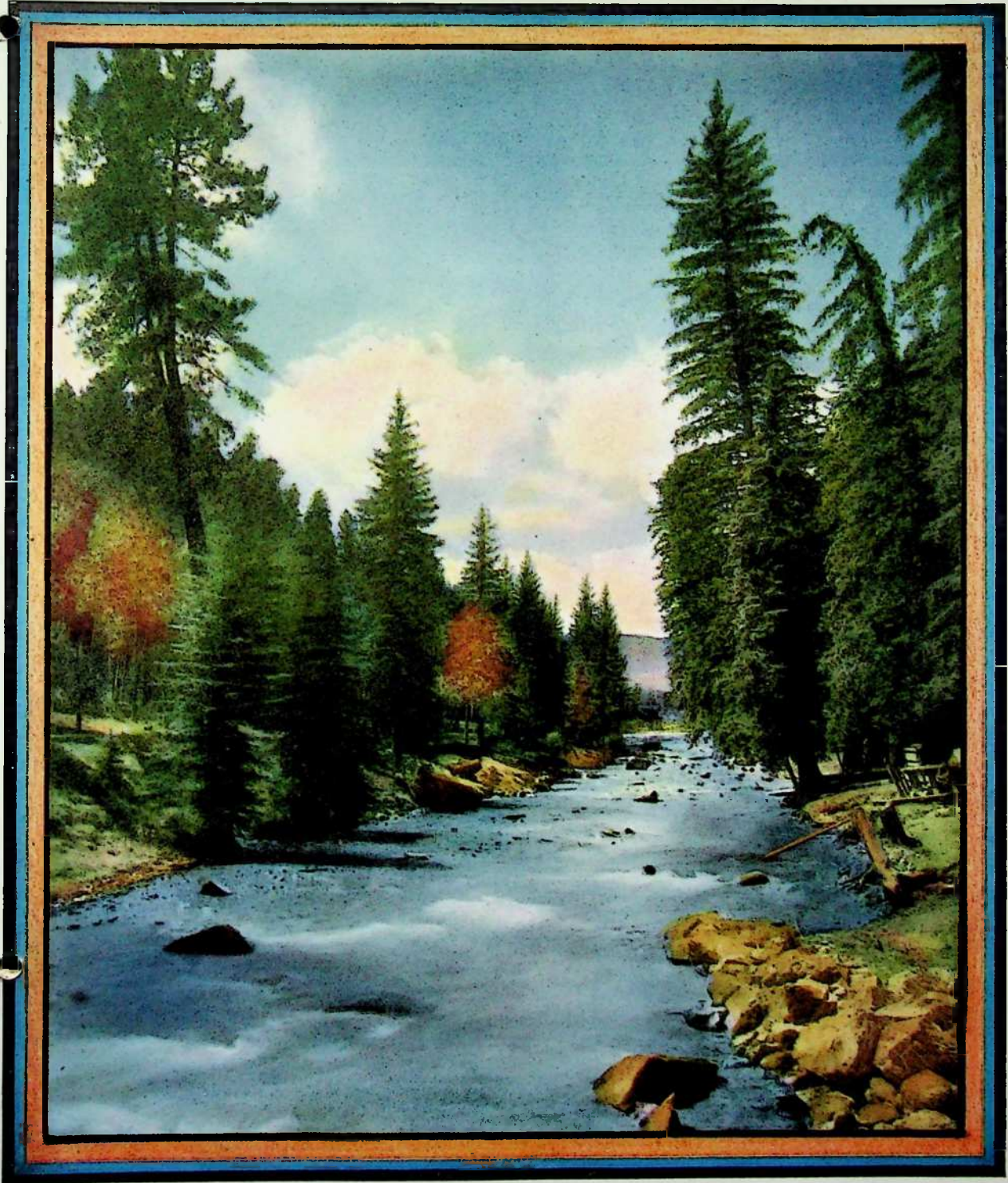




The MONITOR

THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Handwritten signature or initials, possibly 'Lew'.



September, 1925

Bear Creek Canyon

Hundreds of thousands of tourists and "Home Folks of Colorado" drive up and down Bear Creek Canyon, between Denver and Evergreen, and no one with eyes fails to marvel at the wonderful beauties, where the tall silver spruces stand like spiral ladders against the rugged walls of the canyon. Perhaps in no other section of Colorado may be seen more perfectly shaped spruce trees than here; and to add to the attractiveness of the scene are the noisy waters of Bear Creek, tumbling and foaming over its rocky bed.

ON the evening of July Fourth, the Bell System reported for duty at the War Department and participated in a Defense Day test that well illustrated the important service it could render in case of a national emergency. The tests, which were listened to by "the largest radio audience in the history of the world" to quote Major-Gen. Charles McK. Saltzman, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, who acted as master of ceremonies in the Office of the Secretary of War at Washington, were pronounced successful and the appreciation of the War Department was expressed to the Bell System for its contribution to the Defense Day program.

The demonstration included the joining of Washington, New York and Chicago by long distance telephone lines, for two-way conversation. Defense Day addresses from all three points. A report covering the eastern part of the country was made by General Charles P. Summerall, Commander of the 2nd Corps Area, at New York, and a report covering the western part of the country was made by Major-Gen. Harry C. Hale, Commander of the 6th Corps Area, at Chicago, on the mobilization for Defense Day tests.

Twenty-eight broadcasting stations, including KOA at Denver, were linked together by wire in the largest system ever attempted. The entire program was thus made available to all sections of the country. Seventy thousand miles of telephone circuit were used. As a special feature, two photographs taken in the morning in San Francisco, were sent by the Bell System Telephotograph method to New York for development and delivery to Washington. These photographs showed groups of soldiers at reveille in San Francisco at daybreak and a map of the line of march from the Presidio to the civic center of San Francisco. The pictures were referred to by General Hines as showing the value of the telephotograph system for the transmission of war maps, drawings and other data in an emergency, and as having been introduced as a definite part of the Defense Day program.

The program was opened by General Saltzman at 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard time and was concluded at 10:44 P. M. Addresses were given from Washington by General John J. Pershing and Major General John L. Hines, chief of Staff; from Chicago by Vice-President Charles C. Dawes; and from New York by Acting Secretary of War, Dwight F. Davis and Walter S. Gifford, President of the American



Photograph of "Old Glory" taken in San Francisco in the morning, sent by Telephotograph to New York and appearing in the afternoon papers.

Bell System Reports for Duty

Telephone and Telegraph Company. An informal conversation was also held between General Pershing in Washington and Vice-President Dawes in Chicago. There was also broadcast a long distance conversation between General Pershing and Mr. Gifford of so much interest to the people of the Bell System that it is given verbatim:

General Pershing: "Hello, Mr. Gifford."

Mr. Gifford: "Hello, General Pershing."

General Pershing: "I am very glad to hear your voice. I haven't seen much of you since you visited me at G. H. Q. in France during the war, so I am glad to exchange a few words with you now. I want to tell you how much I liked your address. We all appreciated your patriotic services as Director of the Council of National Defense during the war, and it is very gratifying to know that you are continuing your active interest in the national security."

Mr. Gifford: "Thank you, sir, you are very kind."

General Pershing: "And also, Mr. Gifford, I want to express on my own behalf, and on behalf of the War Department, appreciation of the splendid patriotic services that your company and you, as President of the Bell System, have rendered in behalf of the Defense Test. It is a striking example of patriotism that I am sure everybody who is listening to our conversation will appreciate."

Mr. Gifford: "General, I assure you that it

is a privilege to be able to do this. Our entire organization is very enthusiastic about this Defense Day and feel it is most helpful toward the cause of national defense and security."

General Pershing: "I thank you again. I hope it will not be so long before I have the opportunity of seeing you, and won't you please look me up the next time you come to Washington."

Mr. Gifford: "I certainly will, General, thank you very much."

General Saltzman in introducing Mr. Gifford as one of the speakers on the Defense Day nation-wide program said:

"During the entire period of the war, Mr. Gifford served as Director of the Council of National Defense. This council, it will be remembered, was made up of six members of the Cabinet with Mr. Gifford as Director. As the war developed, the work of the council underwent enormous expansion until, through committees of distinguished citizens, its work was made to cover all branches of war activities. In the co-ordination of all these countless activities, Mr. Gifford, as Director, was the executive officer. Probably no man in the United States today is better qualified to understand our country's great industrial problems during the World War than is our former Director of the Council of National Defense.

"Prior to the war, Mr. Gifford was among the foremost in the movement for national preparedness, and during the war he visited the American armies in France to study at first hand their problems. Since the war, Mr. Gifford has continued his active interest in the national security. This he has manifested in numberless ways, and the fact that he has placed tonight at the disposal of the Government the magnificent facilities of the Bell System is evidence of his continued patriotic interest in preparedness."

Mr. Gifford's speech, as distinctly heard in Denver and other cities and towns in our territory, was as follows:

"High officials of the government have addressed you. Distinguished soldiers have spoken to you. The task assigned me as a private citizen is to say something to you about the relation of industry to national defense.

"Clearly there is one thing we know about modern war. We know that it is not a matter

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of armies and navies alone: it is even more a matter of the organization and utilization of the nation's entire population and resources. War today demands not fighting men only but also fighting industries. Today in war the whole nation fights. In any national emergency which may confront this country, its industrial organizations and resources must be the backbone of its defense. For every man at the front there must be four or five men at home engaged in producing food and raw materials and in collecting, manufacturing and distributing them.

"Every citizen in this country has back of him the power of all the people. From them, through their government, he receives protection. In return every individual is under an obligation of loyalty and obedience. He owes allegiance to his government. At all times he must contribute his due share of service if his government is to be strong and to endure. In the time of peace he must obey and support the law. He must do well his private tasks and he must perform numerous services of a public nature. He must contribute from his means towards the burdens of government. In time of peril his contributions must be magnified and he must be prepared even to give his life in order that the nation may not perish.

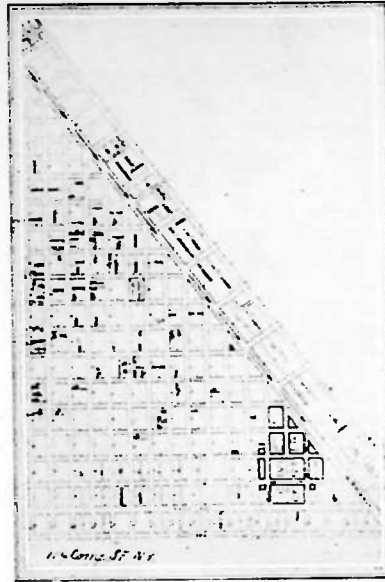
"Like individuals, business corporations and industrial enterprises owe allegiance to the government. They must at all times, in all places, and in all ways, obey the law. They must bear their share of the expenses of government. They must contribute to the general welfare in the discharge of the functions for which they were created. In short, they must be good citizens; and, like individuals, industry must not only do its part in time of peace but also when the life of the nation is threatened and war comes, it must strain its energies for the common protection.

"For the national defense it is essential that we should educate and prepare not only individuals but also our business organizations. They, too, require preliminary education and training. Every firm, every corporation, every factory, every farm, must realize that it has duties in respect to the national defense and should know what they are and what they involve. It will not do to wait till war begins. The result and cost are too great. If the matter is deferred, confusion reigns, life is sacrificed and wealth is squandered. Our whole history carries this lesson. Without such preparation and without such support from individuals and business, no commanding general however great may be his genius and no body of men however brave and well disciplined, can be confident of winning the ultimate victory.

"Just as citizens have duties to their government, so likewise the government has responsibilities towards its citizens; and this responsibility in respect to the national defense involves leadership. In this field the

government must plan and must lead. That our government is now alive to this high responsibility is made manifest from the very fact that we have this Defense Day.

"On this day the nation stops to consider



Map of Presidio, San Francisco, sent by wire to War Department in Washington, on Defense Day, illustrating value of pictures by wire in a national emergency.

Telephone Activities in Our Company

M. E. Broderick, manager at Safford, Arizona, says he is a great believer in prayer, but he is thoroughly convinced that someone overdid it in his community recently when they prayed for rain and got a flood that washed the foundation from under his house, drowned a lot of his fancy chickens and pigeons, and turned his premises into a temporary lake.

Boise, Idaho, has 6,122 telephones, according to H. R. Risley, Idaho manager, and he says the increase is steady, which not only shows an increase in the population of Boise, but a healthy, prosperous condition.

Hailstones clogged the culvert underneath railroad tracks near Limon, Colorado, on July 30, and the water submerged a row of our telephone poles, interfering with service for several hours.

Eads, Colorado, is having a new telephone exchange building erected. It will be jointly occupied by our exchange and a residence for the local manager.

the problem of safety and to emphasize its seriousness. This day it turns its thought to the need and method of mobilizing man power and material resources. This is not incitement to war. It is not an invitation to war. It is an act of safe citizenship. We intend to lead the sort of national life we have fashioned and we shall not invite interference by weakness. In taking precautions we are merely following the dictates of wisdom and prudence. Properly understood, this day and this preparation are merely insurance against national disaster.

"The well-being and opportunity here to enjoy life and the pursuit of happiness are greater than can be found elsewhere in the world. They are beyond the promise held out in any other nation in the world. To safeguard them is our only desire and our solemn duty. We abhor war. We resent its menace. We desire peace. We shall not be the aggressors against any nation. We earnestly hope that some way may be found to prevent the recurrence of war with all its tragedies. But we cannot exist in blind confidence. We are not for peace at any price. There is a price too great to pay for peace. We cannot pay the price of self-respect and the direction of our own lives. We pray that war may not come but if it should come we must be prepared to meet it. Unpreparedness is not protection against war but may be an invitation to war. While steadily planning and striving for peace, let us see that our national household is in order and that we are ready to strike quickly and surely if need be for national freedom and integrity."

A blizzard on Pike's Peak on August 5 cut off telephone connection for nearly a day. Snow fell to the depth of four inches. On this same day the thermometers in various parts of the country registered from 100 to 108 degrees in the shade.

The Longmont, Colorado, Call says that a lady of that town recently talked to her husband, who was in New York City, over long distance telephone. "The conversation was as plain as if she were talking to a next-door neighbor," says the Call.

Telephone trench diggers are finishing up a good job in Prescott, Arizona, preparatory to street paving and laying conduits.

Lightning has done considerable damage to our lines near Virginia City, Montana, this summer.

Improvements and an enlargement of the telephone building form part of the program for improving service at Williams, Arizona.

Northern Colorado Hard Hit But Happy

By Betty Devine

IF IT BE true that "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," I'm sure with equal fervor He loveth a good loser.

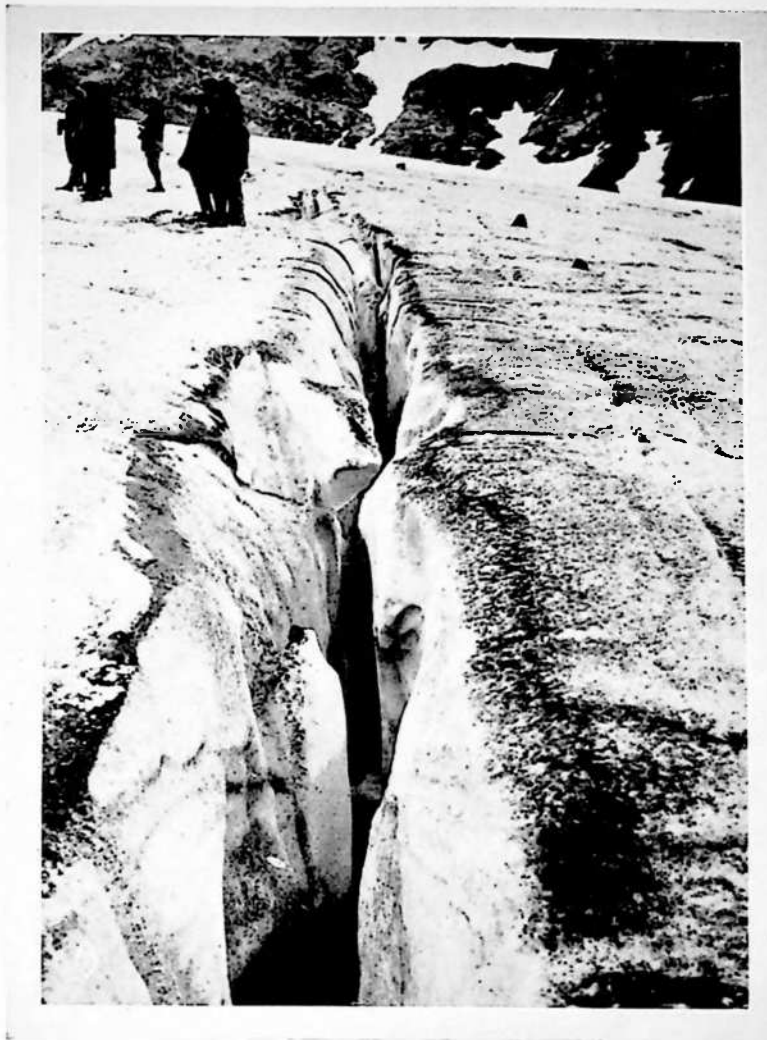
Just back from a motor trip through Northern Colorado, that glorious and far-famed agricultural district, portions of which have been hard hit this year by drouth and hail, I am filled with admiration for people who, in the face of loss of crops still muster courage to say: "Well, it's the first time the crops have failed in this part of the country for fifty years—it will probably not happen again for fifty more—that's just once in a lifetime, and it's a pretty poor sport that can't stand one failure in a lifetime."

It is of these courageous people and their wonderful country that I am hoping to give you a glimpse, for I've just been over to visit members of our telephone family in that district, and I've returned more than ever convinced that telephone people the world over are the best people on earth (B. P. O. E.) regardless of the Elks.

Motoring along the paved road opening off Federal Boulevard, out past Westminster, and on for a considerable distance, a sudden turn in the road precipitated a mental skirmish back to the time I last viewed that same stretch with two miles or more of telephone poles laid flat across the roadway, and all covered with a heavy mantle of snow. That was, I believe, four years ago when Foreman "Ed" Jones took me out to see the big Broomfield break.

In striking contrast was the early dawn of that recent morning when meadow larks perched high on the poles gave forth their cheery songs and the sun shed its warmth over the fields.

It seemed a bit early to be dropping in unexpectedly for a call as we turned into the lane leading to Broomfield exchange, but the office and such of the living quarters as was in range of my vision looked spick and span—even the little white gate-leg table and its cloth edged with wide crocheted lace bore testimony to the skilled housekeeper. We were informed by Miss Anna Shepherd, operator, that Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Long, who preside over the destiny of this exchange, had gone out (I suspected probably to awaken the early birds and start them out after worms), but while we were talking they returned and in the course of our visit I learned that Mr.



Deep Crevice in one of the Glaciers above Boulder, Colorado

Long started his telephone career nearly eight years ago in Tucumcari, N. M., along with our lately-deceased co-worker, W. D. Hand of El Paso and Albuquerque, both at that time working under the direction of J. L. Dunwoody, another who has since answered the last long distance call.

Mr. Long was for a time with the Southwestern Bell, but his love of Colorado lured him back and for the past two and a half years he has been agent at Broomfield, a small though important link in the great telephone chain, for it's on the transcontinental line. Broomfield lonely? Not for the Longs; they have a radio through which they reach out into the wide world whenever they feel so inclined, and they know every farmer in the district by his first name—so being rich in friendships, one need never be lonely.

In the center of this agricultural district the many red-roofed buildings of Zang's large stock farm stand out conspicuously as one motors on toward Lafayette.

Right here I want to make explanations and apologies, for in some unexplainable manner we missed the turn-off which leads to Louisville, where Mrs. Curtan and her cunning kiddies took up their abode a year or more ago and have established a reputation for service and won a warm place in the hearts of the people. Mrs. Curtan, agent at Louisville, as the former Kate Duffy, sister of Marie Duffy Doyle, is remembered by many of us some years back in Denver's Main exchange. She has 190 subscribers at Louisville, frequently gets 100 per cent in her collections,

(Continued on Next Page)

and is, I believe, looking toward a new cable plant in the not distant future.

I hate to show my ignorance but do you know for years I have heard of Lafayette, Colo., and have always tucked it away in my mental catalogue as a little town with some big coal mines and the usual setting—rather ordinary, dingy frame houses, occupied by the men who work in the mines and their families. Imagine, therefore, my surprise as we came upon a thriving town which boasted plenty evidence of civic pride in a handsome new high school building, lovely homes, mostly frame, but painted in attractive manner and surrounded by lawns and the most charming flower gardens. Lafayette has a population of 1,800 people and its chief industry is coal mining, the Simpson mine and Capitol Coal Mining Co., being the largest operators at present.

We found the telephone exchange running true to form with the town, a delightful surprise awaiting us in Misses Hazel Gillis and Kathleen Morgan, operators, two of the prettiest girls encountered on the entire trip. They are opposite types, Miss Gillis' hair the color of spun gold, cut in the latest bob, while Miss Morgan's rich dark tresses were coiled coronet fashion about her pretty head. Both young women have been with the Company two years and are very popular in the community. Miss Morgan, we learned from outside sources, is a musician of considerable note, playing the piano and pipe organ with skill.

P. C. Cribbs, formerly of Pueblo, Glenwood Springs and Greeley, has been agent at Lafayette since last September, but unfortunately he was out at the time of our visit.

Miss Margaret Jones, night operator with a year and a half service record, and the Misses Virginia Blankinship and Ellen Westbrook, re-



Group of Boulder Telephone Folks—Standing, C. W. Cochran, Justin Patterson, Jennie Baxman. Seated, Ethel Seeberg and Evalyn Burke.



On road to Flagstaff Mountain, West of Boulder

lief operators, are others of the Lafayette telephone family we missed meeting.

There are two hundred telephone subscribers and in winter when the coal mines are running full tilt, the exchange is quite busy doing, in addition to local, a nice toll business.

Did you know that Boulder has the largest covered swimming pool west of the Mississippi River? Nope? Neither did I, but it has. It's a hygienic pool, the water being filtered and heated and if there's any new fangled electrical appliance for the comfort of the guests that isn't in evidence, it's probably because the management hasn't heard of it.

Motoring from Denver and other nearby towns within a radius of ten to forty miles for an afternoon dip in the pool, dinner at the Boulderado and an hour or so dancing on the \$3,000 hardwood floor in Canon Park, the new pleasure resort up Boulder Canon, is coming to be a popular diversion.

Boulder was the location of the first school of the Territory of Colorado and it has long been acknowledged one of the leading educational centers of the country. The University of Colorado, a co-ed institution, located there has 24 buildings on a Campus of 92 acres with the foothills as a background. Students from far and near choose it not only for its educational rating, but for its climatic attraction and natural resources of beauty, picturesquely located as it is at the foot of the stately Rockies.

Each winter sees an average of 2,700 students enrolled there and close to 4,000 for the two (in all) semesters of summer school.

The Boulder Chautauqua, one of the best known in the United States, a local incorporation founded on the New York Chautauqua, is now in its 27th year and is another drawing card for summer visitors.

The Boulder Sanitorium, conducted by the Seventh Day Adventists—a branch of Battle Creek—does a \$100,000 business annually and

takes no tubercular patients. It, and two other Sanitoriums which cater exclusively to tuberculars, all add to Boulder's transient population estimated at 7,000.

The residential population is said to be 11,000 with 3,963 telephone subscribers, the greatest saturation of any place in the United States and the reason for this is attributed to the fact that so few foreigners live in Boulder.

Records for last June showing Boulder to have 119 disconnects and 120 connects prove that this transient population means a lot of work for the telephone people.

Boulder's elevation is 5,351 feet and its climate seems especially adapted to the cultivation of flowers and shrubs, this being quite an industry in that city.

To me, one of the most interesting industries is that in which D. M. Andrews engages, making a special study of mountain wild flowers and sending specimens to the various Universities for botanical study. Mr. Andrews is said to have shipped out 300 barrels of Caeti at one time.

When it comes to oil wells, there is nothing for Boulder to get "hopped up" about in this age for the first oil was discovered in Boulder County on a ranch three miles northeast of Boulder in 1892 and soon after a number of wells were sunk, some of which are still producing oil with a paraffine base.

For a number of years, certain residents, including our own Mr. Ketterman, manager of the Boulder Group for the telephone company, used natural gas for heating purposes, a single well about a mile from Boulder being the source of supply with a pressure of 275 pounds per square inch, but one day through some weird trick of Fate, to date I believe still unsolved, the well went out completely within an hour.

The theory is that it was due to a hole in the pipe which let water into the well, but if such was the case it was down so far that efforts to locate it were vain.

Gold was discovered in Boulder in 1859 and for many years the town flourished through the mining industry, a revival of which seems imminent with recent big strikes made at Gold Hill, 12 miles west of Boulder and Magnolia, 8 miles west. West of Boulder many mines which have been shut down for the past few years are still thought to hold large deposits of gold, silver, lead and tungsten. The Vasco, a tungsten mine, was recently taken over by J. C. Clark for some outside person with the idea of resuming operations in the near future.

Just when "Cy" Meyn was discovered in Boulder, I don't know, but he's one of its celebrities.

As evidence of riches found in the Boulder hills, the Lord Byron mine is said at one time to have run ore as high as \$80,000 to the ton.

The Sugar Loaf, lying ten miles west of Boulder and operated by the U. S. Gold Min-

ing Company, was a cyanide process. 55 ton per day proposition which shut down during the war and has not yet re-opened though there are rumors that it will re-open as soon as the cyanide price drops. At the time it shut down there was enough ore to run the mill a year. The mine is 600 feet deep with a drift of 300 feet. It is owned entirely by Colorado people.

Thirty miles west of Boulder we find Caribou, one of the "Ghost Villages" of the middle West. Caribou, once a booming mining town, had a population of 10,000 and today, save for Jack Clark's Caribou lease, which operates pretty steadily, but does not ship regularly, it is a deserted village.

Besides being one of the most beautiful, Boulder, only an hour's ride over a concrete road from Denver, is one of the most enterprising and up-to-date cities in Colorado. Mackay Auditorium, one of its University

buildings recently completed at a cost of \$400,000, holds the largest pipe organ west of the Mississippi and daily organ recitals are given between one and two o'clock, except on Sunday. East of Boulder is a stretch of wonderful agricultural land.

Boulder has seventeen miles of paved streets, beautiful residences, fine public buildings and apartment houses.

Its water supply is Silver Lake, one of seven lakes in the Arapahoe Glacial Valley, the lake being fed by mountain springs and melted snow from the glacier. The Arapahoe Glacier, a glimpse of which is shown in the accompanying photograph is a spectacular moving ice field easily reached in a day's trip up Boulder Canon. The glacier, nearly a mile wide, is from fifty to five hundred feet thick and has a movement of 27½ feet a year.

The two lakes just outside Boulder, which greet the eye of the traveler along the main paved road, where the Public Service Company's six million dollar plant is located, will before long be converted into one for the Doherty interests plan to spend another million dollars in building a ten-foot dam to accomplish this purpose.

Not the least of Boulder's assets is our telephone exchange and the happy family which operates it under the guiding influence of W. E. Ketterman, manager of the Boulder group



No. 1—Back row, Leatha Nesmith, Dorothy Woodruff, Olga Jones, Rachel Cranc. Front, Ida Livingston, Ruth Springer, Rose Howe.

No. 2—Leona Wood, Katherine Parker, Florence Gibson, Ethel Weaver, Mable Lowder, Lola Eckert. Front row, Dewey Gibson, Jennie Baxman, Frances Livingston, Mona Mills.

No. 3—Beatrice Vivian, Olga Jones, Carrie DeWalt.

No. 4—John F. Ross, Justin L. Patterson, Alton W. Barnes, Alice Snell, Rosco Mitchell, James F. Springer, Vernon E. Kellogg.

No. 5—Top row, Nellie Eggelston, Margaret Greeson, Lola Case. Lower, Olga Jones, Dorothy Woodruff.

Girl in center oval—Helen Forsythe, chief operator.

which includes Longmont, Lyons, Mead, Erie, Lafayette, Louisville, Broomfield and Nederland.

W. E. Ketterman cast his lot with the telephone company in Colorado Springs in 1891. He spent a few years in the Denver plant department in the day when our estimable secretary and treasurer, J. E. Macdonald, our well beloved "Dad" Wiswall, Charley Croswell and W. E. Stephens all were inspectors for our Company.

In his thirty-four years service, Mr. Ketterman has seen telephone history spread over a wide range. The years have given him a rare sense of real values and it is probably this characteristic which, more than any other, has

(Continued on next page)



View of Beautiful Boulder Falls, one of the attractive scenic spots in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado.

Below is a photograph of the Macky Auditorium at the University of Colorado, located at Boulder.



endeared him to employees and employers. His activities have centered in Boulder for the past twenty-seven years during which he has seen that city grow from 63 telephone subscribers to 3,963. Small wonder that he loves Boulder and everything associated with it and its territory.

Boulder has a lot of old-timers in the telephone business. It would almost seem that when they once take up their duties there, they also take root and refuse either to leave or be transplanted.

C. W. Cochran, cashier, has had 18 years' service, all in Boulder. His many friends throughout the division will be glad to know that he has almost entirely recovered from his long and serious illness and was back on the job looking fine and fit when I saw him a week or so ago.

Miss Ethel Seeburg, born and reared in Boulder, had 14 years' service the 31st of July, six of these years being in the commercial department where she is now. Miss Seeburg has a delightful personality and the business office would certainly not look natural without her pleasing presence.

When it comes to long service records we must not overlook Boulder's storeroom "man," Miss Alice Snell, who has served the Company well for 26 years and 3 months. Miss Snell formerly was an operator and after stepping along various lines in the traffic department was called upon to take over the storeroom during the war, which place she has filled ever since.

Another cog in the Boulder wheel of success is Miss Evalyn Burke, stenographer, who has been with the Company two and one-half years.

Justin L. Patterson, switchboard man who has seen ten years (not continuous) service and A. W. Barnes, familiarly known as "Barney," wire chief who has been identified with the Company for twenty years are members of the Boulder family looked upon as essentials to its success and happiness.

Miss Helen Forsythe, chief operator, has served the discriminating Boulder public for ten years and is known far and wide for her courtesy and efficiency.

Her assistant, Miss Jennie Baxman, also has had ten years' service, though not all in this community. With thirty-seven operators, three of which are Long Distance, one can easily appreciate that Boulder is no small exchange.

Being up in the world, doesn't seem to affect the well-poised head of Mrs. Mary Jane Stephens in the least, for though she reigns at an altitude of 8,200 feet and must of necessity talk down to us occasionally, she never talks down "AT" us. Mrs. Stephens has for the past three or four years, been agent at Nederland that picture spot arrived at via the convict built road leading up Boulder Canon. She has 70 subscribers and takes excellent care of them.

Just two and one-half miles off the main highway, running between Boulder and Longmont is the Erie exchange, where you'll find Mrs. Kathleen P. Trail with the telephone

reins in her capable hands. Her sixty subscribers are just sixty good friends, for she made her bow to the world in this community and has grown up there where she is generally loved for the interest and consideration she displays in keeping the farmers in touch with each other and in touch with the outside world.

In one of the prettiest stretches of this valley girted by the range of Rockies and relieved constantly by little knolls or raises of land which rest the eye and add beauty to the scene, Mead, another of our small exchanges, caters to the calls of 130 subscribers through the kindly services of Mrs. Leona Huested, agent.

Mrs. Huested, formerly was at Yampa, but finding the altitude a bit high, was transferred to this pretty spot of agricultural land which in normal times abounds in wheat, alfalfa and sugar beets. The Empson Company has a large pea hulling mill at Mead, while an alfalfa mill which grinds the alfalfa into flour, shipped East for feeding purposes, also adds to the business of this exchange, which Mrs. Huested and her two daughters conduct as a family affair.

But here we are, rolling into Longmont, another beautiful town in Northern Colorado, and it's dinner time—and I'm hungry. Meet you here next month.

Four hundred telephones were temporarily put out of service by a wind and rain storm at Longmont, Colorado, on July 20.



Cuts by courtesy of The Ohio Bell.

The Unfamiliar Telephone

By R. S. Coe

ALONG the bleak Arctic coast ran a straggling row of split boards from which was festooned a couple hundred yards of wire. A single telephone mouthpiece dangled at one end of the line, and before it stood a solitary Eskimo. Into this improvised telephone he shouted a few words in his native language, then ran madly along the pole line, elapped the far end of the wire to his ear, and listened for his own message.

Disappointed, but still hopeful, the Eskimo returned to the mouthpiece. Evidently feeling that he had not sprinted quite fast enough the first time, he repeated the process with an extra burst of speed, only to be disappointed again.

Just then there appeared around the corner of the hut the white explorer who had given him the scrap wire and the old mouthpiece. Immediately the Eskimo ceased his efforts, and laughingly remarked that he knew the white man was lying when he told about the telephone, for nobody could talk through a wire that had no hole in it.

This story was told by Donald MacMillan.

the explorer, in an article in the *World's Work* on "The Humorous Side of Arctic Explorations."

The incident aptly illustrates the misunderstanding which the telephone very often arouses in those unfamiliar with it. In this country we have become so accustomed to telephone service that we take it as a matter of course. Children learn to use the telephone much as they learn to talk. But in many foreign lands telephones are relatively few and there are large numbers of people who are quite unfamiliar with their use.

From the land of King Tut comes a story which, like most Egyptian products, savors of antiquity. An enterprising merchant on the banks of the Nile had a telephone installed in the back room behind his store. As he happened to be in front waiting on a customer when the telephone bell rang for the first time, he sent his shop assistant to answer it.

Upon answering the telephone he learned that someone wished to speak to his employer. Whereupon this obliging young man immediately cut the wire and carried the telephone bodily into the front room so that the merchant might talk through it without leaving the counter.

The story is told of one of England's well-known statesmen who called up a colleague by telephone. Although a distinguished publicist and scholar, the noble lord was not addicted to the use of this means of communication. He failed utterly to make himself understood, and the man at the other end of the line was about to ask him to speak more clearly when, to his surprise, he heard the statesman exclaim: "I'm very sorry. I've been talking for the last two minutes into the thing you ought to put to your ear."

Another man in England last summer gave evidence of not having advanced as far as that

in his understanding of the telephone. He strolled into the telephone exhibit at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Stepping up to a table on which stood a row of telephones, he fixed one eye at the transmitter of the nearest instrument and gazed long and earnestly into it as though it had been a telescope.

The view apparently did not meet his expectations, for he passed along dejectedly to the next telephone, and fixing it to his eye like a monocle, gave it a long, soul-searching look. Still the peep-show failed to satisfy, and after carefully scanning all that was to be seen in the transmitter of the third telephone, the sightseer regretfully took his departure in search of more stimulating entertainment.

Some years ago telephone service was established in a certain town in Arabia, and one of the more progressive Arab shopkeepers had a telephone installed in his place of business. Interested in the novelty of the device, he went to answer his first incoming call with a glow of pleasurable anticipation. Picking up the receiver, he recoiled in dismay as it poured into his ear an unintelligible torrent of Creek.

The Arab betook himself in high dudgeon to the telephone office. "Look here," he said to the manager, "I want you to take out my telephone and put in a new one right away. I speak only Arabic and I want a telephone that speaks Arabic. The one you've given me can only talk Greek, and I don't understand a word it says!"

The fact that the telephone "speaks every language" has been a cause of surprise to simple souls the world over. Years ago when the telephone was first introduced into that part of Oklahoma which was then the Indian Territory, the Cherokees gathered in awesome

(Continued on next page)



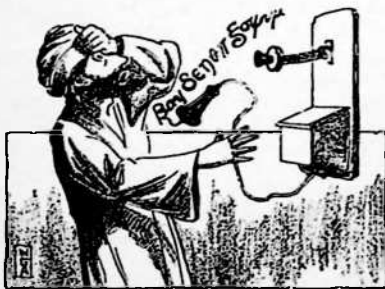
silence to "see the wire talk." They were sufficiently impressed when they heard the uncanny contrivance speak with the tongue of the white man. When, however, it actually talked in the guttural tones of their own language, they lost their traditional stolidity and actually became enthusiastic.

Enthusiasm for the facility with which the telephone will transmit the various languages of the American Indians was not shared, however, by certain German intelligence officers during the late war. The Kaiser's men had boasted that they could decipher any code ever devised.

On one occasion an American officer in a Western regiment had reason to believe that the Germans were tapping American wires along the front. There happened to be about 150 Indians in this particular command, and eight of them were thereupon detailed to telephone the orders in Choctaw. The German intelligence officers were accomplished linguists, but Choctaw had never been part of the curriculum in the schools of the Fatherland. The Kaiser's code experts were distinguished specialists, but here was a flow of words that could not be deciphered by any method known to Kultur. As a mystifier it was "Kolossal!"

Even in so rationalistic a country as Japan the telephone has gathered about it certain taboos. Some telephone numbers are highly prized by the Japanese, while others are regarded as unlucky and are shunned by would-be subscribers.

Even under normal conditions, before the telephone systems of Tokyo and Yokohama were wrecked by the earthquake, telephone installations were extremely hard to get in Japan. The government telephone department had a tremendous waiting list of applicants for service. Those who were lucky enough to have a telephone were allowed to sell their



right to telephone service, and telephone numbers were freely dealt in on the stock exchange. Sometimes from \$250 to \$1,250 was paid for the right to have a telephone, prices which seem almost unbelievable until one stops to realize how essential the telephone is to every modern business.

Despite their modernity, however, the Japanese were reported to pay substantially higher prices for "lucky" telephone numbers

than for those not regarded as especially fortunate. "Eight," for example, would bring a substantial bid, for it signifies prosperity and success to the Japanese. On the other hand, numbers symbolizing pain, unhappiness and death, such as "forty-two" or "forty-nine," were exceedingly unpopular, and were usually reserved for public institutions, such as prisons, lunatic asylums or police stations. (All Americans who would not hesitate to sit down as one of thirteen at a table on Friday the 13th are entitled to smile at the Japanese belief in unlucky numbers.)

A more stringent taboo than any enforced merely by public opinion was said to be in effect until quite recently in the telephone service of the famous city of Mecca. For several years after the World War, King Hussein



Miss Thomey Passes Away

For the first time since the organization of our accounting department in Salt Lake City, sorrow came into our organization by the loss, on June 18, 1925, of our lovely companion and co-worker, Miss Elsie Thomey, whose cheerful and sunny disposition had for eight years endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. For several years past she held the position of chief payroll clerk, which entailed responsibilities and demanded painstaking care and accuracy in the handling of the work incident thereto, which Miss Thomey was always found to have performed to as fine a degree as humanly possible. As the entire organization felt so keenly her loss, we can, to the fullest degree, sympathize with her family in their sad bereavement.

Died in Line of Duty

Mrs. Vera S. Morse, subscribers' accounting clerk in the Colorado revenue accounting department, second floor of the Administration building, became suddenly ill while on duty on the morning of August 7, and passed away within a few minutes while being taken to the hospital. Throat ailment caused strangulation.

Mrs. Morse had been with our Company eight years and one month, and was always faithful to her duties, and her lovable char-

acter won for her many warm friends. Mr. M. R. Caldwell, to whom she reported, praised her very highly and said: "She was what we called our up-to-the-minute girl, because she never left her desk untidy at night; her work was always right up to the minute, and during the past twelve months she had lost but two days on account of illness or otherwise. She was quiet, gentle, and of a very pleasing personality."

Mr. Morse, her husband, is employed with the Water Commissioners. He was called the moment she became ill, and was with her in the ambulance when she passed away.

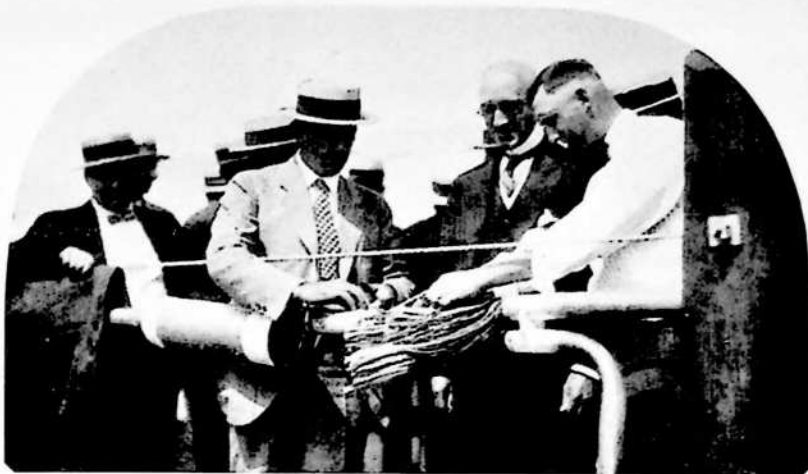
Life Had Just Begun

John J. Meier, for about two and a half years a clerk in the engineering department of our Company in Denver, died at his home in that city on the first day of August, following an operation for appendicitis.

Only nineteen years of age and possessed of a personality and ability that would have carried him far along the road to success, Mr. Meier's death caused most heartfelt sorrow among all who knew him and especially among his co-workers in the engineering department.

The young man was an only son. Surviving are his father, mother and two sisters to whom the sympathy of hundreds of hearts goes out in their great bereavement.

Making the last splice in the Bell System's new telephone cable linking Chicago and New York. F. A. Stevenson, director Long Lines Department, who has just tied the final wires of the cable, the longest of its kind in the world, over which



250 telephone conversations and 500 telegraph messages may pass simultaneously, watches his work being inspected by W. K. Migrath, division superintendent of Line Construction, and Cable Foreman R. L. Riley.

Longest Telephone in the World

After seven years of hard, skillful labor, and the expenditure of approximately \$25,000,000, a telephone cable from New York City to Chicago was connected up on August 11, 1925, at a point 21 miles west of Toledo, Ohio.

The outstanding facts about this gigantic telephone undertaking were rushed to THE MONITOR in a special letter carried by airplane from New York to Denver, although the story had been told all over the country by telephone on the day the final cable connection was made:

The length overall of the New York-Chicago cable is 861 miles, nearly twice as long as any other telephone cable in the world.

The New York-Chicago cable touches the following points: Morristown, N. J.; Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh and New Castle, Pa.; Akron, Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio, and South Bend, Ind.

The wire contained in the cable totals 447,000 miles.

It is possible for more than 250 telephone conversations and 500 telegraph messages to pass through the cable simultaneously.

The cable's message capacity is equal to that of 10 open wire lines of the usual size.

The diameter of the cable is 2½ inches.

About 35,700 poles support the 717 miles of the aerial sections and 144 miles of the cable is in underground conduits.

The total weight of the cable is approximately 34,750,000 pounds.

The weight of the sheath alone would account for 21,350,000 pounds.

In round figures 9,500 separate lengths are combined in the cable.

Wire splices totaling in the neighborhood of 5,750,000 were needed.

Chief advantages secured by using cable instead of open wire construction are that it is much less liable to damage from storms and it provides a large number of circuits in a small space.

Constructing the New York-Chicago cable has taken about seven years, without counting the time spent in preliminary engineering and in development and research before the actual construction work began.

Telephone repeaters are to be used at 17 points along the route in addition to those at Chicago and New York.

Including the items of repeater stations and apparatus, the total cost of the cable, when fully equipped, will amount to approximately \$25,000,000.

The cable is of "quadded construction": each wire is wrapped in dry paper for insulation; all wires are twisted into pairs which are then twisted into quads, two pairs to a quad; quads are arranged in concentric layers, and the whole is covered in a lead-antimony sheath.

On Friday, July 17, the last section of this

cable was installed in the underground approach to Toledo, Ohio, and on August 11 the last splice was made at a point about 21 miles west of Toledo.

Other long telephone cables in this country include the Boston-Washington, which has been in service for some time; a cable from New York to Cleveland (via Albany, Utica, Rochester, Buffalo and Erie), now under construction; a cable from Chicago to St. Louis, also under construction.

Existing open wire pole lines between New York and Chicago will not be wholly dismantled, but will have the wire loads reduced to make the service over them safer from storm damage. They will thus supplement the service over the cable.

The New York-Chicago cable is only a part of a comprehensive cable system which in a few years will link all the important centers in the densely populated portion of the country east of the Missouri and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers. Extensions south of this are also planned.

Wife of Walter Pritchette Dies

Mrs. Ada Pritchette, wife of Walter H. Pritchette, for many years a messenger in the office of the president of the Mountain States Company, passed away at her Denver home, 2335 Humboldt Street, on Wednesday, August 5. Mrs. Pritchette had been seriously ill and a great sufferer from heart trouble for about four weeks before the end.

"Walter," as he is known to hundreds of telephone people, has served under three presidents of our company, and his genial ways and

kindly helpfulness have won for him a very large circle of friends who gave sincere evidence of their sympathy for him in his sorrow.

Mrs. Pritchette's funeral was held on Sunday, August 9. There was a very large attendance, including a number of Walter's friends from the headquarters' offices.

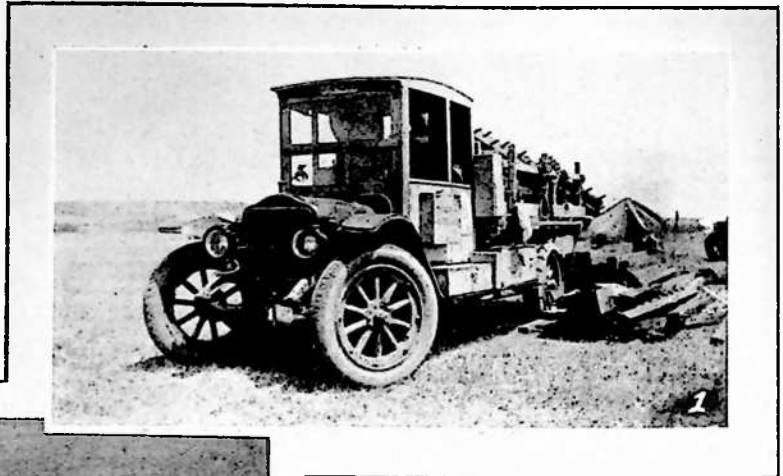
A large sum of money is being expended this summer in improvements and developments at Phoenix, and what is known as the "South Side."

Toll Line Construction Work

Horse Creek, Wyoming

Following a sleet storm on April 1st, which damaged the poles to such an extent that they could not be re-used it became necessary to build a new pole line from the Wheatland Junction pole, ten miles west of Cheyenne, to Bear Creek, Wyoming, a distance of twenty-seven and a half miles on the Cheyenne-Sheridan-Billings line.

About twenty-five miles northwest of Chey-

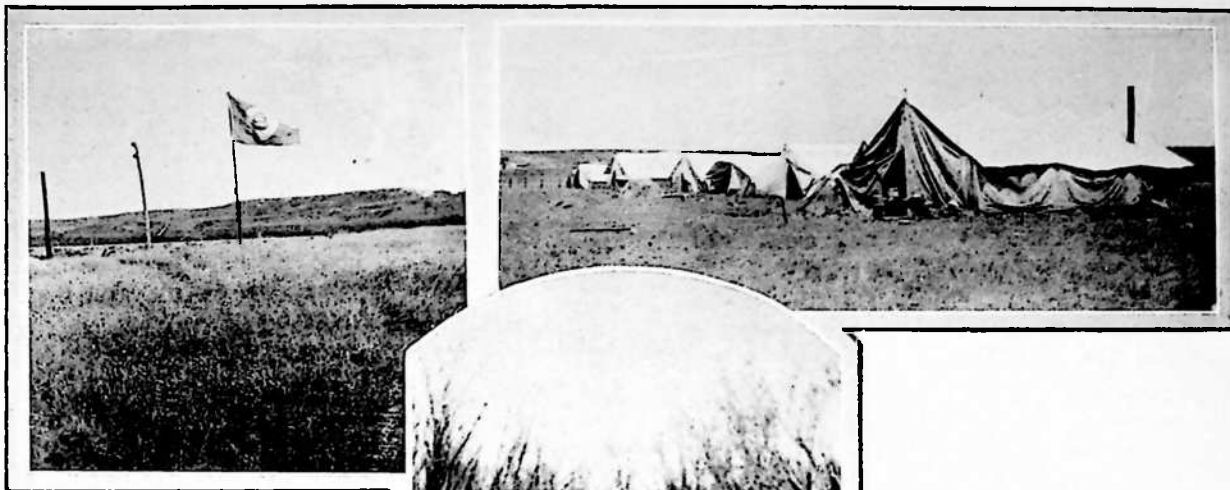


This is Truck No. 41, used by our Wyoming telephone men in construction work. No. 2 shows a part of the construction supplies used on this job in July of this year, while 3, 4, and 5 show Foreman E. J. Taylor and his groundmen ready for the job.

enne, a telephone city, the home of our construction gang, is established on Horse Creek, from which the water supply is gotten as well as fine mountain trout.

Here under the banner of the Bell System, E. J. Taylor, foreman of Crew No. 2, with the assistance of sub-foreman E. M. Spayde, just completed this job, leaving us a 20-foot Class B, two-arm, pole line to be proud of.





The flag of the Bell System waving in the Wyoming breeze, near the toll line construction camp, on Horse Creek.



When the evening time came, and the day's work was over, and everything snugly tucked away in the rag houses, then it was that the boys of the construction gang got out their flies and tiptoed out to the Horse Creek trout stream and caught their breakfast.

Below is a photo of the powerful truck that never fails to roll over the sand hills and stony flats of the Horse Creek country. As "Skinny" Taylor says, "It's a thousand years ahead of the equine conveyance."



Below, "we have with us," E. F. Coyer, supervisor of construction; E. J. Taylor, foreman; and C. J. McKee, Wyoming toll chief. They have just loaded their "hods" for an evening's whiff.





Development of Wheatland, Wyoming

By J. B. King, Exchange Manager

WHEN I was in Wheatland, Wyo., in charge of construction work in 1911, little did I dream that thirteen years later I would be returned to this exchange as manager. The changes and development of this territory during this period have been very marked and very substantial. To give you a better idea of the district, I will give a brief history of the development of Wheatland and adjoining countryside.

Wheatland in 1911 was wide open in every respect; one thought nothing of seeing a cow

Water rights were taken out from the Laramie river and construction work was started in 1881. The tunnel which takes the water from the Laramie River and diverts it into the Blue Grass Creek required two years to complete.

The construction camp was located thirty miles from the present town of Wheatland and it was here that the first local telephone line was built connecting the tunnel camp with the company's camp here on the project. The construction work was completed in 1883 but some years lapsed until title could be procured from the government. Settlers then came in the early 90's, but it was found that

the Laramie River would not supply the water for the irrigation of the late crops and after the first of July very little water was available. A plan was then devised to build a large reservoir above the tunnel to hold back the floodwaters of the river. This reservoir which covers 6,000 acres was completed in 1901 and the date of the successful farming in the Wheatland Colony dates from the time of the completion of this reservoir.

The land served by this project is about eighty miles north of Cheyenne, Wyoming. It lies in a compact body embracing about 70,000 acres, of which about 50,000 acres is

(Continued on next page)



pony tied to the door knob of the saloon door or a man with a bottle on his hip. The cow pony is still with us but the bottle is gone. We had several old buildings, landmarks, which have given place to fine, new buildings. Three new garages as good as any in the state, a library, golf links and parks. Wheatland is the county seat of Platte county and a fine, new court house and jail have just been erected.

The Wyoming Development Company at that time was doing business in a frame house at the corner of 9th and Gilcrest; now they have a fine, new building on the same location. This company is one of the largest irrigation projects in the west. The project was originally conceived by a group of men in Cheyenne, Wyoming, of which Judge J. M. Carey was the chief promoter.

And this is the famous Laramie River, and some of its product, near Wheatland, Wyoming.



"Whispering Wires"

I am wondering tonight what the message will be,
Which the whispering wires are bringing to me.

As I listen and wait in the silence so deep,
Alone while the rest of the world is asleep,
Comes a sound from the distance, "hello," and "hello"!

'Tis the whispering wires that are calling. I know.

Oh, whispering wires, bring a message to me,

From my home in the distance, far over the sea,

Where loved ones are waiting and blossoms are fair,

And hearts are as light and as free as the air.

As I listen and wait in the silence alone.
Oh, whispering wires, bring a message from home.

ALICE SCOTT,
Night Operator, Glens Ferry, Idaho

now developed and producing good crops every year.

The soil is a rich, sandy loam, free from brush and brakes. It is easy to break and work up, and it is possible to put in a crop the first year on the sod. The slopes are such that it is easy to irrigate and owing to the excellent drainage there is practically no alkali in the Colony.

The irrigation system has been so constructed that the maintenance charges are very low and I do not believe that there is a project in the United States where the maintenance has averaged as low as the Wheatland Colony. These charges have not averaged 40 an acre since the system was constructed and have been as low as 8 cents an acre.

We have several lakes and beautiful mountains which offer the best of hunting and fishing. The only regret that I have is that our Telephone Company does not furnish boats and hip boots as part of the exchange equipment. I did manage to talk our Plant Superintendent out of a pair of hip boots, but he knows I never caught a fish in my life.

Wheatland has grown in population in the last twelve years from five hundred to sixteen hundred inhabitants.

A net work of telephone lines connects the entire community with the outside world. The land once used by the County Fair Association, where I rode the outlaw horse, "Buttons," with a stick of dynamite in each hip pocket, now is a fine field of sugar beets.

The pioneer days of the Colony are gone. The crops raised are the same as those raised in all western states—alfalfa, sugar beets, corn, small grains and garden truck. Small grain yields from 30 to 50 bushels to an acre. Alfalfa and sweet clover grow here in abundance and consequently there are many apiaries in the Colony. From three to five carloads of honey are shipped from here each year.

We have one hundred and nine service stations, some of them are as long as sixty miles. We furnish service to line on the Laramie Plains in the vicinity of Rock River, also lines on the famous Laramie Peak. Lines as far south as Bear Creek also to Haallech Canon. Some of our service stations consist

of barb-wire, barrel hoops, endgate rods, and then we have some fair service lines. To all readers who do not know what a service station is, here's the answer: A line running from here to yonder, in the air for a mile; on the ground for a month with the trouble always in the switchboard.

We have the best rural lines that can be had, some of them as long as nine miles. Our exchange is on the Ford style—that is, the crank part of it; but as you all know in the telephone business all of the cranks are not fastened to the telephone.

So readers, if you happen to know of anyone—we don't care who—that is looking for a good farm, a good place to live, a good place to fish and above all a telephone that is always working, rope him and call us up.

I have in this brief article tried to give an outline of the District served by our exchange, however, it is impossible to give the details to creditably explain the vast country which we serve. The community is fast developing into one of the best agricultural centers in the west and I believe that the public utilities (more particularly the telephone and telegraph) have a very great part in this development.



William Neer at the Switchboard

Blindness has not proved the handicap to two young men of South Solon, Ohio, that this affliction usually brings. They simply would not have it so, and have risen above their misfortune, making of themselves useful, respected citizens.

An accident robbed William Neer of his eyesight when a small boy. In his early teens he had an opportunity to sit at the local telephone switchboard. In three hours he had mastered all of the 70 calls on the exchange at that time. When the next vacancy occurred he got the job. He knows every one of the 100 calls by sound. When a ring comes in he plugs the right number, gets the number wanted, and completes the connection, all with unerring accuracy, and in less time than it takes to tell it. He is said to make connections more rapidly and accurately than the average operator with eyes. He also is an



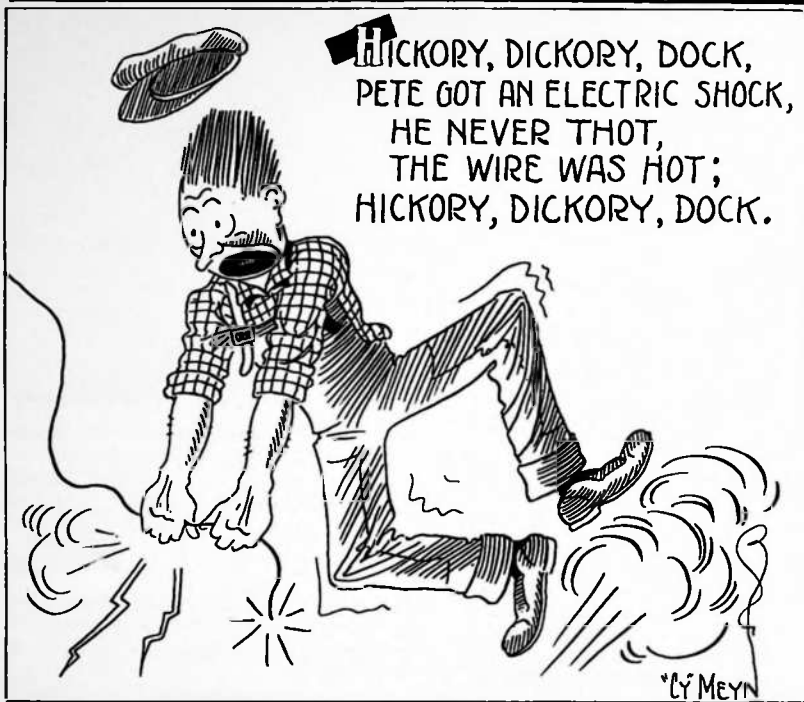
Isn't he a happy-looking huskie, though? Yes, to be sure it is Murray MacNeill, the high-powered Outside Construction Engineer of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. Pipe his red and green Navajo shirt!

accomplished musician and directs an orchestra. At the piano he displays the same wonderful touch that marks his work at the switchboard.



"Phone For Food"

"The wicked, heartless cynic who said that America could not be made a better place in which to buy groceries failed to reckon with the sales promotion committee of the National Wholesale Grocers' Association of the United States," said Secretary Toulme. "A better way has been found. 'Phone For Food' has emerged from the mountain of facts and figures piled up by Mr. Miller and his associates in their determination to deliver the housewives of America from a household drudgery, equally as unnecessary, clumsy and outworn as the kerosene lamp, the sap bucket, and the wash board. The day of sweet dispositions being soured by the harrassments of grocery buying, of pretty shoulders being rounded and bent from carrying loads for which wagons and trucks were built, and of dainty togs being walked out of shape, in all kinds of weather, are past and gone! "Think of it, no more pack-ache," our waggish friend, Eugene Hudgins, sings. Have no fear, for the American housewife will vibrate to 'Phone For Food.'"—*New York Commercial*.



This month's record shows that the spirit of Accident Prevention is not yet our daily guide; we are not yet in earnest in our acceptance of its doctrines. There could be no such amount of suffering as this record reveals if every telephone man realized that the prevention of accidents stands as his first duty to himself, his family and his company.

Every telephone man knows that it is possible to prevent accidents. Every telephone man has read the Safety Code, and knows how to prevent accidents. Whose failure is it, then, that we do not carry on our daily work in a way that will insure the absence of accident? How many of us believe in Accident Pre-

vention to the extent of following its principles in our tasks about the home? Our records show a large number of needless accidents occurring outside of working hours, which is simply another bit of evidence that our telephone family is not yet heart and soul behind the Universal Safety movement.

Not merely the spirit of the Safety Code, but many of its specific provisions, can be carried into the performance of our day-to-day activities. There is just as much danger in substituting a barrel for a ladder at home as there is on some other subscriber's premises. Cracked plaster, defective woodwork, or other hazardous conditions about the home de-

mand repair, just as they do any place else. The head of the house is responsible for the safety of himself and family, just as the foreman is responsible for his own safety and that of his crew.

Motor accidents form a large proportion of all accidents, both within the Company and outside of it. The four pages of detailed instructions for the operation of motor vehicles which are written into our Safety Code, are just as sensible rules to follow in driving one's own car as when operating company automobiles.

If we are to reduce human suffering, every telephone man in our organization will need to live and breathe Accident Prevention every minute of the day, every day in the year.

Plant Accidents, July, 1925

Divisions	Total Accidents	Number of Lost Time Accidents	Lost Time Accidents per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
New Mex.-El Paso	1	0	.0
Wyoming	1	0	.0
Idaho	3	0	.0
Colorado	10	2	2.5
Utah	1	1	4.5
Montana	4	1	4.8
Arizona	3	1	6.0
Total	23	5	2.8

CLASSIFICATION OF LOST TIME ACCIDENTS

Spurs cutting out	1
Falling from pole	1
Stumbling	1
Lifting and reaching	1
Heat prostration	1

NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS FIRST SEVEN MONTHS, 1925

Divisions	Total Accidents	Number of Lost Time Accidents	Lost Time Accidents per Month, per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
Wyoming	3	0	.0
Idaho	4	0	.0
Montana	9	2	1.7
Arizona	7	2	2.1
New Mex.-El Paso	8	2	2.5
Colorado	50	18	3.6
Utah	14	6	3.8
Installation Dept.	5	1	...
Total	100	31	2.7



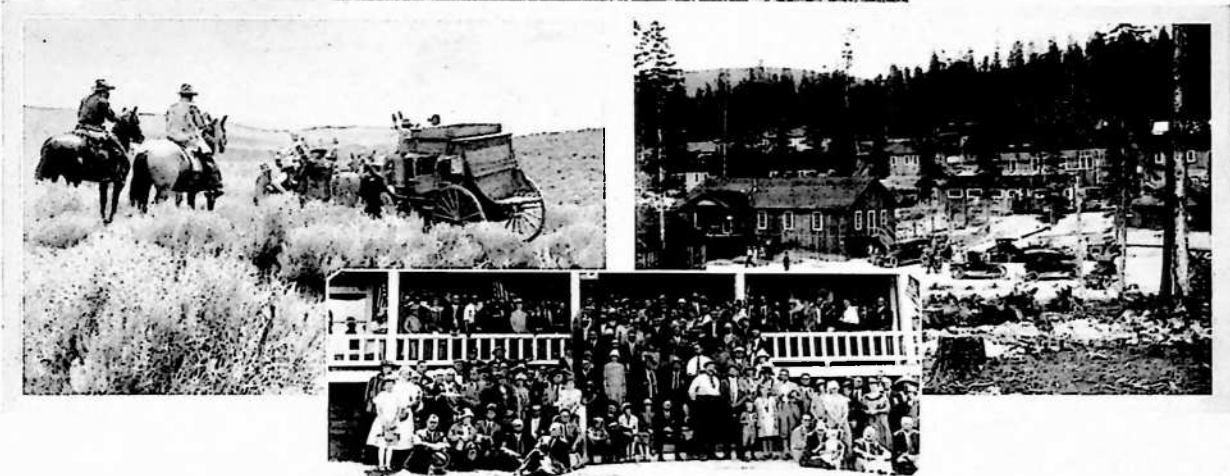
A terrific storm on the night of June 15 came near wrecking the exchange at Johnstown, Colorado, and but for the heroic efforts of Miss Agnes Bertlesen and Miss Edna Carlson the service would have "gone out." They improvised a roof over the switchboard and kept the water from pouring in upon it from great holes in the damaged building.

More than \$75,000 has been spent in telephone improvements in and around Meeker, Colorado, within the past twelve months.

Some of the "Varieties" to be found on the west side of the Rockies. There's Courtney Ryley Cooper who took part in a stagecoach holdup, and the old coach in the background.



The little town built around the West portal of the Moffat tunnel; snap shot of a stagecoach hold up. Below is a bunch of "brains," better known as Colorado editors.



Out in the Land of Varieties

SOMEONE has said that variety is the spice of life. If this is true, then the source of the seasoning has been discovered in Routt County, Colorado. To substantiate this statement, you are asked to study this list and answer for yourself whether or no the varieties warrant the assertion. On a recent trip to "The Land of Everything" THE MONITOR made these casual observations:

Bucking bronchos.
 Dreamy-eyed Herefords.
 Leather-chapped cowpunchers.
 Beautiful women and girls.
 De luxe vestibule railroad trains.
 Bull-whacking prairie schooner outfits.
 Higher arts and sylphlike elves.
 Horny-handed coal diggers.
 Sunday school and prayer meeting picnic.
 Stage coach holdup by road agents.
 Wild elk barbecue and thrilling rodeo.
 Peaceful running streams and mountain trout.
 Wonderful coal mines and oil wells.

Barren sagebrush mesas and high blue sky.
 An Indian runner carrying messages.
 Telephone lines running into the distance as far as the eye could see.

And that doesn't begin to tell of the inexhaustible resources of this new land which lies on the Western Slope of the Continental divide. One cannot help but marvel at the wonderful possibilities yet in the embryonic state. No wonder that great empire builder, David Moffat, gave so much of his time and finally laid down his very life in his effort to bring railroad facilities into this yielding valley.

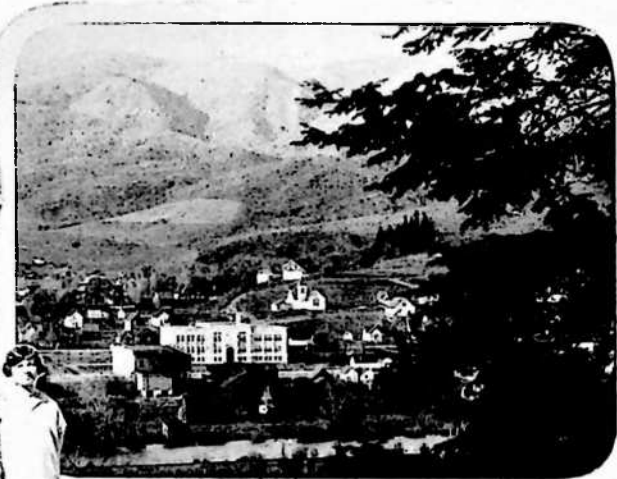
No wonder that the telephone builders of our Company endured hardships, faced dangers, braved the blizzards and hard storms of the mountains and hills, and spent large sums of money in carrying the lines into the then uncharted parks beyond the Rockies.

Like David Moffat, our pioneer telephone builders recognized in that part of the state a great empire which was destined to become

a potent factor in the wealth-producing elements of Colorado, and preceding the advent of the railroad several years the telephone afforded a more direct, and a much quicker, business connection with the outside world.

Mr. E. M. Burgess, our vice-president, related the other day how he and Frank Cannon drove into the Grand County territory before there was a railroad. "We left Georgetown, the end of our telephone line in that direction, one morning some twenty years ago," said Mr. Burgess, "and drove a team over the Berthoud Pass, and then out to Hot Sulphur Springs, and back over the Grand Lake country, looking over the situation. I think it took us three days to make the trip. In those days I did most of the surveying myself. We didn't have an engineer, and what I knew about a transit-compass wasn't very much. I guess we used our naked eyesight and judgment in most cases." And to Mr. Burgess' judgment in running lines, let it be

(Continued on next page)



View of one corner of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, is shown above. Top, left, is a picture of our telephone men—Lee Pace, Floyd Wilson, wire chief; Carl Combs and Willard Fewless, manager. The girls are Betty Ratliff, Ruby Wren, Margaret Anter, Dora Kilpatrick, evening chief operator; Mary Fiek, chief operator; Selma Peavy, Viola Anter and Lottie Mulkey.

said that latterday surveys have changed but little any of the original routes.

Before the railroad was built into Steamboat Springs, Craig, Hayden and other points in the Yampa River Valley, in Routt County, the telephone was there. Farsighted men were not dreaming in vain, and in those days it meant something to venture into an untried territory.

At Oak Creek we found a group of telephone men and women right on the job, although our visit was very early in the morning. Fannie Schneider is agent, and she is ably assisted in the exchange by Dolly Mackellhinney and Henrietta Sickels. Here in Oak Creek is one of the very important varieties that go toward making up the list of products—coal, coal, coal.

Steamboat Springs, a few miles on to the north and west, is the county seat of Routt County. It is a town of 1,500 people, thriving and industrious. Here, in the heart of the great Yampa Valley, embracing Mt. Harris and its wonderful coal mines, agricultural and stock-raising developments, natural mineral springs and pure streams, one is constrained to exclaim: "Behold the modern Garden of Eden!"

And here it was we found the greatest number of varieties that go to make up the "spice of life." The broad Carey ranch, with its 44,000 acres of land, dotted with a "thousand cattle on every hill," is soon to become the largest "dude ranch" in the world. Marvelous are the workings of transition! On this ranch we witnessed a "genuine stage-coach holdup," plotted and planned by Courtney Ryley Cooper, world-renowned author of western stories and scenario writer, who chanced to

ride in from the open range on that day atop his coal-black Arabian charger. Then, stopping at the ranch, we milled with a bunch of Colorado editors who had been caught in the roundup, and were feeding in the corrals.

There, within a few minutes' time, we had viewed the peaceful valley of the Yampa; had taken a bath in the rejuvenating waters of the miniature geysers; had been held up by road agents; hobnobbed with a great author; feasted on wild elk meat; fed at the maverick stalls with the "brains of the state"; had our picture taken, and was kicked by a spotted calf. Oh, such a diversification!

And that is not all—not all. A few miles from Steamboat Springs, secluded and far from the maddening throngs, we came upon Paradise itself. Or was it the Garden of Eden? Beautiful, sylph-like women and charming young girls. Refinement, grace of poise, perfection of form and beauty—nymphs of the wild woods of the Rockies, pure, sweet and innocent. That does not describe it, but let it suffice. And these, too, went into the melting pot of varieties.

This was the Perry-Mansfield camp, where professional and normal schools of dancing are conducted; where dramatics and stage design are taught; where a great recreation camp is maintained for girls and women from all over the country. There were 106 in the camp—not a man among them. Portia Mansfield is director of dancing and Charlotte L. Perry is arts and crafts director. You have seen photographs of these "back-to-nature girls" in eastern art magazines, high-class publications and theatrical journals.

"The camp must help each one to choose

the work for which she is most fitted," Miss Mansfield told THE MONITOR man, "and then teach her how to succeed in that work. To lead a full life we must have a wide and comprehensive interest. As our interests grow our personality develops. By opening the way to the appreciation of art and nature we hope to give each student something of permanent value. We feel the need of combining technical training with study of the plastic rhythms of natural expression in order to gain dramatic sense and feeling.

"One must bring to dancing the knowledge of all arts; the beautiful lines of the body from the study of sculpture; grouping, color and draping from painting and design, and rhythm and expression from music and poetry. Unconsciously the body must learn to express the finer gradations from poetic softness and emotional force."

"And where—where in all the world," added Miss Mansfield, "could one find environments more propitious to the study of true art than out here in the virgin fastness of the mountains?"

But never shall we knowingly permit colorful deviations from the conventional customs and costumes of everyday life and social adoptions to detract or lessen in any way the stern conviction that of all girls among girls the telephone girl is the composite ideal.

Continued on Page 20

On page 19.—This all happened at the Perry-Mansfield dancing camp, near Steamboat Springs. Top is an actual photograph taken of Miss Virginia Mansfield and Miss Margot Shelly in their aerial technique dancing.—Below—Miss Fuller, the romantic angler.



Telephone Pioneers of America

Denver, August 12, 1925.

The meeting was called to order at 8:15 p. m., President Wolf in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Communications were read from A. H. Warneke and Mr. Fred C. Barnhart, acknowledging flowers.

President Wolf asked for any suggestion or recommendations that might be passed to the delegates to act upon at the annual convention.

J. E. Macdonald responded by suggesting that the delegates get busy in regard to hotel reservations and railroad transportation.

One hundred and eighteen replies on amendment to the by-laws, which was circu-



Rocky Mountain Chapter No. 8

lated to the total membership, were received and showed that they were unanimously in favor of the amendment. Mr. Wolf instructed the secretary to refer it to the National Committee for ratification.

A. W. Young reported that F. C. Barnhart's

condition was somewhat improved, but that he was still unable to attend to his regular duties, also that A. H. Warneke was improved and back on the job.

President Wolf announced that the primary reason for calling the meeting in August was to wish H. W. Kline godspeed and success in his transfer to the Bell Company of Canada.

C. C. Pratt of Salt Lake City was then called upon and expressed the good thoughts of Utah and Salt Lake City employees in regard to H. W. Kline. J. E. Macdonald made some humorous and serious remarks regarding Mr. Kline, quoting some ancient history of the time when Mr. Kline started with this company. C. A. Wiswell made very flattering and true remarks in regard to Mr. Kline. H. T. Vaile expressed regrets that Mr. Kline was leaving the Company, and said that our loss was Canada's gain. A. S. Peters' remarks in regard to Mr. Kline were in regard to his early association with him in the Rocky Mountain Telephone Company, and stated that this Company was losing a very valuable man in H. W. Kline.

Mr. Peters also had the honor of presenting the pen and pencil to Mr. Kline, a small memento from this chapter.

Mr. Kline, in accepting this memento, expressed his regrets in having to leave this Company and also the employees with whom he has worked for so many years, and whom he has learned to love, but he felt that opportunities such as were offered to him in this transfer were such that he could not for personal reasons turn them down. He then recalled his early associations with this Company and also with the former Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company, and the circumstances under which he met different officials and employees who were in attendance at this meeting.

Fred Wolf, president of this chapter, then had the last word and expressed his regrets, personally and in behalf of the chapter, that Mr. Kline was leaving this Company, as he knew he would miss Mr. Kline's counsel, thereby causing a loss to the chapter.

There were thirty-two members present.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:20, after which ice cream and cake were served.

C. C. KINNEY,
Acting Secretary.

Pioneer Notes

One application has been received since last notice. It is that of William J. Sullivan, foreman, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mr. Sullivan's telephone work began in January, 1903, with the Colorado Telephone Company, under Foreman F. X. Knaus. He has been with this group ever since, with the

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued From Page 18)

Turning from the wonderful, fantastic grottos of the pine-scented foothills, we doffed our hat in the corridor of the telephone exchange at Steamboat Springs, and there found the gentle voice with the sweet smile to greet us. It was "home, sweet home" to the editor, and visions of fairyland soon vanished, and again we thought of the varieties of animate and inanimate things that go to make up the business, social, industrial and commercial resources of this new empire.

Our telephone folks at Steamboat were as busy as bees. Willard Fewless, manager, was out on a job, as were Lee Pace, Floyd Wilson and Carl Combs, but the office force was there to render service to the public. Mary Fiek, chief operator, pleasing personality and keen sense of business requirements, was alert to the interests of her Company and to the people we serve. She is ably assisted by Dora Kilpatrick, evening chief operator; Betty Ratcliff, Ruby Wren, Margaret Auter, Lottie Mulkey and Viola Auter—fine girls, every one.

Steamboat is a beautiful young city, teeming with business life and genuine hospitality, but our time was limited and the conductor cried, "All aboard for Craig!" At Craig a brass band, headed by our old schooldays friend, Ed Vanatta, an attorney, and George Kimball, prince of newspapermen, was at the depot to meet THE MONITOR editor—and the other 164 newspaper men and women, and J. O. Goodwin.

Those closest to the oil situation in the vicinity of Craig believe that the day is not far off when that field will be one of the largest and best producers in the state. Test wells seem to bear out this hope. The early extension of the Moffat railroad on to Salt Lake City is a dream that has cause for realization.

Ralph C. Graves, our telephone agent at Craig, joins heartily in the belief that the future development of the oil industry in that

field will make it one of the great producers of the state. In the Craig exchange, he is assisted by Mrs. Graves, chief operator; Anna Foley, Cecil Schuster, Dolly Woods, and Mrs. Lorane Walliesier, and his combination man is Percy Jenkins.

Craig has one of the neatest little exchange buildings on the road, and we heard nothing but praise for the service while in the town. Here's what you might call a coincidence:

We were standing in the exchange one evening when one of the operators turned to Mrs. Graves, chief operator, and said: "I have a long distance call for a Mr. Charles Leckenby who lives in Steamboat." The editor looked up. Leckenby was just passing the door. He grabbed Charley by the coat-tail, dragged him into the office, and inside of half a minute he was talking with the Moffat Tunnel Commission at Denver. That's what we call team work and service.

On the return trip to Denver we stopped off at Hot Sulphur Springs for a Sunday morning bath and a trout fry. Two hundred and twenty-six fine mountain trout were piled up on a bench ready for the fry. Our old friend, McQueary, was at the pan—and the way he could fry trout! Not only did he fry them, but he caught most of them himself the day before. The hospitality at Hot Sulphur Springs was no less cordial than had been the unstinted welcome all along the line.

And the last parting participation in the genuine hospitality of Grand and Routt counties was indulged in at the West Portal of the Moffat tunnel, the great underground thoroughfare six miles long which is being constructed under James Peak, and which will connect Denver and the East with the new empire where there are more varieties than a dozen pickle factories can boast of.

Indeed, "variety is the spice of life," and this part of the Western Slope has its share.

A. U. M.



Telephone Carried First News of the Gigantic Landslide



Above—General view of the great slide that filled a canyon with 300 feet of rock and dirt, and formed a lake back of it. Below—a closeup of the dam.

exception of a short time when he was with the Pueblo Light and Traction Company.

Pioneer James Scott, of Windsor, Colorado, is arranging a transfer to California. "Jim-mie" has been with us for a long time, and we hate to see him go; however, it is hoped the mild climate of California will prove of benefit to him. He has been a steady attendant at various activities, coming with the Greeley bunch, who are almost always with us at meetings, etc.

Pioneer Herbert W. Kline is leaving us to go with the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, where he has an important position in the plant department. Mr. Kline has been with us for a good many years, mostly at Salt Lake City, and Rocky Mountain Chapter No. 8 and other fellow-employees regret to see him go; however, all good wishes follow him for a huge success in his new position.

The Chapter is in receipt of a letter from Daisy L. Thomas, president of Oregon Chapter No. 31, which is located at Room 601 Tele-

phone Building, 352 Oak Street, Portland, Oregon. The latch-string is out, and a general invitation is extended to visiting Pioneers to call at the Oregon headquarters.

All members have doubtless received notice from General Secretary Starrett as to the convention in Washington on October 15 to 18. It should be carefully noted that those who intend going should send in their questionnaires promptly and also request identification certificates. The practice in previous years in sending out certificates to all will not be followed, and the questionnaire is necessary to get your credentials.

A special train leaves St. Louis Wednesday, October 14, at 12:05 p. m. Any Pioneer who wishes to join this train will no doubt be very welcome, and if he will communicate with H. W. Bellard, secretary, arrangements will be made with George F. Durant Chapter No. 11 for reservations. Applications should be received as promptly as possible, if any wish to take advantage of this.

THE FIRST INKING of the gigantic landslide which recently completely filled the Gros Ventre River Valley, Wyoming, reached the outside world over the only line of communication—a single telephone strand of wire which connects the Jackson Hole country, through a repeating coil at Victor, Idaho, to a line terminating on the Driggs, Idaho, switchboard.

The news, in form of a press dispatch to the Associated Press at Denver, contained almost eight hundred words and was copied by Miss Nolene Hill, junior telephone operator at Driggs.

Almost the whole north side of Sheep Mountain, near Jackson, slipped its moorings of centuries and in less than five minutes filled the valley below with a mass of rocks, dirt and trees. The tremendous heat produced by the friction of the slide caused the rocks and debris to retain their heat many hours after they had come to rest.

The Gros Ventre River, principal tributary of the Great Snake, and a roaring torrent at this time of year, found itself behind a barrier more than a mile in width and two hundred and twenty-five feet in height. At first the water in what is now known as "New Slide Lake" rose at the rate of twelve feet each day, decreasing as the area of the lake became greater, until the lake reached its high water level almost a month after nature saw fit to dam the river. Its rise was checked by water breaking through some forty feet below the top of the dam, forming an outlet to a body of water more than a mile wide and seven miles in length, and covering a valley once dotted with valuable ranches.

Engineers from various parts of the United States have visited the scene of the slide, and there is much speculation as to the possibilities of making the dam permanent for irrigation purposes and the development of water power.

Thus the whim of nature changes the geography of a country, and unless steps are taken to make the dam permanent the continual wear of the water will in time create a deep canyon where once existed an almost level valley.



Invade Reservation of Comanches

By Pine Ear, Jr.

HAVING learned from experience that our Pioneers are not long-whiskered, I left my false whiskers at home. I also did my daily dozen faithfully for a week to be in shape for the Third Annual Pioneers' picnic.

The ranch of N. D. Spence, near Indian Hills, Denver, was the setting. A more beautiful mountain spot would be hard to duplicate.

The Pioneers' tribe, accompanied by their squaws and papooses, gathered at the Indian Hills early in the afternoon, headed by Big Chief Fred Wolf. Out-of-town tribes were represented by C. L. Titus from Cheyenne; Messrs. Croll, Frasier, Brobyn and Rains from Greeley; Scott from Windsor; and Barney from Brush. H. W. Warneke and M. C. Hensley drifted in from the Western Electric reservation in full regalia.

While the horseshoe elimination contest was in progress, games were held for the children. All the kids were plentifully supplied with lolly-pops and soda water. Many a proud papa enjoyed a stolen lick or two while holding the all-day suckers while their offsprings were defending the family name on the athletic field.

The odds were in favor of Al Young to win the horseshoe pitching contest. Our tall plant superintendent had only to make one step to be half-way down the peg. But everyone failed to consider the wily C. C. Kinney. He evidently had a conference with the tribe's medi-

cine man before the contest, for he out-lucked the other contenders and won a set of regulation horseshoes. I was unable to find out what kind of medicine he procured, but it sure worked wonders.

After the contest N. O. Pierce, general plant manager, and H. W. Warneke of the Western Electric Company, took on all comers. We understand much wampum changed hands.

With a cloudburst of speed, Luella Rains won the 25-yard dash for single ladies, while Mrs. Jack Aldred won the same event for married ladies.

No one ever accused Mrs. Bill Lamping of chewing the rag, but—she is a notorious

string-chewer. This was evidenced by the speed in which she made it disappear in the 20-inch string-chewing race.

All ladies with any kick coming were given a chance next, in the slipper-kicking contest. The majority had only one-half of one per cent kick. But Mrs. Laufenborg's kick was one hundred proof, aged in wood, and bore the original label, and won for her an electric lamp, which was the prize for the event.

Miss Ballacher won the baseball-throwing contest for ladies. Judging from the throw she made, Miss Ballacher must have, at one time, played center field for the New York Giants.

The necktie race came next. This race was won by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hiester. Everyone knew the result would be a tie, but the question was, who would tie the tie first. This was answered in record time by the Hiesters.

Next came the needle-threading contest. This was won by Mrs. Charley Chinn and L. A. Jones. A pair of silk hose for each was the prize. The speed displayed in this event would indicate that the winners will have no trouble in keeping the prizes well darned.

The Kinney family came into prominence again in the hoop race. Carl Kinney and daughter, Melozene Kinney, each winning a pair of silk hose. Carl was badly in need of these.

The dope was upset in the 40-yard dash for Pioneers with over thirty years' service. Frank Cannon was favored to win, but Kid Croll, the lightning-streak from Greeley, made the notorious Cannon look like a cap pistol.



Charley Crapo intently watching N. O. Pierce wrap a ringer around the stake.

Where One Steps up Others Follow

When one man steps out, or up, it automatically moves a number of other men who are in line for promotions. This was exemplified recently when one of our Denver traffic men, L. W. Gillilan, Colorado toll supervisor, was called to the A. T. & T. Co., at New York, to take the place left vacant by the promotion of Jack Coffey, a former Mountain States man, who was transferred to the Michigan Bell Telephone Company as general toll supervisor, headquarters at Detroit.

Gillilan's transfer moves H. B. Anderson, Denver toll manager, to the position of Colorado toll supervisor, and in turn T. R. Wilkin-

son, traffic chief at Colorado Springs, comes to take Mr. Anderson's place, while H. A. Arnold, who has been in the Denver traffic department, goes to Colorado Springs as district traffic chief at that place.

Waldo Cockrell, Colorado traffic supervisor, under whom all of these men, except Jack Coffey, are now operating, expresses a fine thought when he says: "An employee who is watching his job with the idea of making it 100 per cent, simply creates his own promotion. Promotions in the telephone organization are not given through influence, neither are they obtainable just because a man or woman aspires through hope alone. The man

who sits down beside the trail and hopes someone will come along and carry him to the top of the peak, will hardly arrive. The only realization of hope is to make good every step of the way. That is genuine success."



Al Clark Comes to Headquarters

Alfred L. Clark, past two years commercial manager at Salt Lake City, and formerly with our company in Montana, has been made general directory sales manager at headquarters in Denver, and is now on the job. Al is one of those likeable chaps who "knows his telephone stuff," and when he gets his sleeves rolled up things begin to hum.

A new telephone building 30x60 is soon to be erected at Oak Creek, Colorado.

Big Chief Fred Wolf, Pioneer President, starred in the broad jump and the 50-yard dash. Being an estimate engineer and the possessor of long legs, the other contestants were helpless.

The 60-yard dash for Pioneers with less than twenty-five years' service, was won by L. A. Jones. This was expected, as Jones has just completed a correspondence course on running as taught by Pavo Nurmi, the flying Finn.

E. K. Barnhart outthrew the gang in the baseball throwing contest and won a bunch of bananas for his mighty heave. No one could truthfully sing "Yes, We Have No Bananas," as E. K. distributed the fruit to everybody

after the contest.

The final event was a grand raffle by Pioneers' wives. Mrs. Charley Tuttle drew the lucky number and was presented with an electric toaster. Charley will no longer be forced to use his blow torch in manufacturing his breakfast.

Then came the eats. I had discovered the cook tent early in the afternoon and had planned to be the first in line, but it seems that others had the same intention. By the time I found a place there was more line in front than behind me. President Reid was already nicely parked with a chicken sandwich in one hand and a cup of coffee in the

other, while Charley Crapo was back in line for the second time. Believe me, those Pioneers are fast workers.

The refreshment committee covered themselves with glory as in previous picnics. The way they dished out the eats would shame the hired help at the Waldorf-Astoria. So, hats off to the committee, composed of R. F. Morris, J. A. Miller and R. J. Garretson.

After C. L. Titus had consumed about fourteen sandwiches and Geo. Frasier had stowed away three bricks of ice cream, the Pioneers started homeward. All pronounced the Third Annual Pioneers' Picnic a huge success, and I second the motion.

The slipper-kicking contest was entered into with a great deal of vim and interest.



Left—A spirited foot-race that came near being a tie. Top—President Reid, Vice-President Burgess, Vice-President Roderick Reid and members of their families talking over old times.

IN THE YEAR OF 1945

By Ralph P. Stiehl

"Have a cigar, Fred," said George Burton to his friend Fred Hancock, as they settled back in comfortable chairs after the card game, while their wives stepped out to the kitchen to bring in the simple refreshments. "Here it's been twenty years since I've seen you; I'm mighty glad that you and your wife dropped in on us when you were passing through. Now, tell me all about yourself, and why you're leaving the old home town!"

"Well, to tell you the truth, George," said Fred, "I'm pretty well discouraged. I've had a good job, but I don't seem to have been able to save anything. My wages have increased, but the family expenses kept up with them—and then some. I got to be office manager of the creamery, and thought I was sitting pretty; but the firm needed some more capital, and offered me a partnership, if I would be able to put \$10,000 into the business. Of course I couldn't; and they told me they were sorry, but they'd have to get an office manager who could. So after twenty years they let me out, and now I'm going to the big town to look for a job."

"That's pretty tough," said George, after a thoughtful pause. He was thinking that it might be just the same with him, except for a piece of luck.

"But you look prosperous enough." Fred changed the subject to a more pleasant line. "You have a beautiful home here; you are a partner in your firm; you belong to the clubs, travel—you're what they call a successful business man." Diffidently, he continued, "I'd be awfully glad if you'd tell me how you did it."

"As you were talking, Fred, I was thinking what a lucky chance it was that I was able to do it. You know, I never was able to save any money at all; but just about twenty years ago a young telephone man whom I knew slightly, came to me and told me about the plan of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for selling their stock on the installment plan. He told me that it was easy to put away ten dollars a month in stock, and that it would amount to something really worth while before I knew it. I started with one share at ten dollars a month; when I got that paid for, I put it away and started to buy another. When the dividend checks came in, I didn't go out on a party with them, but just pretended they were pieces of paper and put them in the savings bank. When I'd accumulated enough I would buy more A. T. & T. stock with the dividends. As my salary increased, I found I could buy two, three or four shares of stock at the same time on monthly payments; the dividends helped greatly in that, too. Do you know, Fred, that

in twenty years, with American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock, I've been able to accumulate thirty thousand dollars, and that only about half of it was savings? The rest was interest and dividends! I tell you, interest and dividends are what make you comfortable!

"Then, if I needed any ready money, I didn't sell my stock; I put it up at the bank as security for a loan, and then worked a little harder to pay back the loan. Thus I always had a ready source of money, so that I could take advantage of any good investment opportunities which came along, and the dividends

on the stock would more than pay the interest on the loan.

They offered me a partnership at the woolen mills, just about as they did you at the creamery. But I was lucky, and had the money to put into the business. That investment has been very profitable to me."

"I shouldn't call that luck," said Fred, "that's just good management and judgment."

"Yes, luck's all it is. It was the best piece of luck I ever had, when that young telephone man persuaded me to buy the first share of American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock on the installment plan."

The New Town of Salt Creek

Oh! Hello, folks. This is just to let you know that this busy little Wyoming exchange is alive and coming after eighteen months of steady, up-hill work.

This is the most mixed-up exchange in the Mountain States district, owing to the changing of names of the two most important towns. The town now known as Midwest was formerly called Salt Creek, and this, the new and prosperous town of Salt Creek, was merely a "sage-brush flat"; but nevertheless we are fast becoming a city and will make the rest of the district sit up and take notice.

It is quite necessary that the operators here are well acquainted with the oil fields as so many people over the country call for Salt Creek when in reality they mean Midwest.

The Salt Creek oil fields cover only about 33 miles of the busiest section of Wyoming,

census the set population of better than fifteen thousand.

At present this exchange is run by an agent and one relief operator, and at this writing they are handling between fifty and seventy toll tickets daily.

We have one direct circuit to Casper and try to handle all our L. D. calls over this one line instead of bothering Midwest operators, who have about all they can do without our calls.

Mr. Cameron is our troubleman as well as being agent at Midwest. If you think he isn't kept real busy, just come on out and follow him for a while.

In the near future we hope that we shall have things arranged so we can give both our local patrons as well as the outside calls better service. Remember, when calling us, that this is just a new exchange, and that we always try to give everyone the best service possible.

When in this neck of the woods drop in and look us over, as we are always glad to welcome any and all of the telephone family.

TELEPHONE MAN.



Correct Again

Military Student: "Captain, I have neither pencil nor paper?"

Captain: "What would you think of a soldier who went to battle without rifle and ammunition?"

"I would think he was an officer, sir."

The taxi suddenly came to a halt in the middle of the street.

"What's the matter?" called a man from the back seat.

"I thought the young lady said 'stop,'" answered the chauffeur.

"Well, she wasn't talking to you."

—Pullman News.



and although our friend, neighbor and working partner (Midwest) estimated the population at ten thousand, we take from the latest

AND THESE WE CALL AMERICAN BEAUTIES

By J. B. King, Exchange Manager,
Wheatland, Wyoming

We have flowers called American Beauties and some girls that go by the same name, but the name does not spell anything when it comes to the test. Anyone can have the title of doctor or attorney or any other title they see fit, but be man enough to defend your title.

Young man, when you grow up to the age of 21 and get up in the morning and tell your mother there is a man in the house, that is the time to start to defend the title—the same title that many a man has let go because he could not stand the test.

We will admit that the test is more severe than the test we took in the little old brown school house on the hill at the end of our

school term and then, as care-free as we were, it worried us a little.

Those who failed to defend the title came to the end of their rope, let go and fell by the wayside; some are still with us but they have nothing to defend but themselves. Young man, when you come to the end of that old rope, tie a knot in the son-of-a-gun and hang on.

Men are born equal and you have the same chance as the other fellow because you are a man. Now forget the rattle-box and the old sugar rag and use your head; learn to be thrifty, save your money, listen to good advice, and you will find if you apply yourself along these lines that you have a little edge on the test.

Keep up your appearance. This does not mean to spend all your money on clothes, and don't pay a fancy price for a suit of clothes when a modest suit will do just as well. Put the difference down in the north corner of the old sock, as all these things help to stand the test.

Save your money and save the title that has been lost many a time, and in your travels through life remember to tie the knot in the old rope and hang on. When you pass by a nice, cozy little cottage and see an old man and an old lady sitting on the front porch enjoying the evening papers, you can bet your old pocket knife that the old man stood the test.

Boys, they have been through the mill; they have made the hill, so to speak, not days but years, if it took them. None of nature's flowers could follow them—one little frost and the flower, no matter how beautiful, is gone. But they have stood many and are still with us. They are what I call "American Beauties" because they have stood the test.

Thrift will help you make the hill and enable you to sit on the front porch when your joints get old and stiff. Boys, the whole world loves and admires the old man when he retires.

Changes and Promotions

GENERAL

Commercial Department—

NAME	LOCATION	PREVIOUS POSITION	NEW POSITION	DATE EFFECTIVE
A. L. Clark	Denver	Coml. Mgr., Salt Lake	Gen. Dirce. Sales Mgr.	July 1, 1925

COLORADO

Commercial Department—

Herman P. Stommel	Grand Junction	Manager	District Manager	July 1, 1925
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Plant Department—

Malcolm C. Witts	Denver	Installer	Group Foreman	July 1, 1925
Fred Gallagher	Denver	Installer	Repairman	July 1, 1925
John L. Lomax	Colorado Springs	App. Lineman	P. B. X. Installer	July 1, 1925
Chas. McElroy	Denver	Lineman	Assistant Foreman	July 1, 1925
J. E. King	Grand Junction	Field Recordman	Line Foreman	July 1, 1925
Elmer Personne	Denver	Lineman	Foreman	July 17, 1925
George E. Miller	Denver	App. Installer	Rackman	July 11, 1925
Herman O. Freudenberg	Denver	App. Rackman	Night Switchboardman	July 11, 1925
Elgie F. Shinn	Denver	Groundman	Mechanic	July 8, 1925
Malcolm H. Docherty	Denver	App. Installer	Order Clerk	July 29, 1925

Traffic Department—

Nellie Myers	Denver—Main	All Night Operator	All Night Supervisor	July 12, 1925
Marion Malone	Denver—South	Operator	Supervisor	July 5, 1925
Father Moore	Pueblo	Local Student	Dist. T. C. Clerk	July 12, 1925
Mary Borek	Denver—Main	Operator	Clerk	July 12, 1925
Mary A. Carroll	Denver—Main	Supervisor	Central Office Instructress	July 12, 1925
Jennie Johnson	Denver—Main	Supervisor	Central Office Instructress	July 12, 1925
Zola B. Lynch	Denver—L. D.	All Night Operator	All Night Supervisor	July 19, 1925
Katherine Haas	Denver—York	Operator	Supervisor	July 19, 1925
Francis R. Smith	Denver—York	Operator	Supervisor	July 19, 1925
Lola Reddis	Denver—York	Supervisor	Acting Evening Chief Opr.	July 19, 1925
Ernestine Archambault	Denver—South	Asst. Chief Operator	Evening Chief Operator	July 19, 1925
Mary Milner	Florence	Operator	Acting Chief Operator	July 19, 1925
Agnes M. McIlveen	Denver	All Night Junior Opr.	All Night Clerk	July 4, 1925
Naney M. Cuillard	Denver	All Night Junior Opr.	All Night Clerk	July 4, 1925
Edith Minick	Brighton	Operator	Acting Eve. Chf. Opr.	June 28, 1925
Ruth M. Brandt	Denver—Franklin	Operator	Supervisor	July 5, 1925
Coretta Smith	Denver—Champa	Asst. Chief Operator	Evening Chief Operator	July 26, 1925
Lorene L. Smith	Denver—Champa	Operator	Clerk	July 26, 1925
Hazel Swan	Denver—Champa	All Night Operator	All Night Supervisor	July 26, 1925
Margaret E. Williams	Denver—Gallup	Operator	Supervisor	July 26, 1925
Matilda Keller	Denver—York	All Night Operator	All Night Rel. Supervisor	July 19, 1925
Josephine Milles	Denver—L. D.	Operator	Supervisor	July 26, 1925
Ethel M. Gardner	Denver—South	Supervisor	Assistant Chief Operator	July 19, 1925
Florence Amos	Denver—Champa	Supervisor	Assistant Chief Operator	July 26, 1925

IDAHO

Traffic Department—

Mary Jackson	Poratello	Toll Supervisor	Evening Chief Operator	July 5, 1925
Elva Hodgson	Rigby	Operator	Evening Chief Operator	July 12, 1925

MONTANA

Traffic Department—

Mary E. Davidson	Anaconda	Operator	Assistant Chief Operator	July 6, 1925
Mary T. Mounsey	Anaconda	Operator	Chief Operator	July 19, 1925

NEW MEXICO-EL PASO

Traffic Department—

Alice May Peacock	Las Cruces	Operator	Chief Operator	July 12, 1925
Mattie Heirgoud	Albuquerque	Operator	Supervisor	July 26, 1925

UTAH

Traffic Department—

Newell Hemphries	Morgan	Janitor	Agent	July 15, 1925
Theresa Johnston	Salt Lake	Evening Operator	Evening Supervisor	July 5, 1925
Dorothy Sagerdorf	Salt Lake	Evening Operator	Supervisor	July 5, 1925
Caroline Snow	Salt Lake	Operator	Evening Supervisor	July 5, 1925
Viola Nelson	Salt Lake	Evening Operator	Evening Supervisor	July 12, 1925
Anna West	Salt Lake	Operator	Supervisor	July 19, 1925

WYOMING

Traffic Department—

Arthur C. Jeffers	Pine Bluffs	Comb. Man, Plant Dept.	Agent	July 1, 1925
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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

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

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Betty Devine.....Feature Writer

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Morality and Liberty

In his memorial day speech, President Coolidge said in substance that we are not a lawless people, but are too frequently a careless people; that if we are too weak to take charge of our own morality, we shall not be strong enough to take charge of our own liberty; that if we cannot govern ourselves, nothing remains but to have someone else govern us.



Day and Night

"Nature provides two great pictures for mankind," says James Wallen. "the glorious enlivening panorama of day, and the slumberous, soothing canvas of night," and then he comments: "The daytime aspect of the world inspires the humblest to action on the sunlighted stage. Night brings repose to all those who labor and are heavy laden."

The other night we went home from a religious service, with mind soothed, soul restful and body ready for the gentle repose Wallen speaks of. We picked up the headset to the little crystal radio receiving instrument: "Biff! bang! slap-trap! ding-dong! squeak! squawk! shuffle—jazz, jazz, jazz!" That's what we heard, and right on top of the religious soothing; and we wondered, is that the "slumberous, soothing canvas of night?"

"Whither, O whither are we drifting?"

What E. K. Hall Said

Mr. E. K. Hall, vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, on his recent visit to our territory from New York City, left many sound and exemplary thoughts that should, and will live long after he has returned to his labors in the East. Last month we gave a synopsis of his talk in Denver. Following is taken from his address at Helena, Montana, and is well worth careful and thoughtful reading:

"With the advent of steam and electric power half a century ago, the industries of the country changed from small units, utilizing small processes and employing small organizations, to big organizations doing business in a big way," Mr. Hall said. "During that period of expansion, the managers of industry became absorbed in the mechanical, technical, physical and 'plant' phases of their businesses, and showed a tendency toward failing to pay proportionate attention to the human being that made up the organizations.

"But during the world war, the human element came to be keenly realized.

"As a matter of fact, the human individual is the most important factor in business. Our company certainly regards him as such.

"No part of our internal mechanism is watched so carefully as the pleasant and smooth inter-relation of employe with employer.

"No part of our external dealings with the public is watched so closely and so constantly as the manner in which our customers are treated. The theory of the Bell System is that our employer can give the outside world proper service only if the proper harmony exists among the employees themselves. That is my particular job—to do what I can toward the maintenance of harmonious relations among the employees on the one hand, and between the employees and the public on the other.

"Business is transacted by human beings, not by machines. We want every single member of our organization, from the president to the lone operator

in a country town, to reflect the general spirit of co-operation and will-for-service that constitutes the key-note of the organization.

"More than half a million persons are interested in one way or another in the ownership of the Bell system, including the associate companies," he said. "Whether they are stockholders, bondholders or owners of other securities, they are interested in the success of the enterprise, and their vast numerical strength makes their ownership 'public' in the real sense of the word.

"The average stockholder in our system has twenty-seven shares—and there are 350,000 stockholders!

"Add to this great business democracy the 320,000 persons on our payrolls, and you have nearly a million human beings interested in the success of the enterprise.

"Instead of being without a soul the Bell system has 320,000 of them!"



Fire Brands

The July number of THE MONITOR had as its front cover page design, a picture of a forest fire. The object was to cause reckless people to think at least twice before throwing a lighted cigarette or match away, or leaving a smoldering camp fire in the mountains. We believe this cover picture did, and is still doing its part in the prevention of forest fires.

Not only should thoughtless smokers be careful while in the timber, but there are other ways in which fires may be caused. If you smoke cigarettes, that's all right; but give a thought to the dangers from fires before thumping a "stump" away. If you light a match, see to it that it is "out" before throwing it in the waste paper basket or out of the window. If you think the gas is low in your automobile tank, test it with a stick—don't light a match to find out—you may never know the answer.

By the way, wouldn't it be a good time right now to test out the furnace, chink up the chimneys, examine the hot water pipes and put that loose brick in the ashpit? Anyway, it's something to think about.

Did You Help?

Did you read the story of Sally Rooke, the telephone operator who gave her life for others? Did you visualize the bleak, barren desertland where her bones lie today in an unmarked grave? Did you realize that she was a sister in this great family of telephone men and women? Did you understand that her supreme sacrifice was made long before there was a Vail memorial fund and that she lifted the traditional banner of loyalty and bravery and devotion of the Bell System probably to the highest standard it has ever reached?

Did you read the suggestion made by THE MONITOR that a fitting monument could be erected at her unmarked grave and paid for by the employees of this Company if each one would contribute TEN CENTS to the fund? It isn't the ten cents, but it is the privilege you have had of taking part in placing a granite stone at the head of the grave of Sally Rooke, the heroic telephone operator, that counts. Most departments from all over the territory have responded 100 per cent: others are vastly interested and ask if a little more time can be given, and we are confident that not a single employee will be left out when the monument is erected and dedicated to this brave soul who gave her life in the line of service.



Glad It Happened

Tom Botterill, a well-known automobile dealer in Denver, sends the following out to his trade as a bit of advertising, and it is so good that we reproduce it as an editorial:

"It has been just exactly fifty years since the telephone was invented by a Boston teacher of deaf mutes who had set out to invent something totally different.

"Personally, we're glad things happened as they did. We're glad that Professor Bell's original purpose got sidetracked and that the telephone was born in its stead.

"The telephone is this store's best friend. It does more than anything else to enable us to keep in touch with our customers—which is the thing of all things we most want to do.

"So far as the telephone is concerned, our only regret is that they don't use it more.

"Take yourself, for example, haven't there been times when you wanted information that we would have given you if you had only thought to phone us for it? Not only about your car and its care, but about roads, resorts, hotels, distances, detours, and things like that?

"When we haven't information of this kind, we almost always know where we can get it quickly, and we're only too glad to do so because it gives us an opportunity to prove again that our interest in a customer does not end with his purchase.

"The fact is, our interest in a customer never ends as long as he has the car."



Our Bank Deposits

How much, do you suppose, have the banks of this country on deposit?

A report first publicly shown at the annual convention of the National Association of Supervisors of State Banks, held at St. Paul, July 21 to 23, showed the banks of the United States to have on deposit at that time a total of \$50,497,308,942.13.

Fifty and a half billion dollars!

Ponder for a moment what that amount means—fifty and a half billion dollars.

It is more than the assessed valuation of states.

It is more than the valuation of many nations.

It is more than the total wealth of many countries having kings and queens and feudal lords.

It is more than the fabled wealth of the rich men of history, more than Solomon's wealth, of Croesus'.

Yet all of it belongs to the people of the United States, to men and women in the different stations of our contemporary life, most of them common, working folk who live and save in small amounts; and it is all in the banks of this country, a part of it in your own bank.

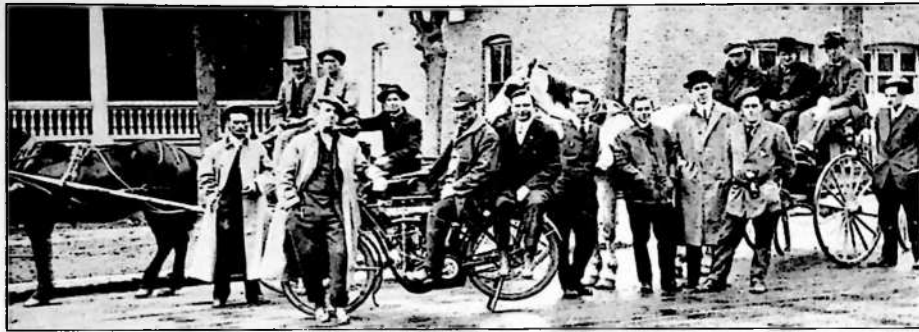
And the total resources of the banks is over ten billion dollars—making a grand total of \$60,511,845,463.73.

Making the Covers

Making the color covers for THE MONITOR is quite a job in itself. Selecting pictures that are suitable and that will reproduce in the four-color process is something of an art, also. Coloring the black-and-white photographs is no play, and then making the color plates is something that requires real skill and workmanship. All of these qualifications go into making the beautiful front page covers of this magazine. And there is no small amount of pride experienced in the production of these covers. The hundreds of fine compliments that come to this office following the issuance of each number, afford pleasure and certain amount of satisfaction in the realization that we have done a good job.

The September cover page is something of an innovation in the way of style. The photograph, colored as it is, is very attractive; but how do you like the heading—the way the name THE MONITOR is drawn?

But, after all, it is the INSIDE of the magazine that really counts. It is published for a definite purpose. First, to promote good will and kindly feeling among the employees—to impress upon each one, the fact that he or she is a member of the greatest industrial family in the world, and that unison of thought and action is what really counts in the building up and maintaining of the Bell System. Second, THE MONITOR is the medium through which each employee may be heard, if he so chooses—may discuss problems, tell of new ideas in the work, relate achievements, write of social and business activities, talk "one to the other." Third, it is the purpose of THE MONITOR to convey valuable information to every employee who is interested in the Company's welfare. The policies of the Company are discussed; advantages of a financial nature are offered to the employees; benefit plans are outlined—in fact, it is the budget of information gathered from the Mountain States territory and the telephone world at large. It is YOUR magazine and its greatest desire is to serve, in some way, each telephone employee.



How One Telephone Man Got Ahead

By Van M. Clark, Idaho Plant Department,
Boise, Idaho

RUMMAGING through an album I ran across an old picture. Some of the faces were familiar, while others failed to remind me of a soul I could remember. The "Old Timer" knew them well, and the smile that wrinkled his face plainly told me his mind had flitted back to the very day it was taken, for he himself was in the picture. "Where'd ya get it? I remember we just stepped out the back door and had our picture taken."

When he pointed to the faces and called names I knew almost every man in the picture, and most of them are still connected with the company in some capacity or other.

Well, thirteen years aren't so many to look back upon, but when we try to see the changes, disappointments, sorrows and joys that will be our share to bear in the thirteen to come, it's an entirely different story.

Reminiscences of my own past thirteen years came back as I gazed at the picture, and little changes in its faces and apparel, from then to now, brought back changes in my own surroundings. There's Coyer, just as skinny as I was then, and Harry Clyne's watch fob—braided cord with a 109 plug at the end of it. I had one then. Oh, boy! look at Dolling's coat. I'll never forget mine. Reached clear down to the knees and had big, long, pointed flaps over the pockets with three shiny buttons sewed on every flap. If I had it now I could wear it for an overcoat. And so on down the line. Oh, yes, do you see Idaho's plant superintendent. What a change thirteen years have wrought in him.

Then my fancy changed, and I wondered how many in the picture at that time tried to visualize the thirteen years to come, and build for them. Maybe all of them didn't but most of them have been preparing and are still preparing for the years ahead. I looked the group over, picked one of those whom I know best, and asked him for the story of how he prepared for the years to come. He's squatted in

the back end of the wagon at the left—Howard W. Groesbeck, present manager at Caldwell.

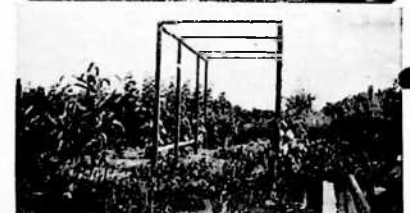
When Howard graduated from school in Denver his one ambition was to become a big league ball player. At the same time he was confronted with the necessity of learning a trade, so when he could spare time from the

Company and started installing telephones in the new building in which he had been sawing and fitting lumber.

The same foresight that caused Howard to look for a more dependable position is still with him, and from the time of his first job as helper on the drop wagon at a salary of \$55.00 per month in 1912, he has forged ahead until now we find him manager of one of Idaho's larger exchanges. During the years between his telephone experience has included that of installer, storekeeper, testboardman,

(Continued on next page)

The Evolution of Howard Groesbeck's "Home, Sweet Home." Read this story and you will learn how he did it.



diamond he served as a carpenter's apprentice. During a slack period he spent several months in the Western Electric Company's shops at Denver, where he made his first acquaintance with the telephone business.

About the time he was ready to ask her the big question, his best girl moved to Boise, and naturally it wasn't long before Howard bought a ticket for that place, married and settled down, following his trade as carpenter. He soon found that the lean years in his chosen trade more than offset those of plenty, and he looked around for something more dependable. Some of the last work at carpentering that he did was on the interior of Idaho's state capitol building, after which he accepted employment with the Telephone

Ten Thrifty Girls From Kansas

Ten little maids from Kansas.
All on saving bent,
Lived ten days in lux'ry
For saving ten per cent.

THRIFT doesn't mean starvation, shabby clothes, depression and stinginess by any means. For evidence, note the ten young women who came to Denver and Colorado from Kansas the forepart of August, as the guests of Mr. C. L. Brown, president of the United Telephone Company, of Abilene. They came in de luxe auto style, stopped at good hotels, visited some of our fine resorts, climbed the mountains, viewed the scenery, met old friends and made some new ones, and had a royal good time for a period of ten days.

It all happened this way: President Brown,

switchboardman, estimate clerk and manager. In each of these jobs, no matter what the salary, he found a way to lay aside a little—sometimes it was a very little—from every pay check to care for the years to come. The Groesbeck family paid as they went along, and Howard says the only time he ever remembers of being near what he terms a "tight hole," was when he received his first pay check from the telephone company which found him with but two bits to his name.

Mr. Groesbeck believes in meeting conditions. When he first came to the Company it didn't take him long to decide that it was time to get some sort of a home of his own. As soon as he was able to purchase a lot he built on it a two-room house that cost him \$75.00. He did all the work himself, after his regular day with the company. It wasn't a fine residence, of course, but it was home—and his own. Next to the family and the house Howard prized his garden, chickens and grape arbor. Here the family lived happily for five or six years, and by that time the money saved in rent was sufficient to make a substantial first payment on an up-to-date modern lungalow.

In 1918 Mr. Groesbeck went to Gooding as manager, and a little later to Caldwell in the same capacity. The first home was sold at a small profit, and the sale of the second netted him almost a thousand dollars more than he had paid for it. Shortly after arriving at Caldwell Howard purchased his third home, for, as he puts it, "Rent receipts are absolutely worthless."

During his thirteen years with our company Mr. Groesbeck has not only owned him home, but has acquired fourteen shares of A. T. & T. stock, and from accumulated dividends he pays for another share each year under "Option B." He is also purchasing eight more

shares under the employee's plan. Nor is this all. His several life insurance policies total something like \$14,000.

Mr. Groesbeck is a firm supporter of the budget book issued by the Company and uses it constantly. His motto is, "Pay cash and your would-be creditors scheme how to get your business and not a way to get your money. If you haven't got the cash, don't buy it."

The Groesbecks have two fine youngsters, a boy and a girl. Almost every week, the weather permitting, they find opportunity to pack the camp outfit on their Dodge car and head for the hills. Howard's favorite sport is hunting and fishing, and, by the way, young Howard can catch 'em just as big as his dad.

Howard has never lost his love for baseball, but let the Mrs. tell you about it. She says: "You know I thought that some day Howard would get too old and stiff to play ball and I'd have him at home when he wasn't working, but since he got this golf craze he's away more than ever."

Mr. Groesbeck is not set up as a man who has accumulated a fortune from a humble beginning, but as a shining example of what the ordinary worker may do. Neither does his method do more than suggest—for each one must work out his own plan of undertaking.

So there's the picture—Howard in the wagon thirteen years ago—he thought and planned for the thirteen to come. He is today straight and alert, still planning for the time to come, and when he's through the shadow that he casts will be just as straight and true as it is today.

Others in the picture taken thirteen years ago laid their plans equally as well or even better, and maybe some day they'll let THE MONITOR tell what they have done.



The United Telephone Company's Thrift prize winners from Abilene, Kansas, and some of their friends, at Georgetown, Colorado.

who has inaugurated a ten per cent saving plan in his utilities companies in Eastern Kansas, offered this trip to the ten girls who had made the best of the thrift plan during the past year. Those who won the prize trip were Artela Clark of Hutchinson; Jessie Miller, Marysville; Lucille Harmon, Ellsworth; Lena Jordan, Oberlin; Laura Ball, Abilene; Lidwina Wasinger, Hays; Anna Classen, McPherson; Bessie Kidby, Clay Center; Hazel Miller, Salina; Elsie Keyes, Manhattan. Mrs. Hazel Dell Gamble, of Abilene, was the official chaperon. She was ably assisted by Mrs. C. G. Van Doren and Mrs. Elliott Belden.

Elliott Belden, director of the department of public relations of the United Telephone Company, at Abilene, was the official pathfinder, and he drove one of the cars. He was ably assisted by C. G. Van Doren, manager of the United Traction System, Abilene, and Robert Gemmill, son of the assistant general manager of the United Power and Light Corporation. He is a junior at Kansas University, and one of the drivers on this trip.

The trip was financed by Mr. Brown personally. He started the ten per cent saving plan in 1922, and records show that during the past three years his employees, numbering less than 4,000, have saved more than half a million dollars by this plan.

The ten days' trip, most of which was spent in Colorado, was jammed full of pleasure, inspiration and revelation to the party. Most of them had not seen the mountains, and this alone was worth the trip. While in Denver they paid a visit to THE MONITOR office, and the editorial staff took "half a day off" and escorted them through the Main and Champa exchanges, through courtesies extended by W. B. Kauder and H. A. Arnold of the Denver traffic, and dined them at the Main cafeteria.

And that is what thrift did for these ten girls. They not only have the results safely deposited at home, but they gained a little recreation that will better fit them for their tasks when they return. There were over 400 competitors in the contest who wrote to Mr. Brown telling him what and how they had saved under his plan.



While the Guarding Angel Waits

Sally Rooke Fund

DEAR EDITOR, MONITOR: Each year we meet to do honor to those of our number who have been cited for noteworthy Public Service, but seldom are we privileged to do honor to the memory of those who have made the Supreme Sacrifice while rendering assistance to humanity. We feel grateful to THE MONITOR for drawing our attention to this privilege we now have of helping to perpetuate the memory of our sister, Sally Rooke, of Folsom New Mexico, who stands out as a real character of self-sacrifice for others. We are 100 per cent strong back of the movement.

ANGUS SMEBLEY, Manager.

Bountiful, Farmington, Maysville, Utah.

THE continuation of this story would not be written for this issue of THE MONITOR were it not for the desire to acknowledge receipt of the many contributions of the telephone folks who have responded so liberally to the suggestion that some kind of a fitting monument be erected to the memory of Sally Rooke, one of our own telephone operators, who gave her life in the great flood at Folsom, New Mexico, seventeen years ago, and whose body today lies in an unmarked grave out in the desert land where trickle the scant waters of the Dry Cimarron. We know every dime contributed brought with it a sentiment that is genuine, and every contribution yet to come—for they are coming in by every mail—bears the same evidence that it is a privilege to be one of the many who shall have a part in honoring this telephone operator who gave her life for others.

While the first idea was to confine the contributions to 10 cents each from the employees of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, there at once came a number of larger amounts from employees of other companies in the great Bell System, and this brought added gratification to THE MONITOR.

And then there is another reason for this story: There were many wonderful expressions of appreciation found in the hundreds

of letters that are worth reading. We wish we had space to give all of these, but they are too numerous. A few will suffice to show the spirit of all:

Miss Dorothy Henrich, clerk to Ben C. Garside in the Main exchange, Denver, caught the true spirit of the proposition to erect a monument to the memory of Sally Rooke, and in addition to giving her bit to help build it, she made the drawing of the Guarding Angel which appears at the top of this page.

Rosebud, Montana.—I am an operator for the Rosebud Mutual Telephone Company, but I wish to help a little—and it is so little I send—but if everyone does a little, no doubt Sally Rooke will have a fine monument, and our boast of loyalty will not have faded.—Mary Pierce.

El Paso, Texas.—I am enclosing a check for \$14.30, covering 143 dime subscriptions by our traffic department girls in the operating rooms of the Main, East and Long Distance.—A. D. Spaulding, Traffic Chief.

Brigham City, Utah.—Enclosed is to cover total number of employees here, including two cable men working here at present who wanted to send their money. If any additional donation is necessary, kindly advise.—J. H. Clive, Manager.

Albany, New York.—If I may be permitted, would like to contribute ten dimes for the Sally Rooke monument. I am one of the fraternity, and you will all be rewarded for a noble deed of this kind.—W. B. Eddy, Special Agent, A. T. & T. Co.

Idaho Falls, Idaho.—We are pleased to have an opportunity to contribute to such a worthy cause. The employees here are 100 per cent for it.—Harry Morgan, Manager.

Helena, Montana.—You might be interested to know that every employee in Conrad and Great Falls gave their bit.—J. N. Whittinghill, Montana Manager.

Atlanta, Ga.—The Sally Rooke Memorial is a fine idea, and I hope it goes over big. I want the privilege of having a small part in it, and I am enclosing my check for \$10, and if later on you need some more money, won't you give me the privilege of sharing still further in this splendid idea?—Ben S. Read, President, Southern Bell Telephone Company.

Trinidad, Colorado.—Enclosed is a check in the sum of \$5.20, which represents a 100 per cent contribution from our employees.—J. N. Lewis, Manager.

North Ogden, Utah.—North Ogden is but a small exchange. We have only three operators, but we are thankful to have the privilege

to send in our three little dimes toward the Sally Rooke Fund.—F. M.

The big exchange in Ogden also responded promptly and 100 per cent.

Fort Sumner, N. M.—I am the only telephone employee here, but I want you to please mark us up "one hundred per cent." I am glad to have the opportunity and consider it an honor to contribute to this cause. Enclosed find 25 cents.—P. B. Burrows, Agent.

Wheatland, Wyoming.—We are 100 per cent in our part of the donation for the Sally Rooke monument to be erected in the sand hills of New Mexico, in honor of one of many who have given their lives in the Spirit of Service.—J. B. King, Manager.

Emmett, Idaho.—We at Emmett consider it a wonderful privilege to be able to contribute to the monument, and if any further amount is necessary we will be glad to send more.—The Emmett Exchange.

Tuoele, Utah.—If there is any other way in which we can help we will be more than glad to do so.—Lucy Tate, C. O.

New York City.—I am two-thirds the way across the continent from the place where Sally Rooke's monument will stand, but I hope you will permit me to make a small contribution, for which I enclose my check for \$2.00. Sally Rooke caught the big idea back of this wonderful business of ours. She did what we all hope we would do in a similar emergency. She stuck to her job and did it as well as she knew how. Sally Rooke made good.—H. G. Stokes, Executive Assistant, Information Department, A. T. & T. Co.

Mesa, Colo.—Contents of enclosed coin card is for Sally Rooke monument, from Mesa, DeBeque and Collbran employees. Every employee subscribed, and some put in extra dimes to fill out the card, but all are willing to give ten times this amount, and if you need more let us know. Our dimes are small compared with the Spirit of Service shown by Sally Rooke.—R. N. Walker, Manager.

Alamosa, Colorado.—It is with a great deal of pleasure that I report to you the 100 per cent contribution made by the Alamosa group of 55 employees.—A. D. Graham, Manager.

Englewood, Colo.—Please put us in the 100 per cent column.—E. Simpson, C. O.

Washington, D. C.—I have read your story of Sally Rooke in THE MONITOR and desire to show my respect for such a stalwart character. Although we are separated by many miles, we are employees in the Great Bell System and I wish to have a part in your mighty commendable object.—J. R. Y. Savage, Secretary Employees' Benefit Fund Committee.

Chicago, Ill.—(This letter was addressed to H. H. Argabrite, Western Electric, Denver.) I wish you would hand the enclosed check to the editor of THE MONITOR. It is for the unmarked grave of Sally Rooke, way out on the lonely New Mexico desert. Tell him it is just such little things as this that exemplify the Spirit of the Service that ties together the

H. W. Brush, division employment supervisor of the New York Telephone Company, begs to be permitted to participate in the commendable cause. "It seems to me," writes Mr. Brush, "that such a memorial would be not only a testimonial to Mrs. Rooke, but a living symbol of the spirit which animates all our employees."

Bell organization with bonds of sympathy and good will that cannot be equalled in any other organization in the world. Tell him it is from an old friend who spent the two happiest years of his service in close association with the old Mountain States crowd.—Fred B. Uhrig.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Get the best and that will be cheap enough, and if you want any more money just whisper down the line—we will hear you.—Salt Lake Maintenance Department.

Boise, Idaho.—The employees in my department were only too glad to donate a dime each as their small part in this worthy cause. Those who started this movement are to be heartily commended for their thoughtfulness.—C. H. Lytle, State Auditor.

San Francisco, Calif.—While of course the right of honoring the supreme sacrifice of Sally Rooke belongs, and properly so, to the employees of your Company, I sincerely trust that they will permit members of the Bell System everywhere to assist in building up a memorial that will honor the wonderful example of the Spirit of Service by a fellow employee (\$10 enclosed).—D. P. Fullerton, Vice-president, The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Fort Morgan, Colo.—Our 27 employees at Brush, Akron and Fort Morgan make contribution. We are handing this to you and thank you for the opportunity to make this small contribution to such a worthy cause.—N. Castner, Group Manager.

On and on, page after page, we might fill

with more excerpts from letters which came from all parts of the Mountain States territory, and from other states, but space is limited.

And in closing this story we can think of no more fitting ending than to reproduce part of a letter that came from Boston, Mass., and signed by C. W. Nichols, of the Commercial Department of The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. The extracts from this letter follow:

"I shall count it a privilege and an honor to be included among those who are to perpetuate the memory of Sally Rooke, that heroic telephone operator who made the sacrifice for others.

"Love—not duty—for it was not her sense of duty that held her there, to what she knew was certain death, but love—love for her fellowman. Such heroism and such devotion are the clear, white lights which brighten the path of life and increase our faith. Would that we all might have as glorious a passing.

"C. W. NICHOLS."

Contributions are still coming in, and will probably continue through September until every telephone employee who desires has had a part in providing for a lasting monument to this heroic telephone operator who went down into the valley and shadow of death because she bore the Christ-like love for humanity. May the Guarding Angel that Miss Henrich has so beautifully depicted at the head of this article watch over the unmarked grave of Sally Rooke until a shaft of granite shall be erected out there in the desert as a mark of respect and love for one of our own family.

It is hoped that this monument will be erected some time in October, an account of which will be given in THE MONITOR. A photograph will be reproduced so that all who have contributed will know something of the kind of a monument they have helped to build.

TWENTY YEARS IN SERVICE

During the month Cass R. Treseder, at Idaho Falls, passed the twentieth mile-post in years of continuous telephone service and was presented with a twenty-year service emblem.

Mr. Treseder's first job was that of assistant installer with the old Rocky Mountain Bell Company at Salt Lake City.

Soon after coming to the company he became a valuable member of the ball team, of which the telephone folks were then so proud.



Of course, interest and willingness to learn do help a young man in his upward climb, and if burnt and bruised fingers bear witness Cass did try, and it wasn't long before he was promoted to night switchboardman and a short time later to the position of day testman.

In 1911, when the Rocky Mountain Bell became a part of the Mountain States Company, Cass was sent to make the cut-overs at Farmington, Bountiful and other small exchanges in the vicinity of Salt Lake. This work was very creditably done, and as a reward Mr. Treseder was made wire chief of the new Hyland exchange recently opened in Salt Lake. This was followed by a promotion to wire chief of the Wasatch exchange.

Salesmanship During Month of July

Arizona		Previous Sales	July Sales	Idaho		Utah		Wyoming		
Name	1925	1925	1925	Name	1925	Name	1925	Name	1925	
W. T. Hobbs, Clifton	1	5	3	Milton Smith	1	Irma Lix, Albuquerque	1	N. A. Jackson, Casper	2	
A. A. Sundin, Douglas	3	4	5	Lura Stephens	1	Gail Hamilton, Artesia	2	A. A. Melson, Casper	2	
J. G. Fishburn, Jerome	1	5	4	Howard Strong	1	C. O. Dungan, Deming	2	W. G. Baldry, Cheyenne	10	
C. B. Flynn, Mesa	3	52	3	Eleanor Sullivan	1	J. H. Carr, El Paso	2	R. E. Bengtson, Cheyenne	2	
R. H. Cressingham, Phoenix	1	0	0	F. H. Taylor	1	Ruby Limberg, El Paso	1	Margaret Harris, Cheyenne	1	
F. S. Cundiff, Phoenix	1	5	2	D. O. Thompson	2	Walter Trager, El Paso	1	C. R. Weidman, Cheyenne	1	
W. C. Fallon, Phoenix	3	3	3	B. L. Towne	10	Donald B. Thompson, El Paso	3	Julia McAttee, Hanna	1	
Emma Mann, Phoenix	1	0	0	Jennie Trowbridge	1	J. B. Walker, El Paso	1	F. H. Holt, Lander	5	
H. D. McVay, Phoenix	1	0	0	H. T. Valle	1	Pern Fitch, Las Vegas	2	L. C. Jones, Pargo	1	
H. Raber, Prescott	1	0	0	J. C. Wallace	1	Lynn H. Wolcott, Las Vegas	1	R. M. Hulme, Rawlins	1	
H. E. Brodenick, Stafford	1	0	0	Thomas Wilson	1	Nell R. Robertson, Raton	1	L. R. Howard, Rock Spgs	11	
Josephine Benton, Tucson	1	0	0	Earl Wingren	2	F. W. Markl, Roswell	1	P. C. Loshbough, Rock Spgs	1	
F. H. Packard, Tucson	1	4	4	A. W. Young	2	Don Hunsaker, Santa Fe	4	Myrtle Barker, Sheridan	2	
E. D. Peugh, Tucson	1	2	2	IDAHO			C. S. Herndon, Santa Rosa	1	G. W. Lansing, Sheridan	2
Florence Willcox, Tucson	1	0	0	S. J. Atkinson, Boise	2	E. F. Smith, Silver City	1	Stella La Valle, Sheridan	1	
W. C. Callaway, Winslow	2	3	3	C. F. Seymour, Boise	1	E. E. Kaessner, Socorro	2	H. J. Evans, Thermopolis	2	
COLORADO				B. A. Robinson, Caldwell	1	Utah				
J. B. Mahaney, Arvada	1	1	1	Irene Downs, Idaho Falls	1	Laurena Burridge, Beaver	1	Eugene Jenkins, Bingham	22	
W. E. Ketterman, Boulder	1	12	0	H. J. Morgan, Idaho Falls	2	Canyon	1	J. S. Woodbury, Cedar City	22	
A. J. Franz Schopp, Boulder	1	0	0	K. O. Robinson, Rexburg	2	J. S. Woodbury, Cedar City	1	Louise Stout, Holliday	0	
L. M. Paschal, Canon City	1	4	4	Bessie B. Clark, Twin Falls	2	H. E. Brewington, Logan	1	Kathryn Raud, Logan	1	
Florence Z. Adams, Colo. Spgs.	1	3	3	R. W. Gardner, Twin Falls	2	E. L. Guffey, Ogden	1	Verna Hodgkins, Ogden	0	
Grace B. Dingell, Colo. Spgs.	1	0	0	Earl Squires, Twin Falls	7	V. S. McAdams, Ogden	1	D. R. Smith, Ogden	2	
H. L. Holden, Colo. Spgs.	1	0	0	Virginia Victory, Twin Falls	3	Lawrence Wahlstrom, Ogden	1	Thomas Jones, Provo	1	
Lorene Peterson, Colo. Spgs.	1	5	5	Wm. J. Etwell, Waiser	1	Verna Ritter, Salt Lake	1	Paul E. Howard, Salt Lake	1	
M. C. Smith, Colo. Spgs.	1	2	2	MONTANA			Roy Mitchell, Salt Lake	2	F. B. Utter, Salt Lake	0
T. R. Wilkinson, Colo. Spgs.	1	2	2	W. A. Connolly, Billings	4	F. S. Sell, Salt Lake	7	Wyoming		
Ralph E. Graves, Craig	3	3	3	Ida Egeren, Billings	1	N. A. Jackson, Casper	2	W. G. Baldry, Cheyenne	10	
Wyllie Crabill, Delta	1	0	0	Margaret Manlove, Bozeman	1	C. R. Weidman, Cheyenne	1	Margaret Harris, Cheyenne	1	
H. W. Robinson, Delta	2	2	2	Mabel Moffet, Bozeman	1	Julia McAttee, Hanna	1	F. H. Holt, Lander	5	
P. C. Garbanati, Durango	2	2	2	H. S. Kramer, Butte	2	P. H. Holt, Lander	1	L. C. Jones, Pargo	1	
Glen G. Stow, Eaton	1	3	3	H. S. Magraw, Jr., Butte	2	R. M. Hulme, Rawlins	1	L. R. Howard, Rock Spgs	11	
Mrs. Annette Heimann, Flagler	1	0	0	S. F. Croger, Butte	2	Myrtle Barker, Sheridan	2	P. C. Loshbough, Rock Spgs	1	
B. H. Vickers, Fowler	1	3	3	Lottie Rogan, Butte	1	G. W. Lansing, Sheridan	2	Stella La Valle, Sheridan	1	
Charles O. James, Fruita	2	0	0	F. E. Farwell, Great Falls	2	Stella La Valle, Sheridan	1	H. J. Evans, Thermopolis	2	
Kathryn Kerwood, Ft. Collins	1	2	2	Laura Mitchell, Great Falls	1	TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO				
H. P. Stommel, Grand Jct.	1	6	6	D. E. McPherson, Havre	2	A. J. Newsom, Alamogordo	1	4		
H. H. Croll, Greeley	2	26	26	Stella Bille, Helena	1					
Laura M. McArdine, Greeley	1	0	0	H. R. Rossler, Helena	1					
A. W. Marion, Gunnison	1	0	0	Tom C. Cray, Helena	1					
Cecelia C. Tabler, Gunnison	2	0	0	C. J. Herman, Helena	1					
H. L. Sittser, Hazelton	1	0	0	Margaret Keish, Helena	1					
F. B. Weber, Julesburg	2	0	0	Alex Remnacs, Helena	1					
Frances Jessison, Lakewood	1	0	0	N. L. Richmond, Helena	1					
Stanley V. Davis, Lamar	1	3	3	Nellie Woods, Helena	1					
Carrie Slat, La Junta	1	1	1	E. L. Thielke, Lewistown	2					
Logan A. Woodson, Limou	1	5	5	Irma Elbert, Miles City	1					
S. L. Purdy, Littleton	2	3	3	E. E. Miller, Miles City	2					
Pearl O. Robbins, Littleton	1	0	0	Mabel Leonard, Missoula	1					
Maude Hegg, Loveland	1	2	2	R. E. Rice, Missoula	1					
C. A. Pierce, Loveland	5	17	17	Ada Kilble, Roundup	1					
Nellie K. Bennett, Mesa	1	1	1	TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO						
R. W. Walker, Mesa	1	0	0	A. J. Newsom, Alamogordo	1	4				
Mary J. Stephens, Nederland	1	0	0							
C. T. Hopkins, Pueblo	2	3	3							
Alexander Ralsin, Pueblo	3	9	9							
W. E. MacDonald, Rocky Ford	2	0	0							
Willard Fewless, Steamboat Springs	1	3	3							
A. G. Hill, Sterling	1	2	2							
Nelle Barnard, Trinidad	1	0	0							
Elsa Hainlen, Trinidad	1	0	0							
J. M. Lewis, Trinidad	3	3	3							
Norma Mitchell, Trinidad	1	0	0							
H. C. Quick, Trinidad	1	0	0							
Audrey Scrogg, Trinidad	1	3	3							
Mrs. Davis, Walden	1	0	0							
W. E. Whiting, Walden	2	8	8							
H. A. Mashburn, Waldenburg	2	1	1							
James Scott, Windsor	1	0	0							
A. H. Borland, Yuma	1	1	1							
DENVER										
J. C. Albert	1	0	0							
L. Ayerema	1	0	0							
Edythe Baillie	2	2	2							
Caroline Bayne	2	0	0							
Mary Borek	2	0	0							
Ruth Brinkworth	1	0	0							
T. E. Brownson	5	3	3							
Mary E. Carroll	1	2	2							
Ray J. Collins	1	0	0							
Helen Culton	1	1	1							
H. W. Fitting	1	2	2							
Ben C. Garside, Jr.	1	1	1							
Martin Graham	1	2	2							
Frieda Hoehler	1	0	0							
F. E. Jones	1	2	2							
Armilda Karwall	1	2	2							
W. O. Lamping	7	6	6							
Maude Machin	1	0	0							
John T. Madden	2	2	2							
Marine Paulin	1	2	2							
Walter Pritchette	2	2	2							
M. F. Reardon	1	2	2							
Loren Rogers	1	0	0							
L. R. Smith	3	29	29							

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company Direct Stock Sales Campaign, Month of July, 1925

	Idaho	Utah	*Colo.	Mont.	Ariz.	N. M.	Wyo.	Co.
1925 Quota Applications	266	575	1,732	487	334	266	344	4,004
Applications Option A, July	13	13	79	24	8	15	17	169
Applications Option B, July	8	14	65	15	23	13	5	143
Total Applications, July	21	27	144	39	31	28	22	312
Pct. of Applications to Quota, July	7.89	4.70	8.31	8.01	9.28	10.58	6.40	77.9
Applications Option A, to Date	85	152	536	154	69	77	110	1,183
Applications Option B, to Date	60	144	350	93	97	55	59	858
Total Applications to Date	145	296	886	247	166	132	169	2,041
Pct. of Applications to Quota, Aug. 1	54.51	51.48	51.15	50.72	49.70	49.62	49.13	50.97
Pct. of Emp. Making Sales to Total Emp., July	2.52	1.66	2.66	3.76	4.40	3.46	4.31	2.54
Pct. of Emp. Making Sales to Total Emp., to Date	11.07	9.15	9.84	12.78	9.62	7.88	19.41	10.46
Applications per 1,000 Stations, July	.72	.51	.87	.89	1.24	1.00	1.00	.89
Applications per Exchange, July	.40	.61	.94	.51	.91	.72	.54	.71
Exchanges Making Sales to Aug. 1	.22	.22	.74	.29	1.3	.16	.18	.194
Pct. Exch. Making Sales to Aug. 1	.42	.50	.48	.38	.38	.41	.44	.44

* Colorado Includes General Offices.

Courtesy

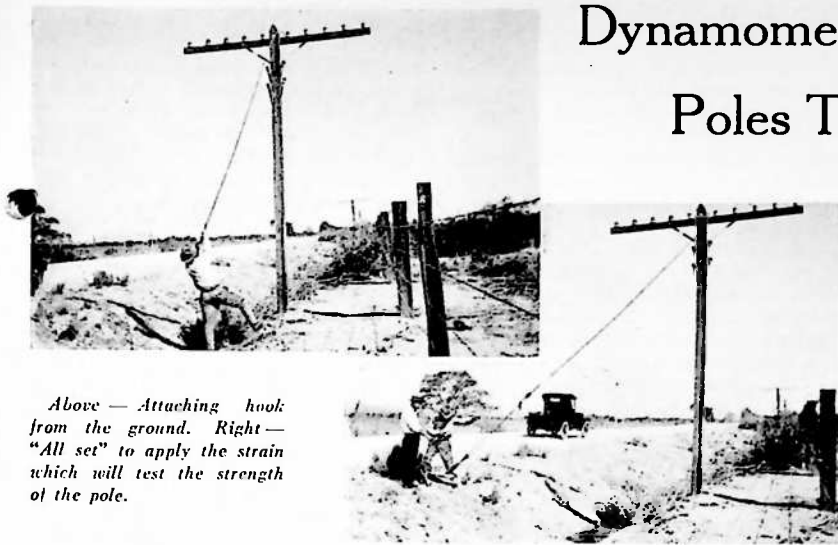
Life is never too short and we are never too busy to be courteous, for courtesy is an outward expression of our inward consideration for others.—Grace Johnson, Curtis Operator.

Telephone Employees' Picnic

The "telephone family" held a picnic supper August 2, at the town lake. There were a number of invited guests, and after the picnic supper they attended a dance at Sulphur Springs. It was one of those delightful meetings that every employee enjoys, and the outside guests can testify as to the hospitable force of the local telephone exchange.—Waldenburg, Colorado, paper.

H. S. Kramer, traffic chief at Butte, told the local Kiwanians the other day that the telephone exchange there handles 62,000 local calls a day, and 400 long distance calls.

Dynamometer for Red-wood Poles Test in Arizona



Above — Attaching hook from the ground. Right — “All set” to apply the strain which will test the strength of the pole.

By E. J. Anderson, Arizona State Plant Superintendent

IN THE fall of 1924, it was decided that the Long Lines pole line between Tucson and Yuma, Arizona, should be tested and those poles which were rotted either stubbed or replaced. This line was constructed of 6"x6"x20' red-wood poles set 35 to the mile and was built in 1911. It carries a full 10-pin arm of copper wires for its entire distance of 250 miles, and that portion between Tucson and Marana, a distance of 22 miles carries two additional circuits.

As the cost of testing these poles, using the methods as outlined in the specifications for pole inspection, gave promise of being a considerable amount, thought was given to some method which would be equally as satisfactory and less expensive. It was decided that the pike pole test with the scale attach-

ment would not be satisfactory because of the liability of causing swinging shorts, and, as the circuits on this line are a part of the Long Lines Transcontinental System, it was necessary to adopt some method which would give promise of a minimum circuit interruption.

It was thought that the scale idea of the pike pole test had a certain definite advantage in that it left nothing to the judgement of the operator. If a given strain applied to a pole carrying a certain number of circuits, loading area, wind stresses, etc., being considered as governing that strain, did not cause the pole to break, it might be safely predicted that the pole was of sufficient strength to carry its load. The problem then became a very simple one of developing some method of quickly and cheaply applying a steady pull at the top of the pole.

An iron rod of one-half inch size, having a hook on one end, the rod being long enough to permit of its being fastened to the pole over the crossarm by the operator while standing on the ground, was made. An eye was turned on the other end of this rod for the purpose of fastening a light pair of slack blocks. A spring scale was then fastened to the other end of the blocks and hooked over the end of an iron stake driven into the ground a sufficient distance from the pole and at right angles therefrom to provide a forty-five degree pull wherever possible, the character of the ground being taken into consideration. A table of strains was worked out so that the operator might know what stress to apply at any given angle. It was found by actual experience, all things considered, that a forty-five degree angle was the most satisfactory.

With this apparatus, a small gang, consisting of Section Patrolman R. A. Jarrett and

two men in a Ford car, began the testing of these poles on September 11, 1924, and completed the testing and the making of permanent repairs to these poles which the test indicated had need therefor, on April 6, 1925. There were 8,946 poles tested, of which 805 were found to be in such condition as to require stubbing or replacing.

The most of the poles that broke under the applied strain were repaired by being stubbed as they were defective at the ground line or below. It was necessary to replace many of them, however, because of the fact that they broke above the ground line, some of them as high up as two or three feet from the top.

One decided advantage of this method of testing is that it disclosed weakened conditions above the ground line which are not always readily detected by a visual inspection. With this method, three men can easily test 130 poles per day at a low cost, and our experience leads us to think that the test is just as thorough as can be obtained by digging down around the pole, clearing away the rotted portion and measuring the amount of sound wood left in place.

Experience seems to indicate that the old method of pole testing does material damage to the pole and hastens decay, whereas the dynamometer method as above described does no damage to the pole. It either breaks the pole or it does not. If it does not break, the pole is not disturbed by digging, boring or prodding which is always necessary in the visual inspection method.

The method used on this job was to test one day and then repair by stubbing or replacing those poles which the test indicated as being weak. This is always a great advantage. The visual inspection method as generally applied provides for the testing of the poles by one gang and their repair by another gang coming later. Frequently under this method there is a considerable interval between the time of the inspection and the subsequent repairs which results in pole line failures occasioned by the damage done to the poles by the inspection crew.

The above described dynamometer method is economical, it requires one less man than the old practice, and does not call for the services of an engineer or one who has had wide experience in pole testing. All that is necessary is to rig up the apparatus, apply the strain and, if the pole breaks, repair it.



Work is progressing on the new copper line circuit from Ophir Loop to Rico, Colo.



Closeup view of scales and blocks, dynamometer method.

WHAT MANNER OF LOYALTY IS THIS

By H. S. Kramer, Traffic Chief, Butte, Montana

On Saturday evening, June 27, Butte, Montana, experienced a series of earthquakes. The first occurred at 6:22 p. m. and lasted more than a minute. The first impression one had was that a street car or a heavy truck was passing the building, but as the trembling continued we thought a rock slide was taking place in one of the mines, and it was not until it was over that we knew what had happened.

Less than a minute after the tremor thousands of signals appeared on the board. All operators were standing, having left their chairs during the latter part of the tremor, and even though frightened, not an operator left her position. The board load continued to increase and reached such proportions that the operators off duty were called and immediately returned to work.

About 7:00 p. m. the calling rate had returned to normal and the operators were seated again when a second tremor occurred. This lasted forty-five seconds, and such long seconds we have never experienced. The newspapers reported the second tremor as being

mild, but to those of us in the operating room it was more severe than the first.

This second tremor showed the true spirit of telephone operators. As the building started to tremble, and we all swear that the board rocked back and forth, every operator, in an orderly manner, arose from her chair, pushed it back out of the way, and endeavored to give service to an excited and impatient public. Not an operator left her position. A few became excited and somewhat hysterical and were sent to the retiring room from where they returned in a few minutes more determined than ever that the public would be served at all costs.

The writer has witnessed deeds of bravery on the battle field of the late war, but none surpassed those of the operators during this memorable night. Imagine yourself on the third floor of a brick building whose foundation, while resting on solid rock, is just above the tunnels, holes and drifts of mines where for years millions of tons of ore have been removed from beneath our city, and realize the probability of the foundation giving way, the building crumbling, and with its occu-

pants filling some large hole caused by the earthquake. Ask yourself if you would have stayed, and the answer would probably be "No," unless you are a member of the telephone family whose teachings have been "Service Before Self" and "The Public Must Be Served at All Costs."

Following the second tremor four more occurred during the evening, the last being about 10:30 p. m. but they were mild as compared with the first two.

By midnight the office had returned to normal, and the last of the day force were sent home and once again it became our pleasure to congratulate the telephone operators for good work well done.



John E. Stokes Receives Vail Medal

John E. Stokes, wire chief for the Mountain States Company at Idaho Falls, Idaho, was the recipient on the afternoon of June 28, of a Vail bronze medal, presented to him for noteworthy public service on the occasion of administering first aid to Ray Ernst, an employee of the East Idaho Gas Company, when Mr. Ernst was threatened with asphyxiation August 27, 1921.

Sixty-three telephone men and women of Idaho Falls and nearby exchanges gathered at Reno Park, Idaho Falls, to honor Mr. Stokes and offer congratulations. The presentation was made by C. A. Snyder and Mr. Stokes responded with a short talk of appreciation of the honor. Mr. Risley and other

Mother's Day at Casper, Wyoming

By Lorene Hanes

July 17 was set aside at the Casper telephone exchange as Mother's Day. An entertainment was given in the operators' rest rooms for mothers and friends of the operators. Plans for the evening were made and carried out by Miss Lillian Shannon, Miss



House Committee—Mable Hays, Lillian Shannon, Inez Epling, Marie Bishop, Hannah Shimmin. Below—Display at Mother's day reception.

Inez Epling and Miss Mable Hayes, who are members of the house committee. Eight o'clock was the hour set for the entertainment.

There were about thirty-five guests and about twenty-five employees present. After all the guests had been introduced and made to feel at home, they were asked to examine an exhibit which had been prepared by the girls. The exhibit included work in sewing, embroidery, painting, lustre-craft, poly-chrome, gold-lace and enamel.

After the exhibit had been admired by the guests they were conducted through both the plant and traffic departments of the telephone exchange by Mr. Trehearne, traffic chief, and Mr. Probst, wire chief. An explanation of the work accompanied the visit, which gave the guests a better understanding of the duties of an operator.

After the visitors had assembled again, a short program was given. A brief opening talk was given by Mr. McCormack, exchange manager, then followed a piano solo by Miss Hannah Shimmin. Miss Marie Bishop gave a reading, and a vocal solo was given by Miss Mary Olive Dunn. The program was then concluded by a few remarks by Mr. Trehearne.

Dainty refreshments were then served and each guest was presented with a carnation. The visitors then departed declaring they had spent one of the most enjoyable and profitable evenings possible.



Idaho telephone people were guests of the Idaho Falls force, also A. U. Taylor, manager of the telephone department of Western Electric Company's Salt Lake branch.

Outdoor sports and games and friendly contests were on the picnic program, and of course whetted everyone's appetite for the excellent dinner that followed.

UPHOLDS BELL SERVICE

A. D. Spaulding, El Paso

Down by the Rio Grande,
There's no better, finer land
Than the flowing, silvery sand
Of the old Rio Grande.

IN THE valley where flows the Rio Grande, on her endless course to the sea, lies the town of Fabens, Texas. As mistress of the lower El Paso Valley, her citizens have spread their farms far and wide along the river's banks and living there have grown to know and love their valley. To them the river means peace and productivity, her waters the source of all their prosperity, and so they live by the old Rio Grande.

Few citizens of the valley are better known than the Smiths of Fabens. Quite a common name, but the part they play in the life of the valley is one that has endeared them to all. They own and operate the Fabens Telephone Company, located in the heart of the town facing the main street. Here in a one-story adobe building with a brick front, they not only have their place of business but their home as well.

Such a thing as a rainy season has not visited the great southwest in a number of years, and only through the foresight of man has the old Rio Grande had the water to care for the farms. Way back up in the mountains man reared a mighty dam, the Elephant Butte, that has stored the waters of the river and fed them out as needed to care for the wants of the farmers.

At last there came a long delayed rainy season and due, no doubt, to the years of drought, it came to pass that it rained for several days in this Valley of the Rio Grande, below the dam. The river filled, and running on, sang of the glory of her great strength. Her banks were full and more to come, and so the people along its course should be warned of possible danger.

On August 1, 1925, the United State Reclamation Service called Mrs. A. E. Smith, the white-haired lady of the switchboard, and told her that due to the heavy rains near Las Cruces, in the upper valley, that a flood was expected to reach Fabens some time Sunday, August 2. Guardian of her people and master of the highways of speech, she did her duty and not only notified everyone but told them all she would be there to give them the final warning. The flood reached its height Sunday night, and all through the night and the following day and night she was at her post rendering all the assistance possible. To know that her people could depend on her and



Fabens' telephone office after the walls collapsed. Mrs. Smith, operator, was faithfully at the switchboard, her clothing soaked with the flood waters, when the walls crumbled. Insert—Mrs. A. E. Smith.

to feel that she could be of greater assistance there at the switchboard was her only thought. The danger passed on Tuesday, and so this lady of the telephone talkways sought some needed rest.

Thus we have the prologue, and now for our story.

In the early morning hours of August 9 it started to rain and little attention was paid to it, as it truly seemed as if the rainy season had arrived. About 3:00 a. m. there came a knock at the door of the telephone office and Mrs. Smith came to the door and peered out. The rain was coming down in torrents and standing there, soaked to the skin, was a Mexican, who exclaimed, "Mucha agua." Now "muchagua" is Spanish for "much water."

The white-haired lady smiled and said, "Yes, I know, mucha agua, it has been raining hard all night."

But the Mexican protested, "Mucha, mucha agua," and pointed to the foothills.

The telephone office was built on the bank of an old-time filled-in arroyo, and seeing the street was flooded the lady stepped out into the night and looked toward the foothills.

What was that she heard? The faint rumbling and roaring of falling, running water? Her only thought was she must act quickly! There were her people to be warned!

On duty again, in the early hours of the morning, calling frantically to all to tell them of the danger. With a roar and a crash that could be heard for miles, the water burst upon the telephone office. There at the switchboard our white-haired lady of the flood was toiling away. Another crash and the outside wall of the telephone building lay in crumpled

ruins in the muddy, swirling waters—the waters came dashing about the feet and legs of the weaver of speech as she worked on. Soon the water was too high, the board refused to work, it was dead, there was no more that she could do there. Her husband and another man came in and cut the switchboard free from its foundation and carried it out. The move was none too soon, for with a rending crash the ceiling gave away and crumbled on the floor.

Here were the savings of a lifetime of this old couple being ruined by the flooding waters, nor did they stop in their task to save their own belongings. Kindly neighbors carried out their things, for they were too concerned with their duty to others to give thought to themselves. The next move of our telephone lady was one characteristic of her. With the switchboard dead, and her task there finished, she had her husband terminate a toll line on a wall telephone in another room of the house, and standing in water to her knees, and not knowing at what moment the rest of the building might fall upon her, she called the near-by city of El Paso and told them of the plight of the valley.

So with the break of dawn the flood was gone, and in its path lay the ruins of a telephone office but not of the spirit of service. Crews were soon at work and temporary service from the second story of another building was being given by our white-haired telephone heroine.

This is a story of a living Sally Rooke, though its ending somewhat different; still the spirit of these two ladies of the service was the same.

E. K. Hall "Stuck-up" on Laramie Plains

Later Wears Four Gallon Lid
Holds Pow-wow with Chief
No-much-talk, Warrior



"Cowboy Hall" and his 4-gallon hat, greets Chief No-Much-Talk, holds up the Wyoming-Colorado state line marker, etc. Above—right to left, J. E. Macdonald, C. L. Titus, E. K. Hall, Larry Leavitt, E. K. Hall, Jr., C. C. Harmon, E. M. Burgess, R. E. Pilloud, Mrs. E. K. Hall, Mrs. Mary G. Probst, L. J. Meyer, Elmer Bean, Joe Cornell.

E. K. Hall Visits Cheyenne

By Frank H. Taylor, Accounting Department

ON THE evening of July 17, E. K. Hall, vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, accompanied by J. E. Macdonald, secretary and treasurer of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, visited Cheyenne.

This was an event which the telephone employees of Wyoming had been looking forward to ever since it was known that Mr. Hall was coming west. Employees from all over the state came to Cheyenne to give him a royal welcome, and to greet a co-worker who had traveled far, bringing a message which means so much to each individual in our mighty system of service.

Mr. Hall, during a two-hour address to one hundred and fifty employees, drove home his points in a delightfully original manner by aptly chosen illustrations and interesting stories which brought out the full meaning of his message.

After the address everyone availed themselves of the opportunity to meet and talk

personally with Mr. Hall and to thank him for the good he had brought to them.

No doubt Mr. Hall was impressed with Cheyenne and its wild west appearance—the morning after addressing the telephone employees of Wyoming, he returned to Denver, where he rounded up his family and several friends and returned on the morning of the 22nd to the famous Frontier City, which was then having its annual "Daddy of 'Em All" celebration.

As Mr. Hall, Mrs. Hall, Miss Dorothy Hall and E. K. Hall, Jr., together with E. M. Burgess and J. E. Macdonald, approached Cheyenne, something happened which gave the party an unexpected thrill. At the Colorado-Wyoming state line, some ten miles south of Cheyenne, a band of desperadoes dressed in full western badman regalia, blocked the highway and ordered Mr. Hall's party to "stick 'em up."

The attack being so sudden, they were overpowered before resistance could be offered. With trembling, uplifted hands, they were waiting for their doom when they received another surprise. This gang of desperate men

was none other than the four Wyoming state heads—C. L. Titus, state manager; C. C. Harmon, state plant superintendent; R. E. Pilloud, state auditor, and L. J. Meyer, state traffic superintendent, who had gone out to meet and greet the party in true western style.

When the identity of these "bad" men was proven and thoughts of highway robbery dispelled from their minds, Mr. Hall and family received their third surprise upon their initiation into the royal order of the "True Wild West."

As a token of the high esteem in which Mr. Hall is held by the telephone employees of Wyoming, he was presented with a real four-gallon cowboy hat (which gave him the appearance of a cowboy, if not the ability). Mr. Hall's family was also presented with fancy rodeo muffers engraved for the occasion.

In Frontier Park, on the afternoon of July 24, Mr. Hall, with his family and friends, together with many thousands of other people who had also traveled far to witness the early life of the West reenacted in the arena before their eyes, spent an exciting afternoon watching cowboys and cowgirls of the highest talent

striving to conquer some of the range's wildest broncs and steers.

It was an afternoon full of action, thrills and spills, which could not help but take a prominent place in Mr. Hall's memories of his visit to Cheyenne.

E. K. Hall at Salt Lake City

On Saturday morning, July 25, 1925, E. K. Hall, vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and J. E. Macdonald, secretary and treasurer of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, arrived in Salt Lake City from Boise, Idaho. They were welcomed to the city by Orson John Hyde, Utah manager, and C. C. Pratt, Utah plant superintendent. The morning was spent in visiting the buildings and meeting many of the Salt Lake employees.

Following the visit through the buildings, they were taken to the Salt Lake Tabernacle, where they listened to the recital of the world-famous pipe-organ. Mr. Hall stated that this organ recital was one of the most interesting features of his trip.

Mr. Hall's party, consisting of Mrs. E. K. Hall, their daughter, Miss Dorothy Hall, their son, E. K. Hall, Jr., and Mr. Larry Leavitt, arrived in Salt Lake City at noon of the same day, and after luncheon at the Alta Club, they were taken for a motor trip around the city and over the famous Wasatch Boulevard, ending with dinner at the Salt Lake Country Club.

At 8:00 p. m., on July 25, about four hundred Utah employees of Mother Bell met at Barrett Hall to hear Mr. Hall discuss the subject of "Public Relations." Mr. Hall was introduced by O. J. Hyde, and after a short musical program he began his address. For an hour and forty-five minutes he held his audience spellbound with his very interesting and enlightening remarks and examples of good public relations, which, as stated by Mr. Hall, is the most important subject confronting the Telephone Company. For with good public relations and the right kind of a personnel there would be no need to worry about any other problems, as they would be met and solved whenever they arose. Every employee who heard Mr. Hall was impressed with the spirit of friendliness and personal interest which his pleasing personality seemed to generate to all.

On Sunday, July 26, Mr. Hall and his party were entertained by Mr. Hyde at the famous mountain resort, Brighton. The interesting feature of this trip was the chicken dinner, prepared by Mr. Hyde over the camp-fire.

Monday morning, July 27, Mr. Hall met with about seventy supervisors from Utah and discussed the problem of personnel with them. Here, again, his thoughts furnished many new ideas of importance to all employees in their relations to one another.

Monday afternoon Mr. Hall and party visited Bingham Canyon and the world's famous

Utah copper mine and mills. Included on this trip was a visit to Saltair and a swim in the briny water of the Great Salt Lake.

Tuesday morning Mr. Hall and Mr. Macdonald left for Pocatello, Idaho, by automobile, accompanied by O. J. Hyde. On this trip they visited several of the exchanges in northern Utah.

The employees of Utah all express their appreciation for the privilege of having Mr. Hall visit them, and for the opportunity of hearing him discuss problems so important to the future growth of the Telephone Company.

Mr. Hall Visits Idaho

By Glenn F. Lewis, Boise

Mr. E. K. Hall's recent visit to Boise was certainly a treat and his talk an inspiring revelation. One hundred and thirty telephone employees, including supervisors from exchanges as far east as Idaho Falls and as far west as Weiser, and all employees who could be spared from their duties at nearby exchanges were his attentive listeners.

Mr. Hall said in part:

"Until you have, as some of you have, an experience of traveling two thousand miles or more across the country and then dropping into a city or town as I did this morning in the city of Boise, and have the whole blooming hunch turn out to greet you and give you a good time from the minute you get off the train, you don't realize what a wonderful thing it is to belong to the great telephone family. Everywhere I go I find new evidences of this and am made to feel it more and more in every new city or office I go into."

These introductory remarks brought Mr. Hall right home to his Boise audience. Everyone felt that the man who spoke about belonging to "the telephone hunch" in the whole-hearted way he did, was a man who could tell the telephone people of the Mountain States region the real aims of the Telephone Company.

Mr. Hall explained in an interesting, clever fashion what he thought the Bell System meant by that much discussed word "personnel." "It was not a word," he said, "so much as it was an act. It might almost be called a faith. A faith between the company on the one hand and the employees making up the company on the other."

Rather than tell what "personnel" was, Mr. Hall told his audience "what it was not." It is not a separate organization or department, we were told. It is not employee representation, although Mr. Hall expressed himself as being strongly in favor of such bodies where the group was too large for personal contact between the company heads and the men of the various departments. Mr. Hall said he found some people thinking that the personnel work was confined either to the general force or to the rank and file. The personnel policy, he said, involves the human

beings in the telephone business, whether it is the president of the company or the newest office boy.

Summing up what he said were not the objectives of the personnel policy, Mr. Hall gave a definition of what, in his opinion, this objective was.

"Any policy which will tend to bring out the very best qualities in the organization and then team play the individuals together for good team work for the objectives of the industry—whatever that industry may be."

Analyzing this definition, Mr. Hall said: "What I mean by bringing out the best, is accuracy instead of carelessness, care instead of shiftlessness, fine work instead of slovenliness, faith instead of doubt, friendliness instead of envy and jealousy, and interest in the job instead of indifference toward it."

Illustrating the value of the human being in industry, Mr. Hall said: "You can build the finest plant in the world, spend all kinds of money, but until you get the men and women behind it to direct, guide, utilize it—make it a live thing—you have nothing."

In an interesting way, Mr. Hall sketched the development of industry, the industrial evolution, the manner in which the power of man became supplemented by the power of steam and then electricity until in one day a man by simply directing a machine was producing more than 500 men might, working with their own power and with their own hands.

"This great evolution," Mr. Hall said, "brought wonderful material gain to the American people, but it took its toll in its influence on the spiritual side of the worker. Not necessarily his attitude toward religion, but toward his job. Not the job that brought him his bread and butter, but the job that the Almighty intended as a means of bringing out the very best qualities that man has within him. This spiritual change was one of extreme unrest noticeable in every line of work, everyone was suspicious of everyone else."

"Obviously there was a reason somewhere for this change in sentiment on the part of people engaged in earning a living. Big business dug into the matter and found they had been so busily engaged in developing bigger plants, larger production, greater efficiency, and what not that they had sadly neglected the people who were running the job."

Mr. Hall, in explaining this apparent hostility on the part of the man and woman toward his or her job, said he thought it was "purely a 'state of mind'." In humorous style he described the state of mind of the man being awakened by the alarm clock. "One state of mind might think of the clock as being a brutal means of getting him to the job so that someone might get more work out of him. Another might look on the clock as a sort of God-send for waking him so that he could get to work on time, finish up the



Yankee Notions

By Silas Hawkins

The Benefit Department put up a poser to me. They said that our fellow employees go out with illness every day in the week from Sunday morning to Saturday night, but such a large number come back on a Monday morning, and why is it? Is there some invisible healing influence that pervades the atmosphere at midnight Sunday, so they can work the next morning? I replied that probably most of those people were really able to come back to work several days sooner, but thoughtlessly stayed at home the rest of the week. You folks who read this, did you ever stop to think how much goes out of our benefit fund by such thoughtlessness? And no one is better off for it because they would be as well off working and the Fund has had that much of a leak.

"I'll be switched if I can see how Frank X buys the telephone stock he does. Still, he doesn't pay the rent I do," Joe said to me one day. "Well, Joe," I replied, "I guess you hit the nail on the head when you mentioned rent. It's a speedometer, for it shows how fast some people live; as the rent goes so goes all other expenses. When you move into a house of higher rent, don't think that the difference in the price is all you will have to meet for it never is. You are going to be neighbors to people who are spending more on dress, parties, theatres, etc., and who think

job he had left half done the night before, and even the means of securing the job for him."

Mr. Hall asked the question, "What is industry?" and explained what he had in mind when he spoke of industry. "It is a joint undertaking in which various people were engaged. One group contribute their services and the other their savings. The business of industry is to see that both these groups get paid. Not for one week or one dividend period, but for every week and every dividend period."

The extent and scope of so-called big business was briefly mentioned. The evolution tending towards group ownership was outlined from the time when an industry was owned or controlled by one man or a very small group to the present day when a business such as the Bell System is owned by over 350,000 men and women, none of them holding large blocks of stock, but those who, week by week and year by year put their savings right back into the business which affords them a living.

There are high spots in every talk. Points that carry one up to a peak and leave him there with something to think of and re-

they must sport higher-priced cars and soon you and your family will be going at their pace. The family that has an income of \$100 per month spend as though it were \$125 and if they get \$200 a month they live as though it were \$250. Let me give you a pointer, Joe, you induce your family to live in a neighborhood where your neighbors are getting less salary than you are and then you can live as well as they do and save money and when you get a raise, stay where you are and buy telephone stock with the raise."

"Brother and Sister" are good words to express the friendly fraternal relationship which exists among us Bell System folks, but I sometimes wonder if "cousin" would not be better. Some of us like to reserve the words brother and sister to those who are particularly dear to us, who have the strongest of all ties—that of blood relationship—who have a place in our hearts that none can ever supplant. A cousin is not as close to us as a brother or sister, but still he or she has a peculiar claim upon us, and we will do for them and accept from them more than we would do or accept from people generally. A cousin has many interests and traditions in common with us and has about the same outlook in life as we have.

Speaking of the fraternal feeling among all Bell Telephone people, do you know we don't half appreciate what it means to us in traveling.

If we are in trouble in a strange place, it may be a village or it may be a city—every telephone man and woman there is our friend and will help us if we make ourselves known.

Ideas that seem to have little attachment to the main issue and yet bring out the discussion so clearly that the matter is cinched. Mr. Hall defined what appealed to him as being a real personnel work, and told just how far reaching this question of "interest in the job and interest in the worker" was. Nothing could possibly have brought it home more forcibly or more delightfully than his story of the manner in which "Bucky" Harris, manager of the Washington baseball club, led his team to victory in last year's world series. "You who follow baseball," said Mr. Hall, "know what this manager did, how he put his club into first place in a swift race and brought honor and fame to what had been a 'tail-ender team' for years." Mr. Hall used this apparent sideline to bring home the element of teamwork, the element of really working with the other fellow and rejoicing when he has the applause of the crowd.

Hearing this talk, this explanation of real personnel work, and Mr. Hall's unconscious appeal for its exemplification, one gains an insight to his real mission in our organization and our only regret is the brevity of Mr. Hall's visit.

Maybe we are sick or get hurt or are having trouble getting a good hotel, have lost our money or suffered something equally as unfortunate, why we have "cousins" there who will help us out.

"You're a foreman, Joe, or anyway you have a number of people working under you. Do you realize what a big influence you have upon their happiness? During working hours you are their sun and if you shine, their work goes along happily; but if you don't shine, the whole bunch is upset and nothing goes right. Don't forget that we are all human beings. Everyone of your people has his or her troubles and burdens and don't you add to them. You told me the other day that Big Bill was so grouchy you felt like firing him. Well, I have found out something about him. Why, Joe, that fellow is a hero; he is carrying a load of trouble that would make you wince. He has a large family; his wife has been to the hospital twice and he has a crippled boy. He was doing nicely paying for his home when sickness began and now with his debts and family sickness he is pretty nearly crazy. Can't you treat him a little better? Why not call him in and have a good sympathetic talk—maybe he is qualified for another position which pays a higher salary. If so, give it to him, and maybe he can get a loan from the Loan Committee and pay off all his debts, for that would be an immense relief to him; anyway, help him all you can.

"Then there's that little girl in the corner who plods along and never complains. Do you know that a bedridden father and a sister are supported with her small salary and what her mother earns taking in washing? Perhaps you can brighten her life a little. Do you know that that office boy of yours never did have a fair show—that he is cuffed around at home and the only happiness he gets is in your office?"

"Why, Joe, you have a chance to make your office the only bright spot in the lives of many of your folks and a happy place for all. So, whatever your own troubles are and however grouchy you may feel, try to forget it when you open the office door in the morning."



Cap Carroll Calls

Cap F. W. Carroll, manager of our Company at Colorado Springs, was a very pleasant caller at THE MONITOR office a few evenings ago. He reports that the tourist season at the Springs has been a very busy one and that the number of visitors, which runs into the thousands, has been near to a record-breaker.



Bill's Secret

Bill Manley, building mechanic, Denver, stepped off to Kansas City on July 19, and "came marching back home" with a bride by his side. Bill thought he had kept it a secret, but he gathered up enough rice to feed a Chinaman for a week.

Rocky Ford Prize Winner

Recently Rocky Ford, Colorado, held one of its famous street parades in which there was keen competition for prizes. Murray Cole, our manager, was taken ill and it looked as though the telephone company would not be represented as has always been its custom. At the "eleventh hour" Walter McDonald of Colorado Springs was called into service, and aside from taking up the lines where Manager Cole had been forced to lay them down, he set about, with the efficient aid of local telephone men and women, and planned a float for the parade. There were 30 floats in the parade, and the telephone creation won first prize.



IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

THE MONITOR has two reasons for this story. The first is the expression of appreciation contained in the following letter, and the second is the verification of the oft-stated fact that "there is nothing new under the sun." In the letter, which comes from Mr. W. B. Eddy, one of the oldest telephone men in the world, in the point of service at least, there is a compliment for this magazine which we feel we must publicly acknowledge. Hundreds of compliments come to this office, and especially were the praises numerous and profuse as concerned the July issue. We will publish but one of these letters, because it has a double significance, when coupled with the newspaper clippings from papers bearing dates nearly half a century ago. Here is the letter:

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY
158 State Street
Albany, N. Y., July 10, 1925.

Mr. A. U. Mayfield,
Editor Mountain States Monitor,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Mr. Mayfield:—Your July number is most attractive and filled with interesting matter. I would appreciate a copy for my personal use, if you have one to spare.

Notwithstanding my long term of service, dating back to 1863, with the American Telegraph Company as manager at Whitehall, N. Y. (when 14) and with the Telephone Company in 1878, I am still very active and keeping young with the rest of our large family.

I am enclosing some clippings before the transmitters were perfected, which may be of interest to you.

Yours very cordially,
W. B. Eddy, Special Agent.

The newspaper clippings, which are here given, are proof positive that our modern demonstration troupes were preceded nearly fifty years ago. Just read these articles if you don't believe it:

*Clipping from the Whitehall (N. Y.) Times,
February 20, 1878*

The telephone in the telegraph office at this place is a wonderful thing. Manager W. B. Eddy and his genial assistants have been giving our citizens illustration of what it can accomplish. A cornet solo played at Plattsburgh was heard plainly at this place. Regular conversation can be carried on between this place, Plattsburgh, Ausable Forks, and Ticonderoga. One evening the lady operator at Ticonderoga sang "Annie Laurie," the words and music being heard distinctly at this place. Manager Eddy and his assistants are very courteous in exhibiting the workings of the wonder to our citizens.

*From the Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald,
March 30, 1878*

A second telephone exhibition was given last evening, this time in the office of Superintendent Burdett, in the depot. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present and took part in the exhibition. At first it was not fully successful, but later it was quite so. Mr. W. B. Eddy in Whitehall talked with all who chose to speak with him at this end of the wire. He endured the tiresome operation very patiently and kindly. He also sang several selections, most of which were heard here very distinctly. A cornet was played at this end and a song sang which he heard plainly.

The little instrument was a perfect success for communication between points far apart.

It is a very convenient thing for business houses to establish communication between house and office or between two offices at different points. It would be a great convenience to some of our marble concerns.

Note: These tests were made over the Western Union telegraph line from Whitehall to Rutland (No. 9 iron wire) after several way stations were requested to cut out instruments at 9 p. m., closing hour.

The "receivers" were furnished by Mr. Eddy, who was manager of the Western Union and Montreal companies at Whitehall and frequently demonstrated the possibilities of the telephones at night with Rutland, Plattsburgh, Glens Falls and many other places.



Lynn Fuqua, son of Harvey Fuqua, manager at Roundup, Montana, exhibiting the result of his dad's prowess as a fisherman.

So I Have Heard

By Bell V. Deer

Dear Bell V. Deer: After viewing the enchanting scene on page 11 of the August issue of THE MONITOR, John Leslie of the Canon City exchange has requested a transfer to the York exchange in Denver. John is a good combination man, but he says he will take the janitor's job.

M. E. Too.

If John can't get in at York, he might try for a job as gatekeeper at the Perry-Mansfield Camp at Steamboat.

B. V. D.

One afternoon the Order Clerk of one of our exchanges was called, and to her great consternation was asked if the repair man would come to her house at once, and cut down her telephone.

After some questioning it was learned that the subscriber had a box built to keep her phone in, and the carpenter had made it two inches too short; and so she desired the Company to cut the phone to fit the box.

W. W. Hibbard, former telephone manager at Red Lodge, Montana, but now editor of a newspaper at Stoughton, Wis., writes this to THE MONITOR: "Dear Editor—I am out of the telephone game at present but hope to soon be back into it. Enclosed is a letter I received today, just to show you that newspaper men have their troubles, too."

The letter follows:

"Dear Soirs. I em going to tol you to stope sandeg your Stoughton Daily Courier I em not going to be a subscription en longur. I hop you dot ned en more. Thanks for de papper what we had gotten after et was round oute."

"Hib" writes that the gentlemen's orders were obeyed.

"Just because the Bible tells us that the Lord took a rib from Adam to make the first woman is no reason why women need have a



special pick at man's ribs down through the ages," says Will Morgan, who returned from the swimming contest of the Demonstration Show party at Troutdale-in-the-Pines, with the ligaments jarred loose from some of his ribs. How'd it happen? Ask Vera Vautrain—Will refuses to tell.

When Not to Swat

It's always safe to swat a fly
Unless he's on a custard pie.

—Kablegram

To swat a fly is great, we state,
Unless, by chance, he's on your pate.

—Exchange

And safety swoons to sweet repose
If that darn fly is on your nose.

Mrs. C. T. Hopkins at Canon City, is authority for the statement that her husband took high honors at a recent watermelon eating contest at a Rotary Club meeting. We had an occasion to observe Charlie getting on the outside of a watermelon at a little picnic affair a few days ago and we heartily indorse Mrs. Hopkins' statement. He is still mighty good.

L. M. P.

I have heard that Fred B. Jones would willingly live at least a part of his life over again if he could go out into the open spaces of Utah and shoot sagechens again as in days of yore. The first flock of sagechens Fred ever scared up, dumfounded him so much that he stood there with open mouth, gun in hand and bewildered. His companion yelled out:

"Why didn't you shoot, Fred?"

"Shoot, the devil, I'm not going to shoot



that rancher's Plymouth Rock chickens, and get into jail," replied Fred.

But there was no sympathy for the second flock that got up, and Fred went home loaded to the running boards.

Howard T. Vaile doesn't lay claim to being a poet, but he says these two little "gems" got to wrangling around in his temperamental system, so he just turned 'em loose:

An old mountain rat

Wa'nt afraid of the cat,

And nary a dog made him wince.

But he got so darned mean

He drank kerosene

And nothing's benzine of him since.

Mary had but little lamb, 'cause

Lamb was very high.

So daddy filled her up on ham

And good old-fashioned pie.

This one isn't funny. It shows what can be done if opportunity is seized by the forelock and made use of T. E. Brownson, of the Denver commercial department, was recently riding on a train. He met a man from California. The California man was owner of a large sheep ranch in Colorado.

"I don't know just what to invest my money in," said the sheepman.

"Have you ever thought of A. T. & T. Company stock?" asked Brownson.

"No, tell me about it."

Brownson did. The man bought 36 shares next day.

Think it over.

Wire Chief George Darling of the Canon City, Colorado, exchange has traded off his "old reliable" Dodge car. George has been driving one of those early model Dodge touring cars and has boasted of the fact that it was the first one sold in Canon City. We have been told that he made a mighty good trade recently and we believe that it is true because we see him driving a new Excelsior Bicycle. We understand that he made a good trade and was not out much extra money.

Dean Clark, Denver commercial manager, was going to a real "hang-up" party in the mountains, Saturday night and in prospect of the cool outing, sent his light overcoat to be nicely pressed.

The coat was returned just as he was leaving the office Friday evening, so he carefully placed it on a hanger in the office so it would be ready for an early start next evening.

Saturday evening with "Mrs. Dean" out front, honking the horn to speed him up a bit, he hurriedly grabbed his overcoat from the hook to find it a sorry looking bedraggled mess: "Why, what on earth happened to my coat?" he gasped as Miss Frances O'Brien of the Denver Commercial entered his office and she frankly announced: "Why, Mr. Clark, you know how hard it rained just after you left the office last night? Well, Will Morgan



came along in his brand new suit and as there was no umbrella available I gave him your coat to wear home—er—did you mind?"

Now what could the poor man say, I ask you?

On a recent Saturday noon in Denver, as G. R. Armstrong was hurrying along toward home to curry his Jersey cow he was stopped by a stranger who asked: "Mister, will you please tell me where all this crowd is coming from? What has happened?" Mr. Armstrong turning toward the multitude pouring from the main telephone buildings, replied: "Why, they are telephone people coming from work." The stranger looked at him as much



as to say, "well, you are a cheerful one anyway," and then walked away, mumbling to himself, "hell, there ain't that many telephone people in the world." But Armstrong was right.

W. B. Kauder, out of the goodness and liberality of his heart, "set 'em up" to hot dogs at one of the roadside eateries the other night when on the way home from the switchboard demonstration party at Troutdale-in-the-Pines. The young man who served the canine food was criticized because the "dogs" were cold. "Don't fret, Mister," said the vender who carried the refreshments to the car, "you'll find 'em hot enough before you get home,"



and it was even so. In lieu of fire-heat the chef had sprinkled them liberally with cayenne pepper. "That must have been a lava dog," remarked Joe Cornell, chauffeur, as he inhaled a whistle, took off the side curtains, raised the windshield and stepped on the gas to create a draft.

What The Monitor Wants

We want articles that will be of the most interest to the greatest number of employees. No one article can possibly please or appeal to every reader, but there is always something in the magazine that will interest someone—in fact, every employee will be interested in something that appears in THE MONITOR. So the average of interest is good. You can help us make it better. We want:

- Old-time telephone tales.
- Early-day reminiscences.
- New methods and new equipment articles.
- Are loyalty and courtesy worth while?
- Home building and personal advancements.
- How can the business be improved or helped?
- Semi-technical articles from plant, engineering, methods, educational, traffic, commercial—all branches.
- What are you doing to save fuel or reduce expenses in any way?
- Suggestions on how to prevent accidents, loss and damage claims.
- Please help make THE MONITOR of greater usefulness by your contributions.

Miles City Operators Start Savings Plans

At a recent meeting of operators of Miles City, Montana, several of the girls stated that since the matter of thrift had been brought to their attention they had given more thought to this subject and consequently had been influenced to start savings plans. Four of the six operators in attendance stated that they were carrying endowment policies and placing small amounts in building and loan associations in addition to their A. T. and T. stock subscriptions.

"What little things turn great events,"
"Tragedies swing on such inconsequential hinges,"

"It is so exasperating to look back across the path of calamity,"

"And see how easily it might have been averted."

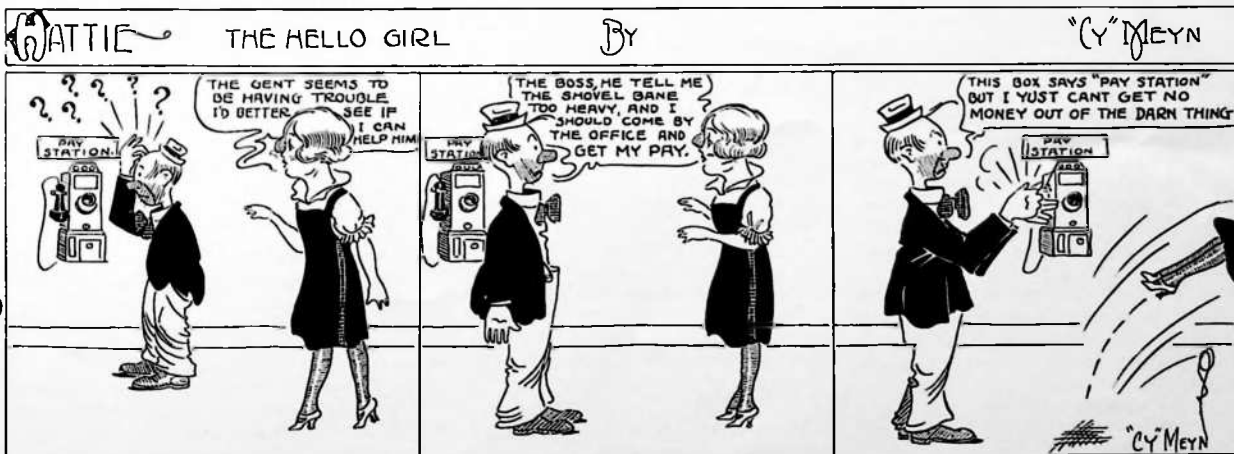
Don't know who wrote it but it certainly has a "kick" in it—ch?

Apropos of which we are reminded of a little happenstance in one of the large departments of our Denver exchange wherein a certain man who evidently has not quite outgrown his kiddish tendencies grabbed the purse of a young woman clerk a recent pay day and threw it in the waste paper basket. Of course it was all in fun and was fished out later and handed back but the young woman found it minus a twenty dollar bill and proceeded to beg him for her money. The man in turn thought she was kidding him and paid



little attention to her plea until the following morning when, having decided the game had gone on long enough she was somewhat insistent upon having her twenty. Then it developed that the little coin purse inside the larger one had come open when thrown into the basket and the bill dropped out. When the man realized that she was not merely teasing him in return he was terribly upset and great excitement prevailed. They went to the concern which takes all our waste paper and bails it up to send away, but the Mexican women who handled it had found no money and—well, to cut a long story, the comedy turned tragedy.

Bill: "Jim is a senator at the age of thirty!"
Will: "That's nothing; my wife is the speaker of the house at twenty!"



SELLING SERVICE

By J. T. Tierney

What does selling service mean?

Obviously it means that we must provide telephones for all who approach us seeking our service. But is that enough? Is it enough merely to make the sale without any effort to determine the customer's real needs or to place at his service our telephone knowledge and experience?

You approach a theatre box office and ask for two tickets, sixth row, center. The clerk hands them to you and takes your money. A sale has been made but no salesmanship was employed.

Later you enter a grocery store with a list of provisions needed for your household. You read off the items to a clerk who assembles them, and when the order is completed, turns them over to you in exchange for your money. Again a sale has been made but salesmanship was lacking.

You visit an ably managed drug store with a well trained sales staff. You ask for a package of razor blades. The girl behind the counter calls your attention to a new and better shaving cream produced by a nationally known manufacturer; she tells you of its moderate cost and its many advantages; you remember your supply is low and decide to give the new article a trial. As she wraps up your parcel she remarks that Dr. Blank's tooth powder, usually selling at 35c is special today at 21c. Are you interested? You are. A saving of 14c on your favorite dentifrice is too much to resist. Before leaving you will probably decide to buy an up-to-the-minute tooth brush with a new type of bristle, designed to do a better job than your old style brush.

You have made several purchases where you intended to make one. Your needs have been fully supplied for some time to come and you have been benefited by the salesmanship of the clerk who aroused your interest in good merchandise at reasonable costs.

So it should be with us, when a customer enters our office to purchase telephone service our attitude should be that of cordial interest in his needs and the earnest desire to assist him to the fullest extent of our knowledge and experience. If he needs only the simplest and cheapest form of service do not attempt to oversell him. Remember he is a man with whom we hope to have pleasant relations for a long time, and to the degree that we sell him a service which fits his needs and his purse, he will be satisfied and relations will be pleasant. On the contrary, do not sell a customer the bare bones of service merely because he does not insist on more and better service.

Get the habit of friendly discussion of the customers' situation, of the lay-out of his store or home; whether it covers a large area or small, whether the customer alone is interested in the service or whether others are interested, indicating the usefulness of extensions or extra listings—in short, *find out his needs*.

Then tell him what we have to fit those needs. Tell him of the usefulness and economy of extensions and bells and other accessories which will round out his service and will make it of maximum utility value to him.

Occasionally you will meet a man who insists he knows all about telephone service and resents an offer of assistance. But for one such rebuff, and where is the salesman who does not encounter them, you will win the approval of twenty customers who will appreciate your desire to sell them just what they need—no more, no less.

A store in Denver uses this expression in its advertising: "No trouble to show goods, even if you don't buy." The phrase is not new, but it contains a thought that can be applied to our customer contacts as well as it does to those of the clothing merchant or the furniture dealer. Do not hesitate to show our goods. Explain our various types of service and relative advantages and costs, what they will do and how. We may sometimes sell only a cheap and inadequate service when we know the customer should have something better, but we shall have gained three very valuable things:

1. We will enjoy the satisfaction of having done our best for the customer.
2. We will have made an intelligent effort to promote the full growth and usefulness of our service.
3. We will have learned the true meaning of selling service.

Station Gain, Month of July and Year 1925 to Date.

	Ariz.	Colo.	Idaho	Mont.	N. M.	Texas	Utah	Wyo.	Co.
Est. Connects. July.....	345	2,357	456	625	303	199	358	394	5,897
Actual Connects. July.....	565	2,494	368	499	260	271	681	360	5,438
Est. Disconnects. July.....	527	1,785	454	662	322	250	993	592	5,585
Actual Disconnects. July.....	635	2,000	385	630	235	312	677	389	5,263
Est. Gain, July.....	*182	552	*18	*37	*19	*51	*35	102	312
Actual Gain, July.....	*130	494	*17	*131	25	*41	4	*29	175
Pct. Gain to Est.....	71.4	89.5	*31.4	*354.1	...	*80.4	56.1
Est. Connects. to Date.....	3,781	18,694	3,424	5,027	1,998	1,934	8,118	4,813	47,929
Actual Connects. to Date.....	3,949	19,317	3,172	4,401	2,009	2,028	5,561	2,879	43,316
Est. Disconnects. to Date.....	3,718	13,717	3,351	4,637	1,838	1,902	6,957	4,069	40,189
Actual Disconnects. to Date.....	4,054	14,403	3,067	4,188	1,825	2,178	4,594	2,974	37,283
Est. Gain to Date.....	63	4,887	273	390	160	32	1,161	774	7,746
Actual Gain to Date.....	*105	4,914	105	213	184	*150	967	*95	6,033
Station Gain to Date per 1,000 Stations as of Jan. 1,		100.6	38.5	64.6	115.0	...	83.3	...	77.9
1925	*.43	3.34	.36	.48	1.27	*1.11	1.83	*.43	1.73
No. Exchs. Showing Gain.....	9	72	18	15	11	1	19	14	159
No. Exchs. Showing Loss.....	26	44	20	38	12	2	18	19	152
No. Exchs. Unchanged.....	4	33	14	23	11	0	6	7	98
Total Exchanges.....	33	149	52	76	34	3	43	40	430

* Indicates a loss.

Ties That Bind

The movement for a memorial for Sally Rooke is demonstrating anew the strength of the old family tie among our Mountain States people. A few mornings ago there came from Seattle, Washington, a check payable to the order of THE MONITOR, in the sum of \$2.00, bearing the card of Mrs. Mary C. Rowan, and written underneath "and Mildred." On the reverse side Mrs. Rowan had written: "Dear Folks: Mildred and I would like to add a few dimes for the Sally Rooke monument. Regards to the office force."

Mrs. Rowan was for a long time head of the operators' school in Denver. She and her daughter Mildred have made their home in Seattle for some four years.

Mancos, Colo., is in for some general improvements and extensions.

Complying with recent instructions in the Plant Bulletin, V. E. Kellogg, at Boulder, Colorado, was assigned the job of installing pay station signs at all places having pay stations. Three weeks later Mr. Kellogg discovered that the proprietor of a candy store where he had installed a sign, had painted over the pay station sign with white paint, and had substituted this sign: "FRESH POP-CORN FOR SALE HERE"

The Denver plant department is sending out its "at home" announcements from Room 505, Main building, and C. W. Nitschke says he thinks they will spend the winter there, at least.

Manager H. D. McVay of Phoenix, tells the local newspapers that \$88,000 will be spent in the Bisbee-Warren district for improvements and extensions within the next 8 or 10 months.

THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICE 800 FOURTEENTH STREET, DENVER, COLO.

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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
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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

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Vice-President and General Auditor

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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

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Arizona State Auditor

M. R. CALDWELL
Colorado Auditor of Receipts

G. E. BERGGREN
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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. PILLIQUOUD
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

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

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DR. C. B. LYMAN, Medical Director

DR. N. A. THOMPSON, Associate Medical Director



Vigilance

THE value to the public of the Bell System service is based on the reliability, promptness and accuracy of that service.

As quality of service depends upon the economic operation of all telephone activities, vigilance begins where work begins. Science and engineering skill enter into the selection of all raw materials; and into the adapting and combining of these materials to the end that the finished product may be most efficient in operation and endurance, and produced at the least cost.

A series of progressive tests are made at every step during the transformation of these materials into telephone plant and equipment. And when all these complicated devices, with their

tens of thousands of delicately constructed parts, are set in operation they are still subjected to continuous, exhaustive tests.

As the best of materials and the most complete machinery is of little value without correct operation, the same ceaseless vigilance is given to the character of service rendered in providing telephone communication for the public.

Such constant vigilance in regard to every detail of telephone activity was instrumental in upholding standards during the trials of reconstruction. And this same vigilance has had much to do with returning the telephone to the high standard of service it is now offering the public.

Bell System

One Policy - One System
Universal Service



And All Directed Toward
Better Service

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.