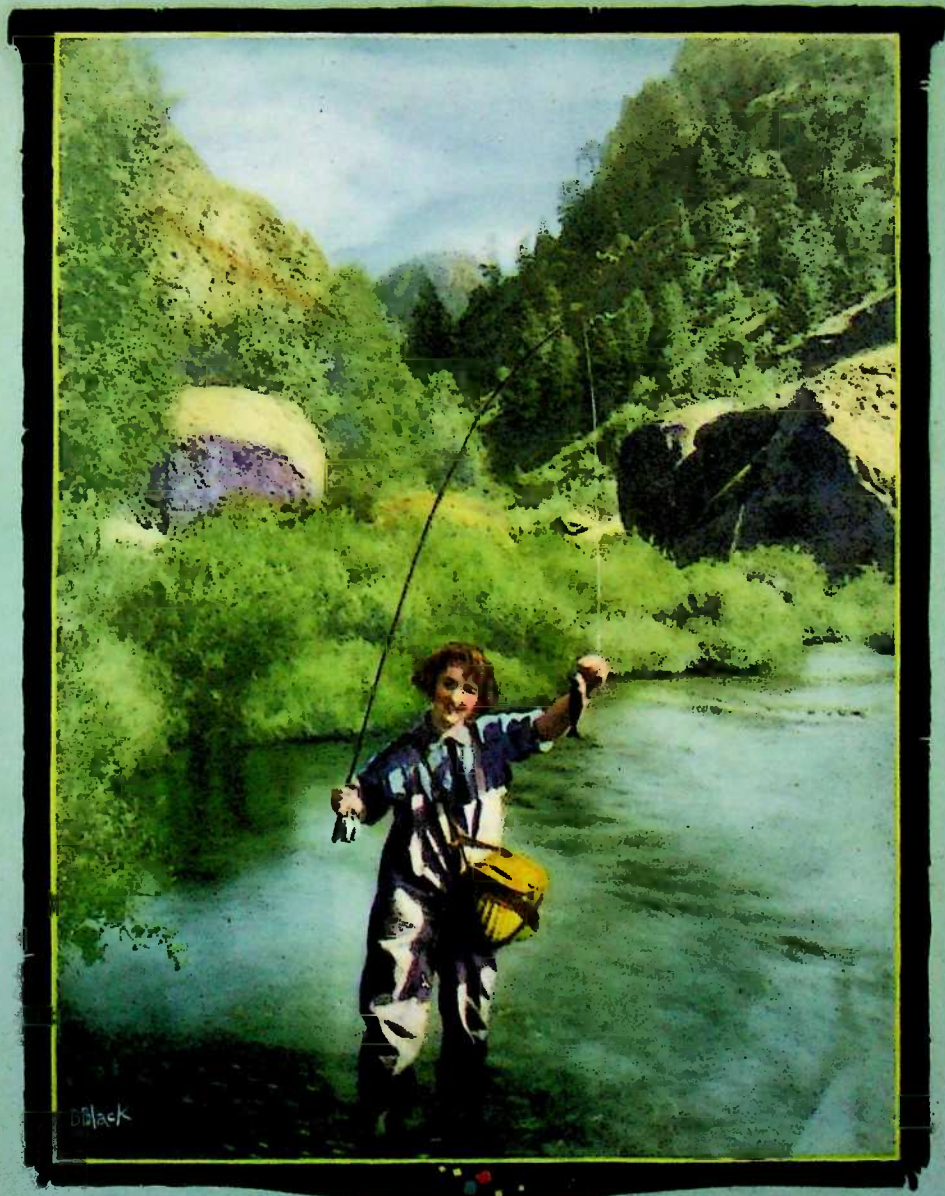


THE MONITOR

THE MOUNTAIN STATES
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



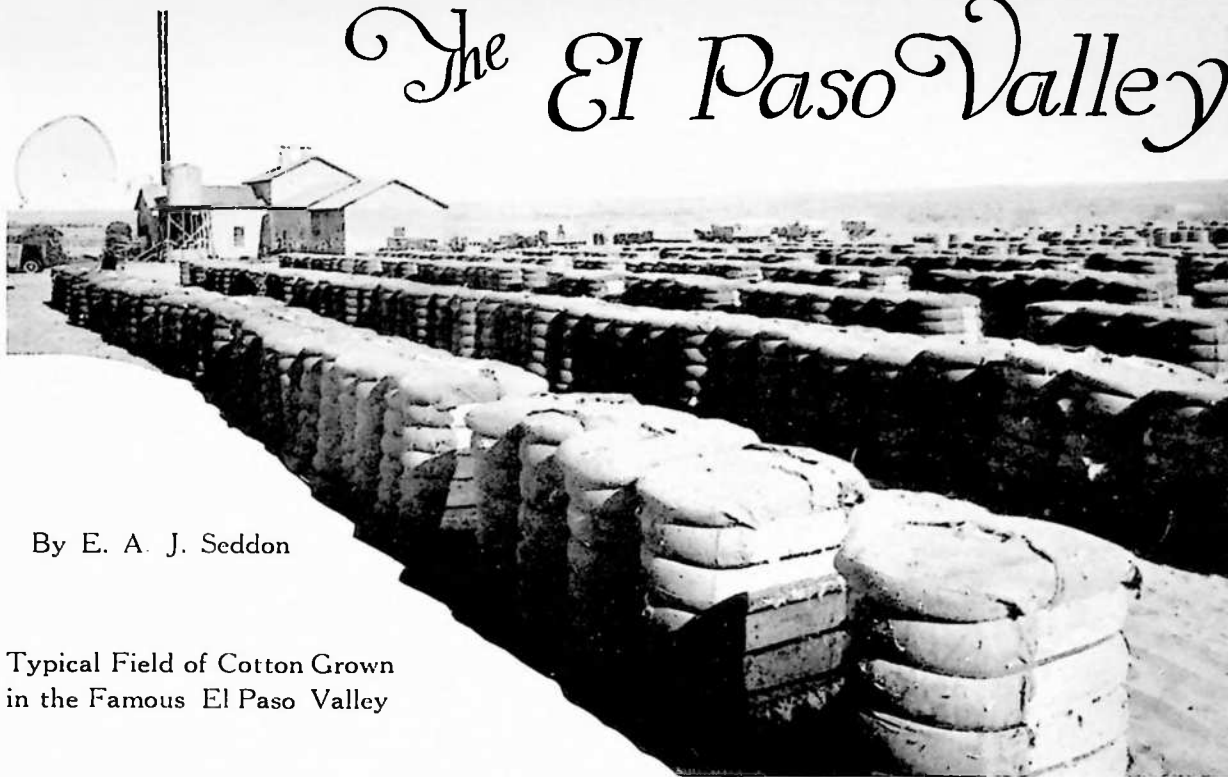
June 1925

"Her First Catch"



TALK ABOUT your thrills! Do you remember your "first catch?" No, not necessarily a fish! There are other "catches," you know that cause a young girl's heart to speed up. But right now we're talking about the "whale" the girl shown on the front page landed! The happy surprise—the expression of satisfaction—the thrill of sportsmanship, all experienced in that one moment of success, instilled a joy that time will not efface from her memory. The beautiful scenery surrounds a typical Rocky Mountain stream. The photograph was furnished by the Denver Tourist Bureau.

The El Paso Valley



By E. A. J. Seddon

Typical Field of Cotton Grown
in the Famous El Paso Valley

AT THE lowest point in the Rocky Mountain System is a land of promise and possibilities. If it were not for the gap, or The Pass, between the Franklin Range of

Mountain and the Juarez Mountains, where the elevation drops to some 3,700 feet above sea level, the Rio Grande would meander in a westerly direction and find its way into the

Gulf of California; but it doesn't. It flows eastward and finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Rio Grande has its beginning in the heart of the Rockies in central Colorado where the snows of winter accumulate, awaiting the warmth of the early summer sun to awaken it into a life of achievement. But Nature is sometimes prodigal in her methods, and the snow on the mountain tops succumbing too readily to the ardent wooing of the monarch of the heavens would often bring disaster in the activity of newly awakened life; but even this reckless energy and waste was not fruitless, for many, many tons of rich soil were caught up and spread out in the valleys through which the river passed. However, the river was temperamental and uncertain—at times unduly lavish and at other times failing entirely. It was fickle.

How to restrain and control this prodigal our beloved Uncle Sam set about to accomplish. With a far-seeing eye, he saw great possibilities in a disciplined and controlled Rio Grande. By erecting a massive dam in a rocky gorge he set the irresponsible river at work storing up a vast supply of water to be used in times of need instead of being lavishly wasted when there was an abundance. As a result, we have now the greatest artificial lake in the world with a shore line of



Busy San Antonio Street in El Paso, Texas



Above—As the Elephant Butte Reservoir filled, many Mexican Adobe hamlets were eventually submerged. Background—A rain in a thirsty valley.

Below—A peaceful, prosperous valley where wonderful crops are raised under the purling waters of the irrigation ditch.



some 200 miles. It contains 2,630,000 acre feet of water. But this statement conveys little meaning. It conveys a better idea to say that this amount of water is ample to irrigate more than 100,000 acres of land in a stretch of 200 miles of rich valley land for at least three years, even if a single drop of rain did not fall during that time.

With the river under control, several diversion dams have been constructed for the purpose of heading up the water and feeding it into the system of irrigating canals of which there are upward of 600 miles and to which is being added several miles of small distributaries. In addition to the irrigating canal system is a drainage system of canals totalling some 330 miles, with ten miles additional in the construction program. The drainage canals prevent the land from becoming water logged and also serve to wash alkali from the soil. In this way many acres, snowy white with alkali have been reclaimed. The project is fully capable of sustaining a population of half a million.

Before the construction of the Elephant Butte Dam, farms were at the mercy of a very uncertain benefactor. If spring and early summer rains were plentiful in the north, the river would be in flood and spread out over the broad valleys obliterating canals and washing out farms and orchards and frequently changing the course of the river channel. It is not so many years ago that the river left its banks and invaded the Court House yard in the city of El Paso, a mile away. At

other times the river bed would be as dry as a desert highway and this occurring at a time when crops needed water, brought famine and effectively discouraged settlers. But things have changed now and the river is well under control so that there is little or no danger of flood waters washing out canals and inundating farms. There is an assured supply of water and the problems of distribution have been worked out and perfected so that the farmer can depend upon his water supply. As a result, settlement in the Valley has been rapid and the development of agricultural resources has been permanent and remarkable. In the nine years past, the value of crops has increased ten-fold.

The 1924 U. S. census of the Valley under the Elephant Butte Dam, exclusive of land in Mexico, shows that 112,070 acres were under cultivation and produced crops to the

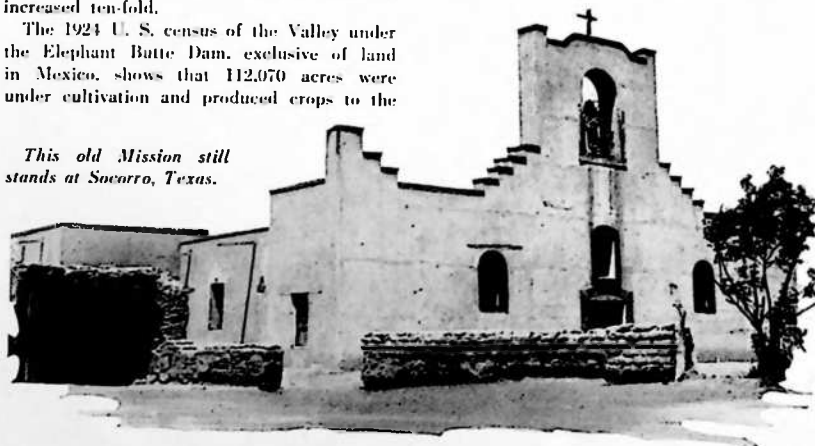
value of \$10,892,646. The largest financial returns came from cotton which was worth \$7,153,810. Alfalfa was second with a crop valued at \$1,814,914. Nurserymen made the largest amount per acre, averaging \$1,471.00; while flower growers averaged \$601.72 per acre. The entire Valley averaged a return of \$97.20 per acre. These figures compiled by the government—they are not the embellished figures of an enthusiastic real estate man. There is a noticeable improvement in methods of agriculture as the new settlers become more experienced and learn how to farm by irrigation. There is a knack to it.

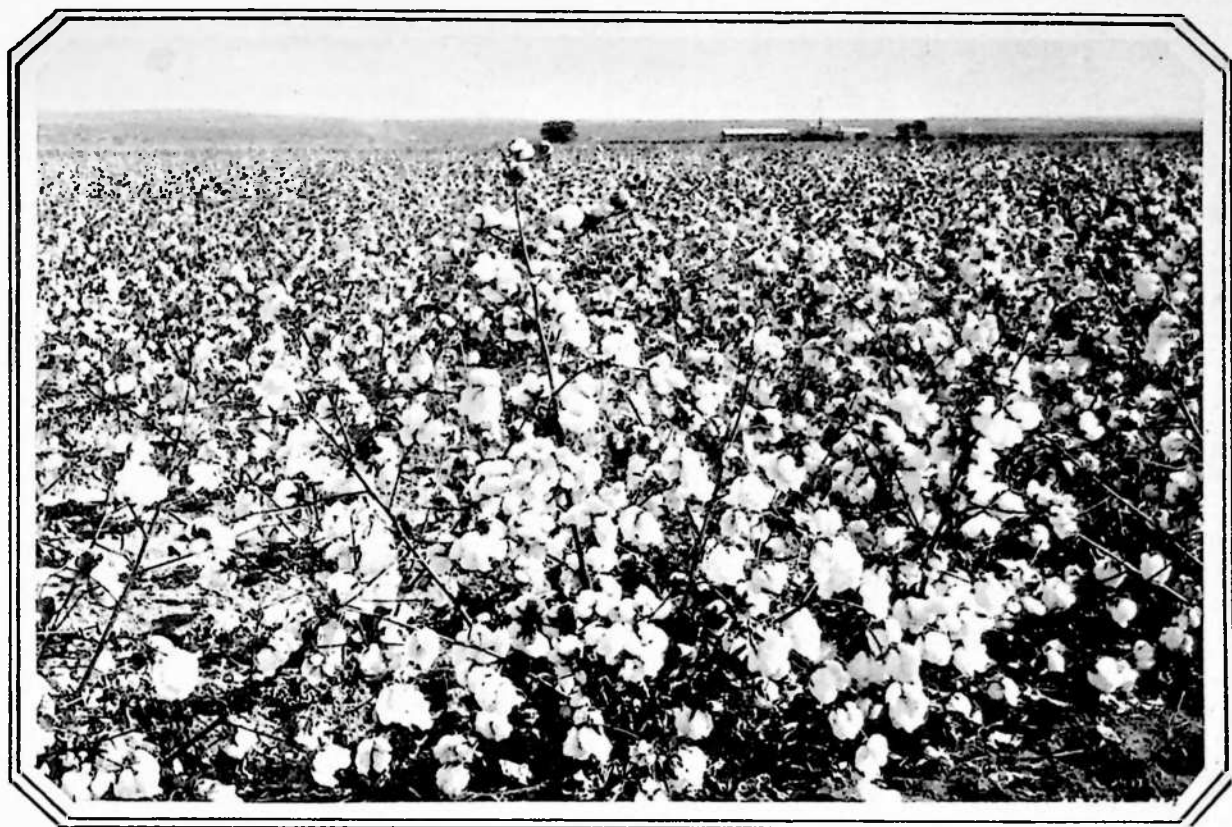
There are sixty-one towns on the project which have a population of 121,000. There is a farm population of 19,021. Splendid paved highways traverse the Valley and much new land is being sub-divided and being brought under cultivation. Churches, schools, community centers and modern, comfortable homes are everywhere in evidence. The extension of telephone and electric power lines have added much to the development of the rural sections. Within the past year or two, twenty-five cotton gins have been put into operation as well as a compress plant, cotton seed oil plant and a cotton mill which is now manufacturing the raw cotton into cloth.

Although the Southwest has experienced a prolonged drought, which has seriously affected the cattle ranges, the agriculturists of the Valley have prospered. The climate is as nearly perfect as possible and out-door life is enjoyed practically the year around.

The City of El Paso is not only in the center of the Valley and its metropolis, but is a distributing center for 600 miles in all directions. It is an assured market for much of the products of the Valley. El Paso is now, and will continue to be one of the most important points for trans-continental traffic of all kinds. Because of favorable climatic conditions, more telephone transcontinental traffic is being routed this way; because of easier grades transcontinental railroad traffic is steadily increasing and because of a lower al-

This old Mission still stands at Socorro, Texas.





*Beautiful Field of
Cotton in the Valley of
El Paso.*



*Shipping Luscious
Cantaloupes from El
Paso Valley.*

Telephone Used to Complete Deal



The largest single check ever drawn for an industrial transaction, amounting to 146 million dollars, was passed to Dodge Brothers from Dillon.

Read & Co., Friday, May 1, 1925, in New York City.

And not the least in importance in this immense transaction is the fact that the deal was completed by Long Distance telephone.

There was a meeting held in New York. Those interested who were in the meeting were: Clarence Dillon, Charles P. Spicer, Theodore G. Smith (formerly of Denver), Arthur A. Ballantine, and Morrie H. Ewer.

Simultaneous with the meeting in New York, there was one in the office of the Detroit Trust Company in Detroit. Attending it were: S. W. Howland, of counsel for the banking

interests in the deal; A. M. Barnes, a firm member of Dillon, Read & Co.; Arthur T. Waterfall, vice-president of the old company, known as Dodge Brothers, and H. V. Popeny, secretary of the former owners of the property.

A connection by Long Distance telephone was made in the usual way and the time taken to close up the deal was not over five minutes.

Mr. Howland in Detroit addressed Mr. Ballantine, his law partner in New York, saying: "Everything is ready." Then Mr. Spicer in New York addressed John M. Ballantine in Detroit, saying, "I have the check."

This was the consummation of the deal which brought out the largest single check ever drawn in an industrial transaction, and the telephone call probably did not cost more than \$7.00.

titute, aero traffic through the Pass is gaining favor. At the present time, more than one hundred planes arrive and leave the Fort Bliss field every month. Because of the bright invigorating sunshine and the balmy healing breezes, many diseased bodies are restored to health. Because of the fertile soil of the Valley and the assurance of a regular water supply, El Paso, and the wonderful Valley of which it is the center, is The Hub and The Oasis of the Great American desert.

Even before its present development, the El Paso Valley was a favored spot. The early Spanish explorers found evidences of crude agriculture, which no doubt encouraged them

to establish settlements. In fact, many claim that the old mission church at Ysleta is the oldest edifice of its kind in the United States. Around these old missions, settlements would grow. El Paso has not always been the most important town in the Valley.

San Elizario, Socorro and Ysleta, all in El Paso County, were each thriving communities when El Paso was nought but a crossroads. These towns were the homes of the aristocracy of the Valley. They were the civic, military, commercial and social centers of the country. But Socorro, which was founded in 1862, is now a ghostly ruin of its former glory and all that remains are melting

piles of adobe walls, now dwindling away surrounded by flourishing farms. It once boasted "the finest hotel in these parts." In the patios of the homes of its grandees, flowers and small trees ornamented and made inviting the adobe mansions of the proud pioneer families. All that remains now are a few old Salt cedars and a few old rooms in which Mexican or Indian laborers now live. The old church, however, still holds its head high and its ancient bells still summon the few remaining faithful to worship. There are still some old cottonwood trees; there are still some hollyhocks and other bright-colored flowers, for the Mexican, whatever his position, loves bright colors; but the once thriving town is no more. Just why a town should fade away like this is a mystery, but it is the way of the world. A paved highway now passes through the site of the old town and unless the casual autoist were familiar with the traditions of the Valley, he would pass it unnoticed. Ysleta, however, has maintained her integrity and is now a thriving suburban town and while retaining much of its picturesque antiquity is rapidly adopting modern styles and methods. Clint and Fabens are comparatively modern upstarts, but prosperous farmer towns.

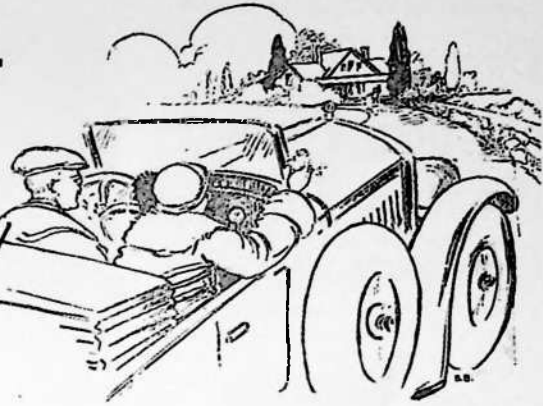
In the upper Valley, Canutillo, Texas, and Anthony on the Texas-New Mexico boundary line are coming rural towns. The metropolis of the upper or Mesilla Valley is the growing town of Las Cruces. Three miles from it is the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, a very creditable institution which is doing much to develop the resources of the great Sunshine State of New Mexico. Many are the historical associations that cluster about this old town. It was a center of activity during the Indian Wars and was the center of the once famous Dona Anna Bend which for several years, before the railroad was built, furnished the forts with supplies. It was once famous for its vineyards and wines; but one year when the Rio Grande was in flood, the old vineyards and farms were washed out, the irrigating canals obliterated and the river channel changed; but since the river has been brought under control, it is rapidly coming into its own, but on a much larger scale and a more secure basis. Hard by are the strange peaks of the Organ Mountains which for centuries have looked down upon the romance and tragedy of the Valley and whose canyons have sheltered hostile Indians and outlawed white men, but which now look down on a widening ribbon of green fragrant with alfalfa and active in all kinds of farm life.

The year 1925 bids fair to excel all other years in the products of the Valley and to produce crops that will exceed \$12,000,000. An unruly and unreliable river has been subdued and made dependable, a flood washed valley has been reclaimed and a prosperous oasis in a desert land has been established at a cost less than that required to construct a modern battleship.



Beautiful Scottish Rite Cathedral in El Paso, Texas

Thrifty Today— Independent Tomorrow



A WITTY individual remarked recently that "Thrift is an excellent thing—in an ancestor." The great Napoleon, mindful of his humble origin, went this fellow one better in speaking of himself, and said: "I am an ancestor." That fits the case with most of us in the matter of thrift.

When the thermometer registers 90 in the shade in July, it takes some looking ahead to get fixed in our minds the thought that we ought to store coal for January. We see trucks loaded with the black diamonds passing through the streets to the homes of provident persons who store fuel and we know that we ought to do likewise and take advantage of lower prices and less difficult hauling, but we are inclined to procrastinate—and all too soon the price goes up and cold winds blow and our coal bin is empty. We can prevent a similar happening to our pockets when the first chill of age creeps over us. Will we? We will!

Here's a little story: A young man of 25 decided that he could save \$10 a month. The thought of all the golden tomorrows that would be his, came to him and he said: "I'll start next year. It will be a difference of only \$120." At 50, he figured out the interest and found that the delay of one year had cost him about \$500. Delays are dangerous now, as they were when that old axiom was first launched.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, in writing of her life and work, said of her fortieth birthday:

"I realized, of course, that other people reached the age of forty, but I couldn't think it would ever happen to me." That excellent literary lady has not stopped at forty, nor will anyone else, but "independence tomorrow" doesn't disturb her. A well-known opera star was quoted as saying that she would get no older than thirty-five; the stop watch was set. But when the lady took out naturalization papers she confessed to more than forty-five. Father Time can't be kidded. He will move everyone out of the kid stage.

Lucky is the person who makes the early start in habits of thrift.

Telephone men and women have been and are especially fortunate in being able to get A. T. and T. stock for considerably less than the market price. There are many smiles on the faces of those who obtained the stock at \$100, or \$110 and, listen—held it! The increase over the cost to us should not be an urge to sell; that is our added capital, and the dividends are as regular as clockwork. Before selling, why not pause, examine and hearken—give an ear to someone who we know is devoted to our interests.

A home of one's very own has a strong appeal. Women are natural home lovers and

many of them will practice thrift in order to make payments on a home when otherwise they would yield to the temptation to spend for things they could very nicely do without. In most cases where there are children in a family, a man and wife want a home. It is fun to tinker around one's own property—to be able to plant and gather vegetables and set out rose and lilac bushes. Where there's cash enough for a good down payment, there's no need to be afraid to buy or build a home. If there's a feeling that the time is not propitious, then A. T. and T. stock or a savings bank will keep and accumulate money to be used later on. As an added protection to the family, a life insurance policy or a combination policy and mortgage is a good thing for the head of that house; it may save the home for the family in case anything happens.

Savings banked regularly will work wonders. Not every one can put \$6 a week in a savings bank, but those who can do so and obtain 4% interest, compounded quarterly, and when the savings amount to \$100, make an investment that will net 6% and continue depositing the interest in a savings bank, will in 20 years have a tidy fortune of \$12,000. 47% of the amount having been earned in interest.

A Thrift Table

When you are 65 years of age, you will have \$5,000, \$10,000, or \$20,000 if you start NOW to save monthly the amounts shown below and invest your savings at interest compounded semi-annually.

Present Age	Monthly Savings Required to Accumulate to Indicated Sums, if Invested at Interest Compounded Semi-Annually at Rates Shown											
	\$5,000				\$10,000				\$20,000			
	4%	5%	6%	7%	4%	5%	6%	7%	4%	5%	6%	7%
20	\$ 3.34	\$ 2.61	\$ 1.86	\$ 1.36	\$ 6.69	\$ 5.01	\$ 3.71	\$ 2.72	\$13.38	\$10.02	\$ 7.43	\$ 5.45
22	3.68	2.80	2.11	1.57	7.36	5.60	4.22	3.15	14.72	11.20	8.44	6.29
24	4.06	3.14	2.40	1.82	8.12	6.27	4.80	3.64	16.24	12.55	9.60	7.28
26	4.48	3.52	2.73	2.11	8.97	7.03	5.47	4.02	17.94	14.07	10.94	8.44
28	4.96	3.95	3.12	2.45	9.93	7.91	6.24	4.80	19.86	15.81	12.43	9.79
30	5.51	4.45	3.57	2.84	11.02	8.90	7.14	5.69	22.04	17.81	14.28	11.37
32	6.13	5.03	4.09	3.31	12.27	10.05	8.18	6.62	24.53	20.10	16.37	13.24
34	6.85	5.69	4.70	3.86	13.70	11.38	9.41	7.73	27.39	22.77	18.81	15.46
36	7.68	6.47	5.42	4.52	15.35	12.94	10.85	9.05	30.70	25.87	21.69	18.10
38	8.64	7.38	6.28	5.32	17.28	14.76	12.55	10.63	34.55	29.52	25.11	21.26
40	9.77	8.46	7.30	6.27	19.54	16.92	14.59	12.54	39.00	33.84	29.19	25.08
45	13.68	12.24	10.92	9.72	27.37	24.47	21.83	19.43	54.73	48.95	43.67	38.86
50	20.37	18.79	17.30	15.91	40.74	37.57	34.60	31.82	81.49	75.15	69.20	63.65

If at the age of 65 you have accumulated any of these sums, it will—if invested wisely at the following interest rates—provide for you each year thereafter, without reduction in the principal, the following amounts:

	\$5,000	\$10,000	\$20,000
At 4% interest.....	\$ 200	\$ 400	\$ 800
At 5% interest.....	250	500	1,000
At 6% interest.....	300	600	1,200
At 7% interest.....	350	700	1,400

KEEP YOUR SAVINGS AND THEY
WILL HELP TO KEEP YOU

Dream of Forty Years Awakens Into Realization



Oregon Short Line's new depot at Boise, Idaho. On the left is a picture of Kossuth Urquides, the oldest packer in the United States, 93 years, and who has packed 75 continuous years in Idaho, Montana, and California, and who, without assistance, packed 20,000 pounds of cargo upon the backs of eleven mules and paraded them through the streets of Boise.

BOISE'S dream of 40 years was realized May 16, 1925, with the inauguration of main line service on the Union Pacific system through the capital city of Idaho.

Visitors need no longer change trains or be switched onto a branch at Nampa. Tourists traveling through see the beautiful Boise Valley as the train skirts the valley's very edge to emerge into its most bountiful section as they leave the Boise station.

Standing on the platform of Boise's new station, one looks down upon the city proper, a solid mass of foliage broken only here and there by the tops of the highest buildings, and we looked down one busy street which seems to end abruptly at the main entrance to Idaho's state capitol building.

Did Boise celebrate? Not within the memory of her oldest citizens was there ever such a day or celebration. Somewhere between fifteen and twenty thousand guests, from almost every city in the northwest, were here to help and to rejoice with Idaho's capital in her transformation from "the Isolated Capital" to a city on the main line of a transcontinental railroad.

Streets were bright with colorful decorations and from every corner sounded the music of some one of the fourteen brass bands, both local and from other cities. Every era in our nation's history, from 1776 to the present day, had its representative in the throng. Uniforms of every war since the conflict between the states were seen in the parade or grouped along the sidelines.

The day dawned with heavy clouds, which, hanging low, threatened and did, on one or two occasions, sprinkle the merry-makers. An airplane escorted President Gray's special train in from Orchard amid a bedlam from whistles, bells and, in fact, everything that could be found which would make a noise. The preliminary reception was at the depot,

after which the crowd assembled to witness the parade.

Shortly after noon the clouds rolled back and the parade marched under clear skies. And such a parade! Beyond a doubt the greatest ever seen in Boise. Almost an hour and a half was required to see this pageant of the west's history file by. Industry, transportation, education and civic spirit were all represented.

The evening found Boise with open house, entertaining one and all. Free dancing and other amusements were found everywhere. Men, women and children dressed in quaint and rare old costumes; cowboys, bandits, gamblers and touts all dressed to look the part milled and rubbed elbows on the main streets and in the dance halls, with people from every nation, until the wee hours of the morning after.

It was a severe test of Boise's hospitality, but she came through without a blemish, and everyone proclaimed it the biggest and best ever pulled off in Idaho.

In a short address Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific, said:

"It is not given always to men in the railroad business to do that which is the most to their liking; but there never has been a job undertaken with which, after a lifetime in the railroad business, I have taken such a keen delight and today see the fruition of with such gratification as the completion of this line.

"There is taking place in Idaho today a



Tracy Higby, Boise garage foreman (left), came up from Mexico; and Manager Goul of Mountain Home, who rode in from the range to help Boise celebrate.

trinity of events which generations almost have looked forward to with hope, not always with expectation, but with hope and aspiration.

"One is the completion of the main line through Boise, and today we see its dedication to public service.

"Another is the construction of the cut-off line from Rogerson, in Idaho, to Wells, Nevada, shortening the distance to the Pacific Coast over 200 miles, bringing the products of this bread-basket nearer to the market by that much.

"The third is the completion of the great American Falls dam.

"All of us are going to see these three things accomplished in the very near future, and they spell great things for the happiness and for the prosperity of this whole state.

"I can't begin to express to you my surprise and my gratification at such a gathering as this. The railroad business is prosaic. We don't often have sentiment; not always. I am sorry to say, just the best sentiment; but today we have all joined in the celebration of an event which does not have any economic justification, but has its basis in a desire to have and to justify and to merit the good will of an entire state and of its capital. I am not



Idaho Plant Superintendent Snyder, wearing 9-quart hat; and H. O. Williams, repeater attendant.

going to keep you, but I want to say this: that we dedicate this station—we dedicate this line—to Idaho, to its capital, and we will do our part to carry into the future all the good will, all the hospitality, all the kindness, which you have shown here today."

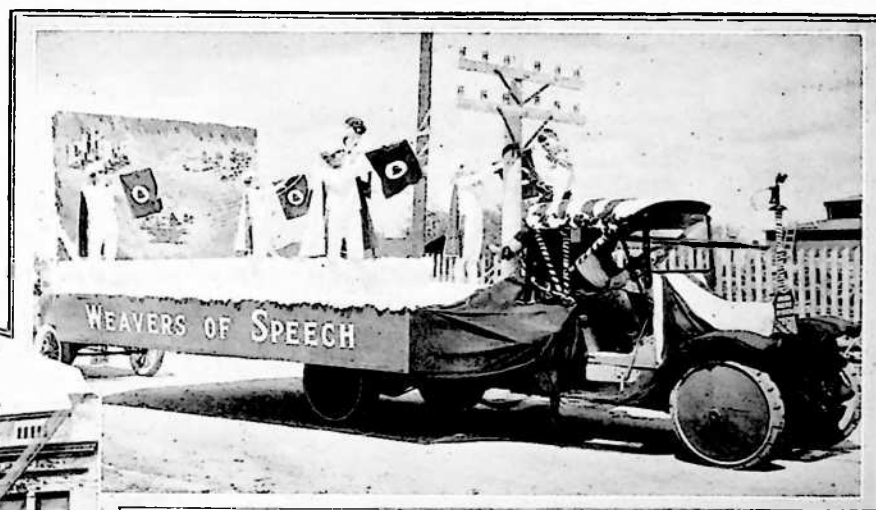
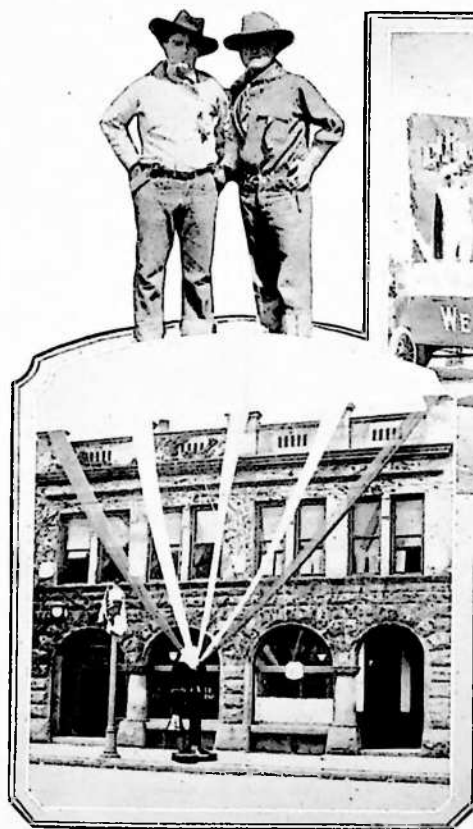
Weavers of Speech in the Parade

HOW COULD Boise celebrate without a parade? And what would a parade amount to without floats? And what group of floats is complete without a Telephone float?

A committee, consisting of Misses Katherine Wade, Ann Campbell, Edyth Dorsey, Hazel Boggess, Marion Hallett, Ruth Treweek and Messrs. Lewis and Spore, was selected to design and build the float. With the committee in session everyone seemed to favor the "Weavers of Speech" idea, and the only debate was on the best manner of presenting it.

The picture tells a story of hours of unceasing labor which was rewarded by the judges' decision. Picked from among thousands, the "Weavers of Speech" was proclaimed the second best float in the entire industrial division and a cash prize of \$50 was awarded the happy committee of girls from the Telephone office.

It would be difficult indeed to find five more attractive girls than those who graced the float. Miss Katherine Wade, Boise's chief operator, lent charm and dignity as the "Weaver of Speech." The four heralds, Misses Violet Bunch and Hazel Boggess of the accounting department, and Misses Beryl Turner and Ruth Strode, of the traffic department, added



Manager Dolling (left) and Chick Stewart of the Idaho Power Co. were among those over from Nampa. Left—Boise Office early in the morning on the day of the Celebration.

Above—"Weavers of Speech" float took second prize, \$50.00 in gold. Those who rode on the float were Misses Beryl Turner, Ruth Strode, Hazel Boggess, Violet Bunch. The weaver of speech was Miss Katherine Wade, chief operator. "Bobby" Atkinson, son of Boise's Commercial manager, was the pole-climber, and Garage Foreman Tracy Higby drove the car.

a touch of youthfulness and real beauty that carried a genuine appeal to the judges and spectators. "Bobby" Atkinson, son of the local commercial manager, was a real lineman and the envy of every kid in town. Tracy Higby, garbed in real Mexican "atmosphere," piloted the big truck safely along the line of march.

What could tell the story of the "Weavers of Speech" more completely? From the telephone itself to the pole and cross-arm, thence to the Weaver and on to the City, the factory and the home, stretched scores of silver ribbon that glistened in the bright sunlight.



Boise Traffic Department Employees' Representative Committee—Anita Forbes, Ruth Benschoten, Mary Clayville, Nellie Hayes.



Operator's Committee at Boise

At Boise, Idaho

Yes, we do have wonderful eats—
In our lunch room—
Mashed potatoes and buttered beets.
Chicken-salad, cookies sweet—
You just simply have to eat—
In our lunch room.

Decorations are gray and blue—
In our lunch room—
Windows where Idaho sun shines through—
Dainty tables and flowers, too—
Something seems to call to you—
In our lunch room.

Bring your friends—come and dine—
In our lunch room.
It's pleasant here and you will find
Delicious food of every kind,
That you cannot leave behind—
In our lunch room.

IDA HO.



Ah, Take the Quarter

Rastus: "Here's dat quatah ah borrowed
from yuh last year."

Sambo: "Yuh done kept it so long dat Ah
don't know if it's wuff while for me to change
mah 'pinion of yuh jes' for two bits."



Looking for Screen Material

H. G. Stokes, executive assistant in the
Information department of the A. T. & T. Co.,
195 Broadway, New York City, was a recent
visitor in the Mountain States territory, and
spent a few days in Denver.

Mr. Stokes is interested in film picture
publicity, and he was very much impressed
with the wonderful Rocky Mountain scenery,
some of which may afford desirable settings
and find a place in the general scheme calcu-
lated, later on, to go into a comprehensive
screen program.

We welcome the following young ladies who
have been added to the personnel of the Boise,
Idaho, exchange: Alice Stewart, Irene Fisher,
Vera De Mott, Elsie Wells, Zella Boswell and
Alice Riggs.

Changes and promotions—Eva Labrum, local
operator to supervisor; Grace Black, local op-
erator to toll operator; Doris Carsey, local op-
erator to toll operator.

Miss Cora De Myer, recently one of our
local supervisors, has gone to San Francisco,
where she will take training in St. Maries Hos-
pital. She had been with the Company over

a year and made many friends. We wish her
success and happiness.

The newly elected operators' committee is
composed of the following: Ruth Benschoten,
evening local representative; Nellie Hayes, day
local representative; Mary Clayville, night
local representative; Anita Forbes, toll rep-
resentative.



The amount of lead used in a single year
by the Western Electric Company in the
manufacture of telephones is greater than the
displacement of a giant steamship like the
White Star liner Homeric.



Three Weeks Toll Training Course

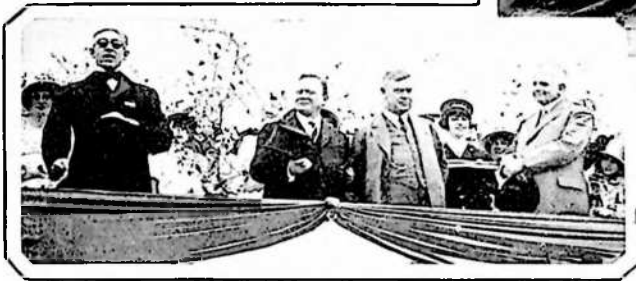
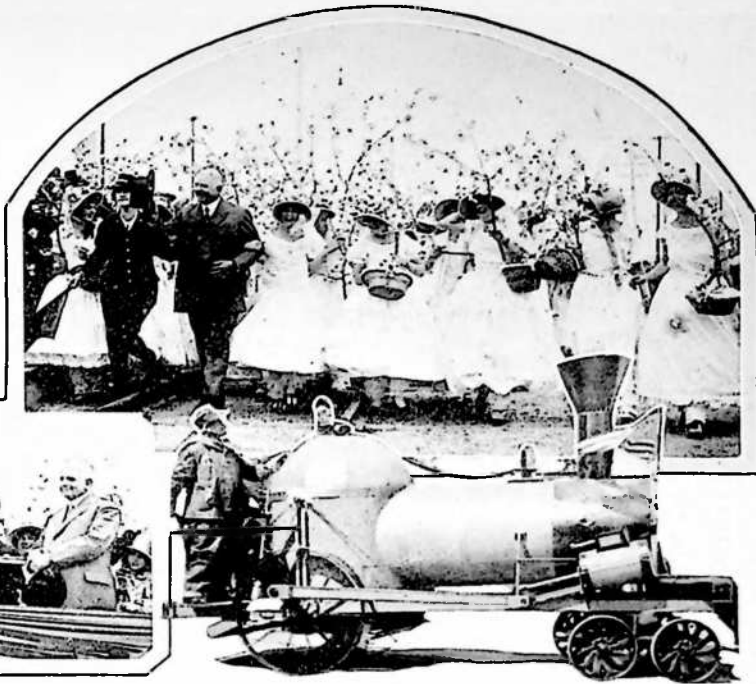
Three weeks of intensive toll training, under
the tutorship of Miss Anna Dahlstrom, instruc-
tor, fitted four of our capable Traffic men to
greater efficiency, in a recent course given in
Denver. These men are H. G. Mills, traffic
chief at Pueblo; C. R. Mead, traffic chief at
Salt Lake City; F. L. Pickering, traffic super-
visor, Denver; and G. W. Trehearne, traffic
chief at Casper.

Nine evening lectures were given by dif-
ferent men on subjects pertaining to Toll
office management. There wasn't much time
to spare after eight hours were spent in school
—two hours attending lectures every other
evening and ten hours commercial operating
on the side, but a week-end trip to Estes Park
was squeezed in.



Left—H. G. Mills, Pueblo traffic chief; C. R. Mead, Salt Lake traffic chief; Miss Anna Dahlstrom, toll instructress, Denver; F. L. Pickering, traffic supervisor, Denver; G. W. Trehearne, traffic chief, Casper.

Below is a snap shot of Mayor Sherman of Boise presenting to President Gray the official key to the city. Next to the mayor is Governor Moore of Idaho, and then H. V. Pratt, general manager of the O. S. L. R. R.; "Brakeman" Rose Regan, and President Gray.



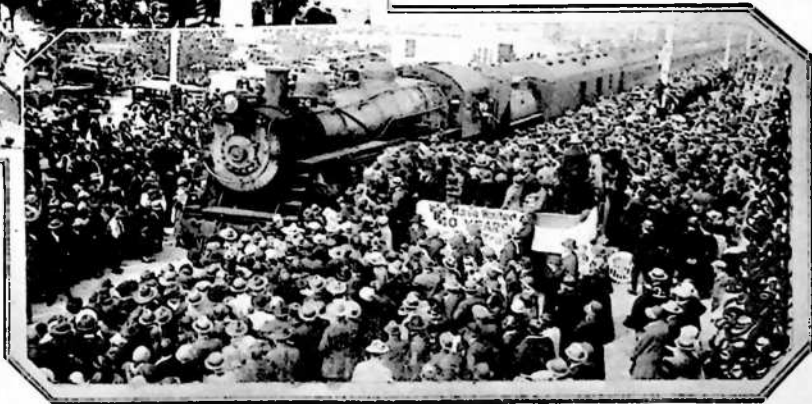
Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific, and a bevy of his beautiful escorts, including "Brakeman" Rose Regan, marching triumphantly into Boise ahead of the "first engine" to enter the city.



Reproduction of the first locomotive ever built—the famous "Rocket."

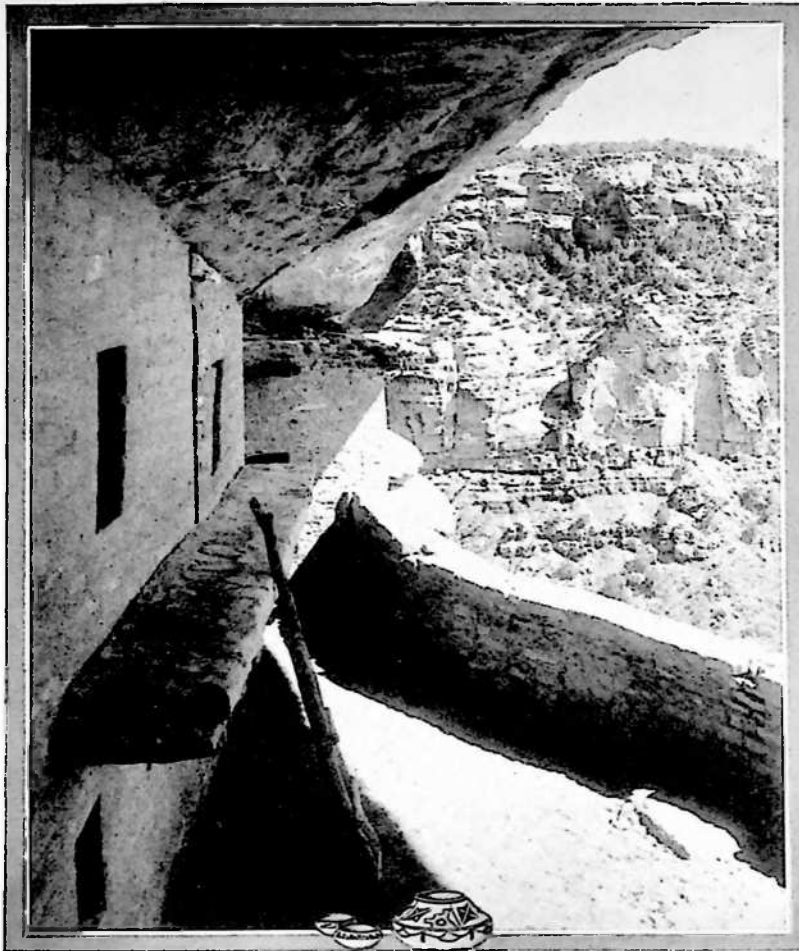
Old Time Pack Trains, loaded with everything from Pianos to Coffins, filled a section of Boise's big parade.

When No. 26 crept into Boise, the first transcontinental train to enter, she was greeted by thousands of people from all parts of Idaho, many who had come to help celebrate the realization of a dream of 40 years.



The Boise Telephone People took an Important part in the Great Celebration

Pictures in this story by Johnson & Son, Boise.



The Cuddling Americans

Graphic Pen Picture
of Love and Romance in
Cliff-Dwelling Days

By Warren E. Boyer

*"Why you no come home las nite? Find
mud scows on front ledge. Goo bye, always."*



CANYON apartment dwellers of today often times are kept awake by big city noises, among which is the "aggravating" music from the loud speaker of a radio drifting from a nearby apartment, long after the usual time for retiring. But they may console themselves in the fact that dances, powwows, singing and the near-presence of prowling beasts interfered somewhat with the peaceful slumbers of Cliff Dwellers of a forgotten Yesterday.

It's like stepping back into the pages of history and visualizing these eagle-like nests of humans—caves in solemn stillness that once reverberated with weird chants and ringing laughter. For apartment houses, quick divorce and the



lipstick for love-charmed maidens, supposedly confined to modern day practice, are seen through the ghostly veils of the past by the seeker after prehistoric life among Indian Cliff Dwellers, in the ruins that tell of their habitation a thousand years ago, in Colorado and elsewhere in the Great Southwest.

But the romantic moonlight was the same, and the noises did not interfere with the lovers. They found a little nook along the ledge of an overhanging cliff and lingered long in the silvery night. Doubtless the pithouse dwellers before them likewise got out of their dugouts, ruins of which are just being uncovered in the nearby San Juan-Piedra-Pagosa Springs District, and felt the urge of romance. It's much the same the world over.

You look across the tableland in Mesa Verde National Park, perhaps descend the canyon only to climb up the other side along a narrow passageway where

the women carried jars of water on their heads to the apartment caves high in the sandstone cliffs. These caves were in the cliffs, far enough below the surface to make a surprise attack by wild animals or racial enemies almost impossible. The caves were not always deep and long, but often times very high. So that the apartment house idea came not only as a result of crowded conditions, but because of protection, particularly for the women and children.

Uncanny as the transmission of the voice thousands of miles through the ether may seem to modern-day folk, more pronounced is this feeling as one climbs through the narrow openings of the stone and mud houses that filled the caves of this copper-colored race long before Columbus discovered America. You listen in vain for unhusked voices.

Cliff Palace, the largest of the ruins of Cliff Dwellers, is under the roof of an enormous cave which arches from fifty to one hundred feet above the bottom of the canyon. The cave had three different levels, was three hundred feet long, and the terraced effect gave three floors with a total of 200 rooms. There was a sort of street in the cave, and a meeting place in front near the edge of the canyon, where news "extras" of the day doubtless were shouted to the canyon dwellers.

There was an arrangement whereby the last man at night pulled a funny-looking ladder, like the modern approach to a chicken roost, after him to the top of each terrace. The night "extras" probably centered in the late nocturnal wanderer who found a perfectly legitimate excuse for not taking off his sandals and ascending the creaking stair, cut off as he was and no automatic elevator in sight. He slept in the canyon and doubtless had a good alibi by morning.

But if he happened to be a bridegroom, his sandals would be in another place from where he put them on retiring, and this spelled disaster that today is generally regarded as "unfortunate good luck." But for him it meant quick divorce, in a manner much like the following account:

Emergency Telephone on Long's Peak Trail

An emergency telephone line on the Long's Peak trail to boulder field is to be constructed for emergency and aid calls from Peak climbers. The project is in charge of Leonard Beckwith of Boulder, of the National Parks Service Company.

The terminus of the proposed line is to be

near the spot where Agnes Vaille, former secretary of the Denver Chamber of Commerce lost her life last January, when exhausted on a climb of Long's Peak. The line will be five miles in length and will be connected with the main line at Kirkwood Inn, and tapped in at Estes Park.

On being married the bridegroom would be taken to the apartment of his mother-in-law. If, following the bridal supper, he wandered out with the male guests and failing to return in time, finally slept in the canyon below, it meant his finish. For his sandals would be carried outside the apartment doorway after he retired the next night, and the following morning ended the marital nuptials. Upon finding his sandals outside, he slipped into them, descended a flight or two, turned the corner and

probably told his mother a sad story of too much mother-in-law.

Whereupon the much aggrieved bride, seizing the hematite lip-stick of brownish red, put fresh roses in her cheeks, fashioned a new Cupid's bow out of her drooping lips, and getting down into the footlight area of the cave stage, looked westward across the canyon and called a turtle dove to rest on her left shoulder as she made faces at the man in the moon!

She was through with men forever, or at least for a day!

Ruins of a pre-historic watch tower in the Mesa Verde region, in Colorado, overlooking valley 1,160 feet below. Insert—Skeleton of pre-historic woman, dead 2,200 years. Pottery found in pit-house.





Top Row—Left to Right—
Mary Jane Cunningham,
Beronica McCall, Mary
Graven, Lura Stevens, Clara
Beck, Alice Lake, Mrs. Dean
D. Clark, Gertrude Livingston,
Laura M. Smith of N. Y.,
Helen Hackett, Eleanor Kil-
bourn, Margaret Higgins,
Coral Emerson, Fannie Clark,
Adeline Williams, Frances

O'Brien, Edythe Boillie, Mrs.
Minnie Worth, Mrs. Marjorie
Spicer.

Bottom Row—Left to Right
Irma Wilkinson, Louise
Crisman, Mrs. Rose Graves,
Lois Stevens, Ruth Schad,
Katherine Kirk, Nellie Ford,
Edith Thompson, Lucetta
Hocell, Agnes Egan.

SCORE ONE—for the fair sex! No, this isn't a ball game. It is just checking off to our credit an event which marks an epoch in the history of The Mountain States T. & T. Co., and one of which we are justly proud.

For a long time, though the men may never have suspected it, we women have been looking forward—some secretly and some with courage to voice the hope—to the time when a woman would come out from the A. T. & T. Company's New York offices to visit us.

On April 29, with the arrival of Miss Laura M. Smith, assistant to vice-president E. K. Hall of The A. T. & T. Company, our dream came true, and I think I may safely add with fulfillment beyond our greatest hopes, the one disappointment being in the shortness of her visit.

Usually when we have gilded a hope with anticipation for a long, long while, a sort of let-down comes with its realization. It's like seeing a play which has been elaborately press-agented and having it fall short of our expectations.

Not so with this event, for Miss Smith more than lived up to her press agenting, and to the ideals we had unconsciously built around her.

My first glimpse of her was in the Main cafeteria, as she sat surrounded by a group of girls awaiting the luncheon hour, and it was a scene such as we frequently come upon in one of the retiring rooms where a coterie of girls are laughing and chatting together. There was naught to indicate that a "stranger" was in our midst.

In response to Miss Helen Hackett's intro-

By Betty Devine

duction, I looked into a face full of intelligence and character and framed with dark brown hair well streaked with gray; into a pair of hazel eyes that reflected human sympathy and understanding, and though I had never seen her before I knew instinctively that I slipped my hand into that of a friend.

Perhaps we had met in a former incarnation—who knows but that I was her pet Angora, for I certainly enjoyed a feeling of absolute ease and comfort which comes with being with one we have known for years. This sentiment was echoed by practically everyone who met her during her all too brief visit here.

Reference to her gray hair might convey to some who have not seen her an impression of age, but it is rather a sort of "Distinguished Service Emblem" nature bestowed upon her during the two years she served in France at the time of the World War.

The harrowing experiences of those two years may have grayed her locks, but they also enriched her soul by enlarging her capacity to feel for her fellow men and to understand all sorts and conditions of life and people. They doubtless played a strong part in fitting her for the position of importance she now holds and gave her a more comprehensive understanding of the universal Telephone slogan—SERVICE.

Miss Smith, while here, was honor guest

at a large luncheon for women employees only, arranged in the Main cafeteria and attended by chief operators, members of the district operators' representative committees, matrons from all five exchanges and a representative from each department.

Guests were seated at two long tables and at the close of the luncheon, which had been especially planned by Miss Stevens, head of all Denver cafeterias, Miss Helen Hackett, Denver supervisor, who had Miss Smith in tow during her stay, made a few delightfully informal remarks introducing the visitor and asked that she say a few words to us.

Responding graciously, Miss Smith expressed pleasure at being in Denver, and in a very clever manner promptly turned the spotlight from herself onto the rest of us by mentioning a few things in which she was particularly interested and asking that we tell her what we were doing along these special lines.

Miss Hackett's timely suggestion that we sit while we talk, rather than stand, lent an air of pleasing informality to the occasion, and, as she called upon one after another of the girls to tell of the various activities, each readily responded with ease and an understanding of her subject which, I have it from Miss Smith herself, proved both gratifying and satisfying.

Welfare work, employees' committee representation, students and the school, supervisors' meetings, chief operators' and supervisors' morning conferences, public relations through the demonstration show, the district chief operator plan, employees' benefits, thrift and

"Love Me, Love my Dog"

By Glenn Lewis, Traffic Chief, Boise

IF YOU ask Miss Catherine Worley, information operator, at the Boise office what she thinks of dogs, she will say, "Love Me, Love My Dog." There is nothing new in the world they say. This phrase likewise is old, very old. But applications of the phrase may differ.

Several days ago, Miss Worley left home, bound for the doctor's office. As she waited for the Interurban to come 'round the bend, she whistled merrily. And she had reason to whistle and be happy, for she was on her way to pay the doctor his bill. This sounds very much like a movie plot, but we cannot conceal facts.

At her heels followed her dog. Just an average, common dog, that someone gave to her. And she took it in, just because she liked animals. This dog does not boast of a family tree. None of his ancestors ever took first prize at the dog show. He is the kind of a dog that boys might tie a can to his tail to

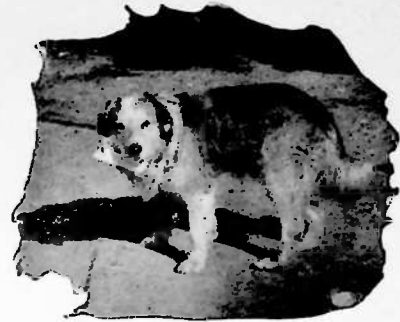
see him run for home. But nevertheless, this dog trotted at her heels with all the honesty of a genuine prize winner.

The car came 'round the bend, stopped, tooted and went its way. Miss Worley took the train, and the dog watched it disappear around the corner.

When Miss Worley reached in her pocket to get the bill with which to pay the doctor it was gone. Can you imagine anything more exciting, and the doctor gulped and smiled a sort of sympathetic grin, and Miss Worley felt everything go dark. The bottom simply dropped out of everything.

Desperation lent her speed and back to the crossroads she sped (in the doctor's car). It was one of those dismal rides, when green fields turn ashen, tree blossoms become mere nothings, and the bumps and ruts in the road become worse than they really are (in Idaho).

And there at the side of the track, waiting patiently for his master, stood the dog. Just common dog, everyday dog. But he stood there just the same. And in his mouth fluttered a



Just a plain, every-day, common dog—but no million-dollar pedigreed canine with tooth-brushes, manicuring outfits and downy pillows to sleep on could have done more nor been more faithful.

bill. It was no common, everyday bill. It was a \$50.00 bill.

And Miss Worley knelt down and put her arms around the dog's neck (some people call them dumb brutes) and cried. And believe me, she had a right to. Then the dog trotted back home to root in the field for a long-hidden bone, and the doctor's car headed for town with the doctor and his happy patient.



Selling the Company Skimmed Milk

If you discover that your milkman is selling you skimmed milk, you are going to quit him, aren't you? You are paying that man for good milk and you don't propose to have him skim off the cream and sell you what is left.

I wonder if sometimes we are not selling our company skimmed milk. The employee who gets enough sleep, eats good food, has plenty of exercise and recreation and doesn't overdo social pleasures, gives his employer his best efforts and does his work with vim, he is like the machine that can make the grade in good shape with plenty of spare power. On the other hand, the man or woman who, because of the way they have spent or mispent the sixteen hours of the twenty-four, which they have not sold to the company, comes to work half awake with hardly enough energy to put through their job for the day—is not that employee selling the company skimmed milk?

AN EMPLOYEE.



Pocatello Operators Entertain

The Pocatello operators held open house on May 8, 1925, to observe Mothers' Day. The rest rooms were decorated in rose and green with flowers placed in many parts of the building. Lunch was served from 2:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. and the Blue Bell Club arranged to have each operator entertain and escort her own parents through the exchange during the afternoon. Miss Annie Campbell of Boise gave a reading.

the sale of stock, the relation of the A. T. & T. Company and the Western Electric Company to our company, were some of the subjects discussed, with the visiting guest firing as many surprise questions as a district attorney, and I am happy to say in no instance failing to get an intelligent answer. Miss Smith was not cross-questioning, merely interested in knowing how our experiences were working out, that she might pass along any exceptionally good ideas. The affair took on the atmosphere of an open forum, proving an inspiration and help to everyone.

Later, in commenting on the occasion, Miss Smith assured me that it had been one of the most interesting and inspiring of her entire trip and expressed keen delight that the girls, one and all, were so well informed, so in touch with these various activities.

Practically every moment of her two days in Denver was spent visiting the different exchanges and departments of the company, the women claiming the lion's share of her time.

Enroute to the train she even dropped in for a glimpse of the operators' "Tacky Party," and I suspect that as she later passed under the "Mizpah" arch leading to Union Station, she must have felt it reflected the parting sentiment in many hearts she was leaving behind.

Asked for a message to the women of our company, she said: "Since meeting and talking with some of them I can think of nothing better than a saying of Abraham Lincoln's to this effect: 'I will do everything I can to prepare myself, knowing that when I am ready my opportunity will surely come.'"

Then she added, "The women I have met here seem to feel their responsibility for getting ready for the opportunities that are surely coming, and they will be, I am sure."

Miss Smith is not a native New Yorker; she hailed from Atlanta, Georgia, and she possesses that rare combination set forth recently by Governor "Ma" Ferguson of Texas as the greatest essential to woman's success in the business world, to-wit: a keen intellect and feminine charm.

In writing of Miss Smith, that more of our women throughout the territory may feel better acquainted with her, I am reminded of these lines by William Wordsworth:

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

As women, let us take the message Miss Smith left with us. Let us do everything to prepare ourselves for opportunities to come, for surely with the progress women are making in the world today, when the modest violet who formerly was content to be "The Power Behind the Throne" is stepping right out in front of the throne and in some instances ascending to it; with women governors in two states; two American women (including our own Pattie Field) now in the diplomatic service, and women in the United States Congress—well, it would seem that even President F. H. Reid might well look to his laurels—er—though I should hate to have him know I said so.



Beautiful Lookout Mountain Exchange

Lookout!
Lookout for what?

Lookout for the new Lookout Mountain Telephone Exchange in Mount Vernon Country Club, near Denver. It's one of the most artistic, both the building itself and its setting, of any in the Mountain States Division, and you'll have to go some to reach it, for it comes mighty close to sitting right on top of the world.

It's a cunning and complete four-room bungalow, having the effect of being built of logs, with a red roof that can be seen from the top of Genesee and from all high points in that part of the country.

It is set against a background of stately old pine trees, the tips of which tower above the red roof tempting the meadow larks to rest a moment in their flight and send forth a cheery welcome to motorists passing along the main road to the Country Club. It's just the sort of place one's imagination weaves into romance and if a prettier romance attaches to any bungalow in the district—well, I'll leave it to you to write it.

The story begins with a fine-looking young girl entering upon a telephone career in Denver, seven years ago, and of her subsequent rise from operator to supervisor and thence to chief operator. For a couple of years, her life follows the usual channels of ups and downs with occasional illnesses resulting from colds, but from which she always came back and continued her work with characteristic conscientiousness and skill.

Near the end of her third year, however, came a break in health, which she was unable to combat and as weeks stretched into months, the doctors shook their heads and finally issued the verdict that she must give up all thought of work and set herself solely to the task of getting well. That was two years ago and she has since followed uncomplainingly the doctors' orders, though they kept her from the path she loved best—that trod by her many

friends in the work-a-day world of Telephone-land.

As the little mother with whom she lived, went out to work each morning to earn necessary funds to keep them going, the invalid bit her lips and smothered a heart ache, but never showed the white feather. She held Faith and hope the more tightly and trusted in the Great Law of Life to some day restore her to her own.

When the Lookout Mountain Exchange was being built, the Traffic department, in casting about for just the right person to take charge of it, and having constantly kept their eye on the slow but steady progress the young health seeker had made, thought it an ideal place for her convalescence and took the matter up with her doctor.

Well, if you chance to be up around Mount Vernon Country Club and notice a peculiar

light in the vicinity of the new Telephone Exchange—it's the light of Ruth Howard's smile. If you hear the word "Lookout" come over the wire in a voice that radiates warmth and cheer its because the heart of her who utters it, is brim full of happiness and gratitude that she is nearing the goal, is back in the harness for at least a few hours each day and is facing the last stretch on the road to health.

Ruth, whom many of us remember when she worked in Main and Champa exchange, is in charge of Lookout. She and her faithful little mother are comfortably situated in the cozy bungalow, with its nice airy operating room, its cheery living room, its sunny kitchen, bath, electric lights, bedroom with four large windows, plenty of built-in cabinets, and best of all a large screened-in porch where the whiff of the pine trees, the scampering chipmunks and squirrels and the song of the birds are



Telephone Exchange building at Mountain Home, Idaho; and on the right is a photo of a small flowing gas well recently "brought in" near Driggs, Idaho. Manager Parley Young expects to furnish telephone service to a big oil field there one of these days.

Sheridan, Wyoming

Sheridan Correspondent

W E WOULD like to tell of the good time we all had on March 21st, at Sheridan Wyoming. But first of all we must mention those who came from afar to be with us, as they were the incentive to the good-will that was running over in our Telephone building that night.

Ralph Kent, State engineer of the Wyoming plant superintendent's office, who is a quiet, reserved old scout, sure got a foot over the traces that night. We like Ralph, so won't embarrass him further.

Nels Jacobsen, who hides under the nom-de-plume "The Terrible Swede" and has a faculty of not getting along with wire chiefs, was also keeping pace with his Cheyenne friend.

Casper was ably represented by our old friend Swisher, and to keep him out of mischief he had as a body guard a traffic necessity named Trehearne. If anyone does not think these boys are all to the good, it is just because they have never met.

Buffalo was out done by none. Manager Claude Scott and wife, Chief Operator Elea-

combining with that greatest of all Life's blessings—work—to stage the climax scene in "Ruth Howard's Come-Back."

The Lookout Exchange opened Friday, May 15, with 97 subscribers signed up for service and fifty cut in the first day, the difficulty of getting into many of the cottages in that summer-home district interfering greatly with the placing of telephones.

This is one of the most important of Denver's suburban exchanges giving service to Mount Vernon Country Club, many fashionable country homes in that district, summer cottages scattered all through Lookout and Genesee mountains, and to such popular places as Mount Genesee Winter Sports Club, Mount Genesee Silver Fox Farm, Flying Horse Inn, Mt. Vernon Inn, Bergen Park Pavilion, the Buffalo Bill Museum, known as Pahaska Lodge, the Trading Post and others.

Miss Howard will have entire charge of the exchange, traffic and commercial, while the plant work will be handled by the plant man at Evergreen.

"The best part of it is to think that I was not forgotten, after being out of work two whole years," said Miss Howard with tears in her great big eyes, "why I didn't even know they were building this exchange until they came and offered it to me—O, I'm so happy—O, so happy."

Let's join in a toast to the health and success of Ruth Howard and her Lookout exchange.

nor Head and Mrs. Fisher of that organization were there and displayed the usual enthusiasm and enjoyment. Mrs. Fisher was accompanied by Mr. Fisher. Mr. and Mrs. Fish, parents of one of our Sheridan plant boys, Charles Fish, came over from Buffalo to see that Charles behaved. They went home happy.

Gladys Ross of the Gillette office, was a guest and joined with the other happy faces that thronged the building that night.

We had with us one who is never forgotten—one of the old Keystones of the Sheridan organization, Miss Alma Roensch, who is now head of the traffic force at Missoula, Montana. She was enjoying a few days rest at her home in Sheridan, Wyoming.

We could fill THE MONITOR this issue with thoughts and deeds of those who were our guests. Besides the telephone family who came from the outside exchanges, our good Sheridan girls and boys had their dear ones as guests and added a heap of happiness to the occasion.

Dancing and cards until midnight held the program, after which a lunch that has never been surpassed was served in the large basement of the telephone building.

The evening's program was in charge of four committees as follows: Entertainment—Miss Myrtle Barker, Glen Miner and Mrs. Myrtle Morgan. Refreshments—Mrs. Blanche Schmitt, Mrs. Maude Greenlee, Miss Virginia Heck, Miss Maude Pierce, Miss Vivian

Berggren and Sam Levin. Retiring room—Miss Alice Rogers and Miss Matilda Kuhl. Good Fellowship—The whole Sheridan gang.

We at Sheridan hope to always MAINTAIN a STOREROOM of good cheer, a RECEIVER of friends, a TRANSMITTER of good will, a CONDENSER of happiness. We are all in a-CORD and STAND together as we PLUG for our friends. We will never be CROSS, or give GROUNDS for COMPLAINT, but will stand the TEST of an OPEN, FRAME of mind. We are CONNECTED by a COIL of loyalty, the PEAK of which is our NORMAL LOAD of happiness, this we try to RELAY to our friends. We hope we have stood the TEST. The Sheridan Gang.



Sting of a Scorpion Fatal

The sting of a deadly scorpion caused the death of James Gray Hobbs, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hobbs, at Clifton, Arizona, May 3. The child was the son of our manager at Clifton.

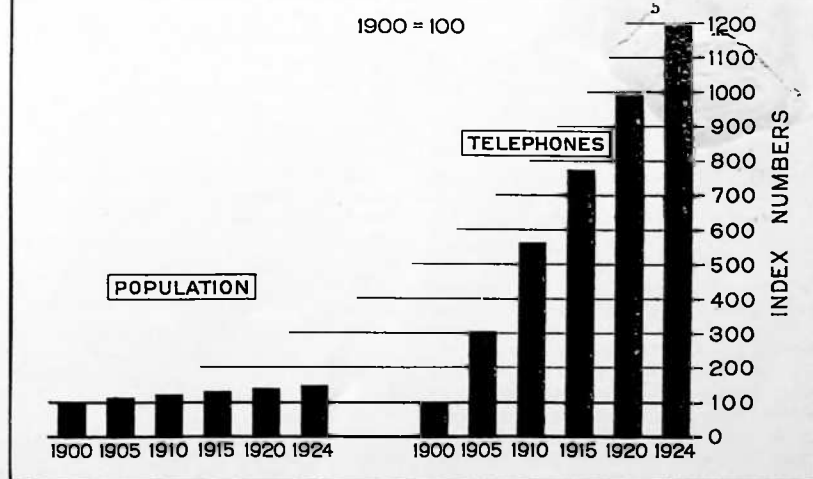
The scorpion is bug-like in shape and is from 2 to 8 inches in length. It is a native of warm countries, and its sting is almost certain death.



Four times the total number of telephones now in use in Great Britain would not equal the increase in the number of telephones in the United States during the past ten years.



GROWTH OF POPULATION AND TELEPHONES IN THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1900



In the Line of Service

J. H. Carr, transmission wizard, megohm expert, consort of the milliamperere, and manipulator of the Varley Loop at El Paso, was awarded his fifteen year service emblem last month. Joe is still a youngster and has made good use of himself since he made the Sunflower State the place of his nativity. Eudora,



J. H. Carr, El Paso, Texas

Kansas, is the place he hails from and he started hailing April the thirteenth, 1892. He stuck around there for a while and got educated. Then he got his name on the payroll of the Santa Fe Railroad at Garden City, Kansas. In 1910, he transferred his affections to the A. T. & T. Co. at Denver. In May, 1911, he was transferred to El Paso, and opened up the first test room and now he is State toll wire chief of New Mexico—El Paso. That's all there is to it. Of course, there's quite a bit in between, but we can't tell it all.

When Joe first came here and opened up that little hole in the wall test room, he thought it was the most important point in the system. McNemar had just finished building the first long distance line out of El Paso, which gave Joe something to test and he sure tested it. That is just about the reason why Joe has his present job—he put everything he had into the job he was on. Since that time other lines have been added and when the repeaters were installed, business began to pick up, sure enough, and the test room was removed and enlarged and then enlarged again and now with the rapidly-growing importance of the Southern Trans-Continental Lines, the test room is nearly due to another enlargement. The longest section of the longest telephone circuit in the world is under the direct supervision of the El Paso test room. In fact, nothing but the longest of long lines radiate

out of El Paso, since distance is one of the things we have in huge quantities. If Joe stays here another fifteen years, he'll have a real test room.

When Joe was asked about his war record, he said he was married in October, 1913, and spent several months with Uncle Sam in Washington as a Lieutenant in the Signal Corps. He helped bring the War to a successful conclusion from a swivel chair, which made Joe kind o' sore as he craved a little action, but Uncle Sam found him quite useful where he had him.

In the Line of Service

Some 25 years ago, a young man by the name of George A. Gillett combed the city of Denver for a job, leaving an application every place he could. The Colorado Telephone Company on Lawrence street was visited, where he asked to see the general manager, Mr. E. M. Burgess.

Mr. Burgess listened to the young man rec-



George A. Gillett, Denver

ommend himself very highly for a few minutes, and then added: "Perhaps you are just the man we need, as our shops are just going to move from the basement to this building on Blake street," and he wrote on his personal card:

"Perhaps you can use this man," and then he added: "Take this to Mr. P. B. Sprague, foreman of the shop in the basement."

Young Gillett walked out with high hopes; but Sprague said: "I don't need any men."

"Well," replied Gillett, "here is a note from Mr. Burgess telling you to put me to work."

"Do you know Mr. Burgess?" asked Sprague.

"Sure, I know him," boasted Gillett.

"Well, that's different. When will you be ready to go to work?"

"Right now."

That's the way Gillett, according to his own story, entered the employ of the telephone Company, 25 years ago. In speaking of his

service with the Company, Gillett said:

"This is the first time in my life I have ever worked for a company for twenty-five years in one stretch and, really, I feel too young in the service to cook up much of a story of my past experience. I figure, say, about fifty years' service would give ample time to dig up copy enough for a brief story. However, I may say that thus far I have enjoyed many, many hours of my work, had many a good laugh, have been very tired at times, have cussed, discussed and no doubt been cussed. I prize to the full worth the friendship of my daily associates."

"Am proud, indeed, of the fact that I am associated with a concern that has grown larger and better from year to year and is a success."

C. E. McNemar, El Paso, Texas.

Thirty years on the job and still going, is the record for C. E. McNemar, El Paso. Last month Mc. was awarded a thirty-year service emblem. That means that some time last century began his telephone career. He did that in Arkansas and east Texas in the Southwestern Telephone and Telegraph territory. At that time El Paso reported to Dallas and was about four hundred miles beyond the end of their longest telephone line. In those days, El Paso was considered a sort of necessary evil—it didn't amount to much but it was thought that some day it might. At any rate, officials found it something of a bother to supervise a little dinky exchange that was at the end of some seven hundred Texas miles, and that is just about the reason why Mc. was transferred out here in 1900. It was thought he could be depended upon.



C. E. McNemar, El Paso, Texas

How Much Does a Ton of Snow Weigh?

Red Lodge, Montana, April 10.—That the snow which fell in this region was exceedingly heavy is common knowledge to all whose misfortune it was to have to clear sidewalks, but the first accurate figures on the watery tonnage were discovered by Dan McIntosh of the Cash Grain Company.

He left his scales balanced Sunday, and they were not disturbed Monday. Tuesday morning, after much of the water had undoubtedly seeped through the floor and been lost, the scale showed that the 8x16 foot platform was under a load of 1,525 pounds of snow.

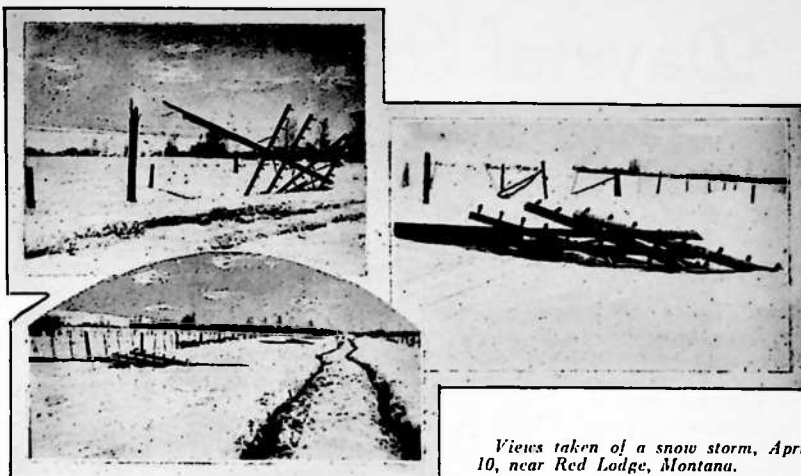
Reduced to square feet this is an average of nearly 12 pounds to the square foot or approximately two and a half inches of precipitation.

When Mc. first came here, there were about 250 telephones and a varied assortment of non-standard equipment. During the quarter of a century Mc. has been in El Paso, he has seen the number of telephones increase to 14,000 or increased fifty-six times. The 'dobe town, of course, had to keep up with this amazing telephone development—and now look at it. El Paso didn't amount to much until after Mc. came here—you can draw your own conclusions.

In those days, El Paso was plumb out of the United States—at least as far as long distance telephones were concerned—there just simply wasn't any. Nobody seemed to expect it because El Paso was so everlastingly far from anywhere else; but in 1911, El Paso began to reach out and Mc. had the honor of being the pioneer construction foreman to start long distance lines out of El Paso. The first line was strung to the Bisbee Copper Mines in Arizona and from that day to this, the good work has continued.

For the past quarter of a century Mc. has been engaged in decorating the alleys of El Paso with poles and festooning them with wire and cables and he knows just about where every telephone is placed. If you crave knowledge about the outside plant, ask Mc.—he knows.

Along about 1907 or 8, Mc. took a plunge and built a home out in the middle of a great open place, and he had to build about half a mile of line to install his telephone. It looked kind of foolish at the time, but Mc. has always



Views taken of a snow storm, April 10, near Red Lodge, Montana.

The Forum Club Guests at El Paso

The Forum Luncheon Club, one of the most progressive organizations of its kind in El Paso, was recently entertained by the Tele-

phone Company in the operators' cafeteria.

As usual, the cafeteria supervisor, Mrs. Childress and her assistant, Mrs. Thaxton, prepared a most dainty luncheon, which inspired one of the members to intimate that they would not be adverse in considering a standing invitation to dine there regularly.

The tables were very attractively laid, and under the supervision of Mrs. Regen, matron, even more attractive young ladies served the guests. They were, Esther Korn, Inez Hines, Helen Poll, Catherine Pinch, Mary Allen, Pearle Birchfield, Montie Yonge, Verne Hammonds, Catherine Hammonds, Carol Humphrey, Ruth McKay and Eva Cunningham.

The features of the luncheon were an address of Volney M. Brown, on "Texas Independence," or the "Meaning of San Jacinto Day," which event was to be celebrated on the morrow; and a demonstration made by our crack First Aid Team—R. E. Barnett, J. P. Garland, W. E. Francis, J. A. Pennington, and J. A. Brooks. Dr. McCamant stated the problem and explained the reason why each thing was done. Joe Brooks, the patient, was very neatly bandaged, splinted and otherwise rendered perfectly harmless and helpless. The members of the Forum who are particularly interested in city-wide accident prevention, expressed their surprise at the good work done by the First Aid Team.

been an El Paso booster and insisted he was right. He was. His home is now in the center of a second business portion of the town. His 1915 flivver is just as good today as it ever was, which is a testimonial to his good management and thrift.

Besides being known as El Paso's pioneer telephone man, he is one of the best known and active Masons, and enjoys hay fever.

Mc. says thirty years' service doesn't seem such a long time and that there is nothing much to tell about it—he just done his damndest—angels could do no more.

Orson John Hyde

Orson John Hyde, Utah state manager for the Telephone Company, on May 1, 1925, com-



Orson John Hyde, Salt Lake City

pleted his 20th year of faithful service in the Company, and is now proudly wearing the

emblem bearing this record. Mr. Hyde has gradually, and soundly come in through the organization, marking each anniversary with the stamp of success. He is popular, aggressive in business and efficient, and many are the congratulations extended on his 20th anniversary of service.

Days of Bicycle Race Recalled

By C. A. "Dad" Wiswell, Inspector, Denver

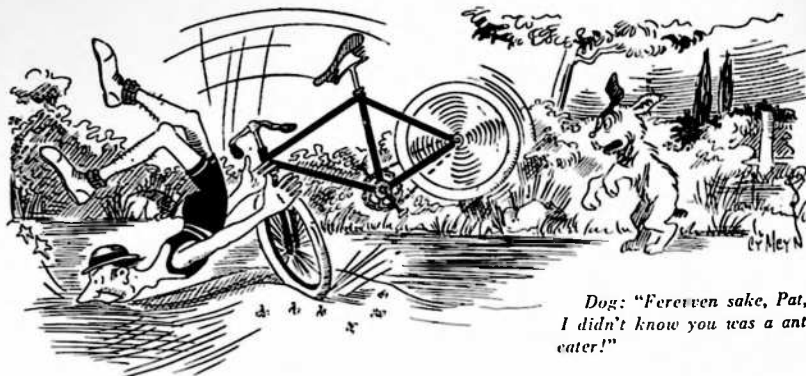
THEY TELL us these days, never look backward—keep your eyes to the front, otherwise it will come under the head of carelessness.

Well, I have a small memento of by-gone days that I this moment dug up, and as I am at home, safe from the mad whirl of the outside world, I am going to take a chance and look backward just twenty-nine years. This relic I have is in the form of a small nickel-plated paper weight, but it takes me back to the greatest event in the history of the old Colorado Telephone Company. You may ask, what significance has this small paper weight in regard to the telephone business? That is engraved on its soul, for there, still as plain as when engraven, is this reminder:

"The Colorado Telephone Company bicycle race, August 6, 1896, won by C. A. Wiswell."

That does not signify anything. This race was looked forward to by all of the employees of the company, from the president down to the messenger boy; so I shall try and give you of today an outline of this great event, from start to finish, in detail just as my memory flits backward over this short lapse of time, almost twenty-nine years ago. Many of you with the M. S. T. & T. today had not yet seen the light of this good old world at that time. This race was to be a handicap, so a committee was appointed weeks in advance that they might get a check on the record of all those entering, both morally and physically.

Now we who were sure of winning first prize would gather on evenings and on Sundays down at the River Front Park, Denver, which was then located just north of the old 16th Street viaduct. Steps led down from the viaduct, but they, like the park, have disappeared. There was a quarter mile circle track, and it was very well kept up. That, too, is now replaced by coal yards and railroad tracks. There also was a small amphitheatre and speaker's stand, for this was the only place we had for political speakers, as there was no auditorium or large hall in town; and here I want to say that I first heard Myron Reed, he of those days was Jim Goodheart of today, who was boosting for Waite for Governor, who was elected on the Populist ticket, and will be better remembered as "Blood to the Bridle-bits." It was here also that during the summer of 1893 Coxey's army congregated, built rafts, intending to float down the Platte and into the Missouri, thence into the Mississippi, and from there up into other bodies of water on to Washington, D. C., there to tell the president what to do for the labor-



Dog: "Ferever sake, Pat, I didn't know you was a ant-eater!"

ing men. The business men of the town furnished their feed and material for their raft, but fate was against Coxey, for the Platte was high and he did not figure on the low bridge out at the stock yards, so they were wrecked and many never needed work any more.

Now, this is history to many of you Pioneers of Chapter No. 8. Well, back to the races. As I have said, we would meet at this park and train, having some friend hold the watch while we would make the circle about four times. As I remember, we all met here except J. E. Macdonald and Howard T. Vaille, J. E. Macdonald doing his training between Denver and Littleton, as he did not want anyone to get his record. H. T. Vaille must have done his between the office and his home in South Denver, there being no speed limit in those days.

There were prizes for all who entered this race, we inspectors soliciting same from the business men on our routes, Cano-Downs giving a swell sweater, the May Company a \$5 due bill, and all the bicycle dealers giving something, such as a tire, saddle, a tool kit, and on down the line, one coal company giving one ton of their best coal to be delivered, and a small plating company down on Blake Street this small memento that I am now looking at. They did not deliver this until the next week, as they waited to find out the name of the winner so they could engrave same. The business men of those days had a heart and a soul. I sometimes wonder if those days will ever return.

As this little reminder states, this race was set for August 6, this being Saturday, at 2 p. m., out on the Brighton Road—starting point just beyond the old Model, which was then in full blast. Every one of the telephone family was there. Just enough operators left on the board to answer fire and police calls.

E. B. Field, Sr. (our departed president), family and friends and E. M. Burgess, general manager, family and friends, came by tallyho,

this being the proper thing in those days, the boys and girls coming by way of bicycles and ox-carts, not many coming a-foot, as the bicycle craze was just at its height—mother, father and grandma and grandpa having the craze.

The line gang was there with the heavy wagon, but they parked just outside of the limits, as they had the endgate out and had a keg of beer on its side with a spigot in the bung-hole and a flock of tin cups. Now, as I stated before, the race was to start at 2 p. m. and was to be 3½ miles out and turn around, a man to be at this point. That one, if my memory serves me right, was our old-time Scotty Ross. Several of those not entering patrolled the route, keeping the farmers who were coming into Denver with loads of hay, off to one side. Now there was one hayseed they met who had not a load of hay, but had a load of Brighton firewater. He wanted to argue the question and showed fight, so one of the boys just took a crack at him. He then sat in his buggy by the roadside and watched the boys go by.

Now for the entries in the race—you shall have them as my memory serves me at this time: J. E. Macdonald, H. T. Vaille, F. A. Cannon, Nick Cannon (brother to F. A.), Park Sprague, Fred Sprague (brother to Parker), Otis Pierce (brother to N. O. Pierce), Jimmie Gamewell, now at El Paso, C. A. Crosswell, Patrick Cassida, Edward Doll, both linemen, Bebbewits Shop, mechanic, and Mr. Legge, being Mr. E. B. Field, Sr.'s brother-in-law. Mr. Legge telephoned word to place our money on him, as he was a cinch. Well, he was given a good-sized handicap and then did not beat me home by more than three miles. He got into a scrap with Scotty at the turn and tried to get off his wheel to lick him, but was unable to get his feet out of his toe-clips.

Now at 2 p. m. the Bakers had a race on, so we had to wait on them, and it was 2:30

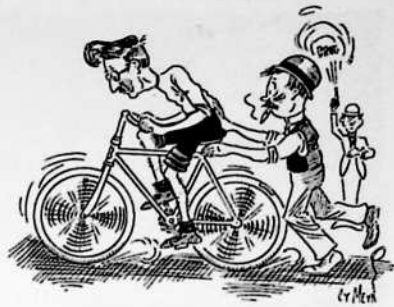
when H. T. Vaile was called to the tape. We were allowed a starter to hold us up and give us a kick-off. Here I forgot to state that about 200 feet from starting point the ants had been working very industriously building a home in the road. All were warned against this. Well, just then the starter's pistol cracked and H. T. Vaile was off, with his high handle-bars and low gear—making about 1,500 revolutions a minute, and using safety first, made the detour of the ant-hill in safety.

Here again I forgot to say that some had bathing suits, some union suits and others real bicycle suits, and there were bathing suits of many colors and mine was one of them. We all had flashy suits except H. T. Vaile, who wore his everyday suit, but if my memory serves me right, he had his pants rolled up to the knees. Well, we had Mr. H. T. started from the tape promptly at 2:30 p. m. and all was well, and about the time that he was just visible to the naked eye as a human being, the starter's pistol cracked again, and Patrick Cassida was off, but a few moments afterwards we saw an aurora borealis in the north. Pat had made connection with the ant-hill, but he got up and wiped a few specks from what remained of his suit, looked his steed over, found she was still all together, mounted and was on his way, but he had lost some of his handicap as well as his temper.

A few moments more and that pistol cracked and yours truly was on his way, making the detour o. k. From then on they told me that the pistol cracked quite often, and up to the time that Nick Cannon was called to the tape—they all knew him well and told him to look out for the ant-hill. He said, "Do you think I am a d—d fool," when but a few moments more there was a great commotion in the north, and when Nick got up he had his handle-bars in his hand, connection made with the ant-hill, and out of the race. It was then 1, 2, 3 and on down to the scratch men, J. E. Macdonald, F. A. Cannon and Parker Sprague, the crack riders. Well, yours truly was riding fine by this time, bathing suit and ram's horn handle-bars, made the turn fine, gave greetings to Scotty and was

on my way back. I was so near Patrick Cassida now that I could feel the vibration of his loud bathing suit, and he was so near H. T. Vaile that he was able to hear hard breathing. At this point I turned my head to look over my left shoulder to see if anyone was within sight, when, blewie, my front wheel struck some sand and stopped, but I went on sliding on my bare elbows and knees for about fifteen feet. I suppose this was a case of carelessness. I should have kept my eye straight ahead, but curiosity was too great. I suppose I should have looked over my right shoulder. Now, when I went back to my bike the front wheel was trying to shake hands with the back wheel.

You have seen, when the handle-bars were high, and you have tried to lean your wheel against something and the front wheel turned clear around. That is what I thought mine had done, but I had drop handle-bars, but I was so rattled that I was fighting to get them up over the cross-bar. It was then that first one, then another went by me, and I was still fighting when the scratch men went by like



Howard T. Got a Good Start

but nothing doing, the spigot was out and the bung-hole drained.

Well, all was over now, so everybody started for home, voting this the most wonderful day in history. Happy and all back on the job Monday morning, even yours truly, though somewhat stiff. Now, I here forgot to mention that Jimmie Camewell won the ton of coal by a nose, making a sprint at the finish. Here also I forgot to mention that if my memory



"Old Bob," known in those days as the best horse in the Telephone Company, got a "day off" and was driven in from Boulder for the race.

three ducks, Mr. Cannon doing the pacing. I sent out an S. O. S., but it had no effect—not a word came back. Well, I was getting mad by this time, so I grabbed my steed and started to walk and lead him, but after while I looked back and it came to me that those handle-bars were perfectly all right, so I flapped him on his back and just twisted that front wheel into place—it had twisted below the head. I then mounted and started for the home stretch. About this time they had organized a searching party and had started back for me, thinking possibly that I had forgotten to make the turn and had gone straight on into Brighton.

Well, I was sure a sight—bloody elbows and knees, and somewhat mad, so when I did get in I made a bee-line for the wagon to get something to rub on my elbows and knees,

serves me right, the starter with the pistol was C. E. Stratton, now of El Paso—older and much more grouchy, but still "Stratt" to us all.

Well, I will venture to say that I am the only one that still has his prize won in this race, but not the only souvenir, for J. E. Macdonald still has his yellow Stearns bicycle, the one that he rode in the race, and now keeps it in his garage. He says that it still percolates perfectly and that when the weather conditions are such that it is impossible for him to make it up to Evergreen in his Nash, he makes use of his Stearns.



There are 52,000 postoffices in the United States according to the latest available data. More than 70,000 cities, towns and villages, however, are reached by the telephone.



Even a Bicycle Race Had Its Joys



included in the display. A picture is shown of the old switchboard used at Golden, Colo., in the late '70's. The switchboard itself is in the telephone company's New York museum. A photograph of the piece of wire over which the first complete and intelligible sentence was transmitted and a model of the first telephone switchboard, together with pictures of the large modern devices with capacities of thousands of subscribers, is in the display.

Actual devices are used in some of the illustrations, including wall sets with "potato masher" receivers, the cumbersome Blake transmitter equipment common in Denver in 1882, the pony crown, single crown and double crown receivers.

A photograph of Mr. Bell and a model of his first telephone and his box telephone, which was put into commercial use in 1877, are shown. A model of the first telephone exchange in the world, which was designed



Our Window Displays

Photographing a window display is usually unsatisfactory because of the lights and shadows, but in two recent efforts our photographers have succeeded very well in getting good results. One of these photos is of a display made by the Helena commercial department, set up in the Placer Hotel at Helena, Montana. This display is one of the best that has been shown, and the artist who arranged it certainly understood his business.

Appearing in one of the windows of the Administration building, Denver, is a display that is attracting a great deal of attention. It is an exhibit of historical telephone equipment, beginning with the first telephone invented by Alexander Graham Bell in 1875, and bringing the various improvements down to the present day model.

Photographs, models and actual examples of ancient telephone wall sets and desk stands, which were used during the forty-nine years since the first telephone was invented, are



Unique and Attractive window display in the Placer Hotel, Helena



Window display in the Commercial Office, Denver, showing old-time equipment

and installed by George W. Coy at New Haven, Conn., January 28, 1878, is being displayed.

Twenty-one models and actual examples of ancient wall sets and stands and twenty-seven photographs are being shown.



Some Good Advice

Think big,
Talk little,
Love much,
Laugh easily,
Work hard,
Give freely,
Pay cash,
And be kind
—It is enough

—Emerson.

Straw hats and June brides are now holding the front of the stage. Hats sometimes last three seasons.

Being an Operator 30-Years Ago

The accompanying pictures from Caldwell, Idaho, "hark back thirty years," and are very interesting:

Picture No. 1—The first telephone exchange at Caldwell, Idaho, was placed in service more than thirty years ago. It was located in a typical old-time drug store owned by Mr. A. Greenland. The proprietor, being the only operator, divided time between answering calls and rolling pills. The switchboard, a box-like affair equipped with drops for fifty lines, with a stool in front of it and the home-made booth can be seen at the far end of the right hand counter. Of course the board was never filled to capacity, there being but few local lines. It was used principally to switch toll calls. In those days there were no metallic circuits, and an array of grounded lines radiated out from Caldwell connecting that city with Boise, Idaho City, Nampa, Silver City, De Lamar and Emmett in Idaho, and with Jordan Valley in Oregon.

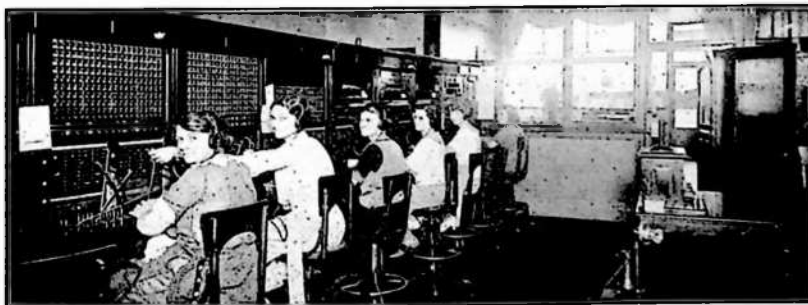


No. 1

Mr. Greenland's original location was at the corner of Seventh and Main streets, directly across the street from the new Saratoga Hotel. The old building was displaced a good many years ago to make room for the Western Commercial Bank Building.

Mr. Greenland, now in his eighties, still resides at Caldwell and is one of our oldest subscribers.

Picture No. 2—Twenty years ago Bell System activities in Caldwell started in earnest.



No. 2



No. 3

The first real switchboard was installed and A. E. Sutton was appointed manager of the exchange. In addition to Mr. Sutton we see in the picture Misses Mac Boone, Frankie Husted and Grace Boone. Miss Husted served

as chief operator until about two years ago. Several years ago Mr. Sutton purchased Mr. Greenland's drug business and is still active in its management.

Picture No. 3—Here we see all but two sections of the present No. 9 switchboard, together with the traffic force at Caldwell. From left to right are: Miss Siebenberg, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Snyder, Miss Johnson and Miss Lammey, chief operator. Since the picture was taken Miss Johnson has transferred to the Denver commercial department and Miss Lammey has become Mrs. Stitzel.

Picture No. 4—Manager Howard W. Groesbeck and the Caldwell commercial office.



A Brother Editor Writes "30"

Clearing his desk in his St. Louis office preparatory to attending a conference of Bell System publicity men and editors, held in April, at Briarcliff Lodge, near New York City, Robert Milton Russell, editor of the Southwestern Telephone News, closed his brief but successful conduct of the News.

During the early days of the conference, Mr. Russell was taken suddenly ill and his condition became so serious that an operation was performed at Lawrence Hospital, Bronxville, New York. He survived the operation but the shock and weakness proved too much for him to overcome and he died soon after, on the morning of April 17th.

Mr. Russell leaves a young wife, Mrs. Ruth Cunliff Russell, to whom he was married only about eighteen months ago.

THE MONITOR

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

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Elva A. McMannis.....Wyoming

Vol. XX

No. 6

JUNE, 1925

June

June—the month of roses—and June brides—is here in all its glory. While, in our mountainous territory, roses are rather scarce at this time of the year, there is no dearth in the supply of brides. Somehow or another June just seems to be made for brides—the year is young, the flowers are breaking forth, the pink of youth is on the faces of the human buds just blooming into lovely womanhood, and all the world seems brightest at June time. It is no wonder, then, that “young man’s fancies turn to love.” It is the happiest time in all the year. So, we greet thee, fair June—always welcome, and always joyous.



No Trees to Burn

Each person who goes into a national forest to enjoy the shade, the streams, the quiet and peace of “God’s first temples” should constitute himself a committee of one on prevention of the destruction of our trees. The American public is one of the greatest offenders in forest destruction because of its carelessness with fire.

Matches are kept away from small children who have no sense of responsibility. This should not be necessary in the case of adults. One tree will make millions of matches, and one match can destroy a million dollars worth of trees. The future of our nation depends largely upon a lasting supply of timber.

We have no trees to burn.

Vacation Time

“If thou desireth rest desireth not too much,” is a motto chiseled on the back of a stone seat at the federal building in Denver. This may be profitably applied to vacations. Take your vacation, but don’t overdo it. One is apt to exert too much, and then come back to the job sore, weak, blistered—unhappy.

As for me, I’d like to loiter

‘Long some stream or mountain side.
Just a-soakin’ in the glory.

With my conscience as my guide;

When weary I would stop and rest—

Not too long, the motto reads—

But quite enough to bring me vigor—

Quite enough to meet the needs!

Then, up and on, through changing glories

Whose beauties time can never rob—

And then, alas, my dream is ended:

Back to Denver—and my job.

And what a “grand and glorious feeling” to know there is a job waiting for the man who has spent two weeks or so with “nothing to do but rest.” If he had to worry over his job he wouldn’t enjoy his vacation.



Are You Thrifty?

Being thrifty doesn’t mean that one has to pile up money like cordwood in a forest—that’s too much to expect. Neither does it mean that he has to forego all the pleasures and half the necessities of life just to make a showing at the bank. That is miserly and too great a sacrifice, not only to himself, but to his family—if he has one.

But being thrifty does mean that a little lopped off here and there from the unnecessaries and piled up somewhere in a bank, or in a safe investment, will eventually bring joy and satisfaction that cannot come from an empty purse. A few cents laid aside each day will accumulate to greater proportions than the average person imagines.

There is a table printed in this issue of THE MONITOR, on the thrift page, that may prove a revelation to many. This table is not printed “just to fill space,” nor is it a hobby of someone who “squeezes a nickle until the buffalo bellows,” but it is printed because it is, or should be, of great interest to every employee of Our Company.

“Our Company”

There is something born of pride in the privilege of men and women who can say “Our Company.” Many, many times through the days and weeks may be heard these familiar words—“Our Company.” And many, many times may be heard these familiar words, which are genuine compliments: “Those telephone people sure are proud of and loyal to their Company.”

“Our Company” means even more than a reference to The Mountain States Telephone Company—it means the entire Bell System, of which the Mountain States is but a part, and when an employee says “Our Company,” he means that he is a part of the greatest industrial institution in the world—an industry that reaches into all parts of the universe—forming a direct contact with people and businesses.

Nearly 300,000 people daily take up their respective jobs and bend their efforts in a unified desire to give the best possible service to the public. And, the best thing about all of it is the fact that thousands of these co-workers are owners of shares in the Bell System, thus making them partners in business as well as partners in giving service to others. Well may they all say “Our Company.”



A Sound Idea

A pleasant visit with Miss Laura M. Smith, from the office of Vice-President E. K. Hall, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, enabled quite a number of telephone women in Denver to get the feeling of a little of the atmosphere from New York and other telephone headquarters’ cities where Miss Smith visited recently.

Personnel work in our Company has received new energy as a result of Miss Smith’s visit. Her very sound idea is that the best work along this line can be done by the persons who are on the job every day, mingling and co-operating with fellow-workers.

The interchange of ideas and problems with Miss Smith made all those who met her realize more than ever that it is a privilege to be a telephone woman.

Six Goals for Saving

"WHAT human goals ought to determine the investment program of the ordinary individual? What objectives are legitimate and justify the sacrifice that saving signifies?" These two questions, notes B. C. Forbes in his *New York American* column, are stated and answered—soundly in his opinion—in a recent book on investments published by the financial editor of the *New York Evening Journal*. The questions are answered under six heads as follows:

First: The building up of a fund to finance retirement is a common objective of investors. Since the human machine inevitably wears out, each year's income is in part a using up of capital. A part of the annual product should, therefore, be saved to provide a livelihood after the age of sixty-five.

It would be well to figure on making large deposits during the years of maximum productivity, between thirty and forty-five. Funds intended to finance a graceful retirement should be invested in sound securities entailing only a small degree of speculative risk.

Second: A fund such as the foregoing should be available also to take care of emergencies, such as sickness, operations, unemployment or premature death. Savings might well be supplemented by the carrying of health, accident and life-insurance policies.

Third: An investment structure is frequently planned to provide the means for education and travel. In selecting securities for a fund of this character, it is often well to pick out bonds that will mature approximately at the time the funds will be needed.

Fourth: An investment fund is sometimes created out of savings from salaries of employees who have an ambition later to go into business of their own. Moreover, the small business man will frequently save to finance the future expansion and development of his enterprise. In doing this he is proceeding along the same lines as the larger corporation which plows back earnings into the property as surplus to pay for improvements and betterments. Schooled to some extent in the ways of

enterprise, the thrifty business man is usually justified in choosing higher yielding securities which entail a larger degree of risk than the ordinary individual saving for old age, or illness, or other emergencies.

Fifth: Saving enough for a first payment on a home is a common motive in economic life. Similar forces induce thrift to make possible an automobile, a piano, or other high-priced article for home use.

Sixth: Prudent men also build up an estate as a reserve against speculative or business mistakes. A resourceful business man, conscious of the fact that all enterprise entails a degree of speculative risk, will keep an ace in the hole in the form of an accumulation of bonds, which represent an asset wholly apart from the resources of his business. To serve its purpose, such a group of holdings should consist of high-grade securities, selected with a primary emphasis on security of principal and should possess instant marketability.



Put Out the Camp Fire

It now seems quite probable that unless mountain campers are more careful about completely extinguishing their camp fires, and are less reckless about tossing burning matches and stumps of cigarettes thoughtlessly aside, the Government of the United States will issue an order prohibiting fires of any kind—even smoking—in the forest preserves and parks of the mountains.

There are safety holders for cigarette stubs that may be had at little cost, to be attached to the dashboards of the automobiles. Into this matches and stubs may be placed. Men have a habit of throwing aside their "snipe" still burning. This is unpardonable any place. Don't do it. Put out the camp fires. We have no trees to burn.

A dirty camper leaves a hot trail.



Is your department receiving the correct number of MONITORS each month? Please check up and advise of any change necessary. If you are getting too many, please advise. If not enough, do likewise. This is your magazine and at your service.

Corporation Soul

Has a corporation a soul?

Speaking for the several corporations which go to make up the Bell System we who are "in the know" would never put the question; if it were asked we'd say, "Indeed, yes! The Bell System has about 280,000 souls. The Mountain States Company has more than 6,500 souls."

These souls have many thoughts, but all have a single thought—Service. They are trained for service—more than one kind of service. They are quick to give assistance to those in need of it, not only through rapid thinking and instant action at the switchboard at all times, but generally in the affairs of life. They think of service in the broader sense as well as in telephone work. Many telephone men and women are trained in first aid and when the occasion arises they apply this knowledge for the relief not only of their associates, but others not engaged in telephone work.

Bell System people have so many human contacts every day that they absorb real humaneness, sympathy with all humanity, into their individual systems. Good telephone people are good friends, good neighbors, good citizens. And such people are good souls.

There's a great deal of what we call plant in the Bell System, but these 280,000 souls are the human part of it. Therefore it can't be said of the telephone organization that "a corporation has no soul."



Sentiment in Business

Were business confined always to the strict letter of the contract, and were all that a man receives for his labor the sum of money which can be tucked into an envelope, there would be little happiness and no peace of mind in this world. To be happy in his work, one must receive more than his wages; truly to be happy as an employer, one must pay more than can be counted in money.

In the last analysis, the foundation of a successful business is sentiment. When that is missing, loyalty jumps for the largest offer.—Edgar A. Guest.







OGDEN, UTAH

CITIES have individuality the same as people. Some attract you, interest you at once. Others repel you.

Ogden, Utah, has a very distinctive personality. Just look on the faces of these daughters of hers and you have a composite picture of that city—beautiful, friendly, wholesome, smiling—such is the character of this Hub City of the Intermountain West.

One would travel far to find a more beautiful setting for a city than has Ogden. Its main business district, vast railroad yards, and manufacturing plants spread uncrowded on a level plain, between the Weber and Ogden rivers. A sharp rise of a block or two and another plateau, sloping gradually off toward the East to the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, giving a residential district unsurpassed for accessibility, beauty of view and comfort. Away to the west is the Great Salt Lake. To the North and South fertile farms checkerboard the landscape as far as eye can see, all making a picture long to be remembered.

Ogden is the second city in Utah in population and is very close to the capital city, Salt

Lake, in industrial importance. Its transportation facilities are splendid, radiating from her railroad yards are the lines of the Union Pacific to the East, Oregon Short Line to the north and northwest, the Southern Pacific to the West and O. S. L. and Denver and Rio Grande Western to the south.

This unusual centering of the railroads has attracted many manufacturing industries, principally those using farm products. Her flour mills produce about 175,000 barrels of flour per month. A large sugar factory is located here and several large canning factories whose products are shipped all over America.

The scenic attractions of Ogden Canyon, which boasts of the only paved mountain road in the west, are world known.

The present city of Ogden was established in 1840, but for some twenty years before that there had been a trading post near the present site and the Ogden valley was a favorite rendezvous for the hunters and trappers of Wyoming, Idaho and Utah. So since its beginning, Ogden has been famous for her smiling fertile valleys, her pure water, beautiful moun-

tains, and soul-satisfying atmosphere. This has become "part and parcel" of her people, until Ogden and Ogden people are the city of smiles and welcome.

Telephone history in Ogden dates back to 1885, when the first exchange was established. The telephone growth has kept pace with the development of the city, until today we have 7,800 subscribers served by a 46 position switchboard, over which our 80 friends here pictured are giving that good service with a smile.



Utah

Utah, O, Utah! A chosen
Blessed land art thou.
Touched by the hand of God,
Thrice blessed thy every sod;
For in thy breast lie buried great treasures
yet untold,
Thy fruits from field and garden are fair
and manifold;
Thy many streamlets sparkle through meadow,
hill and plain,
Renew the fertile valleys caressed by waving
grain;
High mountains skirt the landscape, full robed
in lasting snow,
While lofty heights and summits reflect the
sunset's glow;
Thy salt sea's brilliant sunsets enchanteth
ev'ry one,
Far-flung their fame and beauty, from east to
setting sun.
Thy great Bryce canyon's splendor unmatched
in sister states,
With scintillating glory, in dawning morning
breaks.
Thou land of peace and sunshine, where sea-
gulls build their nest,
Great heritage awaits thee, star of the magic
west.

MRS. GRACE JACOBSEN,
Mt. Pleasant, Utah.



The Value of a Message

(From the Payette, Idaho, Enterprise)
The recent cyclone disaster through the middle west states which seemed to center its destruction at Murphysboro, Illinois, extended its terror to Payette citizens who had relatives living in that city.

H. E. Blivens of Payette, who came to Idaho a few years ago from Murphysboro, has a mother and a sister and family still living at that place, and learning of the disaster immediately wired for information, but all telegraph connections were cut off by the storm, however, the telephone answered the purpose, and at midnight following the storm, Mr. Blivens got in direct connection with the operator at Murphysboro, a distance of over 2,300 miles, who told him she had just conversed with the husband of his sister and that all were saved, notwithstanding the fact there were six children in the family who were at the time of the storm in various places in the city. Mr. Blivens says that one message was worth more to him than all the telephone will cost him during the rest of his life.

THE NUMBER AND THE NAME

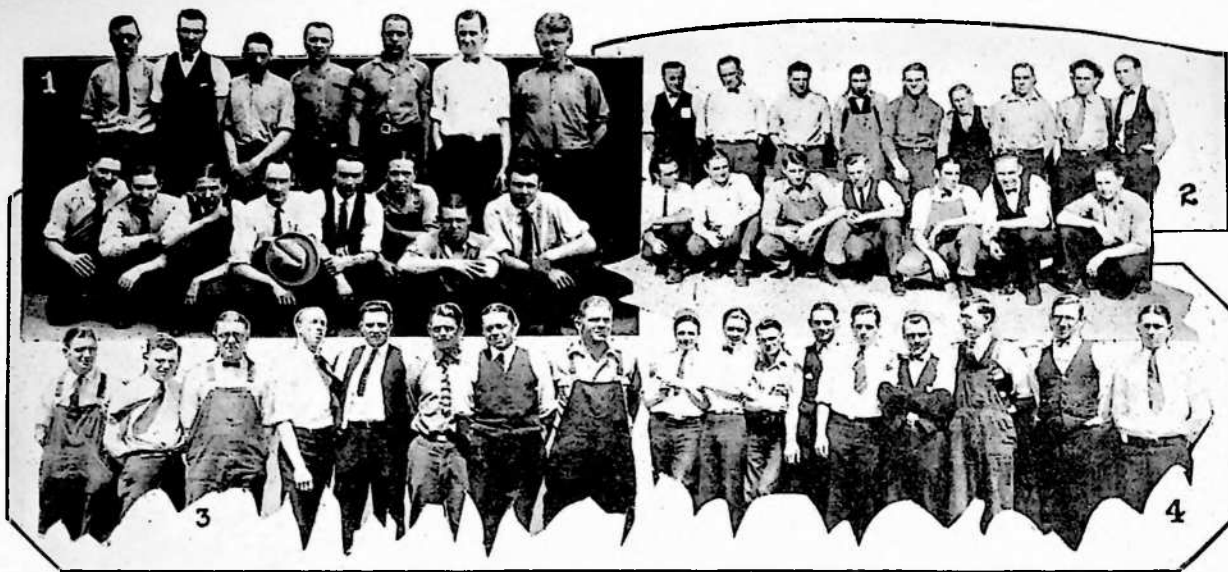
In this issue THE MONITOR presents three full pages of telephone girls from Ogden, Utah, appearing on pages 18, 19 and 21. Each photograph bears a number. Below is printed a list of the names, together with numbers corresponding with the numbers on the photographs:

No.	Name	Title
1—	Elizabeth Foddiss.....	Matron
2—	Louise Messick.....	Operator
3—	Ella Paquin.....	A. N. Chief Operator
5—	Edna Geiger.....	Central Office Instructor
5—	Esther Fenstermaker.....	Asst. Chief Operator
6—	R. C. McAdam.....	Traffic Chief
7—	Violet Hodgetts.....	Service Observer
8—	Ethel Stewart.....	Rate Clerk
9—	Lily Johnson.....	Employment Supervisor
10—	Jessie Tite.....	Supervisor
11—	Norma Olsen.....	Toll Operator
12—	Belva Foulger.....	Operator
13—	Gladys Granquist.....	Supervisor
14—	Verna Hodgkins.....	Supervisor
15—	Mary Maroni.....	Operator
16—	Florence Lynham.....	Chief Operator
17—	Rosalie Nielson.....	Toll Operator
18—	Alta Seegmiller.....	Toll Operator
19—	Edith Isackson.....	Toll Operator
20—	Teresa Lynsky.....	Operator
21—	Edna Byrne.....	Operator
22—	Duella Bingham.....	Operator
23—	Afton White.....	Operator
24—	Florence Hammers.....	Operator
25—	Evelyn Shafer.....	Operator
26—	Rae Greene.....	Operator
27—	Maud Pingree.....	Operator
28—	Nellie Newcomb.....	Operator
29—	Certrude Dick.....	Operator
30—	Belva Heiner.....	Toll Operator
31—	Ruth Wilde.....	Toll Operator
32—	Irene Bell.....	Operator
33—	Gladys Shipley.....	Toll Operator

34—	Lucille Olsen.....	Operator
35—	Mary Rogers.....	Operator
36—	Hattie Bell.....	Operator
37—	Marie Emmett.....	Operator
38—	Julia Soderburg.....	Operator
39—	Annie Biddulph.....	Operator
40—	Mable Wilson.....	Operator
41—	Ruth Smith.....	Toll Operator
42—	Ada Lee.....	Toll Operator
43—	Iona Wayment.....	Operator
44—	Louise Biddulph.....	Toll Operator
45—	Lois Heiner.....	Operator
46—	Lovliss Boman.....	Operator
47—	May Lettis.....	Operator
48—	Anna Welsh.....	Toll Operator
49—	Lucile Nelson.....	Supervisor
50—	Alta McAllister.....	Information Operator
51—	Inez Cash.....	Operator
52—	Irene Long.....	Information Operator
53—	Marguerite Faulkner.....	Operator
54—	Bernice Widdop.....	Operator
55—	Betty Jones.....	Toll Operator
56—	Helen Stone.....	Operator
57—	Dorothy Carlson.....	Operator
58—	Ruby Stoddard.....	Operator
59—	Lucille Christensen.....	Operator
60—	Elma Lund.....	Operator
61—	Kathryn Roberts.....	Operator
62—	Hilda Edling.....	Operator
63—	Annette Bingham.....	Operator
64—	Pearl Stoddard.....	Operator
65—	Floretta Cranor.....	Operator
66—	Arvilla Woodland.....	Operator
67—	Letha Wood.....	Operator
68—	Thelma Schuiners.....	Operator
69—	Ellen Grieve.....	Operator
70—	Vera Soderberg.....	Operator
71—	Edith Anderson.....	Operator
72—	Norma Sessions.....	Operator
73—	Vera Taylor.....	Operator
74—	Helen Varney.....	Operator
75—	Blanche Van Workom.....	Operator
76—	Jennie Hickman.....	Operator

Ogden Traffic





The above pictures herewith constitute the Western Electric Company's installers who are rapidly rounding the conversion jobs into shape in Denver.

No. 1 is the South installation crew, under the supervision of Foreman W. H. Ogilvie (holding the hat).

No. 2 is the York and Franklin installation force under the supervision of Foreman F. L. Reitz (standing first on left).

No. 3 is the picture of the Champa installation installers, E. D. Slyder, fourth from right as foreman.

No. 4 is Foreman W. A. Webster, second from left, and his Galluping installers.

The installations of modifying "B" positions in all offices with the exception of Main were started on March 30, with a completion date in June desired, and it appears now that the boys will deliver. There are 48 of them.



Told by Telephone Pioneers

IN THE printed report of the proceedings of The Telephone Pioneers of America annual convention, held at Chicago, October 9, 10 and 11, 1924, there are many interesting stories of early-day experiences in the telephone business. One amusing incident is told by George N. Van Buren, president of the George S. Ladd Chapter No. 27, and commercial representative of the San Francisco exchange. Mr. Van Buren said:

Shortly after the first submarine cable was laid between San Francisco and Goat Island a British ship sailed into harbor and, dragging her anchor, damaged our cable.

When this was discovered, John I. Sabin, then general manager, sent for an old lineman named Mike Clarity, who had formerly been a longshoreman, and instructed him to hurry down to the dock, ascertain the name of the vessel, and where she was from, and not to return until he had secured this information.

Mike rushed down to the dock, looked across the bay, but no vessel could be seen, the ship having slipped her anchor and moved on the lower bay.

Mike then crossed the embarcadero, which

in those days was lined with saloons, and took them all in search of information, and along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he returned to the office and appeared before Mr. Sabin.

"Well," said Sabin, "did you ascertain the name of the vessel?"

"I did that, sir," said Mike.

"What is her name?"

"The Omaha, sir," said Mike.

"That's good," said Mr. Sabin. "Did you learn where she is from?"

"I did that, sir," said Mike.

"Well, where was she from?"

"Omaha, sir," said Mike.

It turned out that the name of the ship was the "Yellow Jacket," and it goes without saying that Mike got stung.

Mr. Van Buren also told of a memento he recently received, and which he prizes very highly. It was an extract from the diary of Rev. J. D. Sessions, and was as follows:

"Oakland, California, September 29, 1877—This day I entered on my 83rd year. On the evening of my birthday I witnessed the wonderful power of the telephone between Ed's house and Mr. Coleman's (two blocks away).

That instrument is destined to become very useful. I talked and sang through it very clearly for a long distance (two blocks). It does not carry sound, but the vibration of the air by which sound is produced. I see not why it may not operate as far as the electric wires can carry the vibration. I sang through it 'The Last Rose of Summer' by Moore, and received thanks from Mrs. Coleman."



J. Epps Brown Passes Away

J. Epps Brown, president of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Cumberland Company from 1919 until 1924, died at his home in Atlanta, Georgia, recently. Mr. Brown was fifty-eight years of age and had been in ill health for some time, but death came suddenly at the result of an apoplectic stroke.

From manager of a small telephone exchange in Georgia, twenty-six years ago, Mr. Brown, through native ability joined with hard work and a personality that won him friends among all those with whom he mingled, achieved the splendid success that crowned the years of his middle life.

ACCIDENT PREVENTION.

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

We had thirteen accidents in April, a decrease of two compared with March. Five of the thirteen were lost-time accidents, an increase of three over March.

Arizona, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming passed through the month without a lost-time accident. This is the twenty-sixth consecutive month for Idaho, the sixth for Wyoming, the third for Arizona, and the second for Montana.

Colorado had seven accidents during the month, three of which were lost-time.

Utah had two accidents during the month, one of which was lost-time.

New Mexico-El Paso had two accidents for the month, one of which was lost-time.

PLANT ACCIDENTS, APRIL, 1925

Divisions	Total Accidents	Number of Lost Time Accidents	Lost Time Accidents Per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
Montana	2	0	.0
Arizona	0	0	.0
Wyoming	0	0	.0
Idaho	0	0	.0
Colorado	7	3	4.1
Utah	2	1	4.3
New Mex.-El Paso	2	1	9.0
Total	13	5	3.1

CLASSIFICATION OF LOST-TIME ACCIDENTS

Elevator	1
Electricity	1
Vehicles	1
Sharp or pointed objects.....	2

NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS FIRST FOUR MONTHS, 1925

Divisions	Total Accidents	Number of Lost Time Accidents	Lost Time Accidents Per Month Per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
Wyoming	0	0	.0
Idaho	0	0	.0
Montana	5	1	1.7
Arizona	3	1	1.9
Installation Dept...	5	1	2.5
Colorado	28	10	3.7
Utah	9	4	4.4
New Mex.-El Paso	7	2	4.6
Total	57	19	3.1





Committee who had charge of the Fathers' and Mothers' Day Entertainment at Salt Lake City, May 14

Mothers' and Dads' Day

IT WAS a happy crowd of people who thronged the Wasatch Building in Salt Lake City on the afternoon of May 15th. Proud, smiling-faced girls vied with one another to express their happiness at having the opportunity to show Mother and Father what "our office" looked like, and to display "our rest-room," "our cafeteria," and "our switchboard." Cold indeed would be the heart that would not quicken to note the gleam of mother-love and pride in some sweet face, as she whispered: "There is My girl!" or hear a glad voice cry: "Here's My mother!"

Who received the most out of Mothers' Day, mother or daughter, is hard to say, but it is certain that there was enough joy and pleasure crowded into one afternoon to satisfy everyone.

Beginning at 1:30, the guests who numbered about one hundred fifty, began to arrive at the Wasatch building. Welcomed at the door by several of the girls, they were ushered to the second floor, where arrangements were made to take care of their wraps, and when enough had gathered to make a little group, they were placed under the charge of a guide, whose duty it was to conduct and entertain that particular group throughout the afternoon.

First, they visited the fancy-work exhibit, where some one hundred pieces of varied fancy-work, done by the girls of the Traffic department, were displayed. This display was a revelation to the uninitiated, covering such a wide range of articles and variety of fancy-work.

The tour of the building was begun with a visit to the Commercial office, where a representative of the Commercial department explained the duties of that department. They were then taken to the Telegraph department, where the intricate equipment there installed was exhibited and explained by one of the employees.

From there the guests were taken to the third floor where they visited the school-

rooms, and under the guidance of our instructress, the entire school course was exemplified.

Following that, they visited the cafeteria, where refreshments were served, and then into the rest-room, where a short program of music and reading was given.

The terminal room was then visited and from there to the operating room on the fifth floor, where they were able to watch their girls "Give that good service with a smile."

That Mothers' Day is really worth while to the parents, the girls, and to the Company, can best be judged by the following comments and incidents that were reported by the guides:

Mr. Hunter, grandfather of one of the operators, took occasion to make a little talk to the visitors and employees, in which he stated that he remembered the present site of the Telephone building, when it was a cow pasture, and recalled several incidents of his boyhood days which took place within the block where our building is located. He said he was glad to see the ground which was the scene of so many of his boyhood memories, now used by a Company that was doing so much for humanity as a whole.

One visitor remarked that she wished she had six daughters, so that they could all be telephone operators.

Another said: "I have one daughter going to the University, and one working for your company, and I really believe that the one working here is getting more out of life and learning more than the one in school."

Another expressed herself: "I enjoy the movies, but this is far better. They all act so natural and seem so happy in their work."

Many of them spoke of the care and cleanliness found in the cloak-room, cafeteria, and rest-room, but we believe that one of the finest compliments came from a young lady who is devoting her time in the interest of the betterment of working conditions for girls through

several relief societies. She said: "I have studied this work for years and can say that from now on I shall hold up the Telephone Company as an ideal example for other employers to imitate."

The Committee who had this "day" in charge are to be complimented on the success of their work.



Jimmy Reynolds at La Junta

Emma Storm

On Friday evening, April 3, the La Junta, Colorado, force, very cleverly surprised D. O. Thompson, their manager, with a farewell party. At 7:30, the entire force gathered in the rest room and waited for him to come down and finish some work. It proved to be a complete surprise and a most enjoyable evening was spent in playing games.

A delicious two-course dinner was served, and between courses, Mr. Raymond, wire chief, presented Mr. Thompson with a beautiful meerschau pipe as a little remembrance of the La Junta telephone force. Mrs. Thompson was remembered also with a bouquet of white carnations and pink rosebuds. Mr. Thompson gave an interesting talk on his two years in La Junta. His promotion takes him to the Denver Commercial Department.

La Junta employees regret to have Mr. Thompson leave, and wish him good luck and much success in his new work. J. B. Reynolds, who succeeds Mr. Thompson, comes from Gallup, New Mexico, and has had a number of years of experience in telephone work with our company. He was for a long time located at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and is well known to many of our Mountain States people. We welcome Mr. Reynolds back to our Company.



If you want to go back next year and enjoy the beauties of the forest, put out your camp fire.



No, this is not Venice—it is Glasgow, Montana, as it appeared the day after a "spring shower." The lady shown below is Mrs. H. A. Bisbee, wife of our manager.



Glasgow, Montana, Puts Out a Dove And It Returns

With a Sprig of Prosperity



"X" marks building where telephone office is located. Note the flood water "down the street" in distance.

On April 3, Glasgow, Montana, was temporarily transformed into a sort of swimming pool. The rains descended and kept on descending until basements were flooded and in many cases first floors covered. Considerable damage was done to the telephone plant. Our men were soon on the job and damage was repaired and service restored in double quick time.

Roosevelt Highway, ordinarily a fine hard boulevard, took on something of the appear-

ance of Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, except for the houses lining either side.

But the rains, if not of the drowning out kind, mean fine fields of grain and the nation depends a great deal on Montana's big bread basket. Flood waters subside and the reverse side of the picture is a green and fertile land with cattle feeding in abundant pastures and crops thriving to maturity.



Answers Last Roll Call

Ray H. Brown, lineman with P. P. Wienand, construction crew, died Sunday, April 19th, at Cheyenne General Hospital from pneumonia. At the time of his death, Mr. Brown was 38 years of age and had been employed with the Mountain States Company in the Wyoming plant department for a year and a half.

He was a veteran of the World War, enlisting in the U. S. Navy in July, 1918, and serving honorably for the period of the war. Mr. Brown was buried at Cheyenne, Wyoming, on April 23rd, 1925, with military honors, Cheyenne Post No. 6 of the American Legion taking charge of the ceremonies at the cemetery, a firing squad and bugler being furnished through the courtesy of the Commanding Officer at Fort D. A. Russell.



The "floater" on the raft to the left is a nurse on her way to the Deaconess' Hospital.



When "73" was the Ringing Bell



*"You Fellers Step
Aside—This One
Is Fer Me—See!"*

(From the Daily Record Stockman,
Denver, May 12, 1925)

HULLO central! Three forty-eight via seventy-three please—an' say, central, I'm in a hurry!"

From its place on the pencil-marked wall in the grimy office of the stock yard company amidship in the old wooden exchange building, Number Seventy-three, the only telephone at the Denver yards in 1886 jangled for someone to take the receiver. A spare young man named Calkins, crossing the office 'lowed as how it was the 'steenth time that morning he had answered that phone and it wasn't yet nine o'clock.

"Hullo stockyards," came a husky voice from down town. "Sa-a-y, boy, will you please tell Barnes, the commission man, that he must stop payment on that twelve hundred dollar check he gimme fer them cattle yistiddy? Some son-of-a-gun took it off'n me last night in the Missouri House. I'm Hoskins from Egeria Park."

The command was followed by a hoarse and somewhat beery cough. Mr. Jack Calkins said he'd see what he could do. He was scarcely back from transmitting the message to Barnes' office across the hall before "73" was speaking again. This time the banks were commencing to phone notices of drafts on various commission firms. By noon old

73 had jangled young Calkins to attention a score or more of times.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company reports considerably more than two hundred instruments in the Denver stockyard district today. Back in the days when you told central your own number first and then the number you wanted—and a plain number at that only a main exchange being in use in those days—and then cranked merrily to raise your party, central having plugged you in—back in those palmy and hectic nights, no one dreamed that more than one telephone would ever be needed in the Denver union stock yards business district. Telephone connections were expensive, and besides why bother to have more than one phone in a locality when a boy could carry the message. If the line happened to be busy there was plenty of time to wait. Wasn't a telephone more or less of a luxury anyway and didn't a person who wanted to do any real business that required message-carrying use a boy?

Number 73 resembled all the rest of the telephone equipment in use in Denver. Receiver, transmitter, bells, batteries and all were included in a wall arrangement divided into three parts. The transmitter comprised a small square box in the center, somewhat retiring in its nature and hard to reach. It re-

quired more or less of shouting to make an impression on the man at the other end of the line. The apparatus was screwed to the wall and you mounted a small platform when you sent or received calls. Said eminence was a sort of safety island and an insulator to prevent the shocks from stray electric waves.

The rent on number seventy-three was paid by the stockyard company and all hands about the yards were welcome to enter and talk ad libitum. This privilege, according to John B. Calkins, who is today the main spring on the accountant force of a Denver financing concern, insured a string of conversation, either coming or going, all day long.

"First thing in the morning," said Calkins, "we usually heard from some unfortunate stockman who had shipped in stock the day before. With his proceeds on his person he had perhaps fallen into the toils of the gamblers and other alluring influences down town. Over "73" he either wanted some commission man to stake him to a loan to get home on or gave notice to stop payment on a check. Next came the flow of draft notices from the banks down town. Towards noon old Seventy-three was running strong on orders from city butchers and by two o'clock it was helping to close up a score of live stock business deals of the day. Late in the afternoon that single stock yards phone was still on the go, but the nature of the conversation had changed. The soft intonations of female voices began to float over the line. Wouldn't the young man please tell Mister Williams in the Adams commission office that Miss Austin would meet for dinner at Charpiot's, or would we please notify Mike So-and-so that his wife had returned and expected him to be at home that evening. Messages of a more tender nature were delivered into the ears of the parties concerned, summoned to Number 73 while the receiver was being held. There was no such thing as a telephone booth in those days and the office, accordingly was treated to scraps of conversation which gave us a clue to many a business deal or contretemps of a gallant nature."

Late in the eighties, the telephones in the stock yards district began to multiply. Today there are firms which rent two and three trunk lines and whose long-distance telephone bills monthly extend up into the hundreds of dollars. It is no uncommon thing to see a commission man step into his private phone booth and talk for ten minutes at a stretch with parties in Salt Lake City, Kansas City, Omaha or Chicago. Those conversations often turn the course of a goodly-sized wad of money, representing live stock shipped and sold.

Back in the days when you cranked merrily to raise your party, but one telephone was used in the Denver stock yard district. No one dreamed that more than one in-

A Tacky Party That Was Tacky



"YES, Martha, dear, 'tacky' is the word. There ain't no other but. If folks just perforce of necessity had to wear 'em like that, there'd be a howl

that would put to sleep a distorted wrong-number radio wave suffering from an overdose of static. I never in all my whole life—"

"But, Julia, what are you raving about? As a narrator you're the owl's hoot. Tell me what you're trying to unload."

"Well, as I was about to say, Mr. Webster says 'tacky' means untidy, unkept, un—well, you just ain't dressed to the top notch, that's all. Some of 'em are pinned on, some nailed on, some sewed on, some pasted on, and some just tacked on, and no tact is used in either event. Now you get me, Martha?"

"Well—and that's about the second well I've fallen into since I started to commence to tell you about the tacky party given by the Denver telephone operators, at Wight Hall, on the night of April 29, dark of the moon. You see, it's this way—once every year annually, someone says, 'let's dig 'em out an' show off.' Then out comes the clothes

of yesteryear—and some few hats. They put 'em on as of yore and march down the dark streets to the hall and when the drum sounds taps they raise their visors and the tacky party is on. There are long and lean ones, short and chubby ones, semi-sized and conglomerate stature ones.

"There are leg-of-mutton styles, pinbacks, bustles, hobbles, hoop skirts, basques, trains, caboosees, dreams and nightmares of other days. It was the most grotesque, picturesque garnishment of melancholy rags that were once glad, I had ever beheld on human form—"

"Yes, yes, Julia, go on—"

"And right there, 'midst all of it, stood Miss Laura Smith, that fine telephone woman from 195 Broadway, New York City, just agazing and a-smiling, and I'm wondering if she thought that we thought that we were living models of next month's fashion plates.

"Now, listen here, Julia—let me slip you something about Miss Smith. She's the humanest human you ever met. 'Y, when I was out in the wilds of Wyoming a few years ago she was there on one of those big ranches, and there went no bronk on the range she couldn't ride. I'll say she's a regular fellow,

and don't you worry about your togs of a relegated vintage. She understood, Julia, that you had better ones at home."

"All right, Martha, that makes me feel easier. Well, it was some party. There were about 300 individuals there, but the men didn't dress up in superannuated clothes—guess the ragpickers gather 'em in soon as they fall off. There were officials and unofficials present. And we had fruit punch and ladyfingers and lots of good things to eat.

"I promised I wouldn't tell anybody who was the tackiest one there, so I won't. They gave a bottle of toilet water to a lady person who looked as though she needed it most; then a suggestion in the way of a compact went to the second worst looking tackist, and the third prize was a bunch of kerchiefs. No, I didn't get nothin'—guess the judges couldn't think up nothin' suitable to my style of beauty.

"But it was a grand affair, Martha, and you missed a lot by not being there—"

"Being there! Why, I was the girl who won the first prize."



Two-number Service

What is two-number service?

It is the new way the Telephone Company has adopted by which a subscriber in Denver may take down his receiver and ask for any number in several surrounding cities and towns, and get it, without having to ask for toll line, or long distance, and then tell that operator who he wants and then wait for the connection to be made.

In short, a long distance call is made in the identical way that a local call is made, and the connection is completed while the calling party still holds the receiver to his ear.

The other day THE MONITOR representative stood near a two-number operator and followed several calls through. This is an example of what happened:

Denver business man took down his receiver.

Two-number said: "Number, please?"

Business man: "Greeley, Red 6907."

Two-number repeated his call to be sure she was right. Then she plugged in direct to Greeley and in less than 30 seconds "Red 6907" answered the call and the connection was completed.

So far there are 17 outside Colorado cities, including Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Leadville, Fort Collins and Greeley, linked with Denver by this high-speed telephone service. It has the effect of putting the seventeen cities on the Denver suburban list. The cities are Boulder, Brighton, Brush, Castle Rock, Central City, Colorado Springs, Elizabeth, Fort Collins, Fort Lupton, Fort Morgan, Greeley, Idaho Springs, Lafayette, Leadville, Longmont, Loveland and Pueblo.

strument would be needed. Today, more than 200 telephones are in use in this important section. Naturally Ol' seventy-three was in constant use in olden times.

It was in the late eighties and over the same Number Seventy-three that Mr. Calkins took his first long-distance message. It was clear from Leadville. Jerry Pierce of the Pierce-Reef Cattle Company calling the yards to notify them of a cattle shipment entrained that day.

"I will never forget the thrill it gave me," said Mr. Calkins in recounting the incident. "As I look back on the occasion, I firmly believe that if some prognosticator had assured me of future delights in radio, flying machines, submarines and the rest of the modern wonders, I would have forgone them all rather than be deprived of that wonderful experience of hearing a voice over the wire from distant Leadville. To my acquaintances about town I bragged of my experience for several days."

Many of the same individuals who worked about the Denver yards in their younger days and who used Number Seventy-three are to be seen in the throngs which attend the radio receiver on the occasions when the Denver Daily Record Stockman holds special news parties in its office in the exchange building. They are on hand for the world series baseball returns. They listened the other day when Calvin Coolidge talked to the country from the inauguration platform in front of the capitol at Washington. With them as with

nearly everyone else, nowadays, it is a matter of course that old Seventy-three should be long superseded by the modern contrivances of the hour.—Copyright, 1925, Record Stockman Pub. Co.



John B. Calkins, young and handsome

Is Your Name in this List

A. T. & T. Stock Sales for April

Here is a list of all of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company people who sold American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock during April. In next month's MONITOR will appear the names of those who sold stock in May, and the list will be printed monthly from now on. If you want to see your name in print, go out and get a stock purchaser's name on the dotted line. You won't know how easy it is till you've tried!

A. T. & T. STOCK SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN DURING APRIL

Name	April Sales	Previous Sales 1925
Arizona		
Doris Dailey, Douglas.....	1	0
A. A. Sundin, Douglas.....	2	2
J. C. Fishburn, Jerome.....	2	2
C. B. Flynn, Mesa.....	6	42
E. J. Anderson, Phoenix.....	2	0
F. S. Cundiff, Phoenix.....	1	2
W. C. Fallon, Phoenix.....	2	1
Hazel M. Goodman, Phoenix.....	1	0
E. C. Dendinger, Tombstone.....	1	0
Colorado		
K. A. Reed, Burlington.....	1	0
O. H. Barney, Brush.....	2	1
Nora Dewhurst, Calhan.....	1	0
H. W. Elliott, Colo. Springs.....	1	0
F. W. Carroll, Colo. Springs.....	5	1
W. E. MacDonald, Colo. Spgs.....	2	0
Mary Marshall, Colo. Springs.....	1	0
T. R. Wilkinson, Colo. Spgs.....	1	0
Robert W. Walker, De Beque.....	1	0
H. W. Robinson, Delta.....	1	0
Glenn G. Stow, Eaton.....	1	0
C. E. Abbott, Englewood.....	1	0
Glen L. Anderson, Estes Park.....	2	0
B. H. Vickers, Fowler.....	1	0
E. M. McDonald, Florence.....	1	0
W. A. Lightfoot, Ft. Collins.....	2	3
Earl Louthan, Ft. Collins.....	3	0
T. C. Turner, Ft. Collins.....	2	4
D. C. Belden, Glenwood Spgs.....	1	0
T. G. Garrison, Golden.....	1	3
Bernice Barr, Grand Jet.....	1	0
H. P. Stommel, Grand Jet.....	1	1
Margaret Sullivan, Grand Jet.....	1	5
H. H. Croll, Greeley.....	5	10
Mayme E. Holmes, Greeley.....	2	1
Leta Meyers, Greeley.....	1	2
L. B. Lashbrook, Gunnison.....	1	0
Mrs. Phoebe Penn, Hugo.....	1	0
H. E. Thompson, Idaho Spgs.....	1	0
Logan A. Woodson, Limon.....	3	2
Earl Blender, Loveland.....	1	0
Nell Blystone, Loveland.....	1	1
Maude Hegg, Loveland.....	1	1
Mary Kefover, Loveland.....	1	0
C. A. Pierce, Loveland.....	5	9
William Whiteside, Loveland.....	1	0
Hattie L. Allen, Manitou.....	1	0
Bertha Grisham, Pueblo.....	2	1
Alexander Raisen, Pueblo.....	2	3
M. E. Cole, Rocky Ford.....	1	0
L. M. Baker, Salida.....	1	0
Willard Fewless, Salida.....	1	0
Edgar Cook, Steamboat Spgs.....	2	0
Alice Landrum, Sterling.....	1	0
J. M. Lewis, Trinidad.....	1	0
Allie A. Scroggs, Trinidad.....	1	1
Maybelle Haskell, Westcliffe.....	2	2
Denver		
Fred D. Andre.....	1	0
Ethel E. Baillie.....	1	1
H. W. Bellard.....	1	0
George E. Berggren.....	1	5
C. L. Blattner.....	1	1
Helen M. Brown.....	1	0
T. E. Brownson.....	2	0
W. A. Carpenter.....	1	4
F. M. Chittenden.....	1	0
Dean D. Clark.....	1	4
Florence Coppock.....	1	0
B. F. Curtis.....	1	0
Sam Elder.....	2	2
W. J. Foy.....	1	0
R. E. Gower.....	1	0
Warren Golden.....	1	0
Howard Hackstaff.....	1	2
R. D. Hahn.....	1	0
W. K. Hale.....	1	0
Alta Hansen.....	2	0

Sarah Hartman.....	1	0
R. C. Henke.....	1	0
Vellon Hembree.....	1	0
Wm. E. Hess.....	1	0
E. L. Holden.....	1	0
W. H. Howard.....	1	0
A. W. Ireson.....	1	0
W. K. Koch.....	1	3
W. O. Lamping.....	3	1
John T. Madden.....	1	1
Frances O'Brien.....	1	0
Mrs. Marie Paulin.....	1	0
Mary Bell.....	1	0
H. S. Percival.....	2	0
John W. Porter.....	1	0
Fred Powers.....	1	0
Walter Pritchette.....	1	0
Loren D. Rogers.....	2	0
Paul K. Seyler.....	1	0
Jack Shepherd.....	1	0
Delmo W. Shreve.....	1	0
L. R. Smith.....	1	12
Ralph P. Stiehl.....	1	0
Mayme Sullivan.....	1	4
L. P. Teague.....	1	0
D. O. Thompson.....	1	5
R. L. Towne.....	2	2
Ether Vint.....	2	0
Arvonla Williams.....	1	0
Earl Wingren.....	4	0
Gertrude Wyman.....	2	0
Idaho		
Scott L. Smith, Amer. Falls.....	2	1
S. J. Atkinson, Boise.....	1	0
C. H. Backus, Boise.....	1	0
Anne Campbell, Boise.....	1	0
C. R. Critchell, Boise.....	1	0
Afton Lewis, Boise.....	1	0
Clara A. Murray, Boise.....	1	0
Maude Woodruff, Boise.....	1	0
Lillian Bussard, Caldwell.....	1	0
G. W. Groesbeck, Caldwell.....	1	0
G. W. Garrett, Council.....	2	2
C. M. Robertson, Halley.....	1	0
H. J. Morgan, Idaho Falls.....	1	2
Ernest Yausel, Montpelier.....	1	0
M. E. Dolling, Nampa.....	1	3
E. P. Calph, Pocatello.....	1	5
Bessie B. Clark, Twin Falls.....	2	2
R. W. Gardner, Twin Falls.....	4	8
Montana		
Ida Egan, Billings.....	1	9
Julia Lavelle, Billings.....	1	1
H. W. Kramer, Butte.....	1	2
Elsie Kautzman, Butte.....	1	1
A. G. Doull, Great Falls.....	1	1
F. E. Farwell, Great Falls.....	3	5
Laura Mitchell, Great Falls.....	1	3
J. P. Leonard, Helena.....	1	0
J. N. Whittinghill, Helena.....	1	2
Irma Elbert, Miles City.....	1	1
E. E. Miller, Miles City.....	5	14
G. C. Moore, Missoula.....	2	0
Genevieve Jones, Twin Bridges.....	1	0
New Mexico and Texas		
Mary T. Cosgrove, Albuquerque.....	2	2
Robert Morris, Albuquerque.....	1	0
Geo. T. McQuillen, Carrizozo.....	1	0
O. C. Joy, El Paso.....	1	0
Esther Korn, El Paso.....	1	0
P. W. Meyers, El Paso.....	1	0
H. E. Trainer, Las Vegas.....	1	2
Byron Yates, Raton.....	1	0
F. W. Markl, Roswell.....	2	2
Don Hunsaker, Santa Fe.....	2	3
C. S. Herndon, Santa Rosa.....	1	3
Julia Spence, Tucumcari.....	1	0

Utah		
Eugene Jenkins, Bingham Canyon.....	4	6
J. H. Clive, Brigham City.....	1	14
J. S. Woodbury, Cedar City.....	1	5
Angus Smalley, Kayville.....	2	1
Norma Whitman, Lehi.....	1	0
H. E. Brewington, Logan.....	2	12
Claus W. Pehrson, Logan.....	1	0
Kathryn Rudd, Logan.....	1	0
Ethel Lindsay, Ogden.....	1	0
R. C. McAdam, Ogden.....	1	1
D. R. Smith, Ogden.....	2	3
Shirley Christensen, Payson.....	1	0
Carl Powell, Park City.....	1	10
Thomas Jones, Provo.....	1	0
S. J. Jones, Provo.....	2	3
Andrew Peterson, Richfield.....	1	6
Irma Adams, Salt Lake.....	1	0
Chas. Buckle, Salt Lake.....	1	0
A. L. Clark, Salt Lake.....	6	3
F. H. Clifton, Salt Lake.....	1	0
N. F. Crawford, Salt Lake.....	1	0
Jennie Cronman, Salt Lake.....	1	0
O. D. Davis, Salt Lake.....	1	8
Florence Dodd, Salt Lake.....	1	0
Feida Gerber, Salt Lake.....	2	2
Frank Greet, Salt Lake.....	1	0
Orson John Hyde, Salt Lake.....	1	6
Mary McGhie, Salt Lake.....	1	0
George C. Quillian, Salt Lake.....	2	0
Mrs. Melva Rawlings, Salt Lake.....	1	0
John Rogers, Salt Lake.....	1	0
Thelma Scherman, Salt Lake.....	1	0
Frank Sheridman, Salt Lake.....	2	0
Irene S. Urc, Salt Lake.....	1	0
M. D. Wells, Salt Lake.....	1	3
Andrew Pederson, Tooele.....	1	2
Wyoming		
P. A. Pierce, Basin.....	1	4
L. H. Bishop, Casper.....	1	0
N. A. Jaenson, Casper.....	1	4
H. D. McCormack, Casper.....	1	4
Ed Nelson, Casper.....	1	1
F. Pangburn, Casper.....	1	0
A. C. Shearer, Casper.....	1	0
J. D. Weber, Casper.....	2	0
W. G. Baldry, Cheyenne.....	2	3
R. E. Bengston, Cheyenne.....	2	0
L. J. Meyer, Cheyenne.....	1	0
L. J. Smith, Evanston.....	1	1
D. W. Deuel, Laramie.....	1	0
G. C. Gatzmeyer, Laramie.....	2	0
J. A. Pigley, Riverton.....	1	5
L. B. Howard, Rock Springs.....	2	3

Thrift

Our country is prosperous. Are we benefiting by this prosperity? If we are not practicing thrift, we are not getting all the benefit out of that we should get. Kipling says: "All the money in the world is no use to a man or his country if he spends it as fast as he makes it. The man who says he never worries about money is the man who has to worry about it most in the long run."

We have no trees to burn.

Direct A. T. & T. Stock Sales Campaign—Month of April, 1925

	Ariz.	*Colo.	Idaho	Mont.	N. M.	Utah	Wyo.	Co.
1925 Quota Applications.....	334	1,732	266	487	266	576	344	4,004
Applications Option A, April.....	7	100	17	12	8	21	11	176
Applications Option B, April.....	11	45	12	8	6	29	9	120
Total Applications, April.....	18	145	29	20	14	50	20	296
Pct. of Applications to Quota, April.....	5.39	8.37	10.90	4.11	5.26	8.70	5.81	7.39
Applications Option A, to Date.....	49	309	61	93	36	95	66	699
Applications Option B, to Date.....	44	175	33	61	29	91	43	486
Total Applications to Date.....	103	484	84	154	65	186	109	1,185
Pct. of Applications to Quota, to May 1.....	30.84	27.94	31.58	31.62	24.44	32.35	31.69	29.60
App. per Employee, April.....	.05	.04	.06	.05	.03	.04	.06	.04
App. per 1,000 Stations, April.....	.72	.97	1.00	.45	.50	.94	.91	.84
App. per Exchange, April.....	.63	.94	.56	.26	.36	1.14	.49	.67
Exch's Making Sales, to May 1.....	10	63	18	23	15	19	15	163
Pct. Exch's Making Sales, to May 1.....	29.41	34.42	34.62	29.86	38.46	43.18	36.59	34.77

*Colorado includes General Offices.

Promotions and Changes

GENERAL

General Accounting Department—

NAME	LOCATION	PREVIOUS POSITION	NEW POSITION	DATE EFFECTIVE
Sadie M. Riden	Denver	Clerk	Chief Clerk to Auditor of Receipts	Apr. 1, 1925

General Commercial Department—

O. C. Miller	Denver	Spec. Prob. Eng.	Com. Statistician	Apr. 16, 1925
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Chief Engineering Department—

B. F. Churchill	Denver	Wire Chief	Equipment Engineer Assistant	Apr. 6, 1925
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COLORADO

Commercial Department—

David O. Thompson	Denver	Mgr., La Junta	Unit Supervisor	Apr. 9, 1925
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Plant Department—

W. P. Kissell	Denver	Pl. Chf., Salt Lake	Superv'g Wire Chief	Apr. 13, 1925
Harold D. Webster	Brighton	App. Inst., Denver	Combination Man	Apr. 1, 1925
Leroy Stone	Denver Plant	Linenman	Service Foreman	Apr. 21, 1925
William H. Howard	Denver Plant	App. Mechanic	Night Car. Foreman	Apr. 1, 1925
Dean Kidwell	Colorado Plant	Groundman	Forester's Asst.	Apr. 1, 1925
Clarence S. Ray	Pueblo	Wire Ch., Gr. Jct.	Wire Chief, Pueblo	Apr. 1, 1925

Traffic Department—

Mayme McArthur	Denver	Inf. Supervisor	Central Office Inst.	Apr. 5, 1925
Olga Jones	Boulder	Supervisor	Acting Chief Opr.	Apr. 26, 1925
Leona Wood	Boulder	Operator	Supervisor	Apr. 26, 1925
Mildred W. Owens	Cripple Creek	Operator	Chief Operator	Apr. 12, 1925
Marguerite James	Denver—Champa	Operator	Clerk	Apr. 19, 1925
Loretta Smith	Denver—Champa	Supervisor	Asst. Chief Opr.	Apr. 19, 1925
Edith L. Stage	Denver—Gallup	Operator	Supervisor	Apr. 26, 1925
Marion Hartwig	Denver—Champa	Asst. Chf. Opr.	Eve. Chief Operator	Apr. 26, 1925
Mame Marshall	Golden	Operator	Asst. Chief Opr.	Apr. 19, 1925
Helen Lusk	Denver—L. D.	Operator	Supervisor	Apr. 5, 1925
Frances E. Morter	Denver—L. D.	Asst. Chf. Opr.	Eve. Chief Operator	Apr. 5, 1925
Mabel M. Mann	Denver—South	Act. Asst. Ch. Opr.	Eve. Chief Operator	Apr. 12, 1925
Orta Herzig	Denver—Main	Operator	Clerk	Apr. 5, 1925
Glessie L. Clark	Glenwood Spgs.	All Night Opr.	Eve. Chief Operator	Apr. 6, 1925
Vellon Hembree	Denver—Gallup	Operator	Supervisor	Apr. 30, 1925

IDAHO

Plant Department—

F. H. Bacon	Oakley	Wire Chief	Manager	Apr. 21, 1925
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NEW MEXICO-EL PASO

Abbot D. Spaulding	El Paso, Texas	As. Traf. Ch., Denv.	Traffic Chief, El Paso, Texas	Apr. 16, 1925
Margie Bennett	El Paso, Texas	Operator, El Paso	Supervisor, El Paso, Texas	Apr. 26, 1925

UTAH

Commercial Department—

Miles R. Cahoon, Jr.	Salt Lake	Asst. Com. Mgr.	Con'l Supervisor	Apr. 1, 1925
Cliff Cannon	Salt Lake	Foreman	Wire Chief	Apr. 15, 1925
Vivien Bailey	Salt Lake	Junior Operator	Supervisor	Apr. 19, 1925
Mae Bitter	Salt Lake	Operator	Eve. Supervisor	Apr. 19, 1925
Ruth Jamieson	Salt Lake	Operator	Eve. Supervisor	Apr. 19, 1925
Amyee Nielson	Salt Lake	Junior Operator	Eve. Supervisor	Apr. 12, 1925
Anna West	Salt Lake	Operator	Supervisor	Apr. 14, 1925

WYOMING

Plant Department—

Charles E. Anderson	Cheyenne	Stenog. & Clerk	Traveling Auditor	Apr. 20, 1925
John H. Mullen	Rawlins	Repeaterman, S. L.	Chief Test Bd. Man.	Apr. 19, 1925
Leon H. Frederick	Cheyenne	Storekpr., Casper	Material Clk., State Plant Supt's Office, Cheyenne	Apr. 12, 1925

Traffic Department—

Cora Hatfield	Thermopolis	Operator	Chief Operator	Apr. 5, 1925
Mrs. Olyve Vossbeck	Casper	Clerk	A. N. Supervisor	Apr. 12, 1925
Mrs. Helen Nelson	Casper	Operator	Clerk	Apr. 12, 1925
Mrs. Berta Raby	Shoshoni	Agt., Manville	Agent	Apr. 1, 1925

Who Buys A. T. & T. Co. Stock?

The other day, someone in the General office got to thinking about the thousands of people who have bought American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock through our company in the past two years. And, then someone began to copy down the varied occupations of those whom we are making partners in the telephone business. Here is a list, showing the number of purchasers and shares bought under each classification. Looking over this list gives an idea of the many kinds of people who are prospects for A. T. & T. Co. stock. Each telephone employee has many friends and acquaintances in these classifications. They'll buy telephone stock if given the chance!

Vocations of Purchasers of A. T. & T. Co. Stock Under Direct Sales Plan

Vocations	September, 1924, to April, 1925, Inclusive	Subscriptions	Shares
Accountants	37	102	
Agents	20	73	
Associations	8	67	
Attorneys	12	200	
Automobile Trades	13	126	
Bankers	5	24	
Barbers	45	350	
Building Trades	2	15	
Capitalists	1	4	
Chemists	5	10	
Clergymen	219	619	
Domestics	21	117	
Draftsmen	1	10	
Dressmakers	9	44	
Druggists	13	42	
Engineers	32	167	
Engravers	9	21	
Executives	105	711	
Farmers	56	464	
Government Employees	52	163	
Grocers	12	99	
Hotel Employees	13	83	
Housewives	400	2709	
Insurance and Realty	18	200	
Laborers	35	169	
Librarians	1	5	
Manufacturers	4	24	
Merchants	68	405	
Musicians	14	111	
Newspaper Men	3	7	
Nurses	20	68	
Oil Men	14	200	
Physicians	50	770	
Teachers	68	272	
Retired	53	544	
Salesmen	41	162	
Stenographers	45	242	
Students	82	135	
Tailors	3	13	
Undertakers	9	61	
Welfare Workers	4	6	
Miscellaneous	84	520	
Unknown	152	887	
None	12	98	

1907 11211

J. C. Kilburn Resigns

James C. Kilburn, toll testboard and repeater man at Rawlins, Wyoming, since September, 1920, resigned May 1st to take up work with the Independent Oil Company in the same town.

"Jimmy" has been a well-liked member of the telephone force at Rawlins and his associates regret losing him as a telephone man. However, he remains a friend and neighbor and the best wishes of the force are with him in the new field.

If you live it all up in youth, someone may have to keep you when you are old.

Page from Early-day History

IN THESE days when we sit in our homes cozily ensconced in an easy chair and pick a whole evening's entertainment right out of the very air with the aid of the wireless; when the amplifier carries the voice of the President of the United States and his entire message to persons gathered at various points in cities thousands of miles from where he is speaking, in Washington; where motor trucks have almost entirely supplanted the horse; where mountainous country for years inaccessible is now easily reached in a few hours via the automobile and where we have gone from "The Pony Express" to "Mail Airplanes," we are apt to lose sight of the difficulties encountered in the giving of telephone service just a few short years ago and of the primitive methods of accomplishment prior to the advent of the many scientific discoveries which are time and energy savers today.

It is both interesting and amusing to pause in the hurly burly race against time and glance at a few bits gleaned haphazardly here and there from the Company Archives of many years ago, as reproduced here:

"December 14, 1891.

"Report of result of experiment on drawing a third cable into underground ducts and drawing out again without injury to pipes or duct:

"To E. M. Burgess, Supt.—

"I have to report that on December 4, 1891, the above test was carried out, the duct selected extending between the alleys on either side of Welton Street, and having a total length of 342 feet.

"The duct is of the Chicago type of stoneware, having an interior clearance of 8 inches by 3½ inches and lies straight and even throughout.

"The cable used was of the lead-covered dry paper core type manufactured by the Western Electric Co., of Chicago, and had a diameter of 2¼ inches, containing 100 pairs of wires. Two cables of the same dimensions and of dry cotton core occupied the duct and these were disposed to either side of the duct by means of the rod and shoe.

"The cable entered the duct at 1 o'clock and 7 minutes and appeared at farther end at 11 o'clock, being 53 minutes including 12 stops to change men and handles on capstans and to adjust the reel.

"The capstan used was poorly oiled as was also the single pulley in the manhole, however, the cable was easily drawn in without damage to anyone of them so far as can be ascertained by our test, a record of which is hereto attached together with diagram and dimensions of the capstan. The test cable remained in the duct four hours.

"H. A. RHODES, C. I."

By Betty Devine

An interesting document bearing the date, June 10, 1890, is a garnishee summons on E. B. Field, then general manager of what was at the time the Colorado Telephone Company, and which according to correspondence which followed, tied up all work on the old Lawrence Street exchange in course of construction at that time.

The plaintiff was The Colorado Iron Works and the defendant a construction Company in charge of the work on the exchange.

That economy is no recent innovation with the Company is evidenced by the following extract from a letter dated, Pueblo, Colo., May 29, 1903:

"Mr. H. A. Rhodes, Chief Engineer,
"Denver, Colo.

"Dear Sir—Please note the enclosed memorandum with reference to the railing provided by your department at the new exchange in Buena Vista.

The price of \$33.00 is certainly very high and a railing should have been placed at a cost of not more than \$10.00—etc.

"(Signed) J. E. MACDONALD,
"Assistant Superintendent."

In these days when everything is done in strict accordance with specifications, the following should at least get a "smile":

"Report of Substation Wiring Inspection at Georgetown, Colo., December 24, 1906.

"Mr. H. A. Rhodes, Engineer,
"Denver, Colo.

"Dear Sir—Attached please find five substation wiring inspection reports which were recently made at Georgetown. None of the work inspected is done according to specification.

"Subscriber's loops are run with 18-7 B. & S. twisted pair where 14 B. & S. should have been used. None of the entrances are standard. The leading in wires are run through one hole, in several instances there are no mats placed for the protectors. The 58 protectors are not located very well; one in contact with a lace curtain, one upside down and one a long distance from the entrance holes.

"In all the stations inspected, 19 B. & S. wire was used for ground wire. No tubing was used and ground wires not soldered to rod.

"This exchange has received a supply of material needed for standard work and as the manager went around with the inspector and showed him the defects of the work, better results should be obtained in the future.

"———, Chief Inspector."

A report signed by E. M. Burgess, superintendent, tells of the opening of South exchange, at First and Broadway, April 4, 1900, with 11 stations, 8 trunks to Main and a pine switchboard of forty-line capacity and equipment. Someone who should know whereof he speaks insists that of the 11 stations, 6 were "dead heads."

The report adds that 200-line switchboard was cut in August 16, with 200 stations; that the switchboard had 4 positions—the first position "trunks to Main and York, the second and third positions 100 subscribers lines each and the fourth ten party"—the which recalls to some of our minds Roderick Reid's famous cartoon of ten subscribers dangling from one clothes line.

Someone also remarked, referring to the opening of the South office that H. T. Vaille being good natured and not the least superstitious always had telephone number 13 wished onto him.

Excerpt from a letter dated January 27, 1904:

"This is to advise you that Mr. F. H. Labbo, agent at Breckenridge, Alma and Fairplay, headquarters at Breckenridge, discharged, succeeded by Mr. Charles Auge (pronounced O'Shay)."

"Report on repairing Mountain Line No. 1, from Denver to Georgetown and changing same to Metallic Circuit, and the reconstruction of Mountain Line No. 2 of the Colorado Telephone Company from Denver to Idaho Springs."

(This report is not dated but must have been made about the year 1891 or 1892).

"The conditions under which Mountain Line No. 1 between Denver and Georgetown was operated before doing any of the work covered by this report, are as follows: Between Denver and Georgetown, a distance of 49.97 miles, we had placed one No. 10 B. & S. gauge, h.d.c. wire, used only for talking purposes; and between the same points we had placed one No. 12 extra B. B. iron wire, used only for ringing purposes. We had also placed from our Denver exchange building for two and one-half miles, a No. 10 B. & S. gauge h.d.c. wire, used as a return ground to overcome induction. These wires were strung on brackets on native spruce poles, varying from 25 to 33 poles to the mile."

The report then accounts the work done on the line, adding, "Special switches have been placed for operating this line on the Gilliland switchboard at Golden, Central City and Georgetown."

"This line we now estimate to be in a condition to give good metallic circuit service

Utah First Aid

What does First Aid suggest to you? Pain, blood, and broken bones—something disagreeable, something to be avoided if possible? If that's how you feel about it, you don't know the Telephone Company's brand of First Aid.

To the Telephone man, First Aid is interesting knowledge, trained helpfulness and sympathetic care, and a First Aid contest—say, brother, that means a party.

Over in Utah, the plant bunch have been having a regular series of First Aid parties. First, they pulled off an elimination contest



Left to Right--George Mace, George Betty, Roland Gardner, Archie Lockett, Eddie Quinn and Moss Egbert.

until the autumn of 1893 and probably longer. The line is working perfectly and we have increased our rates between Denver, Central City and Georgetown to metallic circuit rates."

The following bits from correspondence between E. M. Burgess, general superintendent, and Philip Hamlin, agent at Florence and Canon City, in the year 1902, shows that while it was a very serious matter then, the changes that have come with nearly a quarter of a century put it in the "comedy" class:

"March 15, 1902.

"Mr. Philip Hamlin, Agent,
"Florence, Colo.

"Dear Sir—I beg to return herewith your sketch for an order circuit between Florence and Canon which has been elaborated on by the Engineering Department, and also some comments by Mr. W. F. Brown. I do not think much of the scheme as proposed by you and think it will bring a good many complicated chances for people to hear what is going on over the other trunks unless the operators are very careful in disconnecting.

"I think Mr. Brown's suggestion is the best one—that is, make up a phantom trunk with a key and buzzer at each end so arranged that when the key is open at one end the buzzer rings at the opposite end until that operator presses her key. This, you see, will work either way and only requires two order circuit keys or cam levers together with a complete phantom equipment," etc.

"Yours truly,

"(Signed) E. M. BURGESS,
"General Superintendent."

Nothing daunted, "Phil" came back with the following:

"Mr. E. M. Burgess,

"General Superintendent,
"Denver, Colo.

"Dear Sir—I have yours in re the order

circuit scheme, and am compelled to defend my original idea, inasmuch as I have had it in active service for the past ten days. Having in stock sufficient No. 8 repeating coils to equip the trunk lines in full, I did so, as I deemed a complete equipment the only satisfactory test.

"I am enclosing a copy of the rules which I issued, governing the use of the order circuits, as installed, which may aid you in disposing of some of your objections, and which I have found very practical.

"Admitting the possibility of a subscriber's overhearing the operator in the opposite town receive calls (by number), I do not attach any deep importance to the comparatively rare cases in which it may occur. Such conversation is not inviting to an eavesdropper, and the service has proven delicate enough for the operator to immediately locate such cases and order down the offending trunk. I have obviated its possibility when the operators are alone at the board by the insertion of Rule No. Six.

"I am compelled to reject Mr. Brown's phantom substitute suggestion as unwieldy, because it is quite as slow as the old method, etc.

"Very respectfully,

"(Signed) PHILIP HAMLIN, Agent."

Mr. Burgess replied to the above, stating that if the scheme was working so well and continued to, he would not criticise it further; but a letter from Mr. Hamlin dated July 10, 1902, addressed to H. A. Rhodes, engineer, states that after a three months' trial he *does* find certain objections to the scheme which he originated.

In passing, it might interest many of our family who remember Mr. Hamlin to know that he is at present head of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, Chicago, Ill.

in Salt Lake on April 21, to choose the best two teams in town. Six teams entered, one from the Wire Chief's department, one from the Installer's, one Engineers, one line and cable, and two from the Construction department. Before an enthusiastic crowd of 175 fellow employees, relatives and friends, they worked out a program of 5 events with a final result of Wire Chief's team, 94.6%, and the two construction teams tied for second place with a score of 92.4%.

On April 24, everybody went to Ogden to watch Ogden, Logan and Provo decide their elimination contest. Ogden had two teams, Provo and Logan one each, and the Construction crew working out of Ogden, one. It was a real contest and a crowd of 400 or more watched with great interest the score board. Finals gave the two Ogden teams first and second place. This was a real party. The Ogden bunch "spread them" as the saying goes, and had a real entertainment for the guests. About 65 came up from Salt Lake and a large delegation came in from Logan, Brigham City, and other nearby exchanges. The employees of the Power Company attended in a body so there was a dandy crowd to cheer the boys on. After the contest, refreshments were served by a delegation from the Ogden traffic department, and then a dance followed.

On April 28, the final contest was staged at the Newhouse Hotel in Salt Lake, before an audience of 450 people.

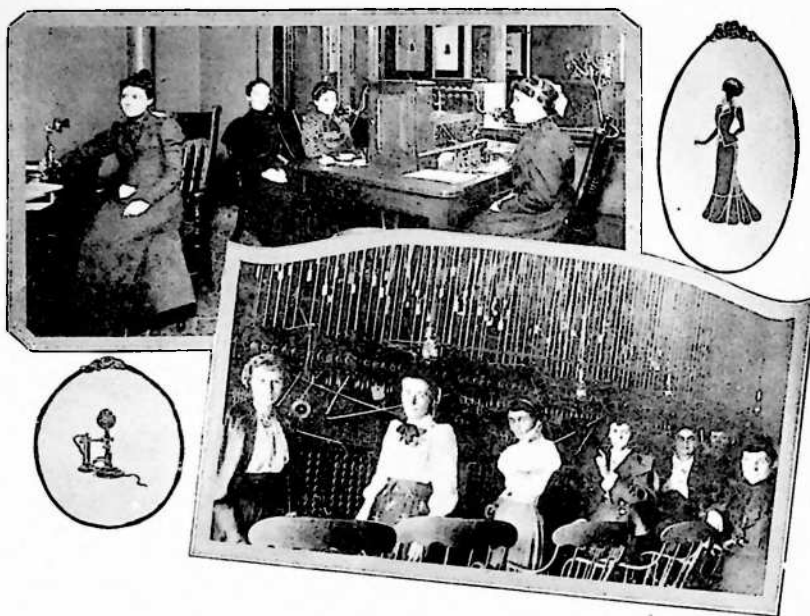
Dr. John Llewellyn acted as Chief Judge, when the smoke of the battle of iodine and splints rolled away. The Central Office team, under Captain Eddie Quinn, emerged as winners, with a score of 98%.

A dance finished the evening's entertainment. The high lights of the program were Marion Steck announcing, the Hyland operators with their horns, caps and cheers, and the fine work done by Floyd Utter, as general manager.

"Then and Now" Telephone Equipment in Utah

COMPARISON of telephone equipment and development of today with that of 35 years ago shows a wide difference. Recently the Salt Lake City Telegram contained an article, with pictures, which tells a story of much interest. Extracts from this article are reprinted here, and just to show that styles in dress moved along with changes in telephone efficiency, some of the pictures are also reproduced:

"Salt Lake City, center of scenic America and hub of the intermountain industrial wheel, is the natural distributing terminal for many industries. The railroads, the mail service, both rail and air; the vast mining industry, wholesale supplies of all kinds; the electrical systems, all find Salt Lake City an ideal point from which to economically operate their far-flung activities. Of utmost



Upper—Salt Lake Long Distance Board in 1897. Below—Salt Lake Local Board in 1890. Note the over-hanging cords.

importance to these great business enterprises is a swift, dependable method of inter-communication. This is furnished in a splendid manner by the long distance department of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company.

"From the modern twenty-eight position long distance switchboard in the Wasatch Building on State Street goes out a network of copper wire through valleys, over mountains and plains, connecting each city, town and wayside hamlet of the intermountain country with Salt Lake, from which heavy main roadways of speech run east, west, north and south, making it possible to have direct communication with every other city, town or community in the United States, Canada and Cuba.

"The slogan of the long distance department is 'Complete the Call' and calls on which the patron does not talk are astonishingly small. In Salt Lake is maintained the principal testing board of the intermountain country, from which all toll lines are periodically tested for transmission faults. All lines leading from the city are tested at least daily, sometimes twice or three times, others hourly, according to their importance.

"It is noteworthy to find the telephone recognized as something to be taken up and fostered by the progressive founders of Utah. As early as 1878, two years after its discovery, there were two telephone instruments in Utah, one in the home of a Mr. Holden and the other at Fort Douglas. The first telephone exchange in Utah was opened in Ogden in the fall of 1880, four years after the first telephone was made. In the spring of 1881, Salt Lake had her first exchange. A toll line connecting these two cities was begun soon after and completed in 1884.

"This same year saw an exchange opened



Top—Salt Lake Long Distance recording board, 1925. Bottom—Present-day Long Distance Switchboard.

Recent Instances of Regulation

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

By Milton Smith, General Counsel

Telephone Poles and Wires Held Additional Servitude on Country Highway—In the State of Ohio, the abutting land owner holds title to the land to the center of a country highway. The public is granted a right-of-way over such land for the ordinary purposes of travel. In the case of Ohio Bell Telephone Company vs. The Watson Company, the Supreme Court of Ohio decided that the Telephone Company in placing its poles and wires upon a country highway, imposed a servitude on the highway not included in the land owner's grant to the public, and that consequently the Telephone Company would have to compensate the abutting land owner for such additional servitude.

It may be stated generally that such a decision would not be possible in the territory covered by The Mountain States Company. Generally the State, and not the abutting land owner, owns the fee to the highway. In most instances the State has granted by general statute the right to telephone and light companies to use the highway for their pole lines and other equipment.

Failure of Telephone Company to Make Connection With Fire Department Held No Ground for Damages—In the case of Knesek

vs. The Crown Point Telephone Company, decided by the Supreme Court of Indiana, it appeared that the plaintiff was a subscriber to the defendant company's service. Her daughter was employed by a manufacturing concern. The subscriber's house caught on fire, and instead of calling the Fire Department directly, she called her daughter at her place of employment, and requested the daughter to call the Fire Department, using the telephone of the employer of her daughter. For some reason undisclosed in the evidence, the Fire Department was not reached in this manner. The plaintiff's house burned down, and she sued for damages on that account, as

well as to recover a penalty of \$100.00 prescribed by statute, which could be recovered from any utility refusing service or discriminating in its service.

The Court held that the plaintiff was not entitled to recover, since she did not allege nor sustain any right on her part to use the telephone of the employer of her daughter to reach the Fire Department. The Court intimated, but did not decide, that had the subscriber called the Fire Department directly using her own telephone, and the Telephone Company had refused or negligently failed to make the connection, then plaintiff might recover.

Professor Pupin's Autobiography

PROFESSOR Michael Pupin, inventor of the loading coil so well known to telephone workers, and now professor of electro mechanics at Columbia University, New York, has several interesting references to the telephone in his autobiographical volume, "From Immigrant to Inventor," recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The book is a graphic and fascinating account of a career ranging from herdsman's assistant on the Serbian plains to an honored place among scientists of modern times. Landing in America at the age of sixteen, an immigrant, alone, destitute and friendless, this Serbian boy passed through amazing vicissitudes before securing the education upon which his genius founded its achievements. The story of the man himself, as told so delightfully in this volume, is almost as interesting as is the story of his scientific accomplishments.

Of particular interest to Bell System workers are the pages relating to the loading coil. It was during the summer of 1894 that the idea of introducing suitable induction coils along telephone wires at certain distances and thereby greatly improving long distance transmission, came to him. With Mrs. Pupin he had gone to a little hotel on Lake Wammen-see in Switzerland, to prepare his lectures on the mathematical theory of sound. While taking a walk through the Furka pass the solution of the problem which he had been pondering occurred to him, but the theory could not be put to an experimental test until his return to America. Even then there was the difficulty of carrying out demonstrations on actual telephone conductors without disclosing his solution of a theory for which he had not as yet obtained a satisfactory experimental proof, not to mention the question of providing for the large expenditure involved.

Finally, however, the tests were made and the patent was taken out and the Pupin coil is now known all over the world.

in Park City and one in Bingham Canyon, each connected with Salt Lake by a toll line. These early toll lines were not the substantial storm-defying lines of today, but consisted of a single iron wire strung on light poles, cut in the nearby mountains, or along fences, anywhere, to keep the wire up off the ground.

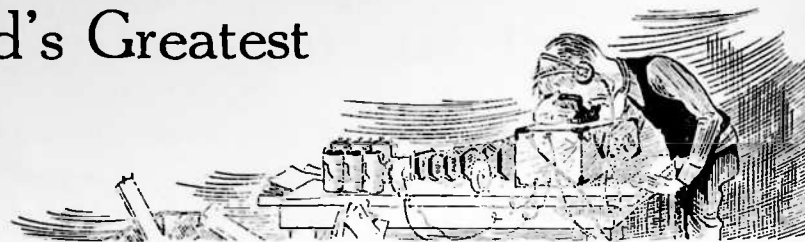
"Logan had a telephone exchange in 1884, and a toll outlet to Ogden in 1887. In this same year 1887, a line was built from Salt Lake to Provo and an exchange opened there. The early '90s saw many extensions, the lines were pushed farther south to Nephi, and to Preston in the north. There is still in the employ of the telephone company in Salt Lake a woman who put up the first through connection between Logan and Nephi, over which a successful conversation was held and she holds that no one had more satisfaction over the first New York-San Francisco connection than she felt when Logan and Nephi talked with one another.

"Service in those early days was not entirely a question of instruments and lines, but the big problem was often to get the two parties to an instrument where they could talk.

Not a great many persons had instruments in their homes. Rural lines to the farms were as yet unknown. The usual procedure was for the calling party to come to the office and file his call. The operator would call the exchange wanted and from there a messenger would be sent out for the called party to come to the office. This might mean but a few steps, but more often meant a trip on horseback out miles into the mountains or across the valley to carry the word. In those days a long distance call was indeed an important event, long to be remembered and talked of.

"Crude, sometimes uncertain but always doing the best, the telephone company and its personnel filled an important place in the life of the industrial pioneers of yesterday, and it has had the vision and faith to keep pace with the wonderful growth and development of this inland empire, building, improving, advancing, anticipating the demand for its service, until today it is the indispensable ally of every enterprise, the connecting link in all business and social life."

S-s-s-s-h! World's Greatest Invention---?



By E. A. Christensen, Helena, Montana

THE HANDS of the Big Ben on the table were straight up twelve when the door of the little office opened and a middle-aged man came in amidst a gust of wind and snow. Dropping the tools he carried into the corner of the room, he removed his mittens and walked over to the stove. After replenishing the fire and opening the drafts, he removed his cap and mackinaw and proceeded to warm himself before sitting down to the task which he knew awaited him.

Smith was the manager of a small exchange, so small in fact that his wife handled the small switchboard along with her household duties. The important part of his job, however, was not the exchange but the maintenance and patrol of a long toll line through the mountains. It was a case of trouble on this line from which he had just returned and which had kept him in the blizzard since daybreak. The line was only a single circuit but was the only means of communication with the outside world of a fair sized town just across the international border. A toll line to a telephone man must be kept in service whether two wires or a hundred. This particular trip had been especially trying because the top windshield glass of the Ford had become loose and would not stay in position. Without its protection the cold had sapped nearly all of his strength and patience.

After partially thawing out, he removed his overshoes and sat down to the table to go over his mail and make out his reports. There was always a certain amount of this work to be done regardless of the number of hours spent out on the line. First he filled out his 3003, guessing at the car mileage for he hadn't time to get the odometer repaired—and charged eight hours to 3TR. Not that eight hours was all of the time that had been spent that day on the line but because he was on a monthly scale and received no overtime. Next he signed a few material transfers and 668s which had come in the mail. The end of the month was a long ways off so why worry about the rest of it. An almost overpowering desire to sleep assailed him—the long day—and coming from the extreme cold to the warmth of there room reacted upon him as a powerful anaesthetic. He sleepily wondered why it was necessary to fill out a lot of stupid forms and answer a lot of foolish questions

which some clerk in the state office wanted answered. Too bad those clerks couldn't come out with him some time and see if he didn't have something else to worry about but a lot of codes and splitting hairs over such little trivial things. Why wasn't he transferred to a larger exchange where every man had his own work to do and when his eight hours were up he could go home and stay there. One thing he did know, there was no use grumbling and if he stuck long enough he would get a better job.

Well, he would open that last envelope and then turn in for the night. "Hello, what do you suppose?"

The envelope was addressed to Mr. H. Smith, Kleinville, Montana, but postmarked Denver, Colorado. It was unusual for company mail to come from out of the state to him.

"There must be something wrong, no one in Denver knows me." Nervously opening the letter he read:

"Dear Sir—We are sending to you, carefully crated, a new instrument just brought out by the Department of Development and Research. You will carefully unpack and set it up in accordance with the instructions which you will find attached to it. As this apparatus is in the experimental stage and has not been standardized, please guard it carefully and under no circumstances will you discuss it with anyone.

"We request that a report be mailed to this office under personal cover as soon as you have tried the instrument as outlined in the instructions.

"You will be advised later as to its disposition.

"Yours truly,

SMITH'S head swam, what did it all mean? Rather dazedly he espied a large packing case on the other side of the room which had hitherto escaped his attention. "Handle with care" was written on the sides and in huge letters on the top "This side up," "Open here." Securing a screw driver and a hammer he removed the screws and raised the cover. Wrapped in heavy brown paper and packed in the center of a generous quantity of excelsior was a rather large stained oak box, bound in brass and secured with a formidable looking lock to which two keys were attached by

means of a bit of cord. To the handle on the lid was fastened a long bulky envelope.

Placing the box on the table he seated himself to read the contents of the envelope. The instructions were rather brief but remarkably well written and to the point, referring frequently to the accompanying sketch which showed clearly the various electrical connections and use of the equipment necessary to the instrument.

Opening the lid he found several packages wrapped in paper lying on a sort of secondary lid or panel. Fastened to this were a number of binding posts, two knobs or dials similar to those on the ordinary radio receiving set, and a sort of bellows device resembling in looks the folding aperture used in focusing a Graflex camera. As directed, he connected together a number of drycells, forming several batteries, which were in turn connected to the proper binding posts on the panel. Immediately, through a row of holes drilled in the shiny black surface glowed numerous tiny lights. He counted them, noting that there was the number called for.

Next he attached one of the long silk-covered cords found in a paper package to one side of the toll circuit which came into the protector rack on the wall. The other cord he fastened to the office ground. After checking all this with the sketch he extended the bellows to its fullest extent and set both of the knobs to zero. Then he unwrapped the remaining package and set up the receivers which it contained forming the familiar high resistance head set in use by most radio fans. Thrusting the plug in a jack in the panel he placed the receivers on his ears. There was no sound. He was then instructed to look closely within the bellows, keeping his face tight to the velvet edge to exclude all light and then grasp both knobs, turning them slowly so that no effect would escape him. Gradually the far off sound of voices greeted him above the increasing hum of the toll line and almost simultaneously the dim glow of the screen before his eyes grew and shadowy shapes became more and more pronounced. Carefully rotating the left hand knob brought into sharper outline the shadows until he could plainly see the animated picture of a group of men sitting about a table watching one of their number speak into what appeared to be a microphone as used in broadcasting stations. Turning slightly the other knob, the

"The Telephone is Ringing"

SOMETIMES there are excusable outbursts of levity in really serious matters, for most serious matters do have ludicrous veins running through them.

A few night ago, so the newspapers say, between midnight and Sunday morning, there suddenly broke forth on the slumbersome midnight air at Canon City, Colorado, a chorus of some 200 telephone bells. Two hundred flashes appeared on the switchboard and the operators wondered if the starry tail of a brand new comet had brushed across it. Two hundred people gowned and ungowned, pajamaed and to the floor or reached for the bedside tele-

phone extension, and cried out as if with one voice, "Hello!"

"Central" was the busiest little bee in the hive. She wondered what on earth had come over everybody all at once! What had caused one half the town to simultaneously jump out of bed and yell at her! It wasn't April fool's day. She hadn't given out that many "wrong numbers" in a hundred years, so it couldn't be concerted revenge. In desperation she called the wire chief, the manager, the testboard man, the office boy and every telephone man she could think of!

nightied, half awake and half asleep, bounded

distant murmur of voices became the clear well modulated voice of a trained speaker whose every word was as understandable as though spoken a few feet away. Smith immediately perceived that the group about the table were the officers of his company, having often seen their pictures in the MONITOR. The speaker whose voice sounded in the receivers, was the only one whom he had actually seen. Suddenly he realized that his name was being called:

"Mr. Smith, you have been selected to assist us in this experiment after the most careful consideration on our part. Wishing to try the apparatus now in your possession, under the most trying conditions and over the greatest possible distance within our territory, we have selected you because you are the manager of the exchange most remotely removed from Denver. Further, we have always found you to be unusually faithful to a trust and to have the interests of your company most thoroughly at heart. These qualities I know from contact with you when my headquarters were in your state. Remembering well your analytical and technical turn of mind, I will endeavor to explain briefly the nature of this equipment to you. We have in this office a very powerful radio broadcaster which is so constructed that the high frequency currents generated follow in direction the metallic conductors of the telephone upon which they are impinged. You will see that there is thus a saving of energy and a great deal more secrecy than is possible under radio casting methods. The audio frequencies as they leave my lips are received by the microphone before me and converted into radio frequencies in a manner which you are no doubt familiar with, it differing only in a slight degree from the ordinary wireless telephonic transmitter. This difference being mainly in the introduction of special circuits and condensers to permit of the high frequency currents to be radiated along the metallic lines rather than directly into the ether by means of an antenna. The light waves are collected by a specially constructed screen which covers the whole side

of the wall invisible to you. Now, before I proceed further in my description I must caution again to the necessity for secrecy on your part for the apparatus I now will explain is the labor of months of a corps of the most highly trained scientists three nations could produce—researches carried to conclusion behind locked doors in windowless, sound-proof rooms. This screen as I mention before covers the whole side of this room so that no ray of light may escape and is extremely black, every ray being absorbed and none reflected. You must not get the impression that it is black as lamp black is black. Compared with it the blackest substance you ever saw is grey. As one inspects this screen from the distance of a few feet, the only visual sensation received is that similar to looking into a bottomless pit. *The screen is transparent and yet one sees nothing—literally—nothing!* The effect is terrifying indeed, especially when one has felt of and knows that a solid brick wall exists but a few inches behind. As the light is absorbed by this it is—"

The voice dimmed and the light—what was the matter, they were calling to him, using his first name—

"Harry, wake up, you have all day tomorrow to finish that trouble report. Go to bed and get some rest for pity's sakes! Here I sat up half the night waiting for you and when you do get home you haven't any more sense than to sit up here."

It was his wife who, awakening long in the wee hours, noticed her husband was still absent and getting up to investigate or replenish the fire, found Smith fast asleep in the chair.

All a dream—if he could only have slept a moment longer, the greatest secret of the age would have been his. He half expected to see a litter of paper and excelsior as he glanced about the room, but for the few puddles of water left by the snow melting off his shoes, it was as clean as when he left it the morning before.

Meekly he followed his wife to bed, to arise on the morrow a small exchange manager with his multitude of troubles and reports.

"Come over at once!" she called, "there are enough signals on the switchboard to flag a battleship!"

And the 200 telephone bells continued to ring. They wouldn't stop. Sunday morning was getting a kind of reception it wasn't accustomed to. Some thought burglars were trying to break into the state penitentiary and had sprung the emergency riot alarm. Many refused to be comforted. The telephone operator tried to be calm, but the array of signals annoyed her—she was getting 200 signals; the individual subscriber was getting but one.

Then came the answer. A high-powered wire in the vicinity of the telephone lines had become grounded. The voltage was so heavy that it caused the bells to ring; a 220-volt power lead had fallen across the "messenger" supporting the telephone cable. For more than an hour the bells rang—and then Canon City went back to bed—"sore as a pup" but willing to admit that the telephone is some little alarm clock.

Now then, let's see what really happened to cause the bells to ring. THE MONITOR asked W. G. Ruble of the chief engineer's department to explain the cause, and here is the serious side of the story as he sees it:

"The ringing of the telephone bells in Canon City was very probably caused by induction. The fact that the bells continued to ring for a long period of time and that many telephones in a wide area were affected, would indicate that the disturbance was due to induction rather than to a direct contact between the telephone wires and the power wire. Had a direct contact occurred it is likely that only a few telephones would have been affected and that the ringing would have lasted for a short period only as such a contact would probably have burned itself free in a short time.

"The power wire was undoubtedly charged to a potential or voltage considerably above the ground potential and by falling upon the ungrounded messenger supporting the telephone cables, raised the messenger to approximately the same voltage with respect to ground. As the messenger was connected to the cable sheath by metal rings, the cable sheath itself was charged with a voltage and raised to a potential considerably above ground. By "electric" induction the telephone wires inside the cable sheath were charged or given a voltage to ground and this voltage regulating to ground through the party line ringers, which were connected between the telephone wires and ground, caused the bells to clatter.

"The telephone cable in this case can be thought of as a condenser. The sheath is one plate of the condenser, the wires inside the sheath form the other plate and the paper insulation over the wires is the dielectric. When the outer plate of the condenser was charged the inner plate was charged by induction, the charge being sufficient to ring the bells connecting the plate (wires) to ground."

Telephone Pioneers of America

The meeting was called to order May 8, 1925, at 8:10 p. m., President Wolf in chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Communications were read from George Spalding, acknowledging flowers, and two from National President, Ben S. Read, outlining his aims for the work of the various chapters through this year, and urging active efforts to have every eligible a member.

On motion of Mr. Ross, seconded by Mr. Silva, it was voted that Section I, Article V, of the By-Laws be suspended, and that it be the sense of the meeting that the following amendments to these By-Laws be submitted to all members for a referendum vote:

Article II, Section I, to read as follows:

Section I. The officers of the Chapter shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and such other officers as the Chapter may provide, who shall be elected annually at the regular annual meeting, and their term of office shall begin on January 1 of the year following and continue until their successors are elected or appointed."

Section IV, line 4, amended to read that the annual meeting shall occur on the second Monday in December instead of January, as at present.

The question of the annual picnic was discussed, and President Wolf appointed the following committee:

F. A. Cannon, W. J. Laufenburg, Jud W. Stone, R. J. Garretson.

At 8:20, the business meeting was adjourned, and, as the ladies had been invited to be present, an informal dance and entertainment were held. There were about 125 present, who enjoyed excellent music furnished by Berg's Orchestra.

Interspersed between dances was an exhibition drill by the De Molay boys, also music by the Hocus-Pocus Trio, Miss Alycene Bean, whistler; songs by Messrs. Al Kyffin and Jack Whyte, and dancing by Miss Jessie Marcus. Miss Jessie Blakemore presided at the piano in her usual effective manner, and the various "turns" were very much enjoyed by all. The meeting broke up in time to catch last cars.

Secretary.

Pioneers' Notes

Everyone who attended the meeting of the Pioneers at the Womans Club on May 8, enjoyed a pleasant evening. The music was fine, and the decrepit old graybeards and their ladies danced to their hearts content. A good many waltzes were played, which suited the chaps who are not entirely modern.

The turns as mentioned in the minutes were all excellently given and hugely enjoyed by



Rocky Mountain Chapter No. 8

the attendants. Punch was served through the evening. Everyone seemed happy.

Applications received since the last report, are as follows:

Ross Ripple, Section Patrolman, Provo, Utah.—Mr. Ripple began telephone work with the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania in March, 1900. He stayed in Pennsylvania and New Jersey for a while and finally struck West, having worked for quite a few companies in the West.

Henry W. Warneke, Division Superintendent of Installation, Western Electric Company, Denver, Colorado.—Mr. Warneke came to us a ready-made Pioneer, having been transferred from Hoosier State Chapter No. 16. He has his office in the new Administration Building, and will prove a welcome addition to the members. Unfortunately Mr. Warneke has just gone through a severe surgical operation, but it does not seem to have soured him on the West particularly.

Ray M. Morris, General Commercial Manager, Denver, Colorado.—Ray has at last reached years of discretion and became a Pioneer at once. He began his work with

I. H. Magill, who owned an independent plant in Kansas. He came to us, however, in April, 1905, and has been continuously with the Colorado Company and the Mountain States since that time. It is needless to give him any further introduction, as he is known to everyone.

Carlos C. Kinney, General Disbursing Supervisor, Denver, Colorado.—On April 18, 1904, W. P. Allen, deceased, put on a long, dark-haired messenger kid. That was Carl, and he has not been out of the General Office since, having worked up through various desks, and having had a continuous General Office experience since his initiation with the Company.

J. Garnet Warne, Cable Splicer, El Paso, Texas.—This is the Garney Warne who was for some time in Denver in the Plant Department, having begun under Pioneer F. A. Cannon as a Lineman, March 1, 1898. He has, however, been in the South for a few years, but most of the Denver Pioneers no doubt remember him well.

Pioneer Waldo W. Hibbard has departed from us. Mr. Hibbard's father recently died in Stoughton, Wisconsin, and as he left a considerable estate, Waldo was forced to go back in order to be on the ground to handle things. At the time of his leaving us, he was Manager at Red Lodge, Montana. He came to us from the Wisconsin Telephone Company and was in this territory for quite a good many years and is well known. We are very sorry indeed to lose him.

Here Is a Real One

IF YOU SKIP this, you're going to miss something very much worth while.

Here's a real, specific instance of thrift that will cause telephone folks all over the Mountain States territory to take off their hats and make a nice low bow—and then stop awhile in admiration.

About 94 per cent. of the traffic girls of Utah who were eligible to purchase American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock under the Plan, some 500 girls in all, saved during 1924 \$32,134.38. Of this amount about \$1,000.00 was interest earned on the monthly installments—no inconsiderable sum in itself.

Telephone girls are noted for courtesy and loyalty and their business acumen is not going to be behind their other fine qualities. They know that the savings of the present are the protection and comfort of the future.

This is about the thriftiest thrift story, all in a nutshell, that THE MONITOR has contained in many a long day.

Will somebody beat those wonderful Utah girls? If they do they'll have to show aeroplane action.

"Curtis" in Name Only

There is a new exchange in Denver, known to the traffic department as "Curtis Office," located on the second floor of the Main building, but to the subscriber it is still Main, and will so continue. The new office is an extension of Main switchboard from the fourth floor, and has 38 positions.

"Curtis" is under Traffic Manager Garside, who also has in charge, Main and Champa exchanges. Miss Mary O'Connor is chief operator of the new office, and Miss Ila Davis is evening chief operator.

The new office is the outgrowth of the crowded condition of Main on the fourth floor where there are 52 positions. It will facilitate not only the handling of calls but make easier and more efficient the clerical and supervisory work. The order making "Curtis" an individual office is effective June 1.

Complatra Club Banquets

By Mrs. Howard Mashburn, Walsenburg, Colo.

MONDAY, March 30, was a "Red Letter Day" for the telephone family at Trinidad, Colorado, and their guests, for that was the date set for the fourth annual banquet given by the "Complatra" Club, of which every employee of the Trinidad office is a member. The word "Complatra" represents the first three letters of the three departments namely, Commercial, Plant and Traffic, and the uniting of these three words in one, is symbolic of the unison and co-operation which exists between these departments. This club extended their hospitality to a number from the Denver office, their neighboring exchange Raton, and also the sub-exchanges of the Trinidad district and a few guests from the city, and those of us who were able to be present, know just what a wonderful evening was spent together.

Miss Nellie Barnard, Chief of the Traffic department, acting as toastmistress, then took charge of the program for the evening, and asked each guest to stand as their names were called and remain standing while being introduced in order that everyone might feel acquainted. Her clever remarks preceding the introduction of Messrs. Pierce, Ogden, Caldwell, Alson, Berggren, Young and Gilliland, of Denver, and Mr. Roy Cox and Mr. Harold Reed, of Trinidad, and their snappy response, evoked much merriment. The singing of popular songs in which everyone joined, with Mr. Lewis as official chorister, added spice and pep to the program, and we would like to make worthy mention right here of the solo entitled, "Louisville Lou," which

was rendered by one of the gentlemen present, and which completely convulsed the house, but we must respect the modesty of this young singer, and withhold his name from the public. Instrumental selections by Mr. and Mrs. Quick, and Miss Champaigne, violinist, was a delight to everyone, as was also some of the psychological mysteries of the Orient, ably introduced by Prince Antol and the charming Princess, Antolita, more familiarly known in this country and to the Trinidad office as Mr. Win. Bruce and Miss Mattie Thompson. The princess however, displayed rare power in correctly naming any object that the prince obtained from the audience even though she was securely "blindfolded." This little playlet was indeed clever and original.

The girls' "first aid team" gave a fine demonstration of "painless surgery" which actually was next to the real thing and it took the very closest scrutiny to detect that the operation was not being really performed, though we did notice that the patient (Miss Lydell), located two of the handsomest gentlemen present before she fainted (but we can't blame her for that).

Raton was represented by Manager Byron Yates and wife, and Mr. Haskell, wire chief, and wife. The Walsenburg delegation present were: H. A. Mashburn, manager, and wife; Walter Best of the plant department, and wife. Miss Myrtle Klein, chief operator, and the Misses Case, Jones, Julia and Elsa Badger of the traffic department. The LaVeta agent, Mrs. Mauldin, and Mr. Mauldin, were also present.

Beaver Dam 110 Feet Long

While Idaho Manager H. R. Risley was Regional Camp Director of the Northwest Region of the Boy Scouts, he found occasion to visit and inspect the Twin Falls Boy Scout Camp, located in Shoshone Basin, near the head of Rock Creek something like forty miles south of Twin Falls. In the picture we see Mr. Risley (center), on his right Mr. Peavey, Commissioner of the Twin Falls Council Boy Scouts, and on his left Mr. S. J. Atkinson, local manager Boise, all standing about mid-way out from shore on one of the largest



known beaver dams. The dam is 110 feet long, 10 feet high and 6 or more feet in width at its top. It's a real dam, one of those kind that the water runs over and not through. The partly barren hill in the background shows evidence of where the material came from, and by the density of the remaining timber we venture to guess how busy these little animals have been.



Wyoming State Plant Notes

Not so long ago C. C. Harmon, Wyoming plant superintendent, left a baby carriage in his office, and then it disappeared. The reason for this was apparent when he later announced that the young man at home was now old enough to go bye-bye in it.

Charles E. Anderson has been transferred to the general auditing department. He has had a varied and colored experience since coming to the Telephone Company in 1912. He has had two years' service at Casper, Wyoming, and two years at Laramie, Wyoming. Since then he has increased his service and built up a reputation as stenographer and clerk at the state plant office. He will be missed very much, as his ready wit made him a friend of all. Mr. Anderson will be replaced by Leon H. Frederick of Casper, Wyoming.

After a prolonged business engagement in Colorado, Cecil Rea has returned to resume his role in the state plant office.



Why, Of Course

Coming down to breakfast late, her mother asked: "Did that young man kiss you last night?"

"Now, mother, do you suppose he came all the way from Buenos Aires to look at the gold fish?"—*Ohio Sun Dial*.

Tree Trimming in Idaho



Here's a fine job of tree trimming—beautifying, beneficial and enduring. This picture shows a big tree-topping job recently completed by Section Patrolman Jos Sorenson, on the Twin Falls-Buhl toll line, near the city

limits of Buhl, Idaho. The owner, Mr. Harvey, has almost a solid hedge of poplar trees along the north side of his property, which is one of the most beautiful suburban residences in the Twin Falls tract.

First Aid Teams in Idaho



Left—"The Sounders" under the skillful eye of Dr. Downes. Right—"The Plugs" making good connections while Manager Risley looks on, and tells Dr. Budge what a fine bunch of fellows they all are.

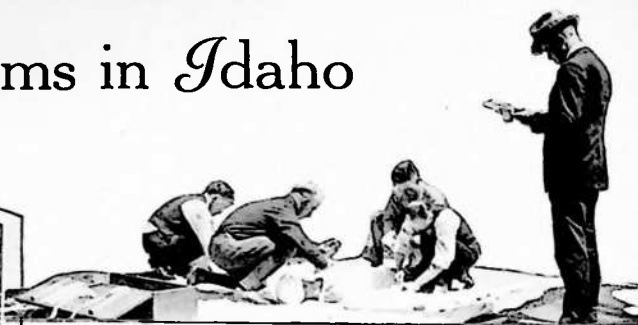
The annual Idaho semi-final First Aid contest was held the afternoon of May 9, at Boise, with twelve teams competing for a place among the five receiving the highest average grade for working out five test problems which would entitle them to enter the final contest to decide the State Championship, held at Boise the evening of May 16th.

Four teams took part in the contest at Boise. The members of these were as follows:

A. S. Dolling, Capt.	O. K. Barton, Captain
F. A. Bigger	E. P. Moan
R. J. Snyder	W. A. Shields
A. Kelly	E. V. Jenkins
Roy Cornell, Patient	Clause Bell, Patient
H. F. Clyne, Captain	J. P. Donohue, Captain
C. H. Leonard	H. O. Williams
R. M. Pypier	Hugh Fouch
E. E. Wyland	B. A. Robinson
S. C. Johnson, Patient	Glenn Lewis, Patient

Outside teams met at Payette, Nampa, Gooding, Twin Falls, Pocatello, Idaho Falls, Rexburg and Preston. The personnel of these together with the exchanges represented.

J. A. Davenport, Ontario, Ore., Captain
W. J. Elwell, Weiser
Wm. Russell, Weiser
W. S. Chipman, Payette
W. L. Whyman, Ontario
H. M. Snow, Gooding, Captain
J. S. Goul, Mountain Home
H. A. Streed, Jerome
C. M. Robertson, Hailey
Arthur E. Clark, Pocatello, Captain
J. C. Bunnell, Pocatello
G. A. Braug, Pocatello
Major Atkins, Pocatello
Albert D. Clark, Pocatello



Left—"The Brush Hogs" in action; Dr. Budge, judge. Above—"The Blue Prints," binding up the broken bones; Dr. Stone, judge.



Earl Squires, Twin Falls
Russell Stoddard, Twin Falls
Tom Becher, Stoddard
Chas. Sherman, Buhl
James Woolf, Idaho Falls, Captain
Fred Johnson, Idaho Falls
Doyle Porter, Idaho Falls
Hawley Taylor, Rigby
Chas. Simmons, Rigby
Ernest Yaussi, Montpelier, Captain
Glenn Beatty, Preston
W. F. Day, Preston
E. S. Carson, McCammon
W. S. Anderson, Malad
R. A. Robinson, Soda Springs

The recorder's summary sheet showed the following scores:

R. O. Robinson, Rexburg
H. A. Reed, St. Anthony
Parley Young, Driggs
Ed League, Caldwell, Captain

H. W. Groesbeck, Caldwell
Bright Connors, Caldwell
M. E. Dolling, Nampa
J. L. Thompson, Nampa
L. W. Nuttall, Twin Falls, Captain
Dudley J. Goul, Ashton, Captain
Reo Grimm, Rexburg

The Pocatello team labored under a handicap through the loss of Mr. Guyman, their regular captain, who was compelled to absent himself because of sickness. His place was taken and filled in a very able manner by Arthur E. Clark of the telegraph department.

All of the problems submitted were hard ones, and the judges, who were doctors, were very exact in their criticisms, which made the final decisions all the more interesting and helpful.

Team and Captain	Event 1		Event 2		Event 3		Event 4		Event 5		Total Discount Points	Avg.	Final Standing
	Disc.	Pos.	Disc.	Pos.	Disc.	Pos.	Disc.	Pos.	Disc.	Pos.			
"Cross-Arms"—L. W. Nuttall.....	2	98	1	99	1	99	0	100	0	100	4	99 1/2 %	1st.
"Heat-Coils"—James Woolf.....	6	94	0	100	0	100	0	100	0	100	6	98 1/2 %	2nd
"Plugs"—O. K. Barton.....	0	100	6	94	6	94	0	100	0	100	12	97 3/4 %	3rd
"Blue-Prints"—H. F. Clyne.....	2	98	2	98	6	94	0	100	3	97	13	97 3/4 %	4th
"Phantom-Group"—Ed League.....	1	99	1	99	14	86	0	100	0	100	16	96 1/2 %	5th
"Interrupters"—H. M. Snow.....	5	95	1	99	6	94	4	96	1	99	17	96 1/2 %	6th
"Generators"—Jimmy Guyman.....	4	96	3	97	4	96	7	93	1	99	19	96 1/2 %	7th
"Brush-Hogs"—A. S. Dolling.....	4	96	10	90	12	88	5	95	6	94	37	92 1/2 %	8th
"Sounders"—J. P. Donohue.....	12	88	12	88	5	95	0	100	11	89	40	92 %	9th
"Tie-Wires"—D. J. Goul.....	0	100	4	96	19	81	20	80	0	100	43	91 3/4 %	10th
"Ohm-Sifters"—Ernest Yaussi.....	13	87	21	79	15	85	12	88	17	83	78	84 1/2 %	11th
"Jacks"—J. A. Davenport.....	18	82	21	79	35	65	10	90	31	69	115	77 %	12th

Average for contest, 93 1/2 %.

What the Intercepting Operators Do

Probably the most maligned of operators are those on the Intercepting board.

These are the girls whose soft, sweet voices occasionally break in on our ears with "What number did you call, please?"

This usually happens when we are in our greatest rush; when we have hurriedly gone to the telephone to call someone and have trusted to our memory for the number.

Nine times out of ten it is just this fact that delays us for our memory in such cases often serves us badly. In our haste we perhaps transpose the number, confuse the prefix or say something which shows the first operator who answers us that we are calling a wrong number and not knowing if the number is changed or disconnected, she simply plugs us in on the "Intercepting Board" where such calls are handled.

The moment we hear the second voice asking, "What number did you call, please?" we, or at least most folks unfamiliar with operating conditions, are apt to jump at the conclusion that it is the same girl to whom we first gave our number, and proceed to call her in more ways than one—call her down, call her stupid, and sometimes apply various other uncomplimentary epithets to her through our irritation at the delay for which we are probably responsible ourselves.

This intercepting board is a sort of safety station, a place where we are run in to get put on the right track for what we really want. Perhaps the number we are calling has been changed since the directory was issued. In this case our own operator, through special markings on the switchboard, knows that there is a change in the number, but she probably does not know, and there is no way for her to know, to what it has been changed, so without delay she runs us in on the Intercepting operator, who explains to us the change and signaling back to our operator, asks her to give us the correct number—repeating the new one.

In case of a disconnect—a telephone which has been disconnected and which we may be calling—the process is the same, the second or Intercepting operator asking us what number we are calling in order to be sure that she understands correctly, and then explaining to us that that number has been disconnected. When we stop to think of it, this actually saves us a lot of time and energy, for otherwise we might continue to call a disconnected number, a changed number or a wrong one indefinitely without getting any satisfaction whatever.

Occasionally calls go to the Intercepting Board through poor enunciation either on the part of the operator or the subscriber, causing a misunderstanding, and in such cases we

By Betty Devine

usually hear the Intercepting operator, after signaling our operator back, tell her to give her party the very number we asked for originally, though such cases are decidedly in the minority.

One or two such experiences in a day, as sometimes happens, and ironically, of course, at a time when we are in the greatest rush, may lead to the conclusion that the service is poor or that, as a friend of mine said to me the other day, "That girl (and I wondered what she would think if she could glimpse a switchboard of thirty positions and as many girls working like leavers every minute in the giving of service)—that girl up there just has it in for me, she just tries to tantalize me by making me repeat my number two or three times and then telling me it's busy or anything to keep from giving it to me."

I couldn't help feeling sorry for her to think she so little understood or appreciated the effort really required by the girls in answering her time and again and in intercepting her calls to explain and make corrections, and how much easier it would be for them to give her her number and get rid of her on the first call.

A careful survey shows that only one per cent of all telephone calls in the entire city go through the Intercepting Board, which certainly is about the least one could expect.

The intercepting girls are right on tiptoe these days in the giving of prompt and efficient service over their brand new board, located on the seventh floor of the Main building.

It is a Centralized Intercepting board of ten positions, and the other afternoon when I was up there the ten girls occupying those positions reminded me of a lot of bulldogs waiting to pounce upon a light the instant it flashed on the board (high-class pedigreed bulldogs, you understand.) Every call flashed to the centralized interception board signals in on each of the ten boards at the same instant, so if one girl is busy answering a call, the other nine all have a chance at the new one, and there is keen competition as to who gets it first.

Observing them for some time, I thought of my friend and wished heartily that she might see those girls sitting there with cord in hand watching intently to "grab" each flash or signal as it appeared, and I could just imagine her feeling, as guilty and shamefaced as my dog looks after he has chased my neighbor's cat.

Certainly if subscribers only understood that

the question, "What number did you call, please?" does not come from the operator to whom they first gave their number but from another whose special business and earnest desire is to help them, there would be less irritation on their part and life would surely be a lot happier for the Intercepting girls.



Are You Absolutely Loyal to Your Organization?

THE ABOVE question was the last one asked on a personal analysis report that I recently filled out. I gave this question considerable thought before attempting to answer it. If I am to be loyal to my organization I must be loyal to my country, my town and community, my family and myself. I may be loyal to my organization in hours of labor and first class work; and still be disloyal if I am not a good citizen of the community. The community looks upon me as a part of the organization and the organization will be judged in a great measure by my actions. If I constantly be-dam the town and community in which I live, what will the community think of me and the organization that tolerates me.

If I go home and beat the wife, or fuss with the neighbors what will the community soon think of an organization that employs such people? Maybe I haven't any wife to beat, but try my prowess on some of the lesser lights of the community. Would I still be loyal to my organization?

I don't mean we should not stand for our rights, but many a fellow has been disloyal to himself and to his organization by frequenting places not uplifting and where vice and trouble lurk too freely.

I and my organization will be judged by my actions and the company I keep. If I am well thought of in my community, ten chances to one the organization I represent will be well thought of. If the community tolerates me, and the organization pays me I ought to be loyal enough to stand up for the community and the good things in it.

Put myself and my organization on a higher plane, by taking an active part in the community affairs and boosting the community and worth while things, these are a few of the thoughts that come to my mind while considering the question of loyalty. If we are to be absolutely loyal to our organization we must look at ourselves from many angles.

J. A. DAVENPORT, Payette, Idaho.



A healthy employee does a healthy job.

Have you noticed the way A. T. & T. stock is coming up?

On the Happy Jack Road

IT IS not very generally known that a drive of any scenic value can be found near Cheyenne, but just to the west of Cheyenne, Wyoming, is found a wonderfully beautiful scenic drive, out over the Lincoln Highway, Lion's Trail and back to the city by way of the Happy Jack Road, a distance of about fifty or sixty miles.

The first place to attract attention is Granite Canyon. The road through this canyon is hewn out of solid rock at great cost to the State of Wyoming. A great many people motor to Granite Canyon during the hot weather to get a good cold drink from the spring of pure water.

As one proceeds on the way, he finds the hills wooded with a growth of pine, but one in particular will catch the eye—a tiny pine seed became imbedded in the niche or crevice of a boulder; or it might have been dropped there by an Indian child while playing near the camp; but a little moisture, soil and sunshine to aid nature and the pine tree grows, apparently out of solid rock.

To the left on a prominence, stands a pyramid, a memorial erected to the Ames Brothers, construction engineers, Mountain Division of The Union Pacific Railroad Company who were steadfast through the trials and hardships attendant to the carving of the path of the great Union Pacific System. In the

Wyoming

process of straightening the roadbed for several miles at this point, this monument is now about nine miles from the railroad.

Turning at this point from the Lincoln Highway to the Lion's Trail, one jogs over very rough rugged country, but with many exclamations at the beauty of the pine and boulder covered hills and the valleys sparkling with streams fed by mountain springs. Here and there a ranch home nestles in the pines, making a most restful scene to those accustomed to the dust and grind of the city.

A little farther on, the Wee Wee Lodge comes into view and right here is where the delicious dinners are served. From a rustic stand built upon a prominence, just back of the Lodge, a view can be had of the entire surrounding country; from the nearer hills to the plains below where herds of cattle and sheep are contentedly grazing.

Passing on from Wee Wee Lodge over a well-marked trail, is the Boy Scout's Lodge. The Lodge, the finest one in the United States, is built from solid granite at a cost of \$25,000.00. It is equipped with a Deleo Lighting System and completely furnished throughout.

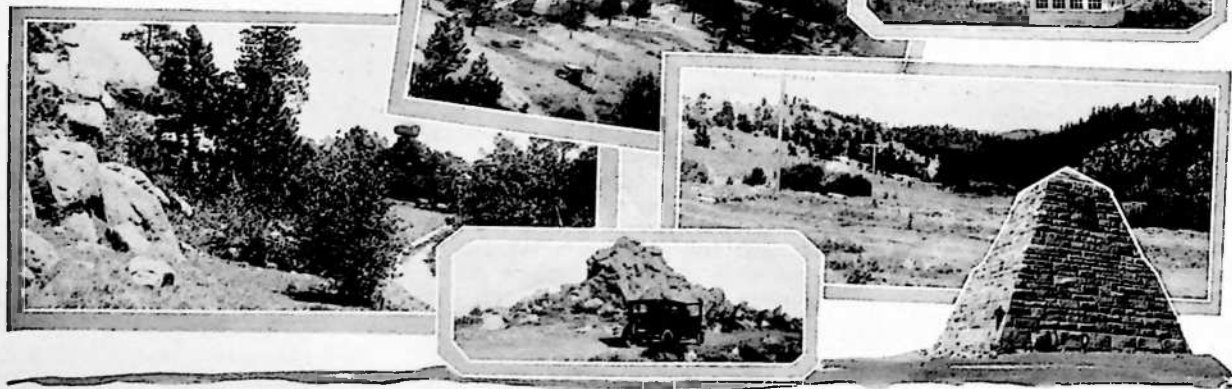


The Boy Scout's organization has grown in the last three years from three troops to fourteen and has three hundred boys enrolled. Two gentlemen of Cheyenne who realized the needs of the boy life of the city, interested Mr. Harry Hynds in a project for better facilities for the boys. Mr. Hynds, after six or eight months spent in the east and other places, studying the requirements of such a building, built the Lodge out in the hills west of Cheyenne about thirty miles. Out where the boys can have their playground and work ground while building into their lives and characters the highest ideals of citizenship.

On the return trip back over the Happy Jack Road is to be seen Crystal Lake gleaming in the sun to the right. After coasting for a distance of about five miles, there is a climb to the top of a hill and the lights of Cheyenne are to be seen twinkling in the distance. Thus may draw to a close a very delightful trip, but the memory will linger.

We have to confess that much that is called practical misses its own mark.

Collection of pictures along the Happy Jack Road: Boy Scouts' Lodge; Wee Wee Lodge; Hanging Rock; Cluster of Boulders; Telephone Canyon; Ames Bros. Monument.



H. A. Rossman on Thrift

"Minute men" frequently give us something to think about for hours, days and years, and that is just what happened at a recent meeting of the A. B. Club, when the Company Minute Men did the entertaining. One talk was particularly pertinent at this time when everyone is thinking of how to keep a "Rainy Day Dollar." The talk, as follows, was by H. A. Rossman of the Colorado Commercial Manager's Office. He said:

"In his recent inaugural address, President Coolidge laid great stress on thrift and economy. Speaking of the rights to acquire and hold property, he said, that for individuals or governments to waste and squander their resources is to deny these rights and to disregard these obligations. The result of economic dissipation is always moral decay.

"Thrift, on the other hand, is a builder of character; a very vital factor in a successful life. Thrift is good management. It means three things: first, spending less than is earned; second, saving systematically; and third; investing the savings so that they will add to the income.

"In spending, learn to distinguish between necessities and luxuries and do not let your better judgment be swayed by the seeming pleasures of the moment. Practice a little self denial. Analyze your future and as far as possible, anticipate future needs. Money may be required in a few years to help a son or daughter through college; perhaps you will want a new car; you single men may want to get married; and all of us hope, when our working days are over, to be able to rest upon our oars and take life a little easier. But whatever your future wants may be, provide a sinking fund NOW so that when the time comes, the money will be available.

"Above all, avoid going into debt for things which you can get along without. Do not be misled by courteous invitations to open charge accounts, for they have a double meaning. The following mottoes are good, but they don't get you anywhere, except in trouble:

"Open an account here—Our attorney will close it."

"A dollar down—the balance and court cost later."

"We trust you—you trust the sheriff."

"Take home the suit you like—we'll garnishee you wages."

"Use prudence in your spending and do not put a mortgage on your future. Remember one good test of a man is the way in which he spends his money.

"The difference between the amount you earn and the amount you spend is your safety factor, in other words, your savings. However, in saving, hit and miss methods will not do. In the accumulation of money,

they are absolutely fatal. Quoting Andrew Carnegie, 'The best method for the accumulation of money is to resolutely bank a fixed portion of your income no matter how small the amount may be.'

"Our own Company considers the question of thrift to be of vital importance and through the employees' plan, has made it easy and profitable for employees to become owners of its stock. The selling of A. T. & T. Co. stock, however, is of secondary importance: the first consideration is the encouragement of thrift.

"Having saved money and invested it in safe securities, the next important step is to

save and invest the dividends. Benjamin Franklin said, 'Remember that money is of a generating prolific nature; money can beget money and its offspring can beget more; the more there is of it, the more it produces every turning so that the profits rise quicker and quicker.'

"The old darkey preacher, taking his text from the parable of the three talents, summed up the question of thrift in these words, 'Them that's got, gits.' Now men, those of us who are not yet in the 'got' class, face about. It may be an up-hill pull for a while, but once we are in the 'got' class, the 'gits' will come easy."

WHEN A MINUTE SEEMS AN HOUR

Ever try getting up before your own wife and orate—just wave your hands and paw the air and try to act like Demosthenes, or Julius S. Cooley? If you haven't, you don't know how long a minute is.

On Monday night, May 18, thirty-two gloomy and despondent "Minute Men," and thirty-two anxious wives and sweethearts solemnly seated themselves around the banquet table at the Metropole Hotel, Denver, on the occasion of

the third annual gathering of the organization. The "Minute Men" is a public speaking club of 40 ambitious telephone men, and as each one on this occasion was required to make a speech at the banquet, and before the lady guests, the gloomy feeling was natural, because each member was filled with speech which he feared would not pour forth like Tenyson's Babbling Brook. The meal was glorious, but not so much appreciated by the Knights of the platform.

The reputation of the "Minute Men" was valiantly upheld, however, as man after man soared to flights of oratory that some sweet day will fold its wings and settle down again to earth and become a part of history.

The gloom vanished, the orators picked up the nibbled fragments of food before them and finished their repast. Then came the strains of music from the string orchestra and the dance was on.



Look Out For Bogus 20's

Great care should be exercised by the public in handling \$20 gold certificates of the series of 1922, check letter "B," because a well-made counterfeit of the bill is afloat.

The counterfeit is printed from photo mechanical plates on genuine bleached paper, the secret service said. Differences between it and the genuine note were described in part as follows:

"The fine lines of the hair on the top of the head of the portrait (of Washington) are missing. It therefore appears as a white space between the lines of the forehead and the top of the head.

"The fine lines on the eyelids are missing.

"The coat is not well defined, the lines merging into the background.

"The two buds running out from the center design on each side on the back of the bill the missing."—Denver Banker.

Six Rules For Preventing Fire in the Forests

(Prepared by the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

1. Matches—Be sure your match is out. Break it in two before you throw it away.

2. Tobacco—Be sure that pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stubs are dead before throwing them away. Never throw them into brush, leaves or needles.

3. Making Camp—Before building a fire, scrape away all inflammable material from a spot five feet in diameter. Dig a hole in the center and in it build your camp fire. Keep your fire small. Never build it against trees or logs or near brush.

4. Breaking Camp—Never break camp until your fire is out—dead out.

5. Brush Burning—Never burn slash or brush in windy weather or while there is the slightest danger that the fire will get away.

6. How to Put Out a Camp Fire—Stir the coals while soaking them with water. Turn small sticks and drench both sides. Wet the ground around the fire. If you can't get water, stir in dirt and tread it down until packed tight over and around the fire. Be sure the last spark is dead.

**Married It**

Jones: "What did you do with that old typewriter of yours?"

Brown: "Oh, I married her."

Economy

"Look papa, Abie's cold is cured and we still got left a box of coughdrops."

"O, vat extravagance. Tell lkey to go out and get his feet vet."

Reserving Time

Miss Prim—I am thoroughly in accord with the old-fashioned idea that gray hair lends dignity to a woman's appearance.

Flapper—You're all wrong, kid. Nowadays, when a woman gets that old, she's ready to dye.

Some Power

"Are you sure these field-glasses are high power?" asked the lady potential customer.

"Madam," replied the ambitious salesman, "when you use these glasses anything less than ten miles away looks like it's behind you."

Education and Liquidation

Conductor: "How is your son getting on at college?"

Engineer: "He must be doing pretty well in languages. I have just paid for three courses: \$10 for Latin, \$10 for Greek and \$100 for Scotch."—*Long Island Information Bulletin.*

Two Bells

"Sam, I sho' was sorry to hear dat your sister am sick."

"What yo' mean, sick? My sister sick. My sister ain't sick."

"Is dat so? Well, when I was down to you' house yesterday I saw a sign on de door, 'Bell out of order.'"

A Spanking Good Idea

Workmen were making repairs on the telephone wires in a schoolhouse one Saturday, when a small boy wandered in.

"What you doin'?"

"Installing an electric switch," one of the workmen said.

The boy then volunteered: "I don't care. We've moved away, and I don't go to this school any more."

C-ing Things

Subscriber to Information: "C. Seymour's number, please."

The number is given and called, resulting in a wrong number.

Subscriber calling back to Information: "I wish C. Seymour's number, not C. C. Moore's, Information."

Information: "Excuse us, please."—Boise.

Pickle Lilly Lou Says---

The "checkered career" evidently means the life of a cross-word puzzle fan.

A Dark Mystery

Dinah: "Dat baby of yours am de perfect image of his daddy."

Rastus: "He shuah am. He am a reg-lar carbon copy."

Peace-Maker

"Black boy, whut yo' all runnin' for?"

"Ise gwine to stop a fight."

"Who's fightin'?"

"Jes' me an' 'nother nigger."

Vat Iss!

"Ohhhh! Lemuel, vat you tink? I vas arrested for speedink today."

"Vat, you? Vy, you haf no car, haf you?"

"No, not dat, speedink on the sidewalk."

Help!

"Yep, I poured boiling water on her, then turned her over; after a bit she started to spit. I choked her and finally got her going. Then I stepped on her and she ran about a mile, and when she stopped I killed her."

Getting Square

"Hold on there, Pat," said Jake as he descended the ladder. "Don't get on the ladder until I am safe down. Can't you see how old and cracked it is?"

"Aw, rats!" said Pat as he got on. "It would serve the boss right if he had to buy a new one."

Thirty-nine Nationalities

A few days ago, about 75 school children from the 6th, 7th and 8th grades of the public school located at Twenty-fourth and Arapahoe Streets, Denver, were guests of the Commercial department and as such were shown through the operating rooms in the Main building. These little folks were immensely interested in the manner in which the telephone calls were handled, and many of them showed marked interest. The whole modus operandi, in so far as it was possible to explain to them, was a revelation that will not soon fade from their minds.

But there was one thing, at least, equally as astonishing and interesting to some of the telephone folks who observed it, concerning the happy little visitors:

In that group of some 75 pupils there were thirty-nine different nationalities represented.

Someone jokingly remarked that "Mr. Heinz and his 57 varieties has'nt much on the Arapahoe street school." And we have it on good

authority that most every one of them can sing:

"My country 'tis of thee—
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing!"

**Thermopolis Girls Complimented**

Mr. H. J. Evans,
Mountain States Telephone Co.,
Thermopolis, Wyoming.

Dear Sir—At the regular meeting of the Town Council on April 6th, I was authorized to send a check for \$5.00 to each of the telephone operators as a small gift for the splendid services rendered by them to the fire department during the past year, and I am herewith enclosing five checks in that amount and ask you to kindly give them to the operators.

GEORGE C. BAIN,
Town Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICE 800 FOURTEENTH STREET, DENVER, COLO.

FREDERICK H. REID
President

J. E. MACDONALD
Secretary and
Treasurer

RODERICK REID
Vice-President and
General Auditor

E. M. BURGESS
Vice-President

H. E. McAFEE
Vice-President

MILTON SMITH
Vice-President and
General Counsel

J. F. GREENAWALT
Publicity Manager

G. E. McCARN
Chief Engineer

R. M. MORRIS
General Commercial
Manager

N. O. PIERCE
General Plant
Manager

F. P. OGDEN
General Traffic
Manager

GEORGE SPALDING
Tax Commissioner

R. B. BONNEY
Educational Director

Secretary and Financial Department

J. E. MACDONALD
Secretary and Treasurer

A. R. GROSHEIDER
Assistant Treasurer

J. C. ALBERT
Assistant Secretary

Accounting Department RODERICK REID Vice-President and General Auditor

H. W. BELLARD
Chief Accountant

F. H. TAYLOR
Auditor of Receipts
F. W. BOWN
Supervisor of Methods

P. E. REMINGTON
Auditor of Disbursements

H. E. STUBBS
Statistician
C. J. EATON
Chief Examiner

A. F. HOFFMAN
Assistant to Vice-President and
General Auditor

State Accounting

R. F. BRINK
Arizona State Auditor

M. R. CALDWELL
Colorado Auditor of Receipts

G. E. BERGGREN
Colorado Auditor of Disbursement

C. H. LYTLE
Idaho State Auditor

EDWARD JONES
Montana State Auditor

A. D. STRYKER
New Mexico-El Paso State Auditor

A. D. HEDBERG
Utah State Auditor

R. E. PILLOUD
Wyoming State Auditor

Operating Department

H. E. McAFEE, Vice-President

Commercial Department

R. M. MORRIS
General Commercial Manager

R. L. BURGESS
General Directory Manager

C. C. JOHNSON
General Commercial Engineer

FRED B. JONES
General Commercial Representative

J. T. TIERNEY
General Commercial Supervisor

H. D. McVAY
Arizona Manager

P. A. HOLLAND
Colorado Manager

H. R. RISLEY
Idaho Manager

J. N. WHITTINGHILL
Montana Manager

C. E. STRATTON
New Mexico-El Paso Manager

ORSON JOHN HYDE
Utah Manager

C. L. TITUS
Wyoming Manager

Traffic Department

F. P. OGDEN
General Traffic Manager

E. L. KEWLEY
General Traffic Supervisor

R. J. BEVERIDGE
General Toll Supervisor

B. F. FISHER
Equipment Traffic Engineer

D. H. TABER
Toll Line Traffic Engineer

W. C. FALLON
Arizona Traffic Superintendent

WALDO COCKRELL
Colorado Traffic Superintendent

R. G. SPORE
Idaho Traffic Superintendent

J. F. LEONARD
Montana Traffic Superintendent

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

L. O. BINGHAM
Utah Traffic Superintendent

L. J. MEYER
Wyoming Traffic Superintendent

Engineering Department

G. E. McCARN
Chief Engineer

C. A. CRAPO
Engineer of Equipment and
Buildings

MURRAY MacNEILL
Outside Plant Engineer

A. S. PETERS
Valuation Engineer

FRED WOLF
Engineer of Estimates

Plant Department

N. O. PIERCE
General Plant Manager

H. W. KLINE
Supervisor of Methods and Results

E. G. WILSON
Supervisor of Long Lines

F. C. DAVIS
General Plant Supervisor

E. J. ANDERSON
Arizona Plant Superintendent

A. W. YOUNG
Colorado Plant Superintendent

C. A. SNYDER
Idaho Plant Superintendent

O. R. NEWMAN
Montana Plant Superintendent

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

C. C. PRATT
Utah Plant Superintendent

C. C. HARMON
Wyoming Plant Superintendent

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



Give Us Telephones

FOLLOWING the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

The telephone shortage is never far away. If for a few years the telephone

company was unable to build ahead, if it neglected to push into the markets for capital and materials for the future's need, there would be a recurrence of the dearth of telephones. No one could dread that so much as the 350,000 telephone workers.

Bell System engineers measure and forecast the growth of communities; cables, conduits, switchboards and buildings are planned and developed years ahead, that facilities may be provided in advance of telephone want. Population or business requirement added to a community must find the telephone ready, waiting.

Bell System

One Policy - One System
Universal Service



And All Directed Toward
Better Service

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.