

The MONITOR



Beulah Black

Twenty Years of Service

I'm not so old that I'm ashamed
To tell my age to you,
For we are judged, I've heard it said,
By what we think and do:
Some grow old because their minds
Are fixed on sordid things,
While others take no count of years—
Each one its tribute brings.

THE other day my ever-present friend, Time,
came along and reminded me that I am
twenty years old and it is time for me to
move the hand up another notch on the dial.
Then I looked all about me and beheld the
emblem of twenty years of service, and I
know Time is right. If I have pleased you in
the past my mission has not been in vain, and
with this issue I bear to all the usual full
measure of good wishes.

—THE MONITOR.



My Memory Chest

By The Monitor

TWENTY YEARS! No, not so long, as you look at it through the mental vision of a busy mind. But, if the time has been spent in idle hours, heavily laden with discontent and resentment, then twenty years spell a long, long time.

To me, the past twenty years have been comparatively short. To be sure, there have been times when grief and sorrows—hardships and grave problems confronted my beloved Company—times when sledging was hard and the sun didn't always shine so brightly, but—ah, well, that is human nature, I guess, and sometimes I wonder if I am not human, after all—I am so full of human sentiment, human expressions, human burdens, human joys.

And, today is my twentieth birthday, and I heard the editor say he was going to put a new head on me. For awhile I wondered just what he meant. I heard the expression before, and it didn't sound so good to me. I didn't want to be decapitated. Once I heard a fellow say, "I'll knock your block off," and then I saw him try to behead another fellow who had been his old-time friend. My, my, but we humans are funny, aren't we? But now I know what the editor meant about putting a new head on me. He was talking about the new Artcraft Italic letters used at the head of the many articles I carry. I guess he meant "headgear" instead of a new head.

Many things have happened since I was

born. Great men have come upon the stage of human life. They have swayed public opinion, then passed away. Some left beautiful recollections and monuments in the hearts of the people that shall stand for all time. Rivers have changed their course; mountains have moved from their base; the earth has trembled; new worlds have come into view; maps of nations have changed; monarchies have fallen; the sound of voice has been broadcast upon the ethereal waves in audible transmission; the very air itself has been conquered and harnessed into a conveyance of transportation, and now—now, on my birthday, the much-sought and mystic North Pole is no longer secure from human eyes.

One cannot think of the past twenty years without marvelling at the wonderful achievements of Time. Isn't it glorious to have lived during this age of accomplishments! If there be no further developments, no new inventions, no unveiling of the hidden resources of the inventive mind, nor outpouring of new and latent products of the earth, there is already enough to cause us all to say, "Praise the Lord, we have not lived in ignorance, nor have we been deprived of things to make us happy and comfortable."

Fifty years ago the telephone came from the efforts of a fertile and inventive mind. Each year it was improved upon—each year it became of greater importance to human beings

than before. Today it is indispensable, and within the past twenty years of my life I have seen marvelous changes in its usefulness. Time—time—time—moves on and on—always striving for a higher goal.

As I sit beside my Memory Chest tonight, and rummage among the things folded and laid away, there comes to me a recurrence of more events than my mind can comprehend—some beautiful, some full of sorrow—and all of these I have told about as time rolled on. Dear ones have laid down the burdens of life; others have grown from babyhood to take up the duties of home; joys and sorrows have come in their turn; great wars have played upon the face of the earth and took their toll. Ah, well, why sit here and dream of the past!

Tomorrow I shall be stepping out upon the advent of a new era, and I shall hail the dawn of each day as the beginning of a new year. The world is at peace—at least so with our blessed United States. The nation is prosperous. Men and women, just a bit flushed with the vim of an advanced and advancing age, realize that the time of plenty and prosperity is upon us—but they also realize that he who garners the golden grain while it is yet yielding is wise and prudent.

To you whom I have visited time and time again I extend my full measure of good cheer. If I have pleased you my mission has not been in vain. I am your MONITOR—your friend.



Mr. A. U. Mayfield, Editor,
THE MONITOR.
Dear Mr. Mayfield:

A MEMORANDUM informs me that this is THE MONITOR's twentieth-year birthday, and I hasten to congratulate yourself and other members of THE MONITOR staff, including the members of its staff at each state headquarters, for the continuing success and popularity of the magazine among the employees.

I am pleased to note that its pages are mostly a story of the employees and their activities, and to know how eagerly each issue is sought after.

THE MONITOR is and should be a compendium of events in the life of the employee body, and a review of its past pages unfolds a wonderful story of loyalty and achievement. In those pages, too, we read of those who were once active with us in the day's work, whose smiles we knew so well, but who have been called to that Great Beyond.

May the magazine, under the guidance of its editorial staff, always breathe a spirit of upright, wholesome editorials and continue to be a record of a happy, contented organization.

Yours sincerely,

F. H. REID,
President.

To the MONITOR and Staff:

IT IS A pleasant privilege to congratulate THE MONITOR on twenty years of valuable service to employees of the Mountain States Company. Two decades mean that two hundred and forty issues of the magazines have been published. In another year it will be a telephone pioneer.

In June, 1906, when the Transmitter, predecessor of THE MONITOR, made its modest bow, we at once liked it and hoped that it might stay on with us. Mr. Greenawalt gave it a good start and still has a hand in its destiny. It was a little eight-page affair, the paper of inexpensive quality and the cuts matched the

The Monitor is Congratulated

paper. The Colorado Telephone Company served only the State of Colorado and a part of New Mexico at that time and it was necessary, as the saying goes, to cut our garment according to our cloth, so the expense of the little Transmitter was in keeping with the business of the company. But we welcomed the infant; it filled a place in the family, and we have nourished and fostered it until it has grown during its twenty years to the large and handsome publication it is today.

Mr. A. U. Mayfield, as editor, is responsible for the makeup of THE MONITOR, which is at all times attractive. The covers receive many compliments wherever the magazine goes.

The little publication of twenty years ago was not born with a silver spoon in its mouth, but it has made good; it has filled its niche in our scheme of things. It has been and continues to be a benefit to us all, and by the same token is a benefit to our company.

E. M. BURGESS,

Vice-President Mt. St. Tel. & Tel. Co.



Mr. A. U. Mayfield, Editor,
THE MONITOR.
Dear Mr. Mayfield:

THE coming MONITOR should be a birthday number—the twentieth birthday.

May I offer my congratulations and best wishes to yourself and all other members of the staff who have made the magazine so popular?



I have heard you say that you have matter enough to fill hundreds of pages and that your problem was the discarding of so much excellent material because of lack of space. I am not surprised, because why should not the life and achievements of such a wide-awake, on-the-job organization fill tons of MONITORS?

Get another pair of scissors and good luck to you, for we shall make your tomorrow busier than ever.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERTCK REID,
Vice-President and General Auditor.

To THE MONITOR:

WHILE thinking of the fiftieth anniversary of the telephone my thoughts drifted to the anniversary of the most excellent means of cementing the interests in the telephone institution of those whose activities are scattered over such a large territory. I refer to the anniversary of "The



Transmitter," now THE MONITOR, whose birthday occurs in June.

The Company magazine was born of necessity—to give voice to the thoughts and ideas and happenings of the day of general interest to all employees. That it has filled such a requirement most excellently is demonstrated by its growing popularity.

It may be of interest to the editor to know that on my numerous trips throughout our territory I hear on every hand words of praise for THE MONITOR. There seems to be that fine spirit which indicates that everyone feels that it is really the Company magazine—their magazine.

I pause long enough to extend my personal congratulations to THE MONITOR on this its twentieth birthday and to acknowledge the fine work which it has accomplished during the past. Our business is growing, our responsibilities are increasing, and I am confident that THE MONITOR will rise to greater accomplishments as the field expands before it.

Sincerely yours,

R. M. MORRIS,
General Commercial Manager.

Mr. A. U. Mayfield, Editor,
"THE MONITOR,"
Dear "Rips":



I SUPPOSE you often wonder whether or not THE MONITOR is really appreciated by the people of our own organization. Readers outside the organization, particularly the press, are constantly expressing their admiration of THE MONITOR.

I know we all look forward to THE MONITOR every month; invariably find it full of interesting news of telephone people and events, valuable educational and historical articles concerning the industry which we have chosen to make our life's work, and inspiring editorials which stimulate our ambitions and strengthen our ideals. But I think we have come to take THE MONITOR as a matter of course, a good deal like our customers do our service, not consciously recognizing how essential it is until something unusual happens or something goes wrong. Then realization comes of how valuable and dependable it is. I dare say if one issue were to be suspended, you would immediately find out what our people think of THE MONITOR.

I assure you we all prize THE MONITOR, even though we may not often tell you so. For my part, however, I do not wish to allow this twentieth anniversary year to go by without expressing my own personal appreciation and extending to you and the staff congratulations and best wishes for continued success.

C. C. JOHNSON,
General Commercial Engineer.

Editor MONITOR:



ON THIS the twentieth anniversary of THE MONITOR we of Arizona extend hearty congratulations, and as the editors used to say, "may its shadow never grow less." Surely the magazine has ingratiated itself into the confidence and respect of every employee until it seems almost indispensable. Benefits, educational and inspirational, come from its pages, and the close association it fosters and sustains between the employees of our far-flung territory is invaluable.

We are justly proud of our MONITOR. May its usefulness continue and increase during the coming years is the wish of the Arizona organization.

Yours sincerely,

H. D. McVAY,
Arizona Manager.

Mr. A. U. Mayfield, Editor,
THE MOUNTAIN STATES MONITOR,
Denver, Colorado.
My dear "Rips":

THE twentieth birthday of THE MONITOR is a fitting occasion for sincere congratulations and best wishes.

It is a fine paper, and it has done much to tie the Mountain States family together.

It is always interesting in picture and story, and I could make a long list of the friends whose contributions and unselfishness have been so helpful and who have made THE MONITOR what it is.

THE MONITOR staff may well be proud of their record, and I am sure that their vision looks forward to the greater possibilities that lie in the years ahead.

Sincerely yours,

J. E. MACDONALD,
Secretary and Treasurer.

INASMUCH as this is the year in which we have been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the telephone, it is also fitting that we take recognition of the fact that this is the twentieth anniversary of THE MONITOR.

On behalf of our people in Montana we wish to express our appreciation and congratulations to Mr. J. F. Greenawalt and Mr.



A. U. Mayfield and staff on their success in creating an employee magazine which is second to none. We have always felt from the time of its inception that it has been of, by and for the employees, in every sense of the word. We take pride not only in the fine appearance of THE MONITOR and the items of human interest but also feel that it is an assembly hall wherein once each month we may all come together to visit and become better acquainted with each other.

Many Montana telephone people have carefully saved issues of THE MONITOR over a period of many years, as the articles on our natural resources, public utilities, etc., constitute a historical record which gives a picture of the progress that had been made, no small part of which has been made possible by the corresponding development in our telephone business.

J. N. WHITTINGHILL,
Montana State Manager.

The Monitor



SINCE my employment with the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company I have always been interested in its official publication, THE MONITOR. There comes to my desk the publication of all the associate companies of the

American Telephone and Telegraph Company, but I think THE MONITOR is one of the best of these publications. I think we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Greenawalt, who has guided the destinies of this publication for so many years.

I do not believe there is a magazine published that carries a finer frontispiece than THE MONITOR. These pictures alone are a source of inspiration to anyone who loves nature. To Mr. Mayfield, editor, we are indebted for the fine appearance and news value of THE MONITOR.

H. R. RISLEY,
Idaho Manager.

Editor MONITOR:

IT IS HARD to realize that twenty years have passed since Jack Greenawalt first issued "The Transmitter." At that time we thought "The Transmitter" was some magazine—and it was. Through the pages of "The Transmitter" we began to get better acquainted with ourselves and the Canadian border was brought closer to the Mexican border.

The success of "The Transmitter" was undoubted and as its influence expanded its

(Continued to next page)



name was changed to THE MONITOR, meaning friendly adviser. That is just what we find THE MONITOR. Each month it comes to us full of counsel and information regarding the various activities of our company, news of the doings of our fellow workers, articles on the technical features of the telephone art and articles describing the beauties of our wonderful mountain country. The make-up of THE MONITOR is a delight and credit to the printer's art.

I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of THE MONITOR and of extending congratulations to Mr. Mayfield, its editor, and to the staff for the high-class magazine that represents our Mountain States Company.

C. E. STRATTON,
El Paso-New Mexico Manager.

Mr. A. U. Mayfield, Editor,
THE MONITOR,
Denver, Colorado.
Dear Mr. Mayfield:

I wish to congratulate THE MONITOR and its able staff on all of its achievements on its twentieth anniversary. While traveling through our territory, from the many comments made to me I know it is appreciated immensely by all of our employees, and everywhere each issue is eagerly looked forward to.

With best wishes for even more success in the future, I am,

Yours sincerely,
H. E. McAFEE,
Vice-President.

Mr. A. U. Mayfield,
Editor of MONITOR,
My dear Mr. Mayfield:



INASMUCH as the June MONITOR will be the twentieth anniversary of THE MONITOR, I think it most fitting at this time, on account of our celebrating generally the fiftieth anniversary of the telephone, to make a few comments relative to the worth of THE MONITOR as a medium of bringing the telephone family to a greater knowledge of the industry as a whole and in more immediate contact with each other.

The general feeling of all of our employees throughout the State of Utah is that THE MONITOR is the most interesting and valuable periodical which they receive during the month. I think that those who have been responsible for the make-up of THE MONITOR

should be most heartily congratulated, particularly our old friend Mr. Greenawalt and our newer friend Mr. Mayfield.

Upon this occasion I desire to express the heartiest of seasons' greetings, and my wish is that THE MONITOR will be able to be piloted by as able management in the future as it has been in the past and that its pages will be as interesting and instructive to future readers as they are to the employees of the company at the present time.

With kindest personal regards, I wish to remain

Very truly yours,
ORSON JOHN HYDE,
Utah Manager.

THE MONITOR, like the rest of us, has its birthdays, and now in thinking back over the past, as an old pioneer will sometimes do, this June will be THE MONITOR's twentieth birthday. However, THE MONITOR has changed its name, for at the start it was called "The Transmitter," and Jack Geenawalt, publicity manager, was then a young sheik, and, while he wore glasses with the shoe-string attachment, he had no use for a cane and was a regular cloak model, perfect 36, and in thinking back (excuse me, Jack, for the years) I recall that he was to



be at one of our telephone banquets and the master of the ceremonies of the evening announced that unfortunately Jack was called out of town. Our hearts all went into our shoes, for at such an occasion without Jack our evening was seemingly spoiled. A small ice cream cart, used in those days for peddling dainties, was pushed into the room at the opportune time, and out jumped Jack. Today he could not get into that cart any more than could Moorhead. Mayfield might with some crowding—but enough of this kidding stuff.

Our MONITOR is a part of our life; we all look forward to it each month anxiously to see just what the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company is doing. It brings us joy when we read the advancement made by some young cub who only a short time previously was messenger boy. We meet new friends and old ones, far separated by the large territory we cover, as this is the only means we have of keeping up family ties. It makes us a family very happy and we are proud of our MONITOR, for it has surely grown from an awkward kid into a strapping good fellow of twenty. Then there are also times when it makes one feel sad and drop a few tears when we scan the pages and run across the sad news that someone of the telephone family has passed to the other side of the Great Divide; but this a part of life, sunshine and rain, and it is all so very interesting.

C. L. TRUS, Wyoming Manager.

The New A. T. & T. Stock Issue

A new issue of common stock amounting to \$154,000,000 was authorized by the board of directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company on May 19, 1926. All stockholders of record at the close of business on June 8 will have the right to subscribe for new stock at par, in the ratio of one new share for each six shares then held.

On June 14 the American company will mail to each stockholder a "warrant" for as many rights as he is entitled to. Thus a stockholder who owned four shares of stock will receive a warrant for four rights. This stockholder may either buy two more rights to make his total six, and use them to subscribe for one share of new stock at par, or he may sell his four rights, which will be worth approximately \$6 a share.

Stock may either be paid for in full on August 2 or by installments. The first installment of \$20 will be due August 2; the second of \$40 on December 1, and the third of \$40 on April 1. Under the installment plan interest will be allowed on installments at the rate of 6 per cent to April 1. Under the cash plan an adjustment will be made in the cost which will make the income from dividends

equal to 6 per cent until April, thus placing the cash plan on an equal basis with the installment plan.

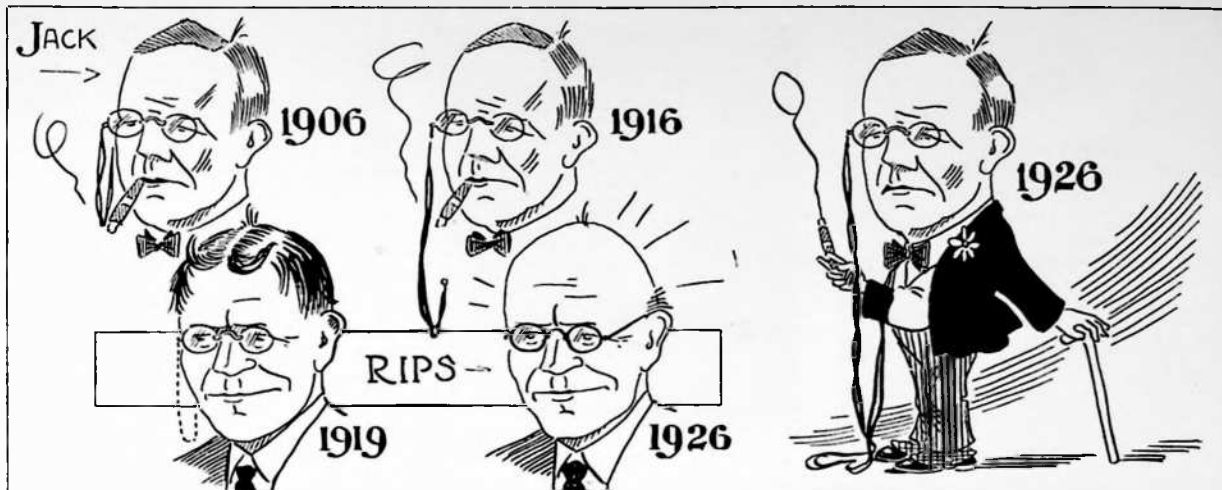
In order to assist our present stockholders and other investors as much as possible, facilities have been set up by the commercial department for the buying and selling of "rights." Facilities will be provided for the filing of subscriptions for new stock.

Rights are worth money. When you get your warrant do not tear it up and throw it away, as many stockholders did in the 1924 issue.

Rights expire August 2, 1926. After that date all warrants unused will be void and worthless. As employees, we should pass this information on to everyone with whom we discuss the rights issue, in order that everyone may take whatever action he desires at his earliest convenience.

1876—A—1926

At Bountiful, Utah, our company has made improvements by which a number of pole lines have been removed from the streets. New cable has been strung on Main Street, running west to the Bamberger tracks.



The Longer the String the Shorter the Hair

In the year of Nineteen-hundred-six
 When Jack was young and strong,
 He wore a ribbon on his specs
 About nine inches long—
 'Twas then he labored hard all day—
 For Jack is sure no quitter—
 And in his wisdom he brought forth
 The Mountain States Transmitter.

In Nineteen-sixteen, ten years more
 Had shuffled off the coil,
 And Jack's shoestring it seems would grow
 As year by year he'd toil.
 And in that year he changed the name
 Of this here publication,
 And now it's known as MONITOR
 In almost every nation.

And now in Nineteen-twenty-six
 His grief would seem most o'er,
 But still his ribbon grows and grows
 Until it sweeps the floor;
 And thus the thread of memory runs
 Back through the changing years,
 But who would chide him for his pride
 That's born of joy and tears.

NEWS FROM MONTANA

J. F. Leonard, Montana traffic superintendent, has been transferred to Phoenix, Arizona, as traffic superintendent. Mr. Leonard has been with the Mountain States Company since 1913, at which time he was assistant traffic superintendent at Salt Lake City. In 1915 he was transferred to Ogden as district traffic chief. In 1919 he was transferred back to Salt Lake, holding the same position, where he remained until January 31, 1923, at which time he was transferred to Montana as state traffic superintendent. We certainly hated to lose Mr. Leonard, and he is greatly missed by his many friends and business associates, but our loss is Arizona's gain. W. C. Fallon, former Arizona traffic superintendent, is taking Mr. Leonard's place as Montana traffic superintendent. Welcome to Montana, Mr. Fallon, and we hope you'll like our state.

Harold C. White and C. F. Seymour of the state plant department have returned from Denver, where they have been attending the transmission and protection school.

Joe Sonntag of the mailing department and Joe Jungers of the accounting department, Helena, are working with a construction gang for the summer months.

On May 1, 1926, C. H. Wenzel of Butte rounded out thirty years of service in the plant department of the Bell System and retired

on a pension. At an informal gathering of the plant employees at the Butte exchange on the afternoon of April 28 Mr. Wenzel was presented with a thirty-year service pin and at the same time was given a handsome gold watch and chain, the purchase of which had been made possible by small contributions from "Hank's" host of friends throughout the state. On Saturday night, May 1, a reception was given in honor of Mr. Wenzel at the residence of James M. Dubel, which was largely attended by the male employees from all departments at Butte. Mr. Wenzel is well known throughout our territory, and the best wishes of all are extended to him, and he is to be congratulated upon receiving his well-earned rest from thirty years of continuous and active employment. It is his intention for the present to reside with his mother at Glencoe, Minnesota.

1876——1926

The voice with a smile belongs not only to a good telephone operator, but also to the fellow who provides for himself financial protection for those unforeseen happenings that bob up to worry one, and for the days that will not and cannot be avoided or evaded when age creeps on. Such a man or woman can laugh, even though the world does not laugh with them.

And here is "Rips," who came along
 Some seven years ago—
 He had some hair upon his head—
 A small chain on his bow;
 He took the burden gently up
 As editor one day,
 And soon his chain had lost its hold—
 His hair grew thin and gray.

He did his best to keep the pace
 That Jack had surely set,
 And though his hair has dyed and died,
 Dear "Rips" is at it yet;
 And now when sweet Miss MONITOR
 Has reached her twenty years,
 He rubs his smooth and shiny pate
 And smiles through joy's tears:

"I'm happy that I've had a part,
 For seven years or so,
 In making this dear MONITOR
 Just grow, and grow, and grow;
 But like the babe in mother's arms,
 The early training stands,
 And all I've done was take the load
 From off its daddy's hands."

And thus the string on Greenawalt's ear
 Has grown like friendship true,
 While Mayfield's dome has lost its fuzz
 Because he worked some, too.

CY MEYN.
 1876——1926

There was once a solemn old deacon,
 On temperance he always was speakin',
 Till the freight agent wrote
 This short little note:
 "Get this package of 'books,' fer they're
 leakin'."

This is the first photograph of the heroic telephone operator ever published. Below shows the dedication ceremonies



Sarah J. Rooke, telephone operator, to whose memory a monument of granite is erected by her co-workers



Sally Rooke Monument Unveiled

By Betty Devine

IF IT BE true that those who have gone through that last great adventure—death—are separated from us only by a thin veil of mystery, see and know what we of this world are doing, then I'm sure that Sally Rooke was smiling Saturday, May 15.

I'm sure she must have felt a thrill of pride and gratification that after eighteen years—for it is nearly that since she perished in the flood waters of the Dry Cimarron while sitting at her telephone switchboard warning and pleading with others to take heed and save themselves—such a beautiful demonstration of love, remembrance and appreciation of her and her heroism was manifest at the unveiling of the monument erected in her honor, that day, at Folsom, New Mexico.

Sally Rooke came to Folsom from Preston,

a small town in Jackson County, Iowa, only about three years before her tragic death. She came, ostensibly, to visit a friend, but became so enamored of the country and its glorious climate that she decided to remain permanently and took up a homestead adjoining that of her friend. Soon after this she was offered the position of telephone operator at the little exchange in Folsom, operated by the Des Moines Telephone Company. Sixty-five years had already passed over her head, and that some of them had not sat altogether lightly was evidenced by lines of suffering and character in her splendid face.

Large hazel eyes were like wells that hid all that had gone before, and her snow-white hair and shoulders, slightly stooped from a curvature of the spine, also suggested that life for her had not always been along path-

ways strewn with roses, but those who suspected this never in the three years of her life in the little community had any tangible proof that it was true. Life for Sally Rooke seemed to have begun with her coming to Folsom. There never was the slightest reference to what had happened in the years before. Nor did she ever speak of former friends or relatives. It was as if she had definitely put the past behind her. It is rather unusual for one at the age of sixty-five to pull up stakes, break old ties and start out to take root in a new country, make new friends and go in for new experiences. But Sally Rooke was not a "usual" person. Her tremendous sacrifice, her unselfishness and thought for others in the face of certain death proved that.

If in her past life she had met with some



Threasa McNaughton, left, and Helen Harvey, unveiling the Sally Rooke monument at Folsom, New Mexico

bitter disappointment; if she nursed a grief, it was buried deep in her own breast. Never did she in any way refer to it, nor had she permitted bitterness to creep into her heart or spirit. She was kindly disposed toward all, friendly, interested in those about her, but maintained always a wall of reserve which barred familiarity even from those with whom she was most closely associated.

When she was carried away by the waters her belongings and everything which might have had any bearing on her earlier life went with her, and so it was that when her body was found, seven months after the flood, there was none to claim it, lay it tenderly away and place a stone to perpetuate the memory of one who, like the Nazarene, had died that others might live.

After vain efforts of her Folsom friends to locate relatives, the Masons took charge of the burial, someone having learned that at one time she belonged to the Eastern Star.

The Spirit of Service is traditional with telephone folks the world over, and when the story of Sally Rooke's tragic, heroic death and her unmarked grave was printed in THE MON-

ITOR in July, 1925, with merely a suggestion that those of her own calling, her co-workers throughout the Mountain States Company, might like to come in for a dime apiece to erect a monument to one who had so gloriously exemplified the spirit of service to mankind, the response was immediate and splendid.

One department after another in various exchanges in several states to which THE MONITOR finds its way came in with 100 per cent contributions. Operators occupying similar positions in small, out-of-the-way towns wrote in and asked to be permitted to do their bit. From New York came other offerings, everyone eager to have a part in purchasing the huge round mound of granite bearing a tablet of bronze inscribed to the memory of Sarah J. Rooke.

The pity is that all who contributed to this monument could not have witnessed its unveiling and have seen the last impressive



Dr. I. J. Morgan, who made address at monument

chapter written into the life of Sally Rooke.

And if she was watching, these are some of the things she saw:

Friends and neighbors in the little town of Folsom setting about their tasks a bit earlier on the morning of Saturday, May 15., that they might be ready to join in the ceremonies in her memory that afternoon.

A committee composed of her old friends, Dr. and Mrs. I. J. Morgan, and ex-Mayor Mrs. Jennie Milliken met the morning train and welcomed a group of her fellow-workers from the Mountain States T. & T. Company, including J. E. Macdonald, secretary and treasurer; John F. Greenawalt, publicity manager; A. J. Johnson, official photographer,



W. R. Guyer, master of ceremonies





Mr. J. E. Macdonald delivering an address at the grave of Sally Rooke

and myself, who had come down from Denver for the unveiling of the monument, bearing a tribute from the 4,334 co-workers who had subscribed to it.

Small groups of townspeople and those who had driven in from the country gathered together in earnest conversation in front of the hotel, while others milled in and out, shaking hands and reminiscing, each anxious to tell his or her story of how Sally Rooke had saved them or some member of their family and of how many of the seventeen lives lost might have been saved had they but heeded her earnest warning.

If she could hear, she heard them tell of the horrors of that fatal night; of the rain which started late in the afternoon; of a cloudburst up the Dry Cimarron which washed driftwood and other debris down where it caught against the timbering of the railroad trestle, forming a dam which held until a



Mrs. Mary Young, present operator at Folsom

gigantic wall of water finally broke through, tearing and carrying practically everything in its path; how the storm waxed more and more furious, with terrific flashes of lightning and thunder that crashed and rolled to drown out the roar of the surging torrent.

The first call of warning was telephoned in by Mrs. Ben Owen from eight miles above, and in the two hours before it reached its height in Folsom, Sally Rooke, alone at her switchboard, worked furiously, calling and calling one after another of her subscribers, warning and begging them to save themselves. But Folsom had never had a serious flood and it was hard to realize the danger.

And then through the inky darkness flashes of lightning revealed houses being swiftly carried along amid shrieks and cries for help, while in the blackness between flashes lanterns were seen moving from porches and windows in frantic effort to call someone to the rescue. These poor souls were dashed to pieces against the rocks when they reached the narrows a mile below.

With no thought for herself but only to save others, Sally Rooke kept on in the cause of Service, calling young Brown, telegraph operator at the depot and getting him in on a three-cornered conversation with her and his mother whom she was begging to get out of her home before it was too late. A terrific flash of lightning, a crash—the voices ceased. A few hours later, when the storm had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Brown (then Mrs. McLon), mother of the boy at the depot, stepped falteringly out on her porch (for the house of stone had withstood the flood), and holding high a lantern began signalling toward the depot. A moment later the signal was returned and mother and son knew that each was safe—but Sally Rooke—was GONE.

And eighteen years later, that May afternoon, she probably saw a cortege of automo-

biles drive through the village streets and wind its way out to the cemetery, high on a mesa overlooking the little city. She saw them stop at the gate and noted with what reverence that gathering of friends from far and near threaded their way through a carpet of wild flowers to the plot of ground which held all that was mortal of Sally Rooke.

She saw little Theresa MacNaughton, granddaughter of Mrs. Brown, with whom she had been talking when so ruthlessly torn away, and Helen Harvey, daughter of Elbert Harvey and granddaughter of Dan Harvey, who had found her body on the Johns ranch seven months after the flood, walk up and take their places beside the monument in readiness to unveil it at the appointed time.

And there were Mr. and Mrs. John Rankin from Johnson's Mesa, those dear friends who had so often brought their lunch in to eat with her and have a little chat; J. E. Cox, whom the flood had robbed of nine close relatives; Guy Morrow, who had escaped only through good headwork and quick action in climbing to the loft of the livery barn in which he was trapped by the deluge, and later, when he felt the barn shifting and slipping along with the waters, by clutching the rafters, pulling himself up and kicking a hole in the tin roof, through which he crawled, and taking quick survey grasped an opportunity to jump from it onto the roof of a building it had jammed against and in which he knew tons of coal and feed to be stored. The weight held this building and saved him from death in the flood waters.

As master of ceremonies there was William Guyer, brother of Mrs. H. C. Thompson, who



Left, Mrs. I. J. Morgan, and Mrs. Jennie Miliken, former mayor of Folsom, New Mexico

on that fateful night when the waters had rushed into the home of her father, George Guyer, where she was visiting, had courageously gathered her children about her on the bed and amid the fury of the storm had reached out in the darkness and running her fingers over the keys of the piano had played and sung to calm their fears.

And Mrs. Morgan, wife of Dr. Morgan, heaven bless her, for thirty-five years an outstanding character in all that was for the good of the community. Mrs. Morgan's brother

and some friends visiting at the home were saved by a trick of fate, for they had no telephone and therefore were not within reach of the voice of Sally Rooke. The brother had but a short while before nailed some huge timbers to a post at the side of the house while building a corral, and as the flood shifted the house it struck this post and held against the lashing of the waters.

Oh, there were many familiar faces and many that she had never known grouped in the little cemetery, come to honor her whose heroic service eighteen years ago stands forth as vividly today as a red rose on the sands of a desert. There was Mrs. F. W. Roddy, operator at the Branson exchange, twelve miles distant; Margaret Young, a splendid character, who now operates the Folsom exchange; Joe Kelly, state plant superintendent of New Mexico for the Mountain States T. & T. Company, who had driven up from El Paso, Texas; Byron Yates, district manager at Raton, with Mrs. T. R. Robertson, clerk in the Raton commercial department, and Mrs. John Nauta, chief operator in the same exchange; Mayor Dunn of Des Moines and C. J. Dunshee, proprietor of the Des Moines and Folsom telephone exchanges; M. W. Laughlin, who owns the Capulin telephone exchange, and a party of telephone folks who had driven from Trinidad, including John M. Lewis, group manager, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Flannery, A. V. Ramsell and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Richards and A. S. Avis.

And, if Sally Rooke was watching—and I'm sure she was—she noted a silence settled over the mesa cemetery; that the sky was flecked with a few white clouds to accentuate the richness of its blue; and circling in the distance Nature's magnificent background, in which old Buffalo Head, Mesa Meyer, Emery Peak, the Twin Mountains, Robinson Peak and Mount Capulin, which long years ago is said to have belched forth its fiery lava from a crater, reared their stately heads like sentinels on guard over that impressive scene.

She saw a blanket of green cedar boughs which the kindly hands of Mrs. Jennie Milli-

ken and other loving friends had placed over the grave; gay little yellow wild flowers twined about the four cement blocks which marked its corners and an American flag draped softly over a massive monument.

She heard voices choked with sobs raised in unison in the inspiring strains of "America," and as the last notes died away she heard William Guyer introduce Dr. I. J. Morgan, who, in the unavoidable absence of Mayor Ben Owen, gave an address which thrilled the hearts of his listeners almost to the point of unrestrained emotion. He told of the great love of Sally Rooke for that country and of how but a short while before her death she had told him it was bringing her "youth and happiness."



Rev. Mr. Hamilton, pastor First M. E. Church at Folsom, who offered prayer at the ceremonies

As the Doctor concluded his talk and merged himself back into the crowd, she must have been deeply touched to see two little girls unveil the monument and a group of other children with questioning little faces bearing evidence that they scarcely understood the meaning of it all, march slowly along, their arms filled with apple blossoms.



Overlooking the Dry Cimarron valley from side of Mount Capulin

which they tenderly placed on the grave of her who had given her life that they might be born.

This impressive part of the ceremony brought tears to the eyes of all who witnessed it, and when J. E. Macdonald, secretary and treasurer of the Mountain States T. & T. Company, was introduced and stepped beside the grave he was obviously affected. He stood, bared head held high, as if looking off into the present realm of Sally Rooke, trying to regain his composure. There was a huskiness in his voice when he spoke and as he told how deeply he had been touched by the love and appreciation demonstrated in every possible way by the townspeople for their heroic friend and neighbor, thanked them for the very generous spirit of co-operation they had shown in helping the telephone people and in arranging for this event his words were marked by a sincerity that sunk deep into the hearts of everyone.

(Mr. Macdonald's talk is reproduced in full elsewhere in this issue of THE MONITOR.)

The Rev. Hamilton of First M. E. Church of Folsom closed the ceremony with a brief and appropriate benediction, imprinting indelibly on the minds of that gathering these words: "Our lives are not worth much, after all, if they are not used for the good of others."

Halfway to the gateway leading from the



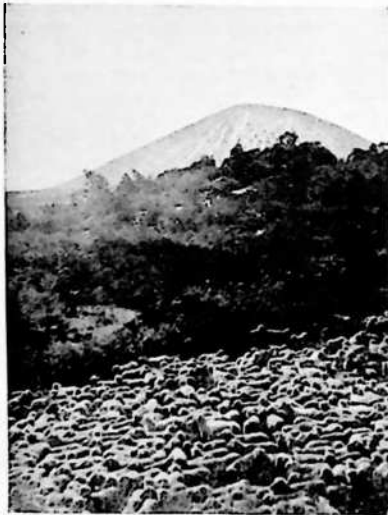
This is a picture of Folsom, New Mexico, as it is today, showing Emery Peak in background

Tribute by J. E. Macdonald

Text of address made at the unveiling of the Sarah Rooke monument at Folsom, New Mexico, by J. E. Macdonald, secretary and treasurer of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company:

My friends: We have gathered here today to take part in a simple and sincere little ceremony; to dedicate this monument to honor the memory of Mrs. Sarah J. Rooke, who perished on August 27, 1908, in the flood disaster which came upon the town of Folsom, New Mexico, on that date.

Warned by telephone of the approaching flood, in ample time to reach safety on higher ground, she ignored her own danger—she saved the lives of others and sacrificed her own.



Beautiful picture of a flock of sheep feeding at the base of Mount Capulin

cemetery I stood and looked back, wondering what destiny had shaped her life that at so late a day she had come to this country to perform such a magnificent service. And again I pondered that, whatever it may have been, the secret of her coming was buried with her.

If Sally Rooke was watching—and I'm sure we all hope that she was—she saw the shadows of Mt. Capulin and those other stately sentinels lengthening across a mound of apple blossoms and a monument with a tablet in bronze which, perhaps until eternity, will tell all who pass that way of her glorious service and sacrifice.

After all, it's enough for us to know—for didn't the Master promise:

"Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it again."

Constrained by the responsibilities of her position as telephone operator at the Folsom exchange, Mrs. Rooke stuck valiantly to her post and continued to sound a warning to the subscribers on her switchboard, until she was herself overwhelmed by the flood and passed to her death.

It was not until seven months later that her body was found by Mr. Dan Harvey upon his ranch several miles away, and her remains were buried by good friends on this spot.

Many years have passed since this tragic event, and but lately the suggestion was made that such an act of courageous devotion to the public service should be recognized and honored in some suitable, public and permanent manner. The erection of this monument by telephone employees was decided upon.

It was deemed best that all those interested should have an opportunity to make a small contribution rather than to receive large subscriptions from a few individuals.

The interest in the undertaking has proved to be nation-wide indeed, and it has been supported with a warmth of feeling which the circumstances fully justify.

Subscriptions limited to ten cents each have been received from nearly five thousand persons engaged in the telephone industry all over the United States and from other friends.

From the largest telephone exchanges, with a great number of departments and employees, as well as from the very small places, with but a single operator; from former telephone employees and those out of the service by reason of illness, the contributions have come in, accompanied by warmest tributes, and pride in the fact that Mrs. Rooke was so worthy a member of the great telephone family. In honoring Mrs. Rooke's memory we pay tribute to those characteristics which the



Mrs. F. W. Roddy, operator at Branson, near Folsom



J. E. Cox, who lost nine relatives in the flood. He attended the dedication

whole world respects and admires.

It is instinctive in human relationships to mark the high actions of courage and unselfishness under whatever conditions they may arise. We have seen great nations dedicate magnificent memorials in their capital cities to their faithful dead, with all the pomp and splendor in their power.

The same spirit moves us now and here, under entirely different surroundings. The facing of danger, the desire to save others from its effects and the forgetfulness of self were just as strong in this quiet woman here in Folsom as in the stoutest hero of history or romance.

Indeed, if we remember that she was no longer young, that she was alone, that it was night time and that she was contending with one of Nature's most terrible forces, her strength of heart and purpose were superlative. We know how swiftly the cloudburst and torrent move from threatened danger to actual destruction and that there is little time for choice of action.

There was no thought of reward in Mrs. Rooke's mind in this time of disaster, but only the hope of averting danger to those threatened by the flood, and while life remained she concentrated all her energies to carrying out that hope.

She did not die in vain and there are those left whose lives and property were saved by her heroic service. It is unfortunate that all of those who received her warning did not avail themselves of it and that some could not believe the danger to be so imminent and thereby lost their lives.

Fortunately, it is a rare occurrence for death itself to visit the telephone operator on emergency duty, but tradition and the records show that it is often braved, and there

The American Bell Club

On Wednesday, April 28, 1926, the A B Club members and their families enjoyed a delightful evening at the Woman's Club of Denver. The Otis Players presented "The Boomerang," a three-act comedy, in a real professional manner. The Otis Players and Mr. Otis B. Thayer, their director, are to be congratulated for their excellent presentation

of this delightful comedy.

The Junior Harmony Kings, an orchestra made up of junior high school boys under fifteen years of age, furnished music which everyone enjoyed.

Miss Corinne Prezeau, daughter of Mr. Prezeau, one of the company watchmen in the Administration Building, entertained with

songs and dances. Miss Prezeau is a very talented artist and the A B Club predicts for her a brilliant future.

As a sleight-of-hand performer and of turning telephones into goldfish and of making two subscribers where there was only one before, as well as making canary birds disappear and bunnies appear, and various and sundry other bewildering tricks, our own Audley F. Dunham, clerk in the Main and Champa division of the Denver commercial department, is a premier artist and puts Herman the Great to shame.

Mrs. A. B. Collins very ably assisted the committee in pulling a joke on the husbands, much to their consternation and to the pleasure of the audience.

are many experiences of extreme personal danger from fire and flood and from natural causes, as well as from the acts of criminals, which have been undergone with fortitude and courage, inspired by the desire to save human lives and public and private property.

This is true of all companies, departments and employees in the telephone business, and so frequently have these cases occurred that of recent years it has been found fitting to give them suitable recognition by the presentation of citations and medals of award for noteworthy public service, presented in the name of Theodore N. Vail, the great founder of the telephone industry.

It is in keeping with our best traditions that these medals of award were not offered to incite telephone men and women to perform extraordinary or hazardous duties, but rather that the performance of such duties on their own initiative were fittingly and properly followed by the recognition described—that is, medals are not rewards but are recognition.

Telephone operators, linemen, cablemen, instrument men, switchboard men, clerks and others have all been distinguished with this decoration and their example is an inspiration to the rest of us for higher ideals and better performance.

In establishing the Theodore N. Vail Memorial Foundation the following statement, which might well describe Mrs. Rooke's heroic conduct, was set forth:

"Hardly a day has passed since the organization of the Bell Telephone System that did not record somewhere in the system some act that strikingly illustrated the loyalty and devotion of Bell Telephone employees. This thought of 'service first' is more than devotion to an organization, inspiring us that may be; it comes from a sense of individual responsibility in the public service. It is devotion to the highest ideals of duty and obligation in that service. It comes in part from the intelligent recognition of the vital importance of telephone service in the lives of others and to the safety and well-being of the community.

"It is devotion to the whole telephone democracy, to the thousands of fellow employees whose co-operation, direct and indirect, makes individual accomplishment possible, and to the millions who form the telephone-using public, and who have built up their social and indus-

trial fabric around and in reliance upon telephone service.

"This type of loyalty and devotion is one of the finest traditions of the Bell System, and instances of it are of daily occurrence. Many times in the past there have been cases so noteworthy and so inspiring as to deserve some token of recognition more enduring than the spontaneous congratulations of associates and friends."

While the Bell System does not own the telephone company operating the Folsom exchange, nevertheless that company gives service to and connects with the Bell System, and doing so is really a member of the telephone family and is entitled to and accorded the warm fellowship that goes with such relationship.

It is not our intention to confine our praise, appreciation and honor to employees of the Bell System alone, for there are countless examples of heroic devotion in all other lines of industry, to say nothing of the individual cases which arouse our enthusiastic commendation and make strong our belief that unselfishness, love and courage may be the common property of all good men and women at any time or place and under all conditions.

Those engaged in the public service, such as firemen, policemen, telephone employees, railroad men, electric light and street railway employees and others, by the nature of their engagement, while they may incur extraordinary hazards, enjoy more frequent opportunities to serve their fellow men, and it is inspiring and uplifting to know that almost invariably they rise equal to the occasion and contribute of their best to the safety and well-being of the public, with great credit to themselves and to the industry or office with which they are associated.

The town of Folsom, so named to honor the beautiful and gracious wife of President Cleveland, may not be described as a large and busy city, active in commerce or manufacturing. It is rather an agricultural community with relatively few inhabitants and with the usual business and social interests which typify so many of the towns in our western states. It is usually the case that in such a town the telephone operator is everybody's friend, and she is in a peculiarly fitting position to be helpful and to give a personal

co-operation that is not possible under the conditions necessary in a large and complicated telephone exchange.

Mrs. Rooke sensed this situation fully and was held in the highest esteem by her subscribers and in the community, and she could express no greater love and devotion to them than to lay down her life for those she served.

On behalf of the telephone employees of the Bell System, the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Des Moines Telephone Exchange Company grateful appreciation is offered for the kindness and co-ordination of the good friends at Folsom, without whose active support this simple dedication would have been impossible. Mrs. Jennie Milliken, mayor of Folsom, Mrs. Morgan, president of the Ladies' Aid; Mr. C. J. Dunshee, manager of the Des Moines Telephone Exchange Company; Mr. L. E. Fields, who performed the actual work of placing the monument, have been particularly helpful, as have those friends who have participated in the present program.

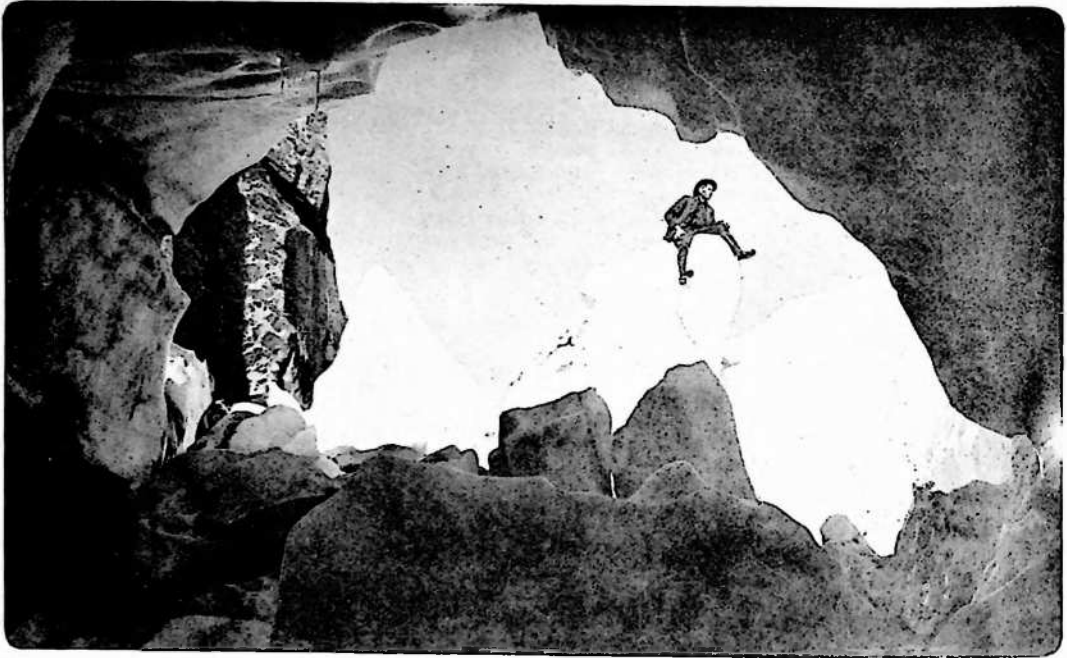
A contributor from Boston expressed this beautiful thought:

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

We believe that our Heavenly Father watches over us, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, and, too, that He knows all about this child of His, and therefore that all is well with her.

We hope and pray that if some such test should come to us that we may meet it with the same unflinching purpose, inspired by the courage, unselfishness and undaunted faith of Mrs. Sarah J. Rooke.

Who serves others above self not only gives service to man but to God.



Interior view of Tyndal Glacier

As Viewed from Top of the Mountains

HIGH UPON the crest of the Great Divide, in the Rocky Mountain National Park, some fourteen miles above the village of Estes Park, lies Tyndal Glacier, a mighty expanse of ice, snow and rock. Tyndal is a live glacier, in that it has survived from the glacial age. It suggests a veritable living tomb, and is really one of the wonders of Colorado. It is approached from the flat top trail, over the Great Divide, between Grand Lake and Estes Park. It is visited by thousands of tourists every year. Photos show the glacier during the middle of August, as it is breaking up, forming immense ice caves and crevices in its slow downward slide. It moves only a few feet each year, grinding and tearing its way down the face of a steep cliff which forms the east face of Hallett's Peak. It is relentless in its downward movement, tearing immense granite boulders from the face of the cliff and grinding many to bits; others, too, ride frozen solid in the glacier's clasp in its crushing descent, to drop them possibly a thousand years hence on the Moraine, far below and at the bottom.

Just to the north of Tyndal Glacier, about one hundred yards, is buried a lone unknown prospector, who was caught in a midwinter blizzard on the flat top trail. The fierce wind drove him to the cliff's edge, overlooking the glacier, where he made his last stand against

By Oliver Frantz, Loveland, Colorado

the fierce elements of Nature. But it was a losing fight, as must be; even the strongest would perish pitted against such fearful odds as the elements on the Great Divide in a midwinter blizzard.

Park rangers found his body the following June, huddled in the lee of a rock, with only a few bits of camp equipment scattered about, including a few specimens of ore. The rest had blown away, and his clothes were mostly blown from his body. They buried him in the exact spot where they found him, using blocks of granite as a covering, as there was no soil to be had and it was practically impossible to carry him down the steep, rocky flat top trail. It was later learned that he had two pack horses and a dog when he left Grand Lake, the disappearance of which remained a mystery until two years later.

It was an unusually hot summer, and it melted the snow and ice at the foot of Tyndal Glacier and brought to light the frozen forms of the horses and the dog, which it had been surmised had been blown over the cliff in the raging blizzard and slid to the bottom, nearly one-half mile below, almost straight down.

The wind rages so fiercely on that bleak

mountain top that they have had to re-bury the prospector three times within the last five years, as it was five years ago when he perished.

The wintry winds will pick up rocks weighing several pounds, and whisk them along the surface of Flat Top, grinding down the larger boulders until they all have a flat appearance on the surface and eventually eroding them.

The Great Divide and its glaciers is one of the wonders of Nature. It is wonderful, inspiring and beautiful in its summer garb. It is a sight full of real thrills to be remembered by the visiting tourist.

But woe unto the party that happens to be caught on the top in a midwinter blizzard.

No living being could stand before the onslaught of the raging battle of the elements of this "Nature's Battleground." Surely it is No Man's Land during midwinter.

The Divide is the battleground, the glaciers are the burial grounds, where anything or anyone caught in their clasp might easily lie buried for a thousand years.

STORM PEAK stands as a sentinel to the east of the Great Divide. While not so high nor rugged as the peaks to the westward, atop the Great Divide, nevertheless she stands alone and supreme in all of her wondrous

beauty and glory, a beautiful setting among some of Nature's grandest scenery, affording the climber a view that cannot be equaled from the crest of any of the smaller peaks in Colorado.

A panorama of Nature's grandest! To the eastward first is beautiful Aspen Park, just beyond and below the sunny slopes of Cedar Park, encircled to the east by Green Ridge, beyond which lie the low foothills region dotted with scraggly pine, and the Buckhorn River wending its way southward to meet the Big Thompson a few miles below, where it is seen to emerge from the Big Thompson canon.

Then one's view drops over the last of the foothills to the valley land. As far as the eye can reach it stretches away, with its countless lakes that appear as gems set in a crown of glorious wonder.

Towns and villages spread out in the distance below as though built on a relief map. Farm houses glistening as jewels in the bright sunlight, waving fields of golden grain interlaced with beautiful fields of green alfalfa and sugar beets.

Away off in the dim distance, so far that the eye can barely discern it, appears the horizon line, and glistening on its very rim appears a far-distant lake that seems to be floating in the sky.

Now, swinging to the north, the mountains drop gradually away in their high ruggedness, and in the distance and slightly to the east, we are able to locate Cheyenne if it be a



Oliver Frantz, the author, crossing the Great Divide in August. Far above timberline these faithful mules carried his packs

clear day. Now, swinging to the westward, over the plains and prairie land, comes Laramie, Wyoming, and still swinging westward we strike the Great Divide, and the eye then sweeps southward.

Following that great barrier to the early pioneers due west, we stop and explore Hallett's Glacier, a wonderful sight even from this distance. There we strike the Great Divide in its most rugged aspect.

From Hallett's Glacier we turn to Pike's Peak on the south, "a distance of over 150 miles," and here we have the grandest, roughest and highest section of mountains on the Great Divide. All of which can be seen from the top of Storm Peak.

The Great Divide, with the countless glaciers glistening in the sun, as the eye follows the backbone of the Divide southward, dwelling on the numberless canons, gulches, crags,

(Continued on next page)

Left—The "x" marks place where a lonely prospector lost his life. The bones were found years afterwards and buried there

Right—View of Hallet's Peak, showing a small portion of Tyndal Glacier, which lies to the north of the peak



peaks, glaciers, timbered slopes, barren, boulder-strewn stretches above timber line. (Timber line, by the way, being noted as a straight, unbroken line.)

The eye is wont to dwell and is loath to move onward. But there is more to see, so much in fact that the eye cannot even encompass it. There is old Long's Peak to the southwest. It is sure to catch and hold the eye as the mind wonders at its great height.

As the eye wanders down the graceful slope to be caught by a dazzling view of beautiful Estes Park, it surely does look close. You believe you might walk over there in a little while. But don't try it, friend climber, or you will find there is an awful lot the eye doesn't see, even though from your position you might well be led to believe that you could look down on the whole universe.

You would find there is an awful lot of space between the near and far point of view as seen from the top of a high peak, not to mention the ups and downs.

As an example, the eye travels back to the Great Divide and on southward to the farthest peak, which is Pike's, possibly 150 miles on an airline, but measuring all the ups and downs, it would more nearly approach 1,000 miles.

Well, you have nearly completed the circle, when you reach the valley below Pike's Peak, where lies Colorado Springs. There the eye fails to register, but travels northward to Denver, on to Loveland, and then you are wont to start the circuit again and will repeat it again and again as long as you remain atop Storm Peak.

Such is the attraction, the wonder and beauty of it all. One is truly aloft in a veritable fairyland of wonder.

On each round you will find something new that you missed the first or second. Countless new scenes that the pen cannot adequately describe, new vistas, new beauties that your first hasty survey failed to see—and it is ever thus.

Twenty times have I climbed aloft, twenty

Operator Saves Woman's Life

It is always a pleasure to learn of employees who are instilled with the Spirit of Service. We believe that our employees, for the most part, have this spirit, and are no clock-watchers or mere piece-workers.

The employees having the Spirit of Service do not measure their work with a pay check, but put thought and initiative into what they have to do.

times have I encountered something new of beauty and wonder.

And soon I will be climbing again.



Oliver Frantz, the author, who has climbed a scraggy giant on top of Storm Peak, elevation 9,850 feet

Below—Looking south from top of Storm Peak

Down in Deming, New Mexico, an operator coming on to duty answered a call, but she got no response. The call came in again, but again there was no response. The operator handling the call did all that was expected of her—all that she was paid to do. BUT she was not satisfied with this and "went in" on the line and listened intently. She heard a faint cry, "Send me a doctor!" It was then that Mrs. Foster, the operator on duty, took it upon herself to call a doctor. When the doctor arrived he found the lady of the house lying on the floor between the telephone and the bed in a dying condition. Her husband was out of town. The doctor arrived in time to revive her and place her in the care of friends.

Some time later C. O. Dungan, the manager at Deming, received the following letter:

"I feel very kindly toward the Deming end of the Mountain States, as I feel that the operator who was on duty on the night of November 10, 1925, saved the life of Mrs. Holt through her good sense and presence of mind. We both believe that she would not be alive today except for the kind act of the operator on duty that night.

"Such operators are a credit to any company, and the Mountain States seems especially fortunate in our 'Old Home Town.'

"Mrs. Holt and I both desire to express our gratitude to the company and to its thoughtful operator.

"Very cordially,

"WILLIAM E. HOLT."

157c—△—1926

Perhaps He Was Corned

"What's the noise down there?" asked the cop as he hurried to the scene of an accident.

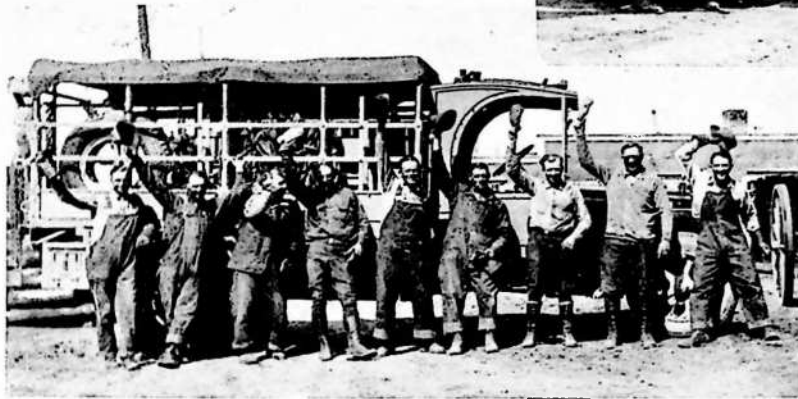
"A fellow tried to turn a corner," said a bystander.

"Yes, what about it?"

"Well, there wasn't any corner."



This Crew's Going to Cruise in a New Cruiser



UTAH

Behold Utah Construction Crew No. 4 weeping over the thought of losing their faithful old Packard truck, which has seen service since May, 1917.

And now gaze upon the same boys rejoicing over the possession of their new Model 51 two and a half ton White truck with a C-type body. Left to right the men are: E. Lunn, I. Wicker, Hap Pumfrey, Mote Jensen, Joe Anderson, Lew Tattersal, G. Lunn, Foreman Al Green and Jack Christensen.

In the lower picture Foreman Green is shown taking charge of the new truck. It embodies all the latest improvements and with its complete equipment Foreman Green says that his men will be able to make a splendid showing in the number of work units produced.

What will the Harvest be?

The strangest bird story that has come to light for a long time is told in the following from the *Bozeman, Montana, Courier*:

"Want to see something?" queried E. E. Stone, Bozeman district manager for the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, as he stepped in the Courier office a few days ago.

"Sure," replied the editor. "What is it?"

"Come outside and I'll show you," shot back Mr. Stone.

Ranged alongside the telephone man's Ford, the editor waited patiently while the front seat cushion was removed.

There, in one end of the tool box, was a sparrow on a nest with four eggs in it. The bird got off the nest, but did not leave the car.

"Well, I'll be bum-swoggled!" was all the editor could say.

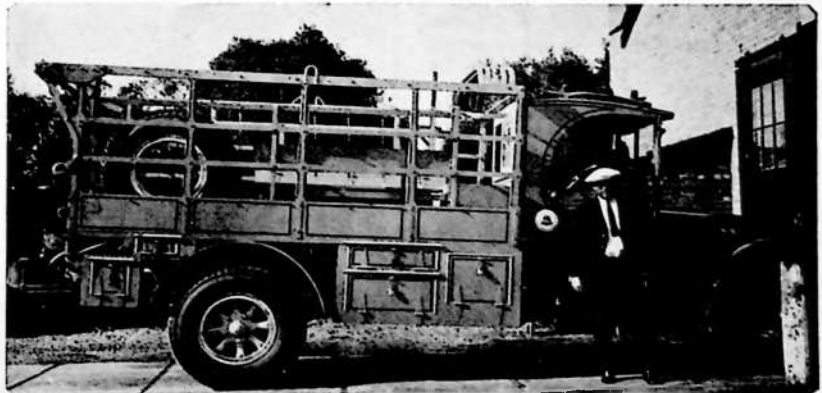
Mr. Stone explained that the bird had built the nest and laid the eggs at odd times when his machine stood in front of his residence on Sixth avenue while he was at lunch or before he put it away for the night.

"At first she would leave when I started for the office, but now she's perfectly at home in there. If she happens to be off the nest

when I pull out, she follows the car down town. It's the strangest thing I ever saw."

Mr. Stone has been the recipient of some good-natured "kidding" over the affair, one friend remarking that if he couldn't drive fast enough to keep the birds from nesting in his car, he'd walk.

But the sparrow is satisfied, and that's all that matters.





Left to right—Phoenix team: Clayton Niles, trainer; Carl Pomeroy, Everett Carver, William Plattner, Robert Elliott and William Foster, captain. Albuquerque team: E. T. Walthall, captain; Willis E. Morgan, George Maples, E. L. McCartney, Jewell Britt and A. Kneipp, trainer

Phoenix-Albuquerque Contest

Saturday, April 24, was a good day for an accident to happen, but it didn't. That's the way with accidents—they never happen when you're looking for them. And that gives us something to think about—keep looking for accidents and they won't slip up on you unexpectedly.

Three First Aid teams were in El Paso—Phoenix, Albuquerque and El Paso. Fifteen expert First Aiders were more than enough to drive Old Man Accident into hiding.

The team from Phoenix and the team from Albuquerque met in El Paso to strut their stuff. The El Paso team were victims of fate and lost their opportunity for revenge on the Phoenix team, in the elimination contest held by telegraph. They missed their opportunity by only four-tenths of a point.

However, Albuquerque was up against a stiff proposition—the crack team from Arizona. It was the first time that Albuquerque had engaged in a public competitive demonstration and considering the fact that this was her first real test, the team from the Duke City made a very commendable showing. The Phoenix team was in fine fettle, well trained, and showed splendid team work.

The competing teams were:

<i>Phoenix</i>	<i>Albuquerque</i>
William Foster, capt.	E. T. Walthall, Capt.
Everett Carver	E. L. McCartney
Robert Elliott	Jewell Britt
Karl Pomeroy	Geo. Maples
William Plattner	Willis E. Morgan
Clayton Niles	A. Kneipp

The problems worked out were not easy ones, but were a good test of First Aid knowledge.

The contest was very ably judged by Major

Frederick S. Wright, chief of the surgical staff of the William Beaumont Hospital, a large army hospital near Fort Bliss, and his associates, Major Samuel M. Browne and Captain Daniel C. Hutton. They made an excellent corps of judges and were very exacting in their decisions.

The final score was: Phoenix, 80.8; Albuquerque, 63.4, making an average for the contest of 72.1.

Phoenix has now twice won the interstate contest. Another successful event and she

will be entitled to keep the cup for which the two states are contending.

At the conclusion of the contest a large number of those present enjoyed the dance until an early hour. It was a very enjoyable affair.

The next day the visiting teams took in the sights over in Juarez and all the teams dined together at the Big Kid's Cafe, after which the party broke up and different groups went on various tours of inspection on both sides of the river.

1876—△—1926

Mr. R. Clyde McAdam

R. C. McAdam became an employee of our Company in Utah on June 21, 1914. He acted as wire chief in the Eureka, Utah, exchange until October of that year, when he was made manager of all departments. Having successfully conducted the affairs of the Eureka exchange for several years, on September 30, 1918, he was transferred to Salt Lake City, to be made traffic chief. He was Hyland traffic chief from November 3, 1918, to October 5, 1919. From that date until September 1, 1923, he acted as Wasatch traffic chief and was then made Salt Lake local traffic chief, in charge of thirteen exchanges surrounding Salt Lake City. He acted in this capacity until January 20, 1924, when he was transferred to Ogden, Utah, to be the Ogden traffic chief. All of his co-workers in Salt Lake City regretted his leaving because he was so well known and liked. Mr. McAdam remained in Ogden until March 31, 1926, when he was transferred to the long lines department of the A. T. & T. Company.



Woolly Wyoming

Twenty-three Million pounds of Wool Clipped from Three Million Sheep in 1925 --- That's Wyoming

By Elva A. McMannis

IF THERE is any one thing Wyoming has a greater number of than telephones and oil wells, it is sheep, and the fortunes derived from this source are one of the factors that contribute to the great wealth of the State of Wyoming.

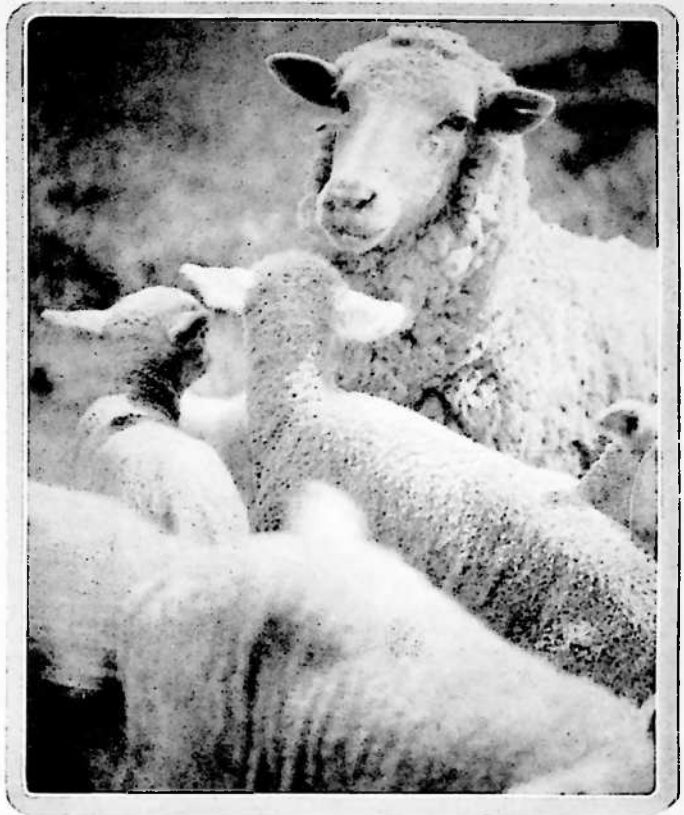
Prominent among pioneer woolgrowers in Wyoming are Senator Warren, The Wyoming Corriedale Sheep Company, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Mr. John Wilkinson, Pine Bluffs, Wyoming; W. W. Daley & Company, H. Rasmussen Company, The Hansen Sheep Company, and W. A. McKay, all of Rawlins, Wyoming.

The growing of wool is the largest business of the country surrounding Rawlins, and over \$50,000.00 comes into Rawlins each month in payment for wool sold at shearing time.

Today comparison is drawn between the haphazard way of raising sheep during the pioneer days of the State of Wyoming, when one rancher would have several thousand sheep and would be considered in the millionaire class, and through a storm after shearing an entire fortune would be swept away, and the present time when careful supervision is given to the raising and care of the flocks.

Although the flocks are not so large at the present time, it has been found in fifteen years the flocks in the United States decreased 13,314,000 from 1910 to 1924; the value in 1924 of this reduced number was greater by \$156,879,000.00 than the 1910 valuation. During the year 1925 Wyoming numbered 3,032,000 head of sheep and the wool clip for the year was 22,661,000 pounds. The price ranged from thirty-eight to forty cents per pound. The average weight of fleeces for Wyoming is eight pounds per sheep, although in one herd of 5,000 sheep the average was fourteen pounds last spring and twelve the spring before that.

The one fine thing that contributes to the advantage of the ranchman with the small



Martha and the Boys—"We may be woolly but we aren't wild"

flock is the close proximity to the nearby mountains, which can never be settled and will always furnish splendid summer range, enabling the rancher to turn his small flock off his ranch for two or three months.

The State of Wyoming is well adapted to the raising of sheep owing to the dry, cool atmospheric conditions and the many sunny days, and the loss from disease is much lower than that of other states. Each spring the sheep are treated for scab, tick and other diseases prevalent among sheep, by driving them through a tank and the preparation is sprayed over them (note picture, spraying or dipping sheep).

The crops raised in Wyoming afford good feed for sheep, the beet tops after the harvest are excellent for sheep. Such crops as alfalfa, clover, barley and oats yield well and are all very good feed for sheep.

About the busiest mother we have heard of for some time is that mother sheep on a ranch near Cheyenne who has four little lambs this spring, all live wires and very frisky.

Mr. Francis S. King, president of The Wyoming Corriedale Sheep Company, which has been raising registered sheep for some years

and which has sold some fine sheep to foreign governments, has a very fine writeup on the raising of sheep as conducted on the Corriedale Ranch near Cheyenne. Mr. King says:

"Individual tastes and preferences, differences of climate, pasture, soils and other environments have necessarily led to the growth of many distinct varieties of sheep. The selection of the breed to be used should involve some thought and study before decision is made.

"If wool alone is to be the consideration, the Rambouillet would be the natural selection; if mutton is to be the chief object, then the English mutton breeds, these being producers of early maturing, heavy-weighted lambs, are often used when the location is near a large town, where fancy mutton can be sold at a fancy price and thus returns be made on quick, heavy feeding.

"If a general purpose sheep is needed; one that is an easy keeper, able to withstand severe climatic conditions, quickly respond to care and feed; one that will produce a paying crop of wool and at the same time produce large crops of lambs, which will develop well and be the best sellers on the open market,

(Continued to next page)



then there is no breed that can compete with the Corriedale.

"The breeding of stud sheep is an art based on strictly scientific principles. Science is the accumulated results of work, experiment and experience. Breeding is the art of influencing the character of any animal by changing the conditions of life, and regulating the reproduction by selection of individuals, as well as by intensifying by the best methods of feeding all the natural proclivities. Thus there must be an adequate foundation and bases in a flock to build upon, and in selecting this sterling point the natural or acquired ability of the breeder plays an important part. There are three great principles or laws by which breeding is made practicable. These are heredity, selection and variability.

"A breeder starting a new flock cannot have a full knowledge of each individual, but he can see that each individual fills in his mind's

eye the requirements he desires. He can study the history of the flock, from whence they came, and the record made by that flock, and the reliability and judgment of its owner, and thus depend on his foundation being fairly true to type and of inbred conformity to that type.

"Having, as it were, a portrait of the desired sheep before his eyes, he must take advantage of the variation within his flock by selection to bring his sheep up to the standard this portrait requires.

"As some particular sheep in his or other flocks stand out boldly as pre-eminently superior to any others, usually coming from a strain continually producing such prominent individuals, he can, by selecting, thus imprint in his flock those desirable qualities and correct the faults that will continually crop out.

These superior animals, owing to their faculty of impressing this quality upon their

offspring, make up the value of a flock, and set the price that they will bring. Thus when ordinary sheep will be bringing from \$12.00 to \$14.00 a good animal from a breeding flock will bring \$100.00 and show animals up to \$5,000.00 per head.

"A breeding establishment requires the necessary sheds and yards, the investment depending on the size of the flock. Good water and pasture are an absolute necessity.

"A good show flock of Corriedales should weigh 100 pounds at six to seven months, 200 pounds as yearlings, and two-year-old rams will weigh 300 pounds.

"Fleeces should run from 15 to 18 pounds on ewes and up to 28 pounds for stud rams.

"Rams of this breed owned by the Wyoming Corriedale Sheep Company of Cheyenne, Wyoming, have cost as high as \$3,500.00 and the ewes \$350.00 per head. These being sheep from the leading flocks of New Zealand that have been prize-winners both in New Zealand and Australia."



The shepherd and his outfit. Below—Spraying sheep for tick, scab and other diseases. Right—The old way of dipping sheep



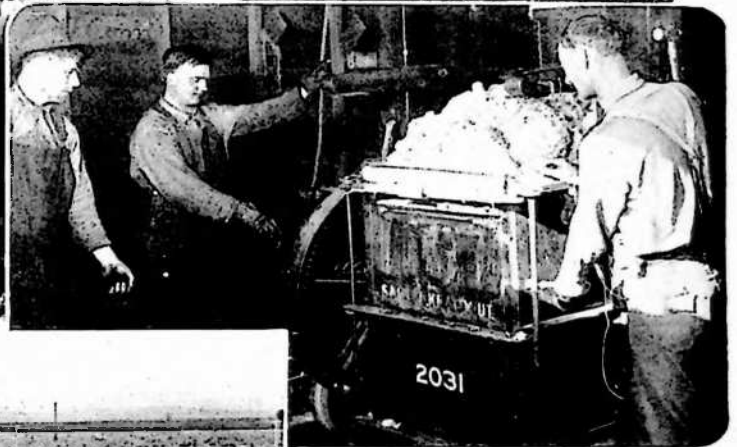
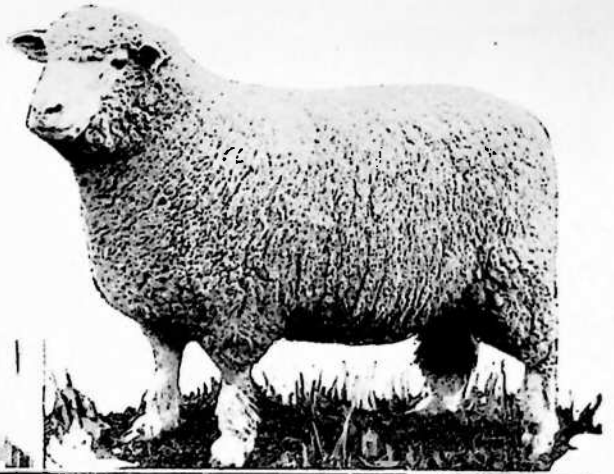
FOREMOST among the pioneer sheepmen of central Wyoming was the late J. D. Woodruff of Shoshoni. Associated with him during the early days were Wm. Madden of Riverton, Ed Merriam of Moneta, Dan Ralston of Arminto, and Tom Hood of Cheyenne.

About 1916 the Australian method of shearing and preparing the wool for sale was much talked of in Wyoming. Finally several shearing sheds were built to further this method, the largest being erected in Shoshoni. This plant burned several years ago and has not been rebuilt, as the wool growers found that the extra expense the system entailed was not justified by the results obtained.

Occasionally at some of the smaller country pens a few Indians will shear, and often they will help as corral workers. Notable among these was the late Andy Walker, who was for many years an expert wool sacker. Andy lacked much of the reserve characteristic of

Top—Corriedale ram, one year old, after shearing. Other pictures show operation of sheepshearing.

Below—Wool baled and ready for shipment at Rawlins, Wyoming



with machine shears in the same length of time. Wyoming sheepmen, generally speaking, seem to prefer to use the hand shears. More wool is left on the sheep's back and thus the animal has more protection from the weather during the following winter.

The Sheep in Central Wyoming

By James Scott, Shoshoni, Wyoming

THE haphazard methods of running sheep on the open range of 30 years ago has called for drastic changes to bring about the present-day progressive sheep industry, which is one of the most important in Wyoming.

Thirty years ago sheepmen did not own any land. They grazed their flocks over the public domain and did not make any provision for feeding their sheep during the winter months. Consequently their losses were extremely heavy during severe winters—losses running as high as 60 per cent. Gradually they acquired the lands along the river and creek bottoms—thereby controlling the

(Continued to next page)

his race, was always ready to enter into conversation with the white workers, and was highly esteemed by them.

The average ewe through central Wyoming will shear from eight to ten pounds of wool and raise a 55 to 70-pound lamb. Last year's average price for wool was 42 cents against a probable 33 cents this year. For lambs in 1925 the sheepmen obtained an average price of 12 cents against a probable price of 10 cents a pound in 1926. Lambing percentages

for ten-year periods through the whole state will probably run 70 per cent.

Profits from the industry have been fairly satisfactory for the past several years, but it looks as if the apex was reached in 1925 and that a slight easing off will be experienced for the immediate future. Gross proceeds from the business will probably average 20 per cent less in 1926 than in 1925.

A good workman can shear 75 to 100 sheep with hand blades in a day and 100 to 150



Shearing time at Fossil, Wyoming, ten miles west of Kemmerer, Wyoming

big slopes and divides between the creeks.

With the passing of the 320 and 640-acre homestead laws, all the good grass land on those slopes and divides was taken up by homesteaders.

In order to stay in the business the sheepman was obliged to lease or buy those homesteads, with the result that today he has as much money invested in land as he has in sheep.

The progressive sheepman has also found it necessary to build sheds on his land for the protection of his flocks from blizzards and

severe cold weather during the winter months and to protect the young lambs from the elements during lambing season.

Other improvements on his land call for water wells and hundreds of feet of troughs, dipping vats and shearing pens. Years ago sheep were driven into some central point to an Australian shearing plant. After experimenting with this system for ten years, it was found to be unsuited to the changeable climatic conditions which we are subject to in the mountain states. The main objection to the machine shears (which are used under

the Australian system) is that they take off too much wool and leave the sheep with practically no protection against the elements.

Today sheep are sheared on their own range with the blades, and the wool hauled to the railroad in trucks.

Concentrated feeds, such as corn and cottonseed cake, are hauled out to the ranges in the fall, stored in sheds and fed to the sheep during the winter months. The better care that sheep now get in the winter, combined with the culling out of light shearers, and the use of purebred rams, has increased the weight of each fleece from 5 to 9 pounds.

The cost of production has steadily increased from \$1.50 to \$4.50 per head per year. With the United States only producing perhaps 50 per cent of their wool requirements, and the population steadily increasing, it would seem that the sheep industry should have a bright future.

1876—A—1926

The New Operator's Confession

"It was reported that you kept the keys open." "Guilty." I kept the keys open and forgot to close them, opened them and forgot to press the button, pressed the button and never opened the key, placed the cords in the wrong jacks, rang the bell in the subscriber's ear, interrupted scandal by shouting "Operator," pulled out the cord before the proposal was definitely accepted, simultaneously removed two front cords which were in use, and have done every wrong thing possible and then some. Those cords were as slippery as eels. No snake-charmer in India juggled more with his snakes than I have with those cords. No star pitcher tossed a ball more dexterously than I have those cords. I have not neglected the board or been impertinent to a subscriber, when one said, "What in heck do you mean?" I answered, "I don't know, sir, I am not in there yet, I am only on the brink."

AN ARIZONA OPERATOR.

Election Returns Over a Desert

TAKE a political fan away from an election and you have caused a "heart-ache" bordering on that of a child when you have run over her pet collie.

It was back in 1917 when Woodrow Wilson rode back into the White House with a "Hooraw" and Simon Bamberger of Utah knocked the nation cold by announcing that on and after the first day of the year just ahead he would be governor of the fair land of the "Mormons."

A quartet of election fans, who made up an outpost on the Arizona-Mexican border, were lamenting the fact that due to a slip made a few years before they were now isolated from the battle of ballots at the command of the very man who was to become president again.

In the words of some forgotten poet, "the shades of night were falling fast" and the ballots back in Utah were being counted. To endure this suspense until that indefinite time when they would be in touch with civilization again threatened to prove fatal to four loyal citizen soldiers.

Then came a brain flash.

An innocent appearing box which was

serving as a stool for one of the guards was the little "Aladdin's lamp" of that eventful night.

A signal corps telephone! One of those one-cylinder affairs which you connect to a single wire and "ground" another, trust to luck and yell your head off.

Quick action and the connection was made and a bucket of water was poured near the "ground peg" in order that there should be perfect results.

A twist of the crank and then "Hello, Hello."

"Camp Operator, Nogales?"

"Well, listen, old dear, please—please tell me about the election. In the nation and in the fair state of Utah."

"Very well, Sarg, I'll do what I can," came the reply.

Another two hours of terrible suspense!

Then—the tinkle of the tiny bell!

"Hello, Outpost at Lochiel?"

"Talking."

"Woodrow Wilson re-elected. A landslide. Bamberger wins in Utah."

Oh, boy! ain't a telephone grand?

Open House at Ordway

(Ordway, Colo., New Era)

The Mountain States Telephone Company opened its new building to the public Saturday afternoon and evening, May 8, by giving a public reception to their friends and patrons. Mr. R. E. Kaiser, the local manager, and Mrs. Kaiser received from 2:30 in the afternoon until 5:30 and from 7:30 until 11:30 in the evening, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hopkins of Pueblo. Mr. Hopkins is general manager of the Pueblo district. The women employees of the local exchange served punch and wafers to the visitors. This was the first opportunity the citizens of the community had to inspect the attractive new building built for the telephone company by E. E. Hosler of this city.



New exchange building at Ordway, Colorado

The new home is very pretty, both inside and out. Mr. Kaiser has the large room in the front of the building for the exchange and office. It has an east, north and south ex-

posure, giving plenty of sunlight and ventilation, and the fixtures are arranged to the very best advantage. The living rooms are well arranged and Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser have furnished them with new furnishings throughout, in a most tasty and harmonious effect. The living room and bed rooms are furnished in appropriate color schemes which are very pleasing to the eye. The building is heated by an Arcola hot-water system and lighted by the most modern of electric fixtures. It is complete in every detail and makes an ideal combination business and dwelling place.

The building is located on Main street and built far enough from the walk to allow for a nice lawn across the front and Mr. Kaiser is putting in the lawn this week. He has planned to have flowers, which will add to the already attractive premises. The building is of white stucco and will have a telephone-blue trimming. The portico over the front door is decorated with two beautiful blue bells and a new sign has been placed in front of the building. Ordway is as proud of the new building as Mr. Kaiser, the local manager, and Mr. Hosler, the owner of the building. Over 300 people called during the reception hours, showing an interest from the citizens, who expressed their best wishes.

1876——1926

Telephone Girl Killed

Miss Vereta Harold, 18 years old, telephone operator at Fort Morgan, Colorado, was instantly killed in an automobile wreck while riding with her father and family on the Lincoln highway, May 21.

Mr. Harold, who was driving, attempted to pass another car just as its driver made a turn to his left to enter a lane, and the collision occurred.

Miss Harold had been with our company since February 8, 1925, and had endeared herself in the hearts of all her associates, and deep sorrow rests upon the employees at Fort Morgan.

Twenty Years of Service

Twenty years of successful service in the Bell System have just passed for Ralph A. Kent, Wyoming plant engineer, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

On April 21, 1906, he secured a position as groundman with The Colorado Telephone Company at Pueblo, Colorado. From this Mr. Kent's ability soon gained for him a promotion to that of lineman, and from that position he rapidly passed through various stages, such as foreman, clerk, material clerk and assistant plant engineer. On July 1, 1921, he was transferred to Cheyenne in the position of Wyoming plant engineer, and is successfully filling that position at the present

time.

A pleasant surprise in the form of a beautiful basket of American Beauty roses, presented to him by the state department heads, was awaiting him as he came to his desk on the morning of April 21, 1926. It would be hard to describe the various emotions that passed across his face when he first regarded this reminder of the appreciation of his services. Of a certainty his mind must have leaped back to a date twenty years past, when he first joined the vast army of workers in the Bell System. Altogether, this must have been one of the most auspicious moments in his telephone life.



Ralph A. Kent, plant engineer at Cheyenne, "sitting pretty"

THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

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

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

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Ernest Greer.....Salt Lake City
E. A. J. Seddon.....El Paso
Dorothy Norlin.....Helena
Van M. Clark.....Boise
R. F. Brink.....Phoenix
Elva A. McMannis.....Wyoming

Subscriptions, \$1.50 a year—Free to All Employees

Vol. XXI No. 1

JUNE 1926



Twenty Years

This number marks the twentieth anniversary of the birth of THE MONITOR.

It was a feeble infant, and it was somewhat of a question whether to keep it or drown it. But mercy prevailed and it was allowed to live.

How well it has justified the verdict that saved it from an untimely end must be left to the judgment of MONITOR readers. But it may be admitted that its progenitor is proud of his child and has loved it all through the years.

THE MONITOR appeared first under another name, as an eight-page sheet. It was printed on ordinary news print paper and contained few illustrations. The editor's salutatory editorial contained the following statement:

"It is intended to be a medium for the transmission of intelligence. The paper will contain news of interest and benefit to telephone men and women; communications from heads of departments; comparative statements and reports, and information of such character as will keep the reader advised of what is being accomplished by his

co-workers in other parts of the territory. It hopes by these means to become an important factor in promoting the interests of the company, and to take its place among the influences that make for progress."

Whether THE MONITOR has accomplished those purposes is not for this present writer to say. Sure it is that it has grown in physical proportions and improved much in its typographical appearance, and, of course, its founder and its present editors fondly believe it fully justifies its existence.

In the two decades of its life THE MONITOR has chronicled many innovations in the way of mechanical developments, and many changes in personnel. The files of the magazine portray the panorama of progress. In its first issue it boasted that the Bell System was

operating over two and a half million stations! And from time to time it has reported an increase in the number to its present large proportions. It noted the completion of the first and subsequent transcontinental circuits, the laying of the first deep-sea telephone cable, the first successful ship-to-shore radio telephone conversation, the development of the carrier current, the sending of pictures over the telephone wires, and an endless train of events which have made telephone history.

THE MONITOR of today still strives to be "a factor in promoting the interests of the Company." It continues to hope it may be of genuine value to the employee body, and to hold its place, if it has attained it, "among the influences that make for progress."

J. F. G.

UP THROUGH THE YEARS

THE MONITOR didn't "just grow"—a good deal of nourishing has been necessary; some hard work and careful study as to policy, usefulness, meeting demands, dissemination of news that might best serve the greatest number of employees, spreading good cheer, sympathizing with the afflicted and bereft, telling of the joys and the accomplishments of telephone people—these, and many more phases have entered into the issuance of the magazine.

And now it is entering upon its twenty-first year of service. This June is its twentieth birthday. Rises up before us the first editorial that appeared in the first copy of *The Transmitter*, predecessor to THE MONITOR. The policy outlined at that time still holds good. Here it is:

"With this number *The Transmitter* makes its first visit to the telephone family, hoping it may be met with a cordial welcome. *The Transmitter* is not a newspaper for general circulation, neither is it an organ in the commonly accepted sense of the term. On the contrary, it is intended to be simply what the name implies—a medium for the transmission of intelligence. The paper will contain telephone news of interest and benefit to telephone men and women; official communications from the heads of departments; comparative statements and reports, and information of such character as will keep the reader advised of what is being accomplished by his co-workers in other portions of the territory. By this means *The Transmitter* hopes to become an important factor in promoting the interests of the Company, and take its place among the influences that make for progress.

The Transmitter will be issued monthly for free distribution among the em-

ployees and sub-licensees of The Colorado Telephone Company. If it contributes in the least to their benefit in their work along telephone lines, it will not have existed in vain."

For five years *The Transmitter* found its way to the employees of the Company—always bearing good cheer and valuable information. Mr. J. F. Greenawalt was its editor—its founder. Then in August, 1911, the name was changed to THE MONITOR, and THE MONITOR it has been ever since. In that year Mr. L. E. Shoemaker was added to the staff as associate editor.

Judging from the following item which appeared in the first issue after the name had been changed, there was considerable interest manifested in the selection of a name. The article, taken from the magazine dated August, 1911, is as follows:

"Several names were suggested for the new paper, and after due consideration of the list, the choice finally fell upon 'The Mountain States Monitor.' How do you like it? This name was sent in by H. M. Fennemore of the Department of Public Relations, Salt Lake City, and C. E. Stratton, Division General Manager, El Paso. The distance between the two cities precludes any suspicion of these gentlemen having gotten their heads together on the proposition. Perhaps it was 'mental telephony.'"

Under its new name and the continued editorship of Mr. Greenawalt, assisted by Mr. Shoemaker, THE MONITOR moved along splendidly until there came a time when Mr. Greenawalt's services as Public Relations representative were needed in the state of Montana and later Utah. The "merger of companies" had taken place which extended our

territory and new problems were to be solved; so it was, in January, 1913, that he temporarily laid down the reins as editor and took up the work in the new territory. Thus it was that at least one month passed by since the birth of THE MONITOR that it had no editor—that is, no name appeared at the staff-head. That was January, 1913, but in the following February Mr. Harry P. Story was made acting editor, and in April, same year, he was made editor. In January, 1913, Austin L. Hatch was named associate editor. In September, 1914, he withdrew.

In April, 1915, Mr. Greenawalt "came back" as editor, and the following announcement was made:

"Greetings.—The writer cannot refrain from just a word of greeting to MONITOR readers, after returning from a three years' mission in the Northern and Western divisions.

"The retiring editor, Mr. H. P. Story, has maintained a high standard of excellence for the MONITOR, and with the assistance of his associates in the telephone fraternity, this present writer hopes to keep your favorite magazine at a high mark of popularity. Undoubtedly the MONITOR is one of the influences that make for united thought and common interest in our big telephone family, and if it were anything less than this its life would be futile and there would be no valid excuse for its publication. It must be alive with the animation of mutual service. It must breathe the spirit of loyalty to our Company and intelligent consideration of the public's needs.

"To maintain the MONITOR upon such heights is the recognized duty of the editorial staff.

"J. F. GREENAWALT, Editor."

In January, 1916, THE MONITOR, which had been small in size, was changed to the present size, and Mr. Fred W. Bunge was made assistant editor. In December, 1918, Mr. Bunge resigned to go into business for himself, and Miss Eleanor Kilbourn was appointed in his place as assistant.

March, 1919, A. U. Mayfield was made managing editor, and in January, 1921, he was made editor, which position he now holds.

The present staff of THE MONITOR: A. U. Mayfield, editor; Eleanor Kilbourn, assistant editor; E. A. J. Seddon, associate editor, El Paso; Van M. Clark, associate editor, Boise; R. F. Brink, Phoenix; Elva A. McMannis, Cheyenne; Dorothy Norlin, Helena; Ernest Greer, Salt Lake City; Betty Devine, feature writer, Denver; Cy Meyn, cartoonist, Denver; Beulah Black, staff artist, Denver.

Although Mr. Greenawalt's duties are mostly directed toward public relations as Publicity Manager, he still has a guiding hand in the publication of THE MONITOR.

Spend less than you earn, invest it well, turn a deaf ear to the tales of quick riches and sure things, and you'll soon be traveling smoothly on the road to independence.

ARE YOU STILL LEARNING?

By Albert Edward Wiggam, in Collier's
THEY made Michelangelo chief architect of St. Peter's, possibly the greatest work of art in the world, when he was seventy-two years of age, and he carried on through the reign of five Popes.

Years after, when the old man was well toward ninety, and had lost his eyesight and become feeble, he still had his servants carry him into the great temple, and as he ran those marvelous hands of his over the statues and decorations he exclaimed, "I still learn!"

Dr. Osler said, half in jest, that a man had reached the dead line at forty and ought to be chloroformed at sixty. No, he has reached the dead line the day he hangs his diploma up in his office and says, "I have finished my education." That is the hour he ought to be chloroformed.

Some men reach the dead line at twenty, some at sixty, and some never reach it. It is easy to tell. A man has reached the dead line when he has gotten too old to learn.

Education is a device for teaching men an immense number of useful habits. As William James said, it is an unhappy man who does not turn over nearly his whole daily life to "the effortless custody of habit," so that his intelligence will be left free to solve any new problem that comes up.

Men who have to think out each morning what they will wear, what to eat, what to smoke, whether to do their daily dozen, wear out their intelligence before the day begins.

When the big new problems come up their intelligence has already frazzled out in trivial details.

Intelligence, I think, is the thing that enables a man to get along without education.

Education is a thing that enables a man to get along without the use of intelligence.

Intelligence discovers, invents and creates. Education repeats, organizes and carries on.

Intelligence enables a man to think. Education gives him something to think about.

Intelligence invented language. Education may give a man something to say.

These ideas have grown up in my mind from a suggestion made by a famous psychologist. Both my intelligence and education owe him a great deal.

We educate people quite largely so that they will not have to use their intelligence.

That is why we teach a boy the multiplication table—so that when we ask him how many nine times seven are, we shall not have to wait for him to figure it out with his intelligence.

It took the human race thousands of years to figure out how many times nine times seven are, and we cannot wait that long, so we teach him a ready-made educational habit by which he can reply instantly, without thinking; that is, without using his intelligence.

If men had to use their intelligence every morning to determine how their clothes went on, most of the population would appear nude.

Education, then, is a device for teaching men an immense number of useful habits.

The big tragedy comes when a man ceases to use his intelligence and falls back on his education—that is the day he strikes the rut.

No man is old until he has quit using his intelligence to gain new education.

And you, my friend, are still a vital factor in your family, your business, your community, as long as you can say with the old, blind Michelangelo, "I still learn."



Broadcasting Company of America

Effective May 15, 1926, the radio broadcasting activities heretofore carried on by the Radio Broadcasting Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, under the general designation of WEAf, will be incorporated under the name "Broadcasting Company of America."

This step has been made desirable by the growth in these activities and by the fact that the problems involved are of a special nature. These problems differ from those of regular telephone operation and can therefore be more effectively handled by a separate organization. This corporation, owned entirely by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, will continue the same general policies as those obtaining heretofore in conducting these activities.

The personnel of this new company will be chiefly made up of the present WEAf organization, and this personnel will continue

to direct its efforts toward enlarging and strengthening its standing with the listening public by constantly seeking out for development all that is best in the art of radio broadcasting.

The general plan of operation of WEAf and of connecting broadcasting stations, together throughout the country will be followed as at present for the purpose of broadcasting simultaneously from these stations programs of entertainment, educational matter and other features.

1876—△—1926

A giant lobster exhibited in Manchester is estimated to be a hundred years old—an age which is believed to have been hitherto surpassed only by canned specimens.—Punch.

1876—△—1926

She: "How would you like to take part in another war?"

He: "This is so sudden."



The Snow Baby

By A. U. Mayfield

I SHALL tell this story just as it was told to me. If I should attempt to embellish or elaborate upon it, much of the pure, simple and sweet romance that found its strong castle in the land of the deep snows of Wyoming would be lost—so, you shall have it, just as it was told to me.

It was away back in the year of 1900—twenty-six years ago—that a young man by the name of Michael Francis Cannon found his way into the "Far West," and was first heard of, so far as this story is concerned, at Rambler, Wyoming—a small copper mining town, hemmed in by the Sierra Madre Mountains, up near the Continental Divide, some 9,900 feet above sea level—up where the snows are ever deep and the summers short. He found employment with the Rambler Mercantile Company, and soon became its manager.

Rambler, which now lives only in memory, was one of those boom-day mining towns that grew over night and faded away in a few years as the mines petered out. There were

five business buildings in Rambler—three of them saloons. The trade came from the miners who worked in the Rudefea and the Doane mines near by.

And there was a telephone in Rambler. It was located in the Rambler Mercantile Company's store. Encampment, Wyoming, was twelve miles away, and in Encampment there was a telephone exchange; and right here is where our love and romance had its beginning. "The voice with the smile" had something to do with it.

Maretta M. Darling was day operator at Encampment, and it was a part of her duties to "connect up" with Rambler quite often. Michael Cannon, away up there in the deep snows, found great happiness and soothing solace for his loneliness in hearing Miss Darling say, "Mr. Cannon, So-and-So is calling you." He thought he had never heard such angelic tones in his life. By and by he mustered up courage and asked, over the line, her name.

"Miss Darling." came the reply.

"Oh, Darling!" he replied.

"No, Mr. Cannon—Miss Darling, I said."

Getting out of Rambler in the winter time was almost next to impossible. Snow begins to come there early in the fall and continues all winter, and were it not for the government verification but few would believe that from forty to sixty feet of snow falls during one season. This is almost unbelievable, but it is a fact. Trees, houses and cabins are completely covered under a deep blanket of snow, and in some places where the drifts pile high in the valleys it is not unusual for the snow to be 200 or 250 feet deep. In the little camp of Rambler communication between stores and buildings was only kept open by frequent mashing of snowshoes and skis, and sometimes tunneling under the snow was resorted to.

Was it any wonder that Michael Cannon was lonely up there in the long winter time? The calls from Encampment over the telephone grew more frequent—and it is fair to presume that many a call which had no business significance was originated at the dingy little store at Rambler, and as that was "the end of the line," and it originated in the exchange at Encampment, it is also fair to assume that Michael "tested out" the line very often.

One evening, late in the spring, when the wires were not busy, Michael got on the line and told Miss Darling that he thought he would be able to go outside within a few days, and that he was thinking of skiing to Encampment.

"I just want to see the originator of that voice with a smile," said Michael, "and if you don't mind I will call on you when I come down."

"Oh, that will be fine, Mr. Cannon. By the way, have you had much snow up there this winter?"

"Much is right, Miss Darling. Here is something I can tell you, and which people outside won't believe, but it is the blessed truth. We have had no less than sixty feet of snowfall this winter. Just to show you how it can snow up here in the clouds, I need but tell you that we had one continual snow-storm—every hour of every day and every night—for 40 days, beginning on January 1 and lasting until February 10. I think that



Rambler, Wyoming, on April 8, 1907. Hotel opposite horses; front of saloon shown back of men; small black three-cornered spot, rear of sled, is gable end of a cabin, and the other peak is the town hall and public school building

at least 40 feet of snow fell during that time, measuring where it lay fluffy and unpacked. Of course, up where we are, in this City of the Beautiful Snow, the wind blows and moves some of the snow off; and then we keep the street—for we only have one street—packed pretty well by constant use of sleds and shoes."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the little telephone operator down at Encampment, "you are regular snowbirds up there, Mr. Cannon."

"Well, Miss Darling, we sure are some birds, it is true, but I have yet to see any wings fluttering around here. And our horses—"

"Horses? You don't mean to tell me you have horses up there, and with forty feet of snow!" was the skeptical retort over the iron wire.

"Yes, indeed. We have what we call snow-horses, and they are about the surest-footed animals one ever saw, too. You see, we have to have horses and sleds to haul provisions in, and to draw wood to the mine. We start on the trail when the early snows begin, and every day the same trail is driven over, and in that way the snow packs and becomes almost solid ice, growing ever deeper and deeper. Our men have actually driven for weeks and weeks right over the tops of houses, and over trees, so hard does the snow pack at times.

"Once in a while a green horse will slip from the beaten trail and down, down he goes. There was poor old Dick—he slipped and went clear out of sight in the loose snow. You won't believe me, maybe, but they dug him out fifty feet below where he had



Snow horses have missed the trail and are floundering in snow many feet deep



Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Cannon and their "Snow Baby"

squirmed to the surface on the side of a hill. And he never got a scratch, either."

"Why, Michael!—I mean Mr. Cannon."

"It's a fact, Maretta Darling."

"Mr. Cannon, have you got a comma after the name Maretta?"

"No, Maretta, I never was much on punc-

uation, and the big thing just now worrying me is how to make a question mark."

"Just a minute, Mr. Cannon—someone is ringing—"

Maretta's "just a minute" grew into many minutes, then lengthened into hours, and the night passed and day came again. The wire had gone down—possibly another snowslide! For snowslides are not infrequent in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Carbon County, Wyoming.

Next day someone came in over the snow on shoes and reported that two telephone men—Eddie Comer and Pete Lamure—who had gone out to look after the lines, had been caught in a slide and were lost. Rescue was almost impossible. Men had been sent out from Encampment, and those from Rambler who could dig out of their own snow-covered dens went down the mountain sides to offer any assistance they could.

But it was all of no use. Weeks later one of the men was found within six inches of the surface. He had been tossed and crushed by the great White Death as it tore its way down the side of the mountain, hundreds of feet. The other body was later found buried under forty feet of snow. They had given their lives that the message might go through.

Then came a day when Michael Cannon received the thrill of his young life. The telephone bell rang. He kicked over a chair and upset a keg of dried mackerel in getting to it!

"Hello! Hello! Is this you, Maretta?"

"Yes, Michael. My 'just a minute' was a little long, wasn't it? Will you excuse it, please?"

"Hell, yes—that is, I mean Hell-O, Maretta—"

But never mind what the conversation was. Spring came and Michael Cannon mushed it



Miss Eileen Cannon, the "Snow Baby"

out to Encampment. Also, never mind what happened in Encampment, but it is said that G. M. King, who was then construction foreman in the district and who is now in the railway mail service at Cheyenne, "hung around" the telephone office all too long of evenings to suit Michael and Maretta. No,

no—not that he was trying to "beat Michael's time," but he did find it so convenient to sit around the stove and make out his daily reports: and, of course, "three is a crowd."

Then came the glad day when Michael could call her "Maretta darling," regardless of the comma, and he didn't spell it with a capital "D" either—for now, if you please, she was Mrs. Michael Francis Cannon, and she went up into the deep snows with Michael—up into the clouds where love and happiness found no restraint. It was an unusual setting for a honeymoon. As the summer days came on, George King, the construction foreman, would come up occasionally and "sit around the stove," but it didn't matter now.

And then came another summer season, and the quaking aspens in the valleys and along the mountainsides had again turned red and gold and fallen to the ground, and the deep snows would soon be upon the little camp of Rambler.

"Michael," said Maretta gently, "I think you better telephone down to Encampment and have the doctor come up tonight, dear." Michael understood.

And the next morning—it was November 6 to be exact, the first baby girl ever born in Rambler opened her eyes to the light of day.

And they called her Eileen. When Eileen was two years old her parents came down



Mrs. M. F. Cannon, nee Maretta M. Darling, who was operator at Encampment, Wyoming—mother of the "Snow Baby"

out of the land of the deep snows, and now, true to her inborn nature, Eileen the "Snow Baby" is a telephone girl in the commercial department in Denver, and her father, Michael Cannon, is employed in the supply department of the Government.

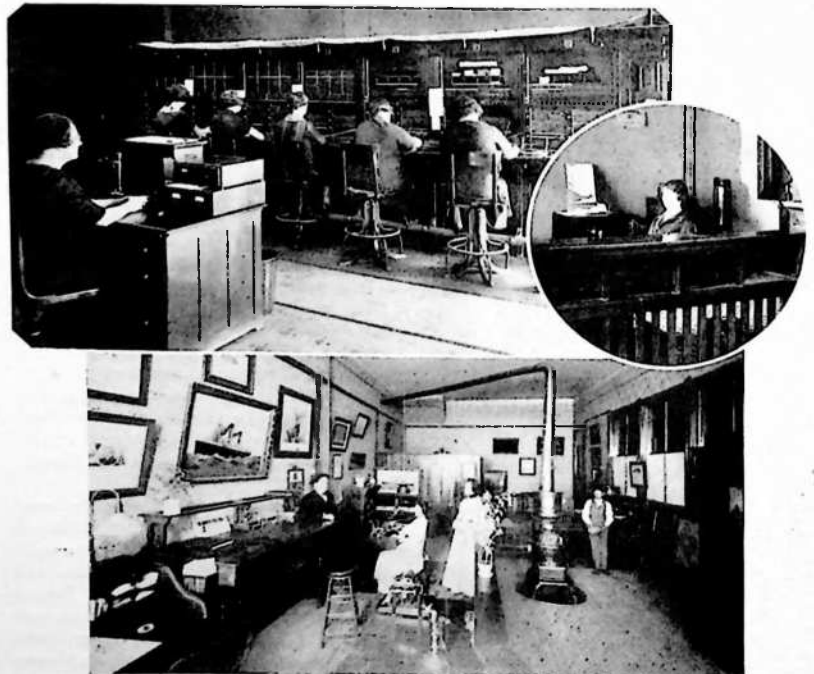
Livingston, Montana

In the year of 1899 the Livingston, Montana, exchange was operated under the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company. In that year the late Thomas M. Swindlehurst was manager and at that time he operated an office consisting of fire insurance, life insurance, sold steamship tickets and collected water rent, but the telephone management was his main hobby, and was up until the time of his death. Mr. Swindlehurst was one of the best-known men in the state and one whom everyone loved and reposed confidence.

The picture, dated 1899, shows Mr. Swindlehurst in his combination office, and the 1926 picture shows the present commercial office and operating room, of which Geo. F. Schum is manager.

F. S. Sell, commercial agent at Salt Lake City, has been made state cashier, succeeding Alex Remneas, who was recently transferred to Lewistown as group manager.

Ernest Hattrick, Montana electric engineer, has been transferred to the state plant department at Denver, a well-earned promotion. Mr. Hattrick has a service record with the Mountain States Telephone Company since 1915, when he started as an installer in the Helena plant department in November of that year.



Operating room at Livingston in 1926. Oval—Mrs. Edna V. Doty, cashier since 1899

Raging Sagebrush Fire



You who have been out on the plains and had to depend entirely upon sagebrush for fire know how hot a fire it makes. The big, gnarled roots, filled with an inflammable oil, produce a white heat in a short time, and pouring water on this kind of a fire is a good deal like pouring water on oil.

That is the kind of a fire that swept over more than a thousand acres of sagebrush land near the lava beds, 28 miles west of Arco, Idaho, last fall. Mixed with the sagebrush there was also a rank growth of bunch grass, which is some "kindling wood" itself.

The telephone toll lead which carries the 165 copper circuit, Pocatello to Boise, was right in the center of the fire. Manager J. S. Brassfield of Arco scented the burning brush and hastened to the scene. He found nine poles already burned down, and twenty-nine other poles on fire at the base, and some much higher. By hard work he succeeded in

extinguishing the fire on these poles, thus preventing greater damage.

In the pictures may be seen some of the heavy growth and then how ground looked after the fire had passed over it. Manager Brassfield is shown "right on the ground," and we have it on good authority that he was a pretty badly "singed telephone man" when he got back home that day.

1876——1926

Ralph Stiehl Goes to Phoenix

Ralph Stiehl, for some time in the Denver commercial department, has been transferred to Phoenix, Arizona, where he takes up general commercial work. Ralph has many friends in Denver, who wish him the best of everything.


Minute Men Banquet

A very interesting and profitable year of the Public Speaking Club of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company of Denver was closed Monday night, April 26, at their Fourth Annual Banquet, in honor of the ladies, at the Elks Club.

A delightful dinner was served and after an hour and a half of speechmaking, dancing was enjoyed until midnight.


Reverend Stanley Arthur Curtis, pastor of Warren Memorial Church, was the principal speaker of the evening.

This is the fourth year of operation of our Public Speaking Club, and we are proud to say it has been a very successful year.

1876——1926

W. H. Geopfarth Comes to Denver

W. H. Geopfarth, state cashier at Boise, Idaho, has been transferred to Denver, where he is taking up extension study in the Denver commercial department.

1876——1926

Miss Marjorie Clapp, comptometer operator in general accounting, has left for an extended vacation in California. She has been with the Company over five years and is one of the most popular girls in the accounting department. Although, she says, this vacation is for a rest, we are wondering, as California has many attractions besides its restful climate. Anyway, we all wish her a good time. Miss Mary Powers from Colorado accounting has taken her place.

Mrs. Mary Regina Smith, operator at Fabens, Texas, who risked her own life in a raging flood to save others. "It is the Spirit of Service"



Vail Medal Awards



Everett C. Nelson, installer-repairman, New York Telephone Company

Report of National Committee of Award Theodore N. Vail Medals—1925

May 12, 1926.

To the Trustees.

Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund.

For the past six years, under the terms of the establishment of the Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund, committees of the associated companies of the Bell System have awarded to employees of the System bronze medals for noteworthy public service and each year a national committee of award has reviewed these cases and selected the most noteworthy for further recognition and commemoration.

In making these selections the national committee of award has endeavored to appraise the significance of the action and result in the public interest, and to measure the degree of initiative, resourcefulness, courage or endurance exhibited by the principal or principals in those cases in which some resources of Bell System plant, organization or experience have been availed of to the greatest extent.

The associated company awards are inspiring evidence that loyalty and devotion to pub-



Emery D. Stine, lineman, Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania



Ruby LaVerne Wilson, operator, Southwestern Bell Telephone Company

lic service are a part of the every-day life and work of Bell System people.

After carefully reviewing these cases the following selections have been made for national awards for the year 1925:

A silver medal, with a cash award of \$250, to Mrs. Josephine L. August, night operator, Dowagiac Telephone Company, Cassopolis, Mich.

CITATION

For conspicuous courage, resourcefulness and loyalty to the public service.

Night Operator Josephine L. August, early in the morning of November 24, 1925, heard sounds that caused her to suspect the presence of robbers in the bank on the first floor of the same building, two doors away. In attempting to notify local officials by telephone she found that practically all of the wires had been cut, but finally succeeded in getting a message of warning through to a subscriber who was fired upon when starting for the sheriff's house. She then threw a switch which controlled warning lights in the street, and for two hours continued at her post and succeeded in giving information and warning to neighboring communities over a line which she found still in service. During this time the robbers endeavored to intimidate the town with a continuous fusillade of shots, and the building was frequently shaken as they used explosives in their efforts to penetrate the bank vault.

A silver medal, with a cash award of \$250, to Mrs. Mary Regina Smith, operator, Fabens Telephone Company, Fabens, Texas.

CITATION

For conspicuous courage and devotion to the public service under hazardous conditions.

Operator Mary Regina Smith, learning early in the morning of August 9, 1925, that the community was threatened by a flood, began at once to warn telephone subscribers of the approaching danger and continued to call them while the telephone building itself was flooded with two feet of water. After one wall had collapsed and the switchboard had been rendered useless by the rising water, she caused a toll line to be connected to a wall telephone in order to summon outside assistance, and, throughout the period of the flood, displayed loyalty to the public service and disregard of personal safety that resulted in the saving of lives and property.

A silver medal, with a cash award of \$250, to Everett C. Nelson, installer, New York Telephone Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

CITATION

For courage, resourcefulness and fortitude in rescuing a fellow-employee from grave danger.

Installer Everett C. Nelson on June 30, 1925, noticed that a fellow-employee working near the top of a forty-five-foot telephone pole at LaSalle, N. Y., had become unconscious from contact with a high-voltage electric circuit. He immediately climbed the pole, secured himself with his safety belt, looped a hand line around the man's body and over a cross-arm above, and, for about a half hour, supported him in a safe position and rendered what first aid was possible, until the necessary help arrived to lower him to the ground.

A silver medal, with a cash award of \$250, to Ruby LaVerne Wilson, operator, Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, Washington, Arkansas.

CITATION

For outstanding courage and devotion to the public service under conditions of grave danger.

Operator Ruby LaVerne Wilson, early in the morning of December 16, 1925, when bandits sawed the telephone cables and robbed the bank at Washington, Arkansas, took her place at the switchboard and, with one of the bandits threatening her with his revolver through the closed window, tested the lines until she found one that was still in service. Then, speaking guardedly, and with the gun of the bandit scarcely three feet away still trained upon her, she notified the president of the bank and the police of neighboring towns, displaying the utmost courage and self-control in her efforts to summon aid before the bandits escaped.

A silver medal, with a cash award of \$250, to Emory Daniel Stine, lineman, The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, York, Pennsylvania.

CITATION

For initiative, courage and persistence in an emergency endangering the public welfare.



Josephine L. August, night operator, Dowagiac Telephone Company, Cassopolis, Michigan

Lineman Emory Daniel Stine, on February 11, 1925, when flood conditions interrupted vital telephone communication between the reservoir supplying water to the City of York, Pennsylvania, and the pumping station three and one-half miles distant, volunteered with a fellow-employee to undertake the hazardous task of repairing the break in the line.

All roads being blocked by the flood, four different routes were tried, and after several hours' searching in the darkness, fog and rain the break was finally found at a pole in the flooded area. Then, with a hand line tied to his belt and held by his companion, he waded shoulder deep through the icy, swift-running water, climbed the pole and made temporary repairs, thus restoring a communication service of vital importance to the community.

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

1876——1926

When you're climbing up a pole,
Safety First.

When you're digging out a hole,
Safety First.

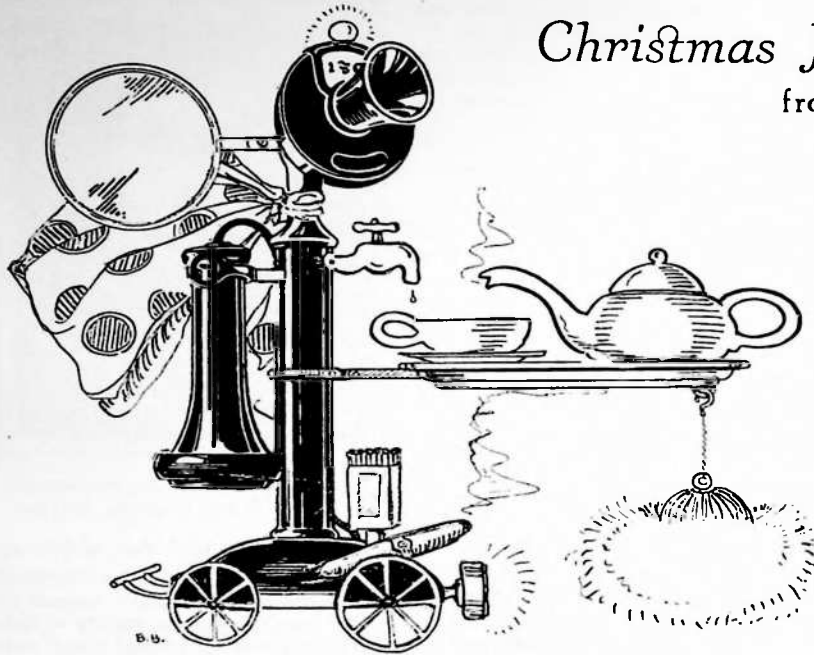
At your work or at your play,
Keep the motto on the way—
Safety First.

There is always work to do,
Safety First.

There is much depends on you,
Safety First.

Day by day it is the same,
Keep the motto, play the game—
Safety First.

—Clipped from *Telephone Topics*.



By W. Benerman, Arizona-New Mexico
Directory Manager

WHAT is the first to turn green in the spring of the year? Perhaps you know the answer. The joke is an old one, although still appropriate, as most of us are inclined to "fall" for a pretty good imitation of the real thing. Some of it turns green even before spring arrives, for the answer is, "Christmas jewelry."

If you knew at the time of making your purchase that you were buying the variety that was pretty apt to "turn green," you have no one to blame but yourself. If you paid the price for the "real thing" and it turned out to be nothing more than a rank imitation—well, that is a story without any joke to it.

Nowadays most imitations are sold as such. There are, however, many purchases that you or I might be talked into making without realizing the worthlessness of the product. In addition to inferior imitations we constantly run across a raft of so-called "improvements," "attachments," and so on. Every once in so often we buy one only to discard it after having had it about for a short while.

Consider almost any article or commodity that is widely used by the public, and there is an endless number of "just-as-goods" or "improvements" put on the market by individuals or concerns who realize the profits to be reaped through the popularity of the article they are imitating or would have you believe they are improving.

The telephone is no exception. Having little, if any, idea of the technical or scientific

phases of the telephone, the public is only too easily convinced of the "remarkable advantages" to be gained by permitting someone, for the price of \$3.00 or the small sum of 15 cents, to attach some sort of a contraption to their instrument. These jim-cracks are invariably a detriment to the service. Obviously if they contained any merit they or their principle would be incorporated as a part of our standard instrument, as we are constantly on the alert to improve every factor entering into the service.

Unfortunately the detrimental effect of these unauthorized devices does not always make itself apparent to the individual using the instrument to which they are attached. Instead, the person at the other end of the line is the one who suffers, and having no knowledge of the real cause of the trouble, blames the Company.

One of the pet schemes perpetrated as a result of the extensive development of the telephone are those which take advantage of the possibilities it offers in the way of advertising novelties. Any place where there is a telephone is a good place to display advertising matter, and by associating advertising matter wherever there is a telephone the advertiser reaches into practically all worthwhile nooks and corners and displays his message before the buying public. Where there is a telephone there is the telephone directory, and it is the advertisement in the telephone directory that the business man regards as one of his most productive forms of publicity. The telephone directory occupies a position unique among all other publi-

Christmas Jewelry from the "Five and Ten"

cations. It is the one good piece of printed matter delivered free which is kept, and that is pitting it against catalogues, booklets, circulars and other matter which, sooner or later, find their way into the waste paper basket. Not so with the telephone directory.

Compared with printed matter which is paid for by subscription or otherwise, the telephone directory again has the overwhelming advantage of permanency. When it outgrows its usefulness someone comes along, as the man in the story of Aladdin, offering to exchange new telephone directories for old. With this feature of permanency, it goes into all of the better-class homes, as do the magazines, but in addition it is seen where the magazines are more or less taboo—on the desk of the business man, in the factory, the shop, the bank, and a thousand other places. You can't get away from it! There is no waste circulation, and the advertising it contains is always before the buyers of means.

The value of the telephone directory as an advertising medium is well recognized by those in the advertising business and by those whose business brings them in contact with advertising matter. They realize the demand for advertising space in the telephone directory, and hence there are directories—Christmas jewelry directories, if you please—published in imitation of, as an improvement on, or as an addition to, the real telephone directory.

These Christmas jewelry directories—and



they certainly turn green—a most bilious green—are, of course, put out for the sole purpose of the profits their publishers anticipate from the sale of advertising. It stands to reason that the accuracy and completeness of the information, the thoroughness of the distribution and many of the important characteristics of the real telephone directory are but matters of secondary consideration, if considered at all.

If the directory be arranged according to businesses and professions, it is at best but a duplicate, to a very large extent, of the classified section of the larger telephone directories. Frequently an effort is made to include places of business not having telephones. This, perhaps, is to overcome making the duplication of the telephone directory too apparent and to offer the explanation that it is a more complete classification of the businesses and professions of the city. Is there any actual value to the advertiser of the inclusion of concerns which do not have a telephone? Hardly, in this day and age, when so very much is transacted by telephone.

The compilation of such a directory should not be made by copying the information from the telephone directories. This is an infringement on the copyright. It must be obtained in some other fashion, as by a door-to-door canvass and the data collected in conjunction with the sales efforts. To make such a canvass requires considerable time, with the result that a large number of listings are incorrect or obsolete before the directory goes to press. Consequently the reliability of such directories is highly questionable. If they are not reliable they will not be used, and if not used, of what value is the directory?

Another form of these publications has the listings arranged in telephone number order. The same complications develop in their com-

pilation, the same attitude is assumed towards the necessity of selling space as compared with the importance of accuracy, and the same answer applies regarding their usefulness and consequent value as an advertising medium. We know, as a result of the work handled by our information operators, just how many requests there are for the name or address when only the telephone number is available. Such requests are so infrequent that there is no excuse for the existence of a numerically arranged directory. The folly of advertising in a numerical directory is obvious.

It so happens that after getting out one or two issues, the publishers frequently give it up as an unprofitable adventure. The results expected by the advertiser were not forthcoming. In some cases it is only the intent to publish one issue. There being no replacing issue, the old one remains, falling further out of date every day. In view of the fact that there is so little demand for numerical information they do not cause as much difficulty as might be expected. Were they used to any extent the reaction on the service would be appreciable.

All of us can well afford to acquire a better understanding of the part the telephone directory plays in the community it serves. Now that we have undertaken the publica-



tion of our own directories, we must assume the obligations to raise the standards of our directories to those levels towards which the other phases of our service are constantly approaching. It requires the same united effort as is so essential in all our activities—the sum total of which is Telephone Service.

1876—△—1926

RECENT INSTANCES OF REGULATION

By Milton Smith, General Counsel

In *Continental Casualty Company v. The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company*, decided by the Public Utility Commission of the State of Utah April 12, 1926, it was held that where a subscriber, an insurance broker, represented casualty companies, additional listings for such casualty companies were properly refused unless subscriber paid for "joint user service" in addition to regular directory listing rates.

The Continental Agency Company conducted an insurance agency in Salt Lake City and acted in the capacity of insurance broker for the Continental Casualty Company and the Columbia Casualty Company, foreign corporations, doing a casualty business in the State of Utah. The Continental Agency Company contended that it ought to pay to the telephone company one regular subscriber's business rate and additional listing rate for each company it represented and no more. The company contended that it should receive additional joint subscriber's business rates for both casualty companies represented by the Continental Agency Company.

The commission found that the rules and regulations of the telephone company respecting additional listings and joint user service were reasonable and fair and that the company's interpretation of such rules and regu-

lations was correct in the instant case. The Continental Agency Company was ordered to pay the joint user rates.

In *Bryce v. Atlantic Coast Electric Railway Company*, decided by the Supreme Court of New Jersey, a lineman working without rubber gloves was found to be guilty of contributory negligence. It appeared that following a storm certain telephone wires had become entangled with electric light wires and the wires of a fire-alarm system. The lineman was repairing the fire-alarm system wire. He clasped the wire in his naked hand and pulled it in such a way that it came in contact with an uninsulated part of an electric light wire. He was electrocuted.

The court held that where the lineman knew that the fire-alarm wire was in close proximity to an electric light wire of high voltage, and that by pulling on the wire it must of necessity come in contact with the electric wire, his failure to use the customary protection of rubber gloves did not show the exercise of reasonable care, and that the verdict for damages on account of his death was against the evidence and should be set aside.

1876—△—1926

Some of the sunspots are said to be thousands of miles in diameter, and yet think of the fuss a girl makes over an ordinary freckle.

That Dollar Down and a Dollar a Week

A friend of mine bought a gramophone,
For a dollar down and a dollar a week.
This is the easiest graft I've known—
This dollar down and a dollar a week.
So he bought a chair and a fountain pen,
A runabout car and a stove, and then
A set of the "Lives of Our Famous Men,"
For a dollar down and a dollar a week.

Then he bought two bran' new radio sets,
For a dollar down and a dollar a week,
And a dozen cartons of cigarettes,
For a dollar down and a dollar a week.
Then he bought a ring that was fair to see
For the lily-white hand of his bride-to-be,
And after the wedding the minister's fee
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week.

Then he bought a house for his familiee,
At a dollar down and a dollar a week,
And when they got sick the doctor's fee
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week.
Then said his wife, "I must be free;
These weekly payments are ruining me!"
So she got a divorce. And the alimonee
Was a dollar down and a dollar a week.
—Credit Monthly.



Photo by George Beam, Denver

Redwood's Awakening

By Ada S. Garding

Stenographer in Chief Engineer's Office

REDWOOD Pole eighteen-five-five-one had served fifteen years on the transcontinental line, crossing the Arizona-New Mexico desert. Regardless of wind, sand and electrical storms, he remained stately as ever, baring his square redwood sides to the baffled elements. One hundred thirty feet on either side stood other poles whose birthdays were as numerous. When first set upon this barren waste the poles, wires, crossarms and nearby cacti found considerable pleasure in each other's companionship, but years of sameness caused dull monotony to sap their enthusiasm. At times the irritable poles would curse the wires for humming their endless tune. All the telephone equipment was dead sick of the silent, uneventful desert.

One scorching afternoon in July, Redwood was hermetically murmuring to himself:

"Curses—deep, loud curses! My whole life wasted standing here in the sand!"

Reminiscence of youth's ambitions crowded upon him—that longing to serve in a big city where things were happening! Before being set he had visualized himself as the means of stopping on-coming joyriders; having his sides whittled by mischievous boys or the insulators knocked pell-mell from his brow by a well-directed stone. Here was nothing but solitude, and his companion poles were equally as dumb as himself. What a life! He ventured speech with his neighbor, Pole Eighteen-five-five-two, but that old boy's thoughts had become ingrown and his vocabulary shriveled in the desert's heat.

"Can't you even express a wish?" cried Eighteen-five-five-one.

No response.

Was that merciless sun hotter today than usual, or could it be Redwood's ruffled disposition? Dark clouds appeared on the horizon; a wind blew up unexpectedly, and distant rumbling announced a storm.

"Hey, No. 18-5-5-2, what time of the year is it?" attempted Redwood again. "Looks like a storm!"

"Shut up!" snapped his fellow crab.

The answer stung old Redwood like the lashing wind and sand. Even though his neighbor had not spoken for years, there still remained that mysterious affection, half smothered in the silence, which he bore to old Eighteen-five-five-two. He could not weep; he was as dry and brittle as the desert wastes. Steeling himself for strenuous service, No. 18-5-5-1 faced the storm. Queer how Redwood's mind was working today! As the sky became

black, so also became the mystery that the pole tried to solve. Why spend one's life standing in a desert?

Before Redwood's vision a cloud of blinding sand arose, the sun disappeared and blue flame crashed from the sky. His train of thought snapped like the wire above him—at his feet lay that sassy neighbor, No. 18-5-5-2. Enveloped in grief and concern, Redwood scarcely felt the additional strain on his shoulders as two crossarms, sixteen wires carrying twelve telephone and numerous telegraph circuits, sagged to the ground, old 5977's head and shoulders adding to the weight. Slowly the sand began to bury the splintered pole whose service record had terminated.

The storm continued until darkness fell. When the moonlight showered the purple desert, Redwood was swaying beneath a burden almost too heavy for him. The wires sang no more, and a terrible loneliness seized him. Never had he spent such a night since his arrival. He was about to fall under the strain when early morning dawned, and two men drove up to repair the transcontinental line. Redwood caught a few words drifting through the one-hundred-thirty-foot separation:

"Just wait, George, till this new Black Diamond stands here fifteen years: he won't look so slick and shiny. Hard service is what brings out the real quality."

"Quality is it!" thought Redwood gloomily.

The men soon left, and in the recent vacancy grinned a new pole sporting the number 18-5-5-2. His brilliant sides fairly blinded Redwood, and a voice shrill and vibrant with youth called across the sand:

"Top o' the mornin' to you, pard! Gosh, what magnificent scenery!"

A feeble response came from Redwood:

"Gets timsome after fifteen years. Just wait five years—your sides will turn dark brown, then lighter: and when the silence has sapped your enthusiasm you'll turn gray."

"What an encouraging old stick of wood you are!" laughed the young pole. "Sounds like a crab who has lived life all wrong. Surely you don't mean those words!"

A cooling breeze, usually exhilarating for that country, whistled between the poles. Black Diamond threw out his chest, laden with crossarms, and breathed deeply.

"Oh, boy, that air! And would you listen to those wires; that's real music to me!"

To Redwood it was the funeral dirge of his old friend lost during the storm.

Diamond continued his chatter:

"You poor Sapwood—pardon me—Redwood; you can't realize how lucky a fellow you are. One year in a Chicago alley behind the jazziest dancehall in town, with 'Thanks for the Buggy Ride' popping in your eardrums every night, would teach you to appreciate music borne of the desert!"

All day the young pole was bursting with enthusiasm. Every changing scene thrilled him. He looked the sun square in the face,



Pole 18-5-5-2 taking its place out in the sandhills to help Old Redwood carry the wires

laughed at the heat waves playing about him and poked fun at Redwood until the old man admitted that his youth was stealing back.

"What kind of a fellow was old Eighteen-five-five-two? Not half so crabby as you, I hope!" quizzed Black Diamond.

"He would have been cheerful had I been so myself," admitted Redwood sadly, recalling the last "Shut up" from his companion.

"Now look here," continued Diamond, "this attitude has got to change. You both served together fifteen years, supporting one of the most important lines in the United States. Transcontinental poles are the talk of the whole Bell System; still you complain that the world has forgotten you. I hailed every pole that would speak to me on the way down here, and each one is complaining of his unimportance. It's co-operation you need! Yes indeed, old insignificance, I'd give my lower jaw of insulators to own your service record on this route!"

Redwood picked up his line of thought, which had been torn by the hurricane. Why stand in a desert all one's life? Was it half so bad as he had imagined? Here was Diamond; he seemed to have reached the highest aim in life—to serve on the transcontinental

line. Redwood had been lucky after all to escape the Chicago alley; then perhaps there were worse places than behind dancehalls. The pole felt ashamed of his glum attitude toward an honorable service. Why did he not realize this importance while his old friend lived and cheerfully encourage that pole when the storm broke? Too late now; but friends are never appreciated—neither are opportunities—until they are gone.

"Cheer up, Sapwood: the first hundred years are the hardest, and we've got to pull together!" cried Black Diamond, as the cool breeze took on the aspect of another gale.

Redwood's courage and pride were born anew, and stiffening his splinters he screamed a warning to his brother:

"Sit tight, young fellow; these storms are nothing to sneeze at!"

What a pleasure it was to serve together, especially during a storm! As time passed, the heartwood of Pole Eighteen-five-five-one swelled with new enthusiasm. He had learned to appreciate trials through the light-hearted attitude of his young friend. Even when the desolation and silence of that great expanse of sand threatened to dry his heart, Redwood fitted these words to the song of the wires:

"They also serve who only stand and wait!"

1876—△—1926

Betty Is Offended

Last month's MONITOR printed what it thought was a good illustration of how a bird dog works in the field. No other name in the story was used than that of Frank, a pointer. To show how dogs work a sort of moving picture demonstration was staged in which another dog by name of Betty June Proctor was used with Frank. It now occurs that Betty "got the worst of it" in the story, and as THE MONITOR has no desire to injure even

a dog, it wishes to say that Betty holds pedigree registration No. 78633 in the Field Stud Book, and just to show that she is no "pooch" the registration shows that she was sired by Dan Dummore No. 67024, and her dam is Hatfield's June Proctor No. 74852.

1876—△—1926

"As soon as a human being is free from want he requires diversion," says a psychologist. The government quickly realized this and invented the income tax.—London Opinion.



Looking Backward

FOLLOWING extracts are taken from THE MONITOR and its predecessor, *The Transmitter*, beginning with the first issue, which was June, 1906. Many things have happened since 1906—twenty years ago: many changes have taken place—many new faces have appeared on the scenes, and many beloved ones have passed on:

YEAR OF 1906

A training school for operators has been established by W. F. Cozad, traffic engineer. The record during the past year shows that about twenty-four vacancies occur monthly. The vacancies result from various causes, the most common being matrimony. A suite of three pleasant rooms on the sixth floor of the new telephone building are given over to the school, which is presided over by a lady who has had wide experience in the training of operators.

On March 19 and 20, in Fraternal Union building, Denver, was held the first annual convention of district managers of this company. District managers were all present with the exception of C. L. Titus, snowbound in Routt county.

The snowstorm of April 26 will not soon be forgotten in Denver. Between 7,000 and 8,000 instruments were out of service.

E. B. Field, Jr., H. W. Bellard, H. A. Rhodes, F. H. Reid, W. T. Harris, Louis Lutts and Lee DeCamp composed a fishing party to the South Platte.

A convention of chief operators was held June 12 and 13, chief operators from many exchanges in Colorado and New Mexico being present.

The annual report of the A. T. & T. Company showed that there were 2,528,715 Bell telephone stations in operation at the close of 1905.

J. B. Heister and Miss Blanche Houghton were married at the home of the bride in Denver on July 11. Mr. Heister is line foreman in Denver district.

Colorado Telephone Company Benefit Association formed November 13 by women employees of the company.

YEAR OF 1907

New exchange at Albuquerque, New Mexico, was cut over January 27.

A peculiar case of "trouble" occurred when



Telephone girl coming to work twenty years ago

a golden eagle was found entangled in the wires of the Denver-Colorado Springs toll lead. As the dead bird was splendidly plumed he was mounted and is now in President Field's office.

Several mines in Cripple Creek district have telephones in shafts and underground workings.

Capt. T. J. Matthews of Socorro, New Mexico, is the largest sub-licensee.

Estes Park exchange sold to company of Park capitalists.

Mr. Roderick Reid, chief clerk to the auditor, has a new son, born June 22nd.

On the evening of July 3, at the home of the bride, Mr. Frederick H. Reid, chief clerk to the general manager, was married to Miss Lela May Kindig. The honeymoon was spent in the Gunnison river country.

Mr. N. O. Pierce and Miss Elizabeth E. Morris were married on the evening of September 11.

Mr. Martin R. Caldwell and Miss Emily McLaren of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, were married on September 25 at the home of the bride's parents.

Construction Engineer Murray MacNeill was in a wreck on the C. & S. near Marshall, Colo-

rado. The train was struck by a terrific wind-storm on Christmas Eve and the baggage car, smoker and first coach torn from their trucks.

YEAR OF 1908

B. F. Churchill, wire chief at Gallup exchange, and Mrs. Churchill have a baby son, born March 18.

Of ninety-six cities of over 50,000 population only two have larger telephone development than Denver, the two being Spokane and Dallas.

Mr. Richard Francis Morris and Miss Ada Bayne of Colorado Springs were married on June 24.

A. T. & T. traffic men now in the city are making arrangements for business of national Democratic convention to be held in the new city Auditorium, July 7 to 10. Colorado Telephone Company men also working hard over problem of handling traffic, both local and long distance.

E. B. Field, Jr., gave dinner to A. T. & T. men at the close of the strenuous period of the Democratic national convention.

YEAR OF 1909

Block system of figuring toll rates inaugurated.

Bell Telephone Memorial Association purchased Alexander Graham Bell homestead at Brantford, Ontario, and erected memorial showing heroic figures sending and receiving messages.

President Taft "turns on the water" at Gunnison tunnel opening, using gold bell presented by Colorado Telephone Company. John F. Greenawalt makes presentation of the bell.

Construction work begun on new building at Sterling.

New exchange cut over at Fort Collins, October 17.

YEAR OF 1910

Sterling, Colorado, has new common battery exchange.

Many extensions into new territory planned for this year.

Textbook on "First Aid in Case of Accidents" issued by H. T. Vaille, contract and claim agent. It stood the test on Marshall Pass when a lady was overcome by the altitude. Mr. Frank A. Cannon applied the first aid.

Old Gilliland switchboard used at Golden

over thirty years ago on exhibition at the electric show in Denver.

Steps taken to eliminate the "Hello."

Little telephone belle arrives at home of W. F. Cozad.

Exhibition of one of Wright Bros.' aeroplanes at Overland Park, Denver. Roof and windows of telephone building were in great demand in order that each one catch a glimpse of the marvelous twentieth century invention.

YEAR OF 1911

Extensive telephone development in New Mexico. New Roswell district formed.

Denver-to-New-York service now in effect.

At 5:30 o'clock, May 11, first connection was put up. President Field had as guests at the opening a number of Denver newspaper men. Weather was perfect.

Telephone placed in "capitol" of General Madero, "El Presidente Provisional" of the republic of Mexico.

Farewell to Colorado Telephone Company. Announcement of merger of this company with the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company and the Tri-State Telephone Company.

Name of magazine changed from Transmitter to MONITOR.

El Paso-Douglas line opened.

Party of officials make inspection of territory covered by merger.

Worst flood in history of southwestern Colorado occasioned company much loss.

YEAR OF 1912

President Vail of A. T. & T. announces that he has from twenty to thirty places to fill for which he would gladly pay from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year.

Hyland exchange, Salt Lake City, completed.



Pipe this bunch—a gathering in the Butte, Montana, Morse room on occasion of the Johnson-Flynn fight at Las Vegas, New Mexico, on July 4, 1912. Left to right—R. E. Syler, repeater-man, now supervisor of Long Lines; office boy (who is he?); E. R. Couzens, district cashier; two clerks (who?); H. E. McAfee, district manager, now vice-president; E. L. McDonald, wire chief; H. R. Anderson, division toll wire chief, copying fight returns

Mrs. Fugate, who had worked on every switchboard the Bell company had ever operated in Salt Lake City, resigned to remove to Los Angeles.

Denver suffers from cloudburst. City hall, Tramway building, Union station and other commercial houses flooded with several feet of water.

YEAR OF 1913

Mother's Day held for parents and relatives of Denver operators.

Tornado did immense damage in Omaha March 23. Operators were heroines of great disaster.

Courtesy club formed. "Be courteous—all the time."

Big Templar conclave at Denver, bringing 50,000 visitors, greatly increasing local and long distance traffic.

During first week of December Denver was visited by a five days' snowstorm, which left the ground covered to a depth of nearly four feet. While the storm was at its height the telephone was practically the only means of communication between separated families. Operators ate and slept in the city exchanges for two reasons: inability to get to and from their homes and in order to handle the immense traffic.

YEAR OF 1914

Business thriving in El Paso. Everyone wearing a happy smile.

Livingston, Montana, exchange suffered quite a fire on the morning of December 16.

"The public be told," the new motto.

Helena's streets paved with gold—not a fairy tale.

Philip Hamlin assumes presidency of Interstate Utilities Company.

YEAR OF 1915

Employees of Salt Lake exchange enjoy smoker—their third annual.

Northern division employees have savings plan—"Endosa," meaning "Employees Northern Division Office Savings Association."

Transcontinental line, New York to San Francisco, opened January 25. Mr. Bell and Mr. Watson talk from opposite sides of the continent.

Picture of Leadville, Colorado, when there were no electric lights, telephones or automobiles.

First transcontinental wireless telephone demonstration September 27, 1915.

YEAR OF 1916

Telephone societies active during this year. L. D. Fauteaux appointed commercial engineer of M. S. T. & T. Company.

"Mighty Montana" story by C. C. Cotton. Mrs. E. B. Field, wife of President Field, died March 11.

Mr. H. E. McAfee, district manager Butte district, "ran away and married a Great Falls girl, in spite of the fact that Butte is just full of girls."

President Field issues notice to employees of company in regard to status during military duty.

Special bonus distributed to employees at end of year—not profit-sharing—adding a little to each one's salary to help out in a trying time.

YEAR OF 1917

District Manager Seelye, of Pueblo, retires.



Just to show the dress "some years ago." Left is Miss Blanche Lewis, chief operator at Bountiful, Utah, and the other lady "in long dresses" is Miss Nina Willey, operator at Bountiful

Plan for organizing a telegraph company of signal troops. War a stern reality.

"The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act and serve together."—Woodrow Wilson.

Plan for dependents of men in war service. Body of Col. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," buried on Lookout Mountain.

Mr. Vail presents Lord Northcliff with miniature of Bell's first telephone.

Mountain States men go into military training at Presidio, San Francisco, and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Liberty bond purchases favorite means of saving.

YEAR OF 1918

The 405th Telegraph Battalion, composed largely of Mountain States and Pacific Telephone Company men, training at Camp Lewis, Washington.

Rex L. Edwards, member of the 405th Telegraph Battalion, first Mountain States man to give his life in military service, died at Camp Lewis.

Four young ladies who speak French will be representatives of Mountain States Company to serve with signal corps.

Three thousand eight hundred sixty-two employees of Mountain States Company subscribe \$251,000 to Third Liberty loan.

Tax Agent Hamer dies.

Alexander Brown, manager Denver branch of Western Electric, died suddenly.

The 405th Telegraph Battalion leaves for France.

Telephone girls take up switchboard work, filling positions vacated by plant men who are in the service.

Seven gold stars in service flag—Rex Edwards, George N. Ansley, William P. Hill, Nelson McMillan, Patrick J. McQuade, Frank X. Cantilon and Robert V. Lanham.

Five hundred four stars in M. S. T. & T. Company service flag at signing of armistice.

YEAR OF 1919

Installation of multiplex telephone system made between Baltimore and Washington.

Seventeen thousand five hundred stars in A. T. & T. Company service flag on Armistice Day.

Influenza epidemic causes much illness and a number of deaths in Mountain States ranks.

The 405th Telegraph Battalion spent Christmas of 1918 at Mayen, Germany.

President Field passed away February 21.

The 405th Telegraph Battalion adopts two fatherless French children.

Returned soldiers back on the job.

Mr. Ben S. Read elected president of the Mountain States Company.

Mr. H. B. Thayer becomes president of A. T. & T. Company, April 11.

William P. Allen, assistant treasurer, died. A. R. Grosheider appointed to take the place.

YEAR OF 1920

N. C. Kingsbury, vice-president A. T. & T. Company, died January 24.



This was a scene in the office of Division Superintendent N. R. Jones at Boise, Idaho, in 1908. Standing is Chief Clerk E. M. Rogers; seated, Solicitor H. H. Gleason and Miss Davies at the typewriter.

Edw. B. Field, Jr., died at Hot Springs, Arkansas, February 7.

Louis D. Fauteaux, commercial engineer, died at his home in Denver.

Machine switching equipment being manufactured in larger quantities.

Theodore Newton Vail, recently president of A. T. & T. Company, and chairman of board of directors, died April 16 at Baltimore.

Casper E. Yost, former president of Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, and intimate friend of Theo. N. Vail, died at Long Beach, California.

YEAR OF 1921

Inauguration of the Theodore N. Vail memorial fund, providing medals to be awarded from time to time to employees of Bell System in recognition of unusual acts of service.

W. F. Cozad, general superintendent of traffic, goes to Northwestern Bell Company, in charge of traffic department.

President Harding's inaugural address heard by 250,000 people by means of Bell loud speaker.

Telephone cable opened to Cuba.

A. T. & T. stock plan announced for Bell System employees.

Pueblo flood, June 3. Thirty-nine telephone girls heroines of the disaster.

H. E. McAfee made general commercial manager.

President Harding's Armistice Day address at tomb of Unknown Soldier in Washington heard in San Francisco.

First presentation of Vail medals to employees of Mountain States Company, December, 1921.

YEAR OF 1922

General Manager F. H. Reid goes to South-

ern group as operating vice-president.

Bell Service emblems introduced. Five years or more of service entitled employee to service emblem.

Alexander Graham Bell died August 2. Buried on the summit of Beinn Breagh, Nova Scotia.

December 29, medals presented to telephone employees at Pueblo who were marooned in the great flood.

YEAR OF 1923

Walter F. Brown, for nearly thirty years with Mountain States Company, died January 17.

Mr. Thayer telephones to London.

Item—In 1890 Denver had 1,439 telephones. Leadville was second with 299 telephones, Pueblo third with 231, Colorado Springs and Manitou fourth with 196.

J. E. Macdonald, secretary and treasurer, celebrates thirty-fifth anniversary with company.

President Harding and Mrs. Harding visit Denver. The president's speech carried to huge crowds by means of public address system used in Denver for the first time.

Bell System flag hoisted over telephone buildings.

YEAR OF 1924

President Thayer visits Denver and the Southwest.

President Ben S. Read becomes president of Southern Bell group.

Frederick H. Reid transfers from Southern Bell group to Denver, as president of Mountain States Company.

Southern transcontinental line being built.

(Continued on next page)

What Happened to Titus

By Alkali Y.

Once upon a spring day cheery,
Having quit my work, full weary
Of the hordes of forms and figures which in-
fest a phone exchange:
Then it was I started walking
With some friends who ne'er ceased talking
Of the many fish, and big ones, in the riv-
ers towards the range.

"Why these little rivers nigh us,"
Said those sons of Ananias,
"Are for beauties quite as noted as the girls
on Champa street."

Thus those students of Munchausen
In that little town called Walden,
Handed me a bunch of fables even Aesop
couldn't beat.

Finally they said, "Let's go a-fishing,"
And as I had long been wishing
For a good fresh mess of rainbows I accepted
joyfully.

So they started on their outing,
And I followed, never doubting
All their yarns of fish a-plenty which they
kept on telling me.

So we left with hearts quite merry,
And struck out across the prairie
To the North Park's little rivers where the fish
were said to be.

There were four made up our party,
Mostly men of girth, and hearty,
But the "Heavy One" among us was our old
friend C. L. T.

Like the puffing and the blowing
Of a tug boat up stream towing
Came the "Heavy One" behind us, losing wind
and temper fast;
But at last we reached the water
And made ready for the slaughter,
While our guide ne'er ceased his stories of the
fishing unsurpassed.

Then each his station choosing
Long we sat there idly musing
O'er the shades of Isaac Walton and the feast
we'd have that night:
And the silence was unbroken,

No Offense Intended

Eastern Chap: "My father was a great lover
of horses. He brought a great many of them
over from England."

Western Girl: "I wish there were more
horsethieves in my family and less preachers."

YEAR OF 1925

W. S. Gifford made president of A. T. & T.
Company.

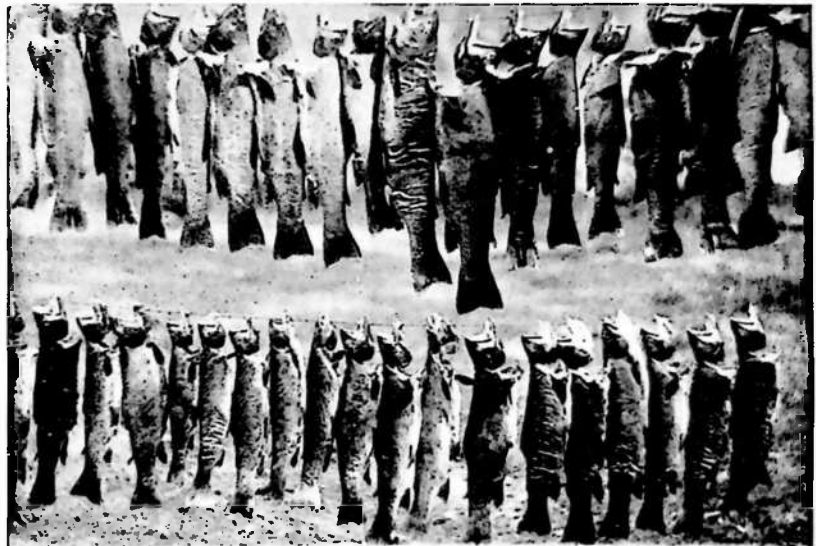
"Are you thinking thrift?"

President Coolidge's inaugural address
broadcasted.

E. K. Hall makes extended visit to our terri-
tory.

Montana rocked by earthquake.

New York-Chicago cable opened for busi-
ness.



Unravel this line: When a fish story is made, just what it ain't, to seem, and you awake, as from a dream, to realize with a sigh that all the lager is gone, how dry, and that these were the minnows caught by C. L. T. when a fish story is made just what it ain't, to seem

Not a single word was spoken,
As we sat and smoked and waited for the fish
to come and bite.

When suddenly there came a shaking,
Like the earth itself were quaking,
And our dreams were quickly ended as we
felt the sudden jar:
And we heard a mighty crashing,
Followed by an awful splashing,
Just as if some jungle monster had come
tumbling from a star.

Then we thought the heavens o'er us
Must have suddenly become porous,
For the water fell in torrents and soon soaked
us to the skin:

Then we heard a muffled shouting,
As of some great whale a-spouting,
And methought what is this monster and what
trouble is it in.

Then my fear, somewhat abating,
Soon I started, hesitating
At each step, to find a reason for this turmoil
and this din:

Then I heard a half-choked muttering,
Like a man near drowned, and uttering
Imprecations dire and dreadful on the earth
and all therein.

Dazed a moment stood I peering
At the monster just appearing
From the water, and I stood there like as one
deep in a dream:
Soon the mystery was uncovered
And the truth I soon discovered
As the "Heavy One," all mud besmeared, was
rescued from the stream.

So I ceased at once to wonder
Why the earth seemed torn asunder
And why the thought of monsters came and
filled my mind with dread;
And the rain which did affright us
Was the splash of Brother Titus,
For the river was all crowded out when he
landed in its bed.

And not a fish did Titus catch for all his work
and pain,
Save a couple of tiny minnows which a watch-
case would contain.

1876—△—1926

Married

A well-known member of our telephone
circle became a May bride on the 11th of
the merry month, when Miss Marguerite Fur-
long, of the Colorado traffic department, was
married to George T. Waring of Oklahoma
City, Oklahoma. The ceremony was performed
at the home of Mrs. Charles Cook, of 3434
Bryant Street, Denver, a sister of the bride.

Mrs. Waring is a daughter of S. R. Fur-

long of Boulder, Colorado, and spent her girl-
hood in that city. For a number of years
she held different positions in the Boulder
exchange, the last one as district traffic chief.
During the war she was transferred to Denver
to a position in the Colorado traffic depart-
ment.

Mr. Waring is a traveling salesman for a
large Oklahoma City house.

IDAHO

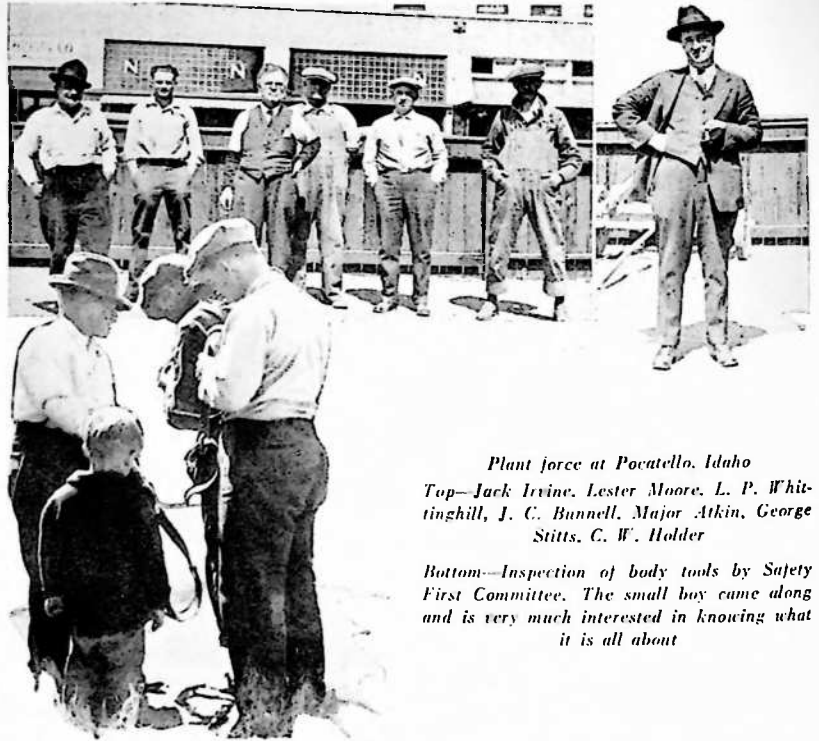
This is strictly an Idaho page, and to many it is full of interest. From the picture of the youth who has stopped to watch the "Safety First" boys to the first telephone operator in Idaho City, there is something to think about.

In the group of Pocatello plant men, at the top, there is shown a real pioneer in the telephone business—Louis P. Whittinghill, who stands third from the left. Mr. Whittinghill is father of our Montana state manager, J. N. Whittinghill. He is known to his associates as "Dad," and is highly respected and admired by all. On the last day of April, "Dad" retired on a pension, but the boys say that they can't keep him away from the plant—just must come around occasionally to see that things are running along nicely.



S. C. Silbey, first operator at Idaho City

Speaking of old-timers—there is the photograph of S. C. Silby, first telephone operator in Idaho City. He was born in Amherst, Maine, July 3, 1834. The first telephone line was built into the Boise Basin in the early 80's and was part of the system that radiated out of Caldwell linking together such mining camps as Silver City, Placerville, Centerville and Idaho City. When Mr. Silby first assumed his duties there was no switchboard or booth, but just an old-time telephone on the wall. The line and equipment later became the property of the Rocky Mountain Bell. When the Independent Company built their lines into Idaho City a switchboard was installed and an exchange established. This also became the property of the Bell Company and Mr. Silby continued in charge as operator, which position he held at the time of his



Plant force at Pocatello, Idaho

Top—Jack Irvine, Lester Moore, L. P. Whittinghill, J. C. Bunnell, Major Atkin, George Stitts, C. W. Holder

Bottom—Inspection of body tools by Safety First Committee. The small boy came along and is very much interested in knowing what it is all about

death June 10, 1907. Mrs. Mamie Horenberger succeeded her father as operator, remaining in the service until a few years ago, when she resigned to assume the duties of treasurer and tax collector of Boise County.

Then "out steps" C. W. Holder, wire chief at Pocatello. He's a fine looking fellow and as a "chiefer" he knows his business.

Just to stir things up a little someone came along in his gas wagon and upset right in the middle of the finest road in Idaho. Those

gas wagons do play some funny pranks when they are turned loose without a driver. This happened at Payette. No one hurt.

"Up a pole" is right. This time it is Manager Ernest Yaussi, of Paris, Idaho. At the bottom of the pole is Cable Splicer Jack Irvine, and in the background is a picture of the new central office at Paris.

Pacific Fruit Express Company's car shops recently dedicated at Nampa, Idaho. These shops and the company's new icing station,





New exchange building at Paris, Idaho

completed but a few months ago, represent an investment of almost one and one-half million dollars and brings Nampa's annual payroll up to nearly \$5,000,000.

One of the interesting features of this mammoth shop and icing station is their telephone system, which automatically does everything from charging the batteries to whistling for the fire department.

Besides serving as a means of communication, incorporated in its use is a code call page system, using bells for signals, siren whistles for calling the fire department, and a watchman's circuit. The watchman is enabled to register the number of any station from that station and the time of day or night on a large sheet located in the central office.

The system was installed by Ward A. Shields, switchboardman of Boise, who was loaned to the contractors for the purpose. Mr. Shields did all the work single-handed and beat the factory's estimate for doing the work something like a hundred dollars.

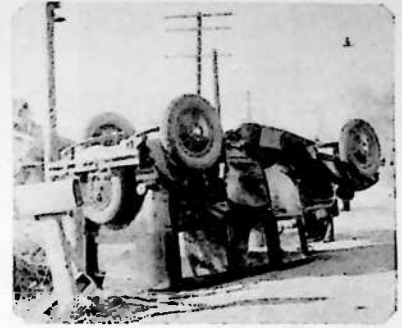
Here's to Idaho!

There are so many wonderful things about the state of Idaho that we should like to lift our voices and sing about them. Note the following actualities:

- The world's greatest white pine forest.
- America's greatest sawmill.
- Idaho's immense lumber industry.
- The world's greatest phosphate beds.
- The world's greatest silver-lead district.
- Idaho's salt bed, 175 feet thick.
- Supplying America's alfalfa seed.
- The great Idaho baked potato.
- The seed pea industry.
- Leading America in small seed production.
- The Arrowrock dam.
- Watering the great American desert.
- Harnessing Idaho's rivers and streams.



Repairing toll line trouble on Idaho City road near Morris Creek



Taking a flop on good roads

- The river of No Return.
- The North and South Highway.
- The grand canyon of the Snake.
- The Switzerland of America.
- El Dorado of the '60's.
- The Idaho plan of education.
- Mutton and wool from pine and sage.
- Ice caves and lost rivers of the Idaho desert.

- Wild life in Idaho.
- Shoshone Falls.
- The lakes of the Red Fish.
- The Thousand Springs.
- The lakes of North Idaho.
- Wheat fields of Idaho.
- The land of sunshine.
- The dairyman's paradise.
- Idaho's immense virgin ore output.

EDWARD F. MASON,
University of Idaho.



Careful, Boy: Careful!

- "I got a cracked rib."
- "Pretty tough!"
- "I'll say she was!"

Fatal, That's All

Life Insurance Agent (filling out application): "And what did your father die of?"
Applicant: "I don't remember, but it wasn't anything serious."—Anonymous.

Below—Pacific Fruit Express Company's car shops recently dedicated at Nampa, Idaho. Fully equipped with telephones





Hazeltine, Colorado



Left—Evelyn Stout, Mrs. H. L. Sittser and Leah McCombs, operators at Hazeltine, Colorado. Center is the Hazeltine exchange building which "took a buggy ride," and on the right, Mr. and Mrs. Sittser and their Betty Jo

DID you know that there are 13 fish hatcheries on the outskirts of Denver? No? Neither did I until a week or so ago. Had anyone ever told you—I'm talking to Denverites now, not newcomers who are not supposed to know all about a place until they've lived there a while. Had anyone ever told you that north of Denver, within a half hour's ride from the city limits, there are scattered about that part of the country 18 big hog ranches? Of course you may not be surprised, 'cause we meet a good many on the motor highways in and near the city these days, but they aren't thoroughbred hogs such as I'm referring to as being found on ranches out Hazeltine way. Hogs as an industry is what I mean—good, clean, well kept and managed hog ranches. Why, the Duroc Stock Ranch alone boasts between eight and ten thousand hogs!

Hazeltine, some way, to me was just a part of the road to Brighton until I drove out there the other day when Mrs. Sittser, chief operator at the Hazeltine exchange, invited me to lunch. Now, don't get me wrong—I'm not hinting for a bid to lunch. I'm on a diet anyway—nope, not for obesity (a polite way of saying *fat*), but just because we had to cut down expenses somehow—well, after eating that lunch Mrs. Sittser set out for us, it came mighty near being die without the *t. Trout*, n'everything that goes with them—um-m, and biscuits that melted in one's mouth. Besides being a good chief operator, Mrs. Sittser's a lot of other good things—mother, wife, cook, and when it comes to collections—well, "Helen," as she's known throughout the district, has any gypsy I ever saw backed off the boards for getting the subscribers to cross her palm with silver.

By Betty Devine

After lunch we visited some of the fish hatcheries, and it's a mighty interesting outing for anyone. These hatcheries furnish fish for the leading hotels of the city, for many of the larger mountain resorts, and ship to other points. A vast amount of money is expended in building the various pools and caring for the fish.

The greatest care is necessary to keep the pools clean, and occasionally big losses are entailed in this industry with no apparent cause, so when we pay from sixty cents to a dollar a pound for trout it will not seem such a big price if we keep in mind that we're paying the cost of maintaining this industry, of cleanliness and proper care—that, in short, we are eating the cleanest and most wholesome food.

Garden tracts also occupy a large area of the land in and around Hazeltine. Some of our largest and finest truck gardens are to be found in this district. Sam Spano, for instance, has a garden tract of 52 acres, and this year he is putting 35 acres into celery alone.

Largely a foreign element has developed this garden land—Italians, Japanese, and I believe there is one Chinaman who has a gardening tract.

Asked which of the various nationalities were the nicest subscribers, Mrs. Sittser replied, "Well, do you know, they're *all* nice when you get to understand them and accustom yourself to their little characteristics, but I'll say this for the Japanese, they're the most patient." Some tribute to our Oriental friends, eh?

Truck gardening makes the Hazeltine exchange a busy place at night, not in the early evening but in the wee sma' hours when the truck gardener bestirs himself and makes ready to start for the city with his wagon-load of vegetables. His day begins at that time, and if it's necessary to use his telephone to call a neighbor or someone in town—well, that's what it's there for, and when he takes the receiver off the hook he never fails to get a cheery (though sometimes a bit sleepy) "Number, please," for Mrs. Sittser stays right on the job herself at nights.

Another interesting feature of the Hazeltine exchange is it's having been moved "*as is*" two miles down the road from where it formerly stood.

Moving out of one house into another is enough to set the average couple into a furor of excitement—if not a family jar—but moving the whole house—well, that's a proposition to make most anyone sit up and tear their hair. Not so with Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Sittser, agent and chief operator, respectively. A mere incident in the lives of this young couple.

Bother to pack? Why so? Curtains were left hanging, and the only precaution taken was to place the better dishes in a tub in the middle of the floor. Of course it was necessary to stop giving service long enough to get the house from its old to the present location, but the wires were cut at one a. m. and at three o'clock that afternoon calls were again coming in and being answered. The house was merely placed on huge trucks and aside from having to climb ladders to get into the doors until steps could be built, there was little or no inconvenience, and not a thing was broken. This move was made some time

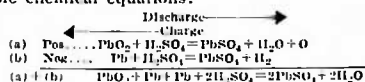
The Storage Battery

By H. L. Freehafer

As presented at a meeting of the Equipment Engineers' Club, Denver.

The chemistry of the storage battery not being thoroughly understood, we therefore must accept available data as authentic. The "double sulphate" theory which has been proven by every available means, and has been accepted by the scientific world, was advanced by Gladstone and Tribe. The chemical changes which take place within the cell are affected by electrolysis. Changes take place in the electrolyte during charge and discharge. On charge the sulphate (SO₄), in combination with the active material and forming the lead sulphate (PbSO₄), is given up to the liquid, which therefore gains weight and its density increases. On discharge, the converse action takes place—the sulphate (SO₄) is taken up by the active material, sponge lead (Pb), at the negative plate and by the active material, lead peroxide (PbO₂) at the positive plate to form lead sulphate (PbSO₄) and the density of the liquid decreases.

These changes are expressed by the reversible chemical equations:



Equation (a) expresses the reactions at the positive plate, (b) those at the negative, and (a) + (b) the combined effect which is the fundamental equation of the lead storage battery. Read from left to right it is the equa-

ago and now the nice lawn surrounding the place would never suggest that the ground had once been a gravel pit.

H. L. Sittser, agent at Hazeltine, has been with the Company eleven years. He is a general all-around plant man of wide experience. Was reared in Littleton, Colorado. Has a love for open country, hunting, fishing, and in fact a few hours of any out-of-doors sport will wipe from his mind thoughts of greatest hardships or worry—yea, even temporarily, memory of an irate subscriber.

The number of subscribers has practically doubled since he took over the Hazeltine exchange, which now boasts 409 subscribers. He knows them all by their first names, and in fact he and his peppy young wife are hailed as friends by the countryside. That even the operators like the place is evidenced by the length of time most of them stay there. At present Misses Leah McCombs, Evelyn Stout and Viola Price assist the Sittsers in giving "service as is service" in the Hazeltine exchange.

tion of discharge, while if read from right to left it is the equation of charge.

The equation of charge shows that both the negative and positive plates start as lead sulphate (PbSO₄) and, combining with the dissociated elements in the electrolyte, they turn into lead and lead peroxide respectively. Also sulphion (SO₂) is released, which, combining with the H₂O in the electrolyte, forms sulphuric acid.

The equation of discharge shows the changes of lead and lead peroxide on the negative and positive plates respectively, into lead sulphate, and the reduction of sulphuric acid to water.

It should not be understood that the reactions, as explained or given by the equation, show all the changes and transformations which occur. There are many other intermediate reactions and formations.

While the transformation of Pb and PbO₂ into PbSO₄ is universally admitted, there are numerous theories concerning the transition from the one condition to the other, which are widely at variance; however, space will not permit further elaboration.

The use of electrolyte densities of over 1.300 S. G. is not satisfactory for certain reasons. Persulphuric acid (H₂S₂O₈) is formed, using part of the energy expended in charging the cell, and begins to decompose as soon as the current which produced it ceases to flow.

Excessive charge rates will produce small quantities of persulphuric acid at the positive plate, while at the negative plate the H₂SO₄ is reduced to sulphur dioxide (SO₂) and hydrogen sulphide (H₂S).

Excessive discharge rates produce so rapid a dilution of the acid in the pores of the plates by the abstraction of SO₄ from the H₂SO₄ that the effect of diffusion becomes negligible. The formation of sulphate cannot take place and the active materials are simply oxidized and reduced to lead hydroxide. The reaction being PbO₂ + Pb + 2H₂O = 2Pb(OH)₂. The electro-motive force of the cell being only about one volt.

The cause of the rapid drop in potential immediately after the charging current is stopped may be explained by the equation on charge, 2PbSO₄ + 2H₂O = PbO₂ + Pb + 2H₂SO₄, from which it is evident that concentrated sulphuric acid is formed in the pores of the two plates while the water is released in the form of gas H₂ and O. As soon as the charging current is stopped, the concentrated acid in the pores of the plates begins combination with water and continues until the dilution is complete, after which

time the potential is steady during the period of discharge.

The sponge lead in the negative plate is more susceptible to injury than the peroxide of the positive plate, owing to its finely divided state, and being a highly electro-positive metal. Because of its porosity when fully charged—that is, when in the state of pure sponge lead unmixed with sulphate, it will, when exposed to air, oxidize so rapidly as to become hot, and is thereby hardened, after which it can only be reduced again to sponge-lead by a very long developing charge, the result of which would be uncertain.

The capacity of the cell depends on both the positive and negative plates. Therefore, in case the voltage at the terminals of the plates, or the capacity of the battery has fallen below normal, the best method to determine where the trouble is located is to make what is known as the "Cadmium Test." The cadmium to be used must be free from impurities, otherwise it will dissolve in the electrolyte and has a tendency to deposit during charge on the negative plate and cause serious injury to the cell. In taking cadmium readings a substantial error will be introduced unless the voltmeter used in making the measurements has a high resistance. This is due to the polarization effect which will occur if an appreciable current flow takes place between the cadmium and the plate against which it is being measured. Before making the tests the cadmium should be placed in the electrolyte and allowed to remain a few minutes, so that a coating of cadmium sulphate may form before the first measurement is taken. After once being placed in the electrolyte, the cadmium should not be allowed to become dry, but should be kept wet with electrolyte until all measurements are completed. The cadmium must not come in contact with any of the plates or connections.

Measurements are taken between the electrolyte and the plates. When the battery is fully charged and the normal charging current is still flowing, the voltage between the cadmium and the positive plate should be about 2.45 and between the cadmium and the negative about 0.10, the cadmium being positive to the negative plate and negative to the positive plate. The cell voltage in this case is the sum of the two readings = 2.45 + 0.10 = 2.55. At the end of discharge the cadmium is negative to the positive plate, the voltage between them being about 2.05. It is also negative to the negative plate, and the voltage between these two is about 0.25. The difference of the two readings being 1.8 volt. Other measurements are taken and calculated in the same manner.

The Gate of the Mountains

Named by Lewis and Clark in 1805

(This article furnished through the courtesy of David Hilger, Historian, State Historical Library, Helena, Montana. Pictures were taken in August, 1925, by H. R. Anderson, former Montana toll wire chief.)

THE story of Lewis and Clark as revealed by the journal kept by the party in their exploration of that unknown wilderness along the course of the Missouri and Columbia rivers forms one of the most interesting chapters of Montana's pre-territorial history.

The navigation of the Missouri river by man-power from the City of St. Louis to the two forks of the Jefferson river, a tributary of the Missouri, a distance of about 3,000 miles, with keel-boats and perrogues and finally with canoes. By the use of oars, poles, tow lines and sails, up the swift and treacherous currents of the Missouri, then the Jefferson, is difficult to comprehend to one not familiar with such labor. For be it remembered, this distance was covered by walking, as they had no horses, and by the hard, laborious efforts of the command, by rowing, poling or the tow line, pulled by the men from the brush-covered shore line, steep embankments and muddy flats most of the time, until they came to the headwaters of the river with scarcely enough water to float their canoes.

The carefully written and detailed description of this exploration party, written from day to day, together with sketch maps, will for all time to come form an interesting chapter for the historian to peruse.

The story of the discovery of the Great Falls of the Missouri and their stay of a



This is a photo of the "Gate of the Mountains" as first viewed by the Lewis and Clark party

month there on their outward journey in effecting the portage of their boats around the falls, their careful survey of the falls and the making of sketches, and the many encounters with wild animals, together with storm experiences, is a graphic description that has no equal in the many explorations of this or any other country.

After leaving the Great Falls and continuing up the Missouri, new and weird sights were daily observed, for they were now entering the Rocky mountains. The rocky abutments of the river became more precipitous, the current of the river increased, and finally, on the evening of July 19, 1805, they ap-

proached and entered what Captain Lewis then named the "Gate of the Mountains," and no better description can be given Lewis' narrative, written by the light of a camp fire at what is now known as Meriwether Canyon, a short distance after entering the Gates. Here are the exact words as written by Captain Meriwether Lewis and taken from his journal, which is now in the State Historical Library at Helena, Montana:

"This evening we entered much the most remarkable cliffs that we have yet seen. These cliffs rise from the water's edge on either side perpendicularly to the height of 1,200 feet. Every object here wears a dark and gloomy aspect. The towering and projecting rocks in many places seem ready to tumble down on us; the river appears to have forced its way through this immense body of solid rock for a distance of five and three-quarter miles, and where it makes its exit below has thrown on either side vast columns of rocks, mountainous high. The river appears to have worn a passage just the width of its channel, or about 150 yards. It is very deep from side to side, nor is there, in the first three miles of this distance, a spot except one of a few yards in extent, on which a man could rest the sole of his feet. Several fine springs burst out at the water's edge from the interstices of the rocks.

"It happened fortunately that, although the current is strong, it is not so much so but what it may be overcome with the oars, for there is here no possibility of using either the cord or setting pole. It was late in the evening before I entered this place, and was obliged to continue my route until some time after dark



The "x" shows where the Lewis and Clark party camped for the night

Salt Lake City Switchboard Demonstration

During the past few months the Salt Lake switchboard demonstration group has been kept busy carrying the message of telephone service to many friends and customers of the company.

During the last six months we have held some twenty-five demonstrations at Salt Lake City, directly reaching about 2,500 people. These consisted chiefly of employees of important business concerns of the city, city and county officials and professional and civic organizations of various kinds.

The good results of these demonstrations show themselves on nearly every turn. They have resulted in a better understanding of our business and much good-will on the part of our customers towards the company.



The Salt Lake City switchboard demonstration troupe

before I found a place sufficiently large enough to encamp my small party. At length such a place occurred on the larboard side, where we found plenty of light wood and pitch-pine.

"This rock is a black granite below, and appears to be much lighter color above, and from fragments I take it to be flint of a yellowish brown and light cream-colored yellow. From the singular appearance of this place I called it "The Gate of the Mountains."

Concise and careful as Captain Lewis always was, as well as Clark, in their journals, it will be noted how well this description compares with the Gate of the Mountains as can be seen today. 121 years since Lewis wrote his journals.

In 1872 a reconnaissance was made by Thomas P. Roberts, a well-known civil engineer, of the Missouri river, from the Three Forks, or head waters, to the Great Falls, and we give his description verbatim of the Gates:

"For two miles ahead a wonderful vista now began to open out, and still there was visible no outlet to the turreted and pinnacled walls which penned us in. For some moments the party was spellbound, but very soon the adjectives began to flow rapidly, both in French and English, yet how trite they sounded in the presence of this magnificent display of Nature's wonderful handiwork. High up on either hand were colossal statues carved by the Master Time, in the niches of this gigantic winding hall, five miles long. The walls rose majestically six hundred, eight hundred and one thousand feet high, and in places appeared to rest against the clouds above, which completed the arch over our heads. The sides afforded no foothold for man or beast, except-

ing occasionally up through lateral fissures, in whose dark recesses lay tumbled in rare confusion high broken pillars and angular rocks, jammed and forming natural bridges from chasm to chasm. Down the river, midway in the canyon, at the principal turn to the left, the wall actually hung over the river, so that a plummet line six hundred feet long dropped from the brow would have struck our boat as we passed beneath it. Pine trees fringed the summit and struggled for an existence in some of the crevices, some of their tops pointing downward, and many were broken off where the superincumbent growth was too weighty for the slight hold of their roots.

"We long for the pencil of a Bierstadt or a Moran. Such grotesque forms, such heights, such depths, such lights and shades as here presented themselves were far beyond the power of pen to illustrate. Words may exaggerate points, but no descriptive language can do justice to this scene."

In late years the construction of a dam on the river several miles below the Gates has made a lake which backs water for 25 miles up the river past the Gates, so that now, instead of swift currents, there are placid lake waters. But this condition has in no way affected the original beauty of the canyon as compared with the days of Lewis and Clark.

It is now possible, through the aid of the Gate-of-the-Mountains Transportation Company, who operate two launches daily on the river, to view this wonderful piece of Nature's handiwork.

The Gate of the Mountains lies eighteen miles north of Helena and the trip can be made in about forty-five minutes.

The group picture accompanying this article shows the employees who have been especially active in taking part in these demonstrations. Reading from left to right, they are:

- Leon Y. Billings, Salt Lake Commercial.
- Robert J. Kehl, Salt Lake Plant.
- John W. Foulger, Salt Lake Plant.
- Miles R. Cahoon, Jr., Utah Commercial.
- R. J. Coakley, Salt Lake Commercial.
- Mary I. McGhie, Salt Lake Commercial.
- Norwood F. Crawford, Salt Lake Commercial.
- Vera Powell, Utah Accounting.
- Katherine Fullmer, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Delores Stout, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Ellen Malstrom, Local Training School.
- Ruth Bailey, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Leola Ralls, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Bernice Jackman, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Verna Bitter, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Anna Coult, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Helen Chipman, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Thelma Steed, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Jean Lile, Salt Lake Traffic.
- Ernest Greer, Utah Commercial.
- Paul E. Harward, Salt Lake Commercial.
- M. D. Wells, Jr., Salt Lake Commercial.

1876—1926

Make 'Em Work Hard

Make 'em work. Make 'em work hard. Make 'em work awful hard. Make 'em work all day. Make 'em work all night. Don't let 'em get any sleep. Don't let 'em stop to eat. It'll do 'em good. What am I talking about? Why, the dollars you save, of course. Put 'em in the savings bank and when there's enough of 'em put 'em into Telephone stock and soon they'll be setting poles and building switchboards and you'll get all their wages. Or put 'em into a home and they'll help you pay rent.—Silas Hawkins.

HOW'S YOUR HEALTH?

By Katherine Kirk, Health Supervisor

We often hear the remark: "Everybody is talking about health." This is true to some extent. Today the world is thinking and talking more about health and how to keep it or how to obtain it. This is all very good because we are beginning to realize more fully how necessary health is to success and good personal appearance.

Much has been written and said about diet. It seems the world has gone wild on the subject, but surely some good has been obtained and more will come from so much talk on the subject of food and what it does for the body.

We know we must eat to live, but why not live our lives happily and not just exist. Diet has a great deal to do with it.

An improperly planned diet causes the whole system to suffer. There are certain things that are absolutely necessary in our daily diet to keep our bodies in good condition. If we have a sufficient amount of these things, everything works all right, enough to replace the wear and tear on the body. If we have too much it is merely waste. Not only the kind but the amount of food we take is important.

The diet also has a great effect on our resistance to disease. We know we take cold more easily when we are tired or when we eat foolishly. A well-nourished person throws off disease more quickly than a person who is run down.

It is also possible to keep young by a proper diet. The skin and muscles can be kept in good condition, the hair bright and glossy, and the eyes bright and clear.

What are the foods which will do all this? Fresh fruits, milk, leafy vegetables and tomatoes. They are what we call the protective foods. They help us to build resistance against disease and keep us feeling and looking young.

We get our energy from the food we eat, therefore an intelligent selection of food is necessary to meet all the needs of the body at all times.

Proteins are most important. We need them to build and repair body tissue which is constantly wearing out and must be replaced.

Proteins include the lean meat of animals and fowl, fish, eggs, milk, cheese, beans, peas, and nuts. They are the more expensive foods and are the foods which are harder on the system. We require only a small amount of these and any excess is not good. Meat three times a day for a person who works indoors is not good.

We also need some fats—these include the fatty meats, some fish, as lobster, salmon and mackerel, cream, butter and cheese, olives and nuts. We need only a small amount of these.



Miss Margaret Nolan, prize winner

An excess of fats are stored in the body as fat. If we want to reduce or stay slender, we must avoid an excess of these foods.

Some sugar and starches are also necessary. These include sugar, jellies, candy, cakes and pastry, bread, etc. Only a small amount is needed for the body.

Water is a very important part of the diet. We cannot live without it and it is necessary for the digestion since our food must be made soluble in water before it can be taken care of by the body. We should drink at least six glasses daily.

The most satisfactory diet is a simple one. A small amount of protein should be provided for each meal, enough bulky food to stimulate the muscles of the intestines, and enough sugars and starches to provide heat and energy.

In hot weather so much meat and fat are not necessary—rather eat more fruit and vegetables.

Do not eat when tired or worried, as digestion is interfered with and we get little or no good from our food.

Eat under pleasant circumstances, make our meal times cheerful, and very soon a pleasing result in disposition and appearance will be noticed.

Do not expect results immediately. It takes some time for the body to make readjustments. Be patient and persistent and we are sure to win.

Denver's Traffic Health Class

Miss Margaret Nolan, operator in Main exchange, has been awarded the prize for being the nearest perfect in health exercises and knowledge as imparted in the sixteen weeks of instructions by Miss Katherine Kirk, health supervisor. Competition was keen, with 946 competitors in the Colorado traffic department. In honor of the occasion an entertainment was held in Woman's Club building on the night of May 21, at which about 600 girls were present, and diplomas were presented.

Selection of the most efficient pupil was by process of elimination. In the beginning of the health classes there were 946 students. At the close of the course of sixteen weeks there were 654 graduates. A few had dropped out, but the principal reason for a falling-off in numbers in the ever-present one—leaving the company for various reasons.

Tests were made by class, and from these various classes those thought most efficient in the exercises and in answers to questions were selected to enter the finals. The contest for the final had eight girls in it. They were: Margaret Winterer, long distance; Helen Carlson, York; Ada Bassett, Franklin; Velita Van Deusen, South; Gladys Cooper, Gallup; Margaret Nolan, Main; Helen Stewart, Champa; Violet Smith, Curtis.

The final was an interesting event. The judges were Physical Director Lula Saul and her assistant, Virginia Phippon of the Y. W. C. A. Teachers during the sixteen weeks in the traffic department were: Mrs. Orta Herzig, Main; Miss Ethel Riley, Champa; Mrs. Fannie Byers, Curtis and Information; Miss Freda Hohler, Long Distance; Miss Ruth Nelson, York and Franklin; Mrs. Elizabeth Grimes, Gallup and South.

Miss Kirk, health supervisor, who spent several weeks in New York City preparing herself for this work in our territory, is now in Salt Lake City conducting health classes, same as she has done in Denver. The benefits derived from these instructions on "how to take care of yourself" are exceedingly profitable. The Company is willing to impart this information, which rarely comes in the regular course of common schools or at home, and every girl who can should avail herself of the opportunity to learn more about herself and how to care for herself in health and in sickness.

1876—△—1926

In the Rough

They had a fearful row. "But for one thing," she sobbed, "I'd leave you, you brute, and go home to mother."

"And what's that one thing?"

"M-mother's coming here. She's leaving father."

Sunset Exchange

SUNSET. Pretty name, isn't it? Sounds like the title to a Colorado poem—but there is no name too phonetic and pleasing for the South Denver residential subscribers, and there is where the new telephone exchange, Sunset, has been opened. The cut-over from South was made at midnight on May 4, and the early callers next morning found the new name ready for them. May 12 was made a celebration day, and visitors were invited to inspect the new exchange.

More than two thousand visitors called at the new exchange on the opening day. They were shown through the exchange, and also given the added pleasure of visiting the South exchange, which is in the same building at 30 West Bayaud Street. The guests were entertained with special music, addresses, exhibition of the "evolution of the telephone," luncheon and punch, and the usual hearty greetings.

One of the outstanding features of the entertainment was a "Miss 1876" dressed up in the style of fifty years ago. Miss Genevieve Brown, of the Denver commercial, impersonated the "sweet little lady of other days," and so pleasingly did she represent the character that hundreds of compliments were showered upon her throughout the day. Quite a contrast between the dress she wore and those worn by the visitors and the other telephone girls in attendance.

The new exchange starts out with 30 operators and serves about 3,300 subscribers, leaving 11,000 subscribers on the South boards. The exchange is located in the east side of the building. Sunset is under the same supervision of South, with H. G. Mills as traffic chief and Miss Fannie Clark, chief operator. Miss Ernestine Archambault is assistant chief operator, and M. B. Trainer is wire chief. Supervisors of the new exchange are Bertha Ritter, Frances Snow, Florence Anderson, Elizabeth Wilcox, Marie Cauley, Julia Flannery, Mary Lucking, Ruth Jones, Emma Champion, Iola Dobbin, Anna Dore, Helen Malone, Ethel Gardner, Gertrude Miner, Esther Anderson, Betty Stull and Mary Brodbag. W. R. Hancock is manager of South and Sunset exchanges.

The rapid and substantial growth of South Denver necessitated the establishment of an additional telephone exchange in that district, and it is calculated that Sunset will relieve the business load materially at the present time and adequately take care of residence demands. The South exchange was opened in 1899 with 200 telephones.

During the opening day most of the telephone officials paid a visit to the new exchange. All of the equipment is up to the minute.



Miss 1876 talking into the first telephone, and Miss 1926 with the up-to-date telephone
Cut by Courtesy of the Denver Post

Phone Voice in Business

When a person calls up a business office he gets a very different impression from the different voices that answer him. Sometimes the reply will come from a languid and worried voice, that seemed to have been out late the night before, and to take no personal interest in the question. You feel instinctively that

you will get no intelligent help from the man or woman behind that voice.

But if someone answers the call with a cherry and interested voice, how it does promote confidence. The manner in which its office help answers telephone queries has quite a little to do with a concern's success. The indifferent youth, who answers with so little spirit and earnestness should realize that their indifference is noted in their own office and will count against their promotion.—*Newark Advocate.*

1876——1926

Mr. Albright Passes Away

Henry Fleetwood Albright, vice-president in charge of manufacturing, and a director of the Western Electric Company, died at Memorial Hospital, Chicago, Tuesday, May 11, after an illness of several months. He was fifty-eight years old.

Mr. Albright was elected a vice-president in 1917, and a member of the board of directors two years later. Since 1923 he had served as vice-president in charge of manufacturing and plant engineering.

Mr. Albright was largely responsible for the upbuilding of the Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company at Chicago.



When the Storm Strikes Us

Telephone Pioneers of America

The meeting was called to order at 8:20 p. m., President R. F. Morris presiding, and thirty members being present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Communications were read acknowledging flowers sent to several members and their families. A communication from Secretary Starrett, outlining the tentative program of the convention at New York and information as to railway rates, which will be announced later in a more formal way.

The tentative program provides for a general get-together at the Commodore hotel on Thursday evening, August 26, where dancing will be provided; a meeting of the general assembly on the morning of the 27th, at which delegates only are supposed to be present, with dancing provided at the hotel in the evening; while on the morning of the 28th the general meeting of the association will be held, and in the afternoon open house at the various activities of the Bell System. This will no doubt be extended to cover all of the activities, such as the laboratories, the various operating rooms, radio broadcasting and other such matters. Both Friday and Saturday evenings are left open, in a way, in order that members may put in their time at other things; while the afternoon of Friday is also left open. Entertainment will probably be provided for these times for such as desire it.

Pioneer Ernest Barnhart was reported quite ill and Mr. Vaille informed the members as to his condition.

The president appointed a committee to arrange for a picnic, the time to be fixed later. The committee consists of O. L. Andrew, chairman; George R. Armstrong, R. J. Garretson, C. C. Kinney and W. O. Lamping.

The president announced that nominations for delegates to the convention next August were in order, and read a list of former delegates. A number of nominations were made, but several declined with the statement that it was their wish that members who had little opportunity to visit the East be chosen as delegates. The vote resulted in the election of the following delegates:

Arizona: E. J. Anderson of Phoenix, delegate; Mrs. Lillie Mitchell of Phoenix, alternate.

Montana: Edward J. Drouf of Butte, delegate; Miss Alma Roensch of Missoula, alternate.

Colorado: R. R. Rhodda of Arvada, delegate; C. L. Titus of Cheyenne, alternate; W. D. Wynkoop of Denver, delegate; George R. Armstrong of Denver, alternate.

The election was followed by a talk by our own Pioneer, "Jawn" F. Greenawalt, on "Why I Am a Pioneer." While Mr. Greenawalt's unflinching humor cropped out at points, he



Rocky Mountain Chapter No. 8

became really very serious for John and gave a very fine talk on the aims and purposes of the Pioneers, with 157 good reasons why one should be associated with them and no good reasons why not.

Delegates-elect Rhodda and Wynkoop, being present, made short talks of appreciation. Several members also gave short talks, after which cigars and refreshments were served,

and the meeting adjourned at 10 p. m.

Anyone who contemplates visiting the Sesquicentennial at Philadelphia might well choose convention time to do so. It is thought that probably by that time in the year railroads will have introduced very liberal rates, with liberal stop-over privileges at large points and an ultimate return date that will make it possible to combine the convention, a visit to the Sesquicentennial and visits to Eastern friends if desired.

Announcements will be made on the allowances specifically made the Pioneers and credentials furnished for reduced fare in the regular manner heretofore followed, and no doubt newspapers will keep us in touch with the railroad situation generally.

Remember the dates: August 26, 27 and 28.

Secretary. H. W. BELLARD.

Stock Sales for April

SALE OF AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY STOCK EMPLOYEES SELLING STOCK Ranked on Current Month

Arizona	April Sales	Sales to Date
1. C. B. Flynn, Mesa.....	5	23
2. J. S. Jennings, Nogales.....	2	5
3. William Foster, Phoenix.....	2	3
4. F. S. Cundiff, Phoenix.....	1	3
5. Lena Mangam, Benson.....	1	2
6. E. J. Anderson, Phoenix.....	1	2
7. George H. Mann, Phoenix.....	1	2
8. M. E. Broderick, Suffard.....	1	2
9. H. Howe, Bisbee.....	1	1
10. Emily Rhodes, Bisbee.....	1	1
11. Hilda Mohler, Globe.....	1	1
12. E. L. Griffin, Phoenix.....	1	1
13. H. J. Kleinz, Phoenix.....	1	1
14. C. A. McAdams, Phoenix.....	1	1
20		
Colorado		
1. L. R. Smith, Denver.....	5	14
2. H. H. Croll, Greeley.....	4	11
3. J. M. Lewis, Trinidad.....	3	9
4. C. L. Blattner, Rocky Ford.....	3	5
5. Lulu Thompson, Colbran.....	3	4
6. Florence Z. Adams, Colorado Springs.....	3	4
7. F. H. Reid, Denver.....	3	3
8. Alexander Raisen, Pueblo.....	2	25
9. William Lightfoot, Denver.....	2	6
10. M. J. Graham, Denver.....	2	5
11. John Larson, Denver.....	2	5
12. E. M. McDonald, Florence.....	2	3
13. Logan Woodson, Limon.....	2	3
14. C. T. Hopkins, Pueblo.....	2	3
15. Ralph E. Boulton, Denver.....	2	3
16. John F. Gilmore, Boulder.....	2	2
17. James A. Reed, Panner Lake.....	2	2
18. Margaret Williams, Pueblo.....	2	2
19. H. G. Mills, Denver.....	2	2
20. Ralph E. Graves, Craig.....	1	10
21. L. B. Lashbrook, Gunnison.....	1	9
22. Alyce Nystrom, Denver.....	1	9
23. T. G. Garrison, Golden.....	1	8
24. Loren Peterson, Colorado Springs.....	1	7
25. N. Castner, Fort Morgan.....	1	7
26. Grace B. Dingell, Colorado Springs.....	1	6
27. Hattie L. Allen, Colo. Spgs.....	1	5
28. C. A. Bimson, Colo. Spgs.....	1	5
29. F. W. McDonald, Colo. Spgs.....	1	5
30. D. C. Belden, Glenwood Springs.....	1	5
31. Bertha Grisham, Pueblo.....	1	5
32. F. H. Kennedy, Denver.....	1	5
33. Wesley Webb, Denver.....	1	5
34. W. E. Ketterman, Boulder.....	1	4
35. H. E. Holand, Fort Collins.....	1	4
36. B. H. Vickers, Fowler.....	1	4
37. A. M. Marlon, Gunnison.....	1	4
38. Earl E. Louhan, Pueblo.....	1	4
39. Mayme Sullivan, Denver.....	1	4
40. V. P. Schmit, Brighton.....	1	3
41. J. B. Reynolds, La Junta.....	1	3
42. Hugo Fagrolius, Montrose.....	1	3
43. O. H. Barney, Brush.....	1	3
44. H. P. Stommel, Grand Jet.....	1	3
45. Frances Jellison, Lakewood.....	1	2
46. Rachel L. Boyd, Pueblo.....	1	2
47. Nelle Barnard, Trinidad.....	1	2
48. Virla Jones, Walsenburg.....	1	2
49. Audley S. Dunham, Denver.....	1	2
50. R. D. Hahn, Denver.....	1	2
51. Nell E. Johnson, Denver.....	1	2
52. W. O. Lamping, Denver.....	1	2
53. J. E. Macdonald, Denver.....	1	2
54. J. K. Miller, Denver.....	1	2
55. Ralph P. Stiehl, Denver.....	1	2
56. Fred H. Wales, Denver.....	1	2
57. Thos. Wilson, Denver.....	1	2
58. R. W. Paschal, Evergreen.....	1	1
59. C. E. Crenshaw, Ft. Collins.....	1	1
60. Kathryn Kenwood, Colorado Springs.....	1	1
61. Mabel Schmit, Ft. Collins.....	1	1
62. T. C. Turner, Ft. Collins.....	1	1
63. Thelma Conrad, Fowler.....	1	1
64. L. J. Taylor, Glenwood Springs.....	1	1
65. Mary M. Stewart, Grand Junction.....	1	1
66. George F. Raymond, La Junta.....	1	1
67. O. Z. Stocker, Las Animas.....	1	1
68. F. E. Wilson, Leadville.....	1	1
69. Fannie Schneider, Oak Creek.....	1	1
70. Eunice Shanks, Rocky Ford.....	1	1
71. Hester Stanbridge, Rocky Ford.....	1	1
72. William Lloyd, Sterling.....	1	1
73. Abe V. Ramsell, Trinidad.....	1	1
74. Dorothy Carroll, Denver.....	1	1
75. C. A. Crapo, Denver.....	1	1
76. Miss L. Davy, Denver.....	1	1
77. R. Derylins, Denver.....	1	1
78. B. C. Garaid, Denver.....	1	1
79. Dora S. Lowrie, Denver.....	1	1
80. W. T. McFerran, Denver.....	1	1
81. L. M. McLaughlin, Denver.....	1	1
82. Mary Morrison, Denver.....	1	1
83. Mrs. E. Pendleton, Denver.....	1	1

84. Betty Riekenburg, Denver.....	1
85. Veronica Schurr, Denver.....	1
86. Edith Thompson, Denver.....	1
87. T. H. Wilkinson, Denver.....	1
88. May Windle, Denver.....	1

12. I. W. Bond, Laramie.....	1	2
13. J. A. Pegley, Riverton.....	1	2
14. Claude Scott, Kaycee.....	1	1
15. H. E. Mansholt, Rawlins.....	1	1

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Idaho

1. B. A. Robinson, Emmett.....	3
2. H. J. Morgan, Idaho Falls.....	3
3. F. J. Anderson, Burley.....	4
4. H. W. Groesbeck, Caldwell.....	2
5. S. H. Atkinson, Boise.....	2
6. F. H. Bacon, Oakley.....	2
7. M. E. Dooling, Nampa.....	2
8. Olive E. Hicks, Silver City.....	3
9. E. P. Calph, Pocatello.....	1
10. D. J. Goul, Ashton.....	1
11. W. H. Geopfarth, Boise.....	1
12. Zina Labrum, Boise.....	1
13. Afton Lewis, Boise.....	1
14. Ethel Armstrong, Idaho Falls.....	1
15. Bonita McClure, Nampa.....	1
16. Enid Gill, Twin Falls.....	1
17. Wanda Merrill, Twin Falls.....	1

Montana

1. Dee A. Patton, Glendive.....	4	4
2. H. Puqua, Red Lodge.....	3	3
3. D. E. McPherson, Havre.....	2	4
4. Gerald C. Richardson, Missoula.....	2	3
5. A. J. Macpherson, Glendive.....	1	3
6. R. E. Riebel, Helena.....	1	2
7. W. A. Connolly, Billings.....	1	2
8. Walter B. Duncan, Billings.....	1	1
9. Claude Trawick, Billings.....	1	1
10. Elsie Kautzman, Butte.....	1	1
11. Etta R. Smith, Great Falls.....	1	1
12. Harold W. Smith, Great Falls.....	1	1
13. Lina K. Fullerton, Hamilton.....	1	1
14. H. G. Bliss, Helena.....	1	1
15. Mable McConnell, Lewistown.....	1	1
16. Maude C. Pierce, Livingston.....	1	1
17. Ethel M. Wink, Red Lodge.....	1	1

New Mexico and Texas

1. Jas. W. Spence, Tucumcari.....	3	4
2. F. W. Markle, Roswell.....	2	6
3. L. H. Walker, Las Vegas.....	2	2
4. Mrs. Stella Whiteman, Cimarron.....	2	2
5. E. F. Smith, Silver City.....	2	2
6. Fern Pritch, Las Vegas.....	1	5
7. Don Hunsaker, Santa Fe.....	1	4
8. T. Cosgrove, Albuquerque.....	1	1
9. Irma G. Lee, Albuquerque.....	1	1
10. Ray E. Barnett, El Paso.....	1	1
11. M. A. Chamberlin, El Paso.....	1	1
12. Albert Haskell, Raton.....	1	1
13. Ethel Jones, Raton.....	1	1

Utah

1. Carl Powell, Park City.....	9	9
2. Charles E. Ward, Eureka.....	3	7
3. Franz H. Westover, Provo.....	2	10
4. Andrew Peterson, Richfield.....	1	7
5. M. D. Wells, Salt Lake.....	1	4
6. Orson John Hyde, Salt Lake.....	1	3
7. George C. Quillian, Provo.....	1	2
8. Madeline Cunningham, Park City.....	1	1
9. Fern Greenwood, Park City.....	1	1
10. G. Harrington, Park City.....	1	1
11. Florence McDonnell, Park City.....	1	1
12. Blanch Martin, Park City.....	1	1
13. Ethel Munof, Park City.....	1	1
14. Gladys Parsons, Park City.....	1	1
15. Stella Roach, Park City.....	1	1
16. Eleanor Mitchell, Payson.....	1	1
17. J. Rex Miller, Price.....	1	1
18. Frank H. Clifton, Salt Lake City.....	1	1
19. Lea Harris, Salt Lake.....	1	1
20. Mary McGhie, Salt Lake.....	1	1
21. Christy Warner, Spanish Fork.....	1	1

Wyoming

1. Alva E. Huffman, Casper.....	3	5
2. H. D. McCormack, Casper.....	2	4
3. Reva B. Olsen, Salt Creek.....	2	3
4. J. H. Mullen, Rawlins.....	2	2
5. Myrtle Barker, Sheridan.....	1	8
6. P. A. Pierce, Basin.....	1	6
7. Roy C. Cameron, Midwest.....	1	6
8. L. J. Meyer, Cheyenne.....	1	6
9. R. E. Bengston, Cheyenne.....	1	3
10. W. G. Baldry, Cheyenne.....	1	2
11. C. C. Harmon, Cheyenne.....	1	2

**DIRECT STOCK SALES CAMPAIGN
MONTH OF MARCH, 1926
By States**

Rank of States	
1. Wyoming.....	4.64
2. Colorado.....	4.36
3. Idaho.....	4.31
4. Arizona.....	4.31
5. Montana.....	2.67
6. New Mexico and Texas.....	2.57
7. Utah.....	2.24

COMPANY 1876-1926

Cupid Wins With Permanent Signals
On the date of April 10, L. J. Meyer, traffic superintendent, issued a bulletin to the Cheyenne traffic department covering "Permanent Signals."

As evidence that it was studied very diligently by at least two employees, Miss Edith Grainger, evening chief operator, became the bride of John B. Chick, on April 21, and on April 17, Mrs. Lottie Fitzgerald, night op-

erator, became the bride of A. Nottage, and so the balance of the force have been celebrating with showers.

Mrs. Beulah Payne and Miss Evelyn Totten entertained at a miscellaneous shower for Mrs. John Chick on the evening of April 26 at Mrs. Payne's new home in Pershing Heights, and thirty were present to wish the bride every happiness. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing. A two-course lunch was served at eleven o'clock, after which Mrs. Chick was presented with many beautiful and useful gifts.

On the evening of May 10 Mrs. Mary C. Probst, chief operator, and Mrs. Stella Woolston, supervisor, entertained at the home of Mrs. Probst in honor of Mrs. John Chick and Mrs. A. Nottage, the two brides from the traffic department.

Delicious refreshments were served, after which Mrs. A. Nottage was showered with miscellaneous gifts and Mrs. John Chick was the recipient of an electric iron, a gift from the girls of the traffic, commercial and plant departments.

Promotions and Changes

General Offices—

NAME	LOCATION	PREVIOUS POSITION	NEW POSITION	DATE EFFECTIVE
Chief Engineering Department—				
Fred R. Gow.....	Denver	Transmission Tester	Equipment Engineer Assistant	April 26, 1926

ARIZONA

Traffic Department—				
May Rose Thompson.....	Douglas	Operator	Chief Operator	April 18, 1926

COLORADO

Commercial—				
Albert M. Weese.....	Denver	Counter Clerk	Collecting Supervisor	April 16, 1926
August J. F. Schepp.....	Denver	Counter Clerk	Collector	April 16, 1926

Plant—

Albert Harrison.....	Burlington	Comb. Man, Ft. Collins	Cont. Mgr., Burlington	March 28, 1926
Ces. W. Allen.....	Golden	Repairman	Combination Man	April 1, 1926
Leslie C. Teed.....	Denver	Field Recordman	Pole Inspector	April 1, 1926
Chas. Holloway.....	Denver	Groundman	App. Lineman	April 16, 1926

Traffic—

Wylma Hodges.....	Denver	Asst. Chief Operator	Eve. Chief Operator	April 4, 1926
Cecelia Brockish.....	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	April 4, 1926
Gertrude Luplow.....	Denver	Asst. Chief Operator	C. O. Instructor	April 11, 1926
Isabella Bartlett.....	Denver	Operator	A. N. Supervisor	April 18, 1926
Louise Crisman.....	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	April 11, 1926
Opal Schaffer.....	Denver	Supervisor	Asst. Eve. Chief Operator	April 11, 1926
Emily Kohut.....	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	April 18, 1926
Frances Smith.....	Denver	Operator	Relief Supervisor	April 4, 1926
Ida May Church.....	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	April 4, 1926
Rose Mally.....	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	April 18, 1926
Evalona Springer.....	Denver	Supervisor	C. O. Instructor	April 18, 1926
Edith Minick.....	Brighton	Evening Chief Operator	Chief Operator	March 28, 1926
Gertrude Mally.....	Brighton	Operator	Chf. Chief Operator	March 28, 1926
Verna Cox.....	Lamar	Operator	Clerk	March 31, 1926
Isabelle Mary Milton.....	Longmont	Operator	Eve. Chief Operator	April 4, 1926

IDAHO

Traffic—				
Ella McDaniel.....	Nampa	Operator	Supervisor	April 4, 1926
Harrlette Stacey.....	Weiser	Evening Chief Operator	Chief Operator	April 11, 1926

MONTANA

Commercial—				
Alex Remnacs.....	Lewiston	State Cashier	Manager	April 1, 1926

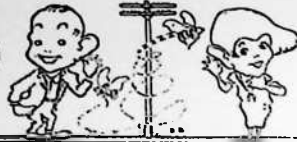
NEW MEXICO—EL PASO

Traffic—				
Bernice Boswell.....	El Paso, Texas	Operator	Supervisor	April 4, 1926
Frances Dalton.....	El Paso, Texas	Operator	Supervisor	April 4, 1926
Dorothy Lytle.....	El Paso, Texas	Operator	Supervisor	April 11, 1926
Albena Wilcox.....	Albuquerque, N. M.	Asst. Chief Operator	Chief Operator	April 18, 1926
Vivian Coulter.....	Tucumcari, N. M.	Operator	Asst. Chief Operator	April 18, 1926

UTAH

Traffic—				
Gladys Granquist.....	Ogden	Supervisor	Asst. Chief Operator	April 18, 1926

So I Have Heard



By Bell V. Deer

Dear Bell V. Deer: J. C. Albert has been burning much midnight oil making ice cubes in his new Frigidaire. What we want to know is how he gets the water to stay in shape long enough to freeze a cube.

JUSTA BRIDE.

Dear Justa: He pours it through a square hole and freezes it before it lights. Then he saws the elongated square bar into cubes. You're welcome, dearie.

B. V. D.

Dexter had a little farm;
He planted onion seeds.
The onions were not strong enough
To cope with all the weeds.

—Heeza Burr Mewda.

Editor: "The MONITOR can trace its ancestry back twenty years."

Gobbs: "That's not so much. The sheriff traced my grandfather back to China and then lost track of him."

Anybody wishing up-to-date information on the care of babies kindly call on or write John R. McCarthy, general commercial, Denver.

Owyhee County, in Idaho, has an area of 5,215 square miles, with a population of 4,494 persons. Records show there have been but two weddings in the county during the past four years.

"And what did your wife say?"
"She answered me mechanically."
"What do you mean?"
"She hit me on the head with a hammer."

Lee Is Put Out

Walter T. Lee, general plant department, Denver, walked briskly down the hallway the other day. On the wall hangs a hand fire-extinguisher. Lee believes in the saying, "A swig of water keeps the dust away." He paused at the extinguisher, bowed his head to "bite the bubble." It didn't bubble. Lee



glanced up and down the hall to see if anyone was looking, then dodged into the office "unobserved"—almost. As we all know Mr. Lee is not a "firewater" man, we won't say anything about the error.

"Hello, is this the Empson Packing Company? Yes? Well, will you please send up a man to help me pack my trunk?"—*Sugar Co. News.*

Cobwebs are said to be conductors of electricity. But they seldom shock a domestic servant.

Listen to the Pen

The short slogans that have been appearing on the back of the envelopes that the telephone company has been sending our regular monthly statements in are probably not noticed by many; however, it remained for a rural carrier at Julesburg to notice it, and answer in kind. On the reverse side of the envelopes carrying the May statements appeared this: "The voice is mightier than the pen." The mail carrier mailed his check covering telephone service, and on the envelope this appeared: "Yeh—I know it, but open this and listen to what the pen says." "Who said it doesn't pay to advertise?" asks Fred B. Weber, manager.

Bill's Hat Blew Off

Bill Wegner, artist in the publicity department, was sailing along the other morning in his one-lung Rolls Nyce, coming to work. Passing through Darktown his hat blew off. He stopped just in time to see a colored person hotfooting around a corner with the lid. Bill pursued—the race was on—in fact, it was a race contest. That colored boy went some! So did Bill. He grabbed the "cullud gen'man" by the coat-tail.

"What you'll ramblin' so hard fo'?" panted the dark cloud.

"Gimme that hat!" said Bill.

"Lawd, man. Ah thought you all trade hit a-way—dis am straw hat day an' real quality folks doan wear no soft plush hats like dis one no moah. Thanks fo' the mawnin' exercise jes de same!"

Open season for straw hats has no bearing on Bill's mode of headgear ethics.

MATTIE THE HELLO GIRL. BY "CY" MEYN.

Panel 1: A woman (Mattie) is talking to a dog (Mike).
Mattie: "I JUST RECEIVED MY FIVE YEAR SERVICE BUTTON."
Mike: "SNICE"

Panel 2: Mattie and Mike are talking.
Mike: "BUT—HE HASN'T WORKED LONG ENOUGH TO GET ONE YET—"
Mattie: "?"

Panel 3: Mattie and Mike are talking.
Mike: "MIKE GOT A BUTTIN' YESTERDAY."

Panel 4: Mattie is talking to Mike.
Mike: "WELL YOU SEE—HE WAS INSTALLING A TELEPHONE AT A GOAT RANCH—AND THE GOATS GAVE HIM A PEACH OF A BUTTIN'"

Signature: "CY" MEYN

THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICE 800 FOURTEENTH STREET, DENVER, COLO.

FREDERICK H. REID
President

J. E. MACDONALD
Secretary and
Treasurer

RODERICK REID
Vice-President and
General Auditor

E. M. BURGESS
Vice-President

H. E. McAFEE
Vice-President

MILTON SMITH
Vice-President and
General Counsel

J. F. GREENAWALT
Publicity Manager

G. E. McCARN
Chief Engineer

R. M. MORRIS
General Commercial
Manager

N. O. PIERCE
General Plant
Manager

F. P. OGDEN
General Traffic
Manager

GEORGE SPALDING
Tax Commissioner

R. B. BONNEY
Educational Director

Secretary and Financial Department

J. E. MACDONALD
Secretary and Treasurer

A. R. GROSHEIDER
Assistant Treasurer

J. C. ALBERT
Assistant Secretary

Accounting Department

RODERICK REID

Vice-President and General Auditor

H. W. BELLARD
Chief Accountant

F. H. TAYLOR
Auditor of Receipts

F. W. BOWN
Supervisor of Methods

C. J. EATON
Chief Examiner

P. E. REMINGTON
Auditor of Disbursements

H. E. STUBBS
Statistician

A. F. HOFFMAN
Special Studies

Publicity Department

J. F. GREENAWALT
Publicity Manager

J. E. MOORHEAD
Assistant Publicity Manager

A. U. MAYFIELD
Editor "The Monitor"

State Accounting

R. F. BRINK
Arizona State Auditor

M. R. CALDWELL
Colorado Auditor of Receipts

G. E. BERGGREN
Colorado Auditor of Disbursements

C. H. LYTLE
Idaho State Auditor

EDWARD JONES
Montana State Auditor

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

A. A. HEDBERG
Utah State Auditor

R. E. PILLOUD
Wyoming State Auditor

Operating Department

H. E. McAFEE, Vice-President

Commercial Department

R. M. MORRIS
General Commercial Manager

R. L. BURGESS
General Directory Manager

C. C. JOHNSON
General Commercial Engineer

FRED B. JONES
General Commercial Representative

J. T. TIERNEY
General Commercial Supervisor

H. D. McVAY
Arizona Manager

P. A. HOLLAND
Colorado Manager

H. R. RISLEY
Idaho Manager

J. N. WHITTINGHILL
Montana Manager

C. E. STRATTON
New Mexico-El Paso Manager

ORSON JOHN HYDE
Utah Manager

C. L. TITUS
Wyoming Manager

Traffic Department

F. P. OGDEN
General Traffic Manager

E. L. KEWLEY
General Traffic Supervisor

R. J. BEVERIDGE
General Toll Supervisor

B. F. FISHER
Equipment Traffic Engineer

D. H. TABER
Toll Line Traffic Engineer

J. F. LEONARD
Arizona Traffic Superintendent

WALDO COCKRELL
Colorado Traffic Superintendent

R. G. SPORE
Idaho Traffic Superintendent

W. C. FALLON
Montana Traffic Superintendent

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

L. O. BINGHAM
Utah Traffic Superintendent

L. J. MEYER
Wyoming Traffic Superintendent

Plant Department

N. O. PIERCE
General Plant Manager

R. E. SYLER
Supervisor of Long Lines

R. L. HERR
Supervisor of Methods and Results

F. C. DAVIS
General Plant Supervisor

E. J. ANDERSON
Arizona Plant Superintendent

A. W. YOUNG
Colorado Plant Superintendent

C. A. SNYDER
Idaho Plant Superintendent

O. R. NEWMAN
Montana Plant Superintendent

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

C. C. PRATT
Utah Plant Superintendent

C. C. HARMON
Wyoming Plant Superintendent

Engineering Department

G. E. McCARN
Chief Engineer

C. A. CRAPO
Engineer of Equipment and
Buildings

MURRAY MacNEILL
Outside Plant Engineer

A. S. PETERS
Valuation Engineer

FRED WOLF
Engineer of Estimates

EMPLOYEE'S BENEFIT FUND COMMITTEE

J. E. MACDONALD, Chairman

R. M. MORRIS

F. P. OGDEN

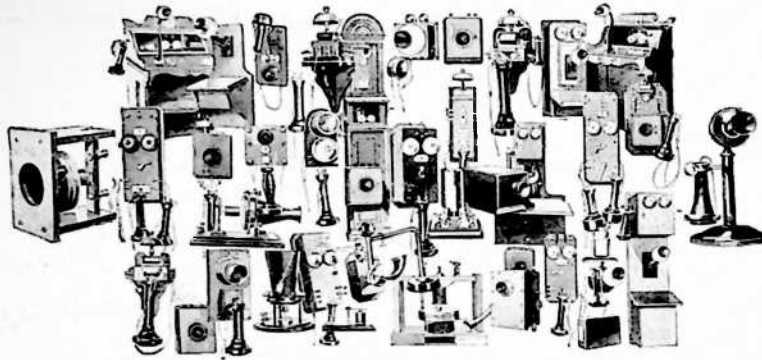
N. O. PIERCE

RODERICK REID

H. T. VAILLE, Secretary

DR. C. B. LYMAN, Medical Director

DR. N. A. THOMPSON, Associate Medical Director



An Account of Stewardship

FIFTY years ago Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was busy upon a new invention—the telephone. The first sentence had not been heard; the patent had not been filed; the demonstration of the telephone at the Centennial Exposition had not been made. All these noteworthy events were to occur later in the year 1876. But already, at the beginning of the year, the basic principle of the new art had been discovered and Bell's experiments were approaching a successful issue.

The inventor of the telephone lived to see the telephone in daily use by millions all over the world and to see thousands of inventions and developments from his original discovery.

If he had lived to this semi-centennial year, he would have seen over 16,000,000 telephones linked by 40,000,000 miles of wire spanning the American continent and bringing the whole nation within intimate talking distance. He would have seen in the Bell System, which bears his name, perhaps the largest industrial organization in the world with nearly \$3,000,000,000 worth of public-serving property, owned chiefly by an army of customers and employees.

He would have seen developed from the product of his brain a new art, binding together the thoughts and actions of a nation for the welfare of all the people.

Bell System

One Policy - One System
Universal Service



And All Directed Toward
Better Service

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.