

# The MONITOR

THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



December, 1925

## *"Merry Christmas to all"*

And now comes the Merry Christmas time, fraught with its sweet memories of the past, and laden with new visions of the future; while the present finds its thrills of realized anticipations. Everywhere throughout the Christianized world the Yuletide season is one of rejoicing and merry-making. Youth finds in it the happiness of hopes realized; maturity rejoices in giving and receiving; old age lives over again the sweet and glorious hours of other days—so, with one accord we hail the gladsome cry of "Merry Christmas to all," and wish that we might again have the rosy cheeks of youth and be thrilled with the care-free life of our childhood days.

The picture on the front page of this magazine is from a photograph loaned us by Mr. J. W. Webber, of the Publicity Department of the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

*"Common honesty is one of the traditions of the Bell System."—President Gifford*



*"The one outstanding tradition of the business of communications is that the message must go through."*

## President Gifford Visits the West

MR. WALTER S. GIFFORD, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, accompanied by Gen. John J. Carty, vice-president, and J. D. Ellsworth, assistant vice-president, was a visitor early in November to the territory of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. Gifford was making a tour of the country, visiting all of the associated Bell companies.

Upon their entering the territory of the Mountain States Company at El Paso on their way to the Pacific Coast, the party was met by President F. H. Reid, C. E. Stratton and J. F. Greenawalt, who looked after their entertainment during their day's stay in the Gateway City. While there the New York men met the supervisory heads of our organization in Arizona, New Mexico and El Paso, at a luncheon, and a number of prominent citizens of El Paso who were entertained at dinner in honor of the visitors. One of the features of their entertainment at El Paso was a drive about the city and over the new municipal scenic highway from which a wonderful view is obtained of the entire city of El Paso and a considerable strip of Mexican territory across the Rio Grande, including Ciudad de Juarez.

The Gifford party then continued on to Los Angeles and other cities of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, returning by way of Salt Lake City, where they were met and entertained by President Reid and Orson John Hyde. There they met a company of the leading business and professional men of Utah's capital at dinner and had luncheon with the supervisory heads of Idaho and Utah.

Unfortunately General Carty was forced by a slight indisposition to leave the party at Los Angeles, and he did not rejoin the president until after he had left the Mountain States territory. President Reid expressed genuine regret that our people at Salt Lake City and Denver did not have an opportunity to meet General Carty on this occasion, and voiced the hope that it might be a later privilege of Mountain States people.

From Salt Lake City Mr. Gifford and Mr. Ellsworth came on to Denver where the entertainment was similar to that extended in El Paso and Salt Lake City. In addition to state heads of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, President Gifford met a considerable number of the general office supervisory forces at luncheon, and at a dinner given by President Reid there were present to honor the

visitors a group of Denver's business, financial and professional leaders.

In his talks to the several groups of business men President Gifford discussed the Bell System, illustrating the universality of the service and the dependence of the local subscriber upon its universality by quoting from the local traffic records of that particular day; that is, he pointed out that on that day someone had talked from the local exchange to distant points north, east, south and west, in all directions, indicating that taking it by and large, any subscriber may talk to any other of the 16,000,000 subscribers connected with the Bell System.

Mr. Gifford explained the organization of the System, the relationship of the operating companies, the Western Electric Company, Long Lines Department, and the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Incorporated, to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He outlined the financial structure of the System and described the constant effort that is being made, not only by the 320,000 employees in general, but by no less than 5,000 trained inventors, scientists and physicists to make the service constantly better and more economical.

Talking to the various groups of telephone

employees, President Gifford took as his subject, "What the Bell System Means to Me." He explained that what he meant was what the System means to him as an employee and what it must mean to every employee.

"The traditions of the Bell System," said Mr. Gifford, "are more compelling than any written regulations by which we and our associates are governed. The one outstanding tradition of the business of communications is that the message must go through. It was characteristic of the pony express rider, who braved hostile Indians, storm and flood, the cold of high mountain passes and the heat of the desert, determined always that the message must go through. There is no rule that our young women must remain at the switchboards while their lives are in danger in time of fire or flood, but they are faithful to our traditions. There are no rules that send our troubleshooters and linemen out to endanger their lives in a mountain blizzard, but the traditions of the service impel them to take long chances with the elements in order that the messages may go through. The same spirit is

just as manifest among the men at the desks as it is among the men on the outside; their first thought is that the message must go through."

"The Vail medal," said President Gifford, "was not established as an incentive to loyalty to the service. The spirit of loyalty was present in the System long before the Vail Medal fund was created. It came merely as a tangible recognition of special acts exemplifying an outstanding tradition of the Bell System."

Mr. Gifford said also that courtesy is one of the fine traditions of the System. Not only the routine courtesy of the "Number, please," of the operator, but that finer instinct which dictates a sympathetic consideration of others and which is manifested so splendidly in the employees' contact with the public and with each other. Another tradition of the System, Mr. Gifford said, is that the employees always receive decent treatment; that is, that the employee receives decent treatment from the Company and from his fellow employees. The Benefit Plan, he said was one of the evidences of the spirit of decent treatment of the em-

ployees which exists in the Bell System.

"Common honesty is also one of the traditions of the Bell System," said Mr. Gifford. "No officer or employee has ever profited by manipulation of Bell stock or securities made possible by inside information with reference to the financial plans of the System. At the time the directors of the A. T. and T. Co. voted to increase the dividend rate from eight to nine per cent the news of the action was sent out to the news agencies before a single director left the room. There was an opportunity to make large sums of money by anticipating the effect that this action would have upon the market, but common honesty dictated the course pursued."

Mr. Gifford called attention to the fact that because the System operates very largely without competition it is disproving the theory of certain economists that any enterprise operated in the absence of competition will stagnate and eventually fail; that this is true, he said, was due to the fact that there is continually a constant effort to make this year's service better than last year's and next year's service better than this year's; that the great group of 5,000 scientists previously referred to are constantly engaged in inventing new apparatus, new devices and new methods to improve the service. He used as an illustration of this constant improvement the fact that when the first long distance line was opened between New York City and Chicago we boasted that there was no cable in the line except that which was necessary to get under the river to reach Manhattan Island. At that time no cable had been devised that could be used for long distance communication. However, just a few weeks ago a new aerial cable was completed between New York and Chicago, and now we boast that there is no open wire used in these circuits. The wires carried in this cable would require ten loaded pole lines of open wire. So there is a constant change taking place in apparatus and methods, the System being spurred on not by business competition but by the demands of the times and the desire on the part of the Bell System to adequately meet those demands, and in this we are keeping alive one of the valuable traditions of the System.

If Mr. Gifford has any hobbies outside of the telephone business, this particular writer does not know them. President Reid said of him that he has always gotten his fun out of his job in the effort to do it better than it had ever been done before, not merely carrying the job on. Notwithstanding the importance of his position and the magnitude of his task, he is a thoroughly human executive, genial and affable and altogether likeable. The remarkably rapid progress he has made since entering the business world cannot fail to be an inspiration to every member of the Bell System and a matter of congratulation that that character of man is the executive



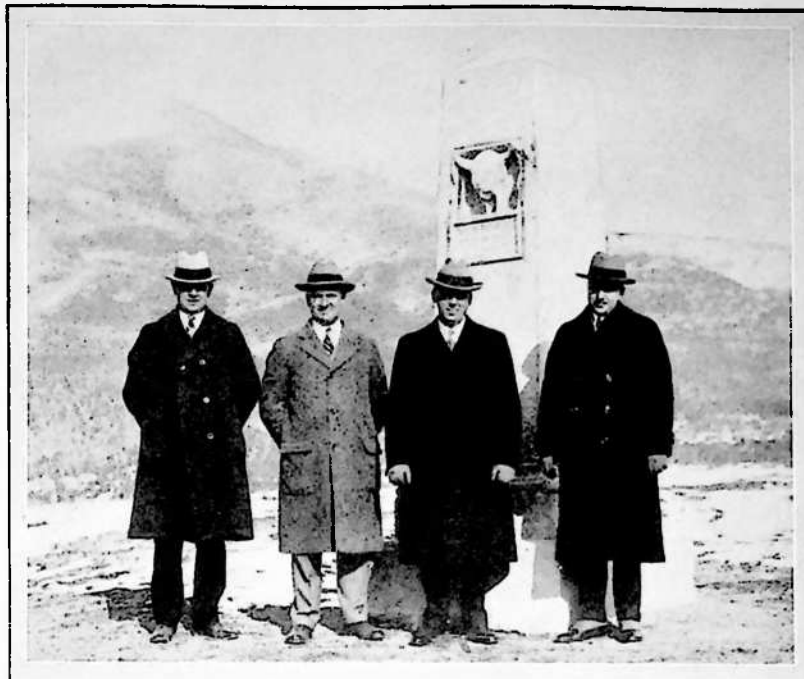
Left—President F. H. Reid of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company; President W. S. Gifford of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; J. D. Ellsworth, assistant vice-president A. T. & T. Co., in front of Administration Building, Denver, Nov. 11, 1925

head of the industry with which we are associated.

In introducing him President Reid gave a brief sketch of President Gifford's history. "Mr. Gifford," said Mr. Reid, "was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1885, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1904, at the age of nineteen. He went to work for the Western Electric Company in Chicago as a clerk at \$10.00 a week. Less than four years later he was transferred to the New York office of the same company as assistant secretary and treasurer. Shortly afterward he was called to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company as chief statistician and organized a statistical department second to none.

When it was evident that this country would be drawn into war, President Wilson appointed Mr. Gifford director of the newly-created Council of National Defense, which was composed of six cabinet officers. He served as director throughout the war, going to France in 1918 as a member of the Inter-Allied Munitions Council.

At the close of the war Mr. Gifford returned to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company as comptroller. In 1921 he was made vice-president in charge of finance and accounts, and in 1923 he became executive vice-president. Last January, at the age of forty, he was elected president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and his recent visit to our territory was the first he has made in that capacity.



This picture was taken beside Pioneer Monument, in Emigration Canyon, Salt Lake City, Utah. Left to right—S. J. Jones, Salt Lake Commercial manager; Orson John Hyde, Utah manager; F. H. Reid, president M. S. T. & T. Co.; Walter S. Gifford, president A. T. & T. Co.



## J. D. Ellsworth Recalls Other Days

The publicity department was pleased to greet J. D. Ellsworth, assistant vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who accompanied President Gifford to our territory. Mr. Ellsworth has for a number of years been in charge of the publicity and information departments of the A. T. & T. Co., particularly with reference to these subjects as they have involved the broad policy of public relations of this tremendous organization with the entire nation. In this capacity he has been an executive assistant to Presidents Fish, Vail, Thayer and Gifford.

"I just came up for a little fresh air," said Mr. Ellsworth, as he referred to the "mile high" altitude of Denver, "and I like it—fact is, I feel very much at home in Colorado. I am reminded of my first experience as a newspaperman, as editor, manager, typesetter, devil and bill-collector on the Coal Creek Enterprise in Fremont County, Colorado. It's great to be the whole force of an enterprise of any kind, but an exceptional thrill comes to the young man who starts his first weekly

newspaper. It was not without excitement—my experience at Coal Creek—for those were stirring days. There was one church and twenty-eight bars in the town at that time. Oh, well—"them days is gone forever."

"I did some reporting on the newspapers at Colorado Springs and in the mining camp of Aspen, which was then forty-five miles from a railroad. Later I reported on the daily papers of Denver, Omaha, Boston and New York, and later identified myself with a publicity bureau in the interest of colleges, societies and business concerns, which President Frederick P. Fish had the courage to utilize, and for four years I traveled all over the country as a publicity missionary, equipped with riding togs. So I was able, just before the automobile made riding impossible, to view the suburbs of the more sizable cities from coast to coast from the back of a horse."

Mr. Ellsworth enjoyed his trip through the intermountain region immensely, but regretted that he didn't have time to climb up on the

mountainside and look down upon the valley where he gratified his first ambition to be a country editor, and where he did his daily dozen or two every Friday morning jerking the long arm of a Washington hand press.

Funny how a fellow is never able to get the printer's ink off his fingers, isn't it?



### Broderick's Birds Come Home to Roost

M. E. Broderick, our manager at Safford, Arizona, deals a little in homing pigeons. Not so long ago he sold half a dozen to someone in St. Louis. The pigeons had not been trained. In transferring the birds at St. Louis, three of them escaped. The distance "back home" to Safford is 1,174 miles. Six days later Mr. Broderick was surprised to find the three pigeons on their old roost. They had traveled an average of 179 miles a day, including day stops and parking over nights for rest. Broderick wrote to his customer and the birds were returned.



# What is the Spirit of Christmas?

By  
J. P. Donohue  
Chief Testboardman

Boise, Idaho.

SO MUCH must be said to answer the question, "What is the Spirit of Christmas?" that I am going to look back through the toll testboard log and tell of some particular incident, one that really happened on Christmas Eve, and we'll see if that doesn't at least give us an inkling of the answer.

Snow still drifted before the mighty gale that swept the lava desert and the lean and hungry animal life, starved and unable to forage by the long duration of the storm, snarled and fought in sheltering crevices of the rocks.

On streets of cities men hurried here and there, bent on quickly gaining their destination and warmth, for those constant blasts of wind, driving snow before it, penetrated even the thickest woollens and chilled their wearers to the marrow.

It was a Christmas Eve long to be remembered. Jerry was on the board that day of days, and glancing out the window of the heated test room, framed pictures in his mind of what a storm it must be out among the sage and lava.

His mind's eye saw the lead standing straight and true, then the storm blotted it from his vision. How fortunate, thought he, no trouble today. How could a man endure a trip across that sixty miles of waste in such a blizzard?

Darkness settled, but the storm continued. The sudden ringing of the telephone startled Jerry from his reverie, and he lost the train of thought. It was the Pocatello operator calling to say the Boise line was out of order.

Plugging in on the line, the report was true—the 8's were down 35 miles out of Blackfoot right in the heart of the desert.

Lee had worked late at the office. It was Christmas Eve and everything had to be in shape, for tomorrow was a holiday and the happiest day of the year.

What a storm! The worst in years. Lee buckled on his arctics and donned his heaviest coat. As he buckled his way homeward bound his thoughts were of the family. Tonight they would make final preparations for Christmas.

At home Lee sat down to a warm dinner. Here and there Christmas entered the conversation. The tree must be dressed immediately after dinner.

With dinner things put aside the work was interrupted by a call to the telephone. Pocatello testboard was calling, and told Lee about the trouble. To his informant Lee's reply was

brief and to the point: "Sure, I'll go right away."

Rounding up Rozsa, the troubleman, Lee's watch told him the hour was 8 as they left the city. All night long they braved the blizzard. Fought their way through drifts that threatened to block their passage. Broke new roads, for it had been days since anyone had dared to travel the desert. Somehow or other they found that trouble, and it was through chattering teeth that they told the testboard of their findings.

A little after 7 o'clock next morning two weary and almost frozen travelers drove slowly into Blackfoot—they had done their duty and their reward was "A Merry Christmas."

The bitter cold, the wind, the snow and all that made the trip so perilous have probably been forgotten by those who made it and to whom all credit is due; but across the memory of the man who asked if they would try it there was left a deep and lasting impression. He never catches a glimpse of that familiar picture, "The Spirit of Service," but that he sees two men instead of one—Lee and Rozsa in the desert storm.

Yes, indeed, that short and positive answer, "Sure, I'll go right away," was prompted by the "Spirit of Service," and to me, as great a sacrifice as it may seem, that is only a part of the answer to "What is the Spirit of Christmas?"



## Extra! Extra! Tillie Confesses!

A persisting rumor of unusual doings in the El Paso Accounting Office having come to the notice of E. A. J. S., he detailed one of the staff to investigate for the *MONITOR*. The reporter found some difficulty in interviewing members of the suspected crowd.

The only definite statement he could obtain was from Mr. Stryker, who said, "A weiner roast? Did I say no?"

However, *THE MONITOR* has discovered that the State Auditor's crew left early in the evening of October 28, to go to an alleged hot-dog party said to have been held some ten miles up the valley.

Special!! Extry!!

Tillie has just broken down and confessed! Her story follows:

"Yes, sir, we sure did have a good time, and almost enough coffee. Miss Decker kept one of the patrons in her booth so long that he forgot the fortune she told him. Everybody joined in the chorus and games and chow. We had a grand fire and Bob Charles walked right through it just to prove he meant what he said to his girl. Everybody liked that. Will we have another one? You bet, even if I have to go all by myself.

# How's Your Health?

If you don't keep Fit Physically  
You Can't Expect to Keep Ef-  
ficient Mentally



On November 10 a class of instruction was started in Denver for the purpose of preparing instructions for the Health Course for Women. This class, under the direct supervision of Miss Katherine Kirk, health course supervisor, was in session for eight days, during which time the general text covering the General Health Course for Women of the Bell System was thoroughly studied and discussed.

The young ladies who attended this class will, in the near future, start health courses for the women employees of our Company in Denver and Salt Lake City. After the work is well started in these cities, it is the intention to extend it throughout the exchanges in this Company's territory where there are a sufficient number of women employees to make such practice possible.

*Below—Bell System health conference for women, held at New York in September. Miss Kirk of our company indicated by x-mark*



Health Class at Denver. Front row—Freida Hogler, Lola Roddis, Katherine Kirk, Ruth H. Nelson, Orta Herziz, Mrs. Fannie Byers. Back row—Mrs. Elizabeth Grewe, Ethel Reilly, Edythe E. Baillie, Gladys Balcon, E. L. Kewley, Mary Hillburger, Gertraude Wyman.

The recent class for instructors was made up of a representative from the general accounting department, the Colorado accounting department, the general commercial department, the Denver commercial department, a traffic department representative from Salt Lake City, and six representatives from the Denver traffic department.



### Health Conference

The Health Conference, which was held at 195 Broadway, New York, during the two weeks beginning September 14, will naturally attract more than usual interest as being the first Bell System Conference in which all the representatives were women. The purpose of the conference was to discuss methods of health education for women in the telephone organization.

Many interesting speakers and teachers both from the telephone organization and from the outside—talent of recognized ability in each instance—contributed to make the

conference a success. However, the largest factor in the splendid results obtained was the contribution on the part of the forty-seven representatives themselves. These representatives came from all parts of the Bell System—from the associated companies, the Western Electric Company and the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Too much cannot be said in praise of the interest and enthusiasm which they displayed throughout the entire conference. Their ability to carry on this work in their respective fields is assured, and no one who observed their work at the conference can question the success which they will ultimately achieve.

The representative from our Company who attended the conference was Miss Katherine Kirk of Denver.



Boss: "Where have you been?"  
Clerk: "Out to get a shave."  
Boss: "What? Getting a shave on company time?"  
Clerk: "Well, it grows on company time, doesn't it?"





Miss Anna Leonelda Lennan, chief operator, C. & P. Tel. Co., Piedmont, W. Va., who won gold medal and cash award of \$500

# "The Message Must go Through"

Report of National Committee of Award Theodore N. Vail Medals, 1924  
New York, November 12, 1925.

To the Trustees,

Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund.

The reports of the Theodore N. Vail bronze medal awards made by the Committees of Bell System Associated Companies for 1924, the fifth year of the Plan, have been reviewed by the National Committee and as always

courage; which utilize to the greatest extent some resources of Bell System plant or organization; which at the same time accomplish the largest measure of service in the public interest; and which represent emergencies not created by, or due to the fault or neglect of, the person concerned. In their judgment of courage the Committee has not been unmindful that moral as well as physical courage is a factor to be recognized.

After carefully reviewing the cases with these considerations in mind, the following selections have been made for National Awards:

A GOLD MEDAL, with a cash award of \$500, to Anna Leonelda Lennan, Chief Operator, The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, Piedmont, W. Va.



Mrs. Kathryn Brisson, toll night operator, Fitchburg, Mass., New England Tel. and Tel. Co. Right—Hubert Harris, line foreman, Bell Tel. Co. of Pa., Norristown, Pa.

these reports are inspiring evidence that loyalty and devotion to public service are a part of the everyday life and work of Bell System people.

To select a small number of outstanding cases for national recognition is this Committee's task and in the discharge of this duty they have endeavored as in the past to select those cases which reveal the highest degree of judgment, initiative, resourcefulness and



Left—Lloyd M. Atkins, combination man, C. & P. Tel. Co., Piedmont, W. Va. Right—Trygve Jorgensen, foreman, Port Washington, Long Island, N. Y. Tel. Co. Tenschert & Flack, photographers

## CITATION

For conspicuous courage and devotion to the public service.

Chief operator Anna Leonelda Lennan, early in the morning of March 29, 1924, when a severe flood swept the town of Piedmont, W. Va., disregarding the pleadings of her family and townspeople, crossed a partially submerged bridge which had been closed to traffic and which shortly afterward was carried away, and succeeded in reaching the central office in the center of the flood zone.



Left—Miss Ida Blanchard, agent and night operator, Natural Bridge, N. Y. Right—Mrs. Aileen Catherine Smith, Southern Bell, Cincinnati

Although the building was in great danger of destruction and she was repeatedly warned to abandon her post, she remained in charge of the situation and so organized her force that uninterrupted telephone service, essential because of the flood and the possibility of fire, was afforded to the stricken community.

A SILVER MEDAL, with a cash award of \$250, to Lloyd M. Atkins, Combinationman, The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, Piedmont, W. Va.

(Continued to next page)



**CITATION**

For resourcefulness and devotion to the public service.

Combinationman Lloyd M. Atkins, early in the morning of March 29, 1924, when a severe flood threatened to destroy the town of Piedmont, W. Va., hastened to the central office in the center of the flood zone and rescued valuable company property. When a bridge was swept away, carrying with it the wires which furnished power to charge the storage batteries, and the emergency power facilities at the office were flooded and useless, he secured portable power equipment in a nearby town and, overcoming one obstacle after another, succeeded in bringing it through the flood to the central office and thus made possible the maintaining of the telephone service during this critical period.

A SILVER MEDAL, with a cash award of \$250, to Trygve Jorgenson, New York Telephone Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**CITATION**

For courage, initiative and prompt action in saving the life of a fellow-employee.

Foreman Trygve Jorgenson, on October 1, 1924, when a fellow-employee working on a pole received a severe shock from an electric light wire, immediately climbed the pole, broke the contact at great personal risk and, holding the man's weight with his free hand, started to descend the pole, when his hold was broken and the man fell to a truck beneath. Foreman Jorgenson then administered first aid and procured medical assistance.

A SILVER MEDAL, with a cash award of \$250, to Kathryn C. Brisson (Mrs.), Night Operator, New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, Fitchburg, Mass.

**CITATION**

For resourcefulness and persistent effort in effecting the rescue of two fellow-employees from extreme peril.

Night Operator Kathryn C. Brisson, while testing circuits early in the morning of January 31, 1924, was unable to get any response from the central office at Winchendon, Massachusetts, despite repeated calls, first over the direct circuit and then over an unusual and circuitous route. Sensing probable trouble, she asked the train dispatcher at Fitchburg to telegraph the Winchendon railroad agent to call the central office and, when informed that this call also was unanswered, urged an immediate investigation by the railroad agent at Winchendon which resulted in the discovery that the two operators had been overcome by gas fumes and would have succumbed but for the timely aid.

A SILVER MEDAL, with a cash award of \$250, to Ida M. Blanchard, Agent and Night Operator, Northern New York Telephone Corporation, Natural Bridge, N. Y.

**CITATION**

For courage, alertness and loyalty to the public service.

Night Operator Ida M. Blanchard, early in the morning of December 22, 1924, when a fire was discovered in the building in which the central office at Natural Bridge, N. Y., is located, warned the townspeople by telephone and materially aided in preventing great property loss by summoning needed assistance from a neighboring town. She remained at her post until the fire had burst through the walls of the room, when she was rescued by means of a ladder raised by firemen.

A SILVER MEDAL, with a cash award of \$250, to Hubert Harris, Line Foreman, The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, Norristown, Pa.

**CITATION**

For courage and initiative in the maintenance of the public service under hazardous conditions.

Line Foreman Hubert Harris, on August 7, 1924, when the central office pole at Downingtown, Pa., caught fire as the result of a cross between trolley feed wires and telephone wires several miles away, volunteered to aid the fire department in this emergency. He equipped himself with rubber clothing and fire extinguishers and, in spite of the hazard of the arcing wires, climbed the pole and put out the flames, thus preventing serious interruption of local telephone service and facilitating prompt repair of the damaged toll circuits.

A SILVER MEDAL, with a cash award of \$250, to Aileen Catherine Smith (Mrs.), Manager, The Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company, New Richmond, Ohio.

**CITATION**

For judgment, persistency and resourcefulness in the public interest.

Aileen Catherine Smith, Manager of the New Richmond, Ohio, exchange, early in the morning of November 15, 1924, was informed that a robbery was being attempted at the local post office. She gave the alarm to nearby citizens, kept in communication with subscribers near the post office and ascertained the license number of the robbers' car. When she learned soon afterward that the robbers had abandoned their car and fled, she notified the Cincinnati Police Department, suggesting that watch be kept on avenues of approach to the city. Continuing her efforts to locate the robbers, she learned that two men had been seen going toward the city and again called the Cincinnati police, adding that, from the description which she had obtained, one of the men resembled an escaped criminal whose description she had recently seen in a newspaper. Her prompt and intelligent action resulted in the early capture of the robbers.

(Signed) E. K. HALL,  
 EDGAR S. BLOOM,  
 B. GIERARDI,  
 C. A. HEISS,  
 LAURA M. SMITH,  
 Committee.



**No Accident Charlie**

The other day they took a veteran from his job to pay him homage.

"Uncle Charlie," they call him. He's down on the pay-roll as foreman of the forge department of the Old Motor Car Company at Lansing, Michigan, and has had twenty-eight years of service with an industry just that many years old.

A silver loving cup was presented him and on it was inscribed:

"Award of Safety. Present to Charles H. Blades for 28 years of faithful service to the automobile industry while participating in the success of Oldsmobile since 1897. The Oldest Employee of the Industry Without a Lost-Time Accident."

Truly a record of which to be proud, a shining example of what can be done. Twenty-eight years on a hazardous job without a single lost-time accident spells safety to one's self and to fellow workers.

If you are doing good work, don't worry—someone will notice it!

**Back to the Old Home**



**R**ECENTLY, H. H.

Croll, manager at Greeley, Colo., "went back home" for a visit, and this is the story he told THE MONITOR on his return. It is so full of human interest that we know it will be read with great interest:

"Yes, I've been back home," said Mr. Croll, "but somehow it did not seem the same to me. Only three of a family of eight children are left, one in Buffalo, one in Kansas

City, and one in Greeley. I tramped over the old farm at Eudora, Kansas, where I was brought up as a boy and renewed with a great deal of pleasure the old memories of incidents which have passed some forty years ago. And I could not help but feel sentimental about the visit. However, the same old chimney on the same old house where Santa used to come down is still there. I have many fond memories of the Christmas times which were spent in the old farm house. Unfortunately, the neighbors are not the same as they were then and the place leaves more or less of a strange impression.

"I could just see myself as a boy, taking my old muzzle-loading, double barreled shotgun and my dog, going through the corn field just south of the barnlot after a few cotton-tails, or going by the old hedge fence at the southeast corner of the old place, chasing up a covey of quail, or trying to shoot at a yellow-hammer (flicker) on the top of a tall cottonwood tree in the old woodlot pasture, and then tramping a mile or more to a nearby woods to hunt fox tail squirrels.

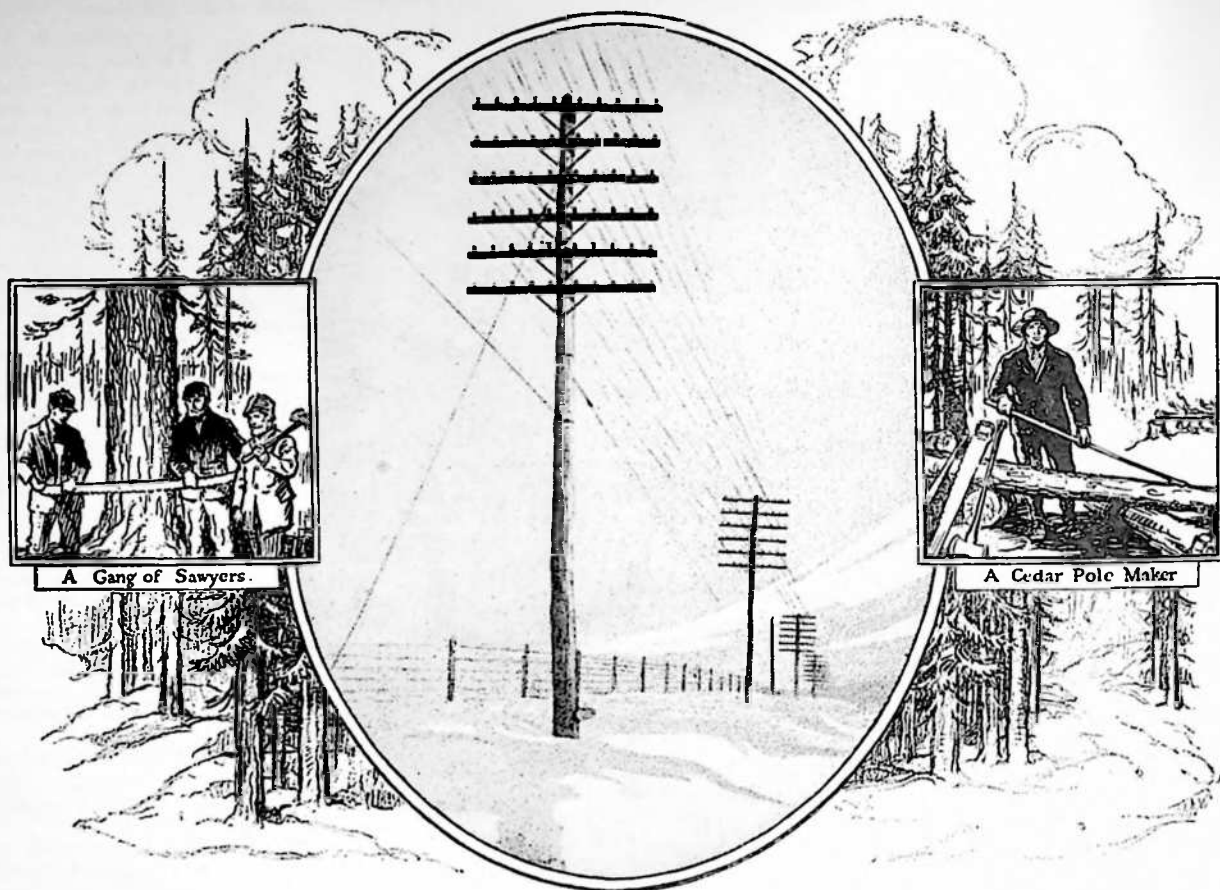
"I can also remember the wonderful trips we used to take in bob sleds as youngsters with the school girls to the old country school house three or four miles from town, and take part in the literary society programs, when the old school house used to be filled to overflowing.

"Yes, I have been back home—the old, old home," sighed Mr. Croll, "but it did not seem the same to me."



**Hey, You Grunt!**

THE MONITOR will give \$5.00 for the best definition of the term "Grunt," as applied to a telephone man. The explanation must contain not less than 50 words nor more than 75, written by a telephone employee. Copy must be in MONITOR office by January 6, 1926.



## Last Message of an Old Telephone Pole

I'M JUST an old telephone pole, waiting for the saw to bite again into my sides, and this time separate me into nice little lengths for a fireplace. A blaze—some smoke, and I'm done. But I have a record that I'm quite the reverse of being ashamed of, and when that is the case what do you do? Hide it from the world? Not often. You manage somehow to let the world in on it.

I worked twenty-four hours a day, rain, snow or shine, for a good many years. I never threw a man. Twice only did I bite the earth, and then a man threw me. So if you don't mind I'm going to reminisce a bit. And I must talk fast: the time is getting short.

From a wisp of green pushing up through the rich soil, I grew where the mild airs of Puget Sound and the soft winds of the Pacific breezed about and gave me health and strength. Winter rains pattered through my branches and sank into the earth around

*By Eleanor Kilbourn*

me and plentiful sap surged through my trunk and boughs as I grew to a fulfillment of my purpose.

For years I stood, stretching upward until I was one of the tall cedars of Idaho, with my green-clad companions of the wood standing like sentinels on our western shore. And underneath were cool, dim paths seldom pressed by the foot of man, that led away until they lost themselves in the forest. And the only sounds were birdsongs, the cries of wild creatures and the murmur of waters.

One fatal day a picnic party, searching seclusion, followed one of the paths to its end, and left smoldering coals in the campfire. It was one of those mellow, windless days of early autumn. There had been no rain for weeks. That night the storm demon,

restless from inaction, burst from his northern lair and whipped down upon us. The trees tossed their giant arms and moaned farewell to summer. The dull embers of that campfire were fanned to a glow and from them little tongues of flame shot out into the dry grasses and spread to the underbrush. They grew larger and stronger, climbed the trunks of the trees and leaped from limb to limb, licking greedily as if hungry for their victims. The weaker trees burned and fell, while the stronger ones became blackened and charred stumps as the flames rushed on to more destruction. Birds and beasts flew and fled in panic. For days and nights the red inferno raged, and as I and my companions, rooted to the spot, watched the blaze that brillianted the heavens for miles around, we wondered if our time had come. Weary men down whose faces the sweat made little paths through the grime of smoke, trenched and backfired until they dropped from fatigue to

stem the wild destruction. Then the wind changed and died away as suddenly as it came. Blessed raindrops fell with a hiss into that awful inferno. Fire and water engaged in a tug of war, but at last the cool raindrops conquered. The choking smoke cleared from our branches and once more we stood strong and safe in the clean, clear air. But we looked sadly down on a blackened waste and wondered at the carelessness of humans.

It was long after, when around the charred trunks the green was showing again, that men with kindly faces and voices came into the forest and looked about with a business air. Now and then one would say, "This looks like the right kind," and they made a little check on the bark.

We soon knew the purpose. Some of us, in the pride of our strength, were to be converted into telephone poles and uphold the wire pathways of speech that were forever pushing farther from the great cities of the East and midwest to the Golden Gate, to the island-dotted Sound west of us, to the fast-growing Southwest. The greatest commercial era the world has ever known was in full swing and the people were calling, "Give us quicker and better means of communication." The call was answered and in the reply the tall, sturdy cedars of Idaho had their part.

Tested and seasoned, I reached my destination on the outskirts of a western city. Thankful am I that those wiseheads of telephone engineers had not yet learned about creosoting telephone poles, so I was not a "tar baby." I was allowed to retain the cedar perfume so dear to the hearts of women who drop a hint that they would like a cedar chest for a Christmas present. And no man had as yet invented an earth-boring machine. It took a strong-muscled groundman three or four hours to dig a hole of fitting proportions to hold and sustain my bulk. Another labor-saver not yet conceived by the busy-brained telephone engineers was the pole derrick. A chauffeur and a couple of men now set a pole of my size in a few minutes, but seven huskies strained and heaved to put me in place. And once more I held a vertical position, this time as a Class A telephone pole, powerful to do battle with winds and storms. The first time a lineman stuck his hooks into me I shuddered and almost yelled "Ouch!" But like a good dentist, he "didn't hurt a bit."

Soon after I had been fitted with crossarms, decorated with insulators and trimmed with wires, there on the edge of that western city, a bride and groom came one day looking at vacant lots in the neighborhood—and there were plenty of them. They picked one almost within my shadow, or such feeble shadow as I, shorn of my forest-green garment, was able to cast. They built a bungalow with a wide porch outside and a wide fireplace inside. Sometime after, I saw a furniture man carry a baby Pullman into the house and my interest in the family increased. After the long nights of gazing at the stars or the scurry-

ing clouds, with only the wind singing around me and the messages of love (and some that were not so loving), and hope and despair and birth and death speeding along the wires I looked forward to morning and the happy morning face of that young man as he swung out the door on his way to work.

And I felt even more neighborly, in fact, like one of the family, when I learned one morning after I had had a bad night, that he was a telephone man. As he came out he looked hard at me and said to his wife: "I must tell the plant people about that pole. It is sagging after last night's wind." So that day I was straightened, but in the early Spring there was a sleet storm and I had all I could do to stand up under it. Pole after pole went down and I was dragged to one side until I looked like a tall, tipsy sailor in a wet port.

Progress that knows no minute of relaxation is the slogan in the telephone world, as I was to find out. A trench was opened and pushed along until it got to my heels: men were laying underground cable. By day they planted the red flag of industry (not anarchy), and at night they put up red lights. As those red eyes blinked at me through the gloom, I felt as I had long before on a wild, red night in the Idaho forest—that my time had come and I would fall as did others of my comrades. But no! Luck was with me again. Those men stopped right at my base and fastened a sort of box on me. They ran the underground cable up my side and into the box and fanned it out to connect each of its wires with a brass binding post. Then they brought the cable that hung in the air into the box and fastened its wires to another set of binding posts and these binding posts were cross-connected, so I was a link between underground and aerial. And when the telephone man came home that night the wife asked him what the plant men had put that box there for and he told her just what I've told you.

I've seen many changes, and they make even a telephone pole feel old. Young men come to call on the girl who as a baby cooed and

kissed her hands to daddy as he went out in the morning. And there is a son growing into a strapping youth with an appetite for ball games, who gets all heated up in a world's series and yells like a wild Indian. The house has been enlarged and I'm glad to say it is still a happy home and I never hear any loud or quarrelsome voices come out of it.

Right here the slow music begins. If I had any sap left in me I fear I'd shed a tear. More men came and gave me another—and the last—once over. I was beginning to feel shaky and wasn't carrying my years as jauntily as I had done. Wind and sleet made me nervous. So I wasn't taken unawares when those fellows got ready to lower me to the ground again. How I hated to give up and go to the junk heap. Who doesn't? I wondered as I had several times before—what next? The plant men were sorry to bring me down, too, for one of them said: "Darned" (only he didn't say darned) "fine old pole—stood here about twenty years. Its sides are scarred by the hooks of many of our old pals—some gone on the high climb to Heaven."

It is the last chapter all right, but my usefulness is not yet entirely ended. The telephone man whose home is still there in the same place, but who now has gray in his hair, said to his wife—the same one—grown plumper and with a bit of gray in her hair, too: "Susie, I bought that old telephone pole today; you know, our neighbor here for so long. Pretty good old pole yet but they had to take it down because the underground is being extended and it wasn't worth resetting. The weather is getting cold and the holidays are coming and it will make fine fireplace wood just when we want the cheer of an open fire."

As he stopped talking, he looked at Susie. Tears were in her eyes, bless her dear, tender heart, and husband looked surprised and won-

(Continued on Next Page)



"The young man who calls on "Baby" will sit with her by the fireplace and talk—"

# A Merry Christmas

By Betty Devine



"Don't say Christmas to me—I hate the very sound of it," snapped Molly, as she sponged and pressed her "blue serge" for its third season.

"Why, Molly Jenkinson, you're positively sacrilegious," chided her sister Bess. "How can any intelligent human hate Christmas—symbol of the Christ spirit, of love and good will? Poor little mother would turn over in her grave if she could hear you say such a thing."

"That's just it—that's one reason I hate it. The very thought of Christmas without Mother starts cold chills running the scale on my

spine and makes me wonder if all that stuff about Christ and the manger isn't pure bunk," argued Molly.

"Molly!" fairly shrieked Bess, "will you stop talking like that?—why, you positively frighten me—cold chills—ugh! I've got goose pimples all over me. Ever since you broke off with John Davison—that's three years ago—you've been getting more and more cynical, and since Mother died you've become literally hard-boiled. You certainly create a pleasant atmosphere for Father and me—poor old Dad."

"Accent on *poor*," added Molly. "I'm sick of getting poorer and poorer each Christmas."

"Does the reference apply to your physical

or financial condition?" countered Bess, waxing a bit sarcastic.

"Take it any way you choose—just another of my angles," replied Molly, as she switched off the electric iron and proceeded to put the ironing board back of the kitchen door.

"O, come now, Sis," coaxed Bess, slipping her arm around Molly's shoulder. "I'm not so happy myself, but can't you see we've just got to make some plans for Christmas for Dad's sake?"

Molly's mental and physical attitude remained perfectly rigid as she argued. "Now, see here, Bess, you know as well as I do that Dad hasn't had the slightest interest in Christmas since the year Deal ran away with that barber; he wouldn't enter into anything, no matter what we planned—there isn't a—ch—chance for happiness now that mu—mu—mother's gone," the last words trailed into a great sob as Molly dropped the blue serge and covering her face with her hands burst into tears.

"There, Molly darling," comforted Bess. "you're just a big bluff—you aren't hard-boiled at all, you're the sweetest little sister in the world—that's just your way of makin' the grade, and we've sure got a stiff one ahead of us this year; but we can make it by pullin' together, Molly. I've got a plan I'm just dyin' to tell you about—want to hear it, Sis?"

Molly dabbed her eyes with the palms of her hands and swallowing hard, snuffled out "Uh huh."

"Well," began Bess, drawing the word out as a sort of teaser to Molly, "when one hasn't anything in one's life to be very happy about the next best thing is to try to make someone else happy, and I've been thinking how nice

---

dered what he could have said to hurt her feelings. To his relief this was what Susie said:

"Oh, Jack, I hated to see that old pole come down. It was put up there just before we were married and you remember how happy we were because the line had been extended out here and we could have a telephone. It seems like an old friend and when we burn it in the fireplace, I'll feel as though we are cremating one of the family. I don't know whether I can stand it."

Of course, Jack thought, "Women are sentimental things," but he looked a bit sad, too. And do you know what I expect? When I'm roaring and crackling and making flames in the chimney and my last hour has come, I just think that Jack and Susie will stick in the dining room or have business in the kitchen or maybe go to bed, and the young man who calls on "baby" will sit with her by the fireplace and perhaps talk to her about some

day having a fireside of their own. You know they couldn't be expected to feel kinship for me as the older folks do.

But I've had my day, and a good long one, and helped to get millions of messages across from happy folks and tearful folks. I've helped to bring relief to many a heart that was almost bursting with anxiety. Now, if I make a cheery fire at the Merry Christmas time when perhaps it will be snowing and the wind howling outside, that will be a good way to pass out—in a glorious blaze if not a blaze of glory. I was part of a great public utility and I shall be useful even unto the end. Greater than I who have stood tall and strong and buffeted the winds and storms of life, have come at last to some strange purpose. Shakespeare, who knew a thing or two, said:

"Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

it would be if we just started right here in our block and asked all the joy-poor folks we know to come up here for Christmas dinner, all being in the same fix—or practically so—we'd be so hungry for fun that even that would be funny and somehow we'd get tuned in on Happiness station for a little while anyway. There's Miss Witherspoon, the little crabby old maid down at the end of the block. Mother was the only one in the neighborhood who ever went inside her door, and Mother said she isn't really crabby at all, but she had a love affair many years ago, and I don't know what happened, but it went fluey anyway, and she just puts on that crabby air to keep folks from suspecting how lonely she really is."

"Love affair—Miss Witherspoon?" gasped Molly incredulously—"that's *me* thirty years hence," but Bess was too busy making up the list for her party to do more than smile as she added, "And the little cripple girl and her mother mid-way of the block on the other side of the street—they've had an awful time renting their rooms this winter, the neighbors say they've hardly had enough to eat—and too proud to ask for help—we can just make believe we want 'em to come here to help us cheer Dad up on Christmas and they'll get a thrill out of feeling they're doing something for us."

"Oh, yes, Bess," it was Molly's first bit of enthusiasm, "and we mustn't forget poor Mr. Bobbins, left alone with those three little kiddies—they say he hasn't a relative on earth that he knows of and to think that flapper wife would quit 'em cold for a taxi-driver."

"And the one-eyed grocer—I'll bet he'd be tickled pink to come—I'm sure nobody ever invites him any place, and besides, Bess, he works that one eye overtime when you're around."

"Gee! it'll be a motley gathering—won't it, Molly?" said Bess, at which both girls went into gales of laughter just as Dad Jenkinson came in through the back door.

"We're going to have a Christmas party,



Bess got good news from Salt Lake City



"Ah, Molly, 'course I'd come back"

Dad." It was Molly who jumped up to break the news to him, while Bess hastened to back her up before their father could administer his customary dash of cold water.

"The price of turkey is prohibitive," was Dad's only comment as he clipped his hat over a hook and walked on into the front part of the house.

Noting Molly's disappointment, Bess was quick to counter with "Why, we don't have to have *turkey*—rabbits are cheap—what's the matter with Brer Rabbit?"

"Sure thing," echoed Molly, "what we need most is to get together, we can play games and for the kiddies, get some toys at the ten-cent store."

With this preliminary skirmishing, plans soon took definite form and the two weeks preceding Christmas were so busy that even Molly found little time to indulge in the luxury of self-pity.

Anticipation of the Jenkinson party brought new atmosphere to the entire neighborhood. Those invited were planning how, in some small way, they might contribute to the occasion, and those not included in the guest list were keyed up with curiosity over the running back and forth and rather unusual "goings on" of the neighborhood.

Dad Jenkinson, playing true to form, dashed the customary cold water until Bess took him into her confidence by telling him that the whole thing was arranged to pull Molly out of the dumps and arouse in her an interest in something besides herself and the tragic turn of her girlhood romance.

He rallied to the cause as each of the others did in the thought that they were doing something for someone else, and while he was

hardly what might be termed enthusiastic, he was at least non-resistant.

Surprise followed surprise, the first coming a couple of days before Christmas in the form of a huge turkey and "trimmin's", sent with compliments of the one-eyed grocer.

The afternoon before Christmas a telephone call from the mother of the little crippled girl brought news that a former roomer had sent them a Christmas tree which, if Mr. Jenkinson would be kind enough to come for it, they wished the girls to have for their party. This helped fill in what promised to be a lonely gap Christmas Eve, for even Dad lent a hand at arranging the few ornaments and candles to make a real splash on the tree.

Luckily Molly's and Bess' shift at the telephone office was from eight until one o'clock Christmas day, which gave ample time for cooking dinner and topping off the last essentials to the success of the party. As they approached the house from their morning's work to find the front door standing open, they instantly sensed something wrong, but neither spoke until they had made the rounds of the house and found Dad missing. "He may have gone for the mail," ventured Bess, trying to hide her fears."

"Mail," repeated Molly, "you know Dad doesn't pay the least attention to things of that sort, Bess—gone, yes, but probably to hide out somewhere until after it's all over. Just another of his selfish stunts."

"Moll, dear, it's Christmas, can't you get a little of the spirit of brother—er, I should say daughterly love? If you hadn't been so selfishly wrapped up in your own longing for mail (spell it either way you choose) you'd have noticed how eagerly Dad watches for the postman."

"Looking for a letter from Deal, I suppose, hoping she'll hear of Mother's death and write home—she was always Dad's favorite, but he needn't worry. I suspect she's long since joined the broken arch brigade of New York's hash-slinging army and is ashamed to let us know that he couldn't support her."

"Well," interjected Bess with finality, "it makes no difference what happens, we've got to chuck our own worries and carry on. We've asked all these folks here today and it's our

(Continued on page 10)



And Jack was willin'



By C. J. McKee, State Toll Wire Chief,  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

WHEN the Pony Express first started someone picked out a route most protected from the Indians. The covered wagons followed this same trail, making it a wagon road. Then came the telephone, and what is now the Central Trans-continental line was built along the road.

The automobile called for better highways and engineers had different ideas of where they should be located with the result that our line now runs across the sagebrush,



"Never had to ring for water—each bed had a spring under it." Camp and material under more favorable conditions, and to the right is Crew No. 2, presided over by Skin Taylor. Left to right—Gaterly, Luxford, Hamford, Thompson, Gore, Perrin, Ault and Martson.

through canyons, across lakes, and, mostly miles away from the highway.

In dry weather it is easy for one who is familiar with the trails to follow this lead, but when it rains or snows the whole country becomes one quagmire and traveling is next to impossible.

It so happened that in September and October of this year, just at a time when three



Construction Crews, under Foreman "Skin" Taylor, "Pete" Wienand and "Bill" Sterns, were making pole replacements, we had unusual rains and early snows, making it a job where a tenderfoot had no business.

A sixty-mile stretch between Tipton and Rock Springs was assigned Foreman Taylor. The only excuse for towns or R. R. Stations in this section is to load sheep for shipment once a year or for engines to get water, consequently these stops have no hotel accommodations so a camp outfit was necessary.

Sitting in one of these tents in camp, with a cold, bleak wind outside and everything covered with dust inside and with fear that the tent will blow down any minute, one's glance takes in the surroundings and finds sleeping cots, personal baggage, stove, wood box, wash basin and water bucket—THE Mox-tron—listerine, eye-wash, liver salts, vaseline, bromo-quinine, cough medicine, mustard, Denver Post, ammunition, mentholatum, deck of playing cards, tobacco. This helps to visualize what living conditions must be when the camp is under snow or surrounded by water, as depicted by the camera man.

It proves good judgment on the part of our Plant Superintendent in not accepting Taylor's proffered hospitality.

Then again one should cover the line while the ground is dry and hard, yet requires ut-



Sagebrush covered with snow; same without snow; coyote found cruelly caught in steel trap along the line—this trap was not set by telephone men; camp under snow

## The Human Side

The writer was recently in a telephone station in a small mountain town. He had just placed a call for his office two hundred miles away. As he turned from giving the necessary information to the operator, a portly lady with a baby in one arm and two children hold-

ing her other hand, stepped up to the window and said to the operator:

"Do you know Dr. Black of Portland, Ore.?"

Naturally the operator did not, probably never having been in Portland.

But she said, "What are his initials?"



"Out of the mud," and everyone happy

most skill and maneuvering to drive around the ruts and holes where the trucks have been mired down—see the repair work these men have done—where they would carry old poles a mile, then work up into the night to get a truck out—to see where tools and material had to be carried anywhere from one-quarter to one mile and a Ford truck would only make two miles on a gallon of gasoline.

With conditions such as would make an ordinary man quit, each of the three crews completed their sixty-mile section and, in addition, found a bright side even under these trying circumstances.

For instance, when one of them decides to take a bath, he must heat water in buckets, get a wash tub and have a good hot fire to heat up the tent. Then, just as he gets stripped, his bed mate gets an idea, goes outside and places a board over the stove pipe causing a smoke barrage in the tent so the bather must go out in the snow and remove board or smother.

While fighting these conditions, they proved equal to their reputation as Americans and enjoyed hearing the results of the World's Series over a radio in the country store miles from nowhere.

How they were attacked by a herd of antelope and, naturally, had to protect themselves to "prevent accidents."

"Skin" blames Messrs. Coyer and Elliott for the location of this line and the writer

wishes to warn these gentlemen to postpone their inspection until after he leaves the job.

While all of the crews had wind and snow

The lady with the children wasn't certain, but in a courteous manner the telephone operator started out to find Dr. Black, in a city 250 miles distant. A few moments later, the anxious mother was telling her story to the doctor. In the meantime I had talked with my office and was on my way.

This incident, a daily occurrence at thousands of telephone stations, emphasizes the invaluable aid of the telephone in American home and business life. No people on earth use the telephone as do Americans, because no other country has such a telephone system.—Ft. Collins Express.



One day when Arthur Sisk was fishing on the Pecos, his hook became caught in the seat of his trousers and, as he pulled, the line being caught over a limb, he was lifted a foot off the ground. There he hung. A smart alecky pair of trout swam up in the stream below him.

"Somebody on the line, isn't there?" asked one.

"No, your party's hung up," replied the other.

The above, taken from the Albuquerque Journal, sounds phony. Also fishy.



to buck and equally bad working conditions, they had the advantage of being able to go to more comfortable quarters at night.



Giving Henry a lift. Right—Bill Williams had to dig a hole in the mud before he could crank Henry

## Bobbie Jack's Christmas

By Marjorie Paterson, Denver

By Marjorie Paterson, Denver

NO, Stell, you don't have to be crazy to dance the Charleston, but it helps. I'm sure you would make a very apt pupil, but I didn't come over to discuss the Charleston, but to tell you about the wonderful Christmas romance—I'm so excited I could scream, but I won't.

When Sarah sprang the news we were in the restaurant and I was so excited I paid the check. I wish I had waited until I had steered you in a restaurant, but on the other hand I can't imagine you getting that excited. It would be more like you to put your little paw up to your head while you sweetly warbled, "My dear, you had better pay the check, the news has simply overwhelmed me and I feel too weak to reach my purse." After I paid the check for all you ate, both of us would be weak.

No, I can't stay a minute. I just want to tell you the news—it's about Betty Jane. Yes, really. You know a year ago we saw her a lot and then all of a sudden we didn't see her at all and you thought she had a fight with Jimmy Harris and had joined a convent. Well, as usual, you were all wrong, which isn't surprising.

I got all the details from Sarah today. Well, I'm trying to tell you—gimme time.

It seems as though Jimmy Harris and Bucky Reynolds were sent out to inspect the trans-continental line and that's how it started. They were driving along somewhere in Wyoming, miles away from everything but wind. It was as cold as Wyoming generally is in December, only more so, and they hadn't done much of anything but drive when all of a sudden Jimmy broke the silence—leave it to Jimmy to always want to break something. He said, "Say Bucky, this is sure going to be a heck of a Christmas for you." (Only he didn't say heck). "Away out here with me when you want to be home with your wife and kiddies." Bucky said he hated to be away on Christmas, but wherever he was, Christmas Eve he intended to climb a pole, if necessary, tap a wire, and talk to his folks for a while just to hear their happy voices.

He said, "Jimmy, if you want to know what real happiness is, you should have a house full of kids on Christmas." Jimmy kept looking at nothing in particular and saying the same, so Bucky thought he'd try again. "Say, Jimmy, by the way!" (He said it as if he had just happened to think about it, but that's the bunk—he had been thinking of it for months), "What ever became of Betty Jane?"

I thought you two had about decided to do all the rest of your fighting under one roof, and the next thing I knew Betty Jane had disappeared and you have been just as interesting ever since as last year's calendar. What's the answer?" Jimmy came out of his trance, took a deep breath, as if it had been the first he had taken in months, as he replied, "I have lain awake night after night trying to solve that very thing, but so far I'm still in the dark, and I hate the dark!"

It seems, Stell, as though about a year ago Betty Jane and he had decided life would be nothing as far as they were concerned unless they could be together always, including Sundays and holidays, so Jimmy went and bought a beautiful diamond ring and paid for it, and that night when he got home, there was a note from Betty Jane, saying:

"Dearest Jimmy:

"Try and forget me; I am giving up my happiness with you for some boy that needs me more than any one in the world. Don't try to find me because it will be useless.

"From one that loves you more than life,

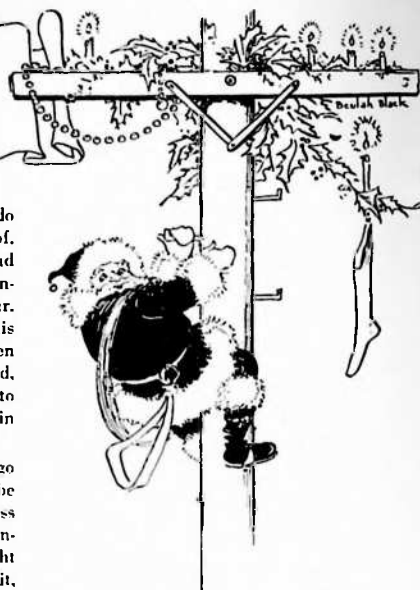
Betty Jane."

Imagine getting that note after he had bought the ring; but Stell, imagine how much worse it would have been if he had received that note after he had given her the ring. Jimmy said he looked everywhere but to no avail. "But," he growled, as he hit the side of the car with his fist, causing Bucky to jump a foot. "If I ever lay my eyes on that guy he won't need anything again quite as bad as he will need an undertaker."

They stopped somewhere along here, took



"Bobby Jack's eyes got bigger and bigger"



out their tools, climbed some poles and started testing the line, and were busy for quite a while. Imagine their surprise, Stell, upon coming down to earth to see a little youngster about four years old, all wrapped up like an Eskimo holding on to a big bull dog.

Both Jimmy and Bucky rubbed their eyes, took another look, and spoke in unison, "Do you see the same thing I do?" and both answered, "Yes." Jimmy said, "Little boy, are you alive?" The little boy threw back his head and laughed until his little body shook, causing both Jimmy and Bucky to fall in love with him on the spot. They asked him what his name was and where he lived: the little fellow looked up with his pretty brown eyes and said, "My name is Bobby Jack, and I live ober dat hill." (Gee, Stell, if there aren't any hills in Wyoming, I'm gone).

Jimmy said he thought no one lived in that part of the country that didn't have to and Bobbie started to chuckle again as he said, "Dat's what my auntie says, but some day, my auntie says, dar will be a fairy pwince come frowm a big city and tate us away on a booful white horse." He looked up at Jimmy and said, "Are you a fairy pwince and did you come here on a booful white horse?" Jimmie said, "No, sonny, I'm just a plain everyday telephone man that came here in a Ford." Bobby Jack wanted to know what they were doing way up that pole and Jimmy told him they were fixing the telephone wires so they could talk to Santa Claus at the North Pole, and if Bobby Jack had any orders he better be getting them in. Bobby Jack's eyes got bigger and bigger—he let go of his dog, slowly walked over to Jimmy and looked up at the wires, "Gee, do you finck dey'll work?" Jimmy picked him up in his arms and told



## Hallowe'en Frolics at Boise

By R. M. Strode, Boise Traffic

The spirit of "All Hallowe'en Eve" invaded the usual quiet and calm of the Boise traffic and commercial departments, and telephone folks made merry at a "masque affair" recently given in the effectively and appropriately decorated rest room of the telephone building.

The guests were ushered by fleeting ghosts through a weirdly lighted terminal room, where innumerable shrieks and groans greeted the ear, then up a winding stairway, on which many odd and unusual things occurred, and then into the midst of the fun-makers.

Games and dancing were enjoyed. Selections were rendered by the Misses Boswell, one

him they sure would, those wires never failed, so to put in his order and they would phone the old man.

Bobbie Jack said, "My auntie fought it would be too much to spet Santa Claus to come way out heah when we didn't hab any money to gib him, but I fought maybe if he was tumin anyway he might bwing me a dwum." Jimmy said he thought it might be arranged and he asked him again where he lived, and Bobbie Jack said, "I lib ober dat hill in a house wif my auntie; my papa and mamma libed dar too, but mamma got sick and went away, and den my auntie tum to tate tare of me and daddy. Den daddy got sick and lots ob doctors come to see him so he died, and now my auntie and me lib alone, but some day a fairy pwince will tum and tate us away." Jimmy said, "Well, in the meantime, young man, you go home and wait for Santa Claus."

When Bobbie Jack had gone, Jimmy and Bucky decided on a plan. They climbed a pole, tapped the wire, got the Plant Department, told the gang about Bobbie Jack, and left orders for them to get lots of toys, good things to eat, and a Santa Claus suit, and send everything parcel post in time for Christmas. Being telephone men, they did the job right, and when Jimmy and Bucky drove 10 miles over to the station on Christmas Eve, they found a box of toys and good things to eat that would have satisfied ten children.

It was decided that Jimmy should impersonate Santa Claus; that is, Stell, Jimmy decided he would which made it unanimous. Jimmy fixed all up and looked just like Santa Claus would look after a long sick spell. They packed the Ford to the brim and plowed their way through snow and wind over the hill to Bobbie Jack's house.

Bobbie Jack opened the door, looked at Santa Claus and said, "Oh, da temaphone



of these in particular was very graciously received. It was original and touched upon the characteristics of several members of the traffic department. In it Mr. Lewis, traffic chief, was very thoughtfully remembered, and it seems that he is a rising young composer.

The stroke of midnight was an invitation to partake of a tasty luncheon, and chicken tamales, potato chips, pumpkin pie covered with

whipped cream, apples and cider were served in the dining room.

Those in charge of the various committees deserve a great deal of credit, and everyone present wants to thank them for a most enjoyable time. Miss Worley's decorations were unique. Miss Ketner's program of entertainment met the approval of all, and Miss Anderson's refreshments could not be heat.

worked! I must tell auntie." He rushed out of the room and Bucky helped Jimmy to unload. They had just set things down when Bobbie Jack came back leading a young girl by the hand, saying, "See auntie, da temaphone worked." Jimmy turned around, looked at auntie, stared, staggered, gasped, yelled, "Betty Jane," and plunged forward, and the next thing he was holding her close and kissing her again and again. Oh, Stell, it must have been wonderful! The minute he said "Betty Jane" she knew him and she just held on to him and cried and laughed.

Bucky took Bobbie Jack and all of the toys in the next room and Betty Jane and Jimmy just sat there holding on to each other as if the room was awfully small. It was half an hour before Betty Jane noticed Jimmy had long white whiskers. She asked him when he shaved last and then for the first time Jimmy realized that he was still Santa Claus, but he didn't want to be, so he took off his whiskers, and they kissed again—for a change—and Jimmy asked where the big bum was that needed her so bad, and she said, "He is little Bobbie Jack," and Jimmy said, "Oh, he needs me just as bad as he does you. I love that kid already and we will raise him to be President of the Telephone Company." He then took the diamond out of his pocket and slipped it on Betty Jane's finger, and just to break the monotony, they kissed again. Oh, gee, Stell, it must have been wonderful! Then, with arms around each other, they joined Bobbie Jack and Bucky and this was the first time Betty Jane knew that Bucky was even there. She told him how glad she was to see him, but, Stell, that was just bunk.

Jimmy picked Bobbie Jack up on his lap,

while Betty Jane sat on the arm of his chair, and said, "Bobbie Jack, I have come to take you and your auntie to a great big city." Bobbie listened to Jimmy's words, looked at Jimmy's face without the mask, then at the Santa Claus suit, and said, "But Bobbie Jack don't know what to call you—Santa Claus, de fairy pwince, or da temaphone man."

Jimmy said, "Little Bobbie Jack, just as soon as we can arrange things, you won't have to call me anything but Daddy."

While they were sitting in the big arm chair with their arms around each other, the room one mass of toys, Bucky very quietly slipped out—why he slipped quietly I don't know, because he could have knocked everything in the place down and no one would have paid the least attention to him.

He climbed a pole, tapped the wire and got his wife and told her the news. She called Jimmy's sister and told her; Jimmy's sister told Molly; Sarah told me and I paid for the lunch.

But, oh gee, I must be going, I told Issy I would meet her in ten minutes, so I'm off, and you can get back to your dance. No, you don't have to be bowlegged to do the Charleston, but it helps. See you tomorrow, Gubye.

Oh, Stell, by the way, don't say a word about what I've just told you—no one is supposed to know a thing about it.

### Then and Now

The old-fashioned boy who used to get an apple, an orange, a handful of mixed nuts, a dime's worth of powder and shot or a new pair of home-knit socks for Christmas now has a grandson who must have a new car, a diamond ring, and a check. Times change.

# THE MONITOR

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## An Educated Man

First: The educated man keeps his mind open on every question until the evidence is all in.

Second: He always listens to the man who knows.

Third: He never laughs at new ideas.

Fourth: He cross-examines his day dreams.

Fifth: He knows his strong point and plays it.

Sixth: He knows the value of good habits and how to form them.

Seventh: He knows when not to think, but when to call in the expert to think for him.

Eighth: You can't sell him magic. Charms, signs, thirteen are relics of the dark ages.

Ninth: He lives the forward looking, outward looking life. The worst business a man ever got into was thinking about himself.

Tenth: He cultivates a love for the beautiful.—*The American Magazine.*



## Powerful

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world. I have destroyed more men than all the wars of all the nations. I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns. I steal, in the United States alone, over 300 million dollars each year. I spare

no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me. I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train. I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners a year. I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me but you heed not. I am relentless. I am everywhere—in the house, on the streets, in the factory, at the railroad crossings, and on the sea. I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me. I destroy, crush or maim; I give nothing, but take all. I am your worst enemy. I AM CARELESSNESS.



## Origin of Carols

Few, if any, Christmas carols were ever sung in Scotland, while from earliest times the custom has been universally prevalent in England, France, Italy and other countries of the European continent.

## As Ye Sow

When I was young I gave no thought  
Of how I spent my money;  
No rainy days had terrorized  
My skies that all were sunny;  
I couldn't get it in my head  
How clouds would ever come,  
Or how that I might lose my pep—  
My joints go on the bum;  
And all this talk of laying up  
A dollar for tomorrow  
Just seemed to me like spreading gloom  
And swatting joy with sorrow;  
I saw no ending to the lane—  
No stones were in my path—  
I walked, I ran, I leaped, I sang—  
No thought of aftermath;  
'Twas easy come, and easy go;  
The source would have no ending;  
The joy I found in living then  
Was spending, spending, spending!

But now I'm drawing near the end  
Of that long lane of Life—  
I'm finding rocks and tangled heaps,  
And rainy days and strife;  
I'm reaping what they said I'd reap,  
For that is what I sowed:  
No roses bloom along the path—  
No grain beside the road;  
I limp, I halt, I shuffle on—  
There is no shining pool  
Where I have laid my savings up—  
I've been a plain damn fool.

A. U. MAYFIELD.



In due time we shall wish a merry Christmas to everybody except those who call it Xmas.

## Christ is Born in Bethlehem



By June O. Muckle, Denver Directory

Merrily, merrily Christmas bells ring,  
To welcome the birth of Jesus, our King;  
Down through the ages now echoes the strain,  
First sung by angels o'er Bethlehem's plain.

Over the world on that wonderful night,  
Was poured God's love in a radiant light,  
That frightened the shepherds, just for a time,  
Till angels sang out their message sublime  
"Of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

The wise men, too, saw a wondrous sight,  
Of a glorious star that shone so bright;  
They followed it far as it led them on,  
To the manger where lay God's only Son,  
All bringing their gifts of perfume and gold,  
Reflecting the Love of the story of old.

He that was born in a manger so lowly,  
Lived among men a life pure and holy—  
Purchased our pardon on Calvary's tree—  
Paid the great price for you and for me,  
Gave of His blood that poured from His side,  
To ransom a world. In shame, there He died.

So ring the glad tidings of Peace once again  
As our hearts respond to the glad some refrain,  
"Of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem."



# CHRISTMAS

1925

**T**HERE is more wealth in the world than ever before and conditions for most of us are easier. There are large numbers of men and women living in this greatly blessed land who can well remember Christmas times when there was devout thanksgiving for enough to keep the wolf from the door. Is the world growing better? The answer is to be found in our own hearts and in the manner in which we have treated our fellow men.

We have no claim on happiness, on prosperity, on comfort, except as we earn it by well-doing.

However proud we may feel of our achievements, it is for us to reflect that all blessings are merely granted to us and not created by us. Possibly they are only loaned to us, our reward here or hereafter, depending upon the way we have used them. The daylight, the sunshine, the beauties of nature, the pleasures of the seasons, the comforting rains, the crops and practically everything else that contributes to our welfare, come as gifts from Nature under the dispensation of an Authority we may not question and can but imperfectly conceive. There was One, however, who greatly cleared that conception and held up a light to guide us on the way. Under the constantly extending influence of His example and teaching, it is not possible to think of a time when His birthday will not mean an anniversary of joy.

Christmas delightfully excites one's imagination and films one's tenderest emotions. On this day we seem to see Father Time with a face less grim and leaning less heavily on his scythe. The merry laughter of children extends our faith and recreates our spirit. Love, peace, good will crowd out hate, suspicion, strife and gloom. So, bring forth the yule log or whatever serves as a substitute for it. Hang the holly and the evergreen. And, lest romance suffer from want of fostering, hang also the mistletoe, that sprig which times innumerable has worked magic in backward affairs of the heart. Our wish is that the day may be a completely happy one for all.



## FAITHFUL TO THE END



FOUR days had passed and as yet there was no word from Carey. Meagre reports coming in over the single circuit between Grayson and the rescue crew at the distant end of the line lent to the sombre aspect of the citizenry of the little mining village, and decreased the speculative assertions that Carey might be safe in Longview. Men and women who knew him knew too that if he was in Longview it was only after he was satisfied that the circuit was beyond repair and that it would require the services of a construction crew to restore service. Groups of tense-nerved men gathered in the tiny central office at Grayson, eager for any report that came in from the relief crew. Through these they gleaned an inkling of the magnitude of the avalanche and of the difficulties of advancing through the countless tons of rock-filled snow.

It was December 24th, and Carey had been out since the 19th. He was manager of the little exchange at Grayson, and as soon as the line went out of service he made preparations for the struggle before him—that of restoring communication with Longview, nestling in the very heart of Horseshoe Mountain, menacing and treacherous, sixteen miles away.

The late afternoon was clear and cold and the dying sun plunging through the blood-red snow of the western range heralded another night in the tireless fight to find Carey and save Longview. Nine miles of heartbreaking labor—and still no reward. The line was testing O. K. with Grayson as far as Sacramento Creek, and from that point the mighty hand of the storm was everywhere in evidence. Even the elemental aspect of the country seemed changed and the majestic shoulder of Horseshoe Mountain, a compass point in Pawnee Valley since time immemorial had been shattered and leveled by the bruising, grinding onslaught of a rushing ocean of snow and stone. The world seemed overturned. The hilltop, yesterday with its black battalions of pine flanked by endless columns

By Frank A. Stanek, Denver Commercial

of silver spruce, was only an empire of snow broken in places by gnarled, stone-scarred roots. Thousands of tons of rock were held in suspension by close-packed snow and threatened every advance of the linemen with destruction by settling into new positions as the snow below them weakened and gave way.

Suddenly, harshly it seemed, the operator at the tiny switchboard at Grayson was signaled to answer a faint flicker beneath the lamp-cap on the Longview circuit. Before she could plug into the answering jack the faint signal flickered out and again hope was deferred. Finally, after what seemed centuries, the signal flashed again and almost instantly she was talking to the mine superintendent at Longview. Carey had won; or was it the relief gang whose last reports showed them to be still six miles from Longview? No, it was Carey, for Loftus had just now cut in on the line and gave information to the effect that a blizzard was upon them and that they were unable to go forward with any great speed, due to the intensity of the storm. Loftus was surprised to hear that the crippled circuit was again in operation and consulted with the mine superintendent at Longview. They agreed to cease their attempts to hold service open and both concentrate their crews in an attempt to find Carey.

Christmas morning the men from the mine set out and for four miles they followed the line, testing in with Grayson every five or six hundred yards. The line had been in service now for thirteen hours and the onslaught of the new blizzard was without effect upon the transmission facilities so mysteriously established the previous evening. Warily the men tramped along, following the line of poles, many of which were suspended from the lines they were intended to support. By noon they

were only a mile from the relief gang working from the other end. The "mush-mush" of soggy snowshoes deadened any flicker of hope in their fearless hearts. The wind had now changed and was hurling itself in fitful gusts laden with tiny bits of sleet and snow into the faces of the men. Deep in his heart each man wondered whether or not a human being could fight that wind and cold for nearly 100 hours and still be alive.

Another half hour brought them to the watershed drained by Sacramento Creek. They scarcely knew where they were—standing on the brim of the yawning canyon whose dim heart seemed filled with the gilded gloom of eternal slumber and whose broken hosts of stately pines were now filling the snow-laden tempest with evergreen perfume. Less than a hundred yards to the right stood the last pole visible to the miners. It stood on the very edge of the canyon. At the foot of the pole was a little snow-covered mound which caused the men to hurry forward, but they intuitively knew that the search for the heroic Carey was ended.

Gentle hands carried the lifeless form from its little mound of snow at the foot of the pole from which he had fallen, into the shelter of a friendly balsam. Every aid known to them was rendered but of no avail. Reverently they brought their burden back to Longview. In their hearts they knew that Carey had died in the service of a grateful nation's need, and surely now he had achieved the peace that passeth understanding. He had fought and died, not for the dubious satisfaction of widely-acclaimed heroism, but for that real satisfaction concomitant to the achievement of duty in the performance of public service. His face bore a smile of peace, and as he was laid away that Christmas afternoon there were many hearts that knew a fuller meaning of that eternal mystery enacted in far-away Bethlehem on a more tranquil night more than two thousand winters past.

(Continued to next page)

## Christmas Happiness

By Elva McMannis, Cheyenne

Merry, merry Christmas time,  
Brightest of the year,  
When the spirit moves to giving,  
And the world is full of cheer.

As the Christmas time approaches, I am reminded of one Yuletide that stands out as one of the brightest of my life and, although, I was away from any of my folks and anticipated rather a dull time for myself, I found through a girl's club of which I was a member, a very splendid way to spend that Christmas.

At one of the meetings, it was suggested what a fine thing it would be to find some poor children, who might otherwise not have a happy Christmas, and make clothes for them at our meetings.

We immediately telephoned the head of one of the charitable organizations and were given three little children out of a family of five. Two dear little girls and one baby boy. We found that two charitable families were clothing the two older children.

The husband and father was taken from his family by the influenza and the plucky mother of this little brood was living on their homestead out on the plains of Wyoming.

We met every week and made dresses, petticoats, romper suits, coats and each girl gave \$2.00 and bought shoes, stockings, candy, nuts and toys besides a complete Christmas dinner.

Then we all met at the church one evening and packed the box, and such fun as we all had. On the very top of the box we placed the gift for the tired, hard-working little mother, who was rearing five children to be

when angel hosts announced to the simple shepherds that the Prince of Peace had come to dwell among us.

It is summer now and Horseshoe Mountain again rears a mantle of green to match a bowl of white-flecked blue sky. Except for the scar on the breast of the range the little valley seems the same that it has been for countless summers past. The eagle still soars above the sweep of the range and plumes in the lofty crags of treeless peaks. The little creek tumbles on its hoisterous way, murmuring over the rocks and fallen pines, and gliding in silent peace through the deep cuts and shallow, moss-banked curves. The men of Longview have not forgotten the Christmas storm, and if fancy may ever carry you to that little village you may see there in the quaint little cemetery a monument to John Carey with this inscription:

"The echo of his deed is ringing yet—  
Will ring for aye. All else let us forget."



## Chief Operators Meet in Denver

Members of the Colorado toll chief operators' class which was held in Denver from Nov. 9th to Nov. 21, 1925, under the supervision of Howard B. Anderson, Colorado toll supervisor.

They are, left to right: Miss Ruby Nollenberger, Asst. Colo. toll supervisor; Miss Har-

riett Bruns, Alamosa; Miss Anna Dahlstrom, instructress, Denver; Mrs. Marguerite E. Maxwell, Pueblo; Miss Mary Stewart, Grand Junction; Mrs. Kathryn Kerwood, Fort Collins; Miss Florence Dwyer, Colorado Springs; Miss Agnes Lawson, Sterling; Miss Mayme E. Holmes, Greeley; Miss Nellie Barnard, Trinidad; Miss Helen Forsyth, Boulder.

future citizens of this great commonwealth.

We did not have the privilege of taking the Christmas box out to the homestead ourselves, for the distance was too far, but we arranged with a messenger who drove out, into the great open space of the broad plains, far from the bright lights and the warm glow of the city firesides. As the gray clouds were drawing a mantle of darkness over

the wide expanse, our messenger—our Santa Claus—knocked at the door of a little dugout. A dim candle light flickered as the door opened and a sweet-faced little mother—a mother of the open world—looked up into his, and through her big brown eyes—the windows of the soul—he saw the heart beating, beating with love, and disappointment, for her little brood that looked to her on this Christmas Eve for some token—some remembrance—from the land where Santa reigns.

And then, as he drew the huge box we had filled, into the open door, her sad eyes lightened up and there were tears in her voice as she tried to tell how happy her babies would be when they scrambled from their hunks Christmas morning.

"Tell the girls, God bless them—God bless them—," said the little mother out there in the lonely dugout on the broad plains of Wyoming.



### Chocolate Caramels

Use one pound of brown sugar, one-fourth pound unsweetened chocolate, shaved, and one-half cupful of water. Boil same as fudge and before removing from fire add a generous lump of butter and one cupful of walnut or other nut meats or they may be omitted. After it is poured into a buttered pan cut it in squares, before it gets hard.



# How Skin Taylor got a Job

**D**URING the month of October, E. J. (Skin) Taylor, construction foreman, Cheyenne, Wyoming, received the twenty-year service emblem.

He is one of those faithful men who "stay" until their particular piece of work is finished, as in the case of the going out of the Transcontinental line during a severe blizzard.

when everyone west of here was awaiting the returns of the election.

Mr. Taylor and his boys were out repairing one break after another, when one of the boys, after making a repair, could not be located. He did not sit down at the camp and say, "I guess he will be all right," but started out on foot through the deep snow

to find him. At last, finding him entirely overcome, asleep on the doorstep of the shelter house built by the Company for such an emergency. There is not much doubt but that before morning this man would have frozen to death.

For this exceptional service Mr. Taylor was one of the two men in Wyoming to receive the Theodore N. Vail Gold Medal.

In a very fine way Mr. Taylor tells of his service with the Company:

## Some Fond Reminders

The other day THE MONITOR received a little note from E. A. J. Seddon, of El Paso, Texas. It was one of those tantalizing reminders that "winter hath no terrors for the man of Texas."

"I'm sitting near an open window with my coat off, sleeves rolled up and the electric fan playing on my moistened brow. Just thought you'd enjoy hearing about this," wrote Seddon. The day it came there was nine inches of snow on the ground in Denver, and icicles were a foot long on the radiator.

Then came a short letter from Jack Coffey, from Detroit, Michigan. "Colder than Billy Blazes here today," wrote Jack; "wish you

and sea breeze as though it were a midsummer day. None of this could we enjoy. Our feet were cold and it was still snowing in Denver.

But the greatest satisfaction we got out of the day's mail was a letter from Montreal, Canada, where H. W. Kline now holds forth as general plant supervisor with the Bell Telephone Company of Canada. "Crisp, snappy, invigorating winter is here—the season that makes one step lively to the tune of sleighbells." That sounds more like it.

While H. W. Kline, who was one of the fine telephone men of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company for a number of years, is usually too deeply interested in his work of methods and results to pay much attention to any particular brand of weather, we know he can't overlook the glories of a crispy morning in December.

And thus "fond reminders" come in from men all over the United States and Canada. Some are still with our company—others have been called into higher and bigger jobs in other groups because they applied themselves to the tasks before them in our Company. And this brings the thought expressed by Mr. H. B. Thayer a few years ago that men who show themselves worthy and capable in their respective positions not only have the prospect of advancement in their own company, but that the field for promotion is as broad as the territory covered by the Bell System.

Mr. Kline, who gained for himself a responsible position with the Mountain States Company because of his efficiency, has been with the Bell Telephone Company of Canada about three months. He was always on the job—rich in ideas and in obtaining results. Our Company lost one of its good telephone men when he left us, but it was the call to service, and came in recognition of Mr. Kline's ability in that line of telephone work.

And so we are reminded of the dozens of men who have left our Company and have gone to other companies because they made good here.

Merry Christmas to all of them.

By Eul J. Taylor, Rock Springs, Wyoming

On the 11th of this month I received my twenty-year service pin, which gives me the greatest pleasure. I had to stop and think where the last twenty years had slipped away



Eul J. Taylor, Wyoming, U. S. A.

to. It doesn't seem long when you are with a company that treats its employees as the Bell System does. I do not think that I have ever regretted the day I became a telephone man. True, I have seen some awful hard service, but when the work was done and I got home after a hard day in the snow and mud, it was pretty nice to have someone say, "Well, that was a good job," or "that was a hard case of trouble to get, but it is o. k. now." Those two letters are great ones to me—O. K. When I hear them over my test set after a hard day they mean, "You can go home now, your work is done."

There is an old saying that you can take the boy away from the farm but you can't take the farm away from the boy. Well, here is one cornfield deserter that never went back. It was back in 1905 in the days of little work and lots of the big gin bottle that had to be



H. W. Kline, Montreal, Canada

were here." Just why he wanted to wish us such luck no man knoweth.

Next there was a letter from Wilford Taylor, New York City. "Balmy and summer-like here—just like Colorado," he wrote. If Wilford only knew.

To cap all the unkind cuts of the day was a breezy letter from A. E. Mix down south in Atlanta, Georgia. He talked about blooming flowers, singing mosquitoes, whisker-moss

## Wonderful Ice Cave in Idaho

By G. R. Maxwell, Publisher  
Shoshone Journal

A scenic wonder with scarcely a rival in its class on the American continent is the Shoshone Ice Cave. Beautiful chambers with walls of solid ice—located in the heart of a lava bed, where the summer sun beats down unmercifully but without melting away any of the glories of this natural phenomenon—constitute its unique feature. This would be a wonderful place for Santa Claus to spend his summers.

The Shoshone Ice Cave is located 20 miles north of Shoshone, Idaho. It is easily accessible to visitors, being but a mile off the trunk line highway from Hailey to Shoshone, and having a graveled road leading to within 200 yards of its entrance.

An interesting volcanic lava area of comparatively recent origin surrounds the ice cave. The entrance to the cave is found at the bottom of one of the numerous pits left by the bursting of huge lava bubbles at the time of the flow. The cave consists of three sections, all of which contain ice.

The first section is about 60 feet in length

filled every morning before we went to work. I was seventeen then and husking corn for my dad. One day a big wagonload of poles went by our farm. The next day another and another. A few days later along came a gang of men digging holes. These were followed by another gang who set the poles and who were in turn followed by a gang of linemen who climbed these poles and put on cross-arms and strung wires on them. I saw those men climbing up and down those poles and one day I ventured to my father, "Dad, I would like to do something like that. I wonder how much money they get?" Dad didn't know, but said he would find out the next time he went to town. A few nights later after dad had been to town and I was putting up the team and buggy, he said to me: "Earl, I saw Samuel T. Howe today. He is the district manager for the telephone company. We were in the army together. He told me that those fellows climbing poles get \$2.50 per day and that he would give you a job if you wanted it."

Two dollars and fifty cents per day! I lay awake all that night thinking how happy I would be when I got that pair of spurs and belt on. Well, I got the job. They started me to work helping on a drop-wagon. There was a boss, two linemen, one groundman and one installer on each wagon. We went out to install a 'phone. The linemen got a coil of wire and the boss and the installer and myself went into the house, found out where the



This picture was taken inside the Ice Cave. Note the mountain effect in rear and cloud effect formed by ice on the roof of the cave

and 20 feet in width. It has a smooth floor of solid ice, and a low ceiling of jagged rocks. At its inner end the cave visitor encounters a sudden drop into the second section, and a 12-foot descent by ladder down

the face of an ice wall is required. The second section or room is longer than the first. It has a broad, smooth floor of glassy ice, on which small puddles of water sometimes stand.

At the further end of this room a turn must be made into the third section, which is the largest and most beautiful of all. In this chamber, which is carved by nature in astounding symmetry, the floors, walls and ceiling are of ice. The end wall is perfectly straight, and no matter how much ice is chopped out of it there is quickly more replaced by nature to restore its smoothness. The depth of the ice in this wall is not known. On the ceiling, probably 20 feet high, the ice and snow form a strikingly beautiful effect.

The area surrounding Shoshone Ice Cave includes the crater of Black Butte, thought to be the source of the great lava flow, and numerous caves and rock formations and a natural bridge or two. Two of the smaller caves also contain ice, but not in large quantities. The whole area is soon to be set apart as a national monument, and is attracting widespread interest now that a good road has been built into it.



### Burning the Yule Log

The burning of the Yule log at Christmas time, in parts of England and the continent, is a survival from an ancient festival annually held among the northern nations to celebrate the return of the sun after the winter solstice (December 21). The Yule log is thought to bring good fortune, and frequently part of it is saved to light the new one in the following year. The Italians regard the charred Yule log as a preventive against lightning. "Yule" is an old word for Christmas, and is still so used provincially.

'phone was to go. Soon we had it working and then we installed another and another. I sure did like that work, and the installer would send me under the floor and in the cellar and in all the dirty places, but I liked it in spite of that and at last this guy quit and I got his job.

I never will forget the first 'phone I installed by myself. I called the operator and asked for the wire chief. As soon as he gave me an O. K. I called up my mother and told her what I had done. It seemed to please her as much as it did me. So here I am yet. The 'phones we used in those days were of the Ford type. You had to crank them and then along came the kind without any crank, and now they have even got it down to where you don't even have to call the operator, so it has kept me pretty busy keeping up with the improvements of the telephone. I guess that is one reason the last twenty years have slipped by so swiftly.

Yes, I started with the old Missouri and Kansas Telephone Company, now the Southwestern Bell, at Topeka, Kansas. October 14, 1905. I came to the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company in April, 1917. Worked for Jack Elliott around Denver for about a year and came to Cheyenne in March, 1918. Here I met Dad Titus, Chick Harmon and some more of the fellows who have made things so agreeable for me that I have been here ever since and hope to get twenty years more—I mean with the Bell System.



"I had played through the whole piece once and was starting to repeat the last stanza, when the golden voice of Rosemary broke forth."

## Sad sweet Memories

By Margaret Shaw, Commercial Dept.,  
Salt Lake City

**M**Y EYES filled with tears as I lifted the once bright colored shawl from the bare old trunk where it had lain for three long years. With unsteady hands, I took from its folds the big wax doll with the blue eyes so like Rosemary's, with the waxen face and the golden hair—all like Rosemary's. Carefully, I placed the beautiful thing in my arms and tiptoed down the stairs and into the huge living-room where I laid it under the big fir tree in the corner by the blazing fire-place. I say tiptoed, and yet, there was no other soul in that big house to hear me had I shouted. I was alone, and on Christmas Eve.

As I sat in my favorite arm chair by the warm grate, my memory flew back to another Christmas Eve, when that same doll on which my eyes were now fixed lay in that same place under another fir tree. Since that night I have never laughed and very seldom smiled, for it seemed to me that part of my own life went with her the night Rosemary died.

I had been sitting there for some time—I think I had fallen asleep—when I suddenly jumped out of my chair at what seemed to me a terrific noise. The sound came again and I knew that it was only the door bell. Who could be coming here at this late hour, at, yes, one o'clock? I dragged myself from my cozy place before the fire and stumbled through the dark hall.

I was not yet fully awake when I opened the door, but immediately shocked into full consciousness at what I beheld across my threshold. A pair of the blackest eyes I have

ever seen looked into mine. They were bright, starry eyes, yet filled with such pathos as would have melted a heart of iron. They were set in a face so young and yet so old, so thin and so white that I caught by breath and felt a chill go over me. It was as if I were looking on something unearthly and I could hardly believe my senses when the owner of that singular face spoke to me.

"Please, Mister," I heard, "would ye let Tommy come in fer just a little while an' warm his hands? I saw your fire through the window, and—"

"Maizie, I've told," broke in a thin, sleepy little voice.

For the first time my attention was drawn to a mere wisp of a boy standing beside her and whose hand she was clutching as if it were her very life. He did, indeed, look as if he were freezing, with his ragged cap pulled pathetically down over his ears and almost covering the dim eyes. Although she had said nothing about herself, her own hands were blue with cold, and the thin ugly old wrap around her shoulders scarce hid the trembling bare arms.

A most curious tightening came around my heart as I stooped and gathered both shivering little forms in my arms, neither would make an armful, and carried them to the roaring fireside. I sat them both in the arm-chair I had just vacated and placed a pillow under the boy's drooping head. Then I pulled up another chair and began chaffing first one hand and then another. For some time I silently kept this up and was finally rewarded by seeing a faint pink glow appear on the two pairs of hands. And now such a myriad

of thoughts were spinning through my head that I could hardly connect them. Why were these small children out so late on such a wintry night? Why had they chosen my door when there were hundreds of others all around me? Why had the girl explained nothing? It is true I didn't question her. Still, I thought it wiser not to, since she gave me no encouragement. I don't think her eyes left my face during this time, although the boy's were all but fast shut.

And now, I pushed back my chair, and telling them to sit still and rest, I left them. When I returned, I had on a tray, cold chicken, cranberry sauce, wafers and milk. I didn't realize what kind of food I was giving to children so late at night. All I could think of was that they were probably starving and that this was food.

They had not stirred since I left them, but now when Maizie saw the food, she nudged Tommy and whispered something in his ear. It must have been pleasant for his eyes flew wide open and for the first time he smiled.

I think I enjoyed that midnight supper as much as they, for they ate with such relish that I was delighted and filled their glasses and plates again and again.

I couldn't for anything, remember now what I said, but I had been talking to them all the while they had been eating and now when I paused for sheer want of breath, Maizie's tiny hand touched my sleeve.

"Say, Mister," she said, "kin you play that?" She pointed to the big grand piano in the opposite corner of the room. I felt a pang stab my heart and I think I must have turned pale, for I had not touched those keys since



Rosemary had stood beside me singing in that heavenly voice that was forever stilled.

I patted the hand still lying lightly on my arm, and looking down into those wistful eyes, scarcely knowing what I said, I answered her.

"I think I have forgotten how to play it, Honey. It's been so long ago."

And then the sad disappointment in that upturned face so moved my aching heart, that I blurted out, "But I can try." Immediately, her face was transfigured with the most beautiful smile I have ever seen. If an artist could have caught the look on that face at that moment and transferred it to his canvas, his fortune would have been made. No one could look on a face so radiant without a thrill of happiness.

Tommy had fallen asleep and she now carefully laid him back in the deep chair and slipped quietly to the floor. Her hand slid into mine and before I could know what she was doing she was pulling me toward the old instrument. I could not have resisted had I wished and so I sat down and my trembling hands found the first chords of an old and beautiful melody. What was happening to me? I had not dared to touch those mellow keys for three long years.

I had played through the whole piece once and was starting to repeat the last stanza, when the golden voice of Rosemary broke forth. My heart stood still and I must have been as if hypnotized for I played on to the end. My hands rested for one moment on the vibrating keys. I turned, and then I knew that that voice had not been Rosemary's but had come from that frail, little waif standing with folded hands by my side.

Her face was transformed with such joy that I hardly recognized the pallid little face that a short while ago had been pinched with cold.

I sat her on my knee and holding the delicate face between my hands, I cried:

"Who taught you to sing like that?" for I was truly crying, yet laughing through my tears and almost choking.

"My mamma—she's dead now," said the child quietly.

She did not question my tears, but sat staring with uncomprehending eyes straight into mine. I drew her arms around my neck and crushed her to me as though she had been my own sweet child with the golden hair and the sky-blue eyes.

I held her thus for several moments and on looking down, discovered that she was gazing intently across the room, and my eyes following hers, lit on the big wax doll.

Setting her lightly on her feet and taking her by the hand, I led her to the tall tree. I lifted the beautiful doll and placed it in her arms. Why I did this I know not, but it seemed that Rosemary, with a smile on her face, was standing near telling me what to do.

"Maizie," I said, "it's yours."



Jackson Hole Country, Wyoming—Jenny Lake and Teton Mountains in background. It is proposed to include this within the boundaries of Yellowstone Park. The bottom picture is of Manager Jack S. Goul, of Mountain Home, and his son, Dudley J. Goul, manager of the Ashton, Idaho, telephone exchange, enjoying an outing in the Jackson Hole country



This is said to be one of the most picturesque places in the Jackson Hole Basin

Then, turning to the chair, I gathered Tommy in my arms, and with Maizie coming silently behind me, led the way upstairs.

It was broad daylight when I awoke and my first thought was for Maizie and her brother. I dressed quickly, singing all the while on this most beautiful Christmas Day, and hurriedly went to the tiny white room where I had kissed those two waifs goodnight. But it was empty. The little bed was made up and there was nothing about the room to suggest that it had been occupied.

I dashed down the stairs, calling "Maizie!" at every step, but no sweet childish voice answered me. And then suddenly, I knew. They had gone.

I walked to the grate where the dead embers of last night's blazing fire, lay cold. I stared down at the cold, grey ashes and tried to think, but I was dazed and nothing seemed to come clearly to my mind.

As I turned to retrace my steps to the stairs, my eyes fell on the big arm chair, and in it sat the wax doll. Why it was there, I know not, but for some reason unknown to me, Maizie had not taken it with her. Or was there a Maizie? Surely I had not been dreaming! No, such a vivid dream could never be, and a prayer went up from the bottom of my heart to Christ the giver of all things, to guard that little soul who had on that Christmas Eve given to me the only happiness I had ever known, since that fateful night so long ago.

#### Chauncey Niswender Drowns

Chauncey R. Niswender, Denver garage foreman, died from drowning following the capsizing of a boat near Longmont on Nov. 1. The accident occurred early in the morning when the water was very cold. After the boat capsized, the two men attempted to paddle it to the shore while clinging to it. When within some seventy-five feet of the shore, Mr. Niswender released his hold and sank. His companion also lost consciousness and was in a critical condition when rescued.

Mr. Niswender had been a member of the Mountain States family since October 27, 1917. He was a very competent and efficient mechanic and thoroughly understood automotive equipment, and in particular the heavier trucks. He was appointed garage foreman at Denver, October 1st, 1919, and served in that capacity until the time of his death. During his service he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact by his willingness to accommodate during emergencies and his efficient work. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Ida M. Niswender, a daughter, Maxine, aged 17, and a son, Neil, aged 24. Besides being a competent garage foreman, he was a good husband and father. He will be sadly missed by the entire department and his memory will always linger in the minds of our people.



#### The Christmas Sock

Christmas Eve is about the only time a stocking is nearer whole than hole.



"Cy" says it's a mighty hard job to draw a cheerful Christmas poster with accident reports coming in every day the way they have the past few months.

"Just look at the number of tree accidents we have been having lately," he said. "Old Darwin didn't know anything about our plant employees when he said our granddads used to roam the trees easier than they could walk on the ground."

One of the soundest bits of advice in the Safety Code is the caution to avoid the use of spurs when climbing trees. Climbers depend for their safety upon the strength of

the material into which the spurs are driven. If this material is soft, then there is nothing in the world to support the weight of the wearer. Everyone knows that bark tears or breaks on the slightest provocation. If this were not so, we would use more of it for making our furniture and building our homes. So it is hard to understand why men who are perfectly sane in other respects should persist in using their climbers when working in trees.

To be sure, if the spurs are long and the bark is thin, it is possible to penetrate the bark and drive the gaff deeply enough into the tree to support the weight of a man. But even

in this case there is always doubt about the depth of the bark in all parts of the tree, and the majority of thin-bark trees are either ornamental or fruit-bearing, and so are defaced or injured by the use of spurs. We are really justified, then, in saying that spurs should never be used when climbing trees.

If suitable ladders and a safety rope sling are provided, and ropes used to secure the ladder to the tree, we should be able to climb any tree in safety. If possible, the ladder should be held at the foot while it is being climbed, but whether it is held or not, the top of the ladder should be securely tied to the tree to prevent its turning when the climber's foot is on the top rung. A serious accident was caused recently from the ladder turning just as the man was leaving the tree and placing his foot on the ladder.

After fastening the top of the ladder, the climber should attach his rope sling to the tree according to specifications before leaving the ladder and climbing the tree. The rope sling may then be moved up from time to time as the climber advances. A secure position should of course be taken before loosening the sling.

Plant Accidents, October, 1925

Divisions	Total Accidents	Number of Lost Time Accidents	Last Time Accidents Per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
Utah	6	0	0.0
Montana	4	0	0.0
New Mex.-El Paso	0	0	0.0
Idaho	0	0	0.0
Colorado	8	5	6.4
Wyoming	2	1	7.8
Arizona	3	2	12.8
Total	23	8	4.4

CLASSIFICATION OF LOST TIME ACCIDENTS

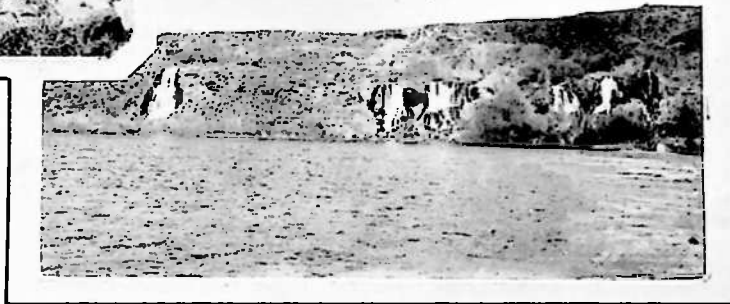
Strain from lifting	1
Falling with pole	1
Eye struck by falling limb	1
Manhole cover slipped	1
Conduit broke and struck foot	1
Run over by automobile	1
Stepped on rusty nail	1
Jabbed finger with punch	1

NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS FIRST TEN MONTHS, 1925

Divisions	Total Accidents	Number of Lost Time Accidents	Last Time Accidents per Month Per 1,000 Male Plant Employees
Idaho	5	0	0.0
Wyoming	6	1	0.9
Montana	17	4	2.2
New Mex.-El Paso	9	3	2.4
Colorado	69	27	3.8
Utah	24	9	3.9
Arizona	15	7	4.9
Installation Dept.	5	1	---
Total	150	52	3.1

For one's golfing friend, a nice gift would be a small score pad in a leather wrist strap. It provides a space for keeping one's own score, that of his opponent, and the number of holes played.

# Lost River



Although it has the distinction of being one of the greatest fishing streams in America, Lost River has its beginning and end in Idaho. Rising on the north slope of the rugged Saw-Tooth Mountains, between Hailey and Mackay, it sinks from sight on the desert a short distance east of Arco. In all, its waters travel less than a hundred miles. Some say it finds its way underground, from where it sinks to the Hagerman Valley, where "Thousand Springs" gush from the perpendicular walls of rock that form the banks of the great Snake River.

But Lost River is not the only stream that disappears in the desert land in the Sweet Sage country, where ends the famous Lost. Rising in the Lost River Mountains, 50 miles to the north, Little Lost River starts on its course toward the mighty Snake, but like its big sister of the same name, it blindly stumbles into the Sweet Sage sands, and is seen no more.

And yet another sparkling stream known as Birch Creek, with headwaters in the north foothills of the Little Lost River Mountains, leaps and glitters along its pebbly course, headed for the Snake, and for a while, as one follows its banks downward and listens to its merry song, it seems that it will escape the dread valley of death—but, as if in an idle moment, it changes its course and plunges on toward oblivion—it sinks in the white sands and is lost from view.

Rather pathetic, this story of the lost rivers. Something about it that reminds one of the journey of human life; but somewhere out in the open spaces of the great state of Idaho the crystal waters of these lost rivers again come to glorious sunlight of another day—even as the soul of man lives on and on forever.

The photographs herewith show two views of Lost River, the lower picture being a view

Top, right—Near source of Lost River; left, where Lost River disappears. Bottom—Gushing springs on opposite side of Snake River, where it is believed Lost River emerges from its underground passage

of Snake River at a point some 40 miles north of where the rivers sink, and where great springs gush from the walls of rock at Thousand Springs.



## First Aid Saves Another Life

The value of First Aid training has again been displayed in a new way at Boulder, Colorado. Employees of the Boulder plant department vouch for the facts in the case.



and as the victim still lives it behooves us to laud the hero, who is none other than Art Streich, who was with last year's winning

First Aid team.

Art has a small farm near Boulder on which he raises enormous milk weeds and an occasional onion or two. He is also the proud possessor of a prize calf.

During Art's absence, the calf took the liberty to indulge in an over amount of wet alfalfa. This had the same effect on the calf as a bicycle pump, and it soon became very badly bloated. All that kept it from floating in the air was the fact that it was stuck in the mud at the time.

By the time Art arrived home the calf was in a very serious condition. Our hero propped the animal against the barn and tried to relieve the condition of the victim. His efforts were in vain, for the calf fell over apparently dead.

Art then decided to stick the victim. This reduced the balloon-like appearance of the calf, but it still remained apparently dead.

Then our hero remembered his instructions received in First Aid class and tried artificial respiration. His efforts were soon rewarded. The calf blinked its eyes several times, gave a couple of grunts, kicked Art on the shins, and ran into the barn.

Any one wishing to verify this story can see the calf at any time and examine the bruise on Art's shin, preferably any Saturday

# Andy and Gill Grew up Together

By H. B. Anderson, Denver Traffic

Our congratulations, hearty good will and best wishes go with L. W. Gillilan as he takes up his assignment with the operating and engineering departments of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, 195 Broadway, New York. He goes to fill a vacancy left by our old friend, Jack Coffey. Jack has been made general toll supervisor for the Michigan Bell Telephone Company, with headquarters at Detroit. And because Gillilan's job has been connected with mine in the last two years, and because I have known him, I have come to admire his leadership. "Yours Truly" is going to tell the world what he knows about Louie.

We threw rocks at each other first when we were only about so high. That was when I used to spend my summer afternoons at my cousin's home on Logan Avenue in Salt Lake City. My cousin's next-door neighbor at that time was a long, lean, freckle-faced upstart whose uncle was a Presbyterian pastor and whose father was principal of the Salt Lake high school.

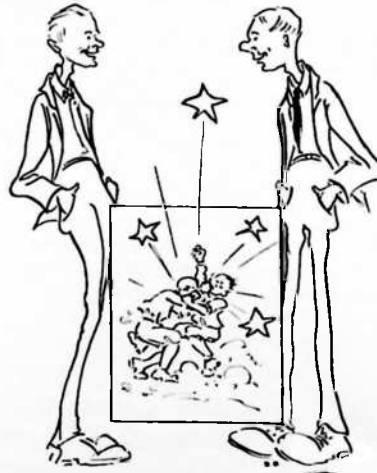
After that we both "just grew" in the same direction—up. Then when I was about through school one June day my "Prof" said the Telephone Company was looking for a six-footer, so I immediately hid myself to the proper place to make application. It proved that my one and only qualification (my six-foot height) was in my favor. Waldo Cockrell, at that time located at Salt Lake City, noted that I had a black eye that day and since he couldn't see the top of my head without standing on a chair, he concluded that I must be the kind that could be hit hard, light harder and bound right back. I was hired and soon learned that the vacancy I was to fill was caused by the promotion and transfer to Denver of one Mr. Gillilan. He returned to Salt Lake soon after that and I met him in the Wasatch exchange, and we decided there that we must have known each other some time before, but I guess our names were the only sign by which we recognized each other, for he had traded his sun-bleached coat of freckles for a mask that was genial and almost handsome, and I had put on long trousers and suspenders.

I later learned that after finishing school Louie had taken a trial at being a guide in Yellowstone and following a threshing crew in Montana. He had then married a Utah girl who has done much to keep him going hard and straight ever since. To this day he wears a scar on his cheek where someone almost succeeded in permanently padlocking his jaw with lead. However, I have never heard of his wife being accused of that. Then and there he decided that Montana was too rough for him. He went back to the farm

in Utah County and for several years raised chickens and peaches and dug irrigation ditches. His experience gave him the necessary good judgment, and when he tired of the farm the "Boss" hired him for a traffic chief's job. He spent a few months at Wasatch and Hyland and in April, 1920, came to Denver.

After our meeting in Wasatch in the summer of 1920 our ways parted again for almost three years. After three months in Wasatch they sent me (with Mr. Cockrell's characteristic two-day notice) to Idaho while all the potato crops and banks failed in that state. Gillilan figured prominently in the recovery of service in Colorado during the years after the government returned the management of the telephone business to the Bell System organization. He got into print as one of those who helped restore service after the Pueblo flood, and for some time was supervisor for the northern district of Colorado.

Then in March, 1923, we were both sent back east to toll school—Gillilan to Philadelphia and I to Cleveland. On Tuesday be-



Andy and Gill talking over old times—"fond recollections" picture in center

fore the Friday that toll school was out, F. P. Ogden, our general traffic manager, called me from Chicago on his way to the Lakehurst conference and notified me that the next two weeks were my vacation, after which I should report to L. W. Gillilan at Denver. Mr. Gillilan had been made Colorado toll supervisor to fill the vacancy left by Jack Coffey. I reported as Denver toll manager on May 1, 1923, and some time during that month the strike in New England called Gillilan, along with many other Bell System men, to Massachusetts to help restore service. He made good there and he made friends. He came back to us in Denver with

new ambitions and new experiences and commenced a supervisory work in Colorado which has left the toll organization throughout the state better educated in toll practices and equipped to do a good job in every way than it has ever been. He organized and trained the Denver toll school so that it is now prepared and for over a year has functioned efficiently for training both toll operators and toll managers.

His technical and practical knowledge of toll work is recognized wherever and whenever he has entered an office. Louie's friendship and leadership are valued highly in every telephone office in Colorado and he leaves a host of friends who wish him God-speed.



## Miss Pattie Field, Vice-Consul

Miss Pattie H. Field of Denver, who was born into the Telephone Family, the only daughter of our late vice-president and treasurer, Edw. B. Field, Jr., sailed with her mother from New York for Cherbourg, France, October 16. After a few days in Paris Miss Field then reported at Amsterdam, Holland, on November 1 as vice-consul, her first diplomatic post.

The story of Miss Field's achievement in steadily progressing along the various steps that led to her becoming the second woman in the United States to qualify for the diplomatic service was told in the May issue of THE MONITOR. Since April 20, 1925, she had been receiving preliminary training in the State Department at Washington.

The appointment to Amsterdam is a most agreeable one, and Miss Field is a very happy young woman in the assurance of an opportunity to serve her country. She has won encomiums at Washington for her deep and sincere interest in her work, and predictions of a brilliant career are well founded and numerous.



## For Little Folks

It seems as though Santa Claus has gone to more trouble making things for the little girls than the little boys this year. There are complete tea sets of lusterware, electric sets that really cook food in sufficient quantities for a good-sized tea party, real cedar chests, floor lamps, and sewing tables, all just as nicely finished as the grown-ups' furniture.



## Just Before Christmas

The hour was very late.  
Little Willie—Mamma, where do you suppose Santa Claus is right at this moment?  
Mother—I wish I knew.

# Golden the Mountain Park Gateway

By Betty Devine

**F**EW CITIES in the state linger more vividly in the memory of Colorado visitors than Golden—gateway to our Mountain Parks.

It may be a memory of the peaceful little town with its attractive homes that one comes upon after a brisk ride over the paved road from Denver—a little city of paved streets tucked picturesquely into Clear Creek Valley under the sheltering peaks of some of the most rugged and gigantic mountains in the chain of Rockies.

It may be merely a recollection of the surprise encountered in the stiff grade between Golden and the familiar red brick house on the road leading to Lookout Mountain.

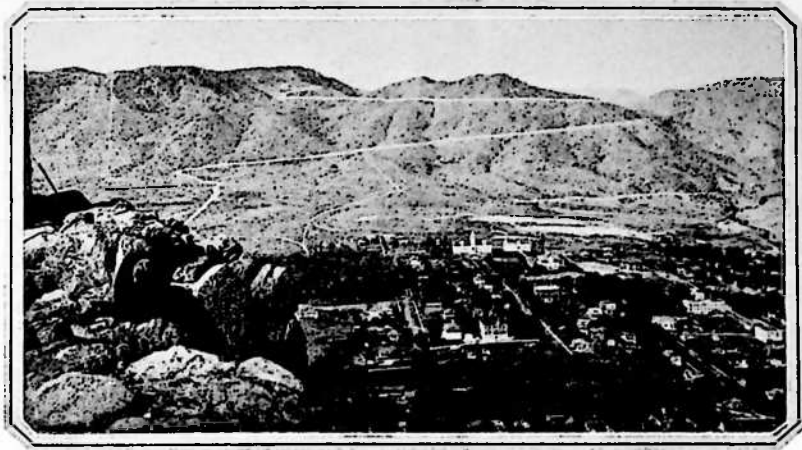
Perhaps the large "M" on the side of the mountain, visible for many miles, emblem of the State School of Mines, registers indelibly in one's mind, but more likely it is that ride over Lookout Mountain, circling round and round and up and up with ever-recurring glimpses of Golden in the peaceful valley below, and that final view from Wild Cat Point with the land stretching off to meet the sky miles and miles in the distance, or, if glimpsed at night, with the twinkling lights of Denver beyond and those of Golden just below sparkling like a casket of jewels in the darkness.

Whatever it is, there's a certainty that in the mind of the tourist who visits there some striking characteristic of Golden is forever linked in his memory, for it has been rich in scenic beauty and romance since the days when Edgar Vanover met swift justice via the rope in the hands of sturdy pioneers for merely threatening to shoot up the town; when Horace Greeley was carried from his saddle trying to ford Clear Creek with his horse at the place where the Washington bridge now stands; when George W. Jackson and Thomas Gregory discovered gold south and north of Clear Creek (respectively), making Golden, which had its birth in the year 1859 through the Boston Company, the mecca for ox-cart travelers and wagon trains daily winding their way across the prairies to seek fortune through Golden's gate.

It was in Golden that Douglass, the celebrated shoe man, is said to have made his first shoes, while Pullman perfected his models for the sleeping cars there.

Golden—one time capital of the state of Colorado—was named for Tom Golden, who migrated up from the South along with George Jackson, and who played an important part in its early history.

A legend of early days runs along the line that for some time the Arapahoe Indians frequented this lovely valley, but that long before the arrival of the white man some ter-



Golden, Colorado, as viewed from Table Mountain

rible happenings not in accord with tribal custom drove them out of the valley, and ever after, while riding to the edge of the mountains and looking down, nothing could tempt them to descend into the valley lest the Great Spirit wreak its vengeance upon them.

So quietly does Golden go about its business these days that the stranger hesitating within its gates might not suspect the educational and industrial importance of this thriving little city. Its State School of Mines with a million or more invested in buildings and equipment is of international character—the leading mining school in the world with between 450 and 500 students from all parts of the universe enrolled annually.

The Adolph Coors Company there is said to be the largest chemical porcelain plant in the world, specializing in porcelain for use in the U. S. mints, and chemical laboratories of schools throughout the country. The clay used in the composition of this porcelain is found near Golden. The Coors Malted Milk and Cereal Beverage Company is another of its celebrated industries, while the Golden Fire and Pressed Brick Company, manufacturing a million bricks a year; the Owl Brick and Tile Company, makers of superior tile; the Rock Mills and Golden Elevator Company, producers of high grade flour; the stone quarry and crushing plant, which furnishes much of the rock used on highways and in Denver's paving, together with varieties of clays abounding in the district available for special uses—all are important factors in Golden's industrial life.

It also has a new \$130,000 high school, a wonderful camping ground, live wire Kiwanis and commercial organizations, 60 blocks of new paving, bank resources of \$1,120,093,

and a population of 3,000.

With two electric lines from Denver, the Colorado & Southern steam line, two up and coming weekly newspapers, one of which—the *Colorado Transcript*—holds the distinction of being the oldest newspaper in the state, edited by H. D. West, whose father before him had it, and the other, the *Jefferson County Republican*, of which Monte Budd is the "brains," both dedicated to the welfare of the community, it is not surprising that the city has just spent \$150,000 in improving its water plant, and that a splendid spirit of co-operation cements the civic, educational, commercial and industrial activities of the community.

The Colorado State Industrial School, with six or eight handsome buildings and a big acreage used for stock raising and farming, where wayward boys are moulded into good citizens, is located just outside Golden, while far above on the top of Lookout Mountain rests all that was mortal of that world-famous scout and picturesque character, "Buffalo Bill."

And running true to form with the traditions of this little city are those who have for many years helped make its telephone history.

T. G. Garrison, familiarly known as "Tom," stepped into the glare of Golden's sunlight 33 years ago when his parents moved there, and while his 20 years' association with the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company has at intervals transplanted him for a while, his home and his heart have always been there, and for the past twelve years he has been manager of the Golden exchange.

In looks and character Mr. Garrison typifies

(Continued to next page)

## Recreation of Dad and Daughter



By La Retta Riddle, Salt Lake City

MR. WALLACE sat comfortably back in his office chair enjoying a good cigar. As he watched the smoke circling toward the ceiling his mind wandered back over the last five years of his life; the years since his wife had passed away, leaving him with an only daughter Ruth. How had those years been spent? Clubs, cards, jolly cabaret parties, and the like.

He arose and walked to the window, and as he gazed out upon the throngs of happy shoppers he remembered it was Christmas Eve. How happy they all looked as they crowded and jostled against each other in a rush to finish up their Christmas shopping. Then came thoughts of his once happy home. How much Christmas had meant to him then. But that was all over now. He wondered if

the breezy, broad-shouldered, whole-souled, fearless spirit of those hardy pioneers who in hazardous early days crossed the plains and blazed the trail for the Golden of today. That he has the good will and confidence of the community is evidenced by the splendid spirit of co-operation shown him in his efforts to give Golden telephone service commensurate with its growth and activities.

An interesting fact of his twenty years' continuous service with the Company is that in all that time he has had only three days' furlough—that is, time off in addition to regular vacation periods.

Appropos of this, it is interesting to note that work on Golden's new telephone building on Washington Avenue, just across from the fine new hotel "Barrymore" is fast assuming proportions and promises to be one of the most up-to-date of all small city exchanges.

Miss Hazel Cooper, chief operator, is another product of Golden, or vicinity, well worth while giving space to. Miss Cooper, with a 15-year service record, chief operator, knows the telephone business, the country around Golden and practically all the 663 subscribers so well that in the absence of Mr. Garrison situations seldom arise which she cannot handle satisfactorily to all parties concerned.

Mrs. Mame Parshall, assistant chief operator, also is efficiency plus in the telephone chain at this interesting exchange. Mrs. Parshall's service record, while not continuous, reflects naught but credit upon her. She comes from a telephone family, being a sister of Fred and Ray Gow of our Denver offices.

Ruth ever thought of those happy times. He had kept the home going for her, and she had a good position with the Telephone Company, but did he see as much of her as he should? His thoughts were interrupted here by the ringing of the telephone bell. On answering he heard the voice of one of his jolly friends, asking, "What are you going to do tonight?"

"Oh, I don't know. Why?"

"We want you to make one of a jolly party at Dan's Den. It's Christmas Eve, you know, and there will be great things doing there."

"Good, I'll come. I was just wondering how to spend the night."

He put on his overcoat, locked his office and went out to meet his friends; glad to get away from his own thoughts.

Christmas Eve is a busy time at the Telephone exchange and Ruth was on duty.

Supervisor—"What number did you call, please?"

"I want to talk to Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus has no telephone, little girl;

The plant end of the Golden exchange is looked after by George Allen, who does a fine job, and according to those who ought to know, is "a peach of a fellow," but who at the time of my visit seemed to be under what astronomers would term "a bad arc"—in other words, the jinx was on his trail.

George, living up to the traditions of the Bell System of giving "SERVICE" at whatever cost, agreed as a favor to them to take a lady and her two daughters from Golden to Julesburg, borrowing a "Yiddish Packard" for the trip which, incidentally, he planned to make in sixteen hours (figure it up—it's interesting). He started out with his precious cargo Saturday afternoon and successfully landed his passengers at Julesburg, setting out alone and at once for the return trip. All went well until he reached Hliff, when the car broke down. After working for hours, getting out and under, along with accumulating a lot of grease and dirt, he was just bewailing his ill fate when along came one whom he greeted as a friend but who, after looking him and the car over critically, suddenly exhibited a star and placed him under arrest as a suspicious character, his borrowed car bearing an Iowa license. To shorten the story, suffice it to say that the sheriff took him back to Hliff, fined him (Sunday, when money is not transmitted via the telephone), but the pleading note in his voice when he called up Manager Garrison at Golden touched the latter so deeply, despite his hearty laugh at the situation, that he succeeded in arranging matters, and George was permitted to come home resolved hereafter to confine himself entirely to the giving of service via the telephone.

but if he comes up here shall I give him your message?"

"Oh, yes, please tell him to bring something nice for daddy and a doll for me, just like he did when mamma was here. That's all goodbye."

Up went the receiver and somehow Ruth's interest in Christmas was awakened. She did not know why she took the trouble to get the number of the telephone from which the child had called, but she did, and wrote it down on a scrap of paper. When she was off duty for the night, she was thinking of the call, when a little verse she had read somewhere came to her mind.

"Are you tired little girl, and all worn out, Wearied, discouraged and sick?

I'll tell you the loveliest thing in the world, 'Do something for somebody, quick.'"

"That is just what I will do. I will find that child's name and address and buy her a nice doll. Yes, and something nice for daddy, too. Why, she thought of him first!" Then suddenly, "Why have I never thought of my daddy? Yes, I will do it."

In a few minutes Ruth was one of the busy throng of shoppers. Before very long she had made her purchases, something nice for her own father, something for the child's father, a beautiful doll for the little girl, and holly and wreaths to brighten both homes. It was too late to have her purchases delivered, so she took a taxi to her home first to deposit her own parcels, and to write a card, "From Santa Claus," which she tucked in the parcel for the child and was driven to the little girl's home.

After leaving the package and feeling very happy and light hearted, she was waiting on the corner for her car when one of her girl friends came up with two young men.

"Oh, Ruth, do make one of our party? We are going to Dan's den. There will be great times there to night."

Ruth refused, saying she had never been to such a place. They were very insistent, saying, "Christmas Eve only comes once a year, and why not see what is going on."

"But I had so much else planned," said Ruth. "I don't see how I can go." Then after a little more persuasion, she yielded.

There was much gaiety. Ruth danced until she was tired, then told her partner she would have to rest. He said, "Well, you don't mind if I dance, do you?"

"No, not at all," replied Ruth.

"Alright, I'll see you later," and he was gone. "Oh, I wish I had not come here to night."

Suddenly a voice, close to her ear, said, "Pardon me, little lady, are you not rather lonesome here all by yourself?"

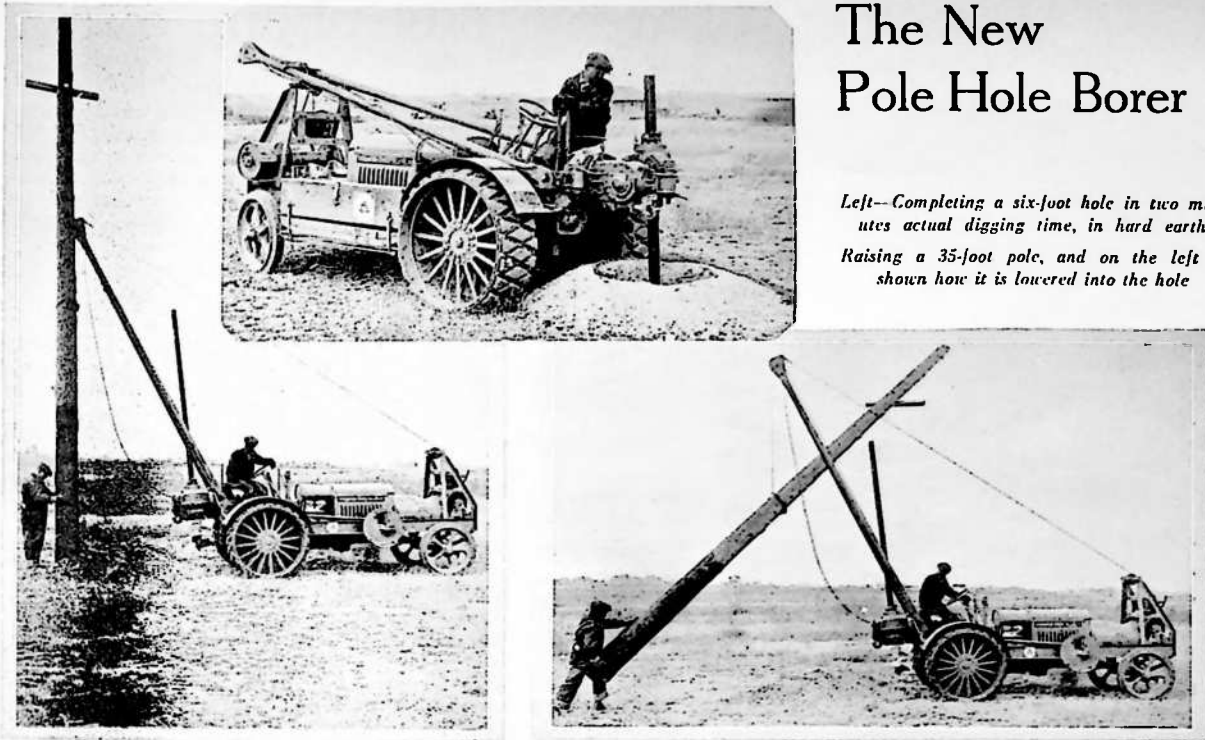
Ruth stood up and turned her head.

"Ruth! My daughter in a place like this? Who are you with? When did you come? Get your wraps quickly." He grabbed her arm, made a dash for the door and was soon

(Continued to next page)

## The New Pole Hole Borer

*Left—Completing a six-foot hole in two minutes actual digging time, in hard earth  
Raising a 35-foot pole, and on the left is shown how it is lowered into the hole*



To meet the increased demand in outside plant construction work, we can no longer depend entirely upon the old hand method of doing work, but must use labor-aiding machines to reduce cost wherever possible, as the apparent need for better, faster, and more economical ways of handling work means modern equipment and better methods.

The pole hole digging machine shown has been placed in service in Colorado for use of the construction forces. The digger is known as the Type "B" Earth Boring Machine mounted on a 10-20 Harvester Industrial tractor. This type unit is equipped com-

plete with one 20-inch and one 21-inch auger, power winch, pole derrick, trailing hook, steel ropes, skids, and rubber tires both on front and rear wheels. The unit weighs 10,600 pounds fully equipped, with a maximum road speed of 14 miles per hour.

The digger has been in service but a short time and our experience with it is somewhat limited; however, the experience we have had indicates that the unit will be a valuable addition to our machine fleet. The digger is being operated by two men and has dug pole holes 4 feet deep, 20 inches in diameter, at the rate of 6 per hour, and 5-foot holes at the

rate of 5 per hour which is equivalent to a crew of 9 men doing the same class of work.

The unit can set sixty 25-foot poles with two crossarms attached, in eight hours; this does not include the back filling. Under the hand method it would take five men 12 hours to complete this work.

### 🔔 The Very First Time

No amount of money could buy advertising space in THE MONITOR, but here is an ad that has such a good news value that we give it space gratis. It may be of value to other advertisers—"Our telephones never ring twice; we answer them the first time." If this is done it will add 50 per cent efficiency to telephone service—but here's the advertisement:

OUR PHONES  
NEVER RING TWICE—WE ANSWER  
THEM THE FIRST TIME  
CALL 206  
For Prompt Service in  
GROCERIES  
Unloading a car honey pails today  
ROSWELL SEED CO.  
115-117 South Main  
Apple Boxes Picking Bags

It's about time you were getting those unused resolutions out and brightening them up again.

out on the street, where he called a taxi. He helped Ruth in, gave his home address and followed her.

Neither spoke on the way home. When they entered the home, Mr. Wallace sat down and lit a cigar. Ruth stood by the mantel looking at the dead ashes in the grate.

Finally her father broke the silence, "I am very sorry to have found a daughter of mine at such a place as Dan's Den."

"Well, father, I had never been to such a place before, and had no idea what it was like, but I was lonesome, so accepted an invitation to go. I thought the place terrible, but worse than anything else to me was finding my father there, asking people whom he did not know to dance with him."

Her father opened his eyes wide, paused for a moment, then said: "Ruth, I have learned a great lesson tonight which will make a different man of me. I will try to be the father you would like me to be."

Ruth then told him about the little girl's message to Santa Claus. How it brought the lesson to her that she had not thought of her father's comfort as she should. And how she had hurried out to make her Christmas purchases. They talked until far into the night; and when, on Christmas morning, they sat down to breakfast in the room Ruth had made bright with the holly and wreaths—they were indeed happy, declaring it was a most wonderful Christmas for them both as they had each found themselves.

# Directing War by Telephone



Building where conference between Diaz and Madero was held. Madero standing in the door, and R. F. Morris at left. Note the Bell sign, which Morris put up

THE Battle of Juarez, fought across the Rio Grande River from El Paso, in 1911, owed much of its successful strategic movements to the telephone which was used by Provisional President Francisco Madero, and also by General Navarro, representing Porfirio Diaz, in opposing forces, according to a letter written by Harry P. Story, a copy of which was recently found on file in THE MONITOR office.

In this connection, an interesting story is told by Richard F. Morris, now of the general plant department of our company in Denver. Morris, at that time, was general manager of the Tri-State Telephone Company, located at El Paso, Texas, which was furnishing telephonic service to the city of Juarez. Madero had established the *capitol de facto* in a suburb of Juarez called "The Cottonwoods," and it was here that he wanted a telephone installed. Morris, realizing the importance of the job, went with his men to see that everything was all right. The battle was then under way, leading into Juarez.

The telephone installers succeeded in getting the telephone in place and the Mexican provisional president was very impatient to get on the line, but Morris advised him that he did not wish to have the telephone used until the Bell sign was tacked up on the outside of the "Capitol Building of Mexico."

"We will connect up the wires just as soon as the Bell sign is up," said Morris.

"Very well," snorted Madero, "be quick about it—if you so please."

The last tack was driven—the Bell sign was up—Madero "got on the line," and the Battle of Juarez was on. The "gringo" telephone men scurried back across the Rio

Grande, under the protection of Uncle Sam; the Mexican government trembled—and, incidentally, our telephone service was literally "shot to pieces" in the new capitol of Mexico.

Then came the following letter written to J. D. Ellsworth, of the publicity department of the Bell System, at New York City:

"Denver, May 15, 1911.

"My Dear Mr Ellsworth:

"The picture of the 'peace commissioners' with the 'Sign of Civilization' on the 'Capitol' of the Provisional Government of Mexico, which Mr. Hamlin sent you last week lost its news value at the same time the 'Dove of Peace' lost her tail feathers in the battle of Juarez.

"In order to keep you fully informed, and to let you know that the broad scope of 'Universal Service' extends not only to near-peace congresses, but to the blood-stained battlefield as well, Mr. Hamlin has asked me to write you a few of the telephone details of the attack on the little adobe town across the river, and its final surrender.

"The part played by the telephone in the sanguinary conflict that has just ended is unique in the annals of war and in the history of the telephone. (Mr. Casson please note.) For the first time in 'civilized' warfare, the generals of contending armies have been connected by telephone, and have been furnished service through an exchange of five thousand subscribers during the course of a battle. Each of these generals, Madero and Navarro, signed contracts for service at the regular rental rate, and were listed in our records as regular subscribers. General Navarro was assigned number 894 and Madero was a subscriber on telephone number 4099. Both of the leaders directed many of the battle maneuvers by telephone, placing their calls in the usual manner. By recourse to 'Information,' who furnished them with the telephone numbers at various addresses in Juarez, each was able to hold communication with his officers in the field and to direct his forces from a place of safety. Their officers, also, were able to submit their reports by telephone during the course of the battle, as by the very simple means of breaking down a door or battering in a window, they had access to any of our 178 Juarez telephones.

"At one point toward the close of the battle, the tide of affairs being evident, General Madero called up his antagonist and over the



Same adobe, which became the provisional "Capitol Building of Mexico." Note that the Bell sign still hangs over the "capitol"



# CRISSCROSS-CHRISTMAS

By Richard M. Page, General Plant Dept.,  
Denver

## A YULETIDE DIALOGUE

Time—December 23, 8 p. m.

Place—Trinidad, Colorado.

Setting—Lobby of the Commercial Hotel. Near the window are seated Roscoe Pretzelwartz, field representative of the Parrott's Cracker Company, and Henry Ferguson, a salesman representing the Cash and Carry Life Insurance Company. The two men are smoking lazily as they watch the stream of shoppers hurrying past on Christmas missions. Mr. Pretzelwartz finally breaks the silence by inquiring of his companion:

"Going home for Christmas?"

"Yes, I haven't missed a Christmas with the family in the eighteen years I have been with my company."

"Well, that's sure good for anyone on the road all the time the way most of us fellows are. Myself, this is the second Christmas I have had to be away from home in the last three years."

"That so? Well, that surely is hard luck."

"Yes, and we had all been planning on a

regular reunion this year since way last spring."

"Well, all I have to do is to see an old gentleman in the Springs tomorrow and then be on my road home to the wife and kiddies in Salt Lake."

"I guess you must have been born lucky. I'd give anything to see . . . Oh, boy! Did you see that swell chicken that just went by? I didn't know they raised 'em like that down here."

"Why, no, I really wasn't noticing. By the way, what did you say your line of business is, Mr. Pretzelwartz?"

"Oh, I represent the Parrott's Cracker Company of Milwaukee. I've been down as far as Roswell and have to work into Kansas now."

"I see. I believe I used to know your sales manager, Mr. Ahmlett."

"Is that so? Well, he's sure a hard-boiled cookie. I'm telling you."

"Pardon me just a moment, the boy seems to be paging me . . . Here boy, I am Mr. Ferguson."

\* \* \*

"You look like a piece of sad news, Partner. Hope it's nothing serious."

"Hm! Well, I suppose it's my turn by this

time. Listen to this telegram: 'Chicago, Illinois, December 23. Mr. Ferguson: Have been delayed in Chicago. Arrive Colorado Springs December 25. Must leave again the next day. Can you see me Christmas afternoon?'"

"Well, I'll be darned! Ha! Ha! Well, it's a long lane, you know, Mr. Ferguson. Now, with me, I'm getting used to it, but it sure seems funny to think you were just telling me—no, I don't mean that I think it's funny, but that—well, variety is the spice of life, you know."

"Yes, yes. I understand. I really appear to be in for it, this time. This is too big a deal to pass up, but I'd give a hundred dollars not to disappoint the family."

"That really is too bad, Partner. Say, how long are you going to be in Trinidad, then? I guess we'll have to plan a little celebration of our own, huh?"

"I suppose that's as good as anything. I won't be out of here until after Christmas Eve. By the way, I believe that boy is paging you, isn't he?"

"So he is. Here boy, what is it? Oh, Long Distance? All right. Be right there."

\* \* \*

"Hot Dog! I sure got a wonderful chunk o' news! Say! Old Man Ahmlett has been transferred to our New York office and I'm acting sales manager, beginning the twenty-sixth. Boy! I'm sure going to forget that Kansas trip and I'll be back home in good old Milwaukee for Christmas!"

"Great! Congratulations, old man, I'm downright glad to hear it. What connections can you make out of here?"

"I'll get the 12:25 out of here tonight and make it into Milwaukee Christmas morning."

"Fine! Now I suppose there is nothing for me to do but sit around here for a day and think about the folks at home."

"That's hard lines. Maybe it would be more exciting to go on up to the Springs just as you had planned, and then wait there for your man."

"Well, it's just as comfortable here, and I don't know anyone in the Springs anyway \* \* \* Say! How did they happen to use Long Distance in getting in touch with you? I don't know why I couldn't call that old fellow up right at his hotel in Chicago and finish the whole thing tonight!"

"Sure! Why, I had to make a Chicago call from Santa Fe last week, and I don't think it would run you more than about twenty dollars for a ten-minute talk. You ought to be able to talk out almost anything in that time."

"Let's see. I can leave the papers with his lawyer in the Springs and have them forwarded later. By George! That's a wonderful idea, Mr. Pretzelwartz! Where is that telephone?"

"The booth is right over there behind the desk. Here's luck to you!"

(Continued to next page)

telephone demanded the surrender of the town (while not definitely known, it is believed that Navarro 'hung up in his ear'). Immediately after the surrender, and at a time when Navarro's life was threatened by the victory-maddened revoltosos, the telephone was again called into play, and from his headquarters five miles away, General Madero 'cussed out' his men in voluble Castilian over the telephone, and made known to them his intention to hold the life of the doughty old General sacred.

"What is perhaps the most important feature of the entire fray, and from which the greatest credit redounds to the telephone, is in the matter of arranging a temporary armistice to care for the dead and wounded. Because of the absence of any previous agreement, many of the wounded had been allowed to lay for the greater part of two days under the blazing sun without food, water or attention, and on the second night of the battle, the leaders got together by telephone and effected an armistice to relieve their suffering. The United States military authorities were reluctantly forced by the strict neutrality rules to refuse access across the border to El Paso to any of the wounded until this arrangement had been effected by telephone.

"That Madero is more up-to-date than his Federal antagonist is evinced by a peg count we had made by which calls from each of the

telephones for one day were recorded, and the results of which show 116 calls from Madero against 74 from Navarro. All of this information is authentic, there being little need to 'fudge' the news.

"I wish to make it especially clear to you that both of these telephones were treated exactly the same as any of our other subscribers' stations. The call of the wounded lieutenant for his commanding officer, or the telephoned instructions of a rebel chief to his men, were handled exactly the same as Mrs. John Smith's call for the butcher, the baker or the garage.

"Just what would have occurred had the operator reported 'Busy' or 'They don't answer' when Madero called Navarro after the surrender is hard to conjecture, but it is reasonable to assume that our auditor would have had one more 'outstanding account' at the end of the month.

"Many of our telephones were destroyed or damaged by fire and bullets, and our cable plant across the river is about shot to pieces. I am having some of the smaller cable lengths with bullet holes made up into souvenir paper weights, and will have the pleasure of sending one to you in a few days.

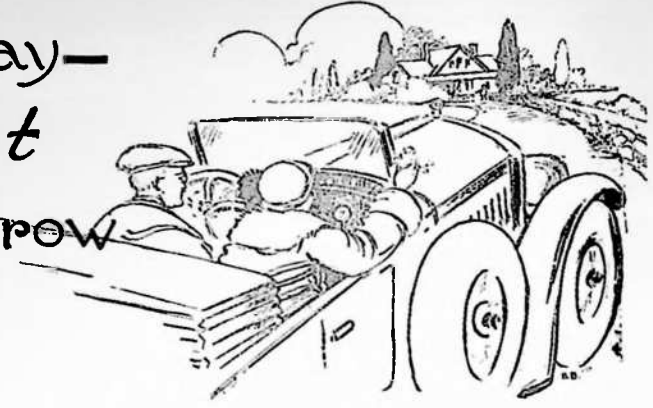
(Signed) H. P. STORV.

"Mr. J. D. Ellsworth,

"No. 15 Dey Street,

"New York."

# Thrifty Today— Independent Tomorrow



"Middle age is the time when the average man is going to begin saving next month."  
—San Francisco Chronicle.

LAST month it was shown by a specific instance, a true story as they say, to distinguish from fiction, that a man can start saving in middle life and acquire means which, supplemented by the pension provided by our Plan for a stated period of service, will be sufficient at retirement for his needs. In the case in question there were no children to be reared and educated. Probably he was fortunate in not having the expense of illness, and other contingencies that bob up unexpectedly and bite so fiercely into the savings account.

True it is, of course, that it's never too late. But in the matter of saving and getting and keeping ahead of the game and providing for the necessities and wants that go with us down to the very last day, no one can deny that—

The earlier, the better. One is taking a gambler's chance by waiting until middle life to begin acquiring a competence for old age.

Here is another specific instance:  
In Denver, there is with our Company a little messenger girl holding her first job and having her first experience of business life. She likes pretty things as well as the next one, and she has some of them, as she should have. Youth must be served in some measure at least. But last June when she left school and that pay check was handed to her regularly twice a month, one of the first things she thought about was adding to a tiny savings account that she had started. She has no parents to provide the living expenses so that she can use her small salary for whatsoever she desires. The little messenger girl regularly contributes a share to the expense of the household, and is in very truth, a bread-

winner. Circumstances and responsibilities have made her wise beyond her years in getting a proper conception of the thrift idea and practice as a protection in all the certainties and uncertainties of human existence, and something that must be considered if one is to make a success in life. She is deeply interested in watching her savings account grow and it is building character for her and making her a fine little manager. She is only fifteen, and twenty-five dollars saved now and allowed to remain intact and grow, is better than fifty dollars saved in middle life.

Young people sometimes shy away from thrift because they consider it a killjoy. But is it? Let us examine: If one starts early, there are more years of peace of mind in the knowledge that financial protection is being laid up and will be available when the time of need comes. Everyone wants to be happy—it is one of the great pursuits of life. The little Japanese girl in an old play that some of us remember, "The Darling of the Gods," said: "I don't want much—just to be happy all my life." Doesn't the satisfaction of knowing that the nest egg is carefully placed in

a safe spot and that other eggs are being added to it, increase one's happiness? Those who have tried it say that it does.

"Build Your Future Income" has a good ring. A good many people are thinking along that line, and the more the better. For common, handy use, the slogan is being abbreviated to "BYFI."

The early start's the thing. It is hard to catch up when valuable time is lost and one is apt to get tired, out of breath, and even discouraged in making the grade. Starting early the object can be accomplished with less effort and straining. It's never too late, but—the earlier the better.

Christmas is coming. The thrifty can have turkey with trimmin's. They can make the hearts of the kiddies and the old folks glad with gifts. It may not fit in with the cynical spirit of the times, but isn't it true that it is still "more blessed to give than to receive?"

As we journey through life, let us live by the way, but never forget there is coming a day when our wants will be just as urgent and keen, but the ghost will be leaving us nary a bean.



## 1926 Budget Now Ready

Do you sometimes wonder where your money goes? Don't wonder, find out; note what you spend and you'll not only find out where it goes, but you'll also find out that it doesn't go so quickly. There's a real value in writing down your expenditures. It makes you stop and think a minute, and then the money doesn't slip through your fingers so easily.

But perhaps you are one of the forty-five thousand Bell employees who took an income and expense record book last year. If you used it, you probably want another for next year. If you tried to use it and failed, remember the good advice, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." In any case this income and expense record is a mighty convenient way to keep tabs on your pocket-book. It's ruled off for months and days, but you

write in your own headings. You can use it as a budget or just a simple cash account, whichever you wish. And you don't have to be a bookkeeper to do it, either.

The 1926 book will be ready for distribution some time during December. If you want it, file an application with your immediate supervisor.



## Joe and Elmer Promoted

J. J. Cornell has been appointed foreman of the garage to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Niswender.

Elmer Bean, who probably holds the world's record for mileage without an accident, becomes chauffeur of the Pierce Arrow, known as the president's car. This was formerly driven by Joe Cornell.

"Thank you. I'll give you the news as soon as I am through."

"Ah, Mr. Ferguson, you don't need to tell me the news. I can tell by your face that you're fixed up all Jake. Say! Do you know what? You and I ought to pay our tribute to a great man. I've got some real old stuff in this flask. Come on, all together now:

"Here's to the world's greatest benefactor—Alexander Graham Bell!"



# Selling Service



By H. J. Morgan, Manager, Idaho Falls, Idaho

Public Service utilities are engaged in the highest order of commercial activity because they render an essential service to the human race. Telephone Service should be placed at the head of public utilities service, because through it, instant communication of intelligence is accomplished. The term "Service" with us is too often taken to mean merely making connections between subscribers by our operators. This should not be, for it is essential that the commercial and plant departments shall keep up the same high standard of service that is required of the Traffic Department.

In order to progress toward an ideal Telephone Service, everyone who receives complaints should inform the patron that the matter will be looked into promptly, that a report will be made to the department responsible for the handling of such matters, and that every effort will be made to adjust the complaint to the satisfaction of the patron. Then in a reasonable time the employee receiving the complaint should follow up the matter to ascertain from the patron that the complaint has been settled to his entire satisfaction. The Telephone Company has nothing to sell but "Service," and when it fails in that, it has failed completely. Telephone service is a commodity; it must be sold, just as any other commodity is sold. But telephone service is not an end in itself; it is a means to an end, for no one telephones just to be telephoning.

The use of telephone service may be increased by showing the customer new ways of using it in his business and social life, but that involves more than mere equipment. It involves salesmanship. How then can salesmanship be used by a Telephone Company? Good salesmanship does two things; it discovers and satisfies the customer's need for our product and that generates the good will which makes it easier for us to do business. Every telephone employee should be a salesman. The employee is the point of contact with our customers, and the customer's reaction to his contacts with the employee builds either good will or ill will for our Company.

The best salesman we have, "and he isn't on the payroll either," is the good will of the public. This good will is won by ready, willing service, and, above all, courteous service. Courtesy is the oil which eliminates friction

between company and public, as well as within our organization.

The quantity of telephone service sold depends largely on the quality, and quality is founded on courteous, intelligent and interested attention to the customer's requirements.

Public Relations, is as the term implies, the maintenance of a cordial, fair and friendly relationship between the Company and the public it serves. No matter how good the Company's service, no matter how fair its rules, no matter how reasonable its rates; if the administration of its business is tinged with harshness toward its customers, if its employees and agents are inconsiderate or disinterested in dealing with the public, that Company will sell only a bare minimum of service in the community where this condition exists.

Service must be backed by an honest, sincere desire to please, otherwise, it is mere lip service. Treat everyone coming into your office, or met in the course of your work, regardless of time, circumstances or provocation, squarely and with due regard for the other man's viewpoint. Then you are selling our service in the broadest sense and every complaint is a new opportunity.

As the story goes:

An old engineer had been teaching several young engineers for some time and was about to start them on their first run, when he asked them: "What is the most important nut on a locomotive?" Nearly every nut to be found on the locomotive was named, but all guesses were wrong. "A loose nut is always the most important nut on a loco-

motive, or any other piece of machinery," said the old engineer, "Watch 'em, keep 'em tight, and you'll save yourself a world of trouble."

Now it may be that the most important customer our Company has on its books is the loose customer, the dissatisfied customer who is just about ready to drop off and become lost forever.

It pays to give time and attention and real thought to complaints.

The customer who is good enough to tell us why he stopped buying from us is our very best friend and nothing should be left undone that will bring him back as one of our satisfied customers.

A delayed adjustment, a tactless letter, or a negligent attitude towards a complaint may mean the loss of revenue, and far worse, the loss of a friend. I know from concrete experience that the reverse is also true. In one particular case I remember where we made a fair and prompt settlement of a claim that netted us an increase in toll business the very next month of over 500 per cent and completely changed the attitude of the customer toward us.

The employee in handling complaints should place himself momentarily in the customer's position, then the case will always be properly handled.



Stone the dates, roll in sugar, and put a piece of fondant in place of the stone. Roll again in granulated sugar. Fill with nuts or peanut butter instead of fondant if desired.

Station Gain, Month of October and Year 1925, to Date  
Excluding Exchanges Purchased or Sold

	Ariz.	Colo.	Idaho	Mont.	N. M.	Texas	Utah	Wyo.	Co.
Est. Connects, October.....	968	2,126	572	913	284	350	1,514	731	8,458
Actual Connects, October.....	997	3,150	619	894	339	324	1,235	488	8,044
Est. Disconnects, October.....	418	2,565	477	755	253	238	1,174	596	6,504
Actual Disconnects, October.....	453	2,914	437	635	255	272	925	432	6,022
Estimated Gain, October.....	550	561	95	158	31	82	340	135	1,952
Actual Gain, October.....	544	536	182	259	84	52	310	56	2,023
Pct. Gain to Estimate.....	98.9	95.5	191.6	163.9	271.0	63.4	91.2	41.5	103.6
Est. Connects to Date.....	6,280	27,769	5,395	7,399	2,897	2,935	12,401	6,948	72,024
Actual Connects to Date.....	6,564	38,291	4,987	6,818	3,028	3,113	8,710	4,256	65,767
Est. Disconnects to Date.....	5,013	29,992	4,769	6,758	2,608	2,718	10,668	5,809	59,335
Actual Disconnects to Date.....	5,480	22,045	4,317	6,120	2,592	2,995	7,032	4,202	54,783
Estimated Gain to Date.....	1,267	6,777	626	641	289	217	1,733	1,139	12,689
Actual Gain to Date.....	1,084	6,246	670	698	436	118	1,678	51	10,984
Pct. Gain to Estimate.....	85.6	92.2	107.0	108.9	150.9	54.4	96.8	4.7	86.6
Station Gain to Date per 1,000 Stations as of 1-1-25	4.41	4.24	2.22	1.57	3.00	.87	2.18	.24	3.15
No. of Exch. Showing Gain.....	23	69	24	38	18	2	23	17	224
No. of Exch. Showing Loss.....	3	59	17	16	10	1	6	14	126
No. of Exch. Unchanged.....	7	21	11	22	6	0	4	9	80
Total Exchanges.....	33	149	52	76	34	3	43	40	430

## A Tacky Party that Was



I've shot up some tacky parties in my time, but I never horned into a fuller-up one than on Thursday night, November the 19th, at the Woman's Club Building, where the Colorado traffic gave an open roundup to all the wire-talking bunch in the world, it seemed to me.

They came in rags, tags, and plug hats—tacky was the proper brand. I've seen some pretty nifty togs in my time, but these topped 'em all. Miss Helen Hackett was boss of the corral, and she had a lot o' good straw-bosses to the job—namely, to-wit, as follows:

Dorothy Henrich, Main; Miss Brackett, Curtis; Miss Dame, York; Miss Rolland, Champa; Miss Turner, Franklin; Miss Crisman, Gallup; Miss Widemer, Toll; Mrs. Buxton, Colorado traffic; Miss Turner, South; Miss Lino, Information.

It was the annual roundup, and some 400 headed in for the hop, and when I walked in with my six-gun, chaps and spurs, Abie and his Irish woes threw a wicked hoof.

We came in our togs, by gingo.

As is—I'm sayin' as is!

An' we chirped in our time-tried lingo.

An' started the hop with a whiz!

Some of the wild genus homo

Trotted an' strutted to kill.

While others just lounged like a hobo—

Too gal-durned lazy to drill.

An' O, such a mixture o' faces.

An' forms, an' gaits, an' what-not—

From limpy old hums to the graces—

It sure was a big melting pot.

They called us the high-steppin' traffic

What hits the hard road day an' night.

An' knows all the lines geographic,

An' all o' the dogs that will bite;

We know all the highways o' pleasure—

We know when the business is good.

An' though we are called hums of leisure.

We're sawing a whole lot o' wood—

But there goes the music a-trummin'.

An' me for the Charleston, or fox—

I'd rather go dancing than hummin'.

For joy, you know, is what knocks.

HEART ACHIN' PETE,

Official Poet Lariat.

### Telephone Research Improves the Phonograph

THE engineers of the Bell Telephone laboratories have recently announced notable improvements in the phonograph art. Far from being a strange place from which improvements in the phonograph might emanate, these laboratories constitute perhaps the most natural source in the world. A casual comparison might lead one to conclude that the phonograph operates mechanically, while the telephone is a piece of electrical apparatus; but underlying this very superficial difference is the fact that the telephone is as much mechanical as it is electrical, and that both devices are actuated by and reproduce speech sounds and the allied sounds of music. Because of this common characteristic there

are similarities between the two instruments which are far more fundamental than might be guessed at first.

Adopting telephone terminology, the ordinary phonograph is a transmission line for mechanical vibrations which behaves, or rather should be made to behave, in a manner analogous to the telephone transmission line for electrical vibrations. The problems which arise in the perfecting of the phonograph transmission circuit are practically identical, from a mechanical point of view, with those met in the telephone circuit. It may be of interest to mention just a few of the analogous features. The elasticity of the phonograph needle point takes the place of a condenser, the pivoted needle arm corresponds to a transformer or repeating coil, the

inertia of the needle arm to an inductance, the elasticity of the diaphragm to a condenser, and the horn from which the sounds finally issue is the counterpart of a resistance. It is not surprising, therefore, that the engineers of the Bell Telephone laboratories should possess an insight into the problems of the phonograph which could hardly have been obtained by any other avenue than the intensive study of the telephone.

Applying to the mechanical transmission line of the phonograph the practices which have long been standard in the electric transmission line of the telephone has resulted in an instrument which marks a great improvement over the present phonograph in all respects. The sound of the voice and all music is far more natural; the volume of sound can be much increased without unpleasant "blasting," due to resonance, and wear on records is much reduced.

So far as its outward construction is concerned, the new phonograph appears very similar to the old. To the critical eye its interior differs, however, in many fundamental respects, especially in the construction of the diaphragm, the needle arm and the horn. It may be of interest to mention that the horn is similar to a type developed by our engineers for certain loud speaker purposes, and was used, with very good effect, on the rear of the private car from which the late President Harding addressed large assemblages during his last trip across the country. This type of horn, although six feet in length, is folded back and forth on itself so as to be easily contained in the present phonograph cabinet.

The contribution of our engineers to the phonograph has not been limited to the reproducing instrument alone. Their perfecting of vacuum tube amplifiers has permitted a greatly improved method of recording the original sounds on the master record.

The Western Electric Company has recently consummated contracts through which these improvements in recording, as well as in phonograph instruments, are now to become available to the public.



### Samuel J. Jones

On Thursday morning, October 15, Samuel J. Jones, Salt Lake commercial manager, entered his office and found that the mail brought a large number of greetings from Provo, Ogden, Pocatello, and many other places in the Mountain States territory where he has been connected with the Telephone family during the past few years.

All this was a reminder to Sam that he had reached the 49th milestone in his life of service. When questioned about his past, he stated that just a small part of it had been spent with the Telephone Company. Just twenty-one short years of it. We can judge from this statement how well he likes his job and the Telephone Family.

# The Perils of Christmas in '56

By Elva McMannis, Cheyenne

CHRISTMAS has always been a time of keen anticipation, and never was it more so than to the man who had gone with other neighbors and friends out to the Pikes Peak country, in their wild quest for gold, along in the year of 1856.

The little home, hewn out of pine logs, was ready and the tall, sturdy pioneer was waiting the coming of his wife and two children by the next caravan, which would arrive in time for a glorious Christmas around the blazing logs in the roughly fashioned fire-place. He had left them at Independence, Missouri, months before, and now they were coming to share the new home.

There were many dangers in the way of those brave enough to start on this perilous journey. The only mode of travel was by stage or covered wagon, across a barren country infested with savage Indians.

The brave wife with her two children started on this long journey to join her husband, as other pioneer women did in the settling of this great western country.

After many weary days and worrisome miles over a scarcely visible trail, with all the hardships attendant on such a journey, one of the men fell ill and died and the little caravan went into camp to bury the body by the side of the trail.

That night a band of savage Indians swept down upon the camp and the arrows sped thick and fast around the brave little wife and mother holding her tiny babe close in her arms, while the other child sat huddled close to her side.

With the coming of dawn, the soldiers came and the Indians were dispersed.

All through the dreadful hours of the night she held the lifeless form close to her breast, not knowing that a poisonous arrow had pierced its heart and had sped on to fall to the ground. With the break of day came the sad awakening; and to make the night more hideous, the Indians had burned the wagon in which had been placed the dead body of the man and with it the body had almost perished.

Beside this mother, during the journey and on the terrible night, was a young woman who was also coming West. This woman later married and became one of the prominent citizens of Colorado. A son was born and

he is today a well-known telephone man in Wyoming.

But what of the brave little mother? What of the anxious father who waited at the log-hewn cabin in the foothills—for it was Christmas time and the little evergreen had already been placed by the fireplace.

There were sorrowful hearts as the form of the little babe and the charred bones of the pioneer were buried there in the sand, and the surface of the ground leveled and tramped

over so that the Indians might not find their resting place. Then the caravan moved on—on into the Great West.

And it was Christmas Eve as the stage halted in front of the little log cabin. Father and mother met in a fond embrace. The surviving child threw its arms around the father's neck and kissed him again and again. There were tears of joy and tears of sorrow—baby was not there.

And the next day was Christmas.



## EDWARD G. WILSON PASSES AWAY

On Sunday morning, November 15, E. G. Wilson, supervisor of long lines of the general plant department, died at Fitzsimons General Hospital, near Denver, after an illness extending over a period of seven months.

Mr. Wilson was born in Columbus, Ohio, October 24, 1882. When he was yet a youngster he entered the United States Navy and served his country during the Spanish-American War. On leaving the Navy he became a telegraph operator and worked in this capacity several years for some of the southeastern railroads. Then, recognizing the greater opportunities which seemed to lie in the telephone field, he joined the forces of the long lines department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in 1906, serving as a repeater attendant at Atlanta, Georgia. Since that time he has been connected continuously with the Bell System, going from Atlanta to Cincinnati, in 1907, and leaving there in 1909 for Garden City, Kansas, then an outpost repeater station in a comparatively small toll and telegraph wire network of the long lines department. He became chief testboard man at Garden City, and remained there in that capacity until 1911, when he was transferred to Denver, also as chief testboard man, for the American Company. At that time the Denver test-room operated only a half dozen "leased wires," and the Mountain States Company had practically no telegraph plant.

Early in 1912 the Mountain States Company was offered some telegraph contracts and took Mr. Wilson over from the long lines department to handle this new phase of the business. He became supervisor of leased wire service in the general plant department, and he has remained in that department ever since, although his duties and responsibilities have been greatly enlarged upon from time to time, due to the rapid increase in the demands for toll and telegraph service. In the comparatively few years he was with the Mountain States Company he saw the special contract telegraph service grow from its very modest

beginning in 1911 to its present sizable proportions, with 55,000 miles of such circuits being operated in connection with the 83,000 miles of toll circuits now maintained in our territory.

In an article on "Leased Wire Service," which appeared in the October, 1913, Monitor, Mr. Wilson said: "Our aim is to gain such a reputation that the American Company, when approached regarding a lease in or through our territory, will merely ask this



Company if the necessary facilities are available." In other words, it was his idea that our standards should be such as to leave no room for question as to quality of our service. His aim has long since been realized, and this, in no small measure, was due to the work of E. G. Wilson himself.

In the course of his telephone activities, Mr. Wilson made many friends, not only in our own territory but throughout the entire United States, who will greatly regret the loss of a most valued friend and associate.



# Salesmanship During Month of October

	Arizona	
	October 1925	Previous Sales 1925
W. T. Hobbs, Clifton.....1.....4		
Doris Dudley, Douglas.....1.....2		
C. B. Flynn, Mesa.....3.....66		
J. S. Jennings, Nogales.....4.....3		
R. F. Brink, Phoenix.....1.....0		
F. S. Cuddihy, Phoenix.....1.....3		
Emma Mann, Phoenix.....1.....1		
George Mann, Phoenix.....1.....7		
Harold Newman, Phoenix.....2.....0		
Elsie Thomas, Phoenix.....1.....2		
Mrs. Grady Drown, Tucson.....1.....5		
F. H. Packard, Tucson.....2.....7		
G. E. Treahney, Tucson.....1.....0		

Colorado		
Minnie A. Roeder, Berthoud.....1.....2		
W. E. Ketterman, Boulder.....1.....25		
L. M. Paschal, Canon City.....1.....6		
F. W. Carroll, Colo. Springs.....1.....9		
Grace Dingell, Colo. Springs.....5.....5		
C. E. Garrett, Colo. Springs.....1.....2		
Lorene Peters, Colo. Sprngs.....1.....2		
M. C. Smith, Colo. Springs.....1.....2		
Ralph E. Graves, Craig.....1.....14		
Elsa Williams, Elizabeth.....1.....0		
R. W. Paschal, Evergreen.....2.....0		
Annette Heilmann, Flagler.....1.....4		
E. M. McDonald, Florence.....1.....5		
Alice Ford, Fountain.....1.....1		
May Alice Clay, Fowler.....1.....5		
Earl Louthan, Ft. Collins.....1.....8		
E. B. Hunter, Ft. Morgan.....1.....1		
Bernice Bare, Grd. Junction.....1.....6		
H. E. Thompson, Idaho Sprgs.....1.....3		
Mrs. J. A. Brown, Kremmling.....3.....0		
J. B. Reynolds, La Junta.....1.....6		
Logan Woodson, Limon.....1.....6		
F. E. Irons, Longmont.....1.....7		
C. A. Pierce, Loveland.....5.....29		
F. B. Neeley, Monte Vista.....1.....3		
Mary J. Stephens, Nederland.....1.....1		
C. T. Hopkins, Pueblo.....1.....5		
Alexander Raisin, Pueblo.....2.....14		
M. E. Cole, Rocky Ford.....1.....1		
A. G. Hill, Sterling.....2.....5		
J. E. Hunt, Telluride.....2.....0		
Nelle Barnard, Trinidad.....1.....1		
Beulah Dale, Trinidad.....2.....2		
Rose Kahn, Trinidad.....1.....0		
J. M. Lewis, Trinidad.....1.....9		
Mabel Snouffer, Wellington.....1.....0		
Maybelle Haskell, Westcliffe.....1.....3		

Denver		
L. P. Allen.....1.....0		
Mildred Anderson.....1.....1		
Cecelia Arens.....1.....0		
Eugene B. Barnes.....2.....1		
Mrs. Leonie Beatty.....1.....0		
Frank S. Beatty.....1.....0		
Clara Beck.....1.....0		
Florence Bernhardt.....1.....0		
C. A. Binson.....3.....0		
Ralph E. Boulton.....2.....0		
M. R. Caldwell.....1.....3		
W. A. Carpenter.....2.....8		
C. V. Chesebrough.....1.....0		
Marjorie Clapp.....1.....0		
Charles Cowdery.....2.....0		
W. F. Dodge.....1.....0		
Martha Flynn.....1.....0		
R. J. Garrettson.....1.....0		
A. R. Groshelder.....1.....0		
W. R. Hancock.....1.....4		
Sarah Hartman.....2.....1		
R. C. Henke.....3.....1		
Dorothy Henrich.....1.....0		
Mary Hilburger.....3.....5		
E. L. Holder.....2.....3		
C. H. Hutchinson.....1.....0		
A. W. Ireson.....1.....4		
F. B. Jones.....1.....4		
F. H. Kennedy.....1.....3		
Wilbur Kinney.....2.....1		
Harold Kralber.....1.....1		
Dora S. Lawrie.....2.....3		
John T. Madden.....2.....5		
Chas. D. Manley.....1.....3		
E. R. Meyer.....1.....2		
Lumina Miller.....1.....0		
Mabel O'Connor.....1.....6		
R. M. Page.....1.....6		
Elsie Parks.....1.....9		
G. T. Pollard.....1.....9		
Walter Pritchette.....1.....2		
Dora Reilly.....1.....0		
C. G. Shoak.....1.....0		
Anna Shinkic.....1.....0		
L. R. Smith.....2.....34		
C. M. Strawn.....1.....0		

Mayme Sullivan.....1.....7
Ruth Taylor.....1.....0
D. O. Thompson.....6.....8
B. L. Towne.....12.....88
Phillip Wilcox.....1.....0
Thomas Wilson.....1.....1
Emma Woertman.....2.....0
Frances Woertman.....1.....1

Idaho		
S. J. Atkinson, Boise.....1.....9		
Eugene V. Jenkins, Boise.....1.....0		
Chas. L. Sherman, Buhl.....1.....3		
M. E. Dolling, Nampa.....1.....4		
H. A. Reed, St. Anthony.....1.....2		
Mabel Cox, Twin Falls.....1.....0		
R. W. Gardner, Twin Falls.....3.....19		
Virginia Victory, Twin Falls.....1.....3		

Montana		
W. A. Connolly, Billings.....2.....19		
R. J. Conrad, Bozeman.....1.....6		
J. R. Crawford, Butte.....1.....1		
H. J. Piper, Ft. Benton.....3.....2		
H. A. Bishoe, Glasgow.....1.....1		
F. E. Parwell, Great Falls.....1.....12		
Laura Mitchell, Great Falls.....1.....14		
E. G. Butterfield, Hamilton.....2.....3		
Sophye Millette, Hamilton.....1.....0		
Mildred Mason, Havre.....1.....1		
D. E. McPherson, Havre.....2.....5		
R. E. Coy, Laurel.....1.....1		
H. R. Bossler, Helena.....1.....1		
R. E. Rice, Missoula.....3.....8		
Alicia M. Gardner, Plentywood.....1.....0		
C. S. Doak, Twin Bridges.....1.....0		

Texas and New Mexico		
A. Kneippe, Albuquerque.....1.....6		
Robert Morris, Albuquerque.....1.....1		
Geo. T. McQuillen, Carrizozo.....6.....4		
C. O. Duncan, Deming.....1.....1		
Theo. Byston, Socorro.....1.....1		
J. H. Carr, El Paso.....1.....6		
Roy Sann, El Paso.....1.....0		
Alta M. Rector, El Paso.....2.....0		
H. E. Trainer, Las Vegas.....1.....10		
Edith Nolin, Raton.....1.....0		

Byron Yates, Raton.....1.....3
Don Hunsaker, Santa Fe.....1.....19
E. F. Smith, Silver City.....3.....5

Utah		
J. W. Myers, Am. Fork.....1.....7		
Eugene Jenkins, Bingham Canyon.....1.....29		
J. H. Chiles, Brigham City.....1.....18		
H. E. Brewington, Logan.....1.....23		
Claus A. Persson, Logan.....1.....0		
Kathryn Ruud, Logan.....1.....2		
Lily Gordon, Murray.....1.....0		
Irving Bickmore, Ogden.....1.....0		
Ralph B. Presseder, Ogden.....1.....0		
D. B. Smith, Ogden.....1.....3		
J. Rex Miller, Priced.....1.....0		
Geo. C. Quillian, Provo.....1.....3		
Frank H. Westover, Provo.....1.....2		
Andrew Peterson, Richfield.....1.....17		
L. O. Bingham, Salt Lake.....1.....1		
N. F. Crawford, Salt Lake.....1.....3		
John Hodgson, Salt Lake.....1.....0		
Ernest Crocer, Salt Lake.....3.....3		
Paul E. Harvard, Salt Lake.....2.....4		
Orson John Hyde, Salt Lake.....1.....7		
Geraldine Moroney, Salt Lake.....1.....6		
P. S. Sell, Salt Lake.....1.....12		
T. A. Taylor, Salt Lake.....1.....5		
M. D. Wells, Salt Lake.....1.....9		

Wyoming		
P. A. Pierce, Basin.....1.....5		
Emeline E. Fisher, Buffalo.....1.....0		
Marie Bishop, Casper.....1.....2		
Minnie Hasseton, Casper.....1.....9		
R. M. Hulme, Casper.....2.....3		
H. D. McCormack, Casper.....6.....19		
F. A. Probst, Casper.....1.....1		
C. E. Swisher, Casper.....2.....1		
Geo. W. Froeharke, Casper.....1.....3		
R. E. Bengston, Cheyenne.....1.....4		
Alma E. Huffman, Cheyenne.....2.....5		
J. J. Taylor, Douglas.....1.....1		
J. W. Clark, Lusk.....1.....0		
Myrtle Barker, Sheridan.....1.....5		
H. J. Evans, Thermopolls.....2.....10		

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

	Idaho	Texas &					Utah	Co.
		*Colo.	N. M.	Ariz.	Mont.	Wyo.		
1925 Quota Applications.....266								
Applications Option A, October.....11								
Applications Option B, October.....3								
Total Applications, October.....14								
Pct. Applications to Quota, October.....5.26								
Applications Option A, to date.....118								
Applications Option B, to date.....76								
Total Applications to date.....194								
Pct. of Applications to Quota, Nov. 1.....72.93								
Pct. of Emp. Making Sales to Total Emp. October.....1.57								
Pct. of Emp. Making Sales to Total Emp. to date.....13.56								
Applications per 1,000 Stations, Oct......48								
Applications per Exchange, October......27								
Exchanges Making Sales to Nov. 1......24								
Pct. Exch. Making Sales to Nov. 1......46								
*Colorado Includes General Offices.								

### Do You Know "Bess"?

Mrs. G. M. Sheller, of Grundy Center, Iowa, requests information concerning a man who worked for the Mountain States Company in 1909, and whose wife's name was "Bess." Mrs. Sheller does not know either the first or last name of this man, but states that he was later transferred to Montana.

Mrs. Sheller states that she realizes this information is very meager, but that she and her family have been trying for three years to locate the people inquired about, and that when one is "up against it," they will follow even the slightest clue.

If any of our people know of an employee working in Denver in 1909, later transferred to Montana, and whose wife's first name was

"Bess," please communicate with Mrs. Sheller at the above address.

### Mrs. Pilloud Passes Away

On October 21 the hearts of the Cheyenne exchange were saddened by the death of Mrs. Florence Pilloud, wife of the Wyoming state auditor of the Telephone Company.

Mrs. Pilloud went to Cheyenne with her husband at the time of the opening of the state accounting office there in December, 1922.

Her sweet and gracious smile will be missed by all who knew her, and the sincere sympathy of all the employees is extended to Mr. Pilloud and other relatives.

# Telephone Pioneers of America

The annual convention of the National Society has come and gone. H. B. Thayer, our new president, is eminently a wise choice, as there is no one associated with the business more suited to preside during the semi-centennial, which comes next year. This will be exploited more or less by all companies, and no doubt the Pioneers will occupy a prominent position in publicity matters regarding the semi-centennial of the invention of the telephone.

I wonder if some Pioneers are getting so decrepit that they need a guardian or a guard

when they travel. J. E. Macdonald, F. A. Cannon, and a stranger had Gladstone bags of very similar appearance. On debarking at Chicago in the big new Union Station, they promptly swapped bags all around. One of them fortunately discovered the fact, and before leaving the platform they had all traded back. This, however, was not a marker to Jimmie Gamewell of El Paso, who was carrying a very high grade black bag. The writer was almost upset by a rushing figure and a burst of air created by high speed. It was Jimmie, sprinting for the end of the line. As

he was in the rear car it was something like half a mile he had to sprint. He caught the Red Cap with a wagon-load of grips, finally, and then waited until a very comely matron from Boulder, Colorado, appeared, and exchanged grips with her. His curiosity got the better of him before he relinquished the other grip, and in looking through the grip,



he discovered many articles of feminine toilet and apparel, most prominent were some dainty garments in baby-blue and shrimp pink of a rather intimate nature for the fair sex. We are all wondering how Jimmie would look in a nice cute suit of baby-blue step-ins.

A recent bank failure tied up the Pioneers' bank account; that is, Chapter No. 8; so all of you who are back on dues, get busy. We did not have a great fortune in the bank, but it was our entire working capital and left us flat. In view of the fact that we get part of all annual dues, pay up and help your poor, impoverished Chapter out.

The application of George Y. Wallace Chapter of Salt Lake City, Utah, will embrace the state of Utah when granted, and will take something over 30 good members out of Chapter No. 8.

Application since last notice:

Dorr C. Belden, Manager, Glenwood Springs, Colorado—Dorr began his career as a groundman on the Western slope, under Foreman George Fry, and has been on the Western slope practically all the time since. For some years, he has been Manager at Glenwood Springs, and was also around Grand Junction, Fruita and other points. For a short time he strayed away to the Western Coast and was with the Pacific Company, but could not withstand the lure of Colorado, so came back.

Fred H. Bacon, Manager, Oakley, Idaho.—In 1898, Mr. Bacon organized the Paxton Telephone Company, afterwards coming West and entering the service of the Rocky Mountain Bell Company and the Northern Independent companies in Montana. At the merger he came over to the Mountain States organization, and is now located in Idaho.

## Changes and Promotions

### GENERAL PLANT DEPARTMENT

General Plant Department—		PREVIOUS POSITION	New Position	DATE EFFECTIVE
NAME	LOCATION	Super. of Maintenance	Supers. of Meth. and Results	

#### ARIZONA

Ray L. Huff	Denver, Colo.	Super. of Maintenance	Supers. of Meth. and Results	Oct. 1, 1925
<b>Traffic Department—</b>				
Emma F. Preston	Pima	Jr. Opr.	Agent	Oct. 18, 1925
Samuel E. Gates	Somerton	Groundman	Agent	Oct. 23, 1925

#### COLORADO

John S. Thompson	Ft. Collins	Clerk, Pueblo	Cashier	Oct. 9, 1925
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<b>Plant Department—</b>				
Grover W. Rowland	Denver	Draftsman	Engineer's Asst.	Oct. 1, 1925
Gunnar Sanstrum	Denver	Typist	Rackman	Oct. 27, 1925
Frank Haney	Denver	Groundman	App. Lineman	Oct. 1, 1925
Milton Annis	Denver	Groundman	App. Lineman	Oct. 1, 1925
Donald Graze	Denver	Groundman	App. Lineman	Oct. 1, 1925
James H. Harris	Georgetown	Lineman, Denver	Agent	Oct. 20, 1925

<b>Traffic Department—</b>				
C. W. Connors	Denver	Asst. Toll Traf. Chf.	Eve. Traf. Chf.	Oct. 1, 1925
Ruby A. Nollenberger	Denver	Asst. Chief Opr.	Eve. Chief Opr.	Oct. 11, 1925
Emma M. Osborne	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	Oct. 4, 1925
Dorothy McCall	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	Oct. 4, 1925
Mary L. White	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	Oct. 4, 1925
Helen Stewart	Denver	Operator	Clerk	Oct. 11, 1925
Marguerite Johns	Denver	Supervisor	Central Of. Inst.	Oct. 11, 1925
Jessie Squires	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	Oct. 18, 1925
Hazel Swan	Denver	Operator	Rel. Supv.	Oct. 25, 1925
Laurene Jain	Denver	Inf. Opr.	Inf. Supv.	Oct. 18, 1925
Alice Nevins	Denver	Janitress	Asst. Cook	Oct. 18, 1925
Margaret Graham	Denver	Desk Operator	Application Supervisor	Oct. 4, 1925
Julia Swanson	Lakewood	Operator	Eve. Chf. Opr.	Oct. 4, 1925
Rose E. Weyand	Pueblo	Local Supervisor	Acting E. C. O.	Oct. 11, 1925
Frances Weyand	Pueblo	C. O. Clerk	Local Supv.	Oct. 4, 1925

#### IDAHO

<b>Traffic Department—</b>				
Nedene Hill	Driggs	Operator	Chief Opr.	Oct. 18, 1925
Grace Bailey	Mountain Home	Operator	Chief Opr.	Oct. 11, 1925
Dorothy Schonberg	Nampa	Operator	Supervisor	Oct. 18, 1925
Melva Little	Payette	Operator	Eve. Ch. Opr.	Oct. 8, 1925

#### MONTANA

<b>Plant Department—</b>				
Tom C. Crayon	Shelby	Repairman	Agent	Oct. 1, 1925
Albert E. Pillon	Glasgow	Temp. Lineman	Manager	Oct. 25, 1925

<b>Traffic Department—</b>				
Grace Grant	Lewistown	Operator	A. C. O.	Oct. 1, 1925
Gertrude Jordan	Bozeman	A. C. O.	C. O.	Oct. 1, 1925

#### NEW MEXICO-EL PASO

<b>Commercial Department—</b>				
Chloe Canhill	Santa Fe, N. M.	Operator	Clerk	Oct. 1, 1925

<b>Plant Department—</b>				
S. B. Allen	Lordsburg, N. M.	Comb-man	Agent	Oct. 1, 1925
Edith Freese	El Paso, Texas	L. D. Operator	L. D. Supervisor	Oct. 11, 1925
Adeleine Valline	El Paso, Texas	Clerk	Chief Clerk	Oct. 18, 1925
Florence Rohberg	Artesia, N. M.	Operator	Chief Operator	Oct. 25, 1925
Eva A. Thompson	Aztec, N. M.	Chief Operator	Agent	Oct. 16, 1925

#### UTAH

<b>Traffic Department—</b>				
Blenda Durus	Ephraim	Operator	Chief Opr.	Oct. 25, 1925
Elaine Bunker	Salt Lake	Operator	Supv.	Oct. 4, 1925
Gerdena A. Hammond	Salt Lake	Operator	Supv.	Oct. 11, 1925
Florence Porter	Salt Lake	Toll Operator	Toll Supv.	Oct. 11, 1925

# Recent Instances of Regulation

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

By Milton Smith, General Counsel

*State statute attempting to give supreme court of Colorado appellate jurisdiction over orders of commission held to be void to that extent.*

The Supreme Court of Colorado in Clark et al. v. The Denver & Interurban Railroad Company rendered a decision of utmost importance to public utilities operating in the state. The statute creating the Public Utilities Commission, granting its powers and prescribing its procedure, provided that the Supreme Court of the state should entertain and decide appeals from the orders of the commission. At the same time the statute forbade the district courts from entertaining and deciding appeals from any of the orders of the commission. The Supreme Court in the instant case decided that the statute, insofar as it attempted to confer upon the Supreme Court appellate jurisdiction over orders of the commission, was void and of no effect because contrary to the constitution of the state.

Many lawyers of the Colorado bar have construed this decision to mean the virtual overthrow of the Public Utilities Commission. It is elementary that any legislation which creates a public utilities commission and grants such commission power to hear and decide matters relating to utilities must provide some method for the review of that decision by a judicial tribunal, otherwise the whole act creating the commission and grant-

ing its powers must fall. So, applying this principle, these lawyers conclude that the Colorado commission is without legal basis and can no longer function.

On the other hand, there are many other lawyers of the local bar who, while agreeing with the decision in the instant case, point out that that part of the same statute which attempts to deny jurisdiction to the district courts to hear and determine matters that have been before the commission is also void because it is contrary to the constitutional provision giving general jurisdiction to the district courts. Consequently they conclude that the commission may continue legally to function since a review of its decisions may

be had originally in the district courts and ultimately in the Supreme Court by way of appeal from the district courts.

*American Company held not to be infringing on radio patents.*

The Supreme Court in Squier v. American Telephone and Telegraph Company held that the plaintiff was not entitled to a recovery for the alleged infringement of certain wired-wireless patents. The patents had been taken out by the plaintiff under acts which gave the invention to the public. The court also held that the plaintiff had dedicated the patents to the public by his own conduct and was barred by his own acts and words from recovery for the alleged infringement.

meet her just as the home wrecking taxi driver was pulling away from having deposited Bobbin's repentant wife on her own doorstep. Offending Dad a ride, he soon learned of Deal's homecoming and eager to pile up a little kindness against the blot on his own record, he had insisted upon making the round trip, gratis.

"Professor and the kiddies will be in late this afternoon," explained Delia, "they stopped off in Colorado Springs for a few hours with Joe's parents—you know they live there now."

"Professor—? —professor who?" ventured Bess.

"Professor Chauvenet, the former Joe Chauven—barber—now the far-famed French hair specialist, caterer to Gotham's most fashionable set, appointments made weeks in advance," announced Delia, drawing herself up with an air of hauteur, which melted into a rippling laugh as she added, "the craze for bobbed hair, an 'et' tacked onto our name, a few shrugs of the shoulders and presto—the poor struggling barber gave place to one of the most sought after personages in New York. We have a marvellous home, two of the darlinest boys and we've come all this way to take Dad back with us—we need him. Joe needs a good bookkeeper to work mornings only, the boys need him in the afternoons and I need him—O, Dad dear, I've never ceased needing you," as she flung herself into her father's arms and hugged him as of old.

A step on the porch, a lad with a package of home made sweets from Miss Witherspoon and a note on pink scented paper apologizing for the last minute regret and explaining as

modestly as a school girl, that she had slipped away on a quiet little honeymoon with the one-eyed grocer, whom she had married at noon.

This cut the personnel of the party down considerably, for of course, the Bobbin's family reunion was confined to their own realm.

Professor Joe with the "Chauvenet" twins arrived in time for dinner and that pair of three-year olds—concentrated pep—together with the light that shone in the heavenly blue eyes of the little cripple girl added a finishing touch of joy to the occasion.

As they arose from the dinner table the vigorous ringing of the telephone caused Molly to give vent to another outburst in. "O, I hate the sound of a telephone bell—reminds me of work, and I've worked ever since I could walk."

Lifting the receiver from the hook, she uttered a laconic "Hello," and Bess noticed her sway slightly as she said huskily, "Where are you?" then in a voice filled with emotion, "Of course I'm glad John, if you hadn't come back for ten years, I'd still be waiting." She made no effort to hide the tears—tears of joy that welled in her eyes as she turned into the curtained hallway to await the arrival of John Davison.

A few minutes later, for he had telephoned from the drug store on the corner, when John stepped in to greet the family and to ask Dad Jenkinson if he could arrange to get along without Molly after New Year's Day, it was evident that in his three years' absence John, the lad, had filled out and stretched out into John, the man. A man well equipped for a splendid career just opening before him. He

## "A MARRY CHRISTMAS"

(Continued from page 13)

duty to make it merry for them, regardless of how we feel—besides I'd hate to have anyone know that Dad would—"

"Look, Bess, a yellow cab—someone's coming—" interrupted Molly, tip-toeing toward the front window.

"Wrong house," replied Bess disinterestedly.

"It's Dad, Bess, with a high-stepping thoroughbred, looking like a Paris fashion plate."

Bess reached her sister's side just as the door opened to admit Dad, his face wreathed in smiles at Molly's excited "DEAL" as the three sisters met in triangular embrace.

Poor old "Mr. Turk" was left to shift for himself while Dad and his girls all talked at once trying to ascertain and explain the how of the homecoming.

The story was soon patched together of how Deal had telephoned from the depot and how Dad had grabbed his hat and struck out to



## How Patches Brought Happiness

By May Johnson, Boise Traffic

AS the rushing car, filled with joyous speeders, passed on, Patches rose and painfully shook his shaggy head as if to awaken himself from semiconsciousness. Blood, dripping from freshly made wounds, left crimson blotches on the hard packed snow. It was Christmas Eve and Patches was alone, hurt and hopelessly lost. But Patches knew nothing of Christmas for he was only a little woolly dog, a pet within a stately home, whose mistress had placed him in the tonneau of the car when starting with her father to attend some Christmas festivities in a distant town. A bump in the road had brought Patches to this plight.

Many passed, all imbued with the yule-tide spirit, but none gave him a parting thought, for he was only a little dog and they had no time to spare. As darkness overtook him he deserted the highway for a less frequented byway, and after many painful steps found

shelter on the door step of a little tumbled down house. His whines and barks gained him admission to a poorly furnished room. A widowed mother and three small sons administered to his wounds and made a place for him to snooze behind the stove. Sonny, the youngest, "just knew" that Patches was his Christmas present, although Mother Murphy, with tears stealing from her eyes, had just told her sons that Santa could never find them now that dire necessity had compelled them to move to this little old house in such an out-of-way place. After Sonny slumbered in his tiny bed, Mother explained it all to the older boys who retired with heavy laden hearts. An extinguished light, a prayer broken by sobs, and then all was quiet. "Yes," Mrs. Murphy thought, long before she went to sleep, "we'll keep the little stray dog—it will be the baby's only gift." Unmindful of this tragedy, so common in the homes of the poor, Patches slept on, not knowing the

happiness that he would bring on the morrow, for he was only a little pet—a little woolly dog.

Christmas morning dawned with its merry jingle of bells and happy greetings. The bright sun made the fields a glistening sea of diamonds and the trees seem as if clothed in ermine robes. All of this brought little happiness to the heart of Mrs. Murphy. She would rather that this morning had not dawned at all. She was alone in the world with three small boys. There was scarcely enough to keep food and fuel in the little home.

The older boys had accepted her explanation of the night before like men, but she knew all about the lumps that come to the throats of children when so disappointed, but what about Sonny? He had to be told and it made her heart ache to even think about doing it. As she debated with herself, a knock came at the door and answering it she saw a stranger, accompanied by a little girl, who bestowed upon her friendly, but inquiring smiles.

"Have you seen anything of a little shaggy haired dog? He belongs to my little girl and we must have lost him out of the car near here last evening," asked the visitor. Before Mrs. Murphy could reply, the sound of that voice had aroused Patches and with a leap he answered for himself. My, what a reunion witnessed by the Murphy children. And Sonny, who had been told by the others that the dog was a present that had been brought him, could not understand why his pet would leave him.

The strangers were invited in to warm themselves and it was not until then that the little girl noticed the children and wished each of them a "Merry Christmas." At this greeting the smaller boy ran to his mother and burying his face in the folds of her skirt, sobbed: "Santa didn't come and we haven't a Christmas tree."

A little later all the Murphys stood in the door and waved goodbye as the car started on its journey homeward. Then the door closed and they found that even the dog was gone. Surely Christmas would mean little to them now.

That very same morning Mrs. Murphy again answered a knock at the door and there stood a man carrying a tree and loaded down with bundles and packages. It was the little girl's father, and it was his way of repaying the Murphys for their kindness to his daughter's little pet. Surely, he couldn't do it better after being told how little Sonny had cried at the mention of Christmas. Hardly waiting for an invitation, the man strode into the room with the question: "Where shall we put the tree, Mrs. Murphy?" Little Sonny danced with joy, and the three cried in unison: "A tree, a real Christmas tree! Is it ours?" "Sure," he replied, and began the real part of his mission, that of distributing

(Continued to next page)

had worked all day and studied at night and had recently been admitted to the bar and a partnership in one of the leading law firms in San Francisco where he and Molly would start the New Year together.

"How do you feel about the telephone, now, Moll?" ventured Bess sometime later when Molly and John were billing and cooing like turtle doves in a far corner of the room.

"I LOVE it—I love everything and everybody in the whole wide world, and Christmas—O isn't it glorious, just look what it's brought to us—why Bess, dear, we've all been born anew—from this day forth we all start on a new stretch of road paved with love and flanked with success and happiness."

At this point her enthusiasm gave way to a sudden realization that Bess—Bess, understudy to Mother, who had taken over the responsibilities of the entire family from the time Mother had passed away—Bess, the balance wheel and main prop of the household, whose heart throbbled with love and sympathy for the world's lonely and afflicted—whose unselfish thought had brought about the happiness of the entire day, was the only one not provided for.

"Bess, dear," and Molly's voice broke as she lifted her eyes to those of the stately Bess. "forgive us, Bess, we're such selfish brutes that in our own happiness we've forgotten about you—we can't and we won't break up the home and leave you—will we Dad?"

"Why, I hadn't forgotten Bessie," responded Dad. "I haven't told Delia I'll go—I haven't the slightest intention of it, Bess and I will stay right here and carry on, won't we Bessie?"

"Well, Dad," answered Bess hesitatingly, "if you really wish it—but—just a minute—

please," so saying she stepped to the telephone and a deadly silence settled over the little group as Bess said "Long Distance, please," and proceeded to place a call for Jack Harned in the traffic department of the telephone company, Salt Lake City.

"What's all this?" whispered Deal, as Molly shook her head and the atmosphere seemed charged with an electrifying spirit of anticipation.

Bess stood, face turned to the wall, one hand resting on the telephone and at the first click of the bell, her voice rang out as if in challenge to the musical notes of all the bells of the universe. "Hello, yes, this is she. Hello Jack, I just want to tell you not to take that letter you got today, seriously; I find after all that Dad doesn't need me, nor Moll—nor anyone, unless you still feel that you do?" Jack's reply was read in the radiance of Bess' smile as she looked over her shoulder and then flung back into the telephone, "New Year's Day, Jack—your not superstitious about double weddings, are you?"

"Bess!" gasped Deal. "You little crook—why didn't you tell us?" elided Moll, but Bess walked straight across the room into Dad Jenkinson's outstretched arms.

"Gee Bess," broke in Molly, "aren't you glad we've been buying that telephone stock—we can sell it and make a little flash at a trousseau, can't we—what d'ye 'spose Mr. Kauder will say at our not giving two weeks' notice?"

"Mr. Kauder's the only one who knew anything about my romance," answered Bess. "we've had two or three heart-to-heart talks lately—he'll just say "God bless you my children."

# So I Have Heard

By Bell & Deer

Toll Operator—"Are you Carlsbad?"  
Answering Voice—"No, I'm WH."

Operator—"This is Information."  
Subscriber—"Where can I borrow some money?"

Operator—"We have no such number as Main 9995-J."  
Subscriber—"Let it go—I'll look up another number."

Toll Operator, trying to verify the spelling of a not-very-clearly spoken name—"T as in Thomas?"  
Subscriber—"No, T as in table."

Operator—"There is no one on the line—will you excuse it, please?"  
Subscriber—"Well, Central, what did you ring off so quickly for? You might have known I was going to answer."

the presents that make little hearts glad to receive and big hearts swell when they give on such occasions.

And thus did the real Spirit of Christmas find entrance and envelop the Murphy home. All helped with the tree and when the packages were distributed, my what a wonderful occasion it was, something for each eager little hand. Tears dimmed the eyes of that kindly gentleman, whose little daughter had found the very place for dad to do the things he really loved to do on Christmas morning. It was like him to give, to help and to make such folks happy, for his was the real "Christmas Spirit."

A Mr. Pfeil had placed a call, but the association of ideas caused the operator to make the announcement—"Ready with your call, Mr. Nail-er-er-Mr. Pfeil."

"Lo . . . shoo Maze?"  
"Whoozit?"  
"Canchu guess?"  
"S Eddie, Ain't U?"  
"Tryin' t' show me a good time, s'George."  
"Ooh, sgwage! 'Lo hun, haryou?"  
"Feelin' like cat's pajamas. How's ev'ry lil thing?"  
"S Fine as frog's hair—etc., etc."

But we forgot to mention before we started this that George and Maze always cuss out the telephone operator because she doesn't understand the number sometimes and makes them repeat it.

Johnny (excitedly): "Ma, I just seen—"  
Mother (reprovingly): "Johnny! Where's your grammar?"

Johnny: "I was jus' tryin' t' tell ya. She's down t' the barber's, gettin' her hair bobbed."  
—Pelican.

Billie: "Pa sent me for a piece of rope like this."  
Oilshop Dealer: "How much does he want?"

"Just enough to reach from the goat to the fence."—Answers.

Salesman (demonstrating car to farmer): "Now I'll throw in the clutch."

Farmer: "All right, I'll take it. I knew I would get something for nothing if I waited long enough."

## White Christmas Trees

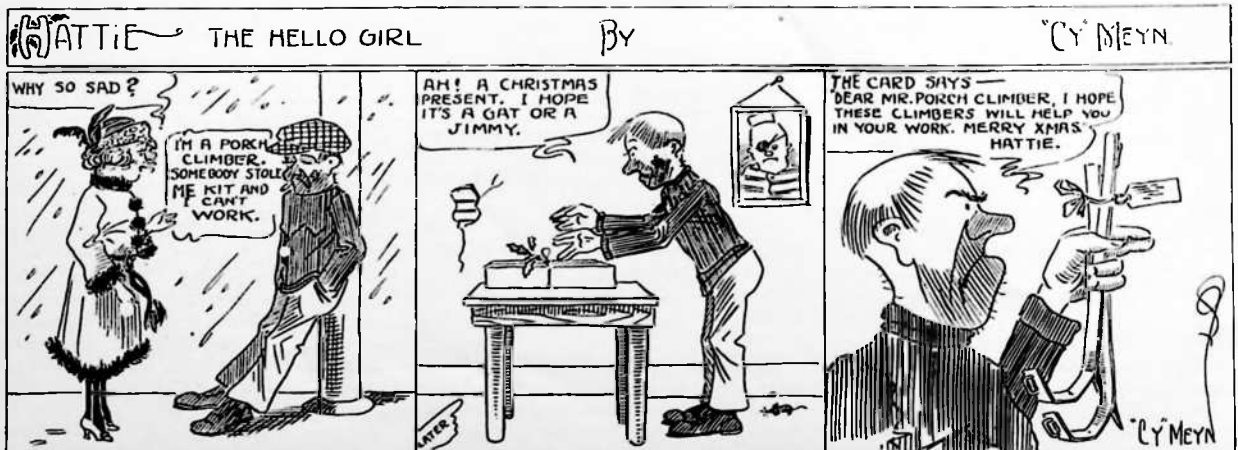
To prepare white Christmas trees take branches of evergreen of desired size and dip in thick starch to which a small box of borax has been added and while trees are still damp sprinkle each with artificial snow. The trees when dry may be placed in pots or baskets and the top of earth covered with moss. A larger tree may be made to glitter with artificial snow by sprinkling it on while the branches are moistened with glue. Tufts of cotton and glass icicles may be used for trimming.

## Coconut Balls

Into a saucepan put three cupfuls of granulated sugar, add two cupfuls cold water and boil until sugar spins thread from tip of fork dipped into it. Into this sirup stir a good-sized coconut, grated—the prepared dry coconut does not answer the purpose quite as well—take saucepan at once from fire and turn contents into bowl or set saucepan where candy will cool quickly. When cool enough to handle make into balls with the fingers, roll in powdered sugar and wrap in waxed paper.

## Maple Popcorn Balls

Pop three quarts of corn and discard hard kernels. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one cupful of maple sirup and one-half cupful of sugar. Bring to boiling point and let boil until mixture will become brittle when tried in cold water. Pour mixture gradually, stirring all the while, over corn which has been sprinkled with salt. Shape into balls, using very little pressure.



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## Who owns the telephone?

**F**OR seven carefree years young John Graves worked in the car shops at Orenville, spending his dollars as fast as he earned them. Soon after his promotion to foreman, he was married and moved to a little white house on Orchard Avenue. Life was happier than ever, but spare dollars were not more plentiful, especially after a third member was added to the family.

Then came a day when the plant superintendent showed John the wisdom of saving a part of his earnings, for the satisfaction it would bring, and for protection against emergencies and old age. He and his young wife, for the first time,

learned the difficult art of economy, and finally they came to know the joys of saving and of safe investment.

Today John Graves, and many thousands like him, own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This company is owned by more people than any other, and the great majority of its owners—laborers, clerks, housewives, business men and others—have bought it with their savings. As its business has grown, the number of its shareholders has increased until now one out of every 45 telephone subscribers is also a stockholder.

## Bell System

One Policy - One System  
Universal Service



And All Directed Toward  
Better Service

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.