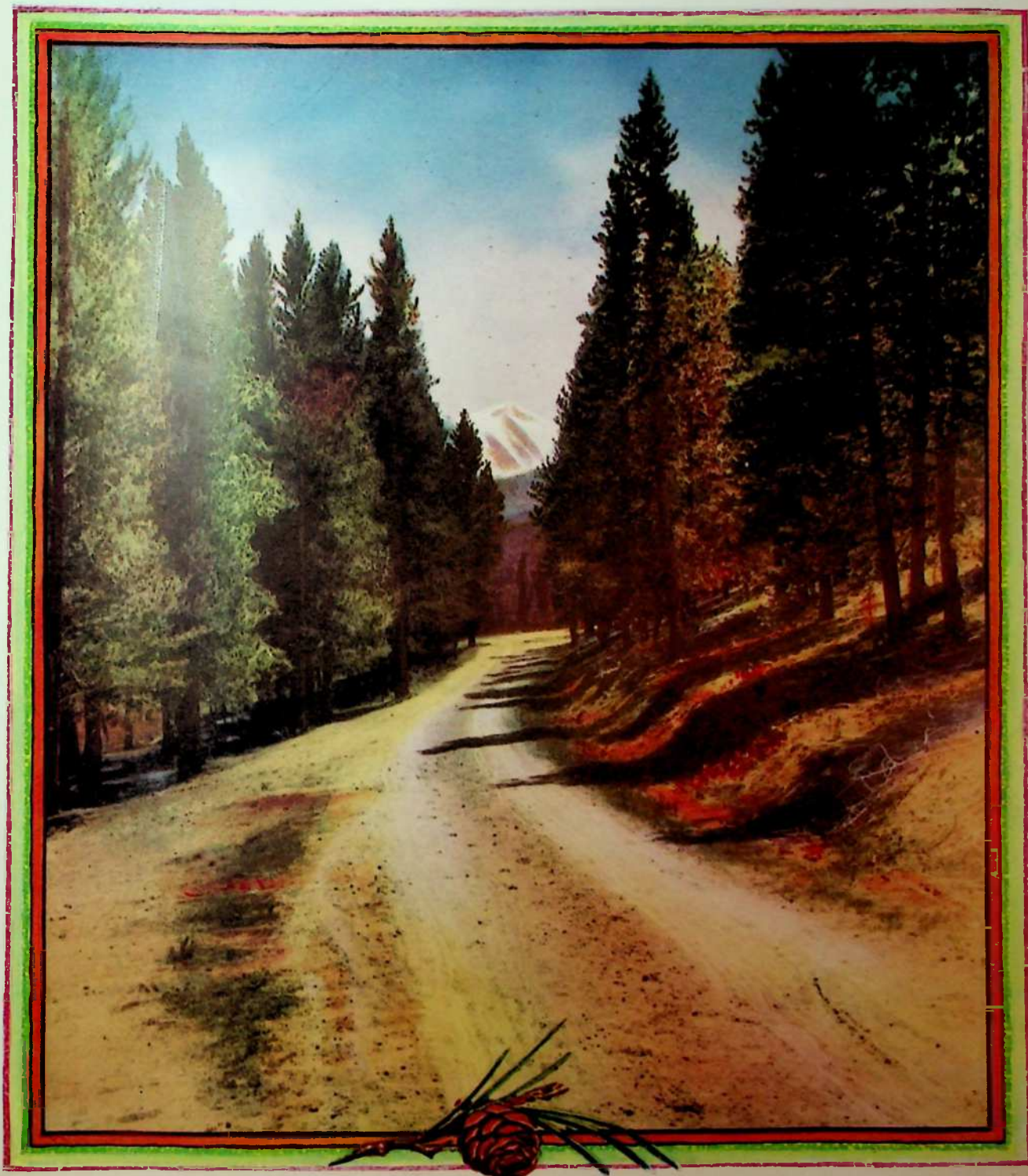




The MONITOR

THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

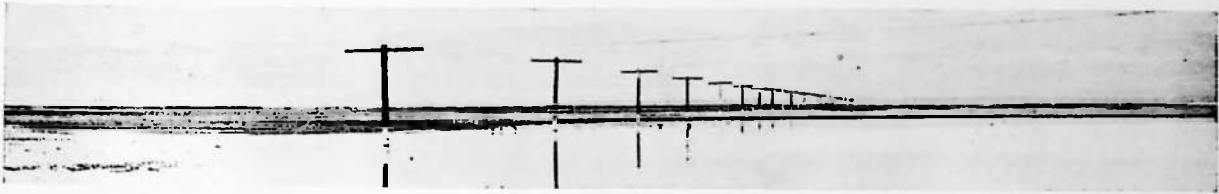


October, 1926

Mountains in the Fall Time

Some love the mountains in the Spring
And some in Summer-time,
While others like the Winter scenes
In snowy white, sublime;
But, seems to me, the richest glow—
The grandest time of all—
Is when the leaves are turning red
'Neath the mystic touch of Fall.

The beautiful scene pictured on the front cover page of *The Monitor* shows a typical mountain road, in the Fall-time. This road leads from Leadville, Colorado, toward Evergreen Lake. Mount Elbert, 14,420 feet, rears its head of eternal white some 7,000 feet above timberline, making an enchanting background for the colorful picture that Nature has painted.



Pickled Telephone Poles

or

Why Horses Wear Goggles

This is not a "fresh" story.

Quite to the contrary, it is a briny one.

A telephone girl from the benefit fund department at St. Louis paid THE MONITOR a short visit recently, and among other intricate questions about our "great big outdoors," she asked:

"How do they set the telephone poles in the Great Salt Lake, and how do they keep them there?"

This young lady, who had been visiting in Utah, said she could understand how a cable might be run through the arms of the lake, but she marveled at seeing long rows of poles standing in the water, carrying the wires. She had been looking at the Central Transcontinental line.

Women are curious, aren't they?

Very well—to explain: We will take the line from Salt Lake City to Wendover, a distance of 129 miles, most all "done in salt."

But, first, let's talk about the Great Salt Lake. It is about eighty miles long and thirty miles wide, and has an area of approximately 18,000 square miles. It is very shallow far out from the shores, and the maximum depth is about sixty feet; however, there is an immense trough running lengthwise of the lake, near the center, that is said to be much deeper. Early reports give the depth of 1,000 feet, but this is not verified in later years. The average percent of salt in the lake is about one-fourth. The specific gravity, however, varies as the water lowers or rises, as it does.

The range of rise and fall of this body was thirteen feet, dating from 1845 and 1886, and it is probably lower now than it was at that time owing to large quantities of water taken from the inlets for irrigation purposes. There are no outlets of Salt Lake.

Across shallow arms of the lake, for miles and miles, stand the telephone poles, in water. These are the ones the St. Louis telephone girl wants to know about. How are they put there, and why don't they fall over?

The water is not as deep as it seems to be from the train or the auto road—ranging from six inches to two feet where these poles stand. In most instances these poles were set when the water was low, but there are some places, known as the Mud Flats, where setting poles and stringing wires was a real job.

In the dryer places the holes are drilled, or dug, the same as in any soil, and the poles tamped in, perhaps 50 per cent of the filling being salt. The other solid is usually a sort of adobe, or gumbo. This mixed with the salt makes a solid packing around the poles, and thus they withstand the swish of the water.

Poles set in this mixture and surrounded by salt water are practically "pickled." Tests made of poles that had stood in the water for fifty-five years, set there by the Union Pacific Railway Company, were in a better state of preservation than they were on the day they were "put up," it is said. Although the sap part of the poles—that soft layer next to the bark, which is about one inch thick—would

swell and peel off, the harder part of the pole became still harder under the treatment and would stand almost indefinitely.

Now, as to the Mud Flats: In stringing the wires across these great swampy places the men had to wear high rubber boots, and the horses were fitted out with a similar boot, which came up above the knees. This was to keep the salt from irritating the foot. It was a hard job, and a veterinarian was constantly on hand to take care of the feet of the horses.

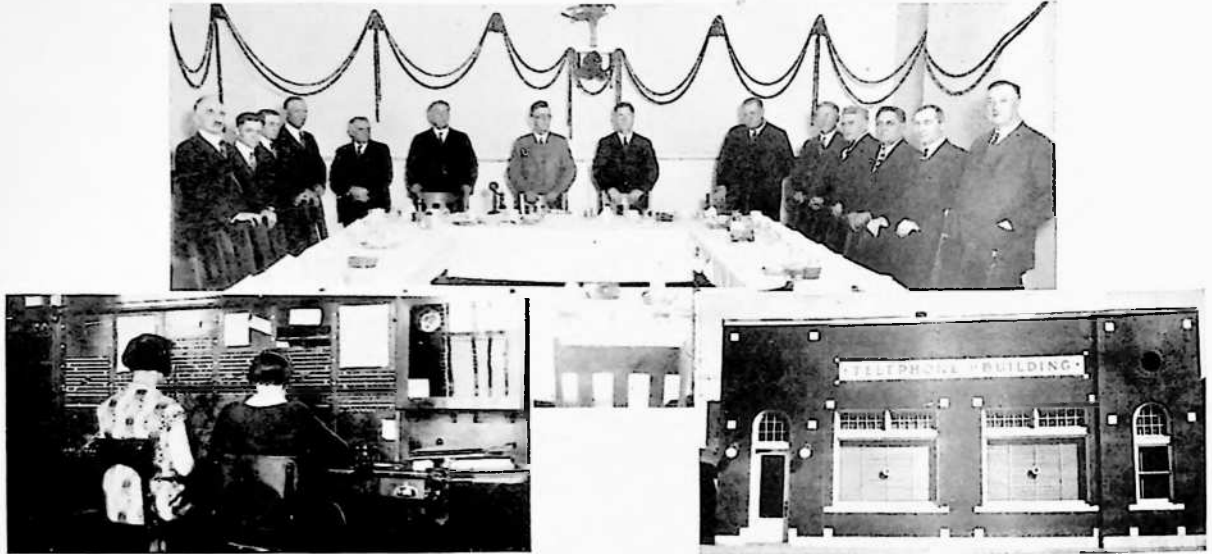
Besides this, the horses were fitted with big goggles with black glasses. The men also wore the same kind of glasses. The glare of the white salt would have blinded them.

So, we find there were "pickled" poles and horses with goggles.

Then, as the line was extended out into the great desert of salt that reaches as far as Wendover, a distance of 129 miles, and even beyond, the ground was hard and baked, and the hole diggers found it necessary to drill small holes and blast the salt, soda and gypsum in order to make a place big enough for the pole. There is one strip eight miles wide, near Wendover, that appears to be solid salt—almost as hard as flint.

And this, in brief, is how the Central Transcontinental line was built in 1914—how poles are "pickled" and why horses wear goggles.

Does this answer your question, Miss St. Louis?



Back Over the Trail

By Monitor Correspondent

ON NOVEMBER 22, 1902, a franchise was granted by the city council of Havre, Montana, to E. V. Hauser of St. Paul, Minnesota, for the construction of a telephone system. Work was started immediately, and on March 14, 1903, the first call was placed over the new Stromberg-Carlson magneto switchboard.

The exchange was located in the Havre Hotel, which was owned by E. C. Carruth, who was also in charge of the telephone system for Mr. Hauser. On January 15, 1904, the business district was swept by a fire and the hotel was destroyed, along with nearly all the business places.

At the rear of the hotel there was a stone building, erected about the time the telephone plant was started, which was used for a light plant. The switchboard was taken from the hotel and moved to this building and again



Old time rail birds

put into service. There it remained for several years until the Montana Power Company purchased both the telephone and light systems. They then erected a fine office building and installed a three-position No. 1 relay common battery board along with an aerial cable plant.

This plant was purchased by the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company on November 1, 1919, and on April 11, 1925, a permit was issued to the C. E. Walker Construction Company of Denver, Colorado, for the erection of a new telephone building. A. A. Rorig of Tampa, Florida, in charge of construction. On December 8, 1925, B. B. Bangert, installation foreman, appeared on the scene with his bunch of huskies, and things began to hum, as we were all anxious to get into our fine new office. The moving date was set for January 23, 1926, the cut-over to start at 8:30 p. m. A temporary No. 9-C board, along with a No. 105 toll position, was cut in to take care of about one hundred of the principal telephones and toll lines. On Friday, January 22, the following officials arrived to assist on the cut-over: F. E. Farwell, district manager, of Great Falls; A. G. Doull, district plant chief, of Great Falls; C. J. Berman, assistant state plant engineer, of Helena; H. R. Anderson, state toll wire chief, Helena, and C. R. Mead, traffic supervisor, of Helena.

That evening the local manager, D. E. McPherson, rounded up the bunch and marched them to the Manhattan Cafe, where a fine

trout feed with all the trimmings had been prepared for them.

The cut-over started promptly at the appointed time, and it was no small task, as a carrier had to be erected under the three positions, the frame removed from a large window in the traffic room, an incline built up over the window-sill to the height of a truck platform that was waiting to transport it to the new quarters. Right here the Scotch of the local manager proved itself in selecting fish for the feed on the night before, as everything went off without a hitch in the plans. Everybody worked diligently straight through with the exception of a few minutes off to eat a light lunch or drink a cup of coffee, until 7:30 Monday morning, when the cut-over was completed and service again going on as usual. The only complaint that was made was that the men had paid out real money for rooms and no chance to use them, but I believe they got their money's worth for the lost time they were not in use, after the last line relay was connected up.

The completion of the installation of the new equipment in the new office came at the proper time, so as to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the telephone, the 23rd anniversary of the opening of the first exchange in Havre, and the public opening of the new exchange quarters. The manager appealed to our friend, E. C. Carruth, to assist him in securing the data as to events leading up to the granting of the franchise, the first operator, and the earliest subscribers to the system. This he



Assiniboin Indians getting ready for the big social event of the season—the Porcupine dance. Pipe the Panama hats

most readily agreed to do, although it was a tiresome job, as most of the records were destroyed by the disastrous fire that had swept the town soon after the exchange was put in operation. Advertisements were placed in the newspapers asking old pioneers to send in whatever data they might have as to historical events at that time. Considerable data was secured, along with some old-time photographs showing the early scenes of Havre when it was a struggling cow town.

Invitations were then sent out to the first subscribers of the telephone, inviting them to be our guests and to assist in celebrating the 50th anniversary of the telephone and

the 23rd anniversary of the opening of the first exchange in Havre. Some of these invited were unable to attend on account of being called out of town on business matters, but what we lacked in numbers was made up by the enthusiasm displayed by the old pioneers in getting together to refresh their memories of events that had transpired twenty-three years ago. To demonstrate the telephone of then and now, a telephone was installed at the chairman's place at the table, and as the guests were seated a call was placed to E. V. Hauser of Portland, Oregon, a lifelong and schoolboy friend of E. C. Carruth, whom he had not talked to for over fifteen years.

In two minutes after the call was placed we had a report that Mr. Hauser had just left the hotel (which he owns) and would be back in a few minutes. As the first course was being served the telephone rang, and the operator advised that Mr. Hauser was on the line. Mr. Carruth was the first to talk to him, and it was just as joyous a greeting as though they had been able to shake hands. Mr. Carruth told him the occasion for the call, and wished he were here to help in celebrating the event. Following Mr. Carruth's talk, each guest who had known Mr. Hauser in the olden days greeted him and renewed their friendship.

As Mr. Carruth had charge of building the first telephone plant in Havre, and was instrumental in securing the historical data of same, he was called upon to give a talk on the history of the telephone in connection with the development of Havre. This he did in fine style, and proved he had followed the progress of the telephone very closely.

R. G. Linebarger, editor of the *Havre Daily News Promoter*, then gave a short address on the development of the telephone in America.

Following the banquet and program, the guests were invited to inspect the new home of the telephone and they all availed themselves of the privilege.



Here is a picture of Havre, Montana, when it was a struggling cow town, and some of the scenes on the streets in early days. The Indians far outnumbered the whites



Telephone Pioneers of America

Reported by A. B. Stearns, Editor The Telephone Review

"Welcome Pioneers!" That almost tells the whole story.

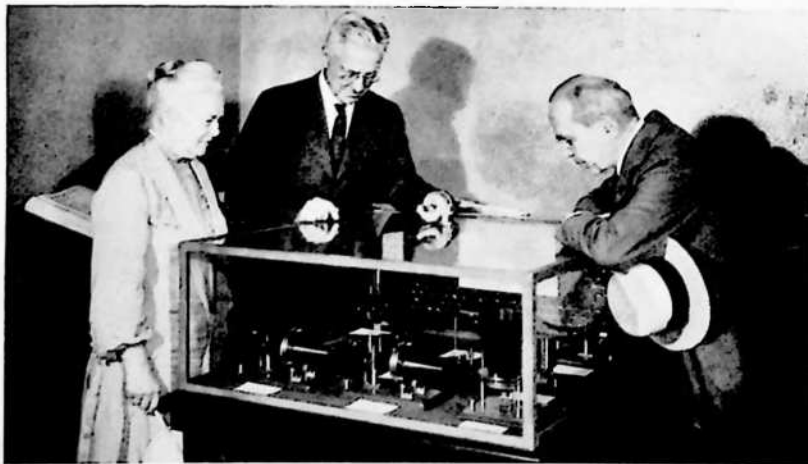
The telephone people of New York, the greatest telephone city in the world, stood by Thursday, August 26, to greet the men and women, the pathfinders and the pathmakers of the telephone industry, and their families, who came some 2,500 strong to the thirteenth annual meeting of the Telephone Pioneers of America, August 27 and 28.

Headed by the greatest Pioneer of them all, Thomas A. Watson, they came, truly, from the far corners of the United States and Canada, and their port of call was the Hotel Commodore, the location of the convention headquarters in New York City.

The convention opened bright and early 10 o'clock on Friday morning, August 27. Officers and past presidents of the national

phone Laboratories at West and Bethune streets, where they were given, among the many other edifying exhibits, a demonstration of the new talking movies by Mr. Sergius P. Grace, commercial development engineer of the Bell Laboratories. Other voyages of discovery were launched to the Walker-Lispenard building of the company, where the long lines department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company were observed in operation and the intricacies of the Walker machine switching exchange were explained by chosen guides.

Saturday the association meeting, including all the Pioneers, their families and guests, took in the grand ballroom in the morning, and in the afternoon "open house" was held at the System headquarters building at 195 Broadway, where H. B. Thayer, chairman of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and President W. S. Gifford, welcomed



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Watson and President Kinnard of the Pennsylvania Company, examining one of the exhibits in the loggia of the Telephone Theatre, Sesquicentennial Exposition, 1926

association and presidents and delegates from each of the thirty-eight chapters gathered in the east ballroom for the General Assembly meeting. There were 242 in all.

Those who could not attend this meeting climbed into special busses which left the Commodore at intervals throughout the day and explored the mysteries of the Bell Tele-

all who came. Special busses took the Pioneers from there to the new Telephone building at 140 West street, and H. F. Thurber, chairman of the board of directors of the New York Telephone Company, and President J. S. McCulloh, greeted the visitors, who stopped in the executive offices during their tour of the building.



J. T. Moran, president-elect of the Pioneers' association

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY MEETING

The General Assembly meeting was called at 10 o'clock in the east ballroom of the Hotel Commodore, Friday morning, August 27. President H. B. Thayer was in the chair, with Secretary R. H. Starrett by his side.

The roll call showed twelve officers, thirty-five chapter presidents and 195 delegates present out of a total enrollment of 259.

Committees were appointed on nominations and resolutions. The nominating committee consisted of Frank Woeltje, Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, chairman; Edgar Henderson, Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania; C. A. Brecco, Indiana Bell Telephone Company; Miss L. L. Kennedy, New England Telephone and Telegraph Company; A. T. Smith, Bell Telephone Company of Canada; R. F. Morris, Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Clyde C. Durham, Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company.

The committee on resolutions was composed of D. H. Morris, Ohio Bell Telephone Company, chairman; Miss R. H. Frierson, The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company; Miss A. R. Sudduth, Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company; C. B. Spring, Northwestern Bell Telephone Company.

After the reports of the secretary, treasurer and executive committee the officers for the ensuing year were nominated and elected. The officers for 1927 will be:

President, Jas. T. Moran, president Southern New England Telephone Company; past president, H. B. Thayer, chairman American Telephone and Telegraph Company; senior vice-president, F. A. Stevenson, director long lines department, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; vice-president, Roderick

Reid, vice-president Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company; vice-president, J. P. Hansen, instructor Illinois Bell Telephone Company; vice-president P. O. Coffin, vice-president Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company; secretary, R. H. Starrett, assistant to vice-president American Telephone and Telegraph Company; treasurer, W. J. Stout, assistant treasurer American Telephone and Telegraph Company; executive committee (1926-1927), B. A. Kaiser, special representative American Telephone and Telegraph Company; J. L. Kilpatrick, vice-president Western Electric Company, Inc.; (1927-1928), E. K. Hall, vice-president American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Leslie Killam, general plant superintendent Wisconsin Telephone Company; Miss Katherine M. Schmitt, supervisor of training schools for operators New York Telephone Company.

THE ASSOCIATION MEETING

Some 2,500 Pioneers with their families and friends gathered in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Commodore Saturday morning, August 27, at 10 o'clock, for the association meeting.

President H. B. Thayer occupied the chair. On the platform with him sat Thomas A. Watson, the Pioneer of Pioneers, who worked with Alexander Graham Bell in the invention of the telephone; Past Presidents B. S. Read, A. L. Salt and L. H. Kinnard, J. S. McCulloh, president New York Telephone Company; J. T. Moran, president-elect of the association; Howard P. Emery, president Thomas Sherwin Chapter, No. 14; R. H. Starrett, secretary of the association, and E. K. Hall, a member of the executive committee of the association.

President Thayer was the first speaker. He emphasized the fact that the telephone's greatest significance was here in America. In re-

calling the beginnings of the telephone industry he said: "The telephone has become great because from the beginning the aim has been to increase its value by extending its reach continually to a greater number of people and by making it more reliable and efficient. It has continually set for itself higher standards. It has always given its best."

Mr. Thayer read excerpts from early records to illustrate the arduous beginnings of the company and the unrelentless effort necessary to assure its present success. Commenting on the soundness of the telephone industry and organization, Mr. Thayer said:

"I maintain that a corporation or any organization of men and women can have character and ideals and a spirit of its own just as an individual can—and for most of the things which have given us character we are indebted to those earliest Pioneers.

"The word 'Pioneers,'" continued Mr. Thayer, "means 'those who go ahead to prepare the way.' Pioneers are not only those who did prepare the way, but those who do prepare the way. It is to you and each succeeding generation of Pioneers that the world looks to prepare the way for that continuing progress which the world has come to expect in telephone service."

At the close of Mr. Thayer's address the association secretary, Mr. R. H. Starrett, reported the proceedings of the General Assembly meeting, and then at the president's request the entire assemblage arose and paid tribute to the Pioneers who had passed away since the last year's meeting.

J. T. Moran, president-elect of the association, was introduced from the platform, and his presentation was enthusiastically greeted.

The address of their honored fellow Pio-

neer, Thomas A. Watson, was anxiously awaited by the Pioneers. President Thayer introduced Dr. Watson amid a deafening burst of applause which lasted for several minutes and noticeably affected the man who in the past years has been the recipient of universal telephone homage. Dr. Watson, now 72 years old, with a voice so well modulated and an enunciation so clear that he scarcely needed the assistance of the public address system which had been installed to project the voices of the speakers to all parts of the ballroom and lobby, used his autobiography which is now in process of publication as a basis for his address. He described his first meeting with Alexander Graham Bell:

"One day early in 1874, when I was hard at work for Mr. Farmer on his apparatus for exploding submarine mines by electricity and wondering what was coming next, there came rushing out of the office door and through the shop to my work-bench a tall, slender, quick-motivated young man—Alexander Graham Bell—a young professor in Boston University. He was bringing me two little instruments I had made during the intervals of my work for Mr. Farmer without knowing what they were for or to whom they belonged. They had not been made in accordance with his directions and he had impatiently broken down the rudimentary discipline of the shop by coming directly to me to have them altered."

Dr. Watson went on to explain that Dr. Bell's first efforts were toward the construction of a harmonic telegraph whereby several messages could be sent over one wire simultaneously, but he continued that the thought of the telephone was long in the back of Dr. Bell's brain, to be disclosed one day when he

(Continued on next page)



General Assembly, composed of officers of the General Association, and presidents and delegates from Pioneer Chapters



An informal group of the "Open House." 140 West Street Building of the New York Telephone Company, August 28; Seated, left to right—T. P. Sylvan, vice-president New York T. & T. Co.; H. F. Thurber, chairman of board of directors New York T. & T. Co.; J. S. McCulloh, president New York T. & T. Co.; A. L. Salt, president Graybar Electric Co.; Ben S. Read, president Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Co.

interrupted Dr. Watson to exclaim, "Watson, if I can get a mechanism which will make a current of electricity vary its intensity as the air varies in density when a sound is passing through it, I can telegraph any sound, even the sound of speech."

"The date when Bell first conceived that splendid idea," avers Dr. Watson, "is, of course, the most important day in the history of the telephone. For from that conception the science, the art and the present stupendous business organization of modern telephony have sprung."

Throughout Dr. Watson's remarks were rich in recollections of those earliest days, and he is today the only surviving witness of the very beginning of the telephone.

Following Dr. Watson's talk, Mr. D. H. Morris, chairman of the committee on resolutions, submitted a report as follows:

"We, the Telephone Pioneers of America, assembled in New York City, August 27-28, in the semi-centennial year of the telephone, 1926, at the close of this, the thirteenth meeting of the association, desiring to express our gratitude to those who have been our hosts, do hereby

"Resolve, That our thanks be extended to the officers and members of Empire Chapter No. 5, H. G. McCully Chapter No. 12 and Edward J. Hall Chapter No. 25; to Mr. H. F. Thurber, chairman of the board of directors; Mr. J. S. McCulloh, president, and their associates of the New York Telephone Company; to Mr. C. C. DuBois, chairman of the board of directors; Mr. Edgar S. Bloom, presi-

dent, and his associates of the Western Electric Company; and to Mr. H. B. Thayer, chairman; Mr. Walter S. Gifford, president, and their associates of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, for the splendid hospitality and complete provision for our comfort and enjoyment on this occasion; and we do further

"Resolve, That our thanks be given to Mr. F. B. Jewett, president, and his associates of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., for the opportunity of seeing the marvelous accomplishments which science has contributed to the art of communication; and we do further

"Resolve, That we record our very deep gratitude to the Providence that has preserved us through half a century, the only remaining member of those first real telephone pioneers, our beloved Mr. Thomas A. Watson, and that we express to him our appreciation of the sacrifice he has made to give us the pleasure of both seeing and hearing him again, a pleasure we pray may be often repeated through years of continued health; and we do further

"Resolve, That our thanks be extended to the management and employees of the Hotel Commodore, which splendid organization has so efficiently housed and cared for us all."

Mr. E. K. Hall, on behalf of the officers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Western Electric Company and New York Telephone Company, extended to the Pioneers an invitation to visit the headquarters buildings that afternoon.

The ballroom was darkened and a remarkable demonstration of talking movies took

place. The picture featured Thomas A. Watson in a description of the birth of the telephone. The synchronization of the movements of Dr. Watson's lips and his syllables were astounding and his voice could be heard in unimpaired clarity and naturalness over all the large ballroom.

Howard B. Emery, president of the Thomas Sherwin Chapter, presented to the Pioneers' Association a gavel formed of wood taken from the beams of the attic of the Court Street building in Boston, Massachusetts, where the infant telephone uttered its first cries. This gavel will eventually become one of the exhibits in the Bell System museum.

The meeting was adjourned shortly after twelve noon.

A special demonstration of the Vitaphone in the new auditorium of Bell Telephone Laboratories was an impressive feature of Friday's program. Three showings were made, before each of which the Pioneers were welcomed by John Mills, director of publication of the Laboratories. The place of the Laboratories in the Bell System, the character of their work and the resultant savings to the associated companies was outlined by Mr. Mills. Among the fundamental studies, those of speech, hearing, sound and vibrating systems have been of great importance to telephone transmission. Based on these studies are also the new methods of phonograph recording and reproducing, which have won wide popular interest, and the Vitaphone. This is a complete system for synchronizing sound-records with

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moving pictures. To show some of its possibilities Giovanni Martinelli appeared on the screen while the audience heard his masterful rendition of an aria from "I Pagliacci." A violin solo by Mischea Elman followed; then a diverting number of Roy Smeck on one or more ukuleles, banjos and harmonicas. The Tannhauser Overture by the full Philharmonic Orchestra enthralled music-lovers by its perfection of tone, and showed interestingly how the various instruments contributed to the tone picture.

Memories of old times were stirred in many Pioneers as they saw in the historical museum specimens of the apparatus used in bygone days. Visitors were met by W. L. Richards, consulting historian; W. C. F. Farnell, curator, and some of their associates in the Laboratories. They were shown a piece of copper wire over which passed the first sentence transmitted by voice; transmitters, receivers, vacuum tubes, loud speakers and other communication equipment, new and old. A Gilliland switchboard renewed its acquaintance with R. R. Rodda of the Mountain States Company, who had operated it at Golden, Colorado, half a century ago.

Walter D. McKinney examined with kindling eye a picture of another such board installed in the Boston exchange of which he was manager. It was there under Mr. McKinney that Gen. John J. Carty started his telephone career. One of the operators of this office, Miss Elizabeth Wentworth, came to view the picture, and presented to the museum one of the original switchboard plugs.

The tour through the Walker-Lispensard building on Friday started on the twenty-third floor in the Walker machine switching office of the New York Telephone Company, which occupies floors 23 and 22. Wire chiefs from various central offices served as conductors.

Each of the Pioneers, of course, was absorbed especially in his or her specialty. It didn't need much discernment to pick out the traffic members of the groups.

PIONEERS AT 195 BROADWAY

At a few minutes before 2 o'clock on Saturday, the last day of the convention, the eyes of the Pioneers were turned toward 195 Broadway, the Mecca of their pilgrimage. At general headquarters they were to meet the heads of the Bell System and the president, President-elect and past presidents of the Pioneers. At precisely 2 o'clock they began to arrive from subway, elevated train and taxi. In the main foyer they divided into groups, were furnished with guides and escorted to the twenty-sixth floor. There they passed through the board of directors' room and into H. B. Thayer's office, where they were greeted by Mr. Thayer as president of the Pioneers and chairman of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. With him in the receiving line were J. T. Moran, president-elect of the pioneers and president of the Southern New

England Telephone Company. Past Presidents Albert L. Salt, president of the Graybar Electric Company, and Ben S. Read, president of the Southern Bell Telephone Company, Secretary R. H. Starrett and Treasurer W. J. Stout, both of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

They then passed on to President Gifford's suite, where they were received by Vice-Presidents C. P. Cooper, C. M. Bracelen, E. K. Hall and E. S. Wilson and Treasurer H. Blair-Smith, and then entered Mr. Gifford's office, where he shook hands with each Pioneer. Among the hundreds who streamed through the executives' offices there were some with exceptional service records. Of the three that drew special attention, C. F. Kelleher of the New York Telephone Company had the longest service, forty-eight years. H. E. Allen of the Ohio Bell Telephone Company and Laura E. Palmer of the Southern New England Telephone Company shared honors with forty-two years each.

After visiting the executive offices on the twenty-sixth floor the Pioneers were escorted to any part of the building they wished to visit. The officials of the Western Electric Company greeted the visitors in the board of directors' room on the fifteenth floor. In the receiving line were Vice-Presidents H. A. Halligan, J. L. Kilpatrick and J. B. Odell, Secretary H. B. Gilmore, Treasurer F. L. Gilman and General Manager of Installation W. T. Teague.

On the thirty-first floor they were treated to a panoramic view of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Metropolitan Jersey and the harbor from the windows of the auditorium reception room. In the auditorium J. H. Bigelow of the executive department, in behalf of the New York Telephone Company, officially welcomed the Pioneers to New York and to the company's headquarters building, which he described as a tremendous monument to Alexander Graham Bell's great invention.

The parties were then ushered through the lecture rooms and instrument equipment on

the thirtieth floor, where new employees receive various courses in the art of telephony.

On the twenty-ninth floor, the executive suite, the Pioneers were greeted individually by H. F. Thurber, chairman of the board, and President J. S. McCulloh.

From here the inspection of the West Street building was continued on the fifteenth floor, the headquarters of the medical department and the employees' benefit bureau, thence to

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Pioneers Honor Roderick Reid

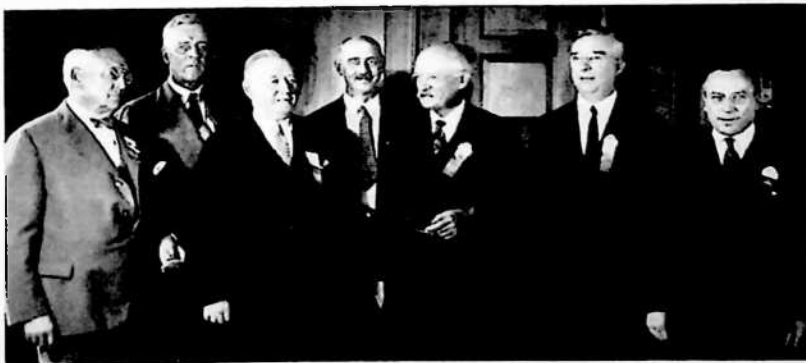
To be chosen vice-president of the Telephone Pioneers of America Association is within itself a distinguished recognition, but to be thus chosen when he was not in attendance at the meeting was even a greater honor that came to Roderick Reid, vice-president and general auditor of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, August 27, at the Thirteenth Annual Convention held in New York City.



Roderick Reid, vice-president and general Auditor, Mountain States Company

Mr. Reid began his telephone career with our Company on March 1, 1900, as a bookkeeper, and step by step he climbed until he became general auditor, and in 1924 he was made a vice-president in addition to being general auditor.

This new honor which comes to him is another fine recognition and brings not only credit to Mr. Reid, but a distinction to our Company.



Pioneer Reception Committee: A. L. Salt, J. F. Macdonald, J. T. Moran, R. H. Starrett, H. B. Thayer, Ben S. Read, W. J. Stout

First Aid at Denver

Arrangements to affiliate our First Aid training activities with the American Red Cross having been completed, Dr. M. J. Shields, assistant director, First Aid service, American Red Cross, conducted a course of instruction and examined a class of Colorado plant employees at Denver, September 7 to 11, inclusive, for the purpose of qualifying some of the experienced "First Aiders" as examiners.

Under this agreement with the American Red Cross our Company is authorized to issue joint Red Cross and Telephone Company First Aid certificates which, when duly approved jointly by the director of First Aid service, American Red Cross, and our general plant manager, qualifies the individual as a proficient "First Aider." These men with additional training are then eligible to take the examination for examiner. This examination, however, is to be conducted by a representative of the American Red Cross who is a qualified physician. For practical reasons, at isolated points, the examiner may be an employee who has expert First Aid knowledge, has received a minimum of 22½ hours of instruction and has successfully passed the Red Cross First Aid examinations.

For the purpose of qualifying a number of our men for examiners Dr. Shields devoted a week to instructing the following men, who successfully passed the examination with grades well above the required minimum of 80%, which qualifies them as examiners:

Leon Ayersman, Colorado plant supervisor.
Alton W. Barnes, wire chief, Boulder.
Thomas A. Collins, P. B. X. installer, Denver plant.
Cyrus E. Crenshaw, wire chief, Fort Collins.
Harvey E. Dunn, switchboardman, Colorado Springs.
George W. Frasier, wire chief, Greeley.
Charles Fowler, district cableman, Pueblo.
Alfred H. Hall, lineman, Colorado construction.

PIONEERS CONVENTION

the revenue accounting department on the fifth floor, and from there to floor "B," where the large and artistically furnished and decorated cafeteria, dining room and accompanying lounging rooms which have recently been opened are located.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Telephone Pioneers of America is now only a pleasant memory—for the Pioneers and their families, who pronounced it a distinct success—and a pleasant memory for the various committees who tirelessly worked to make it a success.



Sitting, left to right: N. O. Pierce, general plant manager, and Dr. M. J. Shields, assistant director First Aid Service, American Red Cross. Standing: First row—Wells, Collins, Dunn, Frasier, Muller, Crenshaw, Roberts. Second row—Fowler, Barnes, Parmelee, Brady, Probst, Ayersman. Third row—Thady, Mohow, Hall, Johnson and A. W. Young

Charles O. Johanson, foreman, Denver plant.
William Mohow, combinationman, Trinidad.
August F. Muller, P. B. X. installer, Denver plant.

Albert Parmelee, mechanic, Denver plant.
Louis R. Probst, wire chief, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Byron E. Thady, wire chief, Grand Junction.
William R. Trevithick, splicer, Colorado construction.

Albert E. Wells, repairman, Denver plant.
A. W. Young, Colorado plant superintendent.
Fred L. Brady, assistant shop foreman, Western Electric Company.

John A. Roberts, installation department,

Western Electric Company.

Dr. Shield's twenty-six years' experience in First Aid work, together with two years' service in the Medical Corps of the U. S. Army as lieutenant-colonel, qualify him as an expert and pioneer. His efficient method of instructing and congenial disposition won for him a warm spot in the hearts of the members of the class, of the officials of the Company, and it is hoped he will favor our men with another visit in the near future.

1876—△—1926

RECENT INSTANCES OF REGULATION

By Milton Smith, General Counsel

STATE REQUIRED TO PAY REGULAR TELEPHONE RATES NOTWITHSTANDING FRANCHISE ORDINANCE

The Public Service Commission of Montana decided on June 23, 1926, in *Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co. v. City of Great Falls*, that the city would be required to pay the regular rates for telephone service paid by other subscribers to the service of the company.

The city took the position that the free service which had theretofore been rendered to it by the company was nothing more than consideration for the franchise to occupy the streets which the city had given to the company by ordinance. The commission, however, stated that the right to occupy the streets of a municipality was given to the telephone company by the constitution and statutes of Montana, and that nothing was left to the city but the power to regulate the placing of the poles, wires, etc. along the highway.

The commission, consequently, concluded that the city had no right to demand free service in consideration of the granting of a franchise which had already been granted by the state.

GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY HELD UNDER DUTY TO FURNISH REASONABLY ADEQUATE SERVICE, BUT NOT INSURER OF CONTINUOUS SERVICE

In *Waukesha Gas and Electric Co. v. Waukesha Motor Co.*, the Supreme Court of Wisconsin held that while the gas and electric company was under the duty to furnish reasonably adequate service, it was not an insurer of continuous service if unforeseen and uncontrolled conditions caused the interruption. The court found that the interruption of service was due to the freezing of gas mains resulting from unprecedented cold weather and the inability to procure coal during the World War. The court held that these conditions could not be foreseen and could not be controlled by the company.

First Aid at Salt Lake

On Monday, September 13, 1926, Dr. Shields of the American Red Cross, commenced his work with the class of First Aid leaders in Salt Lake City. This class convened six hours a day for a full week. At the conclusion of the class Dr. Shields gave an examination, and those who passed received joint first aid certificates. This qualifies the men as lay instructors, and they are now able to conduct classes and give examinations to other telephone employees.

Telephone employees, as a whole, take considerable interest in first aid work, and with the special training these leaders received in this course, we can expect very good results in our first aid work in the future.

Those taking the course are shown in the picture as follows: Left to right (sitting)—Howard Blazzard, Salt Lake commercial; M. F. Dorough, Salt Lake plant chief; Roy Mace, Salt Lake plant; Edward Quinn, Salt Lake plant; Ralph Treseder, Ogden plant; Carl Geiger, Ogden plant; Art Berrum, Salt Lake Utah plant superintendent; R. L. Horr, supervisor of methods and results, Denver; Edward Wrigley, Western Electric Company; Clarence Smith, Salt Lake plant; Lowell Fraughten, Salt Lake plant; Dr. Shields, American Red Cross; E. W. Boyce, Western Electric Company; J. A. Aeord, Salt Lake plant; Parley Jensen, Salt Lake plant; and Arthur Dent, Provo plant.

1876—△—1926

Harry Sommers Passes Away

Harry Sommers, pioneer telegraph and telephone man, died at his home in Salt Lake City, September 18, after a long illness. Mr. Sommers was widely known and greatly loved and respected by thousands of people.

He was born in Davenport, Iowa, in 1862. Some forty years ago he started with the Western Union Telegraph Company, in Denver, and a few years later joined the forces of the telephone company. He was placed on the pension list in 1912, but his love and loyalty to the Company never waned.

He was a noble man, a prince of good fellows and an earnest worker.

1876—△—1926

A switchboard is being installed at the United States Veterans Hospital at Boise. This will be a great help.

The new system in handling long distance calls is proving a great success. A call may be placed either person to person or station to station without hanging up the receiver. This is a great help in speeding up service.



Red Cross Class at Salt Lake City, Utah

Celebration at Wellington

On September 11 Wellington, Colorado, held its celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the telephone, and had 400 guests. There were a great number of visitors from the surrounding community and from Fort Collins. A number of telephone employees from Greeley and Fort Collins were present.

Mrs. Mabel Snouffer and her operator, Miss Lola Ruhl, assisted by Mrs. Kathryn Kerwood, former chief operator at Fort Collins, and Mrs. I. H. Wallen, former operator

at Wellington, explained the operation of the switchboard to the visitors and showed them through our new building. Miss Dorothy Lee Snouffer served punch and wafers. Warren Lindenmeier of the Fort Collins plant department assisted in the demonstration. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers donated by our Wellington friends.

1876—△—1926

A Nebraska university professor has figured it out that in three generations the earth is to have 2,000,000,000 more people than it can feed. This would kill race suicide.

1876—△—1926

Art-O'-Type Tales

THE EVOLUTION OF MAMA'S DARLINS

When she was just a tiny tot,
She was a simple miss;
And when they told her fairy tales,
She looked somewhat ----



like this.

But then she grew, and learned a lot.
She was awake--this miss;
And soon she looked out at the world
With countenance - - -



like this.

Then came the day her first sweetheart
Insisted on a kiss;
And she indeed was horrified--
Astonished-- just - - -



like this.

But still she grew, and learned 'till now,
She gives them tit for tat;
And when they tell her fairy tales,
She looks at them - - - -



like that.

--Bertha Grisham.

A Bit of Intimate History

NO individual entitled to wear the 20-year service pin of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company can wear it with greater gratification than I wear the one presented to me on the first day of September, 1926. Numerous are the pleasant recollections that come to me, as, looking backward, I recall the happenings of the two decades of continuous service in the employ of the great institution of which I am permitted to be an humble part.

But my employment by and with the Telephone Company actually commenced over a quarter of a century ago. Well do I remember that bright day in the spring of 1901 when I stepped into the public offices of the Company, then located at 1447 Lawrence Street, Denver, and was graciously received by Miss Anna Henry, then in charge of that office. I informed Miss Henry of my desire to enter the employ of the Company. She kindly communicated by telephone with Mr. W. F. Brown, then operating manager, whose office was located on the second floor of the building. Mr. Brown came down at once, accepted my formal application for a position as operator, and placed me at work shortly thereafter.

My first assignment was a vacant position to listen in with, and be instructed by the operator at work on the adjoining position. I was both delighted and astonished at the ease with which patrons of the Company were connected together for conversation—to visit, transact business, etc. Being given a regular assignment, I found my work very interesting. It has always been so; my work and my duties continue very interesting still. I remained in the employ of the Company until June, 1904. Then a gap occurred in my employment, and I was away until September, 1906, when I re-entered the service and was assigned to the Gallup exchange, where I served with pleasure under Miss Carroll as chief operator. In April, 1907, I was transferred to Long Distance, working as operator under Manager W. D. Emerson until November of that year, when I was sent back to Gallup as evening chief operator, continuing at work in that capacity until April 1, 1912, when I was transferred to the Champa exchange as manager.

While greater responsibilities were mine at Champa, my duties were fascinating and I found great pleasure in performing them. Unfortunately for me, my health broke down during the great storm of December, 1913, and on the 15th day of January, 1914, I was compelled to enter St. Joseph's Hospital for treatment and an operation. When able to resume my duties, but during a period of convalescence, I was assigned to York and

South exchanges for special work, and then, in October of that year was sent to Englewood as chief operator under Manager Jack Tierney. Here and in this capacity have I served for nearly a dozen years, working under Managers J. T. Tierney, Carl R. Oshorn, Herbert Thompson, William Flint, Edward Bertagnolli and our present affable manager, C. E. Abbott. All of the gentlemen accorded me the utmost consideration. It has been a pleasure to be associated with them in the service of the Company.

Remarkable indeed has been the growth of the Company during the last quarter of a century. In 1901 there were the Main, York and South exchanges—all magneto system. The switchboard in Main exchange, then located at 1447 Lawrence Street, had about thirty positions and was built in the shape of a horseshoe. All had been "A" board until the York and South exchanges were opened,



Eva E. Simpson

Then two of the Main exchange positions were equipped for incoming calls from York and South. Miss Cayon was chief operator. Later on Mr. W. F. Cozad took up the duties as operating manager, and a several-position board was placed at one side of the room, being equipped for ten-party nickel buzz service. This was to relieve the crowded condition of the "A" board, which had a multiple of 2,300. Lockers, rest room and dining room were on the same floor in the rear. Coming from or going to them we crossed "The Bridge of Sighs," which was built over the rotunda. Down in the rotunda bottom the plant department was located. Entering and departing, we passed between the toll board

and the local board. The toll board had about ten positions, two of which were used for recording. An extra position at the end was used as the "Through" board. There were always so many cords strung across it that I wondered how the operator knew one cord from another.

Growth of the Englewood exchange has not been quite so impressive as that of the exchanges in Denver, due, no doubt, to the slower upbuilding of the town as compared with the advancement in Denver. When the Englewood office was opened, in January, 1910, there were but 200 subscribers; now there are over 1,300. But while Englewood does not at present possess a large population, the people who reside here are indulgent and congenial. We of the exchange find it a pleasure to serve them and transact business with them.

While I consider it a privilege to have been permitted to serve the people of this locality, I also appreciate the fact that my long association with the Company has taught me the importance of always observing "courtesy first" and to never forget that patience and forbearance are to be cultivated and practiced at all times. I appreciate the gracious consideration accorded me by officers and employees of the Company, and shall hope for and endeavor to merit the continued indulgence, co-operation and support of all.

Now I am one of the veterans in the service of the Company. To that service I have given the best years of my life. With the experience that has been mine and the knowledge that I possess of both the operating and commercial departments, I can, I believe, perform my duties with greater ease and more complete confidence.

The progress made in our field of endeavor; the development and upbuilding of the Company, have been so extraordinary that we who have been but as atoms in the great institution can scarcely realize or comprehend how tremendous the advancement has been, but we know that we are linked up with one of the most important, most progressive and most necessary public utilities on earth.

During my long service in the employ of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company I have been able from time to time to avail myself of the liberal terms which the Company offers its employees to purchase A. T. & T. stock, and, therefore, while performing as best I knew how the duties assigned me, I have taken pleasure in the knowledge that while in the service of the Company and serving the Company's patrons I have likewise, as a stockholder, been serving myself.

EVA E. SIMPSON.
Englewood, Colo., Sept. 11, 1926.

Her Typographical Error

BY

ADA S. GARDING

"SHELL marry me now or never! I've hung on to this rope of procrastination as long as I am going to!" And with a bang of his fist on the old desk in front of him, Harry Brown, fire chief at Appledale, lost all patience with Lillian Sommers, who had been putting off their wedding day, time after time, for really no apparent good reason.

Harry's heart was throbbing with deep emotion. He had fought fires that quickly consumed buildings and drove men, women and children homeless into the street—and through it all he remained calm and composed. But now there was something clurning his heart-strings that he could not control—a consuming fire of passionate love that burned into his very soul. Why should he, a stout-hearted man in time of conflagration, whose commands were readily obeyed, yield to the sentimentalities of a mere girl?

"I'll just put a stop to this constant delay, and we will be married at once!" he soliloquized, reaching for his pen and paper.

In a bold, scrawly mess of ink, Harry explained how terribly disappointing it was to look forward to a September wedding, then be put off until heaven knows when. He also scribbled that he could not understand why a girl should wish to retain her stenographic position after marriage. Ah, there was the trouble!

Harry had waited a year—long enough for a man thirty-seven, still slender and attractive, making enough money to support a wife. He wished to support her wholly, and insisted upon the surrender of Lillian's position at Smokerton, where she had joined the Telephone Company's forces at their general offices. Harry figured his girl belonged in Appledale; and as he mailed the letter that October day, his blood boiled with impatience for her return.



When Lillian received her fiance's letter, she was sitting at her desk amidst the clicking and hammering of the office routine. For a time she became oblivious of her surroundings—was transported back to Appledale. Pictures of homes in those peaceful valleys; stately orchards, proud of the wind-fallen apples at their feet; October moons smiling a welcome to the coming winter, descended upon her from the folds of Harry's message. Her home! She loved it dearly, but did not wish to leave the Telephone Company's employ. Ripping an unfinished job from her typewriter and inserting a fresh sheet, she made a decision, typing hastily and excitedly. She always addressed Harry as her "Fire Bug."

"Dearest Fire Bug:

"I will marry you providing—oh, you know the same old provision! Please—pretty please, let me return to work in Smokerton after the wedding! I will leave here October 22nd on my vacation, marry you on Saturday afternoon and come back to work in two weeks.

"Oh, Harry, dear, you never, never will understand how wonderful the telephone folks have been. Why—oh why, old efferescence, will it make any difference if I stay here just a little, wee six months longer after we are married? Then I'll come home for good—honest!

"Dear old Fire Bug, are you as mad as you seem? I'll take that vacation immediately if you say so.

"Love,
"LILLUMS."

Lillian was just nineteen, with two uncontrollable brown eyes flashing beneath her black bobbed hair. Under the anticipation of Harry's answer the eyes alternately became dreamy, then larger—perhaps a bit frightened at times. What would he say? Days passed and no answer came. The long delay began to look as though there would be no answer and no vacation. Then suddenly it came—a wire:

"O. K. Lillums! Will meet you at Appledale depot morning of October 23rd.
"YOUR FIRE BUG."

Gracious, she was going to be married!



"Mr. Brown, why so glum on a beautiful morning like this?"

The fright of it all! Still, Harry had consented to her provision, and she could return to the telephone folks in Smokerton after the wedding.

The evening train pulled out slowly. First she wanted to push the clumsy cars; then the opposite feeling presented itself—a strained tension and desire to hold back the clicking wheels. Oh, if it was only over—she could not understand her fright!

Appledale depot seemed to smile at Lillian through the morning sunshine of October 23d. The same worn boards greeted her dainty feet as she stepped from the Pullman, suitcase in hand. A sweet-scented breeze flapped her skirt while she paced around looking for Harry. Occasionally her brown eyes scanned the neighboring hills, laden with apple orchards, which bowed her a pretty welcome—but no Harry! A half hour passed. Where, this side of heaven, was Harry? Lillian was thumping her suitcase impatiently, when a tall, handsome young man, about twenty-five years old, stepped to her side and smiled broadly, his light hair flashing in the sunlight.

"Pardon, miss—looking for a taxi? I'd be pleased to drive you!"

Lillian tried to conceal from the stranger her impatience and anger. She would not for

the world allow him to discover her predicament! Acting impulsively to avoid embarrassment, she decided to drive with him to her mother's home, and there await a visit from Harry. If he failed to show up, back to the telephone office she would go.

"Thank you! I am going to my home out on Hillrose Drive—the house with a big apple orchard in the rear."

Everyone knew that orchard, especially the young scamps of the town. The young man helped Lillian enter his flivver, flung the suitcase in the tonneau and drove away.

The road wound through a beautiful farming district, rich with vegetation and delicately perfumed with the over-ripe fruit of middle October. Scattered between the even rows of brittle cornstalks lay small piles of pumpkins, awaiting the Hallowe'en jackknife. An invigorating morning breeze whisked about Lillian's round, soft cheeks, carrying her sweetly-scented powder in the stranger's direction. Already Appledale's welcome had cheered the buoyant girl into better humor, and with the anticipation of seeing her mother once more, a cheery light-heartedness replaced her worried expression.

But, merciful heavens, what a down-trodden, sorrowful countenance the young

man wore! It was not becoming to him at all—that look of utter dejection! He was too handsome for sorrow, and it did not take Lillian long to notice it.

"Please, Mr.—"

"Brown," he replied simply. She continued: "Mr. Brown, why so glum on a beautiful morning like this?"

A risky thing to say to a total stranger, she thought, but it was too late now.

His eyes rolled from their fixed position on the center of the road and met Lillian's brown ones. Instantaneously she forgot there ever had been a Telephone Company, a fire chief, or a promised wedding. Never before had she been so completely swallowed by a man's mere glance—she was so unexplainably happy, so contented beside him in the car! Lillian realized that her hesitancy and reluctance to marry—that awful feeling of uncertainty had been just natural. In the fire chief she had not met her man. That became a convincing fact when the new Mr. Brown's eyes traveled her way. Why should they all be Browns? Because the world was so full of them, she guessed.

At last the man's handsome lips parted:

"Why shouldn't I be glum? I have played a dirty little trick on the sweetest girl in the world. I can never, never atone! Great Scott, I'm in a pickle!"

Lillian's heart plunged into the despairing depths where Mr. Brown's had resided during their drive through the orchards. She experienced all the pain and disappointment of hopeless love! Her new-found happiness already had a sweetheart! For a long time she was silent, then speech came timidly:

"Have you asked her forgiveness?"

"No—no. Oh, bosh—I might as well make a clean confession! Will you listen?"

The flivver had stopped under a drooping tree by the roadside as if by its own volition.

Certainly Lillian would listen to his story. Did a girl ever love a man truly and refuse to help him out of trouble? A cool breeze caught up a circular scurry of dry, dead leaves and whipped them beneath the flivver. Mr. Brown told his amazing romance:

"I'm a cad, a foolish devil! The boys at the Telephone Company, where I work, helped me dope out this bit of nonsense. I'm the wire chief at the Appledale exchange. A week ago a letter came addressed to me. Why—sure as I live, girl, the address on the envelope said 'Mr. H. Brown, Wire Chief.' I opened it, and discovered it was a private matter—a promise to marry—"

Lillian's fist stuffed itself into her pretty mouth, two dainty feet beat a stampede on the floor of Mr. Brown's flivver, and then she blurted out:

"My typing, my typing! Every day in every way it gets worse and worse! Ha, ha! Oh, dear—that's a good one!"

Wire Chief Brown looked stupid and

(Continued on next page)

C. P. Cooper, President

Charles Proctor Cooper, president of the Ohio Bell Telephone Company since 1923, has been elected vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to succeed Edgar S. Bloom, who in August became president of the Western Electric Company.

Mr. Cooper was born on August 23, 1884, at Caldwell, Noble County, Ohio. Upon his graduation from the local high school, he entered the Ohio State University at Columbus, where he took up the study of electrical engineering and graduated in 1907 with the degree of M.E. in E.E.

Mr. Cooper entered the service of the Bell System in the summer of 1908 as a junior engineer with the New York Telephone Company. Three years in Newark, N. J., were followed by a few months of practical field work as plant foreman in the Long Island division, and then by service as division plant engineer first at Syracuse, N. Y., then at Buffalo, N. Y., and early in 1912 at Albany.

In November, 1916, he received the appointment of division plant superintendent of the New York Telephone Company, Hudson Division, with headquarters at Albany, N. Y., where he remained until April, 1918, when he was sent to Washington to help the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company meet the government's war needs for telephone facilities.

In meeting these needs it was necessary to bring operators to the nation's capital from all over the country. A girls' school and two apartment houses were taken over to house them, and in the ensuing twelve months Washington's population had an unprecedented development and the facilities for telephone service were taxed to the utmost. The telephone development grew from 40,000 to 65,000 instruments. It was largely due to Mr. Cooper's abilities as an organizer and executive that the Company was able to make such an enviable record in meeting the war emergency in Washington. He stayed with the situation even after the war was over, and in recognition of his outstanding service, he was promoted to general plant superintendent of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company.

He remained in this capacity until he resigned to return to his home state of Ohio in order to become general manager of the then Cleveland Telephone Company, taking over these duties on March 1, 1920. When the Cleveland Telephone Company became the Ohio Bell Telephone Company in October, 1920, Mr. Cooper remained as general manager, and when the Ohio Bell and Ohio State telephone properties were consolidated in September, 1921, he became vice-president and general manager of the Ohio Bell and a member of the board of directors. Two years



Charles P. Cooper, vice-president American Telephone and Telegraph Company

later, on November 27, 1923, he was elected president. This election came when Mr. Cooper was but thirty-nine years of age and after only sixteen years of service in the Bell System.

Mr. Cooper was married on September 1, 1909, at Durham, N. H., to Leonora Elizabeth Parsons. They have two children, Alice Gureard Cooper, aged ten, and Charles Proctor Cooper, Jr., aged five. He is a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineering, of the University Club of Cleveland, the Union Club, Mid-Day Club, Big Ten University Club, Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, Shaker Heights Country Club, the Columbus Athletic and Ohio State University Faculty Club. His hobby is golf.

1876—△—1926

When Katherine Came Back

Miss Katherine E. Flannery, clerk in service observing department, Denver, departed on her vacation a few weeks ago, and when



she came back to the office she found her desk decorated like a Christmas tree—silverware, cut glass, percolator, rolling pins, stew pans, book on "How to Manage a Husband," etc. And then she knew that they knew she was married.

scared. Had his story caused this girl to lose her mind?

"Typing? What in thunder are you talking about?"

The laughter and stammering continued.

"I—I addressed that letter to a Mr. Brown, Fire Chief—but I'm so accustomed to writing Wire Chief that my fingers stuttered—I was so excited!"

"Well, you know the rest, don't you?" said the Wire Chief sadly. "The boys and I thought we'd have some fun and follow up your letter with an answer by wire. I'm sorry—Lil—Lillums! Indeed I am! But a fellow gets lonely in a small town, and when a chance to meet a new girl shows up—why, he just can't resist—that's all! I knew you were a telephone employee, judging from the letter, and besides your address for return was on the back of the envelope—that's how I knew your name."

Lillian's heart beat a fervent tom-tom. So that is why Harry failed to meet her! Her Fire Bug had turned out to be a Wire Bug. How could she treat so delicate a matter? Humorously, of course!

"That was a fortunate typographical error! It saved me from—"

"Then you forgive me?" presumed the man, grasping the flivver's steering wheel, and for the first time discovering the car had stopped.

"I'd forgive a telephone employee anything!" she replied, smiling her sweetest.

The awkward silence that followed was only temporary. Soon the couple became deaf to the whispering cornstalks and heard only their own enraptured voices. Wire Chief Brown was still uncertain of his ground:

"Now you make a confession, girlie!" he began more gravely; "did you care much for this man Brown, our fire chief, or did you love your job better?"

Lillian confessed. Why not? She was sure of herself now!

"I loved my position more, I'm sure."

"Going to draw your means of livelihood from the Telephone Company always?"

She nodded shyly.

"Forever and ever!"

That was no fib! Before the flivver again chugged its way toward the house with the apple orchard in the back of it, Lillian had promised Wire Chief Brown to tell the Fire Chief the truth and share her "Wire Bug's" Telephone Company salary.

Your Most Important Job Today

Every man who owns shares in a building and loan company or in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, or who carries life insurance has a feeling of security in the thought that his family is provided for, for in event of his passing on a goodly sum of money will be at once available for their support or for the care and education of his children.

But what might happen to that money when it is thus turned over? Taking care of money is generally considered to be one of the most difficult problems in life. Banks and other financial institutions employ highly trained experts to solve this very problem. If this is true, what chance has a bereaved widow without previous business experience to become suddenly a shrewd and successful investor? It is the duty of the husband himself to anticipate these conditions, and to finish the job of providing for his family by surrounding his estate with certain safeguards, prearrangements for sound and seasoned business advice after he has passed on, which will insure that the surviving family will actually receive the benefits of his foresight.

Nearly all insurance proceeds which are paid to the beneficiary in lump sums are improvidently or unwisely spent, or come into possession of fake stock promoters, that miserable tribe who are constantly searching for the widow or youth who has just received a sum of money and who has no appreciable experience in financial matters.

Recognizing the truth of the above, legislatures of the various states early enacted legislation designed to protect insurance beneficiaries, in the interest of public policy, against the claims of creditors of the insured, so that such proceeds might be devoted to the support of dependents, in order that they should not become a public charge. Blue Sky Laws have been passed designed to protect the unwary and inexperienced from the unscrupulous promoter. But the law cannot cover each man's individual problem in the most efficient manner.

The futility of simply paying insurance proceeds or any other property in a lump sum is clearly indicated by the following experiences:

Seven-eighths of all property left by persons dying in the United States consists of the proceeds of life insurance.

Nine-tenths of the four hundred million dollars paid as death claims in 1922 in the United States and Canada was paid in lump sums.

Nine-tenths of all lump sum estates, even after deducting all those under five thousand dollars, are entirely spent in seven years.

By the Thrift Committee

A man should make a will and arrange his affairs for the same reason that he paints his house—to preserve that which he has constructed.

Here are three ways of answering the question of how to leave your affairs:

OPTION 1

Make a will, expressing your wishes as to who should receive your property, giving a list of your assets and liabilities and all information which will help to make possible a speedy and accurate settlement of your affairs, and naming the person, bank or lawyer with whom you have arranged to handle this important work. A will provides the best distribution of your estate, fitted to the needs of your family, avoids much of the expense and red tape incident to a court settlement, enables your executor to withhold from sale and sacrifice any property which you wish and consider should properly be withheld, and enables your personally selected executor to bring about an early settlement of your estate with powers more adequate than those given under law to all administrators.

Choosing a relative or friend as your executor will not save the executor's fee, for unless such person possesses the necessary legal information and training they will find it imperative to call upon outside help, the cost of which will probably exceed the charges made by a reliable bank. Any lack of training or business judgment would be keenly felt at this time. One mistake may wipe out the entire estate.

OPTION 2

Create a trust. Trusts may be of many kinds, but here we will divide them roughly into two classes, the "Testamentary Trust" and the "Living Trust." A testamentary trust is provided for through arrangements with your banker or other trustee, together with the terms of your will, and does not become operative until after the death of the maker. A living trust becomes operative during the life of the maker, the proceeds being paid to him during his life, and when he is finished with it, to his dependents. Either form of trust, for these purposes, will be simply an agreement with your bank whereby such property as you designate will be held in trust, to be invested as specified in the agreement, the proceeds to be paid each month or year, together with a portion of the principal if needed.

A trust is a very flexible thing. It may contain all or any portion of your property,

and it may consist in whole or in part of life insurance. In the latter case insurance policies will be made payable to your trust fund. No inheritance tax will be levied upon insurance proceeds left in trust. If your trust involves all of your property, no administrator or court proceedings will be required.

A trust relieves your dependents of all the responsibility and worry connected with making investments. It gives them the advantage of a vast fund of experience and technical knowledge such as they would never be able to acquire of themselves, all the ability of a strong bank. It puts them into contact with a source of sympathetic and friendly advice at all times, to which they may come for years afterward for help in all important matters, whether of a financial nature or otherwise.

The cost of a trust is not large, usually about one-twentieth of the income plus a small fee for the final distribution of the principal when the trust is closed. An estate as small as five thousand dollars, including life insurance, can be economically administered in the form of a trust.

In case of a bank failure the trust will not be affected. Under strict laws that portion of the bank concerned with the handling of trust funds is kept entirely separate from the rest of the business. Trust agreements, bonds, and all other valuable papers pertaining to the trust are filed in the safe entirely apart from other bank funds, and are well insured. Usually separate office space is maintained especially for the handling of trust business.

There is another method which is quite similar to the bank trust for the payment of insurance proceeds. Such funds may be left with the insurance company for them to pay to the beneficiary in periodic installments. The unpaid balance will draw interest at a guaranteed rate and will also participate to a small extent in the usual dividends. The insurance company is bound to pay as stated in the policy. This method relieves the beneficiary of all the worry connected with the handling of a lump sum settlement. Either this or a trust agreement with a good bank would be safe and would doubtless work out all right where the settlements are simple, but where the settlement is at all involved the trust method would be advisable.

One basic principle to keep in mind is that payment of insurance proceeds to the estate of the insured should be avoided when a more direct payment can satisfactorily be made.

A trust usually is so drawn as to contain an emergency clause, giving the trustee power to provide extra funds over and above the regular income under extraordinary circum-

Helena Telephone Folks go on a Romp

On Friday, August 20, Helena telephone folks had their annual picnic at a pretty grove a few miles out of Helena. There were about seventy-five present, all the employees from state headquarters, together with their families.

The committee, having been appointed to take care of the eats, the program, etc., left the Colorado building about 10 o'clock, the remainder of the "family" coming out about noon. Later, there were races, horseshoe-pitching contests, boxing matches and a baseball game.

Mr. Ferris of the accounting department, who plays the banjo and sings, entertained the bunch with some pretty and clever songs.

Everyone reported a splendid time.

MARRIED

Hilda Carlson and Herman Johnson, both well-known young Helena residents, were married at Butte, Saturday, August 14, by the Rev. Charles F. Chapman of St. John's Epis-

stances. This is a service requiring a personal contact and an understanding of local conditions entirely possible for bank officials on the ground, but quite impossible for the distant main offices of the insurance company. The usual spendthrift clause is also practical in the trust, but impossible under the deferred payment plan.

The chief merits of a trust lie not in the saving of taxes which might be effected, but by the means which it affords for a man to set aside his policies and such other property as he may wish while he is solvent, so that the same may be entirely free from the claims of his creditors, and a settlement which he may desire for his family be assured, even though business reverses should later occur. The right of a man to so arrange his affairs has been recognized by the Federal courts.

OPTION 3

If you make no arrangements about your affairs whatsoever, the law provides that the court must appoint the surviving widow (or husband), if any, otherwise the next of kin, if such person will accept and is a resident of the state in which the decedent lived, and is not, in the court's judgment, otherwise disqualified, and provided also that such



Top—Evert Burley, revenue supervisor, and Oscar Benson, disbursement supervisor. Lower right—Sidney W. Lippett, draftsman, also some boxer. Above is a picture of the Helena picnic party



copal Church. The ceremony was performed at the Episcopal rectory.

Mrs. Johnson, who is a graduate of the Helena high school, has been a stenographer for the state traffic department since January 5, 1925.

The many friends of the young couple wish them all kinds of good luck and happiness.

relative makes prompt application. If the heirs at law who are qualified all renounce their right to administer and nominate some other qualified person, such as a lawyer or a strong bank, the court will ordinarily accept such nominee; but if no qualified relatives apply for appointment or make a proper nomination, the public administrator will be given charge of the estate. The estate must remain in court for a period ranging from four months to one year in accordance with the laws of the state in which the decedent lived.

The duties of your administrator require good business judgment and technical knowledge. He must operate or liquidate your business, collect the debts due you, settle your obligations, hold together and conserve your estate, adjust and pay inheritance taxes and your last year's income tax, and guide your estate through the technicalities of administration of "the first year," under the supervision of the judge of the probate court.

The most important job you have today is to consult your banker or lawyer about your will, and to take whatever steps are necessary to wind up this unfinished business, to insure that your family will receive the greatest possible benefit from the products of your labor.

Better'n Pumpkin Pie

This anonymous communication comes from a Mountain States subscriber who had occasion to be in Grand Junction Friday, September 10, 1926, and was very courteously invited to attend the celebration of the completion and formal opening of the special copper circuit connecting Salt Lake and Grand Junction:

"Two of us attended and we consider the hour very profitably spent indeed. After a tour through your immaculate exchange from basement to roof, which was a revelation to us in many respects, we went across to the theatre and heard the mayor of Grand Junction talk to the mayor of Salt Lake. We also saw the pictures. These pictures were very fine and of a most instructive as well as amusing character. As we heard one little boy so aptly express it, they were 'better'n punkin pie.'

"You and your employees are to be congratulated on the nice smooth way in which the immense crowd was handled and this little note is written just as a token of my appreciation of the whole thing, not forgetting my souvenir, which is so useful as well as ornamental. "A SUBSCRIBER."

"A man's wife is his better half, isn't she, father?"

"We are told so, my son."

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left to him, is there?"

THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

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

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

Vol. XXI No. 5

OCTOBER 1926

Men Who Retire

There is always a feeling of veneration for the man who has spent long years in constant and conscientious service of his country, his business organization or his public constituency; and this feeling ripens into genuine affection when he comes to the place where he decides to retire from arduous activities of business or public life, because his presence and advice will be missed.

The fact that he retires is no reason that he expects to hide himself away from the ever-increasing interests of the world. His mind is too active and his concern in progress too acute for that; but, if he has been thrifty, he will live in ease and comfort on the fruits of his labor.

Men who retire from business activities of their own volition and have accumulated sufficient funds, through thrift and wise investments, to place them in the ranks of independence, are to be congratulated.

But there is another side to this terminal of business life. When men arrive at the end of the road, and retirement is at hand, and they have not been thrifty and have not prepared for comforts and independence during the remaining days and years of life, then it is that veneration turns into sympathy and pity.

Young man, you will retire some day. Will you be independent or dependent?

Are You Checking Up?

Only three months of 1926 are left. Some of us will begin to cast up personal accounts—to think about what we have accomplished in the way of provision for the future. The sky may still be fair, but off somewhere beyond our line of vision clouds may be drifting towards us and before we know it there may come some of those dreaded rainy days.

Have we a share or a few shares more of A. T. and T. stock than we had at the beginning of the year? A splendid opportunity has fallen to us this year in the way of stockholders' rights. Has our savings bank account grown? Have we added a nice safe little bond to whatever other valuable papers we possessed? Have we built or purchased a new home? Have we taken out life insurance, or, if we had a small amount of insurance, have we added to it?

Maybe there has been illness or some misfortune, and we could do none of these things during this year. But were we prepared for the emergency, whatever it was? Did we have a "living insurance?"

A whole row of interrogations. But is it not the part of wisdom to give one's self a good questioning once in a while? Another interrogation.



Autumn

By A. U. Mayfield

In the serene and yellow autumn,
When the verdure, rich with gold,
Hangs on loose and broken tendrils,
Like the life that has grown old;

Then I love to idly ramble
Through the woods—along the vales—
Where the timber squirrels are playing,
On the fence of broken rails—

Where the rustling and the crackling
Of the leaves and dying blades,
Bring on stolid melancholy—
Environment of passing shades.

Here and there the ground is cover'd,
'Neath the scraggy walnut trees,
With rich nuts that tumbled downward
When they felt the autumn breeze.

In the serene and yellow autumn—
In the ripe and golden hue—
There's a type of human nature
That appeals to me, and you.

First Aid

A few weeks ago a passenger train plunged into a surging mountain river, in Colorado. Many were killed and maimed. Scarcely had the terrible crash sent its cry of disaster down the canyon than there appeared around a curve in the auto highway an angel of mercy. She knew that help was needed. Her car stopped and she hurried down over the rugged side of the mountain, climbed over fallen trees along the steep and dangerous way until she reached the place of the terrible disaster. She was almost the first one there to render assistance.

Like an angel of mercy in the midst of battle, she set about her work. She tore bed sheets into strips, secured what lotions and salves she could from uninjured passengers, and rendered First Aid in many cases. A doctor who happened to be on the ill-fated train, seeing her at work, turned to her and asked:

"Are you a trained nurse?"

"No," she replied, "I'm just a telephone girl and know something about First Aid."

And she hurried on, doing what she could to alleviate pain and, if possible, save human lives. She was "just a telephone girl" and had learned her First Aid with our own Company.

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John F. Stokes

John F. Stokes, wire chief at Idaho Falls, Idaho, has just rounded out an interesting and useful quarter of a century in the telephone business, and when he was handed his twenty-five-year service pin he said:

"All of these years have been very enjoyable ones and the work has been a pleasure, I am sure. My work in the different departments has put me in contact with some of the finest people in the telephone business. My connections with the telephone industry has caused me to meet many very interesting and influential people who are now very dear friends, and my correspondence with them through the different parts of the country gives me a great deal of pleasure."

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It's bad enough when it's "Raining Pitchforks."

But I'll say it's pretty rough weather when it comes to "Hailing Street Cars."—Smiles and Giggles.

OUT OF THE GLOOM SHINES A LIGHT

By Roderick Reid, Vice-President and General Auditor

THE other evening I found myself somewhat tired after a rather busy day, and, because of this, the world did not seem as bright nor did the routines of life go as smoothly as usual.

During the evening I called upon our friend Donald Johnstone. I went in to cheer the sick and found instead that the sick cheered me. Do you know Donald? Do you know his history?

In 1911 Donald came to work in the accounting department and worked faithfully for twelve years; not only doing his work efficiently and well, but every day evidencing a happy, co-operative spirit in all that he did. His smile and good nature brought around him a host of friends, and everyone had nice things to say about him.

After a while it was noticed that he began to walk slowly, and later it was seen that one of his legs dragged a little, ever so little; but in those days none of us thought that this sickness would slowly develop and take full possession of him.

We recall now how he used to linger at his desk until others had gone and then drag himself along, but always with a smile on his face. We have seen him hesitate and take oh! so long to cross the streets, and it seemed as if he hesitated longer each day before crossing the traffic streams, but no one ever heard him complain; and then came a day when Donald stayed at home. For the past

three years he has been helpless at home.

My object in referring to this is to tell of his wonderful spirit which "carries on" through a vale of real sorrow. Surely it is an inspiration to others. During the long months that he has sat in the chair at his bedside he has never once lost his courage and good nature; instead, by his very cheeriness and his hope of a bright day tomorrow, he encourages his dear mother from day to day.

It is a real tonic to one's soul to visit him; to see his smiling face; and to hear his cheery voice overflowing in happy, comforting conversation. The visitor may have come to bring a word of cheer, but in every case it ends the other way around. Donald gives the word of cheer.

As his mother says, the one ray of light and sunshine coming out of his severe sickness has been his constant, happy optimism in spite of the sickness which has taken a deep and firm hold upon him. With a body practically helpless through sickness, unable to help himself for several years now, his face is ever radiant with smiles for all who call upon him, his many epigrams being full of kindly, encouraging thoughts.

What a lesson we receive in all this. How often we find ourselves out of sorts and imagining "heaps" of troubles, while in Donald's case we find a spirit full of courage which, if backed with good health and strength, would have taken him over almost any obstacle; a courage that has been reflected in many of his countrymen, as they have carved

their enviable history amongst all nations and in all parts of the globe.

Donald is also quite a poet, and many times in the past verses from his pen have appeared in THE MONITOR. Today he cannot write, but while visiting him the other evening he talked to me of his three pals, and the following are his thoughts just as he gave them:

PALS O' MINE

"I am going to tell you a little story about some of my pals. It is too bad that some of us have to go down into the valley—the valley of tears some call it, but I call it the Valley of Appreciation, for it was there that I found many of the things that make life worth while.

"First, in the Valley of Appreciation I found Mother. What a pal she is, now nearing threescore and ten years. From the cradle to the grave, Mother is the best pal girl or fellow can have. Maybe I was a little thoughtless in the old days—ah, yes, we all get a wee bit top-heavy at times, but Mother forgives and forgets. Can you imagine a mother's feelings when her son or her daughter goes down into the valley? Think it over!

"At my side sits a little dog. As dogs go, he is just plain dog, but he loves me. I have



Donald Johnstone

a hunch that at times I am a problem to him. If so, he does not argue with me about it. He seems to think I need watching, and he watches me to the best of his ability. He is faithful and true.

"My next pal stands at my side day and night. It is faithful and ever at my service. At night I seem to hear it say good-night. In the morning its honest face beams a pleasant good-morning, and I am in tune with the world. Do you know who it is? My telephone! Boys and girls, say hello to your telephone. It is also your pal.

"I could tell you about many more of my friends, for in the Valley of Appreciation we frequently find new friends, friends who were there all the time, though we did not seem to see them. Truly, the windows of heaven are open and the treasures spill out at our feet, but most of us are too blind to see them.

"Look well, there are treasures at your feet, Their value you now faintly guess,

But other builders, looking on,
Would barter birthrights to possess."

TEAM MATES

By MISS ANNE BARNES

Traveling Chief Operator, Iowa Independent Telephone Association, Des Moines, Iowa

WHILE in a cafe this morning, I looked out the window and saw a team of horses drawing a truck heavy laden with boxed merchandise, come slipping and sliding down the icy street. Suddenly one of those great horses lost his footing and fell to the ground and lay there with his head raised in a half-terrified but imploring manner, as though he would say, "Master, I am so sorry."

The master, a good one, quickly came to the horse's side and loosened parts of his trappings. The horse made two unsuccessful efforts to rise, but was unable to do so. For just an instant he lowered his poor, great head to the ground and then raised it again and looked up into the face of his teammate as though he would ask, "What shall I do?" And the other horse, instead of floundering, kicking and trying to get away, stood calmly and quietly in his harness, looking down at his companion and seeming to encourage him

to make another effort, in that silent language so keenly understood in the animal kingdom.

The driver was a good master, because he used no harsh language and seemed unhurried about getting on his way. When the horse finally did get to his feet, his master stroked and petted him before they—the master and his co-workers—started on their way. What a lesson in teamwork that was!

Sometimes I wonder if those happenings are not given to us as lessons. We might not stop to read about them, but we will pause in our daily routine to look, to think, and to take their wisdom into our daily living.

From the flat windows above that little scene in the road, many faces were pressed against the window panes. Only God knew what was in the thoughts of the men, women and children looking down. Perhaps, there was a lesson for some of them; if for only one, the world will be that much better.

And so, I will pass this story on to the girls in the telephone world—my teammates—all.

Massacre Rocks

DRIVING west of American Falls, Idaho, on the Old Oregon Trail, one glances up to see what seems to be an abrupt ending of the highway at the base of a lofty palisade of solid lava. A turn to the left, then to the right, and you make a perfect "S" through an opening left by nature. Slowing down for the first turn, a sign catches the eye that marks the spot where occurred the Indian massacre of 1862, which was 64 years ago.

The rocky gorge, flanked by little avenues winding among mammoth boulders of lava, certainly offered an ideal place for the hostile Indians to hide and await the arrival of their victims, for this was not only nearest but by far the best route to the Oregon country, and all who traveled it must pass through this narrow gorge. The Great Snake River, almost within a stone's throw of the rocks, held an inexhaustible supply of water and along its banks was to be found food for the stock.

Opinion differs as to the date and numbers, but most records tell you that between twenty-five and thirty families were trapped in this narrow pass and very few survived the attack of the savages. Some were scalped, their wagons plundered, then burned and their stock driven off. Other immigrant trains that arrived during the days immediately following came near meeting the same fate, as can be seen from the notes that follow, which were taken from the diary of Hamilton Scott: "The train of immigrants started from near Freemont, Iowa, for the Walla Walla territory in search of gold, on April 24, 1862. Each drove three yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows to a team.



Gap in Massacre Rock trail before and after the road-builders got busy. Here is where the Indian massacre of the Mormons in 1862 took place, near American Falls, Idaho. Below is a photo of Ezra Meeker, aged pioneer and trail-blazer, who annually visits the scene of the terrible massacre

"On August 7th we reached the Snake River and camped eight miles below Fort Hall. We passed through the Falls (American Falls) on the 9th inst. The Falls, as they called them, were a natural curiosity, the water falling some forty or fifty feet over rocks and making a great roaring noise.

"Grass was very poor, but everybody had to depend upon it for feed for the cattle. All our teams at this time were getting very weak and tired, as they had come so far and some days would have to go all day long with neither food nor water.

"Up to this time we had seen but very few Indians, but had heard great tales about them. We had met up with several other immigrant trains coming westward and were all traveling together. One of the men learned that he had a friend in a wagon two days ahead of

us, so he set out on the 8th to overtake him.

"The train camped a few miles down the river from the Falls for dinner. Grass was poor, so we could stay only long enough to prepare dinner and then go on until we found feed for the cattle.

"Mr. John C. Hilman, one of the men, rode ahead in search of a place with grass where we might stay over Sunday. In looking up the road he saw a horseman coming toward him, in a hasty manner. It was very rare to see a person going eastward and especially in a hasty manner. He came closer and Mr. Hilman recognized him to be the man who left the train the day before. The first thing he said was, 'My God, John, the Indians have massacred a train and robbed them of all they had and they are only a short distance from us.'

"Mr. Hilman turned back to inform the train and bring up the wagons which were lagging behind. In an hour from then, or about 6 p. m., we came to the place, but found the Indians had run off the stock, taking the clothing, provisions, etc. of the train.

"A quantity of blood was found, which showed that the Indians had done their hellish deed in a hasty manner and left.

"The place selected for the attack was the best in the road. There are great ledges of rock on both sides where the enemy could hide until the white man came near. This place is close to the road which turns down towards Salt Lake, which is about 175 miles south. It is about ten miles from the Falls.

"We did not see our enemies that day, but

(Continued on next page)

Cheyenne Holds Annual Picnic

By Elva A. McMannis

All departments of the Cheyenne exchange were on deck at 9 o'clock, August 8, to start on the annual telephone picnic. From 9 till 9:30 the gang with great impatience waited for every last one to arrive and was eagerly waiting for the word, "Let's go." Promptly at 9:30 ten cars filled with delicious things to eat and a crowd of joyous picnickers started out from the telephone office. Out over the Happy Jack Highway our cars wended their way, and after a drive of two hours and a half through very beautiful pine-covered hills to the Pole Mountain Military Reservation, L. R. Probst, wire chief and leader of our cavalcade at last called a halt in a valley, nestling in beautiful pine-covered mountains, with a little mountain stream flowing through this natural picnic ground.

Very soon our party was exploring, hiking and playing ball; then out of a clear sky came



Cheyenne picnickers posing for THE MONITOR. Standing is C. L. Titus, state manager, and his granddaughter, Betty Jane, wondering when it will be time to eat



Above—adjusting the nosebags. Below—Grace Mackley, Helen Christensen, Frankie Godfrey

found three white men killed and several wounded, along the trail.

"The next day we met and the fight immediately began. At the first fire three-fourths of the white men ran and the red pursued, and after three miles the Indians ceased their pursuit. In this battle three of the white men were killed, one being scalped.

"Two more ox trains came into camp that night, now making two hundred wagons, four hundred men and three hundred women and children.

"The dead were buried next day and the trains pushed on towards Walla Walla."

a cry of "When do we eat?" and just as if by magic the table was spread, laden with many good things to eat. Mrs. Mary G. Probst, chief operator, and her committee, the Misses Marie McGivern, Pearl Stein and Lois Tillman, were in charge, and while we were doing justice to those good things, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Titus, with Mr. and Mrs. H. Pigg and their two daughters drove into our

glen to help celebrate the annual picnic.

After lunch the baseball teams lined up and the game started off and was a "goer" from the start, nearly everyone in the team taking home an award. About 4:30 the picnickers started for home, going back through the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve to the Lincoln Highway, some driving to Laramie and others returning to Cheyenne.

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Twenty Years for Edward Jones

It has been twenty years since I started with the Telephone Company, and I cannot think of a finer company one could work for than the Bell System.

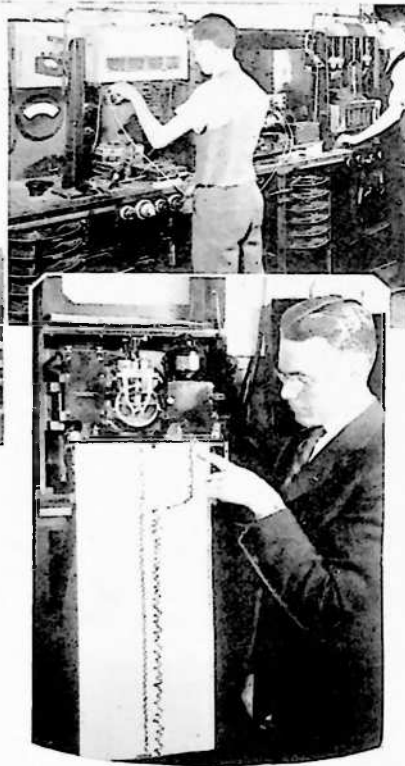
On September 17, 1906, I began work with the Colorado Telephone Company as a messenger for Mr. Roderick Reid, our present vice-president and general auditor, who was then chief clerk to the auditor. After being with Mr. Reid for one year I was transferred to the treasury department under our late E. B. Field, Jr., holding various positions, such as collector, clerk and bookkeeper. On July 1, 1914, when centralized accounting began, I was transferred to what was then known as the Eastern Division Accounting as bookkeeper. February 1, 1915, addressograph supervisor; November 1, 1916, ledger supervisor; August 1, 1918, transferred to Northern Division as chief clerk to auditor, Helena, Montana; March 21, 1920, transferred to Western Division, chief clerk, auditor, Salt Lake City, Utah, which position I held for five years before being transferred to Helena as Montana auditor on January 16, 1925.



The Bell Telephone Laboratories



The Bell Telephone Laboratory is the sole occupant of this large building at Bethune and West Streets, New York City



A few close-ups of the inside of the building, where the Bell System Laboratories are ever at work on inventions and improvements

THE efficient and progressive operation of the complex business of the Bell System involves the application of the scientific method of investigation to all phases of its activities.

In this article we will consider only the research department of the Bell Telephone laboratories. Here many of the more recondite studies underlying the advancement of the telephone art are carried on, as well as the determination of the physical form of the apparatus and systems to be produced for the associated companies. Their technical personnel consists of 1,800 highly trained scientists, engineers and assistants. So large a laboratory staff adequately supplied with the best equipment and aided by service departments, numbering an additional 1,800 employees, provides an exceptionally powerful instrument of research, development and design. That the work of the laboratories may be closely coordinated with that of the Bell System, the vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in charge of its staff department of development and research is also president of the laboratories. The man who occupies this important dual position is Dr. F. B. Jewett.

The work in progress in the Bell Telephone laboratories covers research in many fields of physics, chemistry, mathematics and physiology, as well as mechanical and electrical de-

sign and development. Out of the many examples of research which might be cited, the present limitations of space permit choosing but a few to illustrate the research activities of the laboratories.

As we approach one of the laboratory rooms, our ear catches a curious noise, as of a large iron platter which contains blocks of metal being dropped on the floor. As we draw nearer, the clatter is repeated at regular intervals, and our ear detects also a droning voice calling out "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, on one—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, on two." Except for the fact that our minds may have difficulty in picturing any logical connection between these sounds, there is nothing uncanny in the situation.

Entering the room, we behold several large racks before us, and examination reveals that these racks hold row after row of telephone transmitters (several hundred in all), each being talked into by a receiver placed close against its mouthpiece. Each row of transmitters is mounted on a hinged carrier which at regular intervals is raised magnetically and allowed to drop. What was an unintelligible combination of noises turns out, there-

fore, to be a life test of telephone transmitters. Whenever a more efficient transmitter is designed in the Laboratories, one question which must be definitely answered before it is manufactured in any quantity and incorporated far and wide in the plant is its probable length of life in service. If sample transmitters were subjected to average subscriber use, it would take years to obtain an answer to this very fundamental question. Hence the laboratory life test, where hundreds of transmitters of a given experimental type can be talked into twenty-four hours a day and jarred every minute or so to simulate what happens when the subscriber hangs up his receiver with more than necessary vigor, or drops his telephone on the desk or floor. A week of the life test can produce wear in a transmitter equivalent to several years of actual service.

Before leaving the subject of the transmitter life test, let us note an important implication of its existence, namely, that a considerable group of workers in the Laboratories are devoting their time to studying ways and means of improving the types of transmitters now in use. These researches include the behavior of various types of diaphragms, the microphonic properties of carbon, and many studies concerning the proportioning of the various parts of the transmitter. Among the valuable results to date may be mentioned the present

standard No. 323 transmitter, the high-quality transmitter of the public address system and radio broadcasting, and the orthophonic phonograph, this latter device having borrowed in various ways from transmitter researches.

Continuing our sightseeing trip around the Laboratories, the next door we open may disclose a room completely equipped in microscopic and photomicrographic studies. Here we have demonstrated to us the photography of a tiny specimen—perhaps a metal surface etched to reveal its crystal structure—under a magnification of ten thousand diameters. With this enlargement a specimen one-fourth inch square spreads out to occupy an acre, and its minute crystal structure becomes almost as clearly discernible as the stones and grass of a pasture.

The disastrous results to telephone service of even a minute hole or crack in the sheath of a large cable are too well known to need description, and it is to the credit of this micrographic laboratory that it has aided in developing our cable sheath to a point where it almost never opens up in hair cracks between crystals, either spontaneously or after continued vibration, or develops other defects of a similar character.

Next we may visit the magnetic laboratory, where, with the aid of chemists and metallurgists, the "dust-core" loading coil was developed. According to the process which has been perfected, brittle electrolytic iron is broken into a fine powder and then coated with a small amount of insulating material. By compression in molds under hydraulic presses, the powder is formed into the familiar rings of the loading coil core. So great is the pressure of molding and so thin is the coating of insulating material that the finished rings have practically the density of solid iron, and yet—and this is the important point—behave electrically and magnetically as though each particle of dust were well insulated from all others. These loading coils are now being installed in the Bell System at the rate of about 500,000 per year.

The next door we open discloses an engineer intently gazing at what appears as nothing more than a collection of glass tubes neatly fused together. He says he is pumping a new type of vacuum tube (not all vacuum tubes are repeater tubes by any means), and

to us the process seems mysterious enough, since we see nothing that looks like a pump in motion. The pumping is effected by a swift-moving and invisible stream of mercury vapor which, because it completely fills a certain glass tube, carries along with it the air from the tube and effectively blocks the backward diffusion of air.

As a matter of fact, there is a considerable element of the remarkable, if not the mysterious, in the evacuation of a repeater tube. With a mercury vapor pump and suitable auxiliary arrangements it is readily possible to reduce the air pressure to one billionth of an atmosphere. The measurement of such minute pressures is an interesting problem that must be deferred. In a tube exhausted to this degree, the vestige of remaining air is negligible for most purposes, and yet if one were to count the number of molecules of air still remaining—he had better adopt some quicker method than pointing his finger at each molecule in turn—he would probably be astonished at the answer. In a bulb such as a repeater tube, exhausted to one billionth of an atmosphere, there are about one trillion molecules still remaining—perhaps five hundred times as many molecules as there are human beings on the earth, or five times as many molecules as there have been seconds of time in the sixty-five hundred years of recorded history. If we were to think of each molecule of air in that "evacuated" bulb as representing a second of past time, the whole history of the human race for 30,000 years might be thought of as concentrated within its walls. By the same process of thought, the molecules present in the bulb before exhaustion would probably represent a period of time longer than the whole existence of our solar system.

Yet so tiny is the molecule of air (either oxygen or nitrogen) that even a trillion or so of them present in a small glass bulb can scarcely make their presence felt. Under this condition the number of collisions that any molecule encounters with other molecules is quite small compared to the number of

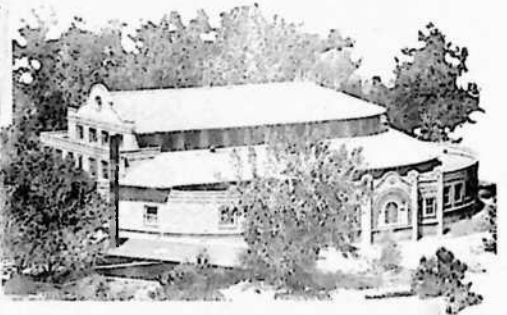
rebounds it makes from the glass walls of the enclosing bulb. More particularly, the molecules can fly about without interfering to any appreciable extent with the electric current (the stream of electrons) which the engineer may later cause to flow between two electrodes sealed within the bulb. If we imagine a trillion molecules of air to be stacked up neatly, layer on layer, so as to form a cube, this cube would be only about one twenty-five thousandth of an inch on each edge. Compared to such a cube the point of a needle would be a very fair sized mountain. The type of arithmetic in which a trillion or so is practically as good as nothing at all may not commend itself to our accounting departments, but to the physicist it has its very definite uses.

And so we are guided from room to room and floor to floor, through insulation- and materials-testing laboratories, chemical laboratories, carrier current and radio laboratories, through rooms given up to manual and machine switching systems, until after an exhausting day we emerge to the welcome street and the simple affairs of our own lives, but gratified to realize that the apparatus and equipment with which we deal daily as operating telephone people has, during its formative period, passed through the rigorous mill of scientific research.

The future possibilities of the telephone appeal to the imagination. Growth will always bring new problems as it has in the past—problems as numerous and vital as at any period in our development. The multiple switchboard, machine switching, underground cables, long overland toll cables, carrier current systems, are our answers today to the demand for telephone service. We smile as we view a little fifty-line switchboard of 1880 in the light of the 10,000-line board of today, but a steadily increasing demand for telephone service means that we are even now in the midst of rapid progress. Increases in the size of the telephone plant and new demands will always necessitate new ways of achieving old ends as well as warrant the introduction, from time to time, of new types of service. To meet these changing situations the one satisfactory course to pursue is that of fundamental research and development based on accurate studies of natural phenomena and analyses of operating conditions.

Left—A testing laboratory within the general machine switching laboratory. Right—The photomicrographical laboratory, where some of the finest work of the day is being done





Thermopolis, Wyoming: Top—Washakie Monument and Fountain. Center, left—Falls of the Big Horn Hot Springs in winter. Right—The Washakie Plunge. Bottom—Bird's-eye view of Big Horn Hot Springs and Terrace and the City of Thermopolis, Wyoming

By Adrian Reynolds, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Thermopolis, Wyoming

IN THE AGES past, when the only communication was a-foot, or by the long-lost signals of early humanity, the Big Horn Hot Springs, at Thermopolis, Wyoming, were even then pouring their waters, heavy laden with health-giving minerals, into the bed of the Big Horn River, building up terraces of mineral deposits that rival the wonders of the Yellowstone and that threaten some day to dam the Big Horn River. These springs are the largest in the world, the largest alone having a flow of 18,600,000 gallons of hot mineral water every twenty-four hours. This spring also has the highest temperature of any spring known in the world, standing steadily at 135 degrees Fahrenheit, year in and year out.

Two of the springs at Thermopolis are located at the foot of the west side of Monument Hill, on the top of which thousands upon

thousands of persons have aided in the erection of stone monuments in testimonial of their having been healed through the power of the waters of these mammoth springs. These two springs are the Big Horn Spring and the Black Sulphur Spring. A few hundred feet north the White Sulphur Spring gurgles out of the rock cliffs that hold the Big Horn River in its course. Around these springs and the town of Thermopolis, mountains raise their peaks to dizzy heights, insuring mildness of winters and coolness of summers not excelled elsewhere in the Rockies.

A story of the Indians' faith in the "Great Spirit" is connected with the early use of the Big Horn Hot Springs, and goes back to the

early history of the great Shoshone Indian tribe, when life on this continent was yet in the making, for the Shoshone history stretches back through century after century of power and glory. There are many other interesting traditions told in connection with these springs, of which there are four distinct pools—the Big Horn Spring, the Black Sulphur Spring, the White Sulphur Spring, and the Ponce de Leon Spring, in order of their size.

As the old Indian tradition goes, Ishawooa, great chief of the early Shoshones, for many moons kept to himself the knowledge of a wonderful spring in the mountains, keeping the secret well until in the declining days of his life, when Time had robbed him of his

Beautiful Big Horn Hot Springs

youth and favorless old age had dwarfed his form. Then, it is said, Ishawooa spent his declining days bathing and drinking at the big spring. It was there that he died.

Ishawooa had but one son, Wapiti—a failing lad, whose small, diseased body made him the object of scorn among the youths of the tribe. He was the natural successor to the power of his father over the Shoshone, the tribe whose rule extended over hundreds of miles of this western country. Ishawooa answered the call of the "Great Spirit" and was buried near the waters whose secret he had guarded for so long a time. Before his death the great chieftain told Wapiti that the water was blessed by the "Great Spirit." Wapiti, the son, because of his premature infirmities, must, in the opinion of the tribal councils, soon follow his father. So he was placed in the extremely hot waters of the spring to die as his father had done. This, the tradition says, was on the evening of his father's death. Believing the story told him by his father on the "blessing of the Great Spirit," little Wapiti remained in the water for more than a day, drinking and bathing in its healing powers.

His health returned almost by a divine gift, and on the second day he was able to arise and return to the teepee and tribe of his father. He continued his baths and the drinking of the spring water until health returned completely. His vigorous body, his strength and bravery in battle won for him the admiration and support of his entire tribe, so that he became one of the great traditions of the Shoshones.

Generations later came Washakie, perhaps the greatest of the Shoshones. Living in three centuries, Chief Washakie and his followers were the terror of neighboring tribes as well as of the whites. But wise as Solomon, he recognized the futility of combating the white man and his gunpowder, and accepted the inevitable with grace, inducing his nations, and the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Sioux, Crows, Blackfeet, Flatheads, and numerous smaller tribes, to follow his lead. In his treaty with the United States Government, he stipulated that one-fourth of the waters of the Hot Springs at Thermopolis should remain forever for the free use of the red man and all humanity. And it stands so today, not only by treaty, but by Federal and State law.

A few hours before the writer started work on this article, he met one of the minor chieftains of the Shoshones going to the state bath house, one of the many of his tribe who go yearly to the springs, firm in their belief of the curative powers of the water, mingling with the people who come from the ends of the earth seeking both health and pleasure.

And over great, colorful terraces of mineral deposited through the ages, the waters of the Hot Springs which are not used in the plunges and health-giving baths rush to join the

A Mammoth Manhole

The Colorado plant department has just completed the rebuilding of manhole No. 279, located on Fifteenth street at the alley between Curtis and Champa streets. The original manhole was constructed of brick and was built in 1902, when the Main exchange was moved from Lawrence street to 1421 Champa street.

mightily roar of the Big Horn River on its way to join the Father of the Waters.

Thermopolis, with the springs, lies in the bottom of a great bowl, surrounded by towering mountains. Through the city rushes the Big Horn River from that majestic crack in the Owl Creek Mountains, the Wind River Canyon. It is only a short time in the history of the West since the Federal and state governments, at the expense of millions of dollars, blasted a roadway out of the granite canyon sides, giving to the tourist the most picturesque twelve miles of highway in the world. Here the road passes through tunnels, drops to the river's edge, hangs to the precipice. But the grades are negligible, walls and wide roadbeds preclude any danger to the tourist.



Teepee Fountain, State Reserve, Thermopolis, Wyoming


The old manhole was still in good physical condition, but was designed at a time when no one dreamed of 1,212 pair cables nor of the number of cable pairs that would be required to supply telephone service for Denver's business district.

Some idea of the size of the new special manhole may be gained from the fact that a standard manhole costs about \$150, while the new one will cost \$1,000. The ordinary type "A" manhole requires about twenty sacks of cement; in the new one 120 sacks of cement, 11 cubic yards of sand and 22 cubic yards of gravel were used. Five 25-pound 9-foot steel I beams as well as steel reinforcing bars were used to reinforce the roof, which is designed to carry a concentrated load of 14 tons.

The inside dimensions of the manhole are 14 feet 6 inches long, 11 feet wide, with 9-foot head room. It is a modified "V" type manhole with center racks provided so that cables can be arranged and supported through the middle of the manhole as well as along the side walls. The walls are 10½ inches thick and the roof is 13 inches thick. About one ton of steel was used to reinforce the roof.

Without doubt this manhole is by far the most important one in the Mountain States territory. Through it pass every inter-office trunk cable in the city and all of the suburban trunks, except those to Lakewood and Golden. The transcontinental toll circuits from Omaha, Chicago and New York also might be found therein if one delved very deeply into one of the little two-inch "lead pipes" it contains. Western Union and city fire and police wires also pass this way. In all, fifty cables pass through this all-important manhole, containing more than 33,000 cable pairs, or more than one-third of the cable pairs in Denver. Some idea may be had of what these figures mean when we say that Colorado Springs, a city of 35,000 people, has only 10,000 cable pairs outgoing from its central office.

Mr. M. E. Myers of the Colorado plant engineers designed the manhole. The strength of the roof was checked by R. W. Lindsay of the chief engineer's office, while Foreman Joe Powers actually carried out the work under the direction of J. F. Elliott, construction superintendent.

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Another One

"I'm a father!" cried young Jones as he burst into the office.

"So's your old man," replied the boss. "Get to work."—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

Those who depend on luck will soon have nothing else to depend on.

Good Morning
Mr
TOOTH

NATURE has been very good to us in providing a very necessary instrument to health. This necessary instrument to good health is the set of teeth which she has given us.

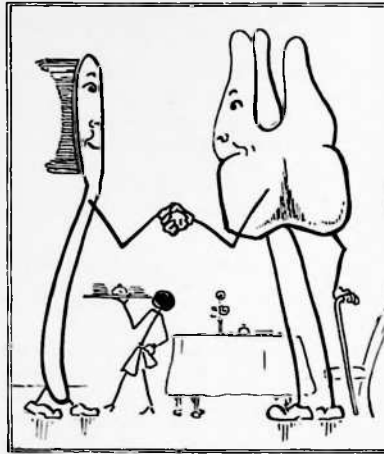
The teeth are very necessary in the digestion of food. We know that we do not, and cannot, take great masses of food as the snake does a toad and depend on the digestive apparatus to do the work. The human digestive apparatus is not built in such a way as to permit of this. We must use our front, or biting teeth, to break off particles of food, and our back, or grinding teeth, to chew the food to smaller particles. Digestion starts in the mouth and the teeth play a very important part.

The teeth are covered with a hard surface called enamel, and food particles may remain on and between the teeth, causing decay if the teeth are not properly taken care of.

This enamel is very precious and when once destroyed it cannot be replaced.

Keeping the teeth clean helps us to avoid trouble. Teeth which are neglected soon decay. Some teeth, however, which are very carefully cared for decay due to other causes.

Take care of your teeth. Do not let a cavity go until the only remedy is to pull the tooth. A pulled tooth is a lost friend. Our



By Katherine Kirk, Health Course Supervisor

teeth are our chewing machines and when one is pulled there is a gap in the machine and it is added work for the teeth on either side of the gap, and oftentimes the teeth become crooked because there is no support on either side where the tooth has been pulled.

As soon as a small cavity occurs, consult your dentist and he will take care of the tooth, thus preventing a larger cavity and possibly much suffering and the loss of the tooth.

Small cavities are hard to find, but if you see your dentist at least every six months he will be able to give your teeth proper professional attention.

Scientists tell us that many diseases, such as rheumatism, heart trouble, skin troubles, sometimes colds, and many other diseases, are caused by decayed or neglected teeth.

Good Morning
Mr
BRUSH

The dentist can help, it is true, but the big task is yours.

Brush the teeth at least twice a day, especially at night before retiring. Use a good tooth brush and tooth paste or powder. The brushing should be done in such a way as to thoroughly clean all surfaces of the teeth and stimulate the circulation in the gums. Place the brush well up on the gums and use enough pressure, moving it downward to the bottom of the teeth to force the bristles between the teeth. In brushing the lower teeth, place the brush down well on the gums, and applying pressure, move the brush upward.

Use dental floss to clean between the teeth. Toothpicks, pins, etc. should be avoided, since they may injure the gums.

It is also beneficial to use a mouth wash. Plain warm water is very good, but if you prefer one of the mouth washes, they may be used, since they are not harmful.

If the gums bleed every time you brush your teeth, consult your dentist. He may be able to recommend a good astringent.

Clean the mouth and tongue well. A healthy condition of the mouth means much to your health and general appearance.

See your dentist every six months.

Teeth, if properly taken care of, should last a lifetime.



VACATION ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND

By DR. C. H. WATSON
Medical Director, American Telephone and
Telegraph Company

THE natural human reaction at the close of a vacation is to wish for its prolongation. People often are anxious and eager to get back to work. They are glad they have a job and that they are able to do it. But away back in their minds is the thought, "How I wish I could stay away longer."

As a matter of fact, if we compute our working time, we find that there is quite an opportunity in each day of the year, and in certain days collectively, for a continuation of many of the things that made the vacation so desirable. During the time that you were

away, if you did the proper thing, you put out of your mind practically everything related to the business. You lived a care-free, more or less irresponsible life. On your return your energy was renewed because of a very natural and wholesome change. It is this renewed energy that you can keep up throughout the year.

When you leave the office at the end of each day and at the end of each week, forget as far as possible that you ever worked for the Telephone Company. Develop that hobby we talked about a year ago in our little dissertation on vacations. Remember that in the short week-end or day-end you can relax and carry into effect not only physical play and exercise, but something to feed the mind.

I urge that most of this day-to-day and week-end vacation time be spent in the out-of-doors. It is all right to build your new radio assembly, to do some work about the

Press Agent Finds Story

Editor THE MONITOR:—The press agent for Geo. Y. Wallace Chapter, Telephone Pioneers of America, has been waiting for "something" to happen before asking for space in THE MONITOR.

The "event" took place on August 7—we decided to have a picnic. Jupiter Pluvius decided to "do his stuff" on the same date and hour, but we could not see where we could give way to the old boy, so we went ahead as planned.

The picnic was scheduled to start at 7 p. m., but did not get going good until about 9:30, when J. P. moved his stuff off the stage. Dress for an aquatic meet, together with sports of that nature, would have been in order. Bill Sullivan, together with Lon Acord, Roy Thompson and Lowell Fraughton of the Salt Lake Plant Department, had made effective use of tarpaulins, so the crowd kept fairly dry.

After the rain was over a big bonfire helped to dry us out and when the chefs—Lon Acord, Roy Thompson and Bill Sullivan, assisted by Mrs. Acord, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Hiltz, commenced to pass out hot hamburger sandwiches, hot coffee and the side dishes, we didn't care if it had rained. After the eats had been disposed of, a sextette consisting of Lon Acord, Roy Thompson, Bill Sullivan, Mrs. Thompson, "Tat" Taylor and President Pratt, rendered a series of musical numbers. (There may be some fellows in Denver—R. E. Syler, E. F. Coyer and Marion C. Hensley, who will voice their surprise when we state that the President of the Chapter can sing. You tell 'em, Mr. Editor, that his voice has improved wonder-

By John U. Hiltz, Secretary Geo. Y. Wallace Chapter, Salt Lake

fully since they last heard him in Holiday Park. Ed Taylor of the Western Electric Company will back us up in this statement.)

After these artists had finished their program we played various games, danced and toasted marshmallows around the fire. About 12:30 Sunday morning a number of the boys remembered that they had to go to church and reluctantly started for home.

The picnic was considered a success and the Pioneers of this Chapter are indeed indebted to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Acord, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Thompson and Lowell Fraughton of the Salt Lake plant and construction department, for the help they gave us.

We are sorry that more of our membership were not there, and yet why should rain stop a Pioneer from doing what he had planned?

Since our Chapter was organized the following members have been added:

A. A. Hedberg, state auditor. Started in January, 1905, as traveling auditor under Mr. P. R. Ferguson of the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company.

Margaret McLane, clerk, commercial department, Salt Lake. Started with Rocky Mountain Bell Company as agent, Fairfield, Utah, in 1895.

Carrie S. Long, traffic department, Salt Lake. Started as operator in March, 1904.

Harvey Watkins, assignment clerk, Salt Lake. Started with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company in 1898.

Floyd B. Utter, city foreman, Salt Lake. Started with Rocky Mountain Bell Company in 1903.

Annie M. Johansen, Mt. Pleasant. Miss Johansen was pensioned in 1921 after having completed 25 years of service with the Company as operator and chief operator.

Melvia C. Rawlins, toll attendant, Salt Lake. Started in 1895 with Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company.

Don C. Gee, sub-foreman, plant department, Salt Lake. Started with Rocky Mountain Bell Company in 1903 at Provo.

Cass R. Tresceder, switchboard man, Idaho Falls. Started as salesman with Rocky Mountain Bell Company in July, 1905.

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The Monitor Associate Editor Fined

The plant department, Salt Lake City, held their first picnic on August 21, 1926, in Big Cottonwood Canyon, and this chronicle of the event will be unique in one respect—there are no pictures to go with it. This is for the reason that the photographer also happened to be one of the chefs, and he was so d—d busy running his crew that pictures were not thought of until about 11:30 p. m.

Speaking of chefs—J. A. Acord, Lawrence Andrus, Roy Thompson, John Tattersall and Bill Sullivan, assisted by Mrs. Acord, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. J. U. Hiltz and Mrs. M. F. Dorough, sure did a fine job.

Hot hamburger sandwiches, with all the good side dishes that go with them, were served to about 150 people.

After the eats had been taken care of, a kangaroo court, presided over by Judge M. M. Steck, was organized. The policeman and prosecuting attorney was Harold LaBelle. The judge once knew a traffic cop, and none escaped a fine, whether guilty or innocent. The "policeman" had been directing traffic on the grounds all afternoon and therefore had had plenty of experience.

The heaviest fine was paid by THE MONITOR associate editor, Ernest Greer. He was found guilty of not being a plant employee. Two of the chefs, Thompson and Acord, wanted to fight and became argumentative, but were effectively dealt with through their pocketbook—they paid.

After the kangaroo court had found and sentenced all the guilty ones, we were entertained with a number of songs and instrumental selections by Mr. Jack Don, of KSL radio station. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Thompson and Lon Acord also sang for us.

This picnic was the plant department's initial tryout at staging an event of this kind. Next year we hope to put across a real one.

house and yard. The ashes and the old furnace have to be cared for too. But you need a little more of that care-free, irresponsible that made the vacation so profitable.

Don't forget that in the vicinity of your town there surely are places where you can go with a lunch basket, a fishing rod, a bag of golf clubs, and, later in the year, a pair of skates or snowshoes, and get some of that entire change we are talking of at the same time you are getting fresh air and sunlight.

The human race lived for a great many thousand years without any artificial covering for the body beyond a few protective and necessary encumbrances. It is only for the past few thousand years that we have been covering up our skin and the tops of our heads with articles of clothing and physical means of adornment. Thereby we keep out the good sunlight and the air that made one of the most important of our body systems, i. e., the surface of the skin, work to its fullest extent.

We cannot go back a hundred thousand years and emulate our progenitors of the ancient forests and plains. But we can take fuller advantage of the fresh air and sunlight available outside of the four walls of the house with its windows of glass.

Your vacation should teach you to play. The ever-active minds of children and of animals are kept alert through play. We grow up fast and pass the period of play too soon. We become sedate and serious and overcome by our own importance and burdened with the trials of existence.

Play, during those periods of week-end and daily vacation. It does not always have to be childish. There are many things that older people can do. It is imperative that you find some field of endeavor in this line and make use of it. It will keep you young and more efficient and put old age farther and farther in the background.

Celebration at Greeley, Colorado

By Monitor Correspondent

THE GREELEY, Colorado, forces put on a public reception at the Telephone building on Thursday afternoon, August 26, from 3 p. m. to 9 p. m.

As a preliminary, three girls on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday prior to this date called every subscriber in the Greeley exchange, extending an invitation to this public reception, which was to be given in commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the birth of the telephone.

In addition to calling the Greeley subscribers over the telephone, the Greeley Daily Tribune gave us a dandy write-up on Tuesday, August 24, giving the public the general information as to this reception and as to the five reels of moving pictures which we were to show at the Rex Theatre Friday afternoon, August 27, at 2:30 and 4 p. m.

The reception started about 2:30 p. m., although the time announced was 3 p. m. We had a young lady stationed at the front door of our building to greet the guests as they arrived and guide them up the stairway to the operating room on the third floor, where Miss Holmes, our chief operator, was assisted by Mrs. Laura McAninch, Miss Annetta Seelinger, Miss Lucy Helin, Mrs. Emma Kenyon, Miss Katharine Kindred and W. E. Ketterman as guides, who explained all afternoon and evening the operation of our switchboard and associated apparatus, together with the retiring room, information desk, etc.

After viewing and hearing about these items of interest, the guests were invited to pass on to the second floor, or commercial room, where we had a large banner, giving in condensed form information as to our organization and plant facilities. This could be looked over and read leisurely as the guests were being served with punch and wafers.

Mrs. Maude R. Watts, our genial contract manager from La Salle, presided at the punch bowl, assisted by the commercial employees of Greeley, P. A. Holland, Colorado manager, and A. W. Young, Colorado plant superintendent, from Denver.

In addition to serving punch, Mrs. Watts passed out tickets to all guests for the matinee to be given at the Rex Theatre on Friday, next day, and 700 souvenirs to the ladies.

After explaining the activities of the commercial department and calling attention to the notes on the banner, the guests were invited to call on the plant department in the basement floor of the building, where Mr. Frasier, wire chief, was assisted by C. E. Gosselin, Kenneth Carson, Ted Kearby, John Brown, all plant men from Greeley, and Paul H. Broman, manager from Windsor, in explaining the working of the enormous amount

of central office equipment, storage batteries, charging machinery, relays, cross-connecting frames, test desk, power board, underground cables, etc. When the guests were sufficiently enlightened here, Mr. Frasier passed cigars to all the men, and after this all guests passed from the building.

There were exactly 1,064 guests entertained by our forces on Thursday afternoon and evening at the telephone exchange building.

Manager H. H. Croll personally called many of the thirty-eight pioneer subscribers who are still here and who were connected to the original telephone exchange opened in Greeley just thirty-three years ago this week, in August, 1893, and extended a special invitation to each to be present and gave them a special talk as to why the reception and why we were so deeply interested in them. There were perhaps eight or ten of the orig-

inal subscribers who called on us.

Mr. Ketterman, our manager from Boulder, who installed the original exchange at Greeley, had the pleasure of visiting with practically every one of the old-time subscribers who called. They all seemed to remember him and were very glad to see him. Mr. Ketterman has always stood high with these pioneer subscribers.

There were many expressions of surprise and pleasure from our guests at the very interesting and educational entertainment which our people furnished them.

There were about 800 to 900 who attended the matinee at the Rex Theatre Friday afternoon. The attendance was largely women and children, although a great many men were there. It was too inconvenient a time of day, unfortunately, for many of our business men to attend.

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Death Removes Noted Inventor

The recent death of Charles E. Scribner, one of the three greatest electrical inventors this country has known in the last two or three decades, has elicited the following tribute from Thomas A. Edison:

"I had the greatest admiration for Mr.

trious inventor I ever have known. He was apparently indefatigable and his imagination seemed to be boundless."

Mr. Scribner's story is that of a boy inventor whose high promise attracted the attention of the late E. M. Barton, former president of the Western Electric Company, at the outset of his career. In after years he became chief engineer of the company, a position which he held twenty-three years. After the death of Steinmetz he was credited with holding more patents in the electrical field than any other man save his friend, Mr. Edison. In the course of his forty-two years of active service he took out a total of 441. He was 68 when he died at his summer home in Jericho, Vermont.

In his early days Mr. Scribner worked with Mr. Edison on a number of inventions. The first multiple switchboards to be used commercially on a large scale were of Mr. Scribner's design. The electrical circuits employed in inter-communication, switchboards and signalling apparatus, as devised by him, have been adopted not only throughout this country, but in nearly all countries in the world. He was a fellow of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and in 1900 his work was recognized by the award of a gold medal at the Paris Exposition.

Mr. Scribner was born in New York, in 1858, but spent his boyhood in Toledo. In 1880 he married Margaret Brown, also of Toledo, whom he survived. In 1876 he went to Chicago, taking with him his first invention—automatic telegraph repeater.



Scribner's imaginative power and his ability to visualize and anticipate in minute detail the requirements of the vast technique that has been gradually built up in the electrical industry. Mr. Scribner was the most indus-

"Shady Rest" at Big Springs, Idaho

By E. P. Calph,

Manager at Pocatello, Idaho

THE dictionary gives the definition of vacation as "freedom from duty." Freedom from duty to me as a telephone employee is to be at some restful spot in the mountains where I can live with nature and be away from the confusing sound of voices and the "whys and wherefores" of the public in general. This year I was fortunate to locate this "ideal spot" furnished by Mother Nature, and I arranged to fulfill the requirements needed to spend a quiet and restful vacation.

Big Springs, Idaho, may be considered the "Shady Rest" for the people of southern Idaho—yes, for all those taking their trip through the Yellowstone National Park. This resort, or camp, is situated twenty-seven miles from the west entrance to the great Yellowstone National Park. It is on the Yellowstone branch of the Oregon Short Line railway and on the Yellowstone Park Highway, forty-nine miles from Ashton, Idaho.

Mr. John Koch, about forty-two years ago homesteaded a ranch near the present railway station of Big Springs, where he became a successful stockman. About fifteen years ago he leased from the Forestry Department of our government a few acres of land at the large springs where the great Snake river has its source. Here he built a beautiful rustic "inn" and he has each year made many improvements to afford a "shady rest" for those looking for a home or camp during the summer months. The inn is surrounded by the pines and spruce forest, in which many tent houses and log cabins have been built. By the very comfortable accommodations furnished by "Daddy" Koch and the old western hospitality of "Mother" Koch and her family Big Springs has become a spot that is never forgotten by those who have made this a home or stopping place for any length of time.

The elevation is 6,450 feet and within fifteen miles of the Continental Divide, where the waters of the Snake river start their long and winding journey through the states of Idaho and Oregon to the Pacific ocean and where the waters of the Madison river rush on their way to join the other streams which make the large and muddy Missouri river before it enters the Gulf of Mexico.

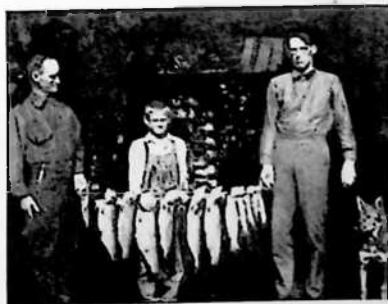
From a "lookout station" which the Forest Department has built on a point at the rear of Big Springs one may see for miles over the large forest reserve, which extends miles into Montana. Mount Satellite, whose sil-



Source of the Snake river, at Big Springs

houette pictures the face of an Indian chief in full headdress, confronts the eye as the "Watch on the Snake" with its mammoth peak towering in the clouds to an elevation of 8,500 feet.

An outing is not complete without a varied class of recreation. We have this at Big Springs. A fishing reserve has been established for hatching trout to be planted in the streams of Idaho at this point. This large spring, with a temperature of 52° F., is filled with fish of all sizes who wait to be fed their three meals a day by the visitors. They, in turn, give a performance worthy of all efforts as they leap from the water and race and fight for the pieces of bread cast upon the water. If one does not have fresh fish three times a day it is his own fault. The small streams of the mountains are live with salmon trout, rainbow and eastern trout, and the waters of the Madison river give a wonderful treat in trying luck at grayling and lochleven. These streams are only a few miles from camp at Big Springs and the fish seem very willing to meet the tourist at the game of "chance."



Trout catch at Big Springs, Idaho

In the fall of the year the wonderful playground at Big Springs affords a hunting field of all kinds of fowls and also the large game of the forest. Many of the elk, deer, moose and bear from the Yellowstone Park come over into this country as the snow begins to fall and look for "green pastures." The big game hunters of the West make this country their outing field.

Dances and other entertainment is furnished at many resorts along the Yellowstone Highway which are only a few miles from the restful camp at Big Springs. Provisions of all kinds can be purchased at any of these camps, so the camper need not carry a large supply of provisions with him on his trip. Furthermore, the best of food is served by "Mother" Koch in the good old home style.

One may leave camp at Big Springs in the morning and motor through the Yellowstone National Park, visiting the great Norris Basin of geysers; Old Faithful Inn with her paint-pots and wonders; a drive along the beautiful Yellowstone Lake to the mammoth Lake Hotel and take dinner, and then to the magnificent Canyon of the Yellowstone and back to the comfortable bed and fireside the same night. This is only a 157-mile trip from Big Springs.

After a two weeks' outing in this country I returned to my work and feel that my time and money have been well spent, as it leaves a spot in life that will always remain bright and pleasant. When I left I found myself wishing for the blanket of snow to be placed over this beautiful playground of rest and recreation, so it may be protected for use the following "vacation time."

1926—△—1926

"Whatever we may think of the telephone girl," says Eddie Cantor, "she is always plugging for us."

The Hallowe'en Frolic



By Betty Somerville

*A rustle of leaves—a flash of white
For of all the year, this is the night
When ghosts and goblins frolic and prance
And join "us mortals" in play and dance.*

FOR a real old-fashioned "get together" party there is no time like Hallowe'en. It is quite impossible for anyone to be dull romping with the elves and witches while the fates reveal their secrets for the coming twelvemonth.

The first thing to consider is the invitation. There are some decidedly clever and original ones seen in the shops which are all ready to fill in the time and place, but if you prefer to make your own, use a Hallowe'en cut-out and write this verse on the back:

*There are some traditions, you probably know,
For Hallowe'en parties, that just "ghost" to show*

*That strange apparitions will always appear.
They know of my party and "specter" be here,
So I write
To invite*

You to my party.....night.

If it is to be a Hallowe'en dance, this verse will be appropriate:

*At Hallowe'en a dance I'm giving,
Come mingle with the dead and living;
For I'm inviting spooks as well.
Who will impart a magic spell.*

GAMES

No Hallowe'en party is complete unless many of the old-time games and stunts are tried. Even if dancing is to supply the entertainment, an opportunity should be found for "Ducking for Apples," "Blowing Out Lighted Candles" and "Cutting the Flour Cake."

Other games which may be played are:

GHOSTS

The company is divided into two sides. A sheet is stretched across a doorway, one group being on each side of it. The lights are lowered. The "ghosts" one by one stand in front of the screen with a light behind them so that the shadow will be thrown on the sheet. Each ghost must stand but for a moment before the screen and may disguise himself in any way possible. The guessing side may consult with each other as to the identity, but are allowed but one audible guess. The side guessing the greatest number correctly is the winner.

BROOM DANCE

One person has a broom for a partner (if desired it may be dressed as a witch or a ghost). All other dancers are evenly matched.



A cubist, where everything is "on the square." Complete directions for decorating the table and rooms are here given

The music stops suddenly and the person dancing with the broom drops it and all change partners. The person who does not secure a partner is compelled to dance with the broom. Repeat often in order to keep the fun lively.

CHESHIRE CAT GRIN

Appoint an official measurer and assign an assistant who shall write down the names and measurements. A prize is given to the person with the widest grin.

BLINDFOLDED WITCH FORTUNES

A blindfolded witch stands in the center of the circle. All join hands and dance around and around until the witch says, "Stop!" Someone who has previously been selected to interrogate the witch asks a question that might apply to anyone present. The witch takes a step forward and points. The person to whom she points is the answer. All join hands again and dance. Repeat eight or ten times.

DECORATIONS

The delightful part about a Hallowe'en party is the variety of decorations that may be used—there need be no related scheme, and stunning effects in black and orange may be combined with the sinister and grotesque. Each unit of the room may have its individual decoration, with a surprise at every turn.

Often such everyday articles as the radio speaker, broom, waste basket or old umbrella may be used as the foundation for some queer and mysterious Hallowe'en creature, and it is well to take stock of the things about you before starting to decorate.

Features cut from pumpkin design decorated crepe, a huge paper tie and black crepe paper hair, transform a console and mirror into a quaint bogie man. The bridge lamp

looks very much alive when it is turned into a pumpkin man by gathering a strip of orange crepe paper around the shade and tying it both top and bottom to form a round, fat pumpkin head. The features are cut from decorated crepe paper and the bobbing curls are made of short pieces of black serpentine.

A dry mop with a cardboard face, grinning over a shock of corn stalks will provoke an answering grin from all who see it.

It is the supper table for which the hostess plans her most delightful and unusual decorations.

Huge blocks of orange and black crepe paper make a striking cover for the table. The strips of paper are cut ten inches wide (half the width of the crepe) and are interlaced over the top of the table in a basket weave.

THE CENTERPIECE

The "cat see-saw" makes a decidedly novel centerpiece which is not a bit difficult to make. Two strips of cardboard (about twenty-five inches long and nine inches wide) are covered with crushed orange crepe paper. One strip is bent into a triangle to support the see-saw; the other strip is fastened to it with wire shanks.

The cast may be cut from decorated crepe paper or cut-outs may be used. These are braced along the back with heavy wires gum-taped to them. The wires extend an inch or two below the feet of the cat and are pierced through the see-saw and bent flat against the underneath side. Tabs of gummed tape hold the wires in place.

The candle holders are cubes of orange and black mat stock. The sides of the cubes are joined with strips of gummed tape placed on the underneath side. Heavy wires, wrapped

"Just a Telephone Girl"

Newspapers throughout the world have told of the terrible disaster which occurred on the morning of September 5—Sunday morning—when a passenger train on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad plunged into the Arkansas River near Granite, Colorado, leaving as its toll 32 dead and 45 injured, but no report could begin to describe the awfulness of it all—the anguish, the suffering, the harrowing scenes and the piercing cries and moans of the injured and dying.

Nor could every detail of bravery, daring, self-sacrificing and prayerful effort put forth by men and women to aid those in distress be understood. There were many, many of these; but there was one endeavor to alleviate pain and rescue the perishing that stands out prominently before the Telephone Family, and that was the heroic work of Mrs. Stephen J. Pals, who was formerly Miss Helen Bender. At the time of her marriage, two years ago, she was one of the switchboard demonstrators at Denver, loved and respected by all.

On the morning of the wreck Mrs. Pals with her husband and her mother, Mrs. Mary Bender, were driving to Leadville. The train was coming toward Denver, along the canyon of the Arkansas River. The crash came just at a time when this party appeared on the rim of the canyon, a mile above. They left the car, stumbled down over the crags, rocks and through the scrubby brush. At the wreck all was in confusion. People were running

with black crepe paper, are used to support the cube. These wires are fastened together with spool wire. Some of the ends are used to pierce the cube and are bent to hold it in place. The other ends of the wires are bent into shape to form the stand. A hole is cut in one end of the cube large enough to insert the tall orange taper.

To make individual bonbon baskets as favors for the guests, wrap a light wire with crepe paper and bend it into the shape of the handle. Attach it, with tabs of gummed tape, to the sides of a serving cup. Cover the cup with a frill of orange crepe paper and paste a Hallowe'en cut-out on the handle.

MENU

Assorted Sandwiches

Pickles Olives

Individual Pumpkin Pies

Coffee

Nuts Colored Mints

There is nothing quite so appealing to the hungry mortal as a delicious sandwich, daintily served, and after an evening of romping games and sprightly dancing it behooves the hostess to have them not only good but "plentiful."

here and there in utter bewilderment. Dead men, children and women were lying around or floating down the river. Injured passengers were writhing in pain.

"The first thought that came to me," said Helen, "was to render First Aid if possible, just as Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Williams had taught me in the telephone training schools. Mother and I were the first women there. In a bursted-open valise I found a small bottle of listerine and a bottle of hand lotion. I was just tearing my skirt into bandages when a colored porter threw out some sheets from one of the cars. I tore bandages from these. I did the best I could with the things I had to work with. I was making a splint of a piece of driftwood I found and was bandaging a broken leg of a man when I saw another man crawling out of one of the overturned cars. He seemed in a daze at first. He came toward me. He said he was a doctor and wanted to help. Together we took care of thirteen of the more seriously injured before aid came from the relief train. We saw the dead but had no time for them.

"It was four hours before relief came—it seemed like an eternity. There was no emergency kit on the train that I could get hold of. We were working on one side of the river while other rescuers were working on the opposite side. The doctor who helped me asked if I were a nurse. I told him no—that I was just a telephone girl and had received some First Aid training with the Telephone Company. He seemed pleased. He told me his name, but I have forgotten it. He was from Indiana and was with his wife and daughter on the ill-fated train. None of them was seriously hurt. He worked, oh so hard, and when I became exhausted after four hours of this terrible trial, and was taken away by my husband, that poor doctor was still laboring away, helping others."

The story of the disaster has been told in the newspapers. We need not go further into details. But there is that one outstanding part taken by "just a telephone girl" which causes the cup of fraternal love best known among telephone folk, to overflow.

Helen was "just a telephone girl."

Promotions and Changes

COLORADO

NAME	LOCATION	PREVIOUS POSITION	NEW POSITION	DATE EFFECTIVE
General Directory				
H. E. Britzman	Denver	Directory Sales Supv.	Directory Sales Manager	Sept. 1, 1926
Traffic				
Agnes McMenemy	Denver	Supervisor	Act. Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 1, 1926
Nellie M. McClelland	Denver	A. N. Operator	A. N. Supervisor	Aug. 8, 1926
Leora Crispin	Denver	Supervisor	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 1, 1926
Catherine Porter	Grand Junction	Supervisor	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 1, 1926
Stella Williams	Ft. Morgan	Eve. Chief Operator	Act. Chief Operator	Aug. 1, 1926
Viola K. O'Daniel	Ft. Morgan	Operator	Act. Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 1, 1926
Marion R. Moore	Denver	Supervisor	Central Office Instr.	Aug. 15, 1926
Mrs. Clair Marvin Smith	Denver	Clerk	Comptometer Operator	Aug. 1, 1926
Edith Johnson	Denver	Eve. Chief Operator	Act. Chief Operator	Aug. 22, 1926
Doy Mae Clark	Denver	Operator	Supervisor	Aug. 15, 1926
Nellie Goudlett	Arvada	Eve. Chief Operator	Act. Chief Operator	Aug. 29, 1926
Vivian Vetting	Arvada	Operator	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 29, 1926
Mary H. Robinson	Colorado Spring	Long Distance Operator	Supervisor	Aug. 29, 1926
Viola M. Rogers	Denver	Operator	Relief Supervisor	Aug. 22, 1926
Clara Marie Butz	Denver	Operator	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 15, 1926
Katherine Jensen	Ft. Morgan	Operator	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 22, 1926
Helen A. McFried	Las Animas	Act. Chief Operator	Chief Operator	Aug. 22, 1926
Helen M. O'Brien	Salida	Operator	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 29, 1926

IDAHO

Traffic				
Mary Treasure	Rigby	Operator	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 8, 1926

NEW MEXICO-EL PASO

Plant				
J. Byron Palestine	Anthony, N. M.	Comb'man, El Paso	Contract Mgr., Anthony, N. M.	Aug. 23, 1926
Traffic				
Katherine Loughman	El Paso, Texas	Eve. Chief Operator	Chief Operator	Aug. 15, 1926
Marie Hudepohl	El Paso, Texas	Central Office Instr.	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 15, 1926
Irene Jordan	Santa Fe, N. M.	Operator	Assi. Chief Operator	Aug. 15, 1926

UTAH

Traffic				
C. W. Connors	Salt Lake	S. L. Toll Traf. Chief	Utah Toll Supv.	Oct. 1, 1926
Hazel Hughes	Salt Lake	Asst. Chief Operator	Chief Operator	Aug. 15, 1926
Angeline McClellan	Salt Lake	Operator	Supervisor	Aug. 1, 1926
Ruth Mulvey	Salt Lake	Operator	Supervisor	Aug. 15, 1926
Della Reed	Salt Lake	Supervisor	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 15, 1926
Hilma A. Rhodes	Salt Lake	Operator	Supervisor	Aug. 1, 1926
Thalys Steed	Salt Lake	Operator	Operator	Aug. 1, 1926
Bertell Williams	Salt Lake	Toll Supervisor	Toll Instructor	Aug. 29, 1926

WYOMING

Traffic				
Inez Sim	Evanston	Eve. Chief Operator	Chief Operator	Aug. 1, 1926
Mrs. Virginia M. Eekerman	Sheridan	Eve. Chief Operator	Chief Operator	Aug. 29, 1926
Bernice Holden	Sheridan	Operator	Eve. Chief Operator	Aug. 29, 1926

Stock Sales for August

SALE OF AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY STOCK EMPLOYEES SELLING STOCK Ranked on Current Month Arizona

	August Sales	Sales to Date
1. Josephine Benton, Tucson	3	8
2. Hazel M. Goodman, Phoenix	3	7
3. Elsie Thomas, Phoenix	2	5
4. A. A. Sundin, Douglas	2	3
5. C. B. Flynn, Mesa	1	33
6. Harry Raber, Prescott	1	14
7. F. S. Cundiff, Phoenix	1	11
8. B. L. Murphy, Globe	1	5
9. Emily Rhodes, Bisbee	1	3
10. G. E. Treahay, Tucson	1	3
11. Mary Jennings, Nogales	1	1
12. J. D. Gillespie, Phoenix	1	1
13. Docia Meehan, Phoenix	1	1
14. J. L. Taylor, Phoenix	1	1

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Colorado

1. Hattie L. Allen, Colo. Spgs.	7	20
2. H. H. Croll, Greeley	4	33
3. F. E. Irons, Longmont	4	21
4. John S. Thompson, Fort Collins	4	16
5. A. G. Hill, Sterling	3	29
6. C. A. Pierce, Loveland	3	26
7. C. L. Blattner, Rocky Ford	3	16
8. D. C. Belden, Glenwood Springs	3	13
9. Alice Burke, Denver	3	7
10. Ralph E. Graves, Jubark	2	16
11. Lee M. Paschall, Canon City	2	9
12. Ralph E. Boulton, Denver	2	8
13. T. C. Turner, Fort Collins	2	6
14. W. H. Purdy, Meeker	2	4
15. Emma Flatery, Otis	2	3
16. J. C. Albert, Denver	2	3
17. J. A. Howard, Denver	2	3
18. Roderick Reid, Denver	2	3
19. Sherman Watt, Denver	2	3
20. Elsie Henderson, Sullivan	2	3
21. Meta C. Derksen, Denver	2	3
22. Jas. P. Gibson, Denver	2	3
23. A. R. Grosheider, Denver	2	3
24. R. M. Loeb, Denver	2	3
25. Rosa Schwab, Denver	2	2
26. L. R. Smith, Denver	1	25
27. Lorene Peterson, Colo. Springs	1	14
28. W. E. Boulder	1	13
29. N. Castner, Fort Morgan	1	11
30. T. G. Garrison, Golden	1	11
31. F. B. Weber, Craig	1	10
32. H. P. Stonmel, Grand Junction	1	10
33. Hugo Fagrellus, Montrose	1	9
34. C. T. Hopkins, Pueblo	1	8
35. Florence Z. Adams, Colorado Springs	1	7
36. Robert W. Grant, Colorado Springs	1	6
37. C. O. James, Fruita	1	6
38. H. G. Mills, Denver	1	6
39. A. J. Franz, Shepp, Denver	1	6
40. P. C. Garbanati, Durango	1	4
41. Maude Hegg, Loveland	1	4
42. J. R. Hester, Denver	1	4
43. E. F. Hennessy, Denver	1	4
44. R. W. Walker, De Beque	1	3
45. G. G. Stow, Eaton	1	3
46. Anette L. Heimann, Flagler	1	3
47. Kendall B. Melcher, Pueblo	1	3
48. Geo. A. MacCormack, Rocky Ford	1	3
49. Gertrude T. Davis, Denver	1	3
50. H. P. Deering, Denver	1	3
51. Minnie Reeder, Berthoud	1	3
52. Emilie Ida Riley, Boulder	1	2
53. Margaret Norton, Durango	1	2
54. C. E. Abbott, Englewood	1	2
55. Forbes Pennycook, Estes Park	1	2
56. Charles Hogate, Fort Collins	1	2
57. Mabel Schmit, Fort Collins	1	2
58. Florence Steinhaus, Loveland	1	2
59. William Loyd, Jr., Sterling	1	2
60. Altaona Blair, Denver	1	2
61. Ruth Cunningham, Denver	1	2
62. Willard Fewlass, Denver	1	2

63. Gertrude Livingston, Denver	1	2
64. Louis R. Paland, Denver	1	2
65. N. O. Pierce, Denver	1	2
66. C. T. Rhine, Denver	1	2
67. Stella Armstrong, Boulder	1	1
68. Beatrice Jay, Fort Collins	1	1
69. May Anice Clay, Fowler	1	1
70. J. W. Lamb, Saguache	1	1
71. Benjamin P. Brock, Denver	1	1
72. L. B. Burr, Denver	1	1
73. Mable Campbell, Denver	1	1
74. Frank J. Cunningham, Denver	1	1
75. Ellen Flinn, Denver	1	1
76. Fletcher Haskins, Denver	1	1
77. J. S. Holland, Denver	1	1
78. Fred R. Jones, Denver	1	1
79. Edith Stage, Denver	1	1
80. Irene Stephens, Denver	1	1
81. M. H. Tolson, Denver	1	1
82. Elsie Thorbeck, Denver	1	1
83. Isabel Webster, Denver	1	1
84. Raymond Young, Denver	1	1

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Idaho

1. M. E. Dolling, Nampa	2	14
2. Bessie Clark, Twin Falls	2	12
3. D. H. Pomeroy, Amer. Falls	2	12
4. R. O. Robinson, Boise	2	3
5. R. W. Gardner, Twin Falls	1	25
6. E. A. Robinson, Emmett	1	12
7. Gus Braug, Pocatello	1	11
8. E. P. Calph, Pocatello	1	8
9. C. M. Robertson, Halley	1	8
10. E. J. Tabor, Denon Falls	1	7
11. Wm. J. Elwell, Weiser	1	6
12. C. L. Sherman, Kuhl	1	5
13. C. H. Lytle, Boise	1	4
14. Clara A. Murray, Boise	1	4
15. Verna Stitzel, Caldwell	1	3
16. Myrtle Jones, Amer. Falls	1	1
17. M. E. Olson, Denon Falls	1	1
18. Ada Ryan, Kuhl	1	1
19. Irene Downs, Idaho Falls	1	1

23

Montana

1. W. C. Fallon, Helena	11	15
2. J. N. Whittinghill, Helena	9	11
3. F. S. Sell, Helena	7	9
4. Leo H. Precourt, Billings	4	4
5. E. F. Miller, Miles City	2	18
6. H. S. Magraw, Butte	2	15
7. Harry R. Bossler, Helena	2	10
8. Alex Rennaes, Lewistown	2	9
9. Laura Mitchell, Great Falls	2	7
10. E. H. Neff, Helena	2	7
11. E. E. Storch, Helena	1	7
12. F. E. Farwell, Great Falls	1	7
13. S. P. Officer, Butte	1	5
14. G. C. Richardson, Plains	1	5
15. Mabel T. Leonard, Missoula	1	4
16. R. E. Rice, Missoula	1	3
17. Ida P. Johnson, Cut Bank	1	3
18. Tom C. Crayton, Cut Bank	1	2
19. Walter B. Dunne, Billings	1	2
20. C. C. Hill, Helena	1	2
21. Gerald L. Madren, Helena	1	2
22. Ed Drott, Butte	1	1
23. W. A. Wilson, Butte	1	1
24. Emma Hamilton, Hamilton	1	1
25. Ruth Nevlin, Hardin	1	1
26. A. J. Macpherson, Helena	1	1
27. O. H. Newman, Helena	1	1
28. J. H. Heydorf, Missoula	1	1
29. B. H. Huston, Sidney	1	1

Texas and New Mexico

1. A. Kneipp, Albuquerque	2	8
2. A. J. Newson, Alamogordo	1	7
3. C. E. Stratton, El Paso	1	5
4. Gail Hamilton, Artesia	1	3
5. Mrs. Stella Whitman, Cimarron	1	3
6. Chloé Candill, Santa Fe	1	3
7. Fred W. Myers, El Paso	1	2
8. A. E. Kaessner, Socorro	1	2
9. C. J. McKee, El Paso	1	1
10. A. Day, Las Cruces	1	1
11. T. F. Maguire, Las Cruces	1	1

Utah

1. Chas. E. Ward, Eureka	14	52
2. Eugene Jenkins, Bingham Canyon	10	57
3. Carl Powell, Park City	9	24
4. Freda Ohlson, Eureka	3	4
5. M. D. Wells, Salt Lake	2	14
6. Nellie P. Rowe, Eureka	2	3
7. Thomas Hunter, Ogden	2	3
8. Franz H. Westover, Provo	1	26
9. J. H. Clive, Brigham City	1	19
10. T. A. Taylor, Logan	1	8

11. J. A. Whipple, Mt. Pleasant	1	4
12. J. Rex Miller, Price	1	3
13. Mary McGhie, Salt Lake	1	2
14. Lurena Burridge, Beaver	1	2
15. Mfie May, Eureka	1	1
16. John W. Myers, Lehi	1	1
17. Earl C. Webb, Ogden	1	1
18. M. P. Dorrough, Salt Lake	1	1
19. Vera May Moore, Salt Lake	1	1
20. Wilhelmine Neilsen, Salt Lake City	1	1

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Wyoming

1. D. A. McLean, Casper	2	8
2. Sophia Wilson, Basin	2	4
3. Lois Tillman, Cheyenne	2	4
4. L. B. Howard, Rock Spgs	1	15
5. P. A. Pierce, Basin	1	12
6. Myrtle Barker, Sheridan	1	12
7. I. W. Bond, Laramie	1	9
8. H. J. Evans, Thermopolis	1	9
9. Roy C. Cameron, Midwest	1	8
10. G. W. Lansing, Sheridan	1	5
11. G. W. Trehearne, Casper	1	4
12. J. A. Fegley, Riverton	1	4
13. C. A. Ferguson, Cheyenne	1	4
14. Jas. Bennett, Cheyenne	1	1
15. L. H. Frederich, Cheyenne	1	1
16. Cecil L. Rea, Cheyenne	1	1
17. Jessie Clark, Garland	1	1

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DIRECT STOCK SALES CAMPAIGN MONTH OF AUGUST, 1926

By States	Rank of States	Applications per 1,000 Stations to Date
1. Wyoming	10	23
2. Colorado	8	31
3. Idaho	8	31
4. Arizona	7	32
5. Utah	7	32
6. Montana	6	32
7. Texas and New Mexico	5	32
Company		7.75

TEN BEST STOCK SALESMEN

- B. L. Towne, Denver, Colorado
- Eugene Jenkins, Bingham Canyon, Utah
- Charles E. Ward, Eureka, Utah
- C. B. Flynn, Mesa, Arizona
- H. H. Croll, Greeley, Colorado
- A. G. Hill, Sterling, Colorado
- Franz H. Westover, Provo, Utah
- C. A. Pierce, Loveland, Colorado
- L. R. Smith, Denver, Colorado
- R. W. Gardner, Twin Falls, Idaho

1876-1926



Two jolly good fellows of the mailing department at Helena—Albert Hamlin and Ober Collison



Rex a True Sportsman

J. Rex Miller, manager at Price, Utah, recently went on a fishing trip into Uintah Basin. You can see from the string he has on display that he was not without luck.

Mr. Miller is a great sportsman and a lover of nature, and the best of all, he is no "fish hog." He fishes for the love of the sport—he likes the thrill when the trout strikes, and then the play in the rapids—oh, boy!

1876—1926



Wire Chief C. L. Mayfield, of Bountiful, Utah, and a group of his Boy Scouts of Troop 103, on their vacation on Strawberry Reservoir, with their one-day catch. To the right is Dal Mayfield, son of the wire chief, hanging onto his eight- and ten-pound trout, taken in the Strawberry Reservoir



Below, to the left, is the Silver City exchange, one of Idaho's oldest offices, established more than twenty years ago. In the door, left to right—John Grete, who clears trouble; Miss Olive Hicks, agent; E. M. Dolling, manager at Nampa. The boys at his left are two young prospects. Top, right—New telephone exchange building at Soda Springs, Idaho. Bottom, left—Pulling in the underground cable at Soda Springs. Idaho Plant Superintendent C. A. Snyder on the ground and George Stitt, manager at Robinson, on the pole

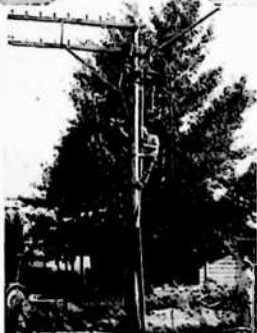
Below is the old central office building at Soda Springs, showing new quarters in the background



Camera Shots



Twelve feet of human transmission at Roswell, New Mexico. George T. Cunningham up in the air and John Borck on solid ground



So I Have Heard

By Bill O'Deer

To Be Tied Outside

Teacher: "Why do they measure the sea in knots, Tommy?"

Tommy: "They couldn't have an ocean 'tide' otherwise, sir!"—*Comic Cuts.*

Whassat?

Mr. Kootiesith: "That new fellow on the third floor boasts that he has kissed every woman in this flat except one."

Mrs. Kootiesith: "I'll bet that's that stuck-up Mrs. Murphy upstairs."

Honeymoon Salad

The newly wedded pair were spending their honeymoon at Niagara Falls and had stopped to get some light refreshments.

The trim young waitress approached them and politely asked if they wanted "Honeymoon Salad."

The rather bashful groom asked of what it consisted, and the young waitress answered, "Just lettuce alone."

The Lost Rhyme

Two men were saying good-bye to each other at the railroad station.

"Don't forget to see our mutual friend, Mr. Lummac, while you are in Denver," said one.

"Lummac?" repeated the other absent-mindedly.

"Yes, Lummac," said the other, "you can remember the name because it rhymes with stomach."

A week later the traveler returned, and meeting his friend on the street, said:

"I tried ever so hard, but I couldn't find that Mr. Kelly."—*Railway Bulletin.*

Shoot Fallon for This

W. C. Fallon, Montana traffic superintendent, is author, director and finisher of the following. We give this information so that Chapel may know who to shoot. The *Monitor* editor is too young and sweet to die now. Here is Fallon's letter:

"My dear Rips: Am attaching hereto photograph of our Harlowton manager, Mr. C. E. Chapel, taken after he had spent several

other day on a mountain lion and had a cactus saddle. Under his right arm he had a wild cat and in his left hand he had a rattlesnake for a quirt. He dismounted at a soft drink parlor, went in and asked for a drink of carbolic acid and a little strychnine for a chaser. The bartender looked him over and said, "Where do you come from, stranger?" Chapel replied, "I have been living in Harlowton, but it got so darned tough I just naturally had to get out."

How?

"Dey ain' no jestic no mo," mourned Rufus to a friend. "Sam, ah's a sick man. Guess ah's gwine die, suah. Ah goes to de doctah, an' he says mah veins am too close. Says ah got very close veins an' de oney help fo' me, he says, am to eat chicken brof free times a day, an' stay in nights. An', Sam, dat jes' kaint be done!"

Sure

A certain newspaper that made a practice of answering inquiries from readers received this one:

"Please tell me what is the matter with my chickens. They go to roost apparently well. The next morning we find one or more on their backs on the floor, stiff, combs white and the feet in the air."

It was the editor's busy day, and this was the answer his reader received:

"Dear Sir, your chickens are dead."—*Krazo-lite News.*

Found

A thirty-year service pin, in Denver. Apply *Monitor* office.



weeks in getting ready for the 'Days of '49' celebration which they recently had.

"The readers of THE MONITOR need not know that this is the reason for his appearance, but in order to show you how tough Chapel is, he rode over to Big Timber the



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The Telephone and the Farm

THERE was not a farmer in the world fifty years ago who could talk even to his nearest neighbor by telephone. Not one who could telephone to the doctor in case of sickness or accident. Not one who could telephone for the weather report or call the city for the latest quotations on his crops. Not one who could sell what he raised or buy what he needed by telephone. A neighborly chat over the wire was an impossibility for the farmer's wife or children.

In this country the telephone has transformed the life of the farm.

It has banished the loneliness which in the past so discouraged

the rural population and drove many from the large and solitary areas of farms and ranches.

It is a farm hand who stays on the job and is ready to work twenty-four hours every day.

The telephone has become the farmer's watchman in times of emergency.

It outruns the fastest forest or prairie fires and warns of their approach. It has saved rural communities from untold loss of lives and property by giving ample notice of devastating floods. Three million telephones are now in service on the farms, ranches and plantations of the United States.

Bell System

One Policy - One System
Universal Service



And All Directed Toward
Better Service

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.