange, we will have a total of 52 operative "A" positions on the 4th floor and 50 operative "A" positions on the 2nd floor, which will enable us to install approximately 3,488 additional stations in the Main Exchange. The Champa Exchange will remain with approximately the same number of stations as it has at the present time.

Twelve positions of rotary file type centralized information desk is to be installed in the rear of the 7th floor, together with 10 positions of No. 17-C desk, for the purpose of handling intercepting traffic. These two items will replace the present information and intercepting boards now on the 4th floor, will relieve the overloads now being carried on this

special service, and care for growth in this service until 1927.

### Suburban—Tandem and P. B. X. Boards

These two boards are to be moved from the present location, which is in front of the 2nd floor "A" Board line-up and near the alley side of the building.

Four additional positions are to be added to the suburban tandem board, making a total of 11 positions on this board. These additional positions will be required to handle the increase in suburban traffic.

### Denver—York and Franklin

Three additional "B" sections, consisting of 6 positions, are being installed in the York office. Four "A" sections, consisting of 12 positions and three "B" sections with 6 positions, were completed in April, 1924, in the Franklin office. With this new equipment in these two offices it will be possible to install approximately 1,646 new stations in the York area.

### Denver—South

The equipment department is now working on nine additional subscribers' positions and eight "B" positions for the South office. When this is completed, we will be able to handle approximately 1,352 new stations in the South office.

### Denver—Gallup

Three additional "A" sections, consisting of nine positions, were completed in the Gallup exchange August 31, 1924. With this equipment, it will be possible to install approximately 1,709 new stations in the Gallup area.

Since the general offices have been moved from the Main building to new quarters at 800 Fourteenth Street, more room is given to the traffic departments, and the changes and new equipment are being taken care of as rapidly as possible.

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## The 405th Telegraph Battalion Association

The regular monthly meeting of the 405th Telegraph Battalion Association was held at the Navarre Hotel, Denver, on Monday evening, Jan. 12, 1925.

A good dinner was enjoyed at 6:30 and from then until 10 o'clock those members present enjoyed a trip, in memory only, back to some of the experiences of 1917, 1918 and 1919.

There were twelve members present, including Messrs. A. W. Young, Andy Horan, W. H. Hunter, Harry Graham, Charlie Blattner, Fred Gow, Frank Kennedy, Art Turner, Geo. Ora-

hood, Vic Maymon, Jimmie Garret, C. W. St. John.

It was agreed that at the next meeting on Feb. 14, barring only a big snowstorm, the Association would go to Geo. Orahood's cabin on Lookout Mountain for a mid-winter picnic and dance. It is hoped that as many of the members who read this and can attend will be present with their wives or sweethearts.

Those who have no transportation should notify Harry Graham of the Graham Motor Company—also those who have transportation available.

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### Stock Sales For 1924

The following list is an analysis of the Sales Campaign for 1924, showing the percentage of employes making sales by departments:

#### DIRECT SALES PLAN ANALYSIS OF COMPANY SALES BY DEPARTMENTS

Department	Number of Employees	Number of Employees Making Sales	Percent Making Sales
Accounting . . . .	339	46	13.6
Commercial . . . .	348	205	58.9
Engineering . . . .	102	8	7.8
Executive . . . . .	45	41	91.1
Plant . . . . .	1510	247	16.4
Traffic . . . . .	3945	158	4.0
Company . . . . .	6289	705	11.2

# What are You Broadcasting?

Dear Editor:—What is personal privilege? Just how far should one go on it?

Several times of late I have been confronted with the question, and thought perhaps you might put me right.

From my little corner of the world it strikes me that most of us are prone to claim the lion's share in taking advantage of personal privilege in the matter, at least, of inflicting our opinions on others.

Everyone should be privileged to think as one chooses, but if he chooses to think unhealthy thoughts should his tongue not be bridled when it comes to voicing them, broadcasting them to the whole wide world to take root and grow where they may?

There are laws to protect personal property—to prevent unwonted damage to another's home or business, but what protection have we from tongues that unrestrainedly emit a deadly poison that wrecks the priceless things of life, hopes, ambitions and ideals?

You'll probably say that one should protect one's self from taking stock in such unwholesome sentiments; have common sense—brains enough, if you please—to make one's own deductions, to sift the wheat from the chaff in the matter of what one hears.

Granted! One should. But I believe there are times when through grief, illness, weariness or worry we are not able to fortify ourselves against the onslaught of poisonous views inconsiderately dropped into our mental pathway just at the psychological moment to take root, thrive and flourish like weeds in a garden, crowding out the finer, better growth.

For example, I have in mind a friend recently bereaved of her life's companion. It chanced that many years of her life were spent in a home decidedly lacking in spiritual atmosphere, where religion was treated lightly, yet she always lived a *creed*—unlabeled—of brotherly love and good will toward the whole wide world.

The passing of her loved one awakened in her a desire to pierce the veil of mystery through which he had suddenly passed and hope of a world beyond, where some day on some higher plane, she would meet him again.

The spiritual side of her glorious nature clamored for tangible evidence of better things beyond the grave; it cried out in hunger for spiritual food, and through constant thought she finally evolved a theory which appeased this heart hunger and gave her hope to stimulate her efforts to pick up the broken chain of her life and go on. This meant a horrible mental struggle, for he it remembered she had to break down barriers of doubt and distrust that had grown through the years.

The sudden loss of a loved one is apt to make even the most spiritual of us stop and wonder

—waver, perhaps, for a brief space—and often arouses our hearts to bitterness and resentment, so it is not surprising that those who lack spiritual education and understanding find greater difficulty in accepting the Master's will.

Her friends were untiring in their effort to help her solve the mystery, get a foothold of Faith, a prop to lean upon as she went through her Gethsemane, and just when she had achieved this goal, had lifted her bowed head to the light and was getting a message of hope from every sunset, along came a relative to visit and cheer her on her way.

In one day that relative injected enough poisonous opinions and theories into her atmosphere to absolutely wreck every fibre of faith, hope and trust she, with the aid of an army of friends, had been able to muster in many weeks.

There is a penalty for murder, but what of the one who murders hopes and ideals?

Now and then in our daily contact with life a co-worker rambles on about the futility of getting any place with a big company. Raves about cold-blooded corporations, etc. Now in all probability he hasn't slept well or is suffering an acute attack of indigestion from

which he'll recover in a day or so with an entirely different slant on life, his work and his company; but the unhealthy thoughts he broadcasted have possibly fallen on fertile soil into the brain of another at the time a bit mentally perturbed, and have sprung into a flame of discontent and dissatisfaction that may completely envelop him before he regains his mental poise.

My argument is against free speech when it comes to spreading a gospel that destroys.

There is no way of telling how many have tuned in on us at just that time, and while we may have a change of heart and mind later, we can't always go back and right the damage we have done to other minds and lives.

"Careful with fire is good advice, we know, Careful with *words* is ten times doubly so; Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead, But God Himself can't kill them when they're *said*."

Yours for wholesome and constructive broadcasting.

STATION I. O. U., Denver.

## Rip Roaring Party—W'at?

By Ethel Armstrong

Dear Editor:—We Idaho Falls people had a party. Uh, eh, most of us were there. Did we have a good time? You know we did, but I'll tell you about it, anyway. Monday morning someone said, "Let's have a party." Tuesday morning someone else said, "We are going to have a party." And Friday night we did have a party.

Breta Kerr started this, and— Where? Where did we have the party? Oh, out at Beals—Beals is just at the edge of town, and the best place I know of to have a party. There is one great, large room with the best dance floor I most ever saw. Looked just like home, too. There was a picture of someone's great-great grandfather and mother on the wall. And the most wonderful fireplace for moonlight waltzes. Oh, no, no, we didn't have any moonlight waltzes, but we could have had. We had the best four-piece orchestra— Did we have any decorations of our own? Yes, but we didn't use them.

As I was about to say, we had the best four-piece orchestra and the most wonderful dance floor, and all the boys were there with their best girl or someone else's best girl, and all the girls with their best beau or someone else's best beau, were there at nine o'clock. Now, with the best people in town, the music, and the wonderful floor, we proceeded to put

on the best dance of the season.

We didn't dance long until someone shouted, "When do we eat?" What time was it? Oh, maybe twelve o'clock. Anyway, we decided to eat, and we did eat. What? What did we eat? Ice cream and cake, and I want you to know it wasn't baker's cake, either. It was real, honest-to-goodness cake. Yes, we danced a little while longer. Oh, maybe until one or two o'clock. We went home then. No, we didn't get sent home. They just said, "Boys and girls, don't you think you had better go home?" And we said, "Yes, believe we will." So we did.

Yes, I said Breta Kerr started this party. Did she finish it? I'll say she finished it to be the best, rip-roaring success the "Society Column" ever printed, and I don't mean maybe.

Are we going to have another party? Don't know. I heard someone say this morning, "Let's have a party."

## Kind Words Help

Mr. Earl Foster, of the Foster & Kruse Furniture Co., of Loveland, Colorado, wrote a very nice and expressive letter to Charley Price, manager of our Company at that place, in which he acknowledged "good service and courteous treatment" during the year just closed, and says: "I am sure every citizen who resides within your district feels the same way."



# ODDS AND ENDS HERE AND THERE

## A. B. Club Officers

At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the American Bell club of Denver, the following officers were elected for the present year:

- George E. Berggren, president.
- Cyril C. Croke, vice-president.
- H. S. Percival, secretary.
- A. R. Grosheider, treasurer.

On the last day of the old year the new board of directors gave an afternoon reception to members and guests. There were several hundred in attendance, and the event was a very enjoyable one.

The officers of the Club are planning some splendid entertainments for the members, announcements of which will be made later.



## J. U. G. Organized Elsie W. Stapleton

On November 15, 1924, the J. U. G. Club was organized by the Fort Collins operators. The object of the club is to create a social atmosphere as well as a good spirit among the girls.

The first meeting was held at the home of Irma Smith and the following officers were elected: Esther Taplow, president; Margaret McSparron, secretary; Grace Abbott, treasurer.

It was decided to meet the second and fourth Wednesdays in every month and to charge each member ten cents for dues, the money to be used for refreshments. Since organizing many good times have been had and we are planning on many more in the future.



## Invited to the Show

Manager R. W. Gardner, at Twin Falls, Idaho, received a fine letter of acknowledgment of 100 per cent telephone service during the past year, from the manager of the Idaho Theatre, and in the letter is this paragraph:

"Your staff having given us 100 per cent service we wish that you would extend to them the word of our appreciation of same, at the



same time extending to them the Season's Greeting of wishing them: A Very Merry Christmas and A Happy and Prosperous New Year; also extending to you and your staff an invitation to be my guests on next Tuesday, December 23, to witness the showing of Thomas Meighan in "Tongues of Flame."



## In Trying Emergency

There had been a terrible wreck of an automobile which ran in front of a passenger train near Sterling, Colorado, and human lives were at stake. The telephone operators were the first and quickest source of help. The following letter, written to our manager at Sterling is of interest:

"I wish to take this means of expressing our appreciation for the efficient service rendered by your operator in handling the emergency on the night of December 15, when No. 302



*Frightful predicament of a corporation president who expects an important call—only to find there is no one to answer the telephone.*



## Boy Missing

Has any person seen Chris Lyster? (pronounced Lister). Left his home at Senlac, Saskatchewan, on August 24. Age 15 years; fair complexion; blue eyes; brown hair; slim build; height about 5 feet, 6 inches; quiet disposition. Nail on third finger left hand had been split and healed slightly rough. When reading, looks slightly cross-eyed at times.

When he left home was riding a gray roan horse, 5 years old, stock saddle. When last seen was in Alberta and thought to be headed for the States.

Anyone knowing of his whereabouts, kindly inform THE MONITOR, or address MURRAY MACNEILL, Telephone Company, Denver, as his parents are very anxious to locate him.



## Mrs. Doak Passes Away

On December 8, occurred the death of Mrs. C. S. Doak, wife of our manager at Dillon, Montana.

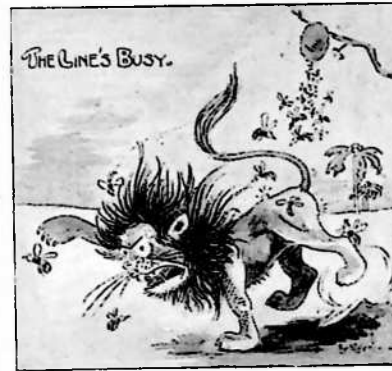
Mrs. Doak was born in Hamilton, 36 years ago and had spent most of her life there until Mr. Doak was promoted to manager at Twin Bridges, Montana, in 1920. They recently moved to Dillon, Montana, where they resided at the time of her death. Death was due to pneumonia.

Besides her husband, she is survived by three children, William, Dean and Della; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank See, two sisters and five brothers. The parents, brothers and sisters all reside at Hamilton.

Services were held at Dillon, Montana, on December 10, and in Hamilton, Montana, on December 12. Burial was in Riverview cemetery at Hamilton, Montana.

Mr. Doak's many friends, both in and out of the Company extend their heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement.

E. G. BUTTERFIELD.



struck a Ford coupe on the highway crossing some three miles north of Sterling.

"Conductor Cox of Denver, was of course, not familiar with our local conditions as to names of parties to call in an emergency of this kind and I understand called your operator and told her what happened and she assured him that she would call proper parties and did call the county physician, the coroner, and myself immediately, and as a result the situation was handled with minimum delay.

"Service of this kind under such conditions is appreciated.

C. C. HOLLAR,  
Supt. C. B. & Q. R. R."



## Telephone Motor Fleet

One out of every 1,600 motor cars in use in the United States at the present time is the property of the Bell Telephone System. More than 9,000 motor vehicles are in use throughout the System and all but a very few carry telephone tools and materials in specially adapted bodies.

# The Last Page of the Book

## Well, That's Plain Enough

Some years ago W. T. Lee, now of the General Plant department in Denver, had something to do with installation of telephones in Wyoming, and there came an order for a telephone to be placed in a railroad section house, far out on the plains. There was a big construction gang doing work in the vicinity, made up mostly of Japanese. There were Jap cooks, Jap strawbosses, Jap laborers.

Mr. Lee installed the telephone in the section house, and then proceeded to instruct the Jap supplyman and the cook how to use it. They were very apt pupils, but they asked Lee if he wouldn't "write him out on paper," and tack the instructions up near the telephone. Lee wrote the following:

"When the bell rings three times you should take down the receiver and answer with, 'This is Section 53, Iewa Tukishima speaking.' After that, if the party calling is Japanese, you may proceed in that language."

A few weeks later Lee had occasion to visit Section 53 and he was amused to find the following translation to the Japanese language, which was interpreted to him:

"When the chimes circle three times you should carry lower the receptacle, and solution of problem with, 'This is cutcrosswise No. 53, Iewa Tukishima making public address.' After that, if select company rousing from sleep is Nipponese, you may advance in that human speech."

Talk about your cross-puzzle synonymous words of ye modern times! Please note "bells" and "chimes"; "rings" and "circles"; "take down" and "carry lower"; "receiver" and "receptacle"; "section" and "cut crosswise"; "Tukishima speaking" and "Tukishima making public address"; "proceed in that language" and "advance in that human speech."

This may or may not be a true story as Lee refused to be sworn.



## Record Year for Western Electric

Sale of one million dollars for every working day in the year was the record total for the Western Electric Company during 1924.

The new record, the highest in the fifty-five years of the Western Electric Company's history, represents in large measure a period of intensive effort by the Bell Telephone System to catch up with the continuously growing demand for telephones.

The sales of the company in 1923 amounted to \$255,177,000, the next highest figure, and in 1922 they were \$210,941,000.

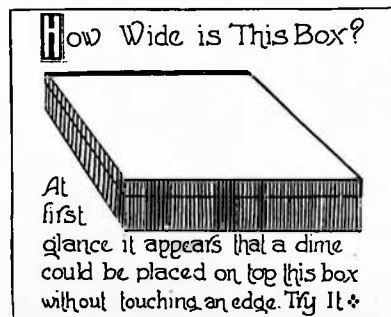
Charles C. DuBois, President of the Western Electric Company, made public the expected total of about \$300,000,000 for 1924 in a statement which said:

"This has been our greatest year in orders

received and business billed. This volume of business is a reflection of the steadily increasing use of electrical products over the period since the war, in particular the accumulated demand for telephone service. The high total in dollars and cents has been made despite the fact that the prices for most electrical equipment were generally lower during the past year than at any time since the war.

"The fundamental improvement in the economic situation at home and abroad points to generally better business. As to our own business, new telephone construction during 1924 has measurably caught up with the hitherto unfulfilled demand so that we do not expect quite so many orders from telephone companies in 1925. However, other departments of our business will probably do more business in 1925 than in the year just coming to a close. On the whole we look forward to a fairly active year, somewhat less, perhaps, than 1924, but more than 1923."

The International Western Electric Company, figures for which are not included in the \$300,000,000 total, has had the best year in its history.



## When Two Waves Met

The ice storm of December 18 in the Southwestern territory was the most disastrous in local telephone history. The damage to telephone property in Missouri will probably exceed \$1,000,000.

More than 10,000 local telephones were put out of service, thousands of miles of wire were torn down, and more than 27,000 poles fell, interrupting every long distance circuit leading west from St. Louis.

The storm resulted from the meeting of a cold wave from the north and rain from the southeast. In certain areas the temperature dropped at a rate that caused the rain to freeze as it fell.



The first long distance telephone conversation between Boston and New York took place on March 27, 1884.

## Appreciates Good Service

Manager, Mt. States Tel. & Teleg. Co., El Paso, Texas.

Dear Sir: During the past few weeks I have had occasion to use the telephone a great deal, often for hours at a time, and it has been my pleasure to have the greatest courtesy and consideration shown me by the operators.

At this time I want to take the opportunity to express my appreciation of the splendid service afforded this community by the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Cordially yours,

Signed—Mrs. Hallett Reynolds,  
Chairman Woman's Division Republican Party.



## Always at Your Service

Bountiful, Utah,

December 11, 1924.

Mr. Orson John Hyde, Mgr.,

Dear Sir:

This bank desires to commend the officials and employees of your good company for the splendid service rendered on the day of the robbery, December 5, 1924. The operators at Bountiful, the local manager, Mr. Smedley, the operators in Salt Lake City and all others connected with the telephone company carried through every message with such dispatch as to make escape of the criminals practically impossible.

May we not thank all who were responsible for this perfect co-ordination and ask you to extend such appreciation to them for us?

Very truly yours,

(Signed) CHAS. R. MAHEY,  
Cashier Bountiful State Bank

Note—Chas. R. Mahey, was at the time, governor of the State of Utah.



## Montana and Wheat

Every state in the Mountain States territory is a prize-winner in some respect, but to Montana goes the grand prize for wheat raising. In 1924 Montana won 29 per cent of the premium money offered in all classes entered at the International Hay and Grain show, held at Madison Square in New York. A report says:

"For three years, 1920, 1921 and 1922, the United States department of Agriculture found 74.4 per cent of Montana hard wheat graded No. 1. For three years over 50 per cent of the hard red spring wheat graded at the grain inspection laboratory at Montana State College has weighed 61 pounds or over."

# THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICE 800 FOURTEENTH STREET, DENVER, COLO.

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Supervisor of Methods

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Assistant to Vice-President and  
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Editor "The Monitor"

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Commercial Engineer

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Idaho Manager

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Montana Manager

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New Mexico-El Paso Manager

ORSON JOHN HYDE  
Utah Manager

C. L. TITUS  
Wyoming Manager

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Supervisor of Long Lines

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Equipment Traffic Engineer

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Toll Line Traffic Engineer

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Montana Traffic Superintendent

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New Mexico-El Paso Traffic  
Superintendent

L. O. BINGHAM  
Utah Traffic Superintendent

L. J. MEYER  
Wyoming Traffic Superintendent

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Chief Engineer

C. A. CRAPO  
Engineer of Equipment and  
Buildings

MURRAY MacNEILL  
Outside Plant Engineer

A. S. PETERS  
Valuation Engineer

## EMPLOYEE'S BENEFIT FUND COMMITTEE

J. E. MACDONALD, Chairman

H. E. McAFEE

F. P. OGDEN

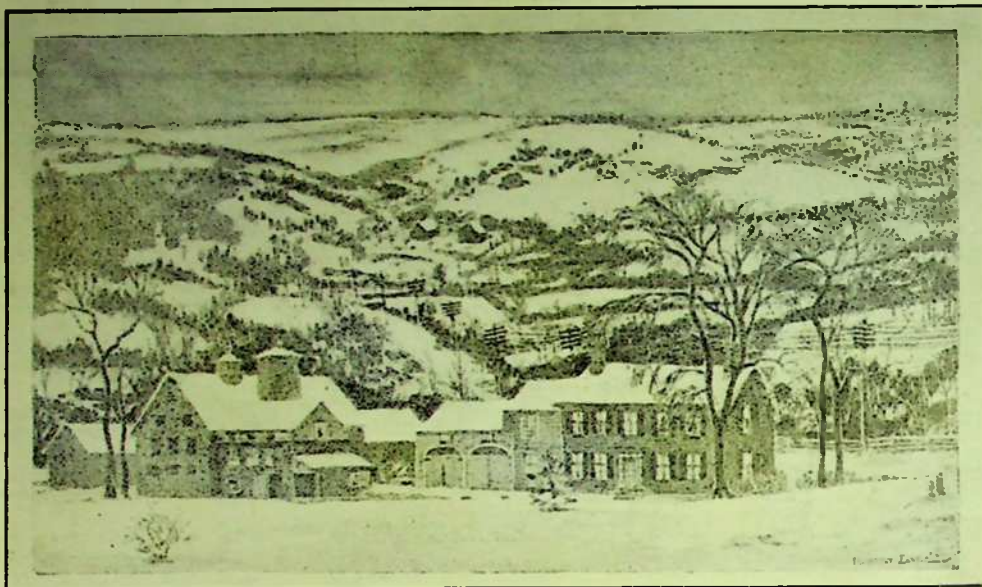
N. O. PIERCE

RODERICK REID

H. T. VAILLE, Secretary

DR. C. B. LYMAN, Medical Director

DR. N. A. THOMPSON, Associate Medical Director



## NEIGHBORS

**W**HEN Ephriam Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephriam Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not

isolated. They neighbor with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosby's farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System has extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.

### Bell System

One Policy - One Service  
Universal Service



And All Directed Towards  
Better Service

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.